

## The Rule of Three

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# The Rule of Three

by [AsheBlender](#)

## Summary

The rule of three is a writing principle that suggests that a trio of events or characters is more humorous, satisfying, or effective than other numbers.

Apparently, this also works for drunken threesomes you don't remember when you wake up the next morning.

The first thing that comes to Weiss' awareness is the absolutely *splitting* headache she has.

Her foggy mind is vaguely aware of the start of last night, if only barely. She remembers being very upset about something. Probably involving family drama, business, or more likely both. Her brain's having a tough time putting the images together, so she gives up on that for now. Whatever it was, it had led to her entering a club. Something to take her mind off her woes. Perhaps to dance? She wasn't normally one for such things, but she remembered wanting something different than she might usually do. Something so out of left field for her that it couldn't be anything but a complete opposite experience for her. She remembers... alcohol being involved, despite her usual intentions for it not to be. That would explain the headache and intense drowsiness. She moves a hand to her head to rub her temple with a groan, squirming in her bed.

This leads to the second and third thing being discovered in quick succession.

She discovers that she's completely naked. Bereft of any of the clothes that she remembers wearing on her way into the club. That would be enough cause for worry. Waking up naked in bed after a night of drinking was always a red flag that something had clearly gone wrong. This red flag only started waving in her brain more vigorously when she notes that, upon shifting in bed, she's held fast by something warm. Someone else's body. And, judging by the fact that skin was currently rubbing skin, they were just as naked as she was. This was probably the worst possible thing that could happen. It's easy to jump to the conclusions of what's happened pretty quickly. Obviously, she got blackout drunk. That part is the most obvious. And, the presence of this naked stranger in her bed clearly means she either... passed out nakedly in bed with them and cuddled in their sleep or they had sex. She's not sure exactly which one is more horrifying.

Although, the slight stickiness at her crotch might lead toward the answer. Her mouth also has a certain... taste about it that she's going to ignore for the time being.

She swallows thickly, trying to shimmy around to get a look over her shoulder. She'd like to at least... see who she potentially slept with. She really hopes she didn't accidentally shack up with some random guy, because that might get... problematic. Especially considering the state she must have been in to not remember a damn thing that happened last night.

Thankfully, or perhaps equally unthankfully, she spots womanly curves as she peers curiously over her shoulder. She can't really make out much from this angle. Dark skin, a mess of midnight-black hair that hides the woman's face as she presses into the back of Weiss' neck. If she squints, she can make out a pair of folded cat ears at the top of the woman's head and a tail curled around her thigh. She seems... very pretty just from that initial glance. Probably exactly the sort of girl Weiss' dumb, lesbian ass would drunkenly hook up with.

Okay. So, she went out, got blackout drunk, and slept some random, pretty faunus girl she didn't know. And... this is fine. She's not panicking even a little bit. She just has a stranger in her house. A stranger who she apparently had sex with. While knowing nothing about them and picking them up from a shady nightclub.

Yes. Definitely fine.

She slowly begins the process of extracting herself out from inside the woman's arms. It's a surprisingly simple process. She's much smaller than the cuddly faunus, who isn't holding that tightly to her anyway. It's about the time that she sits up on the bed that she notices another rather horrifying thing. This isn't her bed. In fact, this isn't her bedroom at all. So not only did she have sex with this girl, she's now inside the woman's home. Which made this about a hundred times more awkward than she'd previously thought. Maybe she could still sneak out with her dignity intact. Sure, that would be pretty shitty, but she imagines it would go better than a fact to face confrontation right now. Then again, what if the door was locked and she couldn't get out without a key?

To be honest, she kind of wishes she'd just die suddenly of something. At least she wouldn't have to deal with her humiliating death.

