

Three Huntresses and a Child

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Three Huntresses and a Child

by [UnsteadyShade](#)

Summary

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But Blake didn't like to think that the child currently blocking their path as disposable.

Notes

this was based off a tumblr prompt by [lightsaroundyourvanity](#) for day 3 of bees schnees week. it's much longer than anticipated and very late, but i hope it's still enjoyable.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Blake wonders, not for the first time, if they should retire. The thought is constantly reverberating through her mind as they move around the makeshift camp set up around the outskirts of Anima. As usual, the trio have successfully completed yet another mission, but the injuries sustained and especially the close calls make the thought of putting down their physical weapons for good more appealing in the aftermath.

Their success wasn't without cost, made more obvious by the familiar sounds of Weiss and Yang whispering reassurances while patching each other up. This time, the injury was caused by an unfamiliar dust encounter. Though Salem had been dealt with, Remnant had been thrown into an unfamiliar state afterwards, huntsmen and huntresses now focused on rebuilding what had been lost in the fighting. Ruby had taken to the new mission with the same determination that she always had in anything involving being a huntress, traveling all around the world and helping anyone and everyone she could, and Blake felt a sudden burst of admiration for the leader.

On the other hand, not for the first time, a thought she considered cowardly entered her mind. Blake thought she was past running away from problems, but the uncertainty of the world tempted her to fall back on old habits, and she felt restless--

"Blake?"

--except she wasn't just thinking about herself anymore. She's not sure who called her but turns and walks towards them anyway. Weiss's head was currently resting in Yang's lap, Yang running a gentle hand through loose white hair. Her girlfriends were giving her matching worried looks, and Blake barely had time to wonder if her face betrayed her thoughts before being pulled down to join the comforting.

There's a small sound of halfhearted protest before Blake's head lands on a familiar sturdy shoulder, and she immediately wraps an arm around Yang while a hand softly strokes Weiss's cheek. The small moments of respite in their line of work are probably what she looks forward to most now, a steadying factor in the midst of uncertainty.

If Blake were more awake, she'd probably wax poetic about how those bright blue eyes seemed to pierce through her as they looked up at her, seeing a potential in her that seemed to increase over time. It was a far cry from their first encounter, where Weiss looked at her with

disdain, and Blake offered a small smile to reassure her before closing her eyes and inhaling deeply, the familiar scent of dust that always seemed to cling to them grounding her.

She feels a kiss placed on her temple and feels more than hears the reassurance Yang is always quick to offer along with deft hands rubbing soothing circles across her back, making Blake's stomach turn in a confusing blend of unfamiliarity along with the typical warmth she's long associated with the fiery presence she's currently pressed against and the stability of everything that is Weiss Schnee calming her. There are moments when Blake feels undeserving of their love, but the past several years have shown her that they have seen something within her worth taking a chance on, and Blake wouldn't squander this.

Surrounded by soft hands, words, and hearts, Blake falls asleep, her last thought of how she was willing to do anything for her girlfriends.

Blake was seriously reconsidering how much she was really willing to do--or rather who she was willing to tolerate--a few days after her musings. They were headed back to the city of Mistral, though there was no rush since their various injuries had been healed by now. Since the area was still being rebuilt, it wasn't odd to stumble across various items left behind by the bandits that still roamed around or even litter deposited by the people who inhabited the temporary living area.

But Blake didn't like to think that the child currently blocking their path as disposable.

Maybe blocking was too strong of a word for a boy who was just standing in front of her and staring warily at the trio, an expression she knew was mirrored on her face, especially with the way his Faunus ears flicked unsurely. He huffed and blew a piece of white hair away from his eyes, revealing an intense shade of red that refused to look away from her own amber eyes. Blake wasn't even sure where to focus her attention and briefly wondered if some deity was punishing her by sending this child to cross paths with them. It didn't take long for her to figure out that he was also a cat Faunus, and she felt as if the universe was messing with her now.

When he had literally run into them a few nights ago, they had given him some food and lien after seeing his empty hands, and even Blake smiled when his face immediately brightened. After he had scampered away, Blake thought that was the last time they'd ever see each other again and didn't think anything more about him until the next day when he started following them. For someone so young, she had to give him some credit for trying to follow them

without being detected. Unfortunately for him, they were fully trained huntresses with years of experience under their belts.

