

Two? Three? Who, You? No, Me!

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Two? Three? Who, You? No, Me!

by [Hopefulbadger](#)

Summary

A soul mate au where whenever one person orgasms, their soulmate does as well. No matter if they have met, where they are, or any other factors.

Weiss and Blake have both been suffering from random spontaneous orgasms. Something overly normal in this universe, but whoever is their soulmate seems to keep the most heinous schedule and seems to like near-constant edging!

What will the two do when they find out the other has been suffering this? More importantly, what will Blake do when Weiss inevitably blames her!

Or

A fun story for my OT3 of the fandom where Weiss and Blake are tortured by Yang making them cum at random times.

Chapter 1

Two? Three? Who, you? No, me!

Chapter 1

"Not again!" Weiss whined, her head dropping as soon as she began to feel it, praying that she could hide the blush before it formed too thoroughly on her face.

"Huh?" Ruby's head popped up slightly from its spot rested perfectly on Penny's shoulder.

"Is everything ok friend?" Penny's attention focused on the woman sitting on the bed across from them.

"Weiss?" Ruby spoke up.

Weiss just rolled over in her bed and groaned, her hands going down to press at her lower abdomen; as if that could do anything to quell the feeling or stave it off as it had only begun to grow.

"Weiss?" Ruby repeated but with more concern.

The heiress's mind raced with each possible solution. All the ways she could reply and what gave her the best chance of saving what little face it felt like she had left. But for all it's racing, it felt painfully slow, not in the least due to the fact that the sensation was growing, amplifying agonizingly. Whoever in the hell was doing this to her, they were evil, however incredibly efficient. "Penny! I think it is time your guest goes!" Weiss did her best to maintain at least an air of control as she all but ordered Ruby out of the room.

Penny leaned in to plop a kiss on Ruby's cheek, a sweet token of affection before she yielded to her room mate's request.

"Penn?"

"I'm sorry Rube."

"But, what's..." Ruby's eyes slowly eked back towards the other end of the room as she began to hear Weiss's soft stifled moans. "Oh god, she's..."

"And her's is not as nice as mine, far less convenient."

"But... wait! I'm your sou-" Penny silenced Ruby with a kiss before the raven redhead could let the personal info slip to her roommate. Not that it seemed all that much like Weiss would be hearing anything but her own groans as her back arched and the frills began to fail at covering how her ass hung up aching in the air. But, that didn't mean Penny was ready to let anyone know she had found her person.

"Just give her some space, she is still really embarrassed about it all." Penny stood and began to drag a mildly baffled Ruby with her towards the door.

"But it is perfectly natural. It happens to you when I-"

"Ok! Heart you, talk to you later! Bye!" Penny rushed Ruby out of the room before returning to her bed, unable to avoid looking over to her roommate and all the growingly wanton noises escaping her.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Just! Just do it already!" Weiss griped into her pillow, her body clamping down around nothing and desperate for any touch beyond all reasonable measure.

"Weiss? Are you ok?" Penny worried.

"I! Ohh~" Weiss moaned, her soulmate clearly hitting a very nice spot if it was enough to throw her like that. "Just because Ruby is goo- ohh!" Weiss grew louder once more, nails threatening to break if she clawed any harder at her mattress. "Just cause your girlfriend is gone doesn't mean I am all gung ho for you watching me as I-" Weiss strained, her ass lifting just a mite higher before her whole body collapsed back down onto the bed, breathless and exhausted... although, also rather delightfully sated.

"Oh wow, that was a fast one!" Penny observed in an innocent tone that would have left Weiss wondering if the other woman had even witnessed what had really happened if it weren't for the fact that she knew Penny had seen, and that this wasn't the first time.

"Shut up!" Weiss groaned, pulling a pillow over her head in frustration and shame.

"You know it is normal. It's not like there is anything you can do to stop it." Penny tried to comfort as her hand reached out to pat the still shaking woman on the shoulder only for her to decide it might be a too personal moment to touch her.

"N- Not true." Weiss groaned breathless. "I could find them and kill them for doing this to me. That would stop it."

"Come on, that's not nice. They are just..." Penny hesitated, trying to find the right words. "Just trying to make you feel good!" The robot pumped her fist at finding what she initially thought to be the right words.

"They are just trying to make me DIE of embarrassment."

"Now, I never got mad at Ruby when she-"

"Not the same!" Weiss snapped before a sharp inhale which in turn preceded an angry yell into her pillow. "Again! Again already! Bitch!" She muffled her curses at the mate she had yet to meet with her bedding and pillows as she felt it build again.

"How was it not the same?" Penny tilted her head, completely missing how things were already beginning again for her exhausted and sensitive roommate.

"Because! Ruby had the decency to do it like a normal pe- pe- oh~" Weiss wished she could disappear, that she could steal that Ren boy's semblance just until this was all over. "She did it like a normal person! In bed! At night! Not when-" She was silenced again by whoever was doing it to her, and their insistence on dragging this one out.

"I know she kept a more regular schedule, but it isn't like I didn't have any embarrassing moments."

"It's! It's not the same!" Weiss complained into a pillow as her body fidgeted and jerked at spontaneous sparks of pleasure threatening to tip her over the edge.

"I- I-" Penny's voice caught in her own indecisiveness. Once upon a time, before she had found Ruby, or more accurately their connection, Penny had offered to assist Weiss in her ongoing problem and the frustrations which accompanied it. For a moment she wanted to offer to help- but with the relatively newfound relationship with the raven redhead, it seemed like a much odder and more intimate thing to offer. "I'm sorry." She settled before pulling away in anxious awkward hesitation.

"Not going to offer to help again?" Weiss snapped with an irritable anger displaced from her self and the fact that if Penny had offered, she might have taken the robot up on it if only to abuse the vibrate function she heard of by once walking in on the dolts giggling about.

"I'm sorry, I'm just not feeling..." Penny crossed her arms over herself, feeling hurt but hoping that the roommate had only lashed out at her because she was frustrated and hurting.

"Course you aren't. Your soulmate keeps reasonable hours, and gives her genitals the BREAK THEY FUCKING DESERVE!"

"Maybe you need a break?" Penny whispered, crossing her arms tighter and no longer eager to humor or comfort the heiress if it meant being yelled at.

"I would love one!" Weiss snapped in what was near a snarl. "But some asshat who the world seems to think would be just the perfect match for me despite all logic dictating to the contrary is dedicated not to let me have any breaks!"

"I meant a break as in me leaving the room." Penny frowned. "I am going to go try to catch up with Ruby. See if she is more appreciative of my being there for her." Penny whispered the last bit more to herself than she intended for Weiss to hear it, regardless as to whether or not she was hurt and offended.

Weiss groaned, striving to focus her distracted mind, but she processed at the speed of molasses. That seemed to be just a little too slow.

"I'll be back tomorrow after classes. I hope you get that break." Penny offered coldly as she pulled a coat over herself and wrapped a scarf around her neck. "I'll be in Ruby and Yang's room if you need me." Weiss knew she had succeeded in actually offending her roommate by the fact that Penny didn't even look back to her before snagging her bag on the way out.

"I'm so- aah!" Weiss toppled off of her bed and onto the floor as she tried to reach back out and apologize. Penny however didn't even seem to notice. Adding ecstasy to injury, it was only a moment later that whoever had been taunting her finally caved and allowed them the release Weiss could tell they both desperately craved. Flustered but spent, with a dribble of drool she would have caught and been disgusted by on any other day, but today went unnoticed in the face of repeated overwhelming release, the infuriated heiress gave up. Yielding to the soft rug at her bedside and the inevitability of her soulmate's irritable schedule, Weiss just allowed her eyes to slip shut as she tried to enjoy as best she could now that there were no prying eyes to witness her shame.

"Rube! Ruby!" Penny called out louder for the second time in an effort to catch her mate's ear before she escaped into her dorm room.

"Huh? Penn?" Ruby whipped around, surprised to be hearing her the other woman again already.

"Over here." Penny raised a hand and waggled her fingers to grab the other woman's attention.

"Are you ok? What happened with Weiss? Is she alright?" Ruby rushed through the first questions that came to her mind.

"She is... and I- I am fine, just... frustrated. I understand she isn't, that she isn't comfortable with anyone seeing, well, or hearing for that matter. Just that she is ashamed of it, but..." Penny sighed with a heavy head. "I just don't understand. When I stayed with Winter, she never got mad at me for just being home when it happened. I mean, I know that she at least knew who Robyn was, and that made it easier on her. But even then... things can be... tense between them at the best, but I never got snapped at for things that weren't my fault and offering my support." Penny paused for a half moment, but in that lull, Ruby simply stood steady, awaiting her girlfriend to work through everything running through her mind. "I just! I! I!" Penny looked around. "Is something buzzing?" Penny's short attention span pulled her away from her stressed rambling as hypersensitive hyper human ears caught onto a sound Ruby hadn't noticed. "I- I feel like I can hear something buzzing?"

"I think that is Yang. She seemed like she was out of clothes when I left and I know she said she was going to do laundry today?"

"Oh, ok. Yeah. That makes sense." Penny nodded before the signs of exhaustion and frustration began to bleed back into the corners of her eyes.

"How, how about you and I give her some time to relax. Give both our roommates some time to relax, and we go out to get some dinner in town? A nice little date. Maybe in return, I can even talk Yang into leaving us the room tonight? Does that sound good?"

"Yeah. I'd like that." Penny found a smile naturally creeping back onto her face.

"Great! Let's go!" Ruby cheered, taking Penny's hand before leading the way.

End of Chapter 1

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Chapter 2

Chapter 2

It was only the slightest twitch of the ears hiding beneath her bow, a minuscule movement predated by her fingertips pressing ever so slightly tighter against the book in her hands. But it was not the first and would most certainly not be the last time that the room's other resident caught even the most minuscule of twitches from the cat faunus.

"Blake! Blake are you ok?"

"I- what? I'm fine." Blake's jaw tightened and tensed ever so slightly, but still more than enough for the faunus to catch the small sign.

"You- your- That person!" Ilia snapped with the visceral disgust of a child seeing someone playing with what they believed to be their toy.

"My s-" Blake went to open her mouth but in the slightest moment of hesitation caused by another sharp sting of that person catching just the right spot, Ilia cut her off.

"That is so rude of him! I can not believe it! And at, what, two in the afternoon! Doesn't he have any damn decency!" Ilia paused just a moment as she hopped from her bed full of fury. "You know what! If you ever meet him, you should just up and tell him to go to hell! So inconsiderate I can't believe he wo-" Ilia kept talking well after Blake spoke up, but she only stopped after she processed what Blake said and how it destroyed some part of her.

"What makes you think it is a man?" Blake snapped, her pupils constricting to slits as activity ramped up downstairs.

"I! I! Well! I umm!" Ilia stammered, painfully aware that there was no good reasoning to explain such an assumption away and that the truth of it just being a hope and that the taste Adam left Blake with would be enough to dissuade the bi Belladonna away from another potential suitor.

"Aww, fuck." Blake groaned, tossing and turning on the bed in frustration as she wrapped a blanket around herself; as if it could do anything to hide the fact that she had just climaxed in front of her friend.

"Blake!" Ilia lurched in suddenly, her hands raising to offer assistance. "Are you ok? Do you need anything? I mean! If you need! I can help! Help you like send a message back, that you are tired of all this and stuff." Ilia's whole body slowly crept towards a color approaching crimson.

"No Ilia. It's fine." Blake half grumbled.

"Blake?"

"Yes Ilia?"

"Is there anything else I can do?" Ilia tried with a calmer more empathetic tone.

"Find whoever is doing this to me." Blake laughed dryly only to have her voice catch as her cheeks burned at the abundant evidence of pleasure painted all over her face.

Ilia's face lit up happily for one moment as she simply assumed Blake would want them dealt with, but then the truth of the matter set in. If Blake were to find her soulmate... "You know-you know! S- soulmates aren't forever!"

Blake groaned, frustrated that the topic had come back up already. She never had the heart to tell Ilia that it had been a lie with Adam. That he had tricked her into believing he was her soulmate with lies, selective silence, and leading questions. Maybe it had less to do with her not having the heart to tell Ilia and more to do with simple shame and embarrassment; feelings only amplified by how he had treated her nearing the end. "Yeah, yeah, sure, whatever Ilia." Blake knew Ilia believed the urban myth without a doubt, though most of that had been founded on flawed facts. Blake, at least by intent and technicality had never lied. She never expressly said that Adam had been her soulmate after she found out it wasn't true. She just had never corrected Ilia when the other faunus simply assumed that the connection had withered and died out.

"It's true! I mean! You should know! But being someone's soulmate or not doesn't really mean anything. All that matters is your feelings for the other person!" Ilia rambled off.

"I get it!" Blake hissed.

"I'm just saying!" Ilia plopped back on her bed with a hurt huff. "Just because someone is your 'soulmate' doesn't really mean they are the right person to spend the rest of your life with." Ilia pouted. "And just because someone isn't doesn't mean you should rule them out."

"Fine." Blake moaned abruptly with a roll of her eyes only half due to apathy at Ilia's soulmate theories.

Ilia sat there, pretending to act like she could handle listening or even just being in the same room with Blake as without looking back to the moaning faunus periodically. An act she failed at each time Blake's breath hitched or caught in a moan. Then she tried to at least pretend that she wasn't growing flustered by the sight, that hearing Blake like that didn't simultaneously strike at her heart and somewhere else she would be even more mortified to admit to.

After what had already begun to feel like far too long, Ilia snapped and finally spoke up. "God! Does he have nothing else to do with his life! He just spends a half an hour so stimulated that you can't even keep yourself silent! What a loser!"

Blake knew whoever was on the other end was reaching a breaking point. Whatever their reason was, they clearly were fighting to hold back from toppling over the edge. "L- loser?" Blake's back arched slightly, something Ilia took as a personal slight from the mystery ministrator. "Just because..."

"Just because what?"

"Ah~ Fuck!" Blake cried out, toes curling. Her whole body tensed for a moment before collapsing into a pleased pile of faunus. "Just because they want to take a lazy Saturday to enjoy themselves and their body. I know most people choose to just bang it out as fast as possible to relieve stress or tension for whatever reason. But I respect that she takes her time." Blake took a moment to catch her breath after her long-winded retort.

"What makes you think it is a woman!" Ilia matched Blake's disgusted tone and the exact same way the other woman said it.

This time it came fast, almost painfully so. Ilia may have been slightly embellishing, but it had taken at least a full fifteen minutes from Blake beginning to feel her mystery masturbator's efforts to finally feeling their release. But the third time around, whoever it was must have been capitalizing on all the extra sensitivity that delaying relief that long would leave them with. Quick but strong. Blake went from almost recovered to entirely breathless in an instant. As soon as she could catch her breath again though however, she could already feel the other woman back at it again, but apparently working at one to last longer once more. "Because, men can't keep at it this repetitively without a break in between."

Ilia sneered and looked away, striving to hide her transparent feelings.

"Either way, I will go take a bath while whoever she is continues. That way, you won't have to hear me not being able to keep myself silent anymore." Blake slithered out of bed before covering her already clothed body in the spare towel hanging by her bed's foot stand.

"Blake, I'm sorry I just-"

"I'll just bathe till it is over. Alright?" Tensions between the faunus roommates had been rising since classes began, but Blake had told herself that it wasn't an issue so far. However with even her patience shrinking, it felt harder and harder to deny.

"I'm sorry." Ilia sat on her bed, pulling her knees to her chest as she slowly shaded towards a shameful purple.

"It's just time we get some space for the weekend. At least while this is going on. I'm sorry it's started so randomly. I didn't ask you to come here to Beacon with me just so that you would have to hear all my issues. It was because I wanted my friend here with me." Blake turned back on knees only moments away from giving out on her.

Ilia curled tighter into herself, feeling all the boundaries she had crossed even more than usual.

"Maybe when I'm done we can find some other people around? Some who might want to play a game or something." Blake tried to offer amicably.

"You mean when he is done." Ilia grumbled low enough that Blake couldn't manage to make out a single word.

"Huh? What is it?" Blake clung to the bathroom door's frame as it came back. Slow, she knew whoever it was, they would be taking their sweet time once more. Depending on how long they had all to themselves it might take all night; something Blake wasn't quite looking forward to, even if some aspects of it could end up rather nice; especially in a long bath, one with bubbles and her favorite candle burning...

"Blake!" Ilia broke through to the fellow faunus fraught up in fantasies of fingerfucking herself in a fantastical bath aided all the while by whoever might be on the other end of her connection.

"Mhmm?" Blake had no knowledge of the fact that she had slipped back into soft moans, mildly taken over by the mystery masturbator's more tender touch the third time that day. "What? I... umm..." Blake blushed, still caught up in her dazed state as she fought to bring thought back to the forefront of her mind. "D- did I miss something?" She questioned spotting the anger on Ilia's face and how her whole body turned a raging red.

"Nothing!" Ilia pouted. "I just... I just said to relax and take care of yourself. But... games after sound nice." She crumpled into herself, falling back onto her bed for all the warmth and solace it could give her.

"I'm sorry." Blake's ears fell, but Ilia didn't seem to so much look up to notice. "I'll try to be quick; not that I have much of a say to it."

"Yeah. I'll... Just be cleaning my weapon or something in the meantime." Ilia curled up and rolled over.

Blake's spirits fell further at that. She knew she had hurt her friend, but she didn't know much else to do about it. It wasn't like she hadn't been clear and upfront about not looking for anything but training at Beacon; or that Ilia shouldn't be looking for anything more than that if she were to follow. But there the predicament still was. Ever present and continuously haunting her as Blake added bubble bath solution to the running water that filled their tub.

Scalding hot, but perfect against weary and overworked flesh, the water enveloped the faunus as she slipped in. Something between a purr and a moan slipped out as her thighs met the water, but the moment it caressed at her sex, there was no question left as to what the sound had become. A process that only repeated as the warmth covered her chest, and her hands naturally found their usual posts for Blake's personal time. "God, fuck." She muttered against the calm water as if it were the lover doing this to her.

Already heavy eyelids fluttered shut in response to her own ministrations aiding whoever was on the other end. All it took was a soft touch, tender and tastefully timed, all in contrast to the tempestuous nature of the most recent height. Immediately she could tell the other woman could feel her... touching back so to say. Whoever it was, their touch changed, mimicking Blake's lead as best they could; resulting in both of them feeling what felt to be double the intensity.

Her breath hitched as she brought her free left hand to cup at her right breast. Fingers found familiar patterns, caressing around the soft flesh's peak and then pinching ever so gently. The gentleness seemed to slip away with some speed however. Though downstairs, she kept some

semblance of a slow ramping up, her fingers sped faster and faster as they needed at her tender chest, greedy for the touch.

Further proof flooded in that whoever resided on the opposite end the tether was a woman; or at least that they had a feminine body, came quickly after as Blake could swear for a moment she had a third hand mimicking her second's at her free bosom. Arousal compiled, nearly growing unwieldy to the point Blake could never have been able to pull herself back from the brink, but she slowed herself. Nearly came to a complete stop. But she kept it going, now allowing the other woman to lead.

Ghost hands fiddled faster, working in incrementally deepening circles at their sex with Blake's fingers following not far behind. Things seldom felt this clear; up until a matter of months ago, she could barely ever feel anything until it was almost already over and her mate's climax was already upon them. But the further Blake got into these tender massage messages, the more she could make out. It seemed the first always seemed to creep up, a fast burst that she only caught at its apex. But whenever the other woman decided one wasn't enough for a single sitting- or laying-, Blake could feel so much more. Sometimes, she was even certain she could feel the vibrator the other woman must have been using; all the way down to the pattern and speed the other woman seemed to like the most. The effects seemed to grow more and more dramatic with each subsequent peak.

It grew to the point that Blake could almost feel just how the other woman traced her fingertips along the inside of her thighs while on a small pause to keep herself from toppling over again. Magical, that was what Blake decided it was, magical and evil. She wanted to touch, to finish them both off and grant them some relief, but she could tell whoever was on the other end didn't want that. So, rather than force their hand? Blake waited. She waited and patiently breathed through each time her body was brought to the brink only to be held there for minutes on end, or only to topple over, sometimes in rapid succession.

The faunus handed her body over to the bath, allowing everything else to melt away. She would stay there till well after her fingertips and toes had pruned, till she was near dying of hydration at that, after all of what the other woman wanted to put them through. By the time she was done; or rather it was done, Blake couldn't have cared to take count of all the climaxes of her afternoon, all she cared was that she was thankful enough that this time it hadn't happened during her lunch break or while she was in a class. Normally she could keep quiet or at least keep any squirming down to a simple twitch of her bow or a firm grasp at the edge of her desk, but if today's events had occurred during a class, Blake was certain that there would have been no hope for keeping it under wraps.

Though the dark-haired faunus hadn't cared to count or to observe much of her over gluttonous orgasms beyond the fact that it had been comprised of quick and long sequences, Weiss couldn't have felt any more different about it. No, no, Weiss took each individual peak as a personal offense! A grievance! And she noted it as such. Literally, Weiss had begun to keep a notebook from her first spontaneous climax with no reason. At first, it had always just been under the impression that it would one day help her find her future lover, but seeing that whoever in the hell had been subjecting her to this harassment seemed beyond intent on driving her up a wall of insanity, the notebook's intent had changed. Now she kept it more as a list she kept if only to one day read off this perpetrator's crimes to them before executing a

finishing blow, or at least that was what the fair-haired princess kept telling herself to ease her rage.

Weiss Schnee, October 12

An unforgivably long session!

Beginning at 1:30

Fast and sudden like always

1:31-1:45, 1:46-1:48, 1:49-2:01, 2:01-2:16

Fuck! This asshole won't stop!

Long, short, short, long, short, short, short, long, long, long, long

I thought they had stopped! Why give me a ten-minute break if you are just going to start again!

Short, long, short, short, long, long, long, long, short, long, long, short

Weiss's journal grew sloppy as she fell further down the rabbit hole, everything growing incredibly more overwhelming to the point it threatened to break her. In her best efforts to at least continue her notes, their format changed. But Weiss figured that times weren't quite necessary anymore, Just noting down that it took a relatively long or short time was good enough. It had to be, because otherwise, there was simply no way the exhausted heiress would ever have managed to jot down anything at all amidst the everything of her evening.

End of Chapter 2

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Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Blake emerged from her bath, hair still wrapped up in a towel to act as her bow normally would. Wearing nothing more than the towel and her pajamas, the faunus strutted over to her bed with the weight of a feather and all the elegance of a cat pleased with herself and whatever mischief they had gotten down to.

The sight crippled Ilia, would have brought her down to her knees if she had been standing. Making none of it any easier, the fellow faunus seemed to be practically glowing. Ilia's heat stung, but she couldn't tell if it was simply from how the sight revitalized all the cravings and thirst that she had been fighting to suppress ever since Blake adjourned for her bath, or if it was simpler than that. Could it have been plain old jealousy? Or worse yet, simply because she couldn't bring herself to ignore how someone else had been so successful at making Blake happy.

"Ok!" Blake flipped around, plopping down on her bed with crossed legs underneath her, and her hands holding her robe down. "Now that is all done, what do we wanna do? We have the rest of the evening to round people up? Maybe a big old game of monopoly or something? I can message my team? See if Ruby, Weiss, or Yang are free? Maybe if they have any friends, they can join too? I... I think I saw velvet just chilling around in the common room with nothing to do? You think she would wanna join?" Blake rambled off ideas left and right as her ears twitched from under the towel with each idea cast out with hope of reeling in any iota of Ilia's happiness back out.

"Yeah... sure." Ilia nodded emptily, all the while trying not to focus too much on Blake or how the robe she wore seemed to reveal more with each breath.

"Umm, what about Sun? We, we can all do a faunus night? Come on, you haven't been able to spend time with just faunuses since we left Menagerie! Come on, you know you want to!" Blake knew she had the other woman, that Ilia couldn't pass such an option up.

"You mean it? Just faunuses?" Ilia's eyes widened in excitement.

"Yeah, come on, I'll get Sun, you grab Velvet." Blake cheered as she hopped from the bed with a gigantic smile.

"Thank you." Ilia lept up and rushed for the other woman only to tackle her back onto the bed with a tight hug.

Blake laughed and patted her friend on the back as she hugged back. "Now get going, before Velvet heads back to her room for the night."

"On it!" Ilia sprung back up, too excited by the idea of a full faunus night to notice that Blake's robe had slipped further down to the point that anyone wishing to look could have gotten an eyeful and a half.

Blake rushed to cover herself back up and decided that at least a tank top and shorts might be a good combo for the robe to ensure Sun didn't spy more than he should.

With extra clothing donned to prevent any other wardrobe malfunctions, Blake marched off to Sun and Neptune's room. The trip had been shorter than she remembered, going rather quickly as she scurried over, a delighted grin still covering her face. Sure Ilia had an extra soft spot for faunus only nights, but Blake did too. Sometimes it was nice to be around others like her, to not feel the slightest worry about taking off her bow, or in this case towel, and hear the world in truth. Sure the rest of team RWBY had been accepting of everything in their way, even of the things Blake couldn't find any way to be proud of. And she really did love each of her teammates in their own way. Hell, even Weiss, the Schnee dust heiress had her charms, but some days, it was just nice to be with others like her from time to time.

A whistle had formed on her lips as she cheerfully knocked on the boys' door. "Sun! Sun!" She sang, ears twitching to the tune of her whistle as her hips swung from side to side in the same pattern. "It's Blake!"

"Ignore it." "Ignore it? It's Blake!" Voices the faunus could barely make out hissed from behind the closed door.

"Sun?" She called again.

"Come on, just a little-" "It's Blake, she's not just gonna go away."

"Everything ok?" Blake spoke up once more into the door with a mild knock. She could make out that what was most likely Neptune and Sun were talking, but she couldn't quite make out more than one word in a sentence.

"It's fine, I'll be right back." "No! No! No! Don't! I! I!"

"Heya!" Sun opened the door a whole three centimeters for all of half a moment before he half-collapsed into it with a rough groan.

"Sun! Sun! Are you ok?" Blake nearly forced the door open to catch him as his head collided with the wall near the door.

Sun could barely hold back the door, nearly falling to the ground as he did.

"I'm sorry!" Neptune yelled before panting into a pillow. "I couldn't hold it any longer." He groaned.

"Oh? Oh! Oh god! Sun! I- I didn't know you two had been- or that you two- that you guys were..."

"We weren't really telling anyone." Sun sighed against the doorframe while keeping it open only wide enough for Blake to see his eyes.

"Sorry. I... well I was going to ask if you wanted to play a game. You, me, Ilia, and hopefully Velvet. Ilia and I were wanting to do a... faunus night..." Blake whispered, Neptune still unaware of the secret. "But... it seems you might be a bit busy?"

Sun winced and nodded. "Sorry Blake, but, yeah. This is kind of... the first time we tested it out in person so to say?"

"Oh! Oh lord!" Blake's eyes widened in surprise. "I'm so sorry that I interrupted."

"As you should be." Neptune snapped from off and over in the distance.

"I'll see you around I guess?" Blake stepped back. "Good luck- I mean, have fun- I... you know." Blake reddened as she tried to wish her friend a good first time with his soulmate.

"Yeah. I'll see you around."

With a soft wave of goodbye, Blake found herself backing away and heading off to the common room. Wearing a dower face, she marched on. Sure monopoly was possible with three people, but it wasn't half as good as with four, and three didn't make much of a faunus night. But Sun deserved his time alone with his newfound mate. Uncomfortable on her head, Blake fidgeted with her towel. Not that the bow was anything near comfortable, it wasn't, but the towel, wet and suffocating on her extra ears was weighty, feeling like it held her down with every step. Wrapped tight around her head to prevent it from falling spontaneously, it hurt mildly, even if she could deal with it... it was at best, unpleasant.

With her mind so caught up in the towel bearing down upon her, Blake hadn't noticed as the door to her right and just a step ahead swung open. Colliding in perfect rhythm, the towel fell and then Blake's face collided with the hardwood of the dorm room door. Only barely saved from a broken nose by the towel falling into her face, Blake collapsed back onto the floor.

"Blake!" A familiar concerned voice called out only a moment before the faunus could feel a hand at the back of her head helping her back up. "Blake are you alright?"

"Ouch." Blake groaned and pulled the towel from her face. "Weiss!" She blinked, certain that she had hit herself hard enough to be hallucinating the heiress helping her up with such a tender touch.

"Sorry." Weiss sighed, exhausted and disheartened.

"Wha-" Blake blinked slowly, taking in the sight of the prim and proper, damn near princess of a woman looked disheveled; beyond disheveled! A downright mess! Blake simply couldn't remember seeing the heiress with so much of a hair out of place, even in combat! But for some reason, Weiss appeared to have been run ragged by something, pushed to her very bounds. "A- are you ok?" Blake coughed out.

"Uugh!" Weiss huffed. "Am I ok?" She frowned. "I am the one who hit you with a door." Her hand suddenly rushed down to Blake's face, prying her eyes open one at a time, much to the cat faunus's dismay. "God, you don't have a concussion or anything do you? What a perfect end to a horrid day."

Blake groaned and rolled her eyes, that sounded much more like the Weiss she knew. "I don't have a concussion!" Blake sat up and forced herself to stand despite how it made her feel

woozy. Nearly colliding against the wall, Blake decided to settle with just sitting up against it for a moment.

"You- you're bleeding." Weiss stammered.

The faunus wiped at her head, feeling it dry and confirming that she had not begun to bleed before looking back perplexed by the accusation. "No, I'm not." Blake half snapped, instinctively defensive against the heiress.

"Yes, you are." Weiss turned and picked up the towel and held it to Blake's nose for a moment before pulling it back and displaying it to her teammate as proof.

"Oh- I... guess I hit my head harder than I thought." Blake winced and took the towel to hold it to her nose.

"I'm sorry. It's just... just been a long day. I shouldn't have swung my door open that hard." Weiss knelt next to the other woman.

"It's fine." Blake flashed a soft smile, her eyes flickering down between the towel and her teammate. "I was distracted anyways." She looked down and away.

Weiss hummed softly before her eyes seemed to catch on something and she seemed to be humming and hawing as to whether or not to say anything about it.

"What is it?"

"I- you- you just..." Weiss lifted her hand just barely over Blake's head.

"Ah!" Blake flinched, her top right ear hurting for a moment before the foreign hand soothed down it. She shivered at the touch, the calming nature of it, and how nice it felt for the half moment before she remembered whose hand was on her.