When she slowly eases herself off the bed, one of the girl's faunus ears perk right up with a twitch. It makes Weiss stop dead in her tracks, staring down at the woman with wide eyes. She doesn't seem to be waking up any. But, those twitchy ears seem to be more or less aware of every minute sound that occurs within their radius. So, while her waking noises hadn't woken her up quite yet, even the tiniest of sounds had the possibly stir her. Depending on how deep a sleeper she was. She's really hoping she's a deep sleeper. All she has to do is find her clothes and a way out of here and...

Where the fuck *were* her clothes?

Oh, fuck. Oh, shit. This is the worst possible thing that could happen. She can't leave without her clothes and she refuses to steal some from this girl in addition to leaving the bed cold.

She pats around the room in bare feet as quickly and quietly as she could. She can't find... a single article of her clothing from last night. Not a skirt in sight. No on the jacket. Zilch for her leggings. Where were her goddamn *underwear*?

She scrubs a hand anxiously at her face, headache not at all helped by the sudden stress. Okay, so maybe she... was undressed somewhere outside the bedroom. Did that mean that, at some point, she might have been pinned against a wall last night? Or, taken on a couch? Or... Perhaps she should stop thinking about it before her face melts from embarrassment.

She creeps her way across the room and silently opens the door. She's thankful that it doesn't creak on her way through. She thinks that might have been the final straw of luck she's having so far. As she slips out of the room, she steps immediately into a larger living room. It's one room separated into a living area and a kitchen area with a breakfast nook. And, she's surprised by the sudden plume of food smell hitting her nose. Her eyes dart over to the kitchen. This is where she makes her fourth discovery.

Standing at the stove and whistling, with a mess of golden hair and *also* completely naked, is what must be a bronze, amazonian statue. This woman easily dwarfs her in height and physique. She's built like a fucking brick shithouse. Weiss can't stop her gaze from wandering all over. Her breath catches in her throat when she spots her abs. They're already an amazing thing to look at, a marvel of genetic architecture, but the tanned skin is absolutely covered in various hickies. Come to think of it, this woman has a lot of them. All over any are that's even a little muscular. Her biceps, her breasts (in particular, her nipples), her neck,

all over thick and powerful thighs... She just about dies when her eyes reach a patch of golden curls between her legs. Weiss is gawking. She knows she is. Did she sleep with this girl, too? Had they all...

The woman seems to notice she's being watched, because she suddenly looks up towards Weiss. She's hit, immediately, with the prettiest eyes of soft lilac she's ever seen. Her breath is stolen again. The blonde offers an easy smile. "Morning."

She clearly doesn't recognize Weiss, but is taking the fact she likely woke up with two other women surprisingly well. She gestures to the pan she's standing over. "I, ah... figured I'd make some eggs. Y'know, for the hangover. Food helps, sometimes."

"I need to find my clothes." Weiss blurts out, her face as red as an apple.

The woman blinks at her. She had the good sense to look a little embarrassed by that. In fact, her cheeks turn pretty red as she scratches the back of her neck. "Um.. You wouldn't have happened to be the girl with the real... business-woman look, would you?"

Weiss' stomach drops a bit. Whether it's a mix of her hangover or the implications of that question, she's not completely sure. "I... I am."

She lets out a hiss of breath through her teeth and winces. "Well, uh.. sad to say... your outfit's kinda... completely ruined."

"W-What?"

"Completely ruined. As in, torn up pretty good? Pretty sure your skirt's ripped in half, at least. I found your stuff over by the couch while I was looking for my own shit. Which I still can't find. Um. Even my phone is missing..."

Her head really fucking hurts. This is turning out to be the worst possible day. Not even sneaking peeks at tremendously hot women can possibly redeem it.

"This can't be happening." She says, almost hysterically. She takes a few stumbly steps before slumping into a seat at the breakfast nook. Her face ends up in her hands, slowly dragging down. Her voice is low and harsh, speaking more to herself than anyone. "I can't believe this is happening. This is why you don't fucking drink like that, Weiss. Because you do stupid shit that bites you in the fucking ass. You're your mother's daughter through and through."