After tricking the boy with impressively flashy displays of their semblances, Blake finally got tired of running around and decided to attempt to talk to the kid. Her surprised girlfriends immediately agreed before she realized what she'd said and could change her mind. When she next suggested they just give him all their food and tell him to leave them alone, she learned how dangerous it was when Weiss and Yang agreed on something.

Somehow, she was saddled with babysitting duty--fortunately he wasn't an actual baby or Blake really would've considered running--while Weiss and Yang, suddenly the authorities on any and all matters involving children, discussed what to do behind her.

As they continued to silently stare at each other, Blake tilted her head while thinking, trying to figure the kid out and saw him do the same. She stood straight and flicked an ear. He did the same.

Well, maybe that was adorable. But it didn't mean he could stay.

Blake liked to think herself capable of saying no to her girlfriends from time to time, but apparently pleading eyes from a few beautiful women was all it took for her resolve to crumble. After her approval, there seemed to be a whirlwind of realizations along with the gradual increasing presence of the boy in their lives. When they first told him that he could accompany them if he wanted to, Blake felt her heart ache at the initial shock that twisted to suspicion then finally settled on poorly contained excitement. The smile he gave was a small one, and Blake wanted to see it grow.

The city of Mistral still needed quite the number of repairs, and they decided to stay a bit longer to help out while adjusting to the boy who kept darting in and out of their lives. Blake wasn't sure where exactly he was currently staying but had a strong hunch that he was alone. She noticed that he'd linger on the outskirts of the city before eventually silently approaching and observing, choosing to stay beside one of them as they went about their day. She'd dreaded when he would choose to follow her, but he merely watched and seemed to observe what was being said and done around him, his eyes as sharp as Weiss's when taking in information.

After a few days of observation and no words, Weiss hesitantly shares that she thinks he might be mute. Yang frowns but nods, thoughtful. Blake would rather not think too deeply about the possible implications behind that and suggests they ask the villagers for more information. It turns out that no one really knows anything about him; he showed up a few weeks before the trio's mission, and they've done their best to take care of him, as much as he's allowed them to anyway. He'd leave sometime in the evening after dinner, presumably going back to sleep wherever he stayed, but they were told not to worry about him since he always returned well rested and unharmed.

That night, tucked in between Weiss and Yang in a tent a ways away from the city, she hears the latter ask for sign language lessons and rolls her eyes fondly when Weiss asks her to specify which region's she wants to learn because of course Weiss would be familiar with more than one. She leans up on her arms, watching them banter and is about to pull them down for sleep until Weiss issues a challenge for them with a very enticing prize.

In hindsight, Blake should've known that this was a ploy to get her to learn sign language in under a week, but Weiss rarely offered herself up to them like this so easily, and it was entirely worth it when a few nights later their lessons concluded, leaving Blake with communication in her mind, her senses filled with Weiss slowly unraveling from her and Yang's lips and hands, and love in her heart.

The first few weeks were spent planning and gathering supplies for the buildings, which Blake was definitely not complaining about, sneaking glances at her girlfriends while sketching potential blueprints for the city. She liked to think she was being subtle when looking during lulls in conversation with the elected officials, but the winks Yang would always send and Weiss stretching in ways that--

Blake felt a tug on her hand and looked down, observant red eyes rolling before the boy gestured to the amused people around her who appeared to be waiting for an answer to some question, and she flushed in embarrassment. Her girlfriends seemed to notice her floundering if their laughter was anything to go by, but she refused to be distracted again by how Yang had her hair up in a ponytail or how Weiss was in a tank top for once--

Immediately, Blake clenches her fists to focus on anything but the sight in front of her and realizes that she's still holding onto the boy's hand. She absentmindedly rubs her thumb to soothe the pain from the unexpected squeeze while running her free hand through her short hair the way she knows her girlfriends will deny staring at her for and smirks when there's the sound of a heavy beam being dropped, loud swearing, and the expected reprimand that follows.