"You're ear. It was pushed back and turned inside out, it looked painful." Weiss tired in a calm and almost caring tone.

"Don't just touch them!" Blake hissed, pulling back against the wall. "I know you are a Schnee, but that doesn't mean you can just touch me like I'm your pet!" Blake snapped, pressing herself against the wall and looking ever more the scared cat she was.

"I'm sor- No! I never said you were a pet! Uugh! Faunuses!" Weiss groaned and spun around as she snapped to her feet.

"Schnees!" Blake retorted as if the name itself were an insult.

"It looked painful! I was just trying to help!" Weiss huffed again. "Don't even know why I tried!" Weiss turned away from Blake, her feet hesitating to march her off and away from the dreadful encounter. "I thought we were supposed to be teammates! Not enemies." She turned back for just a moment to make eye contact.

Blake scoffed before averting her eyes, trying to pretend she was too good for the petty confrontation. "We are."

"Then you could do the slightest to act like it!"

Blake sat there, on the floor for a long moment pregnant with the stress of knowing Weiss was right. "Why-"

"Uugh! Whatever!" Weiss lashed before taking her first step away.

"No! Wait!" Blake stopped the other woman. "Why... why has it been such a bad day? You, you said it was horrid?" She attempted sheepishly.

Weiss turned on her heels with a raised eyebrow. "You actually care to know?" She tried tentatively.

"I wouldn't have asked if I wasn't ready to hear an answer." Blake replied with just a hair more snark than she intended.

"You don't need to be snotty about it!" Weiss once more turned to storm off, but she halted at the sound of Blake's voice trembling to speak up once more.

"You were right! I- We are teammates. We should act like it. Part of that is actually caring if your teammate is ok."

Weiss stood there for a moment.

"So?"

"So what?"

"Are you ok!" Blake's shoulders did a small hop as she asked to emphasize that she actually cared about the answer.

"I am now." Weiss settled. "It was... just a really rough day."

"Well, what happened?"

"Soul mate troubles." Weiss answered, already telling more than she would allow anyone but a teammate to know.

"Oh?" Blake could feel her cheeks burning and a mildly embarrassed smile form on her face as she thought to the ringer her soul mate had thrown her through. "I, I understand."

Weiss noted that the reply was odd and more specifically that Blake blushed in a way the faunus almost never did, but she filed it down as simply similar experiences for the time being; entirely unaware of just how similar the experience had been. "Yeah. It is just embarrassing."

"I understand."

"Anywho, where were you going in such a hurry?" Weiss would have asked about anything from the soil around the academy to the weather just to move the conversation along, but asking where Blake had been headed seemed a more reasonable topic change.

"Oh, some friends and I were going to play monopoly. But we just ended up one short. Sun was... busy."

"Oh? You are playing a game?" Weiss shifted her head from one side to the other. "I'll join!" She decided as if she had been invited.

"What?"

"You said you were short a person, monopoly is better with four than with three, I have had a horrid day, monopoly sounds nice, so yes. I would like to join."

"I- bu- but-"

"What? Are Schnees not allowed? Even if they are your teammate?" Though Weiss kept to her confident demeanor, Blake could tell the teammate was hurting, that she craved some form of social interaction, but that she was too scared to just ask for it.

"Course not. Why would we ever do that!" Blake lied through her damned teeth. "You are welcome as far as I care. But... But Ilia can be a little standoffish when it comes to new people."

"Oh yes! Ilia! I know her. She and I sparred in class last week. She's good. Really strikes to kill."

"Oh? Oh really. Haha, that's odd." Blake laughed awkwardly as she stumbled to her feet, only not falling over in the process because Weiss helped her.

"This will be great!" Weiss announced for them both.

"Yup, great. It's going to be totally great. Totally..." Blake winced and leaned into Weiss as she strived to hide her terror.

End of Chapter 3

Thank you for reading! If you enjoyed and or are eager for more, consider checking out my [Tumblr](#) or my [Twitter](#). I post an extra chapter for free on this fic, and almost all of my fics for folks who are willing to check out my socials and stuff.

Also, I have been running polls as of late to figure out what I write next! Drop by the [discord](#) to vote! Or just drop by to talk to me, see some sneak peaks, hear why my dumb ass is late in posting this week. All that stuff!

Hope to see you there!

Chapter 4

Chapter 4

"Wait, wait, wait!" Velvet cracked a wide smile, her long ears standing on end as she hopped in place near vibrating with excitement.

"Huh?" Ilia looked around. "What's up?"

"Nope! Nope! Nope! Stand right there, right there and look up at me." Velvet giggled as she pulled her camera from her hip. "There, that's it."

"What! What are you doing?"

"No, no, don't move. Hey! No frowning!" Velvet coached to subpar results in the form of Ilia's face turning to a dour scowl. "Hey look here!"

"I am-" Ilia broke out into laughter as she spotted the other faunus dropping her left ear and sticking out her tongue in a funny face. "What the hell are you doing!" She questioned through laughter.

Several snaps followed in between Ilia's laughter, each followed with a small hum of contentment from the bunny faunus. "Got it!"

"What! You! You took my picture?"

"Yes, indeed I did." Velvet agreed, proud of herself.

"No! You can't do that! I look horrible!" Ilia pouted, her skin halfway between a dark purple or blue, but closest to black.

"No, you don't."

"Yes I do."

"No, no you don't." Velvet reinforced as she stepped in and raised her hand to Ilia's right cheek. Gently, her fingers caressed Ilia's soft cheek before pushing a stray piece of hair behind the faunus's ear. "There, perfect; Beautiful and perfect."

Ilia brightened and reddened to a bright magenta, thoroughly accustomed to being referred to with such kind words. "I-"

Another sharp click and the bunny faunus burst out into giggles. "See! Look, you are perfect!" Velvet turned her camera around to display the picture.

"Thank you." Ilia's skin shifted to a slightly more muted, but still embarrassed color.

"Much better!" Velvet tilted her head down so her long ears patted Ilia's head gently.

"What's better?"

"You, you're smiling!" Velvet smiled back. "And it's much better.

"I- well, umm... thank you." Ilia forced herself to return to her natural complexion, but even then there was nothing she could do about the burning blush on her cheeks.

"Game night!" Velvet squealed as if it were the first time she had ever heard of the idea.

"We've got to get going! Game night!"

"Hmm, yeah. Game night." Ilia smiled and led the way for the both of them.

By the time Blake and Weiss could see the faunus duo coming into view from down the hall, Ilia and Velvet were all but leaning into each other. Shoulders bumping against each other playfully as they giggled and joked about this or that, Blake had a whole moment to smile about how they were getting along like gangbusters, but that was before she remembered who was sitting next to her.

Velvet must have said something incredibly funny, because as they approached, Ilia grabbed and clung to the bunny faunus's shoulder and clung to it as she burst out into laughter. It took long enough that the two were well into the common room and even just in front of the game the two teammates had set out.

"Where's Sun?" Velvet questioned first.

"And what the hell is she doing here. Schnee." Ilia glared with growing disgust by the moment.

"I- I invited her." Blake couldn't believe the words coming from her mouth.

"You invited Weiss?" Velvet questioned, confused.

"What about Sun?"

"Sun was busy, and monopoly is better with four anyways."

"But I thought it was supposed to be a fau-" Velvet's ears drooped as she wondered aloud.

"A fun game night! Hell yeah! And now I have my teammate with me, so it will be even more fun!" Blake tried to move the topic along without letting slip that Weiss wasn't really supposed to be there.

"But! But!" Ilia began to turn a raging crimson, but then there Velvet was, gently wrapping her arm around one of Ilia's.

"It will be fine. This works just as well."

Ilia's skin calmed to a soft pink as the faunus relaxed into the touch, damn near melting towards the other faunus. "I guess it is ok? I- if Velvet is ok with Weiss joining?"

"Yup! We can still have fun! With or without Sun!" Velvet brightened before ushering Ilia to sit down with her on the couch opposite Blake and Weiss's.

The last faunus standing hesitated but followed as Velvet led her to sit. Maybe she even sat down a little closer than she usually would; almost as close as she tended to sit to Blake when the opportunity was available.

"I set up the board! What piece does everyone want? Dibs on the top hat!" Weiss cheered, grabbing her favorite piece.

Ilia scoffed with some snide comment under her breath that only those with two pairs of ears could catch before Velvet elbowed her gently as a reminder to be polite and civil.

"I got the dog!" Velvet stole the terrier piece for herself before petting the tin with her finger like it was real.

"Thimble." Blake called out, stealing her preferred piece.

"I'll... take the boot then I guess." Ilia fought against her natural frown for Velvet's sake, the faunus sitting next to her seemed to want a nice and calm game night regardless of the evil Schnee across the table.

For a time things went well, shockingly well when one considered the company of the three faunuses, two of which ex white fang members, and the ever unaware to her privilege Weiss. One could have even seen it as things going too well; in fact, someone did.

Ilia, though calmed by the bunny faunus giggling adorably at every other turn, and occasionally leaning in to her in such a way that left Ilia thoroughly confused by the feelings it gave her. But that proved not to be enough for her and those still lingering rebellious or chaotic leanings she tended to have. "So, Weiss?" She introduced with an evil grin as she passed go and collected her two hundred.

"Yes?" Weiss picked her head up for just a moment before moving to take her turn.

"I've been wondering; wondering what your opinion on something might be." Ilia's mischievous intent shown through just a little too much and both the other faunuses grew tense as their eyes locked on Ilia.

"Hmm? What is it?" Weiss questioned back patiently.

"Well, I was wondering... What might you do if your soulmate were a faunus?"

"Excuse me!" Weiss slammed her piece down as hard as her well-trained sensibilities allowed her.

"Your soulmate, you have one, no? I mean, you are an adult woman after all. Surely you've-"

"Ilia!" Velvet cut off with a gentle elbow jab to Ilia's side.

"Come on, we are all adults. I'm sure it's happened to all of us. You know, mine always seems to go like ten times in a row before she is sated, but she only seems to do it once a month or so."

All three of the other girls who lacked complete control of their whole body's complexion turned a bright red, but Velvet more notably so than the rest.

"What is your point!" Weiss snapped. "Besides just aiming to overshare."

"My point is to know if the wonders Weiss Schnee would humor the idea of her soulmate being a lowly faunus." Ilia intentionally taunted.

"I! 'Lowly faunus'? I never said!" Weiss stammered.

"So, you'd never question it if your soulmate was one of us?" Ilia's smile grew as she knew she had the heiress. "Would you?"

"What do you mean?" Weiss tested the trap tentatively as she straightened her back and presented her most proper appearance.

"You know exactly what I mean!"

"No, not exactly. You could mean would I accept them as my soulmate, would I immediately love them unconditionally, or you could mean would I simply give them a fair chance."

"Would you give them a fair chance?" Weiss hesitated for just a moment, more than enough for Ilia to regain her confidence and strike once more while the iron was hot and the Schnee could be caught off guard.

"You know that myth?"

"What myth!" Weiss questioned reflexively.

"The one that Soulmates aren't permanent. Sure, they can be, but people... souls..." Ilia corrected herself. "Souls are amorphous, they can change and grow over time. Soulmates are precious and all, but that we can outgrow our soulmates?"

"It's an old wives tale." Weiss firmly denied.

"It's not, Blake outgrew hers." Ilia pointed to her crush.

"I! Ilia!" Blake yelped.

Velvet shifted uncomfortable with Ilia's behavior.

"So I ask again, would you give your soul mate a fair chance if she were a faunus like us? Or would you just ignore her, hope your souls will grow on?" Ilia eyed hesitant, feeling that Weiss seemed already all too prepared for this.

"Yes. Of course. Of course, I would have. Being a faunus doesn't matter when it comes to that! But, faunus or no, she's already lost that chance." Weiss huffed, passing the dice over to a dumbfounded Velvet.

"You- but... how could you-"

"Wait, I thought you hadn't met yours yet." Blake questioned, shocked.

"I haven't," Weiss answered all too matter of factly.

Velvet seemed almost broken by the idea. "But- you- How?" She questioned, clearly overly affected by the idea that something she felt to be so special could be cursorily dismissed.

"Because she is horrid! Keeps me up at all hours of the night to just cling on the edge and then just go for it three times in a row. And recently she's been moving her evil schedule to during the day! I can't believe it! I had to kick my room mate's girlfriend out of the room this afternoon while whoever it was went at it for three hours!" Weiss vented, exhaustion breaking down the walls that would have kept her from ever discussing something so personal and intimate even around fellow women.

"What?" Ilia lost all color to her cheeks as her whole body slowly went an almost gray pale.

"Today, whoever it was has been going crazy. Woman'd be lucky just not to have a rug burn at this point. Thank god she stopped ten or fifteen minutes before I ran into Blake and she invited me here."

"You- you're..." Ilia slowly came undone, her eyes darting between the monochrome pair.

"When. When did it start?" Blake broke her silence on the topic.

"I don't know. I can check if it matters all that much to you." Weiss half scoffed, not understanding the reason Blake had asked at all.

"Check!" Blake demanded with an urgency rarely ever found in her voice.

"Alright! Alright! Alright!" Weiss rolled her eyes as she pulled a small notebook from a pocket in her dress's frills.

"Uugh, a little before one in the afternoon."

"You- you-" Ilia's voice wavered between fear and anger.

"I- and it ended at four fifteen?" Blake rarely kept track of times associated with such subjects, but she remembered the clock reading that as she left her bath.

"Yes, how did yo-" Weiss's mouth paused as her brain caught back up. "You! You! You are the vile bitch who's been doing this to me!"

"No! I-"

"You!" Weiss screamed, leaping from the couch she had been sitting closer to Blake than ever before in. "You have been doing this! Embarrassing me every other day! By! By-" Weiss grew ever more shrill with each word escalating her fury.

"No, I- I wasn't-" Blake tried to explain, growing frustrated and confused by the evening's either revelation or coincidence.

It was that moment, amidst the heat's height in the argument that a dastardly blonde meandered down the hallway with a fresh apple in hand. Recently kicked from her dorm room so that her sister and Penny could go at it and do things she wished never to know any more of. For a whole half moment, she thought the idea of a game night amidst the Beacon dorms common room would be a delightful idea, but the moment she saw her fellow teammates breaking into what seemed to be a true brawl of an argument. Seeing that, Yang decided it best to pull a full one-eighty and simply head back in the other direction and find something else to do with her evening. Maybe a little more personal time was in order?

"I should have known! Uugh! I can not believe it! Of course my evil soul mate was someone dressed like a trollop!" Weiss huffed with a derogatory glance at Blake's open robe revealed a tank little more than a tube top.

"I! Bitch! I didn't-" Blake went to retort, but it was too late, Weiss was already storming off with no intent to reply or continue the conversation at all.

Things were silent between the remaining three for a number of moments. They all sat there, unsure what to say or how to say it, every single one of the some combination of hurting and confused.

"I- I have to go." Velvet stood on weary legs, weighty with truth.

"What- no! Velvet! This is perfect, it's just us now, just faunuses." Ilia grabbed Velvet's hand for a moment but the other woman quickly shook herself free.

"Nothing about this is perfect." Velvet glared back hurt in a way neither Ilia nor Blake understood the reasoning of. "You just ran off our friend and started all this drama. And for what! Just because you are longing over your first crush? Because Weiss has a certain last name?"

"Velvet wa-"

"Goodnight Ilia. And I am sorry for all the drama Blake, I hope you and Weiss work things out. Soulmates, permanent or not, have a right to be happy together."

Then there were two. The group divided, in an all too literal sense, left Blake and Ilia sitting there alone and silent as they tried to formulate something to say to each other despite the way their stomachs turned, turbulent and equally upset as them in the wake of the evening.

In time, Blake was first to find the courage in her heart to speak out. "He lied." She whispered, almost sounding broken.

"What? Who?" Ilia lifted her head confused.

"I- well, I guess I've lied now too." Blake coughed up, defeated.

"L- lied about what?"

"Adam was never really my soulmate. He lied, tricked me, made me think... I was young, stupid, and I believed him. Then... after everything ended, I was too ashamed to tell anyone. So, there it is." Blake let it sit there between them for a moment. "I'm not your soul mate Ilia, and I never will be."

"I- I-" Ilia stammered.

"I'm sorry Ilia." Blake finally stood. "I am going to bed. Goodnight."

End of Chapter 4

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Chapter 5

Chapter 5

It happened again that night. Some wicked blonde made her way out into the wooded area by beacon and had herself some personal time at the shore of a lost lake after some sole skinny dipping. Though, this time, not even Blake enjoyed the sensations taking her over. In lieu of the caring, patient touch Blake had seen it as earlier that day, it felt almost revolting as the sensations spread up from her core and across her skin. The only bright side the Belladonna saw to any of it was that Ilia hadn't returned to the room. Though in a way, that hurt too, Blake knew it was for the best and that had Ilia returned, seeing such a thing would most likely break her heart even worse.

Blake never wanted to see Ilia hurt, but she knew all too well by now that the bandaid needed to be ripped off some time. The night she tanked any remaining social niceties between her and her teammate only made for the push she needed to finally do it.

Eventually, despite all the confusion it left her with, the phantom sensations ebbed for Blake. Though she somehow had more knowledge about potential soul mates, she felt infinitely more confused and lose about it all than she had before. Was Weiss her soulmate? If not, why would she lie or seem so earnestly upset about the whole issue? Could it all be a coincidence? Furthermore, if it was, how in the world could their experiences be so similar; and more importantly, how could she salvage the trust of her teammate... especially after the first time they ever actually seemed to be getting along!

Everything accounted for, there was only one thing Blake knew; she knew it all hurt. Not only did her headache from trying to calculate a solution or solve the mysteries the world seemed to have presented to her throughout the day, but, despite all logic she had to her hurting head, her heart seemed to hurt too. Not Ilia, at least, she wasn't the cause of Blake's heart hurting in this way. She felt guilty for bringing Velvet into all of the day's drama, but that wasn't it either. And it couldn't have been anything to do with Weiss! No! No of course not! ... could it?

Blake turned in bed, frustrated with her turbulent emotions, eventually landing with her eyes staring at the empty bed across the room. Even as the day ended and the wee hours of the morning settled in, Ilia still hadn't returned, something that left no part of Blake's aching brain any quarter. However, eventually, sleep took the faunus, stole her away just to trap her in nightmares of a bull's return only to once more destroy the delicate china shop of her soul.

Sometime through the night, Ilia found herself staggering up and off from the couch. To her own surprise, and maybe due to a longing for a certain faunus, or maybe because her heart hurt too much to face Blake once more, Ilia found herself heading towards Velvet's room instead of her own. In time, and with a desperation in her voice she hadn't anticipated, she knocked on the bunny faunus's door. "Ve- Velvet? It's Ilia." She waited a beat and no response was returned. "I- I just wanted... wanted to say I was sorry." Once more Ilia gave a moment, but she couldn't even hear any proof that Velvet was even on the other side to hear. "You were

right. I... I was hurting, and I lashed out when I shouldn't have. I am sorry I ruined what could have- what was a really nice evening." Ilia waited for one more moment, but when nothing came, she simply whispered another "I'm sorry" before turning and walking away. With each step, Ilia's skin slowly turned to match the colors of the dark evening hallway. She was so caught up in herself and fighting the tears that had already begun to form that she didn't even notice as the door she had knocked on opened up to reveal a confused looking Velvet.

The other woman stepped out from behind the door wearing nothing but a towel, hair still clearly wet and covered in her conditioner from a shower she must have run out of at the sound of Ilia's earnest apology. But by the time she stepped out, Velvet was too late to see Ilia, even though the chameleon faunus was only ten meters away. Even when she passed Ilia once more in the morning, Velvet would never notice the slumbering faunus snuggled into the common room's couch, her skin naturally matching its color.

When Blake woke, her mind did linger on Ilia for a moment, the other woman's absence in their room worrying. But Blake knew Ilia could take care of herself in one way or another. After wiping the sleep from her eyes, the thing that truly terrified the woman was what wimpy remains there might be to salvage of the working relationship she once had with Weiss. The two had been... easily the least close combination of any the four from their team, but they had at least been able to get along in a professional sense at the very minimum.

Blake hadn't so much as gotten to sit on her bed up with a second foot on the ground before her thoughts to Weiss and what talking to her next might be like before a knock on her door had her jumping out of her skin. "What!" Blake snapped, thoroughly disheveled with a horrid and ineffective night of sleep filled with tossing and turning.

"It's me." The soft nature to what she normally recognized as a rather shrill voice nearly floored Blake and made her certain her ears were playing tricks on her.

"I'm sorry, what?" Blake questioned again, refusing to believe her ears,

"Oh! Shut up! You know exactly who it is! Now open the damn door!" Weiss stomped just outside the dorm room impatient.

"Why are you even here!" Blake snapped, stumbling to her feet, beyond disheveled. With her robe half off on one side, almost a quarter of it tucked up and over her shoulder, and at least one of her faunus ears tucked inside out like the day before, Blake opened the door just a crack. Her scowl lasted about half a moment before the heiress simply forced the door open the rest of the way, nearly knocking Blake over in the process.

Weiss stormed further in, no care for her teammate until after she confirmed that Ilia's bed was empty and they were alone in the room. "Good, we are alone." Weiss huffed.

"Sure you want to be in the room with me? I'm still dressed like a trollop." Blake sniped irritable. "Wouldn't want me to masturbate on you or anything!" She glared, still furious and... if she were honest, hurting.

Weiss's hand landed on the hilt of the rapier on her hip for a moment, a subtle threat that she would strike, but then logic won out. Subtly grinding her teeth, Weiss released her weapon and took a deep breath. "Why!" She demanded coldly.

"Why what?" Blake closed the door with a low grumble.

"Why in those crazy patterns? Why for hours at a time? Good lord, why keep yourself on edge like that for so long!" Weiss questioned, fidgeting on her heels, clearly uncomfortable with the confrontation.

"You know Weiss! You only ever hear what you want to. You know that?" Blake grunted tiredly as she slowly slinked back onto her bed.

"What the hell do you mean Blake... You know what! I don't actually care!" Weiss stomped again. "There is no point in lying anymore! I meant what I said last night!"

"Meant what you said?"

"I don't care if you are my soulmate or not! Nothing will change, and... and we just won't ever be together!"

"Likewise, you petty presumptuous princess!" Blake bit back.

"I don't care if you call me pretty-"

"Petty! I called you petty! Not pretty, you asshat!" Blake pinched at the bridge of her nose and groaned in frustration.

"Oh..." Weiss stepped back a moment.

"Why the hell did you even come here? Just to deride me for the falsities you think to be true?"

Weiss's steaming skull steadied for a moment. "What?"

"I'm not your soulmate!"

"What!" Weiss's jaw clenched.

Blake sighed exhausted. "Fucking finally you actually listen to something I have to say!"

"I! I! But, you-"

"I didn't even- well, I did slightly indulge in some personal time, but I didn't..." Blake growled at her own embarrassment. "Whoever is my soulmate was going at it all afternoon! Apparently the same as yours, but I didn't actually... I mean I..." Blake found herself having trouble finding the words to describe teasing herself as a way of communicating with her soulmate about pleasure.

"I don't believe you!" Weiss shook her head.

"I don't care if you believe me!" Blake's eyes snapped up to glare and betray her by acting as proof that she did care in one way or another.

Weiss sniffed and her eyes glanced pryingly down to Blake's crotch. "If it wasn't you, then explain to me why I came again last night, after all the drama at monopoly!"

"So what?"

"And your room reeks of sex, your bed is obviously extra a mess, and I can see the stains of wetness on your panties." Weiss did her best Sherlock Holmes impression.

"Perv! All I did was wear a robe with clothes under it, but I'm a trollop. But no, little Ms. Princess gets to storm into my room and stare at my crotch with impunity!"

Weiss huffed and looked away. "I never said you were a trollop, I said you were dressed like one."

"Does it really matter!" Blake made a disgusted face at Weiss's mental gymnastics to defend herself.

Weiss grunted again, though thankfully, this time it seemed slightly less holier than thou. "I still don't believe you." And there it was, the attitude that the princess was above all else rearing its ugly head once more.

"Why in the hell should I care!" Blake pushed herself further back on her bed, growing ever more uncomfortable with the whole encounter and the woman who had intruded in her home.

"Because! At the very least we are teammates! And... and at the most... we could be..." Weiss clearly felt uncomfortable with the whole idea, but she knew she needed to get her point across. "We could be a lot more. And... and either way, trust is imperative!"

"I thought you didn't care if we were soul mates, that it 'wouldn't change anything'." Blake mimicked.

"It would change everything!" Weiss snapped. "But... no, that, it would not change."

Blake glared but said nothing.

"What! Do you not care?!"

"Of course I care!" Blake snapped back, her voice even more emotionally charged than she anticipated. "What do you want me to do to prove it to you! That I am not your soulmate! That I've not been the one doing this!"

Weiss hummed in thought a moment, the patience she had to her enraging Blake slightly.

"Just ask Ilia. She saw it start yesterday. She knows I didn't initiate it, that it just started happening while I was reading my book."

"Oh please! That lovesick puppy would lie for you all day long if you asked." Weiss dismissed.

"Then what the hell do you want Weiss!"

"You say you aren't my soulmate? That it hasn't been you doing this to me?"

"Yes! You dense dolt! That is what I have been trying to say since you blew up last night!"

"Then prove it to me." Weiss settled, her hands for some reason going to take the belt that held her sword's sheath to her hip.

"Gladly, but how? It's not like you'd trust me one way or another." Blake scoffed and rolled her eyes, completely missing as Weiss stripped her outermost layer.

"I don't have to trust if I can see." Weiss dismissed.

"I- I'm sorry what?" Blake blinked, baffled and trying to process what she had just heard.

"I don't have to trust you if I can see it." Weiss kicked off her shoes before stepping into the bed.

"You want me to..." Blake leaned back on her bed, half just to get away from the approaching Schnee, and half simply because she was floored.

"Yes Blake." Weiss sighed as if it were the most obvious thing on the planet.

"You! You can't just expect me to strip down and masturbate for you while you relax there, fully clothed, a queen upon your damn castle." Blake stammered.

"I could..." Weiss stole one of Blake's pillows from the head of the bed and set it up against the foot to cushion her back as she sat and laid against the dresser that made for somewhat of a footboard. "However, I do not. I'm not just some princess up in Atlass. I will do it too. That way we will both know with certainty." Weiss patted down her ruffled skirt, attempting to get herself comfortable and find a position she could actually enjoy.

"Y- you have to be kidding! This- you!"

"I am not kidding! You want us to be able to trust each other again? This is how. Unless you have something to hide?" Weiss rose an eyebrow challengingly.

Blake stammered, confused and conflicted. She knew they needed to do something, but this! Wasn't this a bit much?!

"It's not like I want to do this either! I- I just want answers!" Weiss actually believed the words as they left her mouth, whether they were true or not.

"Fine! Fine, I'll do it. But only if after it means this is all over!"

"Of course!" Weiss rushed to agree.

"Just this once." Blake tested, making eye contact with the heiress as they both slowly began to slip off their panties together in tentative motions.

"All I'll need,"

"Good." Blake averted her eyes after a cursory glance down to the beautifully manicured patch of pubic hair just above Weiss's otherwise shaven sex.

"Course." Weiss repeated and strived to mirror the other woman, but she seemed to have more trouble averting her eyes from Blake's sex, the natural hair, barely trimmed seeming more alluring than anything she ever actually imagined Blake to have.

"S- stop staring!" Blake could feel her cheeks burning.

"I! Well I have to look! At least a little!" Weiss already looked almost comparable to a tomato with a bleached stem from the neck up.

Blake grumbled low and frustrated, her hand stopping in its tracks and more or less covering herself. "Really! You don't even trust me to really..."

"I! I don't know!" Weiss slipped lower on the bed, curling slightly into what was a much more natural position for her. Despite her fingers moving slowly, and no real fantasy fodder, forgetting the fanciable faunus, Weiss seemed to already be abundantly slick. Hesitantly, her eyes darted back to Blake's sex, curious to see if Blake had the same problem; or lack thereof. Things were harder to tell than she imagined it would be for Blake. Maybe the faunus was wet too, but maybe that was just a stray shadow here or there. Before Weiss could even process it, she heard a soft moan slipping past her lips; something she refused to admit could have anything to do with the fact that she had been staring at the other woman's alluring sex.

"Really?" Blake rose a taunting eyebrow, one Weiss was sure she had borrowed from the devil himself. There was just no other reasonable explanation for how it made her feel.

"Well! We are supposed to be getting into it!" Weiss defended.

Blake shrugged to that, knowing she didn't have much of a reasonable counter for the incredibly unreasonable situation.

Everything about the embarrassing act felt magnified. Weiss had never done something like that in front of someone else, at least never intentionally, and certainly not in a way that involved revealing herself like this. The closest things had ever come was the handful of times that whoever was her soulmate had made her climax in front of Penny or Winter. But that had been so different. The shame tainted and ruined any pleasure or release she could have gotten from the pleasure. But this was different in every way. Each time Blake's eyes glanced back down to her, then lingered on the small amount of cleavage her dress revealed, Her heart skipped a beat and a small flood rushed between her fingers.

"You're enjoying this too much." Blake glared.

"You aren't enjoying it enough!" Weiss snapped back, fingers twitching at her entrance.

"What?" Blake barked back, fingers going still.

"You need to enjoy it if you are going to-"

"I know!"

"So you have to enjoy it more!" Weiss's middle finger grazed just perfectly against her clit. In an instant, her legs snapped together, fingers splayed spreading her folds as if she were intentionally making a beautiful display for the other woman.

"Already? Really?" Blake leveled an unamused stare that was quickly undermined by the way her eyes flickered down to Weiss's entirely exposed sex. The faunus exiled the thoughts of how her throat suddenly went dry, of how beautiful Weiss's pristine beauty glistened in the sunlight that filtered through the window's mostly closed blinds.

"No! Not already! I! I'm just sensitive."