The blonde winces again, then slowly steps around to walk over to where Weiss is. "Hey, uh... Listen, Weiss..." She says, voice remarkably even for pretty much watching Weiss having a mental breakdown over here. "If it helps, I kinda got my clothes shredded too? That's kinda why I'm... y'know. I was gonna borrow some of the other girl's clothes, but they don't really fit me..."

"It's not just that!" Weiss suddenly says, her voice loud, shrill, and tinged with panic. Her eyes are brimming with tears. "I went out when I was fucking upset. And, I drank like I knew

I shouldn't. Now my clothes are gone and I've slept with two people I don't even know! I can't even fucking *remember* what happened last night, I was so out of it!"

Her breaths are coming out of her chest quickly, on the verge of completely hyperventilating, when she feels two warm hands place themselves on her shoulders. "Hey."

The woman's voice cuts through her panic like a warm knife. She looks up to find those lilac eyes meeting her gaze. The soft purple of the iris' are warm and safe, looking down at Weiss with something akin to reassurance. She can almost find herself calming down from just that single word. A grounding force to bring her back from her panicked flight. Weiss gulps. "It's okay, alright? Everyone makes mistakes. Honestly, I could say the same about myself. I came with friends to have a good time and it got a little out of hand... Didn't really mean to drink that much. Or, uh... y'know. Be part of a threesome. But, ah... look at the bright side! We might be complete strangers, but at least I'm not risky! Could've gone home with a lot worse than me and, uh.. that other girl, I'm sure."

Weiss snuffles. "Really."

The woman winks. "Worried I got you pregnant?"

Despite it being a... very stupid joke, Weiss finds herself smiling just a touch. "You're an idiot."

"Thank you~"

Weiss is silent for a moment, actually finding herself a little longing when the blonde takes her hands off her shoulders. She watches the woman as she goes back to the unattended eggs. "I'm sorry for that. It's been a shitty week and I just... this is a *lot*. It doesn't help that I barely remember anything." She says. "Oh, I-I forgot, sorry. What is your name?"

"Don't worry about it, Weiss. I kinda freaked out, when I woke up, too. Like, you were kinda familiar, but... I was super drunk. I just had a little more time to deal with it." The blonde replies, glancing back with a smile. "Also, it's Yang."

"Yang..." She repeats. The name sounds vaguely familiar, if only in the deep recesses of her pounding head. That's good. At the very least, the name is something she remembers a touch of.

"Mhm! Yang Xiao Long."

"Right. Good. Yang, do you, er... remember anything about last night?"

Yang blinks a few times, biting her lip a little bit. "Well..."

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Yang whoops as she smashes Nora's hand firmly against the table, both hands up as she leaps up from her seat. She's causing a bit of a scene, but she doesn't really care. "And, that's how ya do it, baby!" The blonde calls out victoriously while the ginger girl grumbles, blushes, and

nurses her beer. The other members of their little group cheer loudly, also causing a scene. But, this is a club, so who cares, really? Clubs were made for being loud in. That's what made them so fun.

"I'm gonna go get some more to drink as reward for my victory. You guys want anything?" Yang asks, purposely leaning right on Nora's short head. The ginger girl growls and launches up to put Yang in a headlock with a loud, slurred 'one of these days, Xiao Long!'. Yang, pretty inebriated herself, just laughs and puts her own arms around Nora's waist and starts lifting her right up. It takes a moment or two for Nora's boyfriend to sigh, slip over, and wrench the two apart before they start wrestling around.

"Guys, please. We can't get kicked out of this club, too. We're already banned from, like, four different clubs specifically and three others by extension." Jaune moans, running a hand through his blonde hair as his eyes dart around for any incoming bouncers. Because Nora would definitely fight said bouncer. Then, they'd spend the night in jail. Again. That was not something any of them particularly wanted.

"Hey! That guy was looking at me funny at the last one! He was totally asking for it! Pretty sure he had a grudge or something." The ginger girl protests, slumping in her seat after taking a swig of her drink.

Jaune's deadpan stare makes Yang snort. "Nora, you put him through a table with a German Suplex."