The smirk stays on her face when she realizes that the reprimand wasn't immediate, which was definitely interesting and something she resolved to bring up later when they were alone. There are chuckles all around, including one beside her, and she's smiling at the boy before she realizes it. She hesitates only briefly before ruffling his medium length hair and messing up his bangs, careful to avoid his ears, knowing how sensitive the area is but more importantly the amount of trust needed for a Faunus to allow anyone to touch there. Blake removes her hand and focuses on the task in front of her, working until the sun starts to set and dinner is prepared.

Usually, the boy sat a ways away from everyone else, seemingly content to enjoy his meal alone and observe, but that night, he nervously approached the trio, and not even Blake could find it in her to deny him. They disentangle themselves from each other, putting just enough distance between them for him to feel like he's not intruding. He looks at the open spaces between them then seems to make a decision of sorts.

He walks around and hugs Yang, his arms barely able to reach around her neck. They're all surprised by this, sharing perplexed expressions before Yang chuckles and jokes about being the favorite, which causes him to quickly stand back and shake his head vigorously. She's thankful they took the time to learn sign language because he's moving his hands swiftly, and Blake realizes that this is the first time he's tried to really communicate with them right as she registers his words.

All equal.

There's a beat where Blake feels like time pauses as she stares at the now fidgeting boy until Weiss speaks up, gentle in a way she's heard only during nights when they're plagued by nightmares and need a reminder of something to fight for.

"We all care about you equally too."

Yang nods. Blake wants to protest Weiss speaking up for her, but the words die in her throat when she sees how the simple statement seemed to brighten his expression. Well, Weiss did have an annoying habit of being right.

He walks around and hugs Weiss next, and suddenly the idea of him happily playing with Weiss and Yang formulates within her mind and sticks there. Blake's fingers twitch, and she's suddenly inspired to draw, but since she can't now, she settles for running a hand through his hair the same way she did earlier when he moves to hug her.

When she does, he lets out a content hum and leans in even closer, his face pressed to her neck, and Blake freezes. She doesn't let many people get that close to her. In fact, only friends, her girlfriends especially, and...family were allowed to be that close. The last word burrows itself in her mind, and she thinks she may have found the title for the drawing she's planning, but it's too soon to tell, so she lets it settle within her.

The boy steps back and settles in between Weiss and Blake before smiling shyly up at Yang. She grins reassuringly then proceeds to open the rations for dinner, splitting the portions as evenly as she was going to get, though Blake noticed Weiss offering a small amount of hers to him. With a new person in their established routine, Blake wasn't sure how each of them would react to each other and later wonders if she was overthinking things when he ends up staying far past the time he typically left following a pleasant meal.

After she disposes of the trash, she lingers a fair distance away and watches his smile grow as he listens to a likely exaggerated story being shared by Yang. Their smiling faces are illuminated by the fire, and Blake can feel its warmth settle in her chest. A soft kiss is placed on her cheek, and she feels the smile she hadn't realized was on her own face grow, turning to look at her other girlfriend.

Weiss is smiling at her, softly in a way she's only been around them, and Blake feels contentment covering her like a fleece blanket. She reaches out and pulls Weiss to her, kissing the crown of her head and leaving her arms around her. The ex-heiress hums, and they stay that way for a few moments before laughter rings out. It's a familiar yet unfamiliar sound, Yang's uninhibited one instantly recognizable, which means that the additional sound could only belong to--

"I knew you merely needed to spend a bit of time around a kid to be fond of them." Weiss teases, keeping her voice light, but Blake can sense the unasked question underneath the statement. She closes her eyes and breathes in, the familiar scent of dust grounding her.

"...I guess I'll concede that kids aren't the worst." Then, because Weiss teased her first, she casually asks, "Why? Do you want children now?"

She receives a light slap on her shoulder for that, but it's worth it after seeing how quickly Weiss's face heats up. It's never come up before, and there's no direct answer, but Blake thinks that maybe this is enough for now as she rubs circles on Weiss's back and looks fondly at the grinning goofballs nearby.