"Sure." Blake strived to level her eyes, but they stayed locked on Weiss's core. The heiress's index and forefinger spread her folds to allow her middle finger ease of access, slipping into a beyond lewd moan as she did. Whether she would ever admit it or not, that was most certainly Blake's breaking point. Going from vaguely damp to near soaked in moments, her fingers sprung back to life with new purpose. Quickly finding her own preferred pace, Blake widened her legs just as she normally would in a bath or just while alone in her bed. Biting her lower lip, Blake's hips naturally bucked with tender force into her fingers. No longer caring about how her eyes fixated on the crumpled up heiress on the other edge of the bed, Blake simply allowed herself to enjoy the sight. To revel in just how beautiful Weiss was with her skirt a mess, tucked up over her hips, legs pressed together in a desperate struggle as her fingers lavished at her wetness.

Weiss naturally found herself doing the same, although she found mediating her pleasure to be so much more of a challenge than she wanted to admit. Dismissing such an inarguable fact as just the result of having released so many times the day prior and it all leaving her hypersensitive, For that was a much easier excuse than an acknowledgment that the live show from across the bed was inarguably beautiful and having an obvious effect on her.

"Are- are you ok?" Blake spoke up in a hushed tone, concerned by the soft whines Weiss hadn't even noticed she had begun making with each and every stroke.

"I'm... fine." Weiss's voice trembled.

"You are..." Blake's throat caught, hesitant to name the sounds. If she named them, she would have to admit what they were, how they made her feel, how her pussy twitched with each of Weiss's needy whimpers hit her ears.

"I'm what?" Weiss curled slightly, pressing herself against the pillow behind her as she got comfortable.

"You are moaning!" Blake accused.

"It! Happens!" Weiss bit her lower lip in a futile attempt to stop it from continuing.

The soft bite at Weiss's lower lip broke Blake, brought forth the first moan from her lips. A finger slipped in and her walls clamped down around it. Things nearly never escalated so quickly for her, her walls already trembling at just a finger slipping into the second knuckle.

Weiss sealed her eyes shut at the sight; it was too much, and closing her eyes was just the best solution she had at her disposal. That, however, seemed to do less than nothing for her. As soon as her eyes had closed, fantasies of a raven-haired faunus atop her played on her eyelids. Fantasy won her over with ease, her imagination running wild with thoughts of what Blake's tongue might feel like on her nipples as the other woman's hand replaced her's down below. Moans naturally built back up in her throat and Weiss forced her eyes back open in a desperate attempt to right her mistake.

"Weiss?" Blake questioned again in the tone of a sultry moan.

"I'm fine- I- I'm fine." Weiss stammered and pressed her thighs together harder.

"You..." Blake bit her lip, not wanting to make the same sultry sounds it seemed Weiss kept making.

"I know." Weiss grunted. "I'm just... close." She loathed to admit it.

Blake's voice caught before she could tease Weiss about being such a quick shot once more. Thinking better of it, she didn't taunt the other woman and simply did her best to catch up.

"I- umm- I-" Weiss stammered, the hand not firmly planted between her thighs twitching and fidgeting. "M- may I?" She gingerly directed to the upper hem of her dress.

"What?"

"I- it is easier if I play with my..." Weiss looked down and averted her eyes as her free hand gently caressed at her right breast through the fabric of her dress.

"Are you really asking me if you can play with your boobs? What are you afraid of flashing me?"

Weiss somehow blushed worse at that. "Yes." She squealed out.

"I think you are fine, judging by the view of your vagina I have right now at least." Blake quipped.

Weiss just grunted and slowly undid the top of her dress to tease directly at her breast. The heiress's eyes naturally closed once more, moans replicating and deepening as her hand greedily groped at herself.

Blake's jaw dropped instantly, mouth suddenly overly dry as she watched the other woman all but writhing on the other end of the bed. Weiss was clearly still the same entitled Schnee heiress, but Blake couldn't deny that she was beyond beautiful. Weiss seemed to take her sweet time getting the rest of the way towards a climax, but the sight of her growing ecstasy

made it seem all too easy for Blake to catch up and surpass her. "Fuck! I- umm, Weiss-" Blake stammered, toes beginning to curl.

Weiss, awakened from fantasies of fingers furling through the fur of Blake's faunus ears as a fictitious Blake lapped up the ample mess between her thighs, opened her eyes with a startled look. "Wha~?" She hummed as if in a daze, her eyes trying to focus.

"You... you wanted to watch me... right? To prove I'm not..." Blake moaned softly.

"Yeah..." Weiss agreed dreamily. "I- oh! Y- yes!" She stammered, pulling her hand away as to not cum of her own accord on accident.

"I-" Blake blushed. "I'm not just some pornstar who cries out 'I'm cumming' every time she climaxes... but I will do it now to... to... so you know." Blake's thoughts slowed as physical sensation got the better of her.

"Yeah." Weiss nodded, core tense and aching as bated breath burned lungs lusty for more than just air.

"I, I'm cumming!" Blake whispered as she tensed, releasing, and collapsing into her pillows. She sat there a moment, basking in the bliss of her own release as if there were no one watching her. "There, happy? I came, you didn't. We aren't."

"How do I know you really did!" Weiss scrambled to interrupt, but not entirely sure why.

"What?" Blake closed her legs and righted her robe just enough to cover her bare core. "Wasn't that the whole p-"

"Let me- I'll finish, and if you don't react, we will know for sure!" Weiss unknowingly made just about the ultimate pitch for her argument that Blake could ever have heard. It wasn't like she would ever get to see the beautiful Schnee crying out in ecstasy ever again, and who was Blake to turn that down?

"Fine, go ahead." Blake pretended to make a show of looking away, but her eyes were quick to land back on the heiress as she began to toy with herself once more. Allowing her teammate to continue was certainly the right choice, Weiss clearly was close, and it seemed to return almost immediately. Blake couldn't deny it was truly a wondrous sight, seeing the still half-clothed woman desperately thrusting two fingers inside herself as her thumb played with her clit and her free hand pinched and teased at her nipple.

"B- Blake!" Weiss cried out as she came, certainly not from the images running through her mind of having to push the other woman back from lapping her up even past an incredibly messy orgasm. At least one of the two came to fruition, and almost immediately at that. Weiss crumpled up into a ball of spent and pleased woman as she basked in the sensation of endorphins running through her body.

"A- Are you ok?" Weiss opened her eyes to see the faunus kneeling next to her on the bed, her clean hand in Blake's

"Mhmm delightful." Weiss mused.

"You... you kinda curled over and... and..."

"I was enjoying myself as I came." Weiss explained away with a pleased and sated smile lingering on her face.

"So... you... you weren't watching as you..."

"Maybe... maybe we will just have to do this again?"

End of Chapter 5

Thank you for reading! If you enjoyed and or are eager for more, consider checking out my [Tumblr](#) or my [Twitter](#). I post an extra chapter for free on this fic, and almost all of my fics for folks who are willing to check out my socials and stuff.

Also, I have been running polls as of late to figure out what I write next! Drop by the [discord](#) to vote! Or just drop by to talk to me, see some sneak peaks, hear why my dumb ass is late in posting this week. All that stuff!

Hope to see you there!

Chapter 6

Chapter 6

Two months passed, and Blake still had absolutely no explanation she could make to herself as to why she was still doing this! Not in the slightest could she explain so much as to herself why in the hell she was marching to Weiss's room amidst what had otherwise been a mundane Monday. Baffling the foolish faunus too caught up in herself to admit she enjoyed further, the last time they had done this, she was actually the one to accuse Weiss of having faked her orgasm. Sure, on the one hand, it almost seemed like heiress was trying to show off in some way, but there was no faking the way Weiss's thighs trembled when Blake tried to bring her back to the real world and out of her fantasy. Blake knew that all too well.

But there she was, marching her way to Weiss's for what had quickly become a weekly occurrence for the duo. Ears fidgeted anxiously against the bow that hid them as she chastised herself for still doing this. What was the point! She knew! The answer was already clear! She had seen Weiss cum at least ten times in the past couple months, some days she was almost confident that Weiss had tried to hide a first just to sneak in as second during their sessions. Blake would have been lying if she hadn't considered it herself, but she had always decided against it in an effort to help convince the prissy princess she hadn't been lying.

Despite the both of them continuing under the pretext of being certain the other was lying and that they needed to maintain trust to stay effective in the field and during fights, the duo's fighting had never been more in sync. More than once in the past weeks, Ruby and Yang had both questioned what exactly Weiss and Blake had been doing to improve their teamwork; a question they both seemed to shy away from giving any real answers to, most often just saying they weren't quite sure or that it probably wouldn't work the same for anyone else on the team. Either way, suspicious methods to their teammates or not, the efforts had proved themselves on the field. Weiss may have continued to claim she didn't trust the faunus, but there she was, leaving herself to be caught by Blake every time she had to take a fall. Blake couldn't complain tho, it meant team RWBY had been comparatively shining in combat trials.

Blake shook the thoughts from her head as she approached the other woman's dorm room. One preparatory breath and she knocked with the agreed-upon code to denote their arrival for one of these nights. One knock, then two, then three, each sequence with a small pause in between and near no pause between.

Weiss sat upon her bed, covered in more pillows than several humans could ever reasonably need or use. Through her efforts with Blake had continued, so had all her other problems... well, problem, singular. Whoever had been doing this to her had continued her efforts, picking even odder patterns that lasted so long Weiss most recently thought she would have gone insane. An anxious mind drove the heiress to fish out the journal she near always kept on her and check it's latest entries.

Weiss Schnee, December 10

Unforgivable!

Beginning at 10:10 AM! Who in the hell does that in the morning! And why the hell during classes! I had to leave in the middle of everything after it became clear she wouldn't be stopping any time soon.

Long, short, short, short, short, short, long, long, short, long, short, long, long, long, long, short

Weiss had grown exhausted with the unique patterns of her soulmate, too exhausted to continue recording the exact duration of each session and how long the edges or quick peaks went. Beyond that, with each iteration, it became more and more clear that the edges were intended to last roughly fifteen minutes while the quick climaxes seemed to regularly take no longer than five. So she had begun to simplify her notes to long or short.

December 10, again!?

4:25 pm, at least it is afternoon and classes are over now. But lord! How does this woman not have anything left to rub!?

Short, long, long, short, long, short, short, long, long, short, short shot, long, long, long, short, long, long.

Today again seemed to go on for hours! I can't believe this. It is ridiculous... I... how could I ever forgive whoever is doing this to me... they are supposed to be my soulmate...

Wait! Wasn't Blake next to me in class?! Ruby and Yang have that period off because they tested out of the class, but Blake was there! And, she didn't leave till after I did! So- so how could she possibly have been the one doing this? How could she be my soulmate if that started after?

Weiss's eyes welled with tears of worry and confusion as she continued reading her own scratchy and unkempt handwriting from her earlier distraught state.

But... how could she not be? Whether she has been doing this to me or not... I've been loving the time she and I have been spending together. Even if it is embarrassing, it is... like home not like the cold home of Atlas... but a real one.

Weiss's head snapped up from her notebook the moment she heard the code knocking. Startled, she snapped her head over to the second bed.

"Ohh! It's Blake's fancy knock!" Penny perked.

"Blake has a special knock? Why?" Ruby raised an eyebrow curious.

"No! No reason!" Weiss yelped as she leapt to her feet, tossing aside the notebook.

"Huh? Weiss? What's going on?"

Penny's eyes darted around, not wanting to betray her friend's confidential trust, but also not a fan of hiding things from her girlfriend.

"Really, it's nothing!" Weiss chuckled anxiously as she waved off the idea. "We, umm, we just... you know, it doesn't matter. But! You two should get going!"

"Get going?" Ruby's head darted between the other two.

"We did have plans for another date." Penny shrugged, doing her best not to pick a side.

"Yes, but why is Weiss kicking us out again?" Ruby pouted. "I feel like we are constantly getting kicked out of here or my room with Yang, and neither my sister nor my teammates, or even my girlfriend will tell me why!"

"I-" Weiss's voice caught in her throat as she heard the knock again followed by Blake's voice.

"Weiss? It's me. Are we still on for our... our thing?"

"What is this thing?!"

"Sweetheart." Penny tried to calm her girlfriend clearly more than a little wound up between secrets and final exams.

"I- just let me get the door for her?" Weiss winced.

"Whatever." Ruby pouted.

"Hey, so, we ready to do this? Your bed? Or do you just want me to start stripping and diddling myself out here in the hallway." Blake teased in what she expected to just be a good-natured banter between teammates who casually fucked themselves to repeated orgasms in front of each other on a semi-regular basis.

"Diddle yourself and stripping!?" Ruby half yelled. "What!?"

"Oh god." Penny's head dropped, certain this was the absolute worst way Ruby could learn of it.

"Ruby is here!" Blake's eyes bulged from her skull as they silently chastised Weiss for not telling her sooner.

"Not like you gave much of a chance to tell you." Weiss glared back at Blake.

"I am sorry! But someone needs to fill me in on what the hell has been going on here!"

"You let this cat out of the bag, you fix it." Weiss ordered to Blake before marching back off to her bed to hide from her teammate in shame.

"Haha." Blake mimicked a false laugh. "So funny, so original." She rolled her eyes as she pulled the bow from her hair to free her ears and closed the door behind her, preparing to

relay the story.

"Wait... so you two are each other's soulmates or not?" Ruby questioned with the face of a toddler trying to comprehend calculus.

"We... don't know." Weiss and Blake lied in unison.

"But you have both been experiencing the same... soulmate things since you started..." Ruby didn't have the words to say what she now knew the other two were doing.

"Exactly the same." Blake nodded.

"Exactly." Weiss echoed in agreement.

"But- but..." Ruby looked baffled, but above and beyond that which any of the other three anticipated.

"That is why we are trying to figure out." Blake tried to reassure her teammate in a calm tone.

Weiss just nodded along.

"I- I need to go. Have to..." Ruby stood from her place next to Penny on her bed as if she were disoriented and stepping into a new world.

"Rube? Ruby?" Penny stood just a moment after Ruby. The slightly younger woman didn't turn or acknowledge her girlfriend until Penny gently grasped her fingers against her arm. "Ruby?" She whispered concerned.

"I- I'm fine. Just... gotta go check something." Ruby paused. "I need to ask Yang something about my mom."

"You- you're mom?" Penny knew that above all else was still a sensitive topic for her lover. "Do, do you want me to come along with you?"

Ruby had no words, she just nodded in her silence.

"Ok. Ok, I've got you love." Penny whispered as her arms wrapped around Ruby in a warm hug.

Ruby relaxed slightly into the touch, stress slowly melting off of her, but a not insignificant amount of tension remaining. "I- umm, good luck you two." Ruby emptily offered to the monochrome duo sitting on Weiss's bed silently.

"Hope you are ok."

"We are here if you need anything."

"Thanks guys. I... I'll see you in class." Ruby mumbled under her breath before Penny squeezed her again in a tighter hug and escorted her back to her room.

Weiss and Blake sat there in silence for a moment, the awkwardness and worry for their friend getting to them. Neither wanted to speak first, to break the thickening ice coating the cold room. Time passed, and nothing seemed to change. Blake placed her hands by her sides on the edge of the bed, clinging to it and about to hop off. Maybe tonight just wasn't the best night. Just because they had been doing this every Friday didn't mean that she had to do it, that they had to keep doing it.

Blake was just about to stand, but then there it was, Weiss's slightly chilly hand atop hers. "I'm sorry." Words Blake never would have expected to hear from the heiress, but seemed to come all too often as of late.

"What?"

"I should have warned you that Ruby was over. It's not like I didn't know you would be coming."

Blake snickered.

"What?"

"You've never seemed so sure as to whether or not I had been cumming in the past."

Weiss huffed and turned to push Blake gently back. "You are the worst!"

Blake pressed out her chest and arched her back in just such a way that always seemed to elicit more moans from the other woman, all the while sticking her tongue out.

"The! Worst!" Weiss pushed again, but Blake gave out all too easily, falling back to completely lying on the bed as Weiss all but tumbled atop her.

Blake broke out in delighted laughter, the other woman collapsed atop her, warm and soft, almost seeming dainty atop her even though Blake knew better. She knew Weiss, if thoroughly infuriated enough could kill her and then bring her back just to fight future battles for her, but that didn't change how perfect and beautiful the heiress looked atop her.

"What!" Weiss looked up to faunus who seemed to be caught in a heavenly daydream with an accusing pout.

"Nothing, nothing." Blake smiled.

"We are still doing this?" Weiss found herself for a moment wanting to relax into Blake and took that as reason to pull away to her own corner of the bed.

Blake frowned, but she wasn't surprised, not in the slightest. "We- I mean, we don't have to if you are worried about Ruby."

"I... I am." Weiss admitted, curling her knees into herself. "I am, but wouldn't the best if we just find out for sure? Wouldn't putting it to rest be easier on her?" The idea that they had ended up hurting their friend souring even the sweetest of delights from the past months.

"Is that what you want?" Blake crossed her legs under her as she receded away into the corner of the bed farthest away from Weiss.

"Is it what you want?" Weiss asked back.

"I asked first." Blake shot back with all the nuance of a seven-year-old.

"Well, technically I asked first." Weiss rolled her eyes.

"Weiss!" Blake snapped harsher than she intended but tossing a pillow to emphasize that she wasn't necessarily mad.

The heiress caught the pillow with all the grace a turd has falling from a constipated cow's ass. Hands scrambling in front of her face to catch the fluffy lump, Weiss almost missed all the vulnerability written across Blake's face; but only almost. Had Weiss taken all the time in the world to examine the expression, she would have caught so much more than just the glisten threatening to turn to tears. More than the way Blake's brow furrowed with worry. More than just the faunus ears drooping with lament. No, if she had the time? Weiss would have seen the fear behind it all.

"Blake..." She whispered back, pulling the pillow into her stomach as if it could call the butterflies.

"Fine then." Blake stood from the bed and turned to look out the window, her back turned to the other woman. Fingers gently traced the blinds, enjoying the warmth that accompanied the sun's dying evening rays against her skin before she retreated them into her chest.

"Blake I-"

"Fine then." Blake cut off, slipping off her top without turning back to see Weiss. "Then, let's get it done, and done for good this time- because there's no reason if we aren't, right?" She left a pause to clarify it wasn't intended to be a rhetorical question, but never the less no response came from the heiress who had a heart stuck in her throat. "No reason." Blake settled, the realization truly settling in as her fingers rose to wipe away tears before they could fall and force her to answer why she seemed to care so damn much.

"I-" Weiss choked.

"Exactly." Blake removed her bra before slipping off her pants and turning to see Weiss once more. "Then let's get it over with already." She chilled herself and steeled her heart because that was the only way she felt she could get through it. "So, no more blinking, no more I missed it, and no more not being sure. Not anymore."

"Ok." Weiss couldn't tell if Blake's coldness made it easier or harder, if it made things easier to deny and block out or if it made everything hurt all the more.

"Good." Blake settled solemnly, stripping off her panties and slipping into the bed once more.

"Yeah." Weiss shrunk into her pillow.

"Well?" Blake stared Weiss down.

"What?"

"Are you not going to join me this time? Or is this actually the one where you sit back and watch, Ms. Queen Schnee?" Blake taunted.

"O- of course not!" Weiss barked back. "I just... I-" The pressure of this being their final time began to make her crack. Ever since their second time, a thought had rattled around in her head, one originating from a place of apprehension, but the nature had changed drastically since then. She knew that all too well. There were a dozen reasons why the thought continued to surface, but none of them were the same as why it had first cropped up, and never in a million years would she ever tell Blake the truth of why the thought lingered. "I-"

"You what? Cat got your tongue, or is it just my pu-" Blake spread her legs to display herself in full view.

"No! No Your! NO!" Weiss turned ruby red as she tossed the pillow aside. "Your- does not 'have my tongue!'"

"Good, then get stripping," Blake smirked.

"Wait! I- just wait!" Weiss ordered frazzled. "You... you never want to have to do this again right?" She was almost thankful that Blake had teased her, it made for a decent excuse to her frazzled stammering. "You said no more, right?"

Blake closed her legs, feeling above and beyond vulnerable. "I mean... we have to stop right? F- for Ruby?"

"Yeah." Weiss looked down and fiddled with the hem of her dress.

"Then... yes, I guess this does have to be the last time." Blake pulled her knees into her chest insecure.

"If... if that is the case, then maybe, maybe this time, we should do it to each other? Instead of just ourselves. Th- that way we can know for sure! If... if I make you cum, and I can feel you... cumming... and visa versa. And the other one of us doesn't. Then, then we know."

"You... you want to have sex?" Blake's eyes widened in shock.

"I mean, is it all that different from what we have been doing?"

"No, no, I guess not." Blake admitted.

"And... and it would make it so we never have to again. Because... we would know, you know?"

"Ok." Blake held her knees in tighter to her chest with a tiny nod.

"Ok?"

"Ok, we can do that. I- if it means we will be able to keep trusting each other, and we won't have to keep doing this- if it means we can stop for Ruby's sake."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, if you want this?"

"I do." Weiss swallowed, trying to subdue her rising anxiety.

"How do you wan-" Before Blake could even finish asking, Weiss was there, kneeling in front of her, fingertips gently grazing against the outside of her thigh as a soft request for consent.

"You are sure?" Weiss checked once more, painfully aware that there was no undoing what she was about to attempt. But then again, if she didn't... she would never have that opportunity again.

"Yes." Blake released the grip she held around her knees. "Are you?"

Without a reply, Weiss leaned in just a little more, enough that she had to hold herself up against the headboard behind Blake to stop from just falling into the faunus; from falling for her in another, even more terrifying way. "May I touch you?"

"It would be really hard to do this if you didn't." Blake scoffed as she looked away and to the room's empty bed. It was so much easier to look off that way, to look away instead of admitting this was really the last time, that it would all end soon.

"Damnit Blake." Weiss gritted her teeth with frustration.

"Yes! Yes, of course you can! Alri-" As soon as she had given consent, Blake felt her head turned by soft fingertips despite calloused inner knuckles pulling her by the chin back towards Weiss. Before she could even question it, their lips had locked.

Kissing. Such a simple thing. Something Blake, and Weiss, had thought about doing to each other so, so, so many a time, but never aloud. Often the most basic show of affection when in the field of romance, but that wasn't what this was supposed to be, now was it? This was just supposed to be proof, fucking at most, not romance! That didn't stop them though. Both kissed deeper. Weiss's arms wrapped over Blake's shoulders, holding to the faunus by her neck. Blake's hands naturally found themselves cupping Weiss's cheeks, guiding her as the kiss deepened. Burning, smoldering, and threatening to extinguish both of the women's flames if neither attained any oxygen soon, but both Blake and Weiss vied on, clinging for that one more second even if it killed them. Neither knew what the other would say after, if the other liked the kiss or was disgusted by it, so neither yielded. They refused to give up what could be the first and last.

"Breathe!" Weiss collapsed into Blake's lap panting. "Don't- don't forget to-"

"Breathe?" Blake finished for her almost equally as breathless.

"Yeah." Weiss rested her forehead on Blake's strong shoulder.

"You... kissed me?"

"Was that ok? I- it just seemed like... like it would be too awkward if we didn't?"

"It was ok. It was nice."

"Really nice." Weiss smiled.

"Yeah." Blake's hands naturally found Weiss's hips, tracing over the soft fabric of Weiss's dress. "May I touch you?"

"I'd like that." Truth, so so so much more truth than Weiss had ever let slip before, but Blake didn't flinch. Not in the slightest. The faunus seemed to just take it in stride. Weiss was almost certain she was hearing and seeing things, a list addled illusion or hallucination because she could almost swear that she saw a smile and heard a minuscule 'I'd like that too.' words that couldn't have been real, even if just whispered under the faunus's breath. Either way, Weiss didn't have long to reflect and piece together what had or hadn't happened. Blake's hands were quick to action, and so much less uncertain in their goals. The faunus's right hand slipped slightly lower and wrapped around to grasp at Weiss's ass firm enough to earn a small whimper all while her free hand left Weiss's hip to trace fingertips along the inside of her thigh and up the skirt of her dress. Nimble beyond all reasonable measure, Blake moved aside Weiss's already soaked panties with ease and fingers found their way, tracing along the heiress's folds and leaving Weiss with a spinning head.

"Fuck, Blake, I-" Weiss clung to the faunus tighter as Blake's fingers riled her up faster than she had ever expected.

"That's it, there you go princess." Blake praised with a cold detachment Weiss was certain she would have loved in any other context, at any time other than this, while she was striving to figure it all out, what she wanted, what Blake wanted, how those things may differ, or if she could really dare to hope they were the same.

"N- no!" Weiss firmly denied, grasping for anything to have the power back, to not feel so desperate, so needy and craven for this affection to be returned. "Not a princess." Weiss's eyes narrowed and pierced the faunus as her hands rose to run through Blake's hair and then gently scratched behind Blake's ears. A calculated risk, one that might not have paid off in any other context, but Blake seemed to like it, damn near purring into the caress.

"Weiss, I'm sorry, I didn't mean-"

"I'm not a princess, not like this. But..." She pulled Blake's hand by the wrist down and away from her sex before licking Blake's fingers clean in an effort to show off for the faunus. "Today, this time, this final time, if you want to be, you can." Weiss slowly scooted back and lowered herself so she could leave soft kisses at the inside of Blake's thigh. "If you want... just get your pillows comfortable, and be my princess, for this last time." She repeated the phrase, a buffer, a reminder, a wall to collide in and slow her before she went and got her heart broken any worse than was already inevitable.

"You... you want? I- I mean, you would really do that for me?" Blake's voice trembled like it were something more important than just the offer of oral.

"I want to let you be the princess this time."

Blake looked down, almost actually seeing the fear in Weiss's eyes, or maybe just her own reflected in them? "I- I would really like that, yes." Blake stammered shocked and surprised before she slipped herself slightly lower down on the bed. "Are you sure?" She checked as she spread her legs, an open invitation despite the way they trembled.

"I'm sure, princess." Weiss winked up to Blake before turning her attention back down to Blake's core.

"Woah! Fuck!" Blake's hands suddenly shot to the back of Weiss's head. She fought not to force Weiss down any further or any faster than she wanted. "W- wow..." She moaned breathily.

Then tragedy struck. Weiss went to lift her head and Blake wanted to curse all the gods for it. Despite the tragedy, Blake released any nominal hold she had on Weiss's head, not wanting to make her do anything she didn't want. "Blake?" Weiss licked her lips as she looked up.

"Yeah?" Blake whined disheartened and wishing she hadn't done whatever it was she must have done wrong that made Weiss stop.

"Are you ok?" Weiss checked, a hand gently running up and down Blake's thigh, trying to soothe.

"I-" Blake looked away, having trouble understanding the feeling of care she felt from the other woman. "Yeah. Of course, I'm fine." Facades returned.

"Then why did you say woah?" Weiss rested her head on Blake's thigh, worried for her and patient enough to wait out an explanation.

"Because it was nice, I've never felt that before."

"Huh? What?"

"You heard me!" Blake could feel her cheeks burning.

"But... but..."

"But what!?"

"But you said that you had a soulmate before... didn't she?"

Blake shook her head without a word.

"Well, why the hell not? I mean, if she was your soulmate, why wouldn't she-"

"I- I never had one before." Blake pulled away, closing her legs and covering herself with her knees as best she could. She slowly curled up into a tighter and tighter ball while receding away from her teammate.

"But you-"

"Ilia said it! Not me!" In a desperate attempt to feel safe, or at least covered, Blake grabbed one of Weiss's blankets and pulled it over herself.

"Ok, ok." Weiss tried in a calmer tone. "But if you didn't have one, why did she say-"

"It is a long story. From back when I was in the white fang." Blake tightened the blanket around her. "And we both already know how you feel about them."

"It's ok." Weiss whispered. Grabbing a second blanket and placing it around Blake before moving to sit next to her on the bed. With a sigh, she took Blake's hand from under the blanket and held it. Leaning against Blake, Weiss rested her head on the faunus's shoulder. "Soulmates or not, you are still my friend." She snuggled up. "And what are friends for if not long stories from when you were in rebel organizations?"

Blake laughed at that, even if the laugh neared a stifled sob, it was still at least partly a laugh.

"So? Long stories only get shorter after you start telling them?"

Blake leaned her head into Weiss's, slowly snuggling back. "First off, I never had a soulmate back then. I... only thought I did."

"Oh? Ok?"

"They tricked me... lied... made me think... made me think a lot of things, but also that they were my soulmate."

"That bitch! How did she-"

"He. His name was Adam. And... a number of ways? Mostly just by leading me on, lying, having me tell him whenever I did spontaneously... and then taking credit for it. Whenever we did have sex, he either convinced me I came and didn't realize it, or lied that he did... and" Blake had never felt so small than she did explaining her past away to her friend while naked on a bed. "I believed him. Believed him for so long. I just felt like I couldn't tell Ilia after I found out... I just felt so stupid. Not that it matters anymore. I told her after her outburst during monopoly. She... she's barely spoken to me since, even though we live in the same room."

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry Blake." Weiss held tighter to Blake's hand.

"It is in the past." Blake reminded herself. "It is in the past, and he is gone now."

"No matter what, I am here for you."

"Thank you." Blake snuggled up, relaxing just a little. "Any other questions?"

"I- Well, actually, yes, I do have one still. But It seems rude to ask anything when you have already shared so much."

"Ask away." Blake made a flourish with her free hand.

"Even though he was lying, why not... do the thing I was going to do?"

"Why didn't he eat me out?"

"Yeah."

Blake laughed, more earnestly. "Now that one is actually good."

"Huh?"

"He said he wouldn't do it because I didn't shave."

Weiss rolled her eyes and huffed disgusted with the idea. Sure she kept herself nearly hairless downstairs, but that was a personal choice, nothing to do with anyone else.

"Yup. I tried once, Accidentally cut the hood of my clit, took months to heal, at least! Partially just because he wouldn't leave it alone, even when I told him to."

"Fuck that asshole." Weiss wrapped her arms around Blake for a more meaningful hug.

"Thank you." Blake hugged back. "I... it really meant a lot to have you offer. Even if I ruined the mood."

"No." Weiss squeezed Blake's hand. "You didn't ruin anything. I am just glad that I can be here for my friend. And, as for the offer, it stands."

"Really?"

"Yes Blake. I meant it." Weiss ducked in and under the blankets, leaving a series of kisses at Blake's belly. "If you want, you can still be the princess tonight."

Blake adjusted on the bed, opening back up and moaning slightly at the feeling of Weiss's kisses moving further south.

"I'll take that as a yes."

"Yes!" Blake agreed emphatically.