Nora blinks a few times, then giggles quietly. "Oh, yeah, I did."

Ren gently sighs and casually pushes the large mug away from her reach after she sets it down. There seems to be an inaudible request for Yang not to get anything more for Nora. Pyrrha and Jaune are still at their own drinks, not seeming to need any more. They'd probably be dancing with each other. Ren already has his hands full. Seems like she's gonna be a bit of a lone wolf, tonight. That's fine with her. She'd meet up with them at the end of the night to head home together.

The blonde shrugs. "Alright, suit yourselves. It's Strawberry Sunrise time~" She hums and licks her lips, already tasting the sweet drink on her tongue as she turns to leave. It only takes her a little while to weave and sway through the crowd to head to the bar proper. Honestly, it fills her with the sort of energy that has her wanting to down the drink and join them. One thing at a time, though! The thumping beat still has her head bobbing a bit as she leans on the counter to address the guy behind it.

"Heya! Can I get a Strawberry Sunrise?" Yang calls out over the music. As the man nods and sets about making it, her eyes slowly slide over to see her fellow bar-goers. There aren't many, as most of them are dancing, but one in particular catches her eye. Maybe it's the complete lack of any kind of fun aura about her or maybe it's the blindingly white hair. At first, she wonders if some old lady wandered in and started banging them down (reminds her a bit of Ol' Calavera, back in her neighborhood). But, it becomes clearer that it's a woman her own age with hair that's just... pristinely white and done up in a messy ponytail. She has no idea how she hadn't seen that head of hair before, as bright as it seems. Especially because this girl is drop-dead gorgeous.

It looks like a china doll had come to life, fancy and thin and dressed in important-looking business clothing, to sit at the bar. Her skin, what little Yang could see of it, was nearly the same pale shade as moonlight. It made every other color of her face stick out all the more. From the coloring of her cheeks to the darker blue of her lipstick. She makes Yang, herself, feel a bit dumb and simple in comparison. A bite to her own plain, slightly chapped lips is more than enough to make her feel like this woman was *way* out of her league.

The woman, however, is definitely not having a good time of it. She's aiming a petulant glare at her drink. Her cheeks are flush with deep crimson. She must not have come here to dance. Especially because her body language is as stiff as can be. Her cheeks aren't the only thing that's red, either. Her eyes are just slightly puffy. She'd clearly been crying. Some part of her insists that a pretty girl like that shouldn't be alone and crying in a club like this. So, in all her tipsy wisdom, she finds herself sidling up to the woman. "Rough night?" She asks, cocking her head.

The woman stiffens, her gaze slowly turning from her glass to Yang. For a moment, she looks incredulous. Like she can't believe Yang just asked her that. Then, the glare she was giving the glass is leveled at the blonde. "No, I'm having a fucking pity party over here because I'm having the time of my life." She states sardonically. Her words are just slightly slurred, a small snuffle coming from her afterward despite the aggression. Even in Yang's slightly compromised head, she can realize this woman's a sad sort of drunk. Alcohol and sadness are... never good things to mix. She knows the results of that sort of decision-making all too well.

Yang blinks slowly. "Wow. Okay. I was just asking."

"Well, you got your answer. Now, why don't you just waltz back to wherever you came from and leave me the fuck alone?" The woman hisses, her entire aura seeming to fill with intimidation. Despite the fact that she's shorter and tinier than Yang by, what, like six feet? But, the blonde can also hear that small wavering in her voice. That bit of bitter sadness. She came here tonight with some sort of purpose. And, is now drinking alone with her own thoughts. It's enough to make Yang wince. It makes her stomach flop uncomfortably. It reminds her of her uncle a bit. That's not exactly a good thing. Sadness, alcohol, and being alone never added up to good things. It stabs at her instinctual, protective side.

At the very least, she should have some sort of fun while she's doing this, right? Yes. To drunk Yang Xiao Long, this makes perfect sense. If she needs a booze buddy, Yang is absolutely there. Even though she knows... literally nothing about who this girl is.