Things progress smoothly for a few more weeks until Yang hesitantly brings up a meeting they've had planned for a while, and Blake is met with two carefully neutral gazes. She knows that they're giving her a final chance to back out of this unexpected commitment and don't want to pressure her to make a choice in any way. For that, she's thankful. But for the rest of the day, she's restless because there really was no going back either way.

She's unsure until she sees the boy return again, feeling a familiar sense of relief at seeing him safe and realizes that leaving him behind now isn't something she's willing to do. Blake observes how comfortable he is around her girlfriends, how his smile has gotten more genuine, how he's revealed his personality quirks around them as time passed, and knows that they feel the same. It was up to him to make his own decision then.

That night, he sits between Yang and Weiss, scarfing down his meal with a gusto they've only seen in the past week. Blake watches him subtly and smiles when he groans as Weiss wipes away crumbs from his face. Her gaze shifts up, and Yang quirks her head in a silent question, sighing in relief and a bit of apprehension when Blake nods.

After Weiss is satisfied with his appearance, she directs her sharp eyes to Blake, who nods again, almost as if to reassure herself that this is what she really wants. Weiss asks him to stand in that tone that indicated she had something important to say. She can see Yang sit up straighter, and she does the same before Weiss looks to her to speak.

Shaking her head, Blake takes a deep breath before pausing. It's just occurred to her that she doesn't know what his name is, and it feels like a barrier between them, even after all this time. The realization is somewhat discouraging, yet she presses on anyway.

"In a few days, we have to head out of here. Another group will take over the construction here and can take care of you..." Blake trails off when she sees that he's fiddling with his fingers, and she's unsure if he wants to respond or if he's just nervous.

The silence is a heavy one as they wait for some other reaction. Finally, he looks around at them all, and the uncertainty on his face makes Blake's heart ache.

Can I...come with you?

Blake doesn't even have time to say anything before he's swept up in a hug, Yang ruffling his hair and saying something about how honored they'd be to have him. She's not sure because the main thing Blake can hear is her own pounding pulse, and she doesn't even realize that Weiss is in front of her until she feels a gentle hand wiping away tears.

Her girlfriend is also tearing up, and Blake lets out some distressed sound because she can't tease her when they both likely look like sobbing messes so instead just pulls her into a hug. At least this way she can hide her face. They spend minutes or hours holding each other close, and Blake doesn't remember the last time she felt such relief.

When the sun sets and they've all composed themselves as best as they can, they gather around a small fire to actually discuss the details. He's wiping the remaining tears off his face, and Blake is only slightly proud of being the first to regain her composure. She leans in and kisses Yang's tears away if only to hear her chuckle before leaning back.

Weiss, after losing her composure earlier, looks as calm as ever now, a fleeting smirk directed to her lovers before she directs her attention to the boy. Her scroll is in front of her, a list with annotated notes about supplies they'll need to gather for the trip on the screen. He merely stares at it for a bit, as if he can't quite believe that this is real before looking up curiously, waiting for someone to break the silence.

Yang clears her throat. "So, kid..." She stops when his hands start moving, though it's a few minutes before the words come.

My name is Fenix.

Blake blinks a few times, trying to come to terms with the revelation. It's something so simple yet significant. With the disclosure, she sees his shoulders sag with relief and a small

tentative smile starts to form as the last walls of his drop, and Blake feels the weight of his trust settle on them all.

Yang holds her fist out, and he gives it a bump, practically beaming when she cheers, the excitement too much to contain within her. It draws curious looks from the villagers, but Blake is only focused on him, though she can't help but shrug and flash a grin at a fondly exasperated Weiss.

"As I was saying before our boy interrupted, we're leaving in a few days, and I just wanted to know..." Yang leans down after looking around them, as if making sure that no one can overhear them, as if they're sharing a secret. Fenix can't help but lean forward, Faunus ears straining up to catch every word. "Have you ever been to Patch?"

By the time Yang finishes her extensive explanation about the island she grew up on, much to Weiss's disapproval at the late hour, they're surrounded by darkness, and Fenix falls asleep with his head on Blake's lap. She pauses running her fingers through his hair when she realizes that this is the first time he's stayed the night and tells herself to get used to it because it surely won't be the last.