Weiss pulled back the blankets tentatively, not wanting to remove Blake's armor if she wasn't ready. "You can put your hand on my head if you want, even push a little, just be careful and if I tap twice on your thigh, let go." She patted Blake's thigh as a demonstration. "That ok, princess?" She smirked with another kiss at Blake's belly.

"You... you are..." Blake reeled, any corner of her loosing whatever certainty she once had that this was supposed to be the 'last time'. "Weiss, you are so much more than I thought you

were. I- I- Thank you."

"For you? Anytime?" Maybe Weiss was beginning to forget that this was supposed to have some finality to it too? "Just relax, relax, and enjoy." Weiss assured before delving back down below the blankets. She assisted Blake in getting comfortable before delving back down in earnest.

Blake quickly found herself coming undone at Weiss's love. Her tongue so soft and warm, seeming to be the absolute ideal. Warm, wet, soft, the perfect sensation enveloping her, soothing every ache that built naturally in Weiss's presence. Maybe she had just conditioned herself to be all wound up on nights like this over the past weeks, maybe it was just because she had been so emotionally open, maybe Weiss actually had her that aroused? "Oh yes! Right there! But just a little softer!"

Weiss moaned her approval into Blake, doubling down her efforts and refocusing just to the upper left of Blake's clit.

"S- softer ooh! It's sensitive. Still sensitive!"

Weiss replied by lapping slower and sucking softer, just gently adding to her efforts.

Blake quickly came undone, the slower pace working better for her than a fast one would have even if it didn't hurt. She seemed to just melt into the practical pillow fort behind her, slipping lower and lower as her hips began to rock gently to the rhythm of Weiss's efforts. "J- just like that!" She cheered breathless, a hand finding the back of Weiss's head and directing her gently.

Blake's breathy voice an angelic message to Weiss's ear, the heiress couldn't help but think to the future. Could they ever really go back to normal after this? If they did, could she handle it? Loosing this; losing Blake in this incredibly intimate way. No, no she couldn't. There was no more room for lying to herself, Blake couldn't have been faking and hiding it that long. They weren't soulmates. Weiss had known that since the first time, but she had never been able to let go. She still didn't want to. It was then that Weiss decided she didn't have to. Fuck whoever may have been her soulmate! They didn't matter! They were still evil and maintained a horrid schedule. And it didn't matter. Even if Weiss's soulmate had been normal, that wasn't who she wanted, not who she loved.

Resolute in her decision, Weiss settled that she would bring Blake to the best climax she could offer and then confess, admit all of her feelings and tell Blake just how much she wanted to continue, how she wanted to be Blake's girlfriend. Hoping to help Blake achieve a beautiful climax, Weiss added in the efforts of a single finger. Immediately, Blake thought she might just break; not from the minor intrusion, but from the overwhelming sensation and pleasure.

Weiss could feel Blake, the way the faunus trembled, the hand with fingers tied up in her hair pushing her down and wavering with the overwhelming sensation. It all made for the most tantalizing enticement there could ever be. Her finger curled, catching the perfect spot, tongue swirled, suction adding the last touch, and Blake lost herself to it.

"Gods! Weiss! I! I! I'm-" Blake's voice broke as her legs clamped around Weiss's head and the world seemed to wash away into a relief unlike what Blake had ever felt previously. Blake didn't regain a full awareness of her surroundings until almost a full minute later. She knew enough to have remembered Weiss rather roughly pushing her thighs off of her shoulders a moment or two after the climax had finished. Had thought been readily available beyond the haze of orgasmic relief, she would have considered Weiss's roughness unnecessary, but she would have also understood it might not be great to be wearing another woman's limp legs as earmuffs after turning her to jelly for a minute. "Babe, that wa-"

"GET OUT! GET THE HELL OUT!" Weiss screamed at the top of her lungs.

"Weiss?" Blake groaned, still gathering her whereabouts.

"Put on your clothes and get the hell out!"

"Woah, what's wrong?" Blake questioned slowly.

"You! You! You lied! You've been lying this whole time!" Suddenly Blake could see that Weiss was panting and crying.

"Weiss! What's wrong? I didn't lie, why are you-"

"Get out! I said get out!" Weiss screamed, her voice breaking half into a sob as she began to push at Blake, nearly dropping the feline faunus onto the hard floor.

"Weiss, I didn't-"

"You made me think you weren't my soulmate this whole time! Two months we've been doing this! You've been faking it and hiding it this whole time?!" Weiss kicked and pushed, but Blake held to the bed.

"Why do you think- I- did you just?"

"I bet you lied about that Adam asshole too? What was the truth? Were you the one who lied and tricked him? Tried to do it to me too?!" Blake's jaw dropped at the accusation and this time Weiss easily kicked her out of the bed.

The faunus landed hard, not even thinking to catch herself, just reeling, confused, and hurting. "You- you can't really believe I-" Blake stared up at Weiss as the heiress peered off of the bed and down towards her.

"Get the hell out!" Weiss fully broke down into sobs. "I never want to see you again! L- lying dirty faunus!"

Blake broke. She couldn't tackle any more abuse. Barely able to grab her top and pants, Blake was still pulling them both on as she stumbled out of the room. Already a mess with tears, she hobbled her way back to her room where she cried herself to sleep over all she had lost, and how it really was their last time.

End of Chapter 6

Thank you for reading! If you enjoyed and or are eager for more, consider checking out my [Tumblr](#) or my [Twitter](#). I post an extra chapter for free on this fic, and almost all of my fics for folks who are willing to check out my socials and stuff.

Also, I have been running polls as of late to figure out what I write next! Drop by the [discord](#) to vote! Or just drop by to talk to me, see some sneak peaks, hear why my dumb ass is late in posting this week. All that stuff!

Hope to see you there!

Chapter 7

Chapter 7

"Blake! Blake! Blake! It's time to go!" Ilia chattered.

Blake just rolled over in her bed, pulling a pillow over her face to block out the sound.

"Come on, it's time to wake up." The chameleon faunus paced back and forth around the room getting her things ready for class after the long weekend.

"No." Blake gutturally groaned.

"Yes!" Ilia stopped at Blake's bed.

"I said no."

"Too bad!" Ilia grabbed and tried to rip away the covers, but Blake had made too thorough a burrito blanket out of it. "Damnit Blake!"

"Go to class Ilia." Blake rolled into the wall her bed adjoined.

"Blake, you need to go to class. I let you mope all weekend, but now it is time to get up."

"No." Blake grunted.

"Come! On! You! Have! Class!" Ilia fought to either steal the blanket or pull her friend out of the bed, willing to settle for either. Once more, her efforts got her nothing but a sore arm and ass as she fell back onto her butt.

"Will you please just go to your class and leave me alone?"

"No! I am not going to leave you alone!" Ilia huffed. "How long are you going to mope like this."

"Till I die, Weiss realizes I wasn't lying, or until it stops hurting. Whichever comes first."

"Oh my god! Stop being such a drama queen! You don't need princess anyways! She is a Schnee for fuck's sake. Two years ago you would have sooner sworn a vow to kill her than to love her!"

"That was then and this is now Ilia! Now leave me the fuck alone!"

"No! You! Don't!" Ilia lept to her feet and yanked once more, this time successfully yanking Blake all the way from the bed and tumbling down right on top of her.

"Stop it Ilia!" Blake simply grabbed the blankets back and rolled up in them on the floor.

"Are you really just going to skip classes? I know your grades are better than mine, but they aren't that good. Not so good that you can just ignore classes and not flunk out."

"Fine then. I'll flunk out. Go back to menagerie. At least there I wouldn't have to see her every day."

"A- Are you kidding me?" Ilia scrambled back to her feet. "Months! You spent months trying to convince me to come here with you!"

"That was back when I had a future here."

"Come to beacon! You can do more good than in the white fang! Be a huntress!" That was what you said!" Ilia mimicked Blake in an overly cheery tone.

"I think I liked it better when you were pretending I didn't exist for the past two months." Blake simply rolled under her bed, making it all the harder to yank her back out.

"Fine then. Hide away, flunk out. See if I care!" Ilia lied, giving up for the morning, but far from for the whole day.

Blake curled up tighter in her own little hole, uncaring to anything else.

"Where is Blake?" Ruby scanned around the cafeteria.

Weiss huffed and rolled her eyes as she continued her meal, completely ignoring her teammate's question.

Penny, who had grown accustomed to sitting with team RWBY ever since she and Ruby had discovered their connection seemed to just retreat into herself without a word.

Yang shrugged and continued eating, not much off-put by the absence and striving to eat quickly so she could finish the day's... extracurricular activities.

"Weiss? You were the last one to see her right? Did she seem alright? Was anything wrong?"

"Many things are wrong with her." Weiss snapped with a disgusted face.

"Huh? Is she alright? Maybe we should all stop by her room tonight and see if we can cheer her up or get her some soup or something if she is sick."

"Sick?" Weiss gave a dry and forced laugh. "That is certainly one thing to call what she is!"

"What got into you?" Yang spoke up.

"Nothing!" Weiss defended reflexively.

"You sure?" "Not true." Ruby and Yang talked over each other.

Weiss shifted uncomfortably.

"You are normally cold, but today you are full-on ice queen."

"Whatever Yang!" Weiss rolled her eyes and began to pack up her lunch.

"Weiss." Penny tried to stop her friend.

"What Penny!"

"Maybe it's time to tell-"

"To tell what?" Ruby yelped intrigued.

"Uugh! Can't you keep your trap shut!" Weiss lashed out at Penny unreasonably.

"Wei-"

"Tell Goodwitch I was feeling sick. I can't take any more of today!" Weiss stood with a loud screech of her chair before marching off and away.

"Huh, she seems... pissy?"

Ruby frowned and hid her head in her hands. "Why does everyone have to be fighting!"

"Aye, does this have anything to do with why you were asking me about dad had two soulmates? How it was my mom, then yours and mine, then just yours?" Yang's head popped up, eager and excited as she thought she had solved the incomplete riddle. "Hmm, no, that doesn't connect to Blake, does it?" She pouted and slumped in her seat, disheartened with her sister.

"I'm sorry, what?" Penny coughed on the food she ate but didn't need.

"Huh? No, I was just saying that doesn't explain why Weiss is all ice queen and Blake is gone."

"No! No! The other thing! S- Soulmates can really change? Like that? Come and go?"

"Oh! Yeah. Ruby might be a little young to remember, but when we lost Summer, and we were worried Tai would be alone forever, she always used it to comfort us... Come to think of it, that was when Qrow seemed to show up a lot more often..." Yang shrugged. "But yeah, he always told us not to worry. 'Souls are abstract, amorphous, and never uniform or not always the same. Soul mates are something precious, but not always something permanent.'" Yang mimicked with a low and aged voice. "Kinda nice, huh? I mean, sad too, but ni-"

"Oh god!" Penny dropped her fork.

"Hey, Rube, I adore you, but I'll be right back. I need to talk to Weiss, ok?"

"Yeah, sure. Date night again tonight?"

"Corse love." Penny kissed Ruby's cheek before rushing off in the direction she thought Weiss had gone.

"Oh, god, I'm sorry." Weiss apologized after bumping into someone on her way out of the cafeteria.

"It's ok." Velvet whispered back. "I- umm, but, are you ok?"

"Huh? Yeah, whatever." Weiss brushed off carelessly.

"I just, Ilia said you and Blake go-"

"I am fine, and I never want to talk about it!"

"Ok." Velvet's ears drooped, unsure if she should pursue the topic more or simply let it go.

The heiress only got another minute or two out of the cafeteria before another interruption came. "Weiss! Weiss!" Ilia called out after the heiress.

Weiss outright ignored the faunus, giving no care to her whatsoever.

"Weiss, please! It's Blake, I know you care about her!"

Weiss spun around, her hand rushing to the hilt of her sword. "That I what!"

"I- I know you cared about her." Ilia tried again, but at least attempted to avoid it sounding like an accusation.

"Cared! Past tense! I cared about her! As in not anymore! Not now that I know the truth! What she lied about, for how long!" Weiss huffed and rolled her eyes disgusted by just thinking about the faunus.

"Blake didn't lie!"

"What? Now she has you doing her dirty work for her?"

"Really, she didn't!"

"She didn't? And why do you believe her?"

"I- I don't need too, I've seen her... and beyond that, she is my friend."

"Yeah, well, that is what I thought too. But now I know I was nothing more than a toy for her to play with."

"Weiss, you can't really believe that... I..."

"Just leave me alone until you are done doing her dirty work for her." Weiss turned away. The exact moment Ilia attempted to grab the heiress's wrist, Weiss initiated her semblance, the eight-foot white knight towering between them and ready to stop Ilia if she tried to grab Weiss again.

"Please." Ilia attempted to appeal one final time, but Weiss ignored it. "Fine." The faunus angrily kicked the giant suit of armor, nearly breaking her big toe in the process. "OOuch!"

Fuck!" Ilia grabbed her hurt foot, hopping over to the wall to lean against it for support. "D-damnit!"

"Are you ok?" Velvet peeked her head around the corner she had been hiding behind.

"I- Velvet? You... you were listening?" Something told Ilia that the bunny faunus hadn't just randomly appeared by luck alone.

Velvet nodded, her gaze focused down at Ilia's food with a concerned expression. "Are you ok?" She repeated herself as she walked over.

"Yeah." Ilia sighed, looking to the conjured being as it faded away. "All that is hurt is my pride."

"You stood up for Blake?" Velvet noted, half observantly, half distractedly.

"She's stuck under her bed lamenting their... break up?" Ilia couldn't decide if that was the right term, but she figured it was close enough.

"What happened?" Velvet fished for information, gently ushering Ilia to throw an arm over her shoulder and use her as a crutch till they could find a place to sit.

"Thank you."

"For what?" Velvet returned honestly.

"For pretending to care even after I made an ass of myself." Ilia sighed, leaning into Velvet as the other woman assisted her in hobbling off. "And, and for helping me stand despite me being an idiot."

"You aren't an idiot, and I'm not pretending." Velvet seemed to snuggle into Ilia, but that couldn't have been the case; it must have just been her readjusting the other woman's weight on her shoulder.

"Eh, almost breaking my foot against a big ass knight that was going to disappear in a minute does not particularly strike me as intelligent."

"Maybe not, but you were sticking up for your friend. You cared." Velvet's ears drooped and rested against Ilia as she wrapped an arm tighter around her.

"Fat lot of good it's done. I think I just made Weiss more mad, if that was even possible."

"Maybe, but you tried. You tried to help your friend. And I'm going to go out on a limb and assume it was actually because you cared about her, not just because you wanted to get on her good side or something."

"Not sure it matters if I don't get anything done either way." Ilia lamented as Velvet helped her down and onto a couch in a common room.

"It matters." Velvet settled.

Ilia shrugged and sighed, much less certain.

"It does." Velvet leaned over and kissed Ilia on her cheek.

"I! I! V- Velvet!" Ilia stammered, turning a flustered pink or light red.

"It matters." Velvet repeated with another, slightly more passionate kiss that involved wrapping her arms around the brightly colored faunus.

"I! Vel- I-" Ilia's skin shifted back and forth between an embarrassed purple and a flustered red.

"Your foot ok?" Velvet moved the topic along as if nothing unique or out of the ordinary had occurred.

"I- what?! My foot! Huh?" Ilia had completely broken down into a gay mess.

"You hurt your foot, remember?"

Ilia looked to Velvet, still almost entirely dazed by the kiss.

"Are you ok?" Velvet found the same strand of hair straying away from Ilia's ponytail and tucked it behind her ear with another soft caress at the faunus's cheek.

"I- stunned." Ilia strived to put her feelings into words.

"Was it not ok that I ki-"

"It was perfectly ok! More than ok! So much ok!"

"You are sure?" Velvet pulled her hand back, fingers tracing delicately over Ilia's soft cheek only to be caught a moment before they left completely.

"I'm sure! So sure! Incredibly sure! I- I just..." Ilia's voice caught in her throat. "I just didn't think... didn't think you wanted-"

"I didn't, because you weren't ready."

"I'm sorry. I can get out of your hair th-"

"Weren't, past tense." Velvet caressed Ilia's cheek once more.

"I-"

"When was the last time your soulmate... you know?"

"Last week? I think-"

"Wednesday night? Seven times?" Velvet blushed a deep crimson. "Around nine o'clock?"

"How did you kno... You?"

"I've known since monopoly. Apparently wanting or needing to go... a number of times in a row can be a bunny faunus trait sometimes. And I most often go for ten."

"And you didn't... you didn't tell me because I was still hung up over Blake."

"I wasn't ready to fall for someone still pining for someone else." Velvet admitted.

"To fall for?"

"Maybe, if you play your cards right." Velvet lowered her head to boop Ilia with her long ears. "And if you pose for all my photos." She flashed a wide smile before snapping a picture of the stunned faunus next to her.

Ilia felt a dumb grin growing on her face, taking her over and winning her expression.

"There, just like that." Velvet leaned in and turned the camera to face the both of them, all the while throwing up bunny ears behind Ilia's head with two fingers.

"Hey! Have you two seen Weiss? I can't find her anywhere!" Penny half yelled as she dashed past the duo on the couch.

End of Chapter 7

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Chapter 8

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Weiss's feet hurt. Years of practicing combat in heels, and she had never regretted them so much. The sun had almost set, and somewhere amongst storming out of beacon's halls and into the forests, she had successfully gotten lost. "Damnit!" Weiss cursed under her breath, exhaustion setting in. Maybe storming off into the woods who knows were wasn't her best idea of the month. Drained and tired of going around in circles for the tenth time, Weiss forfeited and kicked off her shoes. Maybe it was preordained that she would end up at the same lake so many times. It did seem pretty nice, and at least... Weiss was relatively certain that this was the same lake she kept coming across.

With a huff and a swing of her hair back over her shoulder, Weiss marched to the edge of the lake, just enough to soak her feet. Maybe that would help ease her exhaustion. The heiress plopped down, sitting just outside the water's reach, but with her feet still sinking slightly further into the sand under the water. Toes wiggled under the sand, feeling water fill back in the holes in the sand she created. Maybe getting lost wasn't all bad? She did need some time off, personal time, off and away from everything; away from that liar!

Offhandedly, Weiss grabbed one of the hundreds of rocks around her before tossing it across the water, garnering a whole pitiful three skips. "Lying bitch." She cursed as thoughts of Blake brought a shimmer she would never acknowledge to her eyes.

In what was not Weiss's finest moment, the heiress silently wished Blake were hurting just as much as her, more, worse, so much worse. She needed to know Blake was hurting, that the faunus suffered for what she had done, the deceit she perceived Blake to have perpetrated. Or... maybe she just needed to know that Blake missed what they had lost just as much as she did?

Weiss shook her head, certain that would get rid of all the silly thoughts like that she could ever care if Blake missed her too. Outrageous! Unacceptable! What Blake felt didn't matter! She was just a lying dirty faunus! But... even she didn't believe that. All the evidence pointing towards that it had all been lies, that Blake had been playing her... but... Weiss grabbed another rock and tossed it with all her might, managing a mighty zero skips. But some part of her didn't really believe Blake could have been lying the whole time. Maybe the orgasms could have been faked or hidden, sure, but there was no faking everything else. No falsifying those timid kisses they had shared... And at the end of the day, no part of her believed anything about Blake was 'dirty'.

Weiss cringed at the fact that she had used such a word, that she had used it on Blake of all people. Frustrated, more with herself than anything or anyone else, Weiss grabbed another rock. Tossing it up in the air and gently juggling the sole rock in the air. With a deep breath, she tossed it with more restraint than any of the others, catching sight of a good ten or twelve skips at least.

"Damnit Blake..." Weiss cursed emptily. Fourteen skips came next. "W- why did you have to- WHO LIES ABOUT THAT!" Anger and pain surged through her before another two skip plop. As the rock sunk into completely calm waters save all the trouble Weiss had brought to them, the heiress allowed herself to collapse. Head all but colliding with her knees, Weiss broke into heavy sobs, yielding to all the emotions striking at sore and exposed nerves all weekend. Thoroughly secluded from what she thought to be all else in the world, Weiss allowed herself a disgusting and indulgent ugly cry.

Night had officially fallen by the time that Weiss's crying ebbed. Stomach grumbling, chest sore from heavy sobs, her whole body growing cold from how at some point she had laid back and the ground lost its heat, Weiss stumbled back to her feet. Nearly falling as she struggled to slip on her boots once more, Weiss eventually found steady footing, even if it was on exhausted legs.

The heiress was just about to open her scroll to either assist her in finding her way back or to simply call Penny and have the robot woman assist her in the trip home when she heard something. Initially, she feared it to be the sound of a grimm. They were known to inhabit these woods, and sure she had her Myrtenaster with her, but already exhausted and weary from a far too long day while alone? Not the best recipe for success against a grimm, especially the multitude that could have been attracted by her turbulent emotions and breakdown.

"Yes, yes... right~" A voice came through clearer but still in a whisper, no longer seeming as just a grunt or a growl.

"What!" Weiss huffed, removing her hand from Myrtenaster's hilt.

"Ok, ok, umm..." Weiss could almost swear she heard paper ruffling as the voice she had a hard time finding the owner of panted heavily. "Ok, ok. It's just short, short, long, short, short, short, long, short, long, short, short. Wait ten minutes, long, long, short." Weiss knew that voice... hell, she knew that code! It was... it was!

"Yang!" Weiss yelled only a moment before she heard a moan and the sensation hit. Crumpling to her knees to not fall flat on her face, Weiss brought forth every curse the world may ever know under her breath.

"What!?" Yang's voice called back breathless.

"Yang!?" Weiss yelled somehow even more accusatory.

"W- Weiss? I- what the hell are you doing out here?" Yang yanked the blanket she had brought out with her over her bare core as her eyes darted around, trying to locate where her team mate's voice was coming from.

"You- you are masturbating? Out here? In code?"

"Wait, you are the dumbass who hasn't understood basic morse code?"

"Dumbass!?" Weiss zeroed in on the blonde instantly as her existence fueled with raw fury to direct her. "Dumbass!" She steamed, drawing out her weapon. "Dumbass!"

"I've been doing this for months! God, how long should it take? And what's up with the twice in a row thing on Friday nights? At least I had a code and stuck to it." Yang griped, hopping to her feet with not a care in the world for the fact that she wore nothing from below the waist.

"You- you've been cumming twice in a row on Friday nights?"

"I, well, yeah. I think once or twice it was three times? This past Friday it was just the one though"

"Oh my god, Blake!"

"Does all this have something to do with Ruby asking about our dad and how his soulmates changed?"

"It's not just an old wive's tale." Weiss went white as snow, pale, and struck with the reality of what had occurred.

"No, course not it-"

"Which way back to Beacon!"

"Huh? Wait, are we not going to talk about this? You are my sou-"

"I will deal with you later!" Weiss brandished her sword threateningly. "But now! I need you to tell me which way to get home to Beacon! B- Blake needs me."

"West, due west, about two miles." Yang rose her hands in an attempt to not get stabbed.

"We will talk about this later." Weiss glared, turning ever so slightly on her heels as her semblance revved up and assisted her in picking up speed on the sprint back towards Beacon.

"Like this?"

"Mhmm, close! So close!" Velvet groaned.

"More?"

"L- less. Ah! A little to the left!"

"Here?" Ilia tested cautious.

"Better!"

"My hand is getting tired." Ilia warned.

"Up, up, up! Just a little more. Right there! Right there Oh god it's perfect! Don't stop! Don't stop! So close!" Velvet cheered in pure joy as she caught it just right!

"You got the picture?" Ilia's eyes flickered back to Velvet, checking, but not wanting to ruin the pose she had been trying so hard to perfect.

"Got it!" Velvet checked the picture once more before tackling Ilia out of her pose presenting her weapon.

"Hey! Don't attack a girl while she's holding a weapon!"

"Attack? I hugged you!" Velvet snuggled into Ilia with enough vigor to knock the faunus over and onto the common room's couch.

"This, this is the definition of an attack. And lord am I weak to it." Ilia nuzzled back into the other woman.

At that, Velvet decided it time to launch an all-out war by simply looking up and pressing her lips to Ilia's.

"Velvet." Ilia mumbled into the other faunus's lips as she began to kiss back, immediately turning something innocent to something desperate.

"I think I like attacking this way." Velvet cheered into the kiss, returning everything Ilia gave.

"Where is she! Where is she!" Weiss came charging in with so much speed, Ilia initially thought she wouldn't be able to stop in time.

"Huh?" Both the faunuses turned their heads to see Weiss panting, white dress stained with green from tree branches she couldn't have cared enough to avoid colliding with on the way back; that would have involved taking longer to get back home, something Weiss simply wouldn't accept.

"Blake! She, where!"

"I- my room, last time I saw?" Ilia answered.

"Thank you!" Weiss barely had an opportunity to get out her thanks before she was gone and lost.

"What happened?" Ilia's eyes widened, attempting to take in the dramatic shift from the last time she had seen the heiress.

"I still don't exactly know what happened between them? They seemed to be doing well together in class after the game night we all did, but then all of a sudden Blake wasn't in classes today and I walked in on you and Weiss talking."

"It's a long story, but... it seems like we might be spending a lot of time together from now on, so..." Ilia smiled with her eyes flickering between her core and Velvet's.

"Time to spare." Velvet settled in, snuggling tight to Ilia for storytime.

Weiss staggered, having twisted both of her ankles through the sprinting to get out of the woods. Between that, her exhausted existence and the heels she swore she would swap for flats if only she could finally find Blake, the heiress barely kept herself upright. Entirely out of aura, she stumbled to Blake and Ilia's dorm room. In nonuniform slugged patterns, she knocked on the dorm room door. Then again, and again, but no answer. Nothing came from behind the door, not even a whimper. "Blake." She spoke up. "Blake, it's me. Open the door." She called for the faunus as she rested her head against the cool metal covered in a fake wood decal to make it look nicer. "I- it's me, Weiss, you- your soulmate. So, so please open the door." Her voice wavered as she began to realize how much she had done wrong, how much she had hurt her soulmate; how this time. How it was Blake who had the choice to accept the apology or not, to listen, or to leave Weiss out in the cold as she had done to the faunus all too easily.

"Blake please! I'm so sorry! Blake!" Weiss tried again, tears forming in her eyes once more. "I should have believed you, I- I'm so sorry I didn't." Weiss banged unceremoniously on the door to an empty metal clang; a sound that felt all too apropos. "Blake! Blake! Please! Please just talk to me. I- this, it is all my fault. So, so please just talk to me. We can-" Weiss's pleas caught in her throat as she realized that if Blake hadn't come to the door yet, she never would. Whatever they had... What if Weiss already destroyed it? The heiress collapsed into the door, slipping down to the ground by it.

If she had done so much damage that Blake wouldn't open the door, Weiss would just have to wait till Ilia returned and opened it for her. Then, then she could at least plead her case in person; or give one earnest apology and a goodbye.

End of Chapter 8

Thank you for reading! If you enjoyed and or are eager for more, consider checking out my [Tumblr](#) or my [Twitter](#). I post an extra chapter for free on this fic, and almost all of my fics for folks who are willing to check out my socials and stuff.

Also, I have been running polls as of late to figure out what I write next! Drop by the [discord](#) to vote! Or just drop by to talk to me, see some sneak peaks, hear why my dumb ass is late in posting this week. All that stuff!

Hope to see you there!

Chapter 9

Chapter 9

Blake had still been isolated in her little nook under the bed, blankets curled around her in the tightest bundle she could make when the knocks came. "Blake?" The soft pensive voice called out. "Blake, open up, it's me, just Penny."

"Go away." Blake groaned, rolling closer into the corner she had claimed under her bed.

"Blake."

"No Penn. I don't want to talk about it."

"I'm not asking you to talk about it."

"Then what in the hell do you want?"

"I wanna tell you something."

"How could that ever be anything but talking about it?" Blake burrowed her head into her blankets.

"It is proof, proof that you weren't lying to her. I- Weiss misses you too." Penny stammered.

"Weiss is convinced I am some horrible person. And, anyways, she's too stubborn for proof of any sort." Blake hated how well she knew the Schnee, how in only a matter of months they had grown to know each other so well. It... felt like wasted time, like all that she knew and adored of the other woman was but a constellation prize to taunt her with the chance at love she had lost.

"Please, just hear me out."

"Why?" Blake groaned. "It's not like anything you say could change it!"

Penny rolled her eyes, her finger bending back as a tool extended and picked the door's lock for her, allowing her to march on into the room without forcing Blake to open the door for her.

"Hey! How the hell did you d-"

"Long story, I'll tell you later when you and Weiss are back together."

"She is not going to change her mind, it is Weiss, since when has she ever listened to reason." Blake wished for a moment that somehow remembering that could soothe the ache in her heart for the heiress; but that would have been far too easy. "You should know that by now. You are her roommate."

"She is stubborn, but she cares about you; enough to actually budge on this if she has even the slightest reason."

"Yeah, well I don't have thaaa!" Blake's mumbled griping interrupted by the robot woman simply lifting the bed up and yanking her out from under it. "What the h-"

"I have it. So you are coming with me back to Weiss and I's room, and waiting for her to get home." Penny pressingly lifted her eyebrows as Blake gawked at her.

"You- you-" Blake's eyes glimmered hopeful, momentarily forgetting the feat of strength and the way her friend so effortlessly yanked her out from under the bed.

"You two dorks should really learn to talk to each other." Penny rolled her eyes, something about the awkward nature which accompanied admitting one's feelings to a woman they had been masturbating in front of for months completely lost on the robot woman with a girlfriend innocent as a cherub.

"I tried to tal-"

"Really?" Penny leveled her eyes judging and doubtingly at Blake. "You tried to tell her sometime in the past two months that you liked her? That you weren't just doing this to prove you weren't her soulmate?"

"I! Well- no, but!" Blake retreated into herself defensive.

"We are going back to my room and waiting for her to get home." Penny simply grabbed Blake's arm and began to drag the faunus along and back to the room.

Weiss's head drooped, exhaustion setting in with new heights. She hadn't been counting, but by her best bets, she had been waiting outside the door for a total of at least two hours. Eyelids so heavy, even the heiress with normally immaculate posture slumped over to a point that if it grew any worse, she might topple right onto her face and not even realize it because her eyelids seemed to have closed minutes prior. Occasionally Weiss would realize how horrible she had slumped over and shake herself slightly more awake, but that only lasted a matter of minutes before the cycle would repeat while only worsening every time. It wasn't till she was moments before faceplanting on the floor that the heiress was interrupted by the faunus duo towering above her and a rough jolt to the side of her thigh.