Putting on her best, enticing grin, she leans a bit closer. "What if I bought you a round of shots?"

The woman blinks her lightly glazed eyes a few times, looking a bit startled that Yang had leaned in so closely. The flush on her pale cheeks is really, *really* cute. "Excuse me?"

Yang laughs a little, then leans her head on one of her hands. "Lemme buy you a round. No one should have to drink alone and sad."



“I’m not-” The girl starts indignantly. Though, her gaze quickly shifts down. Then, she spares a look at the purse slung over one of her shoulders. Her gaze drifts back to Yang, ice meeting lavender. Almost searching for her intentions. Eventually, she rolls her eyes and sighs. “Fine. I’m a dead girl walking, anyway. Might as well go fucking crazy.”

That makes Yang grin all the more. “That’s what I like to hear, girl. Hey, bartender! Round a’ shots for me and my friend, here!” The blonde calls out, tapping the bar loud enough to get his attention. He nods and immediately gets started on the order. The woman flushes again, head whipping over to look at her.

“We’re *not* friends. You don’t even know me. We’re complete strangers.”

“A good friend of mine always says ‘strangers are just friends you haven’t met yet’.”

The woman snorts. “They sound hopelessly optimistic. And, like an idiot.”

“Maybe. But, it’s a nice thought. Maybe there’s even some truth to it. After all, every friend starts out as a stranger, don’t they?” She leans a little closer. The woman’s flush spreads to her ears and Yang finds herself fascinated by how it looks on her skin. Like a tinge of pink slipping into moonlight. “So, what’s your name?”

Her new drinking partner sighs. “Weiss Schnee.”

Somewhere in her head, that name sounds a little familiar. But, she doesn’t recognize it well enough to actually place it. She settles for just smiling, glad to have a name to go with the face. “Pretty. And, fitting.”

Oh, and that flush just keeps spreading. To her neck, this time. Interesting. Yang’s head is filled with images of nuzzling into that slender neck and kissing along the length of it. Maybe raise up and kiss along her jaw. Cup her cute face and kiss her on the lips. Wow, okay, apparently her brain without a filter is just really gay. This is all probably a terrible idea.

“It’s just a name.” Weiss slurs lightly. “What’s yours?”

“Yang Xiao Long. At your service~”

It’s just then that the drinks slide down the table, one by one. Yang smirks as she picks up two, handing one to Weiss and holding her own up. Weiss takes a dubious squint at it before raising it up to clink it against Yang’s. “Well. Here’s to bumming free drinks off a hot stranger, I suppose.” She says with a smirk of her own. Then, she proceeds to down the whole shot with a quick tilt of her head.

Yang stares, eyes as wide as her hanging mouth. Holy shit. She gets a flush on her own cheeks, then realizes she has to catch up. Weiss is already reaching for her second glass. And, there it goes. Quickly, the blonde downs the drink in her hand to try and match the pace Weiss is setting.

She doesn’t realize this is a terrible idea. Especially not half an hour and countless shots later. Especially not when the drinks they’re downing are... significant in their alcohol content as

they go.

Weiss has loosened up considerably, now openly giggling as she watches Yang clumsily take her next shot. “You know... I thought tonight was gonna be the absolute *shits*. I had to deal with my stupid family. I’m a fffucking pa- pur- pariah of my company...” She slurs, leaning herself over on Yang’s broad shoulder. Otherwise, she’d probably fall right off her seat. “But, then *you* came along and... y’know, I can’t really complain. You’re fun and sweet and... really fucking hot, let’s be honest. Like... those muscles. Wowww.”

Weiss gives a little giggle-snort. Even drunk off her ass, Yang knows that’s fucking adorable. “I’m sorry if this sounds totally gay, but I would eat every single one of them.” She loudly whispers as if it’s some sort of secret.