It's not the first time she's treated to the sight of Yang kissing Weiss in apology, but it is the first where they're both consciously trying to keep their moans as muffled as possible. Blake would look away, but the view in front of her is as enticing as always. The kid currently sleeping on her is another factor to consider, so she just watches as they eventually pull away, both trying to catch their breaths. Yang darts in for a final one, this time keeping it chaste, and Weiss huffs when she retreats but accepts the apology anyway.

Weiss leans over to give Blake a kiss, and she can feel how exhausted she is before Weiss finally settles down for sleep. Yang leans over to do the same, daring to deepen it before pulling away abruptly. There's an obnoxious smirk on her face, and she licks her lips because she can. And because there's a kid in Blake's lap, all she can do is glare at her grinning girlfriend.

Just then, Fenix stirs in his sleep, and Blake's attention is immediately elsewhere. He moves a bit, trying to get comfortable before his movements finally stop, and Blake releases a breath she hadn't realized she was holding. She looks back up, but Yang is already asleep, curled around their girlfriend. Blake rolls her eyes fondly before she closes them for her own rest.

Weiss will yell at her in the morning for her terrible posture, but she figures it's worth it if the newest addition to their lives is comfortable.

A few days later, the quartet are met by an eager corgi when they set foot on the edge of a familiar property. After getting petted and scratched by Weiss and Yang, Zwei trots up to Blake, who is currently holding an exhausted yet curious boy. Blake warily eyes the dog as he circles her until familiar voices draw her attention away, and she can't help smiling at the unexpected but welcome sight of the younger woman currently being crushed in a hug by her sister.

Thankfully, the dog's attention is also drawn that way, and Blake walks a fair distance behind him as they make their way over to a huffing Ruby. The leader immediately tackles Weiss in a hug, halfhearted protests echoing around them even as she hugs back. Fenix watches how Ruby interacts with them, and Blake can feel him relax, even wiggling in excitement, and it just occurs to her that she hadn't hesitated to hold him to secure him from anything unfamiliar.

He's squirming now, wanting to be released, and Blake sighs before letting him go. When he's set down, he pauses, as if second guessing whether to approach the new people or not, and he only moves when Yang offers a hand for him to take before walking towards the rest of the family.

Blake crosses her arms and watches him gradually get acquainted, not moving even when familiar arms wrap around her from behind and a head of white hair rests on her shoulder. They spend a few minutes just observing before Weiss whispers to her softly. "You seem happier."

Instead of saying anything, Blake just hums and smirks when Weiss huffs. "You have a mouth. Use it." Blake opens her mouth before being swiftly cut off. "And don't even think about making an inappropriate comment while Fenix can hear us."

Twisting so that their positions are now reversed, Blake kisses her cheek after Weiss lets out that cute squeal she does when caught off guard. "But that's not fun."

Weiss huffs again, easily adjusting herself in Blake's arms. "Well, we're likely to be having less fun with a child around, so get used to it now."

Before Blake can come up with a response to that, she feels a pair of arms wrap around her for the second time that day, broad enough to surround them both. Yang kisses the tops of their heads, and Blake looks back to where Ruby is showing off Crescent Rose to an awed Fenix. Taiyang is standing off to the side, likely drawn out by the noise and waves to them, a proud smile on his face as he looks between his daughters.

“While Fenix gets to know the family, I couldn’t help noticing that two beautiful women were deep in conversation without me, so I just had to come over here and join.” Yang pauses, likely for dramatics, Blake thinks. “So do you two come here often?”

Blake isn’t sure whether hers or Weiss’s groan is louder.

“We would if you’d take a break for once.”

“Hey, I like to be on the move. Plus...” Yang pauses again, but this time, Blake can sense how genuine she is. “I like it best when I’m with my girls. Oh, and boy now, I guess.”

Weiss breathes out, too soft to be a laugh, but unrestrained happiness is palpable, wrapping around Blake’s tired shoulders and making her stand just a bit taller. “Speaking of Fenix, where is he going to sleep?”