"Hey! Don't kick her." Velvet glared down to Ilia who was still cuddled up with the bunny faunus's arm thrown around her shoulder.

"I didn't kick her! I just nudged her gently... with my foot." Ilia snuggled into the warm woman as she retracted her foot only mildly shamefully.

"Be nicer to her." Velvet huffed gently as she pulled the chameleon faunus into her closer for a tight squeeze; as if that would assist in teaching her the lesson.

"Huh? I- I didn't fall asleep." Weiss jolted awake.

Ilia snickered under her breath and Velvet tried not to join in. "Umm, I think it looks like you might have, just a little bit."

"No Velvet! I did not! I was just- just resting my eyes! I! So what if I did fall asleep!" Weiss snapped.

Ilia glared down to the heiress with an angry expression that seemed like she might growl at her at any moment for snapping at her new girlfriend.

"No one said there was anything wrong with falling asleep. We just wanted to get some rest for the night and found you waiting here. I- by the way? What exactly were you waiting for Weiss?" Velvet asked calmly before Ilia could chime in and make it all sound a lot less calm.

"I- I was waiting for Blake to open the door. I! I just need to talk to her! Please! Ilia! Just open the door and let me talk to her! If she never wants to hear from me again... then... so be it! But! But I need to talk to her!" Weiss clambered to her knees, staying there for just a moment practically begging the faunus; something Ilia was far from upset to see, a Schnee humbling herself? That made Ilia's day only just the littlest bit more perfect.

With a glance up to Velvet, Ilia decided to go easy on the Schnee, pulling out her keys and nodding. "Well, Velvet and I need to go inside anyways, and it would really just be a tragedy if someone followed us along and got a chance to talk to her soulmate; but only if she actually tries to make things right and apologies to my friend for what she said." Ilia's glare softened slightly, but still conveyed that essence of 'I know what you said to her bitch' that she nailed so well.

"Of course!" Weiss leapt at the opportunity, too exhausted and missing Blake too much to be disgusted at behavior that uncomfortably neared groveling.

Ilia just clicked her tongue against the roof of her mouth and gestured for Weiss to stand and move over a little so that she could open the door for the three of them. Weiss uncaringly burst through first. As soon as the door had cracked open the heiress nearly slammed the door into Ilia in order to slip in just one-second sooner. Whipping around to the empty bed, Weiss refused to believe what she saw. Desperate, Weiss turned over the sheets before noticing the trail of blankets that lead under the bed and following to an equally devastating conclusion.

"She- she- she's not here." Weiss collapsed next to the bed defeated.

Ilia glanced around, half worried for both Weiss and Blake, but also half just relieved that Blake had managed the energy to pull herself out from under the bed. "I guess so? I wonder where she went?" Ilia earnestly wondered aloud as she began to snoop around the room for clues.

"Ill?" Velvet shortened her new partner's name in a concerned sounding question.

"Huh?"

"You mentioned that Blake said she didn't care if she flunked out, right? You, you don't think that she went ahead and packed up to go back to menagerie already do you?"

Ilia looked more than a little baffled, but nodded along. "I mean I guess she could have? But wh-"

"You think she already left Beacon?!" Weiss snapped up to her feet, latching to Velvet's shoulders to keep her up.

"I don't know, it couldn't hurt to go look and see if she's headed out tho?" Velvet shrugged, immensely calmer than Ilia had expected her to be about the topic.

"I- I have to go pack!" The strung-out heiress clambered to the door before scurrying out and sprinting back to her room.

"I- I-" Ilia's eyes darted between the ample evidence that Blake hadn't packed nor headed back home in the form of the fellow faunus's clothes still strune all around the room accompanied with all the other mess Blake had accumulated through the post break up cry and eat ice cream period. "Why do you think she moved back to menagerie?"

"I don't." Velvet shrugged and found herself naturally sitting on Ilia's bed.

"I- but, why did you say that?"

"A... couple reasons." Velvet tilted her head from one side to the other as her hands gently invited Ilia closer.

"Huh?"

"Well, first off, you clearly have some opinions about Weiss; Even if you are ok with Blake dating other people, you clearly aren't Weiss's biggest fan. So, I figured giving her a small scare would make you feel better and like you don't have to make so many jabs at the Schnee heiress for a while." Velvet took Ilia's hands and kissed either one of them.

Ilia blushed and nodded. She didn't want to admit it, but Velvet was dead right.

"And..." Velvet lingered in the word. "I may have wanted a chance, along with you to show you whey it normally comes in sequences of ten."

"It? Sequences of t- ohh!" Ilia turned a dark red from head to toe, entirely flustered.

"Come here." Velvet whispered, pulling in the other woman by the tie of her uniform.

With a yelp and a pleased hum, Ilia allowed herself to be yanked into the bed for ten or so delightful peaks.

Weiss near tumbled into her own room, completely missing the two bodies sitting on the bed across from hers as she found a bag and desperately stuffed two changes of clothes inside of it. "Come on, come on, gotta find Blake." Weiss mumbled exhaustedly to herself.

"I, umm..." Blake whispered, raising her hand as if to hail the heiress.

"Give it a moment." Penny whispered back, pulling Blake's hand down. "This could be fun."

"Come on, come on." Weiss grumbled anxiously in her rush. "Wallet, wallet, Wa- Blake!" Weiss yelped, hopping up on her bed as she spotted the two watching her.

"Hey." Blake waved her fingers idly at her soulmate.

"Blake! I! You! You didn't go back home!"

"Home?" Blake deflated. "I understand if you want me to leave, but Penny-"

"No! No! Don't! I- Velvet said you might have gone back to menagerie! I- I was going to go try to catch you at the docks before you left!" Weiss stammered, dropping her bag before plopping down herself just a moment after.

"I think you two need some privacy. And there's a good chance Ruby is alone back in her room anyways." Penny patted her knees before standing.

"She- yeah, Yang is... out in the woods tonight." Weiss coughed out.

"Good to know. Now talk to each other!" Penny teased before heading out.

Silence came over the room the moment Penny exited as if both were actively attempting to disobey the robot's orders. In reality, neither knew how to bridge the topic, what the other wanted to say, or how to salvage what was left between them best. Blake broke first. "You... you were looking for me?"

"I! I'm sorry!" Foreign words blurted past the exhausted heiress's lips.

"You- you're what?" Blake couldn't believe her ears.

"It wasn't you!"

"I... I mean, I could have told you that... I did... for months." Blake's head drooped towards the floor.

"I'm sorry!" Weiss half yelled.

"How did you?"

Weiss chuckled dryly at that.

"What's so funny!" Blake rose her head, still hurting and mad at Weiss in some ways, even if she wanted nothing more than to be held like she had been when she first told the other woman about Adam.

"I- it's not funny, not really, but... it is, kind of?"

"Weiss! I don't have time for games!"

"It's Yang. She... she was doing it to us. Trying to say something in morse code."

"Well of course it was a code... I just didn't know what type." Blake brushed aside. "I! I'm sorry, wait! What did you say?"

"Yang... Apparently, when Ruby is home she goes out in the woods to masturbate. I kind of stormed out there after Ilia tried to talk to me..."

"Ilia tried to talk to you?" Blake's eyes glimmered in appreciation, knowing her friend hadn't been entirely lost to her through the whole endeavor.

"Yeah, she did."

"And what? You just stumbled in on Yang flicking the bean?"

"Kind of, yeah." Weiss blushed.

"And she?"

"The times matched up. She even knew that what she thought was her one soulmate had recently been going for doubles and triples on Friday nights as of late."

"I knew you had been sneaking in a second one!" Blake grinned accusatorily!

"I..." Weiss blushed and hid her face by looking away. "Sometimes."

Blake laughed.

"So..."

"So?"

"Where does that leave us?"

"You are the one that kicked me out..."

"I'm not kicking you out anymore." Weiss pouted.

"It's not like you were the one who invited me here..." Blake looked away in an effort to hide how much that hurt.

"Please stay!" Weiss rushed to spit out. "There, you... you are invited now."

"I'm not sure those two things are exactly equivalent." Blake doubted the half-hearted plea.

"Please... please come here then." Weiss looked away but held out her arm and an open hand.

"Really?" Blake slowly slipped down from her perch on Penny's bed.

"I'm not going to say it again!" Weiss huffed but pushed her hand out further. When no response came, Weiss caved completely. "It's been horrible, and I've missed you! There! Happy! Now! I! I am so damn tired! I... I just want to cuddle and we can talk about

everything else in the morning!" No sooner had she finished than did she realize Blake had already taken her hand and was moving in closer.

"Ok. We can talk the rest out in the morning." Blake settled pulling Weiss's hand into her chest and holding it there as things settled in; it would be ok, they could actually figure things out. "Just lay down."

"I- I'm all dirty. I spent half the day out in the forest." Weiss grumbled. "I at least need to-"

"No, just lay down." Whether Weiss knew it or not, they were the exact words she needed to hear. "We can take a shower in the morning, do the sheets, or go back to mine tomorrow. But for now, lay down." Blake guided Weiss down.

"I... thank you." Weiss whimpered.

"Now, scooch. You can't take up the whole bed if you want me to cuddle with you, now can you?"

"No, I can't." Weiss agreed as she inched towards the wall her bed was positioned against.

"There you go." Blake slipped in behind her as she wrapped warm around the exhausted heiress's weary body.

Weiss snickered.

"What is it?"

"This time, I'm the dirty one, faunus." Even exhausted, Weiss was careful to pause correctly in her wording to deliver the intended meaning.

"Yes, yes princess. Now sleep." Blake pulled Weiss in tighter for better cuddles. "Sleep tight."

End of Chapter 9

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Chapter 10

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Weiss woke to the feeling of one feline faunus snuggling up to her. Blake purred softly, nuzzling relentlessly at Weiss's neck. Gentle whimpers and the slightest pulls at Weiss's waist coaxed the heiress to wake despite the way exhaustion lingered in her bones like a bad stench in a stuffy room. "Good morning princess." Weiss teased.

"Did you sleep well?" Blake questioned back without the slightest interruption to her snuggling at the back of Weiss's neck.

"Like a rock; seems breaking down crying in the forest until you are exhausted and somehow meet your second soulmate does that to you?"

Blake chuckled and gave a soft huff.

"But yes, I... slept a lot better than I have in a long time." Weiss settled as she pulled Blake's arm over her, holding it so she could feel that slightest bit extra contact between them.

"I'm glad, I slept a lot better too." Blake settled with what would be the first of many kisses to the heiress's neck.

Weiss moaned softly, incredibly pleased with the token of affection and the way the kiss sent shivers down her spine. "Good." She offered half-heartedly as her ass seemed to press against Blake's core with a mind of its own.

"Very good." Blake agreed, pressing herself firmer against Weiss and trying to ignore how nice it felt to have the other woman pressed up against her.

Weiss found her body continuing to press further back against Blake and even to begin a slight enticing wiggle against the faunus. Certainly no fault of her own, definitely not. That would be outrageous and far below her stature as the Schnee heiress to be so wantonly teasing the faunus with her ass. Most certainly not.

"You ok there? Princess?" Blake whispered the taunt directly into Weiss's ear with a tone that shot Weiss's thoughts south. Adding to her efforts, Blake shifted her thigh, pressing it in between the heiress's legs that seemed to naturally part for her.

"Shut up." Weiss hissed, wrapping her legs around Blake's thigh and grinding against Blake's thigh. Full of shame, Weiss grabbed her pillow and balled it up into her chest as she hid her face into it.

"What's wrong?" Blake whispered in just such a sultry tone that made denying everything that threatened to break Weiss all so much harder.

"Don't..." Weiss hid her whimpers into her crumpled up pillows.

"Don't what?" Blake's hands naturally found Weiss's hips and guided her to longer and slower grind, something to drive Weiss just that iota more insane.

"Not fair!" Weiss moaned.

"What's not fair?" Blake pulled Weiss's hair back to kiss and suck gently at the heiress's neck. Before Weiss could come up with another gripe about the faunus's efforts, Blake's hand slipped back down only to slither up the skirt of Weiss's dress. "May I?" She requested as she gilded her fingers along the hem of Weiss's panties.

"Don't fucking tease me! Not like that!" Weiss snapped, her hand shooting down and forcing Blake's hand down her panties.

"Not teasing, just asking consent." Blake kissed gently at Weiss's cheek as the two shifted slightly on the bed so that they could both catch a better angle.

"More~" Weiss moaned, pushing herself further back as a hand went up to cup at her own breast, finding the warmth of a hand against her breast a true comfort and cherry atop the sundae that was their Tuesday morning.

"That's it, there's my princess." Blake purred into Weiss's ear, incredibly pleased to have her chance to return the perfect pet name.

Weiss curled into herself, striving to pretend she wasn't completely at Blake's mercy. "C- clit! Focus on my~!" Weiss moaned, the sensation of Blake throwing her a bone in the form of the faunus's finger gently grazing against her bundle of nerves, but only a moment later the touch was gone.

"It's not a race." Blake soothed.

Weiss flushed, despising the creeping sensation of weakness. "Want to..."

"Take your time." Blake licked up Weiss's neck, earning the exact shudder she had been expecting. "You are almost so worked up that I can feel it, my soulmate." Blake found a finger slipping inside Weiss, her thigh pressing up against it to add in her leverage.

"Fuck! Blake! I'm close!" Weiss's hips bucked and grinded against Blake's hand and thigh.

"That's it, just like that." Blake coaxed, her core quivering as she could almost feel Weiss's excitement.

"Blake!" Weiss called out, grinding, bucking, and fucking herself against Blake with all she had, determined not to wait as long as Blake seemed to be willing to.

Blake clung to the heiress tighter as she felt the climax wash over them both, stealing her breath and leaving them both a shuddering heap of pleasure cuddling together on the bed.

"Not fair..." Weiss pouted, feeling overly weak for the faunus.

"Perfectly fair, you got to do it to me Friday, it was my chance to pay you back." Blake smirked. "Your voice is beautiful, especially when it breaks, when you are tumbling over, cumming and breathless."

"Shut up!"

"No." Blake turned Weiss's head to kiss her. "Especially not now, we... we still have a lot to talk about." The hand that had been firmly grasping Weiss's breast moved up to pull any stray hair from the heiress's face.

Weiss pouted and clung to her pillows tighter, snuggling into them and trying to get comfy as if she would be allowed to go back to sleep. "A Lot to talk about what?"

Blake paused a moment, flabbergasted that there was any question to it. "Well, first off, there is the fact that we have another soulmate? And apparently, that is a thing?"

"Oh god." Weiss half whined, the reality that there was no more snoozing n' snuggling for the morning left to be done. "Oh god... and it's Yang." Weiss forfeited any hope of lazy cuddles as she turned over in the bed to look Blake in her eyes.

"Don't tell me you are going to go easy on her than you were with me now?" Blake laughed with a wince.

"I! Well! I can't exactly have her just masturbate in front of me now, can I?"

Blake shrugged, unsure, and still coming to terms with it herself. Did she want two soulmates? What did that mean? She certainly cared for Yang, but not necessarily in that way... but then again, it had only been a matter of months prior that she had purely disliked Weiss, and that seemed to turn out rather well. Were she and Weiss ready to add another factor to their burgeoning relationship? Was that even something Weiss would want?

"Blake?" Weiss questioned softly, concerned eye checking in on the faunus. "Is everything ok? You look... pensive."

"I- well... I am?" Blake guessed allowed. "I don't... I just..." Blake paused to think, and Weiss took her hand to hold in support. "I want us to be ok first. I just..."

"I hurt you." Weiss corrected, pressing her forehead into Blake's chest apologetically.

Blake didn't want to admit it, but she knew Weiss was right. Things might have improved since the last time she had been in the heiress's bed, but she was still hurt; still scared. Wordlessly, Blake nodded gently into Weiss, appreciating the affection. "Thank you." She wanted to pretend that she couldn't hear the wavering in her voice, the evidence of her weakness for the Schnee.

"I know now." Weiss whispered into Blake. "I know now that you weren't lying, that you weren't... but you are now." Weiss could hear how Blake hissed an inhale hinted with terror, the fear in her partner stinging. "You are now, and I couldn't be any happier."

Blake's arms wrapped around the smaller woman, holding her closer, squeezing almost painfully, but the perfect amount all at the same time. Wordlessly, she just melted into Weiss and accepted the comfort that they could share.

Weiss waited. She was patient, allowing Blake to cling to her, sure that the faunus wanted to make up for not just the weekend's lost time, but the past month's as well. With no complaint, she waited; mostly because she adored the warmth and how cared for the faunus's hug made her feel. When the time came, and Blake's arms relaxed, Weiss spoke with a tender tone.

"What do you want?"

"I... I want us to talk to Yang. Maybe not today, not necessarily even tomorrow; though I don't much want to keep her waiting either... I can't imagine that would be a nice feeling... But, once we've talked to her, we can all figure out what we want, together?" Blake settled a moment before meeting Weiss's eyes with her own. "What do you want?"

"I want three things... To start making things up to you, a shower, and maybe to get to call you princess again." The slightest grin combined with a wink, and Blake immediately knew what Weiss meant. The heiress wanted her bare and splayed out on her bed with legs wide open; to allow her to lounge in the heiress's embarrassment of an abundance of pillows while she devoured Blake. It was quite the thing to think. But that didn't mean it was what Blake had been looking for when she asked what the heiress wanted.

"That's not what I meant Weiss!" She tested with a mild glare to hide her needy blush.

"I want you. I don't know how to feel about Yang right now. She... I am still mad at her, certainly mad about her schedule and timing... but if it weren't for her, we wouldn't have ever..."

Blake nodded into Weiss.

"We will see. I'm not quite as furious as I was, but that doesn't mean I am her greatest fan either."

"Thank you."

End of Chapter 10

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Hope to see you there!

Chapter 11

Chapter 11

Both Blake and Weiss took one more day to themselves. Ruby had been kind enough to bring them the work they had missed, something made easier by the fact that they had each other to assist in completing it. Though, there was one complication... The duo seemed to get rather easily distracted with an incredible frequency.

Somewhere amongst the third attempt at a history of huntressing homework, Weiss spoke up once more. "You think Yang is having a good day?" The heiress wore an overly amused smirk, fully aware that the blonde had a full schedule for the day.

"I am just curious if it happened to her seven or fourteen times?" Blake's brow furrowed.

"Just seven I think? I mean, when we... together, she did also, but then the other person did not? So it doesn't seem to run down the chain like that?" Weiss explained her best theory.

"It makes sense." Blake agreed with a soft nod.

"Wanna make it eight?" Weiss pumped her eyebrows and licked her lips to denote her exact plan.

"You want to?" Blake flushed, incredibly embarrassed it was so easy for the Schnee to affect her.

"I think you are owed your time as a princess after your last asshole false soulmate."

"Weiss, you don't have t-"

"I want to." Weiss countered decisively. "And it's not like I don't get anything out of it."

"Cept pubes in your teeth." Blake looked down and away, clamming up mildly.

"Hey!"

"What?" Blake grunted back.

"I don't care." Weiss hopped up on her knees and made her way to the other side of the bed where the faunus sulked.

"I kno-"

"No; in fact, I do care." Blake cringed, tensing at Weiss's correction. "If it means you getting hurt, especially down there? I don't want you to shave or anything. Ok?" Weiss clarified, her hand raising to caress behind Blake's feline faunus ears.

Blake immediately felt a purr building up in the back of her throat and her eyelids flickering shut as Weiss's fingers scratched and petted gently. "N- not fair!"

"Now I think I get why you didn't want me touching here at first." Weiss observed pleased.

"Shut up." Blake complained despite the way her arms and legs wrapped around the heiress.

"That's it princess." Weiss kissed at the top of Blake's forehead.

"Evil Schnee." Blake huffed, burying her face into the crook of Weiss's neck.

"Yes, yes. How horrible of me, taking care of my soulmate, telling her how she is valid and appreciated regardless of grooming habits.

"Mhmm." Blake agreed, nodding into Weiss and beginning to rock her hips against her.

"There's my princess." Weiss's free hand sunk down to undo Blake's robe, revealing all of the Belladonna.

Blake naturally took Weiss's hand and directed it to her breast, pressing her chest into the Schnee's palm.

"Beautiful. You are so beautiful." Weiss whispered into the feline ears before allowing herself to slink lower on Blake's body.

Blake whimpered and fidgeted but still managed to steal an extra pillow or two to rest against as Weiss kissed down her chest, pausing to circle her tongue around the Faunus's right nipple. She seemed to adore taking her time, lingering on the sensitive peak, and making Blake squirm.

"What's wrong?" Weiss paused, still gently grazing her lips against Blake's breast.

"N- nothing." Blake grunted.

Weiss's fingers caressing tenderly at Blake's sides turned to a tickle, intentionally teasing the faunus just to get her to crack a smile or even let lose a laugh. Eyes locked up at Blake as she tried to stifle her reaction and pretend that Weiss had no effect on her. "Come on princess. What is it?"

Blake's hands shot to stop Weiss's the moment a grin cracked and the slightest giggle escaped her. "It's nothing I-" The heiress's piercing gaze caught Blake amidst another false dismissal. "It has just been a long time since someone said those things to me! Ok?"

"And that someone wasn't necessarily the best person?"

"Yeah." Blake admitted, still having trouble sharing her body in a context anything approaching actually intimate and not just a demonstration of proof.

"Do we need to stop?" Weiss's hands slowly found the ends of Blake's robe and offered to cover Blake's body up once more.

"No!" Blake denied vehemently.

"Are you sure?"

"He's not taking anything more from me."

Weiss paused a moment, spotting the scar by Blake's hip and going to leave a small kiss at it as she waited to formulate an apt reply. "We will do what you want... But, it could also be seen as giving yourself a moment to heal from that trauma; not letting him rob you of your own safety any longer."

"S- Stop being so sweet!" Blake barked! "It's not fair!"

"Who said Schnees play fair." Weiss pulled Blake's hips lower down on the bed so the faunus was near laying down with Weiss atop her.

Blake rolled her eyes, feeling that sentence may be more charged than Weiss had intended, but the moment she saw the heiress's eyes, she knew it was intentional. "Evil heiress."

"Dirty faunus." Weiss teased back without dropping a beat.

"Shut up and kiss me." Weiss need not be told twice, immediately stealing Blake's lips before any more false aspersions could be spewed. "Nice, but wrong lips princess." Blake pulled away, leaving Weiss breathless.

Weiss pecked back at Blake's lips before shifting back down on the bed to assume the position. "Anything for the princess." She teased, only a moment before finding the perfect spot. Blake's hands quickly found the back of her head, egging on the other woman and directing her around her finicky folds. Tender licks and lavishing laps worshipped the faunus's sex. Weiss's head bobbing slightly as she did her best to please her soulmate, do draw forth the sound of Blake's breaking voice, realizing release and relief.

Blake, though not quite as easy to please as Weiss, quickly found herself enjoying to the point that her hips naturally rocked into Weiss's tongue. The Schnee was so gentle, tender, and adoring in her efforts, delivering everything Blake didn't know she had missed in the past. Faunus fingers clung to the heiress's white hair, clinging and pulling as gently as she could manage while caught up in the pleasure of her soulmate's efforts. Head falling lax against a small pile of pillows behind her, occasionally, Blake's thighs would clamp around Weiss, forcing her just a little further.

The feeling of Blake's warm thighs clamped around her head only egged Weiss on, encouraging her to devour the other woman with impossibly more vigor. Her tongue delved in, finding the soft intrusion regularly leaving the faunus squirming. Eyes sealed as she enjoyed her meal and the way Blake kept directing her, guiding her as to the best places and methods. Just as with her first attempt, Weiss couldn't feel much beyond the wetness that Enjoying Blake naturally brought between her thighs until the faunus neared completion. Though, when the time came, she could feel it and then some. Blake's fingers tightening in her hair, Weiss adored the sensation building within herself and what it meant Blake must be feeling. Maybe the Schnee even took some evil pleasure in the fact that Yang would, for the

eighth time that day, be thoroughly embarrassed in class. Maybe Weiss even imagined Yang had frustratingly soaked through her panties or maybe even her pants, making for an even more embarrassing scene. Her thoughts continued to take a slight excursion from just a malicious pleasure in such salacious thoughts to something approaching just an appreciation of the beautiful blonde soaked and squirming in the same pleasure Blake's pleasure gave her.

"Weiss!" Blake denoted her peak with her hands forcing the Schnee's mouth into her muff harder.

Cumming with her mate, Weiss moaned into the faunus's release, still licking and sucking gently. She continued all the way until Blake began to pull her head up for post coitus cuddles, craving the more intimate contact with her mate she had lacked in the past. "I like how you cum... It's... different from how it's felt when Yang does it." Weiss snuggled into Blake, giving the faunus everything she had ever wanted.

"How can you tell?" Blake naturally chuckled at the observation, but the laughter quickly ebbed to a purr at the way Weiss nuzzled into her chest.

"It feels different, from me with myself, from when Yang does it; I mean, it is an orgasm either way, but yours are... different. Slower? Nice? It is a build. Maybe it is just because we are closer? Maybe you are just different from Yang? I- is it just me or does it feel like there is more... more clamping down? I don't know. But, I like it. I like it, and I like doing that for you." Weiss settled, her arms wrapping around Blake to hold her tighter.

"I! There is." Blake laughed at the odd factoid. "I think you are right, it isn't just you. And... and umm... I- I l..." Blake had trouble, be it with choosing her words or forcing them out, Weiss couldn't tell. "I... Lo- Like you a lot." Blake stumbled.

Weiss just melted into the faunus, yielding to the comfort and the hormones still running through her from their shared climax. "I lo- like you too." She mimicked without trying to taunt.

"I- I do tho... or at least, I am getting there?" Blake questioned, not necessarily experienced enough to know for sure herself.

"I am too. Sorry it took a while, soulmate."

"Me too."

Eventually, they fell asleep like that, cuddling in the bed with each other, just happy that things had worked out between them at least. Eventually, Blake woke once more, and immediately and accidentally woke Weiss by playing with the heiress's beautiful long white hair.

"Just don't go getting it all tangled." Weiss lectured despite being half asleep.

"What, you get to pet my ears, but I don't even get to run my fingers through your hair?" Blake huffed.

"I didn't say you weren't allowed to, just that I don't want knots in it."

"What? You think scratching behind my ears doesn't get my hair ruffled and tangled?"

"Yeah, but you like it when I do that anyway." Weiss just snuggled into Blake's comfortable cleavage.

Blake gaped at the accusation, but she knew all too well that Weiss wasn't wrong.

"Knew it." Weiss smirked proud of herself.

"Evil Schnee."

"Meh." Weiss simply shrugged. "Maybe I am ok with that. As long as you lo- like me anyways."

Blake grumbled, feeling defeated by the beautiful white-haired woman lying atop her. "I... do we want to talk about the other evil woman?" She changed the topic to something less shameful and embarrassing for her.

"Do we?"

"We really should."

"I was really enjoying payback." Weiss noted with the slightest lick at one of Blake's breasts.

The faunus shivered, her core rearing back to life after what could have almost been classified as abuse it had been being loved so much. "Maybe we give my bits a bit of a rest for a while."

"Well, you could always..." Weiss stuck out her tongue to drag it up Blake's left nipple in just such a way to guarantee she sent a message. "Me this time?"

"I! I would love to! I am sorry I haven't already. You just..."

"I know I haven't given you much of a chance. You just... you deserved a chance to feel that and to know that Asshat McAdam didn't know what the hell he was talking about, you know?"

Blake smiled and even laughed at the colorful nickname. "I am more than happy to start returning the favor if you want, but I do think it might be a good idea to start talking about Yang with more depth than 'we can cross that bridge when we come to it.'"

Weiss nodded and settled into Blake. "You make a good point."

"To be very clear, this, here, us, this is my priority. I just... Want- need to know how to work this out, how to navigate all of this."

"I understand." Weiss nodded. "Look; I still care about Yang as a teammate, and I am certainly mad about everything, even if we are now getting some revenge. But, there has to

be some reason why she is our soulmate."

"Your tune about soulmates has changed rather dramatically." Blake reeled.

"Yeah... I guess that is what falling for a fantastic faunus can do to a woman." Weiss admitted.

"Falling?" Blake teased.

Weiss playfully thudded her fist on Blake's shoulder. "You know exactly what I mean!"

"I do." Blake agreed.

"And at the end of the day, one way or another, we do have to talk to Yang about all this. At the very least, our bodies are still tied to her's in a way."

"You are right. She is, we are."

"So maybe we sh-" Weiss's head snapped up to the dorm room's front door as she heard a soft knock at it.

"Who is that?" Blake whispered.

"Weiss? Blake? I, umm, Ruby told me you two would be here. Plus she and Penny kind of kicked me out for the afternoon."

"Is that!?"

"Speak of the-" Weiss caught herself before she went ahead and called her second soulmate a devil, figuring that maybe that would not be in the best taste.

"I- I know you two are in there. Ilia and Velvet were... not quiet in Blake's room, and it's not like I don't know what you two've been doing all day." Yang gave a fake and forced laugh. "Haha, I get it, I have to do laundry tonight now." She sounded almost disheartened. "At least when I did it there was a point." The blonde grumbled under her breath.

"Excuse me!" Weiss snapped at the blonde's bitterness. "There is a point! And you have nothing to do with it, thank you!" Weiss didn't realize how harsh she might have sounded until too late.

"Got it! Sorry to bother you two then! I'll, I'll see you two in training tomorrow then I guess." Yang rolled her eyes and even seemed to have kicked the door lightly in her frustration. "Take care I guess."

Weiss shrunk slightly on the bed as Blake shot her angry eyes, evident that she didn't so much agree with Weiss's being so cold about the topic. "Wait!" Blake called, scurrying out from under Weiss and trying to wrap her robe closed around herself to little avail. But no reply came. "Fuck." Blake grumbled, nearly tripping over homework that had been cast aside for... other activities. She caught herself on the door and opened it just enough to spot the blonde walking away with a head hanging low.

"Wait!" Blake called again. "Yang, I'm sorry, she, we are just frustrated with the whole situation." Blake tried to apologize for the mutual soulmate.

"It's fine, I get it. You two are knocking it out of the park and all. 'Sides that, y'all seem to be busy." Yang deflected the moment she spotted the shoddily closed robe. "I don't wanna interrupt anyway."

"It's fine. We- we were actually talking about you when you knocked."

"That popular, huh?" Yang rolled her eyes and kicked emptily at the air.

"We've been meaning to talk to you, you wanna come in?"

"It's like I said, I don't wanna int-"

"You aren't interrupting, and I could still use an opportunity to vent about you calling me a dumbass!" Weiss popped out of her room, still righting her dress on her body.

"Aww, geez, when you put it like that, how could I ever refuse a dressing down and all the awkwardness of sitting in a room with my two soulmates; the ones of which neither want a damn thing to do with me."

Weiss just huffed and rolled her eyes, dismissing Yang as simply melodramatic.

"Neither of us said that."

"No, but her eyes did, more than once." Yang simply tilted her head to Weiss.

"Please."

"You two have a good night." She completely ignored the faunus.

"Please just sit and talk with us!" Weiss tried a politer tone, presuming, albeit accurately, that she might have better luck persuading their teammate.

Yang looked around and huffed. "Fine." She rolled her eyes before making her way back and following through into the room. She made sure to steer away from the messed bed that she knew all too well must be far from clean if only due to how many inconveniences she had throughout her day.

"So." Blake tried to introduce as Yang sat herself down in a chair across from the bed where the other two seemed to immediately return to cuddling.

"So." Yang grunted, sitting backward on the chair and crossing her arms over its back.

"Oh god! You are our soulmate! What do you want to do about it!" Weiss demanded impatiently.

"I don't know! I only just really learned this was possible!"

"What? I thought Penny said your dad had..."

"He did! But it's not like my mom and Ruby's ever were; at least I don't think?" Yang defended. "Even then, it isn't like the overlap lasted forever."

"Are you saying you don't think the fact that we are all soulmates with each other will last?" Blake blurted out surprised and almost sounding concerned.

"I don't know!" Yang half yelled, eyes flashing red.

"Is that what you want?" Weiss asked cautiously.

"Oh yeah! I am super jazzed about the idea of finding out I have two soulmates to just lose both of them. Sounds delightful, I'm really just crazy about the idea." Yang rolled her eyes. "It's not like I've been doing my best and completely fucking up my schedule and learning morse code for the past, I don't know, three, four months all so that I could meet the person who is supposed to be my soulmate or anything., nooo. Course not."

"Ok Yang, we get it." Blake groaned.

"I... I didn't." Weiss sat up just a little straighter. "I had been furious with you this whole time; I never really processed that you were doing it with a purpose; to find someone to..."

"To love? Yeah, what a stupid idea that was."

Weiss and Blake both looked to each other, mildly reeling from the fact that it hadn't much processed the intent behind Yang's actions till then, and more specifically that they had found exactly what Yang had been seeking in each other.

"You know what, this was a mistake." Yang shook her head, tired and exhausted with all the embarrassment. "You two have fun, don't worry, my schedule will be normal from now on. I'd appreciate the same consideration, but I get that you two are in a relationship and that I don't have a lot of room to ask for such a thing." Yang stood from her chair and went to leave.

All it took the monochrome duo was another momentary glance at each other and they both hopped from the bed, hugging Yang from behind in unison. "Stay." "Please."

The blonde stood there, rather shocked by the other two hugging to her. "What?"

"Please stay." Weiss requested, more than aware she had been harsher on the third of their trio.

"I- correct me if I am wrong." Blake requested of Weiss before she even really started. "But, Weiss and I still care about you. The bare minimum of us loving you as our teammate never changed. We just still need to learn; to see if it extends to this... Hell, Weiss and I are still there too, and we have been working on this for months."

"A- are you sure?" Yang's voice wavered, still feeling everything of her world unstable.

"Yes, just, please stay." Weiss and Blake replied together.

End of Chapter 11

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Chapter 12

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"I'm sorry but I have to ask." Blake hesitated only slightly. "What in the world gave you the idea to edge and orgasm in morse code?"

"Ok, yeah, I wanna know too!" Weiss agreed, the ice queen thoroughly thawing for the fiery blonde throat even just a small session of getting to know each other in a context other than simply fighting grimm.

"Actually, that was because of Ruby!" Yang's eyes glimmered, excited to share the story.

Weiss chuckled and rolled her eyes. "Course, no matter who I blame, it is always the wrong person."

Blake snickered and Yang just shrugged. "Umm, but, yeah. Ruby was thirteen when..." Yang's eyes jumped between the monochrome duo. "Whichever one of you started doing the doo Saturday nights at ten like clockwork."

Weiss covered her face with her hands. "Oh god."

"What, you just leaped to do it whenever mom and dad left to do something with Whitley?" Blake teased.

"Yeah... he always had cotillion practice on Saturdays; it was the only time I knew I would have the house to myself..." The Schnee wished to die of shame.

"Oh!" Blake laughed and hugged her soulmate apologetic and comforting.

"But, yeah. At the same time that started, Ruby got really into codes and secret messages. She made me learn morse code so we could send messages in front of our dad without our scrolls." Yang shrugged with a mild blush. "So, I guess I just always saw it as a way to communicate with a soul mate if I ever needed to. But back then, I both didn't have something so easy to tap... or twat out as just Beacon Academy, and I had just figured waiting would be fine. I guess I just got impatient?" Yang gave just about enough time that she had anticipated one of the others to speak up, but when neither of them did, something maybe a mite more true slipped out. "I... umm, maybe I did it because I was jealous of Ruby; my little sister found her someone before me, and they seemed so happy n'..." She trailed off.

"In that case, I am happy you did it."

"Soulmate who was about ready to kill me over this a couple months ago say what!"

"Well... I mean! She makes a point!" Weiss pointed towards the blonde. "I mean, I would be lying if I said I weren't at least a little jealous of Penny too."

"Ye of all so easily being wooed over."

"Not going to lie, I didn't expect you to be the one going hard on me." Yang winced at Blake as if only just now discovering a knife in her back.

"I! It's not that. I'm sorry, just someone..." Blake glared at Weiss. "Was rather rough on me at first, and I am a little stunned."

Yang nodded back softly, still seeming somewhat uneasy.

Weiss silently looked to Blake, her eyes pleading a wordless request that the faunus seemed to intrinsically understand. Apparently, the two had grown quite efficient at communicating that way through their time spent on opposite ends of a bed with hands between their thighs. Blake's only reply a small nod, but Weiss knew. "Come up here." The heiress gently gestured for the odd one out of the inevitable throuple to join them on the bed.

"What?" Yang tensed uncertain.

"Come on, get up here." Blake gestured with her head.

"I- Ok?" Yang stood hesitant and moved closer as the other two seemed to move apart to greet her. The moment her knee hit the edge of the bed, going to assist her in hopping up on the tall mattress, Blake and Weiss seemed to pull her into them so they could give their teammate a small snuggle.

Blake and Weiss exchanged a small look over Yang's shoulder before giving a small nod and each leaving a kiss at either of Yang's cheeks. "You aren't alone in this." "It's ok." Yang had a hard time making out whose voice was whose over the duo whispering into either ear.

"I was mad, but I get it." Weiss squeezed.

"Me too."

"Like she said, we were talking about you before you got here."

"We are both still figuring it all out."

"But we both decided that we still at the very least love you as our teammate."

"And that if things came to be so, it didn't need to end there." Blake finished for them both.

"I- Umm, are you two sure?" Yang resisted the growing urge to melt into the other women holding her comfortingly.

"Yeah." "We are." Blake and Weiss seemed to work together to push the blonde over so they were all laying down, cuddled in the bed.

Yang felt her arms naturally rising to wrap around the other two, pulling them in close as she yielded to the comfort they clearly strived to give her. After accepting the slightest amount of affection, it only took the blonde a moment to realize where the four foreign hands rested on her body. None touching or grabbing anywhere it shouldn't be, but they all seemed to be resting somewhere just an inch away or so from the context of the cuddle changing entirely.

"What?" A hand suddenly appeared at her cheek. "Might you be comfortable with." "What do you want?" The voices alternated despite asking the same thing just into different ears.

"I-" Yang suddenly could feel the way Blake and Weiss's legs threatened to tangle with her own or for their thighs to press against somewhere still a mess from a long day.

"We've said how we feel." "What we want" "Your turn." Gentle nuzzles at either of Yang's shoulders felt irrefutable comfortable.

"You don't have to know now." Yang could distinguish that had come from Blake.

"But if you do, all the better."

"In the meantime?"

"We can just cuddle like this," "If you want?" Both of the girls left the lightest kiss at Yang's neck, not innocent, but also not quite not innocent either.

"Are you sure?" Yang asked them both worried that the answer might suddenly change.

"I am." Blake comforted, her hand pulling some stray blonde locks from Yang's face.

"Me too."

"I- I'd be lying if I said there wasn't a way that this was a dream I never thought to actually think of." Yang admitted. "There really is something delightful to the idea of having two to love rather than just one." Her voice hesitated a moment. "And, honestly, I'd be hard-pressed to find any single person better than either of you; but both?"

Weiss and Blake's eyes met once more to check if this was really something they were comfortable with. Having already more or less jumped into bed with another woman was one thing, but the possibility of things progressing to their natural end was still something else entirely. But odd as it was, not everything about it was entirely new, now was it? They had been teammates for coming up on half a year, so it wasn't like any of them were strangers, and, realistically, they had been giving each other orgasms for more than long enough that it shouldn't be that weird, right? Those were the thoughts floating around between either of the monochrome duo's ears at least.

Blake was the first to build up the courage, her hand finding Yang's cheek and turning the woman's head towards her. Slightly, she leaned in, making her intentions all but abundantly evident. "May I?" She whispered.

"K-" Yang choked as Blake immediately began the softest nod she had ever seen. "Yes?" She tried unsure.

"You don't have t-"

"Yes." Yang repeated with all the confidence she had lacked. From there it all felt too easy, the slipperiest slope the blonde could ever wish to fall down. Blake's kiss soft and caring in a

way almost alien to the blonde accustomed to nothing long term save the ongoing affair she maintained with her vibrator.

"Is this ok?" The breathless whisper questioned with a concerned air to it.

"Very." Yang rushed to reply between breaths staggered with the overwhelming wonder as to how this had ever happened or how it could proceed.

"And if I?" Weiss's carefully manicured nails took their turn to turn Yang's head.

"Yes." Yang doubled down.

"Then kiss me, dumbass." Weiss teased as she closed her eyes and just barely parted her lips.

Yang didn't need to be told twice, quickly delving in to kiss the heiress. Though slower to warm than Blake had been, Weiss still seemed to enjoy if the way her arms and legs wrapped around the blonde was anything to judge by. Then there was what felt like the truest of measures, the way Weiss seemed to roll her hips into the beefier blonde as the kiss deepened. The white-haired woman's fingers clenched and pulled slightly at Yang's hip and shoulder.

"She's pretty good at that huh?" Blake smiled over Yang's shoulder, all too able to read the signs of arousal covering Weiss's face.

"S! Shut up!" Weiss pulled away and covered her mouth, cheeks burning red.

"That means she liked it." Blake teased for Yang.

"Well, I am glad. I rather liked it too." Yang settled a little further into the bed.

"I think she is still really wound up, she was really nice to me today, all of what you might have felt were her taking pity on me."

"I was not taking pity on you! And I am not wound up!"

"Pity? Pity on you for what?"

"Blake... had a very unkind person in her past, but it is not really my story to tell."

"Asshole, tricked me into thinking he was my soulmate, never went down on me cause I wouldn't shave, and wouldn't leave my stuff alone when I tried and cut myself down there really bad."

"Bag of dicks!"

"Yes, yes he was, but someone is just trying to distract me from my point. Weiss is all pent up and aching for some relief of her own."

"I! I am not!" Weiss loathed how being called out on the issue only amplified it, turning damp panties to soaked and verging on dripping.

"I can prove it."

"Sure you can."

Blake leaned in to whisper in Yang's ear. "Bet you she is soaked."

"You think?" Yang grew a pervy grin.

"We haven't gotten to play much together, but sometimes, when she gets really into it, I've seen her wetness dripping down her thighs. It is beautiful." Blake whispered just loud enough that she was certain Weiss could hear.

"I! It does not!" Weiss squirmed, even if it was only to press her thighs together for any iota of relief.

"There's only one way to know for sure." Blake did her best imitation of a devil on Yang's shoulder as she took the blonde's hand and directed it to hover over the heiress's thigh. "Is this ok?" She checked with both her new partners.

"If it is alright with you?" Yang checked, her fingers dancing in the air above Weiss's thigh.

Weiss swallowed, hating herself and how much she wanted to feel either of their hands at her sex, soothing the ache that had built the whole day. "P- please." Weiss eeked out the request weakly.

"Of course." Yang's hand lowered that last millimeter before slipping up Weiss's thigh to the heiress's ruined panties. "Now why did you lie if it was all so easy to disprove? Already soaked? Am I that good a kisser?"

"S- shut up!" Weiss tried to hide the fact that her hips naturally rolled up and against Yang's fingers.

"I told you it was beautiful."

"I! It's not because of your kissing! It is because I've been taking care of Blake all day, and even though I got release when she did, I didn't get any of my own."

"You sure? Then let me kiss you again, and we'll know for sure." Yang's fingers hooked around the gusset of Weiss's panties, slowly pulling them down.

"Yang..." Weiss moaned softly.

"So?" Yang leaned in, her lips tauntingly close.

Weiss broke before she could even request more, her lips launching to latch to Yang. Fingers fiddled faster, finding all the spots that made Weiss twitch or whimper into the kiss.

"Aww, look at how much she is enjoying!" Blake cooed, climbing over Yang and to the opposite side of Weiss. Slowly, the faunus's hands undid the backing to Weiss's dress, slipping it off just enough to reveal her chest. "I know just what to add to help this princess

out." Blake purred, a kiss landing at Weiss's side only to be followed by a trail leading to the heiress's nipple. Blake eagerly sucked and licked at the sensitive peak, well aware that for Weiss attention paid to her chest was all but necessary for a satisfying climax.

"Fuck! Fuck! More!" Weiss broke the kiss only to pant out before stealing Yang's lips once more. She kissed with a force; a desperation, seeking something that must have been just barely beyond her grasp. A hand pressed firmly against the back of Blake's head, the heiress's chest arching into the faunus's mouth desperate for more.

"Princess? Huh? I like that." Yang noted as she broke the kiss only to bite tauntingly at Weiss's lower lip, near ruining the woman with that move alone.

"Yang! Yang! Yang!" The heiress cried out, every part of her seeming to naturally magnetized to the blonde seeking out any more she could get.

"Good princess, so wet, enjoying your soulmates' touch?" Yang mused, a finger slipping inside. "I think I can almost feel you. Getting ready to cum?"

Weiss's cheeks burned, but it was nothing compared to what the duo seemed to be intent to do to the rest of her body. Yang's hand changed positions slightly to slip in a second finger; something Weiss had yet to grow accustomed to, but that she already knew she would be begging for sooner or later and a thumb to run gently over her clit. All the while, Blake's tongue seemed to insist on circling her right breast in just such a way that might break her mind, or at least melt it to something useless. Teeth teased at her nipple in the most awfully evil pleasure Weiss had ever endured, all topped off with the glorious kiss and Blake's free hands cupping her ass and breast in a mildly greedy grope.

The break was inevitable. An heiress could only be pushed so far before she snapped, spraying her love all over the newly accompanying soulmate's hand. What she couldn't handle was the way Yang pulled her hand back, both of her partners still clearly shuttering in the shared release through their bond. Weiss thought she would either pass out or that her hands would find a life of their own, intent on bringing her to another much-needed climax with the perfect show of both Blake and Yang liking up the blonde's fingers dirtied with the heiress's release. But as it turned out, Weiss was too thoroughly defeated; loved into submission by the duo that not even her hands jumped back into action.

"I should have started tasting you sooner." Blake purred before turning to kiss the heiress, the taste of pussy still on her lips.

"Heh. The kitten liked your cream." Yang teased them both before stealing a kiss from either.

In the slightest form of retribution, Weiss managed to direct Yang's newly cleaned hand to Blake's faunus ears and directed her to scratch just the way she knew Blake liked.

"N- not fair." Blake melted into Weiss's chest, the combination of hormones and Yang scratching just behind her ear making for a combination siren song to sleep.

"Thank you." Yang paused to kiss Weiss. "Thank you both." She kissed Blake.

"Bedtimes." Blake purred into Weiss, nuzzling the heiress's pert and soft breast.

"Mhmm." Weiss hummed in agreement as she pulled Yang in softly. "I know you were scared."

"We were too." Blake added, her eyes completely closed and a purr lingering in her throat as her ear twitched, a small request for more scratches that seemed to get her exactly what she wanted.

"But I think this will be a good fit."

"Mhmm." Blake mimicked Weiss's hum.

"Sleep does sound good." Yang laid down her head just across from Blake's, a hand still soothing just behind the faunus's ear.

"Night night."

End of Chapter 12

Thank you for reading! If you enjoyed and or are eager for more, consider checking out my [Tumblr](#) or my [Twitter](#). I post an extra chapter for free on this fic, and almost all of my fics for folks who are willing to check out my socials and stuff.

Also, I have been running polls as of late to figure out what I write next! Drop by the [discord](#) to vote! Or just drop by to talk to me, see some sneak peaks, hear why my dumb ass is late in posting this week. All that stuff!

Hope to see you there!

Bonus note: Badger here! I am so sorry for my recent absence. I have been without my laptop this month, plus exams, and yeah. Not a good excuse, but I really did need to prioritize uni this month.

On the bright side, I do have another project in the works that is soon to be ready to be public. I enjoy it a lot, it is another RWBY fic, and again, it is poly. There are some aspects some people might not be attracted to at first, but I really do think it is good and that people will like it. Thank you all for your support! It means the world to me.

Chapter 13

Chapter 13

Yang woke to the feeling of two distinctly different arms wrapped around her. The first thought she had was that everything about it was so distinctly warm. As the days had grown short and the season delved further into winter, even the inferno tempest of a woman found herself susceptible to the chill when sleeping alone. It had been one of many things that pushed her to search more desperately for her soulmate. But waking to both Weiss and Blake with an arm thrown around her? It was downright toasty.

With a pleased sigh, Yang snuggled into the smaller Schnee before catching the sound. Something odd, repetitions, not wet, but not dry either. "Huh?" Yang groaned slightly, eyes flickering open to see Blake's head resting on the Schnee's other shoulder while bobbing slightly up and down. Yang noticed the soft purring the faunus made only a moment or two before she saw it.

Blake was licking softly at Weiss's collar bone in her sleep. Maybe the faunus was dreaming of some delightful ice cream, or maybe some smuttier snack. Either way, the faunus looked to be beyond at peace, downright enjoying herself as Weiss stretched slightly in her sleep, a soft mumble on her lips about how "fls gud."

It might not have been her most considerate moment, or most respectful to the faunus people. But Yang couldn't help herself. A hand just reached out on its own and scratched behind Blake's faunus ear. "Such a good sleepy kitten, so cute all drowsy and hungry." Her eyes flickered half-closed as she snuggled down into Weiss. "Cute kitty." She hummed pleased, her hand falling to Weiss's chest and almost immediately becoming the new target of Blake's idle exhausted laps. Yang giggled. "You already helped me clean all of Weiss off my fingers last night kitten."

Blake purred, taking the Blonde's finger into her mouth and sucking on it gently.

"Cute girl."

"Hmm? I... what's up?" Weiss woke slowly, her head still clouded with exhaustion and lingering sleep.

"Just our soulmate being an adorable kitten." Yang settled.

"Mhmm, she is pretty cute." Weiss agreed drowsily.

"Yeah." Yang felt her legs wrap around the one of Weiss's not already occupied by Blake's legs doing the same. "You were too; Cumming for us last night."

"Shut up." Weiss huffed, turning her attention over to the faunus not actively teasing her."

"You were." Yang reinforced. "You both were." She raised her hand again to scratch behind Blake's ear. "Thank you." She whispered softly. "I know it wasn't the easiest thing to... just accept me in like that. So, thank you."

Weiss tried to freeze or steel her heart, but with each successive word from the uncharacteristically vulnerable blonde, she just melted a little further. Unwilling to face Yang with the softness showing on her face, Weiss looked away as if disgusted with something she saw. "We meant everything we said last night... it may have been fast, but I am comfortable saying neither of us regret it in the slightest." The heiress paused a moment. "So... stop thanking us. Alright! You... had a shit way of doing it, but you were the one who brought the three of us together, so shut up, and let us thank you for once!" Weiss snorted her weakness away only to be startled by a small bite at her left shoulder.

"No being mean to our soulmate." Blake lectured as she released the playful bite.

Yang just laughed at the monochrome dorks.

"But... she is right. Thank you."

Weiss said nothing; at least, she said nothing up until the faunus poked her side hard enough to get her to join in. "I! Thank you! Ok? There! I said it!" Weiss tensed. "Happy now?"

"I mean, I was happy before, but that was delightful." Yang smirked, finding Blake's hand and interlacing their fingers. "You are both welcome."

"Good! Now that is all out of the way! What time is it? I am not interested in missing another day of class! Goodwitch is already going to kill us, I have no interest in being double dead." Weiss warned the other two.

"Oh god... class! H- how are we going to tell Ruby?" Yang hid her face into Weiss, not wanting to face the incoming reality she would most likely be the one who needed to tell the red hooded scythe master.

"You don't think maybe Penny would have told her already, do you? I mean, she might know? Didn't you tell her Yang was out in the woods on Monday?"

"I told her I saw Yang out in the woods, not that she was masturbating and made me cum." Weiss scoffed. "You were there when I said it."

"I mean, yeah, but, she is smart. I've seen the woman do math, she's a damn calculator." Blake shrugged hopeful and trying to cheer the distraught blonde.

"You have no idea." Weiss rolled her eyes, wondering if it was about time to tell the rest of the team about Penny, but she decided against it, at least until she could ask Penny's permission. "Even if she did know, she wouldn't tell Ruby. Penny... secrets can be rather important to her."

"Great." Yang groaned.

"You don't think she would take it well?" Blake offered, gently pushing back Yang's beautiful though somewhat unruly mane.

"It's Ruby, she is either gonna cry of happiness or sadness. Either way, we are going to have a near-death experience when she tries to wrap all three of us in one of her bear hugs." Weiss warned.

"At least we will all get our backs cracked?" Yang tried to find a bright side to it.

"I prefer to have my spinal cord intact rather than severed, thank you."

"It can't be that bad." Blake denied.

"No, no, it can. I ended up in one with Qrow and Tai, she was fifteen and still almost broke my arm." Yang agreed with Weiss.

"Well then, what do we do?"

"Charge up our aura and pray." Yang earned snickers from the other two.

"Sounds about right." Weiss rolled her eyes at the brevity of their best plans.

"But what if-" Blake lost total track of her train of thought as a knock came at the door.

"Hey guys."

"You have got to be fucking kidding me." Weiss cursed under her breath.

"It's Ruby- oh! And Penny is with me!"

"Salutations classmates!" The robot cheered.

"Uugh, We were just gonna go to Blake's and tell her Goodwitch was furious that you missed two days of class and that you'd have detention for the rest of the month if you didn't either come to class today or prove you were really sick."

"Didn't she say dying?"

"She did, but I don't need to say that." Ruby countered, still trying to lighten the blow and less than delighted with having to deliver such threats.

"Oh ok!" Penny perked.

"Umm, but Ilia and Velvet were the only ones there, and we needed to come here anyway. Goodwitch had... some choice words about Weiss skipping out on the second half of Monday's classes."

"We are here."

"Yeah, it's ok Ruby, we will be in class today." Blake assured.

"What about me!" Yang whispered to the other two, still trying to keep the secret for at least another moment longer.

"Ok, but is everything ok?" Ruby worried. "I... umm, Yang never came home last night, and I just... I am really kind of worried now."

Yang rolled her eyes and groaned. "It's all ok, I'm here too Ruby. I spent the night here so you and Penny could have some privacy." Yang justified it to herself by reasoning that it wasn't quite a lie, even if it felt lightyears from the truth.

"I- but? But aren't Weiss and Blake... umm, the type of people who would also need privacy?" Ruby simply wondered aloud.

The trio hiding in the heiress's bed looked to each other, simply waiting for one of them to break and explain it to the youngest member of their team. Unlike earlier, they couldn't quite hear what Penny said, just that she was speaking in a register just above a whisper behind the paper-thin sheet metal door with woodgrain decal finish.

"You think they what!" Ruby's already high pitched voice shrilled.

"Fuck." All three groaned into each other.

"I thought you said she wouldn't tell her."

"I said I thought! Not that I was confident or certain." Weiss curled into both her soulmates.

"No! They would tell me if-"

"Yeah, umm, so Rube, don't be mad, we weren't hiding it. We only just found out a day or two ago, but apparently, the three of us are soulmates... like... together, all three of us." Yang rushed to explain to her sister, not wanting Ruby to feel betrayed or like they had been lying to her.

"WHAAAT?!" Ruby yelled, blowing open the door with crescent rose and certainly getting them all into much more trouble than they already had been for shirking class. "PENNY JUST SAID YOU THREE MIGHT HAVE BEEN TRAINING WITHOUT ME!"

Both Blake and Yang leaned into the Schnee between them, doing their best to cover up their still more or less nude girlfriend from the night before. "Ohh, that's what she said?" Yang gave an anxious laugh and pulled covers over the three of them. The sight of Penny holding her head in her hands and shaking it disappointed with them being idiots.

"G! Get out you dolt!" Weiss yelled. "Don't just go blasting in the door while a throupple is cuddling! I'm not even wearing clothes!"

"You! You! You three? Really?" Ruby's eyes swelled to a size and puppy dog esque quality that momentarily quelled any of the throupple's urges to yell at her. Hands covered her mouth in either excitement or worry as the younger huntress's eyes watered.

"Yeah, we kind of are. I was gon-"

"Ahh!" Ruby screamed, tears breaking as she lept in the bed and grabbed all three of them in a tight enough hug to make the worry their spines would never recover nor return to anything even approaching a normal state.

"Can I please put my clothes back on? Before my bone structure is permanently deformed?" Weiss complained, deeply unsettled that she was the only one in the room without so much as a robe to cover herself up.

"Oh, yeah! Sorry, and umm, sorry about the door." Ruby winced and laughed it off as if the door could be easily fixed with some duct tape. "I, Umm... I'll just head out to class with Penny. Meet you three there?"

"Yeah, we'll see you there kiddo." Yang waved off her younger sister.

Penny took Ruby's arm in her's just after the other woman stepped out of the destroyed dorm door. She even seemed to give an apologetic wave, more than aware that the trio hadn't intended to tell Ruby at that exact moment, but before any of the huntresses cuddled up in the bed could spot it, they were gone.

"So, she knows now." Blake tried to cheer Yang.

"And I only need a whole hour session with a chiropractor."

"It actually went better than I had expected; door included." Yang smiled and shifted in the bed. With not a moment's hesitation, Yang leaned over and doled out one kiss per soulmate before hopping from the bed and stretching. Only after her hands landed back at her sides did Yang realize the other two had their eyes firmly planted on her chest, ogling her clear as day in a way she had never caught either of them doing before. "Eyes up here girls." Yang warned before the other two simply started drooling.

"Our soulmate is pretty."

"Very pretty."

"Incredibly pretty."

"And oh god, those boobs." Blake concluded for the both of them.

"Glad you two enjoy, but time for class. Playing and staring at the tiddy later."

End of Chapter 13

Bonus note: Badger here! I am so fucking sorry! (huh, Deja Vu or something) Really, I'm so sorry. I have not been great lately, and I took some time for mental health.

On the bright side, I do have another project in the works that is soon to be ready to be public. I enjoy it a lot, it is another RWBY fic, and again, it is poly. There are some aspects some people might not be attracted to at first, but I really do think it is good and that people will like it. Thank you all for your support! It means the world to me.

Chapter 14

Chapter 14

Punishments were a bitch and a half, four hour's training detention for the next two weeks with double on the weekend. Running drills and fighting grimm had the trio exhausted before their punishment had hit even halfway over, but by the last day, they were completely run down. The only saving grace to any of it was that teamwork seemed to have become second nature to them. Maybe it was just whatever gave them the connection that made them soulmates, maybe just that they were growing close? Whatever the reason, there was never a doubt, never the slightest hesitation. Grimm never had a moment to recover, the trio knew just the timing to keep adversaries in check.

At the end of long days, the three rarely ever had more than a moment to give each other a goodnight kiss before adjourning to their rooms. Deprived of all the usual new couple... or throuple things, they all had less than a moment to finish homework before collapsing into their bed. They wished they could have stayed together, each of them missing the singular night of cuddling they had gotten before turbulent life won back over. They wanted to, but each of them knew all too well that cuddling together once more, especially if it was after the horridly long days Goodwitch had them running as their punishment, they would never have been able to wake up in time or motivate each other to actually get out of bed.

Already drained and exhausted when they started their last day, the huntresses in training leaned into each other just a little more in between each battle. The only thing that helped them all get through the whole day was that about halfway through, Ruby came out to meet with them. The scythe wielder joined in on the training even though she didn't have to. She insisted that it would make for a good teambuilding exercise and that she needed to catch up a little on all the extra training the rest of the team had been doing.

"Well, it seems you three have taken your punishment rather seriously, so, I guess it is all over. You three are free. But no more skipping class, any of you. And don't go getting any ideas from your older sister or the rest of your team Ms. Rose!" Ms. Goodwitch slammed her riding crop against her hand with an angry glare at the soulmate trio collapsing into each other while Ruby bounced on the balls of her feet, still brimming with energy.

The trio of soulmates exhaustedly dropped to the ground like dominoes the moment Weiss tried to lean into Blake for support. Yang yelped, too exhausted to stabilize herself as the other two came careening into her side. And at the end of the day, she was exhausted enough to not be upset about ending up horizontal with her partners.

"Yay! Group cuddle!" Ruby squealed, tossing crescent rose aside to add to the dogpile on top of her sister.

Blake, Yang, and Weiss all groaned and griped at the extra weight pressing down on their already exhausted bodies. "Oww." "Oh god." "When will the pain end?"

"We should do some more extra training from now on! We-"

"No!" "Never!" "I will kill you!" Yang, Blake, and Weiss rattled off in almost unison.

"Aww, well! It was still fun!" Ruby pouted before hopping back up to her feet.