“Last time we were here...” Weiss furrows her eyebrows. “Hold on. What happened? We certainly didn’t fit on your bed last time, and you two for some odd reason chose to sleep on the floor--“

“Drinking competition with the prize being my bed apparently. Where else could we sleep, babe?”

“...Still, you both could have attempted to negotiate--“

“While we were drunk?” Weiss sighs like the most affronted woman in the world.

“This only emphasizes the importance of my question. I refuse to let him sleep on the floor, and I’m sure Ruby will be happy to give up her own bed, but that is simply unacceptable, and I won’t budge on that.”

There are sounds of agreement after that, not uncommon after Weiss said something. Finally, Yang suggests what she thinks is the best idea but what Weiss finds preposterous. “Dad has a hammock in the back--”

“Which would still leave two people elsewhere. That hammock can’t sustain us all.”

“I know you’re gonna object, but I don’t mind sleeping on the ground next to you. And before you ask, you’d definitely be the one not on the ground. You wouldn’t *choose* the floor if there was another option, and I don’t mind, really. We’ve slept in way worse places before.”

“What’s going on over here?” The trio redirect attention to their leader, whose silver eyes are looking at them sharply as she stands in front of them. Blake glances behind Ruby and sees Taiyang demonstrating some fighting stances, which Fenix is doing his best to imitate.

“Trying to figure out our sleeping arrangements for tonight.” Ruby narrows her eyes at her sister.

“Sleeping arrangements or *sleeping* arrangements? I don’t want to walk in on my team again...” Ruby says, a little shudder running through her body, and Blake can’t help but wonder which precise moment she’s remembering.

“Well if you wanted to know about that, all you had to do was ask--” Blake slaps a hand over Yang’s mouth the exact same time Weiss does, and they all yelp when they make contact before abruptly pulling away while Ruby giggles and shakes her head.

“I’m glad to see you’re all okay! Dad didn’t tell me you guys were coming or else I would’ve brought something, especially if I knew you had a kid.” Ruby says as her eyes quickly dart around the group with a smirk that somehow manages to be mischievous yet pure at the same time on her face.

“We don’t have...” Blake hesitates then tries again. “He’s not...” A third time. “We just kind of...found him about a month ago.”

Ruby tilts her head to the side at that, carefully thinking, and Blake realizes that she desperately wants--no, needs--Ruby to welcome him into the family that they’ve built over the years. She holds her breath while awaiting a reply. Finally, Ruby smiles and Blake feels relief wash over her so strongly that she has to quickly take a deep breath just to calm her racing pulse.

“That’s really good. I’m proud of you all.” Yang is somehow able to pull her sister to join their impromptu embrace, and Blake feels her heart swell even more as they try to maneuver themselves so that everyone can wrap their arms around each other. Maybe it was silly to hear that from someone younger than them, but Ruby’s opinions have always been important.

After what seemed like an eternity, they finally release each other before a grin lights up Ruby’s face, and Blake readies herself for the barrage of questions. “So what exactly happened? How did you meet? Most importantly, who is he?”

Yang recounts the tale from the first meeting to the present, and as she talks and gestures for emphasis while being occasionally corrected for accuracy by her girlfriends, Blake can just picture how Yang would read to Ruby when they were little. She imagined that her silver eyes would be as enraptured by the stories as they were now, the younger woman hanging on to every word. When Yang finishes with a bow, Ruby takes a few moments to gather her thoughts, the silence broken only by the sounds of distant laughter.

"I always knew you three could take on anything, but a kid might be your toughest challenge. He was nice and kinda shy when you introduced us, but once he got comfortable around Dad and me, I noticed that he's really energetic. So what are you going to do about his training?"

Ruby’s eyes sweep over her teammates, who all just stare back at her. Suddenly, she giggles while staring at them in disbelief. “Wait. You’ve thought about it, right? Since you basically

adopted him, he should at least learn how to protect himself.”

“We know that!” Weiss immediately tries to defend them before rubbing a hand over her forehead. “I’ll have to look into adoption papers and--”

Comforting hands and words surround Weiss before she can stress herself out while Ruby looks on fondly with a sheepish smile. When Weiss is as calm as she’s going to get, Blake looks thoughtfully over at where Taiyang is currently adjusting his stance and smiles at the determined look on his face.

“Not to bring up more stuff you should think about, but what about when one of you has to be called back for official meetings?” Ruby asks, looking between Weiss and Blake with a small frown. Blake glances at Weiss and can practically see the way her brain is working on trying to fit Fenix into all aspects of their collective lives. They manage to convince Weiss to wait until Fenix is asleep before figuring out logistics.

That night, Blake learns how much sacrifice goes into adding a kid to an established routine. The wadded up sheets of papers around the dining table and the current one not folded up with multiple bullet points and crossed out sections spoke to how hard it was to reach something they could tentatively agree on. Rubbing her tired eyes, she looks up to see Taiyang smiling at them proudly, yet there was a wistful look in his eyes, and Blake can only wonder how many sacrifices the father of two had to make for his children.

Weiss Schnee, ever the prominent figure, has a scheduled meeting back in Atlas in a few weeks, and they slowly bring up the possibility that not all of them will be around for a while. It doesn’t take long for Fenix to figure out that something is going on, and a few days before they have to split up, they sit him down to explain the situation while Taiyang and Ruby hover, just in case additional explanations are needed.

While Blake isn’t necessarily happy with leaving Yang behind, even surrounded by the rest of her family, there was no way either of them were going to not follow Weiss back to Atlas. The only slight consolation was that Ruby had found some time off, but Blake knew that Yang would be restlessly missing them when the days would end and she’d have to sleep alone. And with how insistent Yang was that their kid wouldn’t be abandoned, Blake couldn’t really blame her for wanting to stay.

Still, Blake can't sleep and somehow manages to sneak from between Weiss and Yang on the ground beside the hammock the night before they have to head out. She gets up, and her feet take her to the front door before she realizes it. The door opens, and she's sharing a surprised look with Fenix, the boy blinking a few times before shyly reaching a hand out for her to take.

Blake leads them away from the door and to an open section of grass where they can watch the sunrise in peace. It's a nice night out, and the breeze calms them both down. She currently has her eyes closed and is leaning back on her hands until a voice calls out, filled with awe.

"It's so pretty..." If Blake's hearing wasn't so great, she would've missed the whisper, but there was only one other person with her, which meant--

The rising sun was probably a sight to behold, but Blake could only stare at Fenix in disbelief, almost second guessing what she thought she had heard. She would've brushed it off if it weren't for the way that the boy beside her suddenly froze and refused to meet her eyes. It seemed that she'd have to say something, so she tries her best to not sound too incredulous. "You can talk?!"

Well, that sounded better in her head. Thankfully, she was saved when a familiar pair joined them, and Fenix seemed to shake himself out of his stupor too. He looked as if he had made some sort of decision, actually. It seemed none of them would be getting any sleep before the inevitable separation. The boy waved then cleared his throat before casually speaking. "Hi."

Her girlfriends stare at him with what Blake can only imagine are equally disbelieving expressions before turning to Blake who can only offer a shrug because she also has no idea what's happening exactly. Since none of them are sure how to proceed, they sit there as dawn breaks before Fenix eventually tries to start saying something before being interrupted by Weiss holding a water bottle out. His voice was very hoarse from disuse, after all.

Sheepishly, he accepts and finishes half of it before trying again, more sure of himself this time. With the sun as the only other witness, he haltingly explains more about himself. Blake learns about his parents, who were dust researchers. An accident rendered his father mute, and he learned sign language when he was two.

When Fenix starts tearing up, Blake doesn't even hesitate to pull him into her lap and hug him. It takes a while before he can compose himself to explain how his parents passed away not long after teaching him how to sign. While those around him were sympathetic, they weren't sure what to do with a kid that they presumed to be mute, and Fenix noticed how differently he was treated compared to those around him.

Before he passed, Fenix recalls that his parents had told him that a person's character was revealed in the way they treated those less fortunate than them, and he took that to heart. He looks up at the three women around him and smiles, his tears now happy ones. They had never hesitated to take care of him even while believing he was mute, and he was incredibly grateful for that.