"Yeah." Yang whimpered, trying to wrap her arms around her soulmates, but finding them too weak to lift.

"Night night Ruby." Blake dismissed as she used her remaining strength to cuddle into Yang and close her eyes.

"Penny in your room or mine tonight?"

"Uugh, she can stay with me if you three want." Ruby lit up. "Ahh! We should all do a sleepover in one of our rooms! Game night and sleepover?" Ruby cheered.

"No." "Not a chance in hell." "Only if the game is guess whether Weiss is in a coma or just sleeping."

"Oh... ok." Ruby deflated and holstered her scythe.

"Maybe tomorrow Rube?" Yang tried to soften the blow.

"Really?"

"At least sometime this weekend." "Yeah, I can do this weekend." "This weekend works."

"Yay! I'll tell Penny!" Ruby cheered before running off.

The pile of soulmates laid there for a moment, the three all enjoying the snuggles, but none of them quite qualified as overly fond of the rough grass and dirt they had landed on.

"Maybe we should get going? You know a nice soft bed with pillows is a lot better than the scratchy grass" Weiss complained.

"What scratchy grass, you have two human pillows, none of you is even on the grass." Yang teased.

"No, it's time for cat naps." Blake snuggled into Yang.

With eyes shimmering, breath taken by Blake's casual usage of a cat pun in her exhausted state, both of her soulmates let loose an amazed "Aww!"

"She's!" "So!" "Cute!" "Catnap!" They traded off only to finish together.

"Shut up. I'm tired." Blake just flipped her hair over her face so it could block out the sun.

"I'll carry Ms. Sleepy Butts back if you run ahead and get your bed all set up and draw us a bath?" Yang offered the heiress.

"Deal, but five more minutes." Weiss settled with a soft kiss to either soulmate.

"Mhmm, yes. Five more minutes." Blake snuggled.

With a sole snooze getting them to ten minutes lounged in the training ground's clearing, Weiss left first while Yang shuffled the unconscious Belladonna into her arms and began a trudge back home. Blake, in all of her exhausted glory and adorableness, continued to snuggle into the blonde even as they were well on their way back. Occasionally, just to keep the faunus happy and calm in what was clearly much needed sleep, Yang shuffled the raven haired woman so she could scratch just behind the bow hiding Blake's ears. The faunus purred, pleased even in her slumber.

Yang was kind enough not to wake the exhausted cat faunus until the arrived back at Weiss's door. "Wake up, wakey wakey." She kissed Blake's cheek gently.

"Hmm I- what?" Blake groaned as Yang slowly lowered her feet down to the ground.

"We are back home sweetie."

"Sweetie?" Blake questioned the title, but didn't oppose it as she found her weight slowly shifting back to her feet.

"I- is that not ok?"

"No, no, it's perfectly fine. Just... new?" Blake leaned into Yang, her head naturally falling into Yang's neck and shoulder to nuzzle softly.

"Someone's tired." Yang noted, her hands gently soothing down Blake's back.

"Someone missed more class than her soulmates and had Goodwitch riding her harder than everyone else." Blake complained.

"I know. I made a deal with Weiss to carry you back if she would draw us a bath and set up the bed so we can get a head start on this weekend's recuperation. So all you have to do is make it to the bath and then to bed."

"Yup, and the bath is all set, nice and set up with bubbles and candles. Also, I am mildly sure there are more Epsom's salts in there than the water can hold. But, let's be real, we need it at this point." Weiss informed, opening the door for the other two as soon as she heard Yang talking.

"I love you two, that's it, there it is, I love you two." Blake turned around, head flipping between her two lovers.

Yang laughed, playing off the confession. "Yeah, yeah. Me thinks you just love being carried and waited on." She patted Blake on the top of her head, fingers scratching gently at the faunus's ears.

"I'm glad we can help." Weiss smiled politely.

"No, no..." Blake groaned, frustrated how the soft scratches made focusing while so tired a true task. "I mean it... I- I love you dorks." The faunus's eyes widened slightly as they

pleaded for the soulmates to acknowledge what she was saying.

"Well... well duh! I already knew you loved me!" Weiss huffed and looked away, but her hand told a different tale, taking Blake's and holding it. "But... you already knew I loved you too." Weiss softened, her eyes finding Blake's as a humbleness she wasn't accustomed to crept in. "And... and, I've even grown pretty fond of the big-breasted blonde over here." Her eyes darted to Yang.

Yang broke a wide grin, raising her arm and throwing it over Weiss's shoulder. "Aww, come on Ice Queen. You know you love me, and my boobs."

"M... maybe." Weiss allowed. "Maybe I like them a little. But certainly not you!" Weiss tried not to look at the blonde's chest, all the talk bringing the beautiful part of her partner's body back to the forefront of her mind.

"Meet me in the bath when you two are done being stupid and ready to admit that you love each other." Blake waved, already with her back to the other two and walking off to the bathroom.

"She... she's right... at- at least for me..." Weiss admitted, crossing her arms in front of her, rather ashamed of how weak she felt being the first to so outwardly say it.

"Of course she is; she's right for both of us. Now come on, you didn't set up that bath just for Blake to get to enjoy it!" Yang pulled Weiss gently by the arm still thrown over the heiress's neck.

"Thank you." Weiss whispered, following along.

"Nothing to thank me for." Yang dismissed.

Weiss just snuggled into the blonde, maybe even against a particularly soft and pillowy part of her.

When they arrived, Blake had already stripped completely. She lounged in the so close to scalding bath with a purr on her lips.

"Hey! You gonna share that nice bath?" Yang teased, her top already tossed to the wayside.

"Oh, no, this is all mine now. Never gonna share. Doesn't matter how unbelievably beautiful my soulmate are, or how much clothes you take off." Somewhere amongst her rant Blake's eyes grew fixed on the both of them, stripping and approaching with hungry looks that left all new parts of Blake ache.

"Scooch." Yang ushered before slipping in behind Blake.

"Mhmm, only for you... maybe Weiss too. But that's it." She scrunched up in the middle of the bath. It would be tight, but somehow, they would all be able to slip in; even if it meant that a sizeable amount of water spilled out.

The trio relaxed into each other, enjoying the warmth of the bath all the way until it went lukewarm and then relatively cold. Yang soaped up Blake who soaped up Weiss who simply melted into the love of the others. It was all they needed, for the time being, the perfect holdover to keep them busy until they were ready for the three of them collapse into a bed too tight for just two people.

At some point, Yang's hand found itself lingering between Blake's legs a little longer than was necessary just to clean up the faunus. Fingers found themselves exploring the woman's folds in such a way that could have still been explained away as simply a thorough cleaning, but even that excuse evaporated away the first time Blake moaned.

"Are you two ok?" Weiss questioned with a mild worry at the sudden quiet behind her followed by the seemingly spontaneous moan.

"Yes!" Blake replied with a breathy urgency.

"Are you sure kitten?" Yang teased with a boldness she rarely maintained while the faunus was conscious.

Blake growled softly, but those noises proved thin as she pressed herself back up and against the blonde. "Not... not fair!"

"Really! She can get away with calling you- oh!" Weiss's jaw dropped as she turned around in the bath to see the other two. "I see."

"S! Shut up!" Blake blushed.

"Our kitten looks like she is feeling really nice, huh?" Weiss maneuvered herself in the bath to fully face the others.

"Evil... my girlfriends are evil."

"But we love you so much kitten." Weiss leaned in, pleased to be getting away with such a title.

"Ev-" Blake's voice cracked as Yang found her clit.

"There you go." Yang pulled the faunus closer, her free hand wrapping around Blake to grab one of her breasts. Unwilling to stop there, Yang continued, dropping her head to kiss at Blake's neck. Gentle licks and kisses exchanged with nips and suction to have the faunus breaking under her touch.

"It is all going to be ok, just let us help you relax." The heiress comforted before stealing the faunus's lips with a blazing kiss. Though they had been closer and probably even spending more time together than they would have if they were not being punished, it felt like they hadn't seen each other in weeks. In truth, in its own way, they hadn't. At least not in the context their relationship had mostly consisted of for so long. Through their weeks of working overtime, not a single one of the trio had enough time to take care of themselves, to attune with their body and garner release for the lot of them. Going cold turkey, especially

from the overt abundance, verging on gluttony of orgasms, seemed to have built back up a desperation for release only awakened when life and its turbulence calmed.

"More!" Blake pleaded desperately the instant Weiss tried to pull away for something so simple as a breath.

"So impatient." Yang teased and slipped a finger inside the faunus.

Blake reeled, initially rising out of the bath as she tensed at the intrusion, it was only a moment later that she was pushing herself down on the finger just to get the slightest bit more inside her.

"Now don't rush. We want you to enjoy this don't we?" Weiss looked over Blake's shoulder to Yang.

"I won't let her till we are ready." Yang assured, the soft and painfully confident tone to her voice melting Blake.

"Going to cum so good for us kitten? Going to let us enjoy you tonight?" Weiss coaxed submission from the faunus as her hand rose to pet and scratch behind Blake's ears.

"Please!" The faunus found herself whining far too quickly.

"Slow. Just enjoy." Yang found herself to enjoy keeping the faunus on edge much more than she did just keeping herself there.

"Just enjoy." Weiss echoed, leaning in and kissing the faunus with the same passion.

In no time Blake found herself clinging to Weiss, pulling and yanking for the heiress to lean back in, to kiss her or to tease at the breast Yang wasn't already busy teasing. Eventually, Weiss decided it would be best to take the other side of Blake's neck and pay it similar attention to the blonde who was busy giving the faunus delightful sultry hickies that would leave Blake wearing turtlenecks for days. Water sloshed back and forth as Blake bucked her hips into Yang's fingers. "Please! Please! Fuck! Please!" Blake pleaded, her requests breaking to a scream as both Yang and Weiss teased what each had intended to only be a gentle love bite.

Intentions, as usual quickly went awry. The moment either's teeth graced the faunus's neck, Blake came, her whole body convulsing in pleasure. Simultaneously, both of the others came too, their bodies tensing, and their jaws unintentionally clamping down on the faunus's neck and breaking the skin. Once more, Blake cried out. A scream of pleasure or pain, neither of the others were sure.

"Fuck!" Blake yelled, nails digging into Weiss's back. The faunus kicked, her whole body clenching both in release and in the pleasurable pain of the bites drawing blood at her neck.

The three stayed tangled like that for a good minute or two. Both Yang and Weiss still twitching with Blake's flesh between their teeth and the harsh flavor of iron filling their

tongue. "Fuck..." Yang groaned as she forced herself to pull away. "A- are you ok? I didn't mean to bite like that."

"Me neither."

Blake just slumped in the tub now only half full of water and mostly just full of women still trembling from orgasm. A broken moan on her lips, she still didn't realize how hard she had been bitten or that her skin had been broken by either, much less by both. All the faunus knew or cared for was that everything felt fantastic, her whole body shivered with the lingering pleasure of her delayed release. "Good... so good." The faunus cooed with eyes half-lidded.

"Are you sure you are ok?" Yang worried, lifting her fingers to caress at the mark swollen and still with a dribble of blood running down it. It didn't look good, but it already seemed to be healing. Maybe Blake had just already initiated her aura to help it heal faster than normal? Either way, Yang figured that with the speed it was healing it would be fine.

"Yeah... I think I bit pretty hard too." Weiss's fingers mirrored the blonde's, the tiny touches leaving Blake shuddering and looking as if she would cum again already if not given a reprieve.

"Ahh! S- sensitive!" Blake whimpered, a puddle of soaked faunus.

"Take her to bed?"

"Yeah. Our kitten needs some sleep." Weiss agreed.

"Mhmm." Blake nodded, already half back asleep in her dazed state, completely unaware what had happened to her.

End of Chapter 14

Thank you for reading! If you enjoyed and or are eager for more, consider checking out my [Tumblr](#) or my [Twitter](#). I post an extra chapter for free on this fic, and almost all of my fics for folks who are willing to check out my socials and stuff.

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Chapter 15

Chapter 15

Blake could barely remember how she got out of the tub that night. Just that the others had helped her get back to bed and that by the time she got there she felt as if on an entire alternate plain of bliss. Both Yang and Weiss cuddled close to her all night and well into the night. She hadn't ever felt so at home, not even in the white fang. Between the arms of her soulmates, there was nothing for which the faunus needed in the world. All that to say; the faunus slept incredibly well. Sure, the fact that she had been pushing herself so hard for two straight weeks probably took its place as a contributing factor, but the real reason Blake achieved such a truly satisfying sleep was the two women surrounding her.

The faunus didn't wake until after the other two of the trio seemed to already be wide awake. The bed was still delightfully warm, and the other two were still pressed up against her as she remembered from when she fell asleep; or at least what she thought she remembered? It was all still rather blurry from after she had climaxed. But now the other two were practically sitting up next to her, that and they seemed to be poking at her neck; a spot that seemed unusually sore.

"Do you think it is ok?"

"It seems to be healing pretty fast?"

"But the wound is still there?"

"She has to be ok. She didn't even seem hurt after last night."

"Well, she had a lot more to be preoccupied with. You felt it. It was..."

"Yeah." Fingers slid down either side of Blake's neck catching something she could have sworn wasn't there before.

"Ahh!" She yelped, shivers of conflicted pleasure running down her spine and pooling between her legs.

"Blake?"

"Hey, babe? You ok? How are the bites healing?"

"Bites?" Blake shivered.

"Yeah. Are you ok?" Yang worried, holding the back of her hand up to Blake's forehead.

"I- I'm fine. But... I mean, I know you two were leaving some nice love bites on my neck, but it isn't like anything broke the skin." Blake half tried to convince herself, half believed what she was saying.

"Umm, are you ok?" Weiss questioned, poking at the bite.

Blake whimpered, a hand shooting up to her neck where the sensitive and sore spot had been bitten. "I! I'm fine!" Blake trembled, her hand going to rub at her neck, but stopping as she felt the swollen outline of Weiss's teeth.

"Don't you remember?"

"No!" Blake's eyes snapped open wide.

"Ok, well, you... you kinda came really hard as we were meaning to just give you some love bites... and..." Yang trailed off as she saw the faunus going beyond pale.

"You bit me?" Blake's other hand jumped to the other side of her neck. "You- you both bit me! And... not just a normal bite! It was-"

"Hey, we are sorry." "We really didn't mean to." "Are you ok?" Yang and Weiss traded off.

"I!"

"We wondered if we should bandage it up last night, but your aura already seemed to be healing it." Yang tried to comfort.

"My- aura..." Blake gulped, only just beginning to process what had happened and part of why she had been so zoned out after her climax the previous night.

"Yeah, there's no way a bite like this would heal so fast without that."

"Yup! I! Umm! Of course not!" Blake covered either bite with her hands. "P- perfectly normal, just used my aura to heal it through the night. Nothing to see here." She whimpered, pulling a blanket over her neck to hide the marks.

"You ok?" Yang wondered.

"Yeah what's up?"

"Up! Up? Nothing is up! I! Umm! It's just really chilly in here! Super cold, need to bundle up to stay warm! And! And! And I'm super tired! And hungry!" Blake rushed. "I! You two know what would be great! I! I would love you both forever if you ran to go grab me some food from the cafeteria and let me sleep in just a little bit longer."

"Huh?"

"You sure?"

"No more morning cuddles?"

"I! I didn't say no more morning cuddles, I am just hungry and need more sleep! You! You two really did a number on me. A faunus has got to sleep after being given an orgasm like that! You know?" Blake and her tomato complexion scrambled for excuses.

"Ok, well I can go, you two just wait in bed and I will bring back breakfast, ok?" Yang offered.

"No! No! You have to give me a minute alone! To! To umm! To stretch my legs, really get that last good ten minutes of snooze, you know?"

Weiss and Yang shrugged. A good stretch and a snooze in a warm bed was a delightful thing and something their soulmate shouldn't be deprived of. "Ok, if you are sure." Weiss allowed.

"Yup! I'm sure! One hundred percent sure! Really really sure! Thanks you too! Have fun going to get breakfast! Love you two!" Blake nearly pushed the other two not just out of bed but out of the room entirely only to pop up and begin pacing once they had gone and the room was empty. "Oh, fuck, fuck, what did they do?!" The faunus worried out loud, pacing faster and faster until she was certain that her soulmates would have been far enough that they wouldn't see her sneak out and back to her room. She felt guilty for lying to her partners... incredibly guilty, but she had no other idea what to do. Anxiously, she rubbed her neck. At least it wasn't as sensitive when she touched it, just sore.

The faunus's feet rushed under her, carrying her faster back to her room as she looked over her shoulder. Her mind raced through ideas as to what she could do. It wasn't like her body hadn't already begun healing, like it hadn't already set in; like her body hadn't taken perfectly to both of her mates' bites. She shivered at the thought.

Without a thought to what might be on the other side, and too caught up in her own head to hear the moans behind the door. Bursting back into her room, Blake nearly fell back out of the room when assaulted by the sight of a bunny faunus sitting directly over the chameleon faunus's face.

"Yes! Again! I'm cu- B! Blake!" Velvet toppled over and off of Ilia's face.

"Huh? I- why did you- Blake!" Ilia rushed to throw a blanket over her nude girlfriend.

"H- hey guys. I am sorry. I! Umm uugh..." Blake looked around the room worriedly.

"Blake?" Ilia questioned worriedly as she spotted how distraught her friend looked.

"I! I! Need a turtle neck!"

"Blake? What's going on?" Velvet covered herself up more with the blanket Ilia had given her.

"Why a turtle neck."

"I! Ahh!" Blake slammed her fists down to her sides stressed and overwhelmed.

"Blake!" Both of the fellow faunuses cried out the moment they saw even just one of the markings!

"I know!" Blake turned and hissed at the others, inadvertently revealing the other marking as well.

Ilia gasped, blown away that the woman had let both mates mark her so fast. Velvet however appeared almost entranced. The bunny faunus wrapped the blanket tighter around herself, wearing it as a cloak as she slipped off of the bed and approached the newly marked woman. "H- how does it feel?" She questioned in dazed wonder.

"I! It's a marking! It's sore!" Blake's ears drooped with embarrassment.

"No, no, you know what I mean. H- how did it feel when they... how does it feel when they touch it now?" Her hand raised to the right side of Blake's neck. Too caught up in the sight and wonder of it all, Ilia ignored any and all personal boundaries as she went ahead and touched the healing mark. "Did it hurt? How good does it feel now?"

Blake's head snapped to the side the moment the other faunus touched the marking. Her feet dashed herself back and away from the foreign woman's touch at such a tender spot and Blake hissed angrily, bearing her teeth defensively. "No!" She ordered.

"S- sorry!" Velvet backed down, revealing her open hand in a sign of innocence. "I just- it's a marking..." She gawked.

"You think I don't know that!" Blake covered her neck and the bites with either hand shameful.

"I just didn't know you three were that close." Ilia lingered in the initial processing of what she had seen.

"We aren't! I! Well! We aren't not close... but... but this is! It is!" Blake grew more and more distraught, all too aware she was on a ticking clock to get back to Weiss's room before the others returned with food.

"Well, why would they ever if you weren't entirely sure?" Velvet reeled, backing up and falling into the bed behind her. "It's not like an engagement ring that can just be returned if something changes."

"They are not faunuses!" Ilia grew a look of mild horror. "Your soulmates didn't know."

"Of course they didn't know!" Blake yelled, incredibly frazzled.

"Oh my god." Velvet's jaw gaped.

"What do I do! What do I do! What do I do?" Urgency rose in the faunus's distraught voice.

"You need to find a way to undo it. There has to be a way. It is still healing, so it's clearly not completely set. I can maybe call someone from back in the white fang, if anyone would know how to sto-"

"No!" Blake yelled, her teeth being bore in a growl as hands rose to protectively cover her new markings. "No getting rid of them!" She insisted demandingly. "These marks are from my mates!"

"W- what are you saying?" Ilia questioned, more out of surprise than the jealousy it would have been from months earlier. "Are you saying you want to keep them?"

"That you want..." Velvet added.

"I! I! I mean! I... I do love them... they are my soulmates... but.." Blake whimpered, having a hard time coming to terms with what she had clearly already accepted on a more primal level. Yang and Weiss were not just her soulmates not, but her true mates; and she wanted to be theirs forever.

End of Chapter 15

Thank you for reading! If you enjoyed and or are eager for more, consider checking out my [Tumblr](#) or my [Twitter](#). I post an extra chapter for free on this fic, and almost all of my fics for folks who are willing to check out my socials and stuff.

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Chapter 16

Chapter 16

By some miracle, Blake managed to get back to Weiss's room with a turtle neck in tow before the others returned. She quickly hopped back into the bed, both with the hope of somehow making it seem like she hadn't lied, but also simply to hide her shame under the covers. The faunus hid herself down, burrowing desperately. Maybe if she could hide it would help her avoid addressing how she felt, how the bed soaked in the scent of her mates made her squirm, and wonder if they might get to play some more later that day.

She whimpered and forced her face harder into one of Weiss's pillows. Her neck itched, her body taunting her in a way, just reminding her of what had happened. Impatient and embarrassed, the faunus brought her hand to her neck, trying to soothe the slight itch of the healing mark. It was no relief tho. All she could think was that she would have to tell the other two eventually. But... how?

"She's not asleep, she is moving." Blake could almost hear Weiss counter as her ear flicked up from being smushed into a pillow.

"What, have you never moved in your sleep?"

"I! How should I know?"

"I dono, probably by waking up even an inch from where you went to sleep?" Yang argued with a playful tone.

"When did she put on a sweater?"

"I'm up!" Blake turned over, playing drowsy and finding it all the easier because of how tired she truly was.

"You ok" Yang checked, seeing the remnants of worry over Blake's features.

"Yeah." Blake wasn't quite sure if it was a lie, but she was sure that was the most she was willing to share for the moment.

"Ok." Yang nodded apprehensively of the answer.

"Well, if you aren't, then cheer up, because we brought food!" Weiss cheered, doing her best to bring up the mood as she grabbed a small tray she used to do homework while in bed and repurposed it as a table for the trio to share a breakfast in bed.

"Scooch." Yang ordered, slipping in next to Blake.

The faunus just yelped and followed. Before she knew it, Weiss had crawled over the both of them and plopped down on the other side of Blake. Once more the faunus found herself surrounded by her lovers. "You sure you're ok?" Weiss leaned into Blake's shoulder.

The faunus tensed for a moment before she felt both the others wrapping arms around her in a hug. "Whenever you want to talk about it..." "We're here." "You just take your time." "And eat your breakfast." "We'll be right here." Blake melted, powerless against the other women and their unyielding patience and love.

"I just hope I didn't do anything last night that wasn't ok." Yang offered with a soft nuzzle into her marking on the faunus's neck.

"Me too." Weiss worried as she mimicked Yang.

"Neither of you have a right to be this perfect!" Blake complained.

"Deal with it." Yang kissed Blake's cheek before sitting back up and snatching a slice of bacon from one of the plates she and Weiss had brought.

"Exactly." Weiss agreed, snatching some fruit and offering it up to the faunus.

"I love you dorks."

Blake couldn't find it in herself to explain to the other two what they had done; what it meant to her, but she did manage to relax and snuggle into her soulmates as they finished breakfast and turned to just cuddling in bed. They managed to stay there until well into the afternoon. There had been nothing to steal them away from their reprieve. All they occupied themselves with was chatting idly, dozing in and out, cuddles, and gently teasing behind the faunus's ears. It was everything they needed; to relax, a lazy Saturday in bed with each other to recuperate after having pushed so hard for so long. Lounging only ended up being interrupted by Ruby stopping by to remind her sister and teammates of her hopes for a game night.

"So! So! So? Game night? Game night? Game night?" Ruby bounced eagerly.

Yang who had opened the door looked back, more checking to see that Blake could handle it than anything. A small smile from the faunus as she brought up her shoulders to cover her neck seemed to be enough to convince Yang she was up for it. "Yeah! Let's do it! How's in an hour?"

"Wait! Are we doing a game night?" Weiss popped up, seeming to have suddenly gotten an idea. "Be righty back." She made sure to leave Blake with a kiss before scurrying off and out of the room to talk to the other two.

"Hey, why'd you close the door." Yang questioned.

"Shh!" Weiss hissed. "I have an idea!"

"Oh! Idea? I like ideas!" Ruby rubbed her hands together evilly.

"What's going on?"

"Well, I don't know what it is, but Blake is clearly still upset or worried about something."

"Oh no!" All of Ruby's excitement died down.

"Yeah..."

"Well, what if it is a faunus thing?"

"Huh?"

"A faunus thing? Isn't that kind of..." Yang grimaced. "Just cause she is upset and a faunus doesn't mean it is a-"

"Shh!" Weiss interrupted once more. "I! I know how it sounds... especially coming from me..." She dropped her head just a little. "But really, think about it. Where the hell did her sweater come from? It's not mine. So she must have gone back to her room for it while we were grabbing breakfast. Why would she do that? The only thing I can come up with is that she went back to talk to Ilia about something."

Yang tilted her head from side to side, trying to think of any other explanation or reasoning.

"All I was going to suggest was that we should invite Velvet and Ilia too. Best case scenario, I am right, and having them around will maybe ease her nerves just a little, worst case scenario, she gets to see the friends she hasn't gotten to spend any real time with in the past two weeks." Weiss explained. "Just... trust me, ok?"

"You really think this is the issue; that this will help?"

"I do." Weiss doubled down, worrying that she could be wrong, but still believing it for the best.

"Ok." Yang nodded and gave her soulmate a supportive hug. "You mind grabbing them and getting all set up for us?"

"Yes!" Ruby cheered. "Soulmate Pictionary!" The idea snapped into her mind. "Can it be soulmate Pictionary?!"

"Yeah, that sounds perfect Rube." Yang chuckled.

"Thank you Ruby. We really appreciate it."

"Course. Gotta go get Penny now!" Ruby rushed off with a wide grin.

"Hope this works."

"You came up with it." Yang chuckled anxiously. "But... you do know her better than me at this point, so I believe in you." She plopped a kiss at Weiss's forehead. "Now come on, we gotta go give our kitten some snuggles."

"Everything ok?" Blake lifted her head from her pillow as Weiss opened the door back up.

"Yup! Just planning the game night."

"Yay!" Blake waved excitedly.

"Yeah. Now scooch. Cuddle time part deux." Weiss playfully ordered before jumping on the faunus.

Blake faked a shiver as the trio began to get ready to head off for game night. "Hey? Weiss?" She rubbed her arms and rose her shoulders as if they could cover the markings more than the turtleneck she was already wearing.

"Hmm?" The heiress questioned as she slowly got changed.

"Do you have a scarf or something? Just something light to keep me warm while we play?"

"You sure? You already look kinda toasty." Yang hugged the faunus from behind, offering all her fiery heat if Blake needed.

"I don't need a huge jacket or anything, just a small scarf would be perfect." Blake pressed herself against Yang, adoring the blonde's comforting touch.

"Umm, yeah. Right here." Weiss distractedly pulled a scarf down from its place hanging in her wardrobe.

"Thanks Weiss." Blake took it, wrapping the fabric as tightly around her neck as she could.

"Mhmm, yeah, sure." Weiss fiddled with her clothes, anxious and worried that she had decided wrongly and that whatever was wrong wasn't anything to do with being a faunus.

"Everything ok." Yang leaned down to kiss at Blake's neck, just over where she had bitten.

"Yeah! Yeah! Just chilly!" Blake half lied, turning into the other woman and snuggling to her for warmth she didn't so much need, but that she still thoroughly adored. The faunus wasn't upset with the marks; not really at least. She was just... embarrassed? Even she couldn't quite figure it out. When the woman thought about the markings... it didn't upset her, in fact, it brought a small smile to her face, to know she was theirs and they were hers. But then, on the other hand, she felt comparatively young, barely out of her teens and already marked? Not that it should be shameful, but marks, within menagerie and faunus culture at least, were in so many ways all about announcing one's status as taken or owned. The later Blake had never been such a fan of, especially when she reflected on how Adam often fantasize about owning a mate with a bite being so special. But, even though neither Yang nor Weiss ever asked consent, Blake still felt like she had infinitely more say in the marks they gave her.

In a way, she had no opposition to anyone knowing she had been marked. Blake almost actually felt proud at the thought; to display how loved she was? But... she also felt so hesitant about it... and most certainly like it would be inappropriate to display the marks before at least talking to her mates. But how in the hell could she tell them? Describe in painful detail exactly how much the simple bite meant? Would the non-faunus women understand? Would they get how it felt, respect it, or would they just be weirded out by it?

"Breathe." Yang's firm voice snapped Blake from her anxious spiraling and dissecting of the whole encounter yet to happen.

"Huh?"

"Breathe. You are so tense. You need to breathe." Yang soothed, a hand already behind Blake's ear and doing its best to aid in relaxing the faunus.

"Not fair." Blake crumbled into Yang.

"What's not fair kitten?" Weiss appeared directly behind her with a hand joining Yang's.

"Not fair that you two are so good at this."

"Good at what sweetie?" "Teasing you?" "Petting you?" "Loving you?"

"Yes." Blake grumbled low and wishing to do nothing more than rip off her sweater and scarf to predominantly display the mating bites of such wonderful women, or at least that she had the courage and self assuredness to do so.

"Come on, we have some games to play. Remember?"

"Yeah." Blake purred dazily and allowed her mates to guide her off and away.

"Ahh! Blake!" Ilia cheered as she spotted the trio heading down the hall to the common room.

"Long time no see!" Blake rushed ahead, trying her best to tip off Ilia that Weiss and Yang need not know she visited earlier that morning.

"Ahh! Sorry we couldn't talk more this morning!" The warning flew right over chameleon faunus's head. "I was... well, you saw I was busy." Ilia gave an anxious laugh and hugged her friend. "But why the scarf? I thought you were ok with the-" Ilia pulled playfully at the scarf only to have Blake stop her.

"Shh!" Blake hissed despite the fact Ilia was already whispering. "I... I am, but liking it or being ok with it and wanting to flaunt it are two very different things! Especially when my mates don't know what it means!"

"I told you, she went to see Ilia this morning!" Weiss whispered to Yang.

"Good. maybe this will help."

"What! Why didn't you tell them!" Ilia demanded in a hushed yell of a whisper.

"How? How do I go about telling them? They aren't faunuses. They don't know anything about it; what it means, how it feels. I- just..."