After taking a few minutes to let the story sink in, Yang shakes her head and ruffles his hair. "Anything else you wanna share?"

"Um...I'm four years old." Blake blinks before she and Weiss huff out a breath that's not quite a laugh. His age was probably important to know.

The morning passes peacefully by after that, and before they know it, it's time for her and Weiss to leave. If she could find her girlfriend, that is. Considering that Yang was also suspiciously missing, she concludes that they're probably getting one last make out session in and smirks before crouching to hug Fenix, who whispers one last thing.

"I'll miss you, Mom."

If anyone asked her later, Blake would vehemently deny that she cried.

There's an adjustment period, but they all manage to get through it, and before they know it, he's grinning up at them in front of a birthday cake with seven candles. They're back in Patch, and his aunt and grandfather are catching up nearby. This year, there's a mischievous glint in his red eyes, and Blake is debating whether or not to ask about his plans when he speaks up first.

"I asked Ma for a special gift this year!"

Narrowing her eyes at Fenix, Blake tries to recall if Yang had mentioned anything about presents recently but couldn't think of anything. All she can really remember is that Yang seemed nervous in the time leading up to his birthday, which was odd. Blake thought that the most nerve wracking thing happened last year when he asked for a name change.

"I want to be known as Fenix Achilles, like the hero!"

Blake nodded, having also read the story but also because she didn't trust her voice since she was staring at Weiss, who had yet to change out of her suit. The tie was loose for once, Weiss having pulled it one time before sighing and quickly getting back to her paperwork so that they could make their dinner reservation in time.

Then, Yang had to join them dressed in only a tank top and shorts while holding up her outfit options, but Blake was only paying attention to the way those strong arms moved--

"Mom?" Fenix looked up at her curiously, and Blake kept her voice as level as possible in contrast to how fast her heart was beating as the memories of the rest of that night came back to her.

"This gift better not be a messy one or else you're cleaning up again. You know how upset your mother gets about messes."

"I know," Fenix grumbled, likely remembering the water balloon incident when a drenched Weiss glared at them all until they cleaned up. Shaking her head, Blake ruffled his hair.

"Where's Yang?"

"She's--" Blake's words cut off abruptly when she sees Weiss standing there in a little black dress, and she's speechless until she feels a tug on her hand.

“Mother asked you a question.” Blake doesn’t want to look at Weiss’s face because she just knows that there’s a smirk there. But she looks anyway because the alternative is that dress, which she’s sure Weiss got tailored. She sees the smirk and moves to immediately kiss it off. There’s an exaggerated gagging sound beside them, and Weiss pulls away before it can be anything more than chaste.

“I love you too.”

“Gross!” Blake laughs because this is her life now, and she couldn’t ask for anything more.

Or at least she can’t think of anything more until she sees Yang approach them in a white button up shirt and slacks, and Blake feels severely underdressed now. For some reason, Yang seems nervous, so Blake smiles to reassure her. She’s sure the surprise will be great.

The family gather around, and celebrations continue until the sun starts to set. Blake is holding a pouting Fenix while Weiss wipes crumbs off of his face, but she can tell he’s happy. In fact, he seems quite excited about something and grins when he sees something behind them. “Moms, look!”

Weiss and Blake turn as one and freeze when they see Yang on one knee with a box in her hands, her eyes flitting back and forth between them, nervous yet fond. Finally, she speaks.

“Um...I had a speech. Well, multiple speeches, but now that I’m here, I forgot what I had planned and I promise to say something better later. But for now...” Yang takes a deep breath. “We all came from different places but have made it this far to build a family of our own. You two have stayed with me for this long and haven’t abandoned me or any of us, so I just gotta know...would you like to stay with me, with each other, for the rest of our lives?”

Blake isn’t sure who moves first or what exactly happens, but suddenly they’re all hugging each other and crying tears of joy. She thinks she hears chanting in the background for them to say yes and laughs again, the sound full and bright.

Finally, Blake feels like she knows what she’s looking and running towards, and she's more hopeful than ever for the future.

End Notes

what would Fenix's last name be? there was going to be a line about him asking what last name he'd take, but i couldn't manage to fit it in.

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