"Really! I can not believe you haven't told them!" Ilia reeled. "It's not that complex, it is just a m-"

"Ilia, I love you, but shut up. I will tell them, I will just do it in my own time... whenever... whenever I figure out a way to explain it all to them." Blake pushed Ilia back slightly hoping

to get her point across firmly.

Ilia just grumbled, not quite getting the point or Blake's issues at all. If she was comfortable with having the other two's bites, why not be comfortable explaining it to them! "They should know though."

"Yeah, yeah." Blake rolled her eyes before guiding them to the couch where everyone else was already seated.

"Gotta admit, looks like you were right." Yang confessed to Weiss in a whisper. "She seemed to need to talk to Ilia about something? I couldn't tell what they said, but they were definitely whispering about something."

"Let's just hope this works and she feels better after."

"I'm sure she will. We just need to be there for her. Now come on, we gotta catch up." Yang pulled Weiss along with her and plopped them both down to Blake's left.

"Ok! Who's ready for some Pictionary!" Ruby left from her seat as she seemed to do her best impression of a firecracker exploding.

"Picture airy!" Penny echoed, trying to capture the same energy despite the game clearly not being in her memory's vocabulary.

"Ok, Rube I love you, but if you want us all to play by classic Xiao Long house rules, you need to announce them this time." Yang warned, not wanting a repeat of last time.

"Oh! Oh god! Yeah! Umm! Well, it is normal Pictionary, but you can charades it out as much as you want too. Just no words." Ruby winced. "I may have not mentioned that a couple times with other groups and gotten in a lot of trouble."

"Sound effects are to be limited, but are slightly permitted." Yang added.

"Oh! Yeah! Kinda! But don't like do it intentionally." Ruby specified. "But other than that, classic and traditional rules."

"Sounds good. "Yup!" "Works for me" "Sure Ruby." "Fun." A variety of replies petered out as Ruby picked up some paper and pencils.

"I have some stock things that usually go well for Pictionary, but it is always more fun when we add in some of our own! Go ahead and write three things down, fold the paper up, and toss it in the hat!" She presented a wide-brimmed hat that looked best for entirely avoiding any sun at all whilst sunbathing.

It took the members of the group a while to all come up with their ideas for the game, but eventually, the wide-brimmed hat had twenty one more sheets of folded paper. "Eek! Yay!" Ruby clapped her hands. "Unless someone else wants it, I'll go first?" She checked. No one seemed to have the slightest objection save for the chameleon faunus who seemed to fidget impatiently in her seat. However, instead of objecting aloud, she simply curled into Velvet who seemed more than happy to have the contact. "Yay yay!" Ruby cheered, moving on, and

grabbing the hat before giving it a small shuffle. When the small red-robed woman pulled out one of the small pieces of paper, she squinted and pushed her mouth to the side. It took her a small second, but once she had an idea, she was quick to zip towards the large drawing pad on the easel she set out earlier that afternoon in a flurry of rose petals. All she drew was a stick figure with one foot on a line that made a ground and a knee up. Doing much more to get her word across, Ruby ran in place.

"Person?" Velvet questioned, focusing more on the drawing than on the woman more charadesing than following what would have probably counted as rules in other groups.

"Running!" Penny guessed, the first to get it because she oh so seldom ever pried her gaze off of her girlfriend.

Ruby stopped in place, holding her index finger on her nose and pointing to her girlfriend.

"Run, running, ran?" Penny tried alternative options.

"Run!" Ruby cheered.

"Oh yeah. Umm, someone is always a bit of a stickler about having to get the word or phrase exactly right. Less official rule, but, it is more fair if we all go by it." Yang announced for the rest of the crowd.

"Oh, yeah. Haha, guess I forgot to mention that." Ruby winced. Most of the group just shrugged, but Ilia looked overjoyed. "Ok! So who wants to go next?"

"Please? I'd love to." Ilia rose her hand.

"Course! Here you go!" Ruby tossed the sizeable marker to the faunus before plopping back down on the couch so close to Penny that she might as well have just been sitting in the woman's lap.

"Good job Rube!" Penny smiled and snuggled the other woman.

"Love you." Ruby cheered and inched further onto Penny's lap as she threw her arms around her.

"Ok! Ok! Y'all ready for this?" Ilia pretended to hype herself up while she thumbed through the hat, looking for her specific addition to it.

"YEAH!" Ruby thrust up a fist far beyond over-excited only to see everyone else lackadaisical relaxing into their seats and not cheering with her. "Uugh, I mean, yeah..." She corrected herself to a whisper and little more than a jazz finger or two.

Ilia quietly pulled one of the folded papers open with her thumb, capitalizing on the moment everyone else had their eyes focused on Ruby to confirm her pull before she started. "Ok! Ok! I'm ready!" She did her best to conceal her plan and the grin it brought to her face.

"Yeah." Ruby whispered under her breath, unable to fully subdue her excitement.

Ilia turned her back on the rest of the group and began to draw. At first, no one really had even the slightest idea what she was going for as it simply looked like a number of lines, but when Ilia began to connect them, it became much clearer that she was aiming for was a mouth.

"Teeth?" "Mouth?" "Speak?" Different voices called out their guesses.

"Umm! Tooth! Mouth! Bite!" Ruby finished up with a quickfire bunch of guesses.

Ilia spun around, mimicking Ruby's gesture from earlier with a finger on her nose and a finger pointing to Ruby.

"I! Umm? Which one?" Ruby laughed anxiously. "Tooth, mouth, or bite?"

Ilia held three fingers to denote the third of the options.

"Bite? It's bite?" Blake crumpled into Yang on the couch, feeling personally called out despite knowing better as the youngest of her team members cheered the word.

Ilia nodded, but her hands gestured to denote that there was more and that the word was not a word at all and it was in fact a phrase.

"M- more than one word?" Yang perked with Blake shifting into her uncomfortably.

Ilia nodded quickly before holding up three fingers once more. After it seemed the majority of the group understood. Next, she rushed to draw three or four small stick figures before adding small faunus traits to each of them. First, she added bunny ears to one, then the spots on her face which often discolored with her emotions, and then cat ears that resembled Blake's.

"Umm? People?" "Humans?" "Group?" "Face?" "Ears?" Guesses rolled in, but none of them were what Ilia was looking for. Giving up on the drawing, Ilia pointed at the spots on her face directly.

"Uugh? Face? Freckles?" Ruby squinted and scrunched up her face frustrated with the harder word.

Ilia rolled her eyes and marched over to her girlfriend to point at the most explicit example of a faunus trait in the room.

"Ohh Bunny ears!" Ruby lit up.

"Ears?" "Hearing?" "Sound?" "Animal?"

"It's not just me now is it?" Velvet questioned somewhere between awkward and actually enjoying the wild guessing.

Ilia shook her head and moved on to Blake and pointed at her ears without pulling off the bow which they all already knew hid them.

"Uugh? What?" Blake hid herself under the arm Yang had slung over her shoulder. "What's going on?" She questioned tensing at her friend so violently pointing to her ears.

"Oh! It's faunus? It's faunus, isn't it babe?" Velvet's ears fluffed up just a tad.

Ilia hopped up and down with an eager nod.

"Faunus bite? But what about faunus bite or bite faunus?" Velvet tilted her head from one side to the other as she tried to figure out what exactly Ilia's phrase must have been.

"No!" Blake's eyes went wide with the realization of what Ilia was doing.

"Faunus bite, faunus bite, faunus bite, faunus bite." Ruby muttered under her breath as if it would bring her the final word.

Velvet continued hemming and hawing, trying to figure out the final word so distractedly that she didn't even notice Ilia approaching her until the faunus plopped down in her lap. "Oh! Hey babe!" Velvet cheered, taken out of her thoughts for a moment as Ilia pointed between the two of them. "Hmm, soulmates?" Velvet questioned for a moment before she realized the answer.

Velvet, however, didn't get the chance to call it out. "Faunus mating bite." Blake glared with murderous intensity as she whispered the answer.

"Blake got it!" Ilia cheered, the phrase out there now, and it had clearly caught the attention of both the cat faunus's soulmates.

"What's a faunus mating bite?" Ruby wondered aloud as if on cue.

"You are an asshole!" Blake accused, slipping out from under Yang's arm before hopping off the couch and storming out.

"Blake! Wait what's goin-" Yang lept over the back of the couch to follow and stop Blake, but the moment her hand landed on the faunus's shoulder, the semblance's visage broke to reveal Blake had already run off.

"Blake? Yang? What's going on?" Weiss questioned, hopping up onto her knees and looking back to the other two but only seeing Yang. Her head darted back to Ilia and Velvet. "What? What happened? Why has Blake been upset all day?"

"I- I- I-" Ilia stammered, caught in a failed plan.

End of Chapter 16

Thank you for reading! If you enjoyed and or are eager for more, consider checking out my [Tumblr](#) or my [Twitter](#). I post an extra chapter for free on this fic, and almost all of my fics for folks who are willing to check out my socials and stuff.

Also, I have been running polls as of late to figure out what I write next! Drop by the [discord](#) to vote! Or just drop by to talk to me, see some sneak peaks, hear why my dumb ass is late in

posting this week. All that stuff!
Hope to see you there!

Chapter 17

Chapter 17

"You knew?" Velvet reeled in disgust.

"I! I! I didn't know it was that bad! She just told me she didn't know how to tell them."

"I can't believe you! They are mated Ilia! Bitten, she's been bitten by them already! I thought you had grown up; that you were over her!" Velvet's voice rose until it broke, the hurt clear on her face.

Ilia could handle the yelling. She knew she had earned that much. Even if she had really meant the best, she had fucked up in such a uniquely her way, she knew she deserved that. But the look of betrayal on Velvet's face; the look that told her Velvet regretted her choice, that she wished she hadn't told Ilia. That was what broke the faunus's heart, seeing that her lover regretted them. "Velvet." Ilia broke.

"What!" The other faunus snapped, clearly hurting and still doubting everything about their relationship.

"You really think I did this to break them up?" The faunus verged on tears.

"What the hell else could you have been doing? She clearly didn't want them to know!"

"She did though! She just didn't know how to tell them!"

"Whatever!"

"Velvet! I swear! I wasn't doing it to hurt them! I wanted to help them!"

"You what?"

"Look, I love Blake. But- not like that! Not anymore! And... and she was going so far out of her way to hide her marks. She said it was because she felt guilty doing it without telling them what a mating bite means to us. But then when I told her to tell them, she just said she couldn't. Really, I was trying to help. I swear!"

"I... you were..." Velvet softened slightly.

"I swear."

"But why? Why push when she didn't want..."

"Because! It's Blake! She'll duck away from a conversation for years if it was too hard or scary."

"So?"

"So! That is... it's sad! Loving someone enough you want to wear their mark but not being able to! And to have it there, but feeling like you have to hide it? I! I just!"

"Ilia?" Velvet questioned, moving in just a little as she saw the worry building. "I- is this because you wanted Blake to bite you?" She checked, overly cautious, and weary of being let down by her soulmate.

"No! I... I mean, I guess I did want that once upon a time. But no! That has nothing to do with this! I swear!"

"Then what does have to do with it." Velvet crossed her arms over her chest.

Ilia's eyes pleaded with the other woman, begging not to have to say it. "You know what."

"I don't."

"Velvet."

"Ilia."

The chameleon faunus fidgeted, terrified of admitting the truth. "It was because I want a bite like that; because I want someone to wear mine as well."

"I knew it was still about her." Velvet went to turn, but Ilia's fingers gracing at her arm stopped her just in time.

"Not her Velvet." Ilia looked up to her mate. "I... want yours, but I know it is too early to ask. That was why I wanted to help Blake. She is lucky enough to have found her person, or persons, and she has their marks. She can wear them with pride, but she is just anxious about telling them so she isn't. That is why it bugged me so much. Why I wanted to help."

"You... you want my?"

Ilia nodded sheepishly.

"She's here." Weiss noted as she and Yang came up on the door to Blake's room.

"How do you know? Even if you knew someone was here, it was a fifty fifty that Ilia and Velvet were going back to their room after game night got cut short."

"I mean, maybe. But I doubt Ilia would want to risk running into her again today... also, that's her bow right there." Weiss pointed to the ground where it laid just outside the door, half in the room and half out.

"Oh..." Yang whispered.

"She hates wearing it, and wants to rip it off as soon as she is in private. If she is upset, she can sometimes tear it off before she gets in the door."

"Smart." Yang nodded before brazenly knocking on the door as roughly as she could. "Blake? Yo, Blake? It's us."

Weiss's head fell into her hands, questioning why she had ever assumed her soulmate could handle this with tact.

"Go away." Blake groaned, hiding her face into a pillow from behind the door.

"No! We're not just going to go away. We are your soulmates."

"Yeah, and apparently we give you a faunus mating bite?" Yang half questioned. "I... I'm still not really sure what that is... but I'm gonna bet it's why you've been so upset all day."

"I wasn't upset!" Blake grumbled.

Weiss slapped Yang's arm. "Really, Blake, it's ok, whatever it is. I- we are sorry. I didn't know that was a thing."

"Me neither."

"We didn't mean to do or take anything from you before you could actually tell us about it and give consent. I'm so sorry." Weiss offered.

"It's not that! You two didn't do anything wrong!" Blake barked, squeezing a pillow into her abdomen.

"Then what is it?" Yang huffed.

"Blake, we just want to talk. Please? Just let us in."

"What is there to talk about! I'm sure Ilia told you everything already!"

"Nope."

"She was willing to explain, but we didn't listen." Weiss answered.

"I... look, if it's this important, we'd rather hear whatever it is from you."

"She really didn't? You two..."

"If it is really that big a deal, and you still don't want to talk about it, we understand. But we want you to know that if we did anything wrong, we are sorry. We are sorry, and we just want you to talk to us."

"I just wanna hold my girlfriends and say it'll be alright." Yang admitted with a shrug and a huff; a simple woman to the core.

"You really wanted to hear it from me? Even if it meant waiting?" Blake whispered, cracking the door open as little as possible in a thin hope to hide her shame.

Both of her soulmates just nodded, turned to each other, and then nodded again. "Of course." They both replied with too much earnestly for the poor faunus girl.

"I'm sorry." Blake whimpered and rested her forehead against the edge of the door, the sight of her faunus ear crumpling down disheartened and clearly shameful.

"Sorry for what?"

"For not telling you sooner." Blake hid behind the door as she opened it. Hiding didn't seem to do much for her tho, as soon as the door was open, Yang marched in and around to hug Blake from behind.

"Shut up dummy."

Weiss glared at Yang for calling their soulmate a dummy, but after a moment, she gave in and joined in the hug. "Don't be sorry for not telling us before. Just tell us now; that's why we came here." She squeezed her mates in the hug.

"I love you two." Blake whimpered, melting into the embrace and allowing as the others directed her to the bed. She was the first to sit, looking to the others worriedly. "I... do you have any questions before I explain it?" She asked more looking for a reason to postpone explaining than anything else.

"Did we do anything wrong?" Yang asked the only question either of them had, her hand landing comfortingly on Blake's thigh only a moment before Weiss's joined it there.

"No." Blake smiles softly, her hands raising to touch the marks of her mates. "Nothing at all. You two have verged on irritatingly perfect."

"Well, that's something."

"I am glad we haven't made anything worse at least."

Blake smiled again softly. "I don't really know how or why it started, but it's quietly been a faunus trait between long term couples, specifically soulmates for... forever; at least as long as anyone remembers." Blake unwrapped the scarf and removed her turtleneck, fingers idly rubbing at the markings. "It's not something we really care to talk much about outside of like, birds and bees talks..." Blake paused, her mates nodding along and listening close. "Umm, I think... I'm starting to understand an extra reason or two why we do it, but I do know that... that somewhere along the line... between the Schnee dust company and general poverty, it became a way of announcing a couple was engaged. Faunuses seldom have the free money for a fancy ring, but..."

Weiss looked rather guilty at first, but at the word engaged, her eyes perked up as did Yang's. "E- engaged?"

"We... proposed to you by accident?"

Blake just nodded. "A... a little, yeah. It... it is more than that in a way too though. Wearing your mate's mark... it isn't just saying that you are taken, spoken for or that you found your

soulmate and want to spend the rest of your life with them, it is a matter of pride; of trust. That the faunus was willing to give their mate a permanent patch of their skin; a marking." Blake worriedly looked to the others who were still silent. "God! I- I'm so sorry! I know it doesn't mean anything to you two, and it doesn't need to mean that to you two at all. Gosh, I am so sorry. I- telling you two this is pushy, and this is why I-

"I'm ok with it." Yang was the first to say it, to admit that she liked the meanings that came packaged along with the marking.

"And you aren't upset or hesitant to wear the mark of a Schnee?" Weiss worried, her hand on Blake's thigh tightening slightly.

"Weiss." Blake whispered. "That doesn't matter. How could it? I love you."

"Then I am fine with it; it actually sounds rather sexy. All your faunus friends knowing whose you are; that you have two mates who love you more than anything."

Blake began crying at that. The faunus just couldn't handle it, the tears came all of their own accord.

"Blake!" Both her mates rushed in to wipe away a tear from either eye.

"Blake, what's wrong, why are you crying?"

"Because I'm happy. My mates understand; they love me."

"We do, you know?" Weiss kissed the tears away with the most delicate touch of her lips.

"So?" Yang chuckled under her breath and brought her thumb to the mark she had left at the faunus's neck. "Engaged now, huh?"

Blake shuttered at the touch, it feeling as if Yang's fingers were somewhere so much more intimate. "I mean! It's- people who aren't faunuses might not see it that way, but... yeah." She nodded in a weak whimper.

"I like it." The blonde huffed decisively before leaning in to kiss over the mark. "Might not be a ring, but my accidental dental work ain't half bad; if I do say so myself."

The faunus squirmed, striving to not be so painfully transparent with the effect the kiss had on her.

"I rather like mine too. Smaller, but... refined." Weiss capitalized on seeing how easy Yang was getting their soulmate going by following along and mimicking Yang.

"Fuck! I- umm!" Blake stammered flustered. "I- I always heard rumors as a teen... mmmm~" Blake struggled to get across a logical thought as her mates began to kiss deeper and suck softly. "I always heard that mating bites could your neck... oh! More sensitive; but only for your mate." Blake whimpered.

"I can tell princess."

"You are already purring kitten."

"E- evil." Blake moaned out.

"How could we be evil?" "We are just trying to show out mate we love her." The duo whispered, delicately adding in a tender nip here or there around the near healed markings.

"Not~ not fair."

"Too bad kitten." Yang pushed the faunus back and down on her bed.

"Now, may we take care of our mate once more?" Weiss held Yang's hand, the two standing tall, towering above the bed, their sheer visage threatening to ruin their faunus.

"We don't have to, if you need cuddle time instead that is entirely ok." Yang held the heiress back for a moment, wanting to make sure Blake could get whatever she needed.

"It's up to you."

"Please." Blake looked up to them with pleading eyes. "Don't ever go kissing the marks like that and leave me with only cuddles."

"Of course love." "We will give you everything you need." The duo climbed onto the bed, quickly moving to attack the faunus's neck once more.

"Fuck." Blake cursed under her breath, hands naturally going to the back of her mate's necks, urging them to give her more and more.

"Kitten." "Princess." They whispered lovingly as what felt like dozens of hands slipped up and down her body, finding those places that craved their touch.

"Clothes..." Blake panted out, hands stumbling to rip off her top. "Clothes off."

Yang and Weiss took to the request with ease, four hands making better than six as the top slipped off and then her pants in quick succession. "She's already soaked." Weiss mused, her fingers slipping up the underside of Blake's ruined panties to collect some of the ample and abundant slick that clung to them.

"Ahh! Weiss!" Blake squirmed, detesting the lightness of the touch, how it was everything she needed, but nothing near what she wanted.

"Patience kitten." Yang calmed, stealing the faunus's lips already busy stumbling to find a retort or a plea and giving them something better to focus on. Loving, impatient, and evil, Yang made sure to caress at her marking gently just to ensure her mate came apart at the seams all the sooner.

Blake groaned and protested the kiss at first, but those thoughts slipped away all too fast as a delicate touch continued both at her neck and down south. Vying for reprieve or just the chance to beg for the teasing to be subdued in lieu of the right fucking her body craved died out in favor of her hands clawing and pulling at the back of Yang's neck. Nails dug into

Yang's neck and shoulder as Blake pulled, pleading more! More! More! Breathless, kisses delved past the point where lungs protested. Blake might have died right there; and for a moment she thought had if it weren't for the feeling of Weiss's tongue dragging up her sex but through her panties. Instantly, Blake broke from the kiss, panting and near screaming at the heiress. "Weiss! N! Not fair!" She complained, craving growing.

"Beautiful." The heiress praised softly, all too easily infatuated with the cries her mate made at the teasing.

"Wait." Yang paused the others. "She's right." Yang gave just enough of a lingual lul to receive a baffled look from the heiress. "It's not fair."

"Huh?" Both of Yang's mates questioned.

"You've gotten to taste our kitten so many times. I think today is my turn; maybe she'd even like to taste you?" Yang suggested with a sly and overly pleased grin.

Weiss turned to a tomato, cheeks burning red as she pictured exactly what Yang must mean.

"I have been wanting to return the favor." Blake eyed down to Weiss and her hand took the heiress's.

"You- you're sure?" Weiss trembled to take the faunus's hand.

Blake just nodded with a small confident smile.

"But... how- I mean logistics..." Weiss began, but both her mates could read that she knew exactly how already.

Ever the blunt and bold one of the trio, Yang ever so simply grabbed the heiress like a little doll just to place her on her knees just to the left of Blake's head resting on the bed.

"I just?" Weiss shifted her left knee slightly, gesturing that she would throw it over Blake's head when she was ready.

"It is ok with me if it is with you." Blake offered, turning her head to kiss Weiss's thigh just about where the heiress's skirt ended.

"I- fuck." Weiss shuttered with the thought.

"Take your time; but I have a kitten to please and some cream to taste." Yang's features grew devilishly pleased as she moved to between Blake's legs and slipped off the faunus's panties.

Blake shifted slightly, getting comfortable as Yang slipped off her panties but keeping eye contact with Weiss the whole time. "Maybe it would be easier if we started like this?" She placed a hand at the inside of Weiss's thigh and slipped it up slightly, just to show what she meant.

"You mean before I s..." Weiss couldn't bring herself to say it as her face neared purple it was so red.

"Sit on my face?" Blake smirked, enjoying how her mate squirmed.

"I! I was going to say straddle!" Weiss looked startled and near terrified, but as she shifted to lower her core to Blake's hand, the heiress's soaked panties established that she was more than interested and still appreciative.

"Ever the refined princess."

"I! Hey! Your head is still the one in the pillows!" Weiss flushed further.

"That I am." Blake nodded, her fingers beginning to pull Weiss's panties aside.

"Blake~"

"Antsy to feel it?" Blake cooed and shifted slightly as a moan built in her throat. Eyes rolled back slightly as the faunus felt Yang beginning her task with slow and languid licks, loving her labia so thoroughly.

The heiress bit her lower lip. She couldn't bring herself to say it out loud, but she desperately wanted to feel what Blake was; to feel her mate's tongue lavishing her and licking up all the wetness that pooled between her thighs.

"You are so soaked; so ready."

"Eep!" Weiss yelped as Blake grazed her clit.

"You ok?" Blake checked, stilling her hand.

"Yeah." Weiss trembled, her hips shifting anxiously.

"We don't have to."

"No! No! I! I want it!" Weiss stammered. "God I want it!" She whined and Blake could swear a drip of Weiss's wetness hit her hand.

"Maybe we should take off your panties first then? Would that help?" Blake offered in a low husky whisper, Yang's loving getting to her already.

Weiss just nodded and allowed Blake to pull them down for her by the gusset. "God I~"

"What's wrong Weiss?" Yang peeked up from between Blake's thighs for just a moment to check on her other lover.

"S! Stop staring at me!" Weiss whimpered, the embarrassment feeding her arousal which in turn fed the embarrassment.

"She's just embarrassed; but she's still so horny."

"A! Am not!" Weiss huffed.

"Embarrassed or horny?" Yang pressed the heiress on her lie.

"Either!"

"Well, then why are you blushing so bad?" Blake teased gently.

"I! Fine, maybe I am just a little embarrassed!" Weiss pointed her nose up to the sky.

"So you are telling me this does not have you horny?"

"O- of course not!"

"So, you are saying... when I do this..." Yang lowered her head once more as her hands slipped up Blake's bare body to grasp at the faunus's breasts. Firmly, her hands grasped and squeezed at Blake's breasts as thumbs and index fingers pinched and rolled the faunus's nipples. As if that wasn't enough, Yang eagerly sucked and swirled her tongue directly around Blake's clit, giving no credence to the obvious knowledge that she would be pushing Blake to a point of oversensitivity.

The faunus couldn't help her reactions. Yang played her with ease; an instrument made just for her. Back arching, Blake cried out, her mouth open wide as she panted and reeled in between moans. Too much in all the best ways, she couldn't bring herself to ask for the reprieve she needed, it was simply too good.

"You are saying that when I do that, you don't want to drop your hips right down onto the mouth of our poor kitten? Let her lick up your cream and make you feel just as good? Our sweet little kitten screaming into your pussy and all but drowning in that wetness I see dripping down your thigh." Blake effortlessly pointed to the slightest dribble of Weiss's arousal slipping just a little past the hem of her skirt.

"Fuck." Weiss bit her lower lip and whimpered, barely finding the strength to avoid hiding her face. "I- are you sure? Sure it is ok?" She turned to Blake again.

"I wouldn't have offered if it wasn't." The faunus turned her head to kiss and lick gently at Weiss's thigh, a tiny audition for what she could do to the heiress if she was allowed to.

"Fuck! Yes, ok, ok, I'll do it." Weiss gripped to hide her embarrassment as she forced herself to straddle her mate's head. Already panting anxiously with excitement, Weiss nearly collapsed the moment she felt Blake's hot breath against her sex. "Oh my god."

"Hey, hold my hand, it will be ok. We're here, we love you." Yang extended her hand.

"Mhmm." Blake grunted her agreement as she kissed at the inside of Weiss's thigh, getting a much more dramatic reaction of Weiss's hips trembling and threatening to buck into Blake's mouth. As the faunus continued her efforts, her hand floundered around until she could find Yang's hand, offering it as support along with the blonde mate.

"I love you, you dorks." Weiss grumbled while on the verge of tears at the love she felt from them.

Yang lowered her head once more as she felt Weiss's hand in hers and Blake's. Passionately, she returned to her efforts. Tongue probing and exploring Blake, she soon felt the faunus's

hand at the back of her head and directing her gently.

Weiss moaned at the breathtaking sight. How in the world did they have any right to be that sexy? With Yang's face buried deep between Blake's thighs and the faunus gently rocking her hips up into the blonde's mouth. It just wasn't right, they had no reason to leave her so wrecked, wetness beginning to run down both of her thighs. She couldn't take it any longer, especially with how Blake's kissing and licks slowly deepened. Timidly, the heiress dropped her hips, lowering them to meet Blake's mouth.

The faunus latched to Weiss's labia immediately. Intentionally she dragged her tongue up the dribble of Weiss's wetness and all the way up until she could taste her mate. Her tongue darted around to part Weiss, slightly sucking as she did to draw just a little more blood to Weiss's sex and heighten her mate's pleasure.

"Fuck! Fuck Blake!" Weiss fell forward, catching herself with hands on the faunus's breasts, gripping and squeezing them greedily as she strived to steady herself against the sensation of Blake lapping her up. "God, Blake I- oh!" Her hips trembled just enough for Blake's efforts at her labia to accidentally collide with her clit; everything she could have helped to feel and more. "There! God, right there." She found her hips moving of their own accord as she not only lowered her hips further, but ground her mound intentionally against Blake's mouth, pressing her clit right to the faunus's tongue. The heiress came undone, fraying at all her edges, literal and metaphorical. She could feel Yang's eyes on her, greedily drinking in her pleasure just as her mouth did for Blake.

Evil as always, Yang decided that any time where Weiss was still reeling from the sensation was ideal, she slipped two fingers inside the faunus. Curling them just right, she called forth the exact response she had desired from Blake. The faunus curled up, her tongue moving faster as she howled into Weiss and drove the heiress to the brink. All too easily, she controlled them both, bringing them beyond everything they had known before and right up against the edge. Blake's wetness pooled on her tongue as she focused on her lover's clit, giving it everything Blake needed but could barely handle. She knew the time was to come at any moment when Blake's hands shot up, grabbing at Weiss's ass and forcing it down just that little more so she could bring forth Weiss's climax. But not to be outdone, Yang raced Blake in her efforts, doing everything she could to beat the faunus by only a half of a moment, to time things so that even if Blake stopped as her climax crashed upon her, that Weiss would already past any point of no return.

"Fuck, I'm going to~" Weiss cries out just a half a moment before Blake screamed into her. The faunus convulsed, tongue still swirling at Weiss's clit as her hips clamped on Yang's head.

The three collapsed there, the duality of orgasms crashing down on all three of them at once exhausting them of all their waning energy. Somehow, despite being exhausted, they all managed to make their way back to a breathless sweaty clump of weary and trembling flesh.

"My mates." Blake's voice faltered as she felt her mates to either side of her.

"I love you." They both whispered before managing a soft kiss at their bite mark on the faunus's neck.

"I love you too."

The trio wouldn't be seen for the rest of the weekend save for the occasional meal break in the cafeteria, Not even Ruby would manage to see them for more than a passing glance. But, when the trio showed up for classes that Monday, the faunus wore nothing to cover her neck; nothing but the beautiful marks from her mates. Proud that she had their love, that they accepted her's in return.

Maybe, just maybe, there would even be another one or two faunuses sporting mating bites, but that would be a story for another time.

The End

Hey hey! Sorry about the delay on this one! I know it has been a while. TLDR: I have been going through a lot. If you wanna know what was up/talk to me/ask why I am being a dumb dumb about posting, check out my [discord](#).

Aside from my own drama, I will be making the **final 2 chapters of this story free** elsewhere on the internet. They are already free and up (yes, there are two more). Links to the site where they will be on my [Tumblr](#) and my [Twitter](#). I will make them free, just drop by and scroll down till you find them. Or search the "bees schnees" tag. If you happen to see anything else you like and wanna read there, you'll know how to get access to it.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!