Yang gives her a push a little harder than she means to, nearly sending her flying off her chair. “Shut uuuuuup! Damn, yer thirsty as fuck!” The blonde laughs in return, her face flush from the drinks and Weiss’ comments. Her own speech is absolutely shot. A complete mess.

Weiss giggles girlishly, swaying on her chair a bit before righting herself somehow. “Hey! When you’ve been in the closet as long as I have, the moment you burst out is like sensory overload. It’s like... there’s so many cute girls out there! Girls are so fucking gorgeous, Yang, oh my god. Is it too much to fucking ask that I just wanna be able to kiss girls?”

“No! Fuck anyone who says otherwise!” Yang says loudly, causing Weiss to laugh and whisper-yell ‘shhhhhh!’ in response. The blonde then leans in to wrap an arm around the still-giggling Weiss. “Weiss, don’t ever let *anyone* tell you what ya can and can’t like! Yer great! Yer a free woman! Th’ world is yer fuckin’ oyster! Kick that closet open an’ start swingin’, girl! You can kiss... whoever ya want!”

Weiss smirks. “Even you?”

Drunk Yang is very pleased with that question, grinning and leaning closer. “Specially me. Kissin’ pretty girls is, like... my favorite thing to do.”

“You think I’m pretty?”

“I think yer fuckin’ gorgeous, babe.”

Weiss’ eyelids lower and her icy eyes darken with such an intense look of lust that it nearly knocks her to the floor. She leans way into her personal space, her tiny, pink tongue sliding across her lips to collect the alcohol from her last shot. Yang was unsure how Weiss made licking her lips a fuckable offense, but the action does shoot heat right between her legs. Her pale hands plant themselves right on Yang’s lap, leaning right in to boldly smooch her lips with a loud smack. “How about you tell me all about it?” She murmurs, voice slurred and seductive all the same.

Yang leans in, herself, pressing their lips into a long, messy kiss that has Weiss purring into her mouth. The alabaster haired girl cups her face, really going into making out territory when the bartender clears his throat. He looks at them with a tiny bit of annoyance. Which...

fair. They were kind of making a scene. “Ladies, I’m glad you’re getting friendly. But, take it away from the bar, please. I got customers waiting.”

Weiss blinks at him, her lips wetly popping off Yang’s. She glances back at her purse, then cheekily bites her lip. After reaching and fumbling around inside it, she plops a hundred down on the counter with a mumbled ‘fuck it’. “Gimmie two bottles of that last one. That was good.” She says insistently, practically leaning over the counter.

The bartender sighs, but moves to hand the bottles over. He mostly just seems to want them away from his bar and not making out all over it. A hundred dollar bill certainly wasn’t a bad payoff for that, either. Weiss grabs the necks of the bottles and wobbles off her seat. Yang moves to join her when Weiss looks over her shoulder with a particularly enticing smile. Wow, drunk Weiss doesn’t give a *fuck*. There’s a solidarity there. “I’ve got enough booze to party. Care to take this somewhere else~?”

“Thought ya’d never ask.” Yang replies, plopping her own money for the shots down and moving through the crowd with the smaller girl. Her hazy brain is quickly working through places they could go to continue that lovely, lovely kissing when she suddenly bumps into Weiss’ back. She blinks in confusion. “Hm? Whassup, Weiss?”

Weiss is staring forward, suddenly looking pissed. Yang’s not sure exactly why until she hears the sounds of an argument just ahead of her. Her lilac eyes slip slowly up, following Weiss’ line of sight. The first thing that registers in her mind is the sight of another gorgeous woman that fits into an entirely different manner of attraction than Weiss does (what, was this club just lesbian bingo tonight or something?). Midnight black hair, dark skin, tall, cat ears on the top of her head, and a swishing, puffy tail. She’s dressed like she came out for a casual night of dancing, simply thrown on a jacket and tank top with some well-worn jeans. She’s tall and handsome and *fuck*, now she’s blushing more now.

Of course, this is almost immediately pushed to the side when she sees that the woman appears to be struggling against the person she was arguing with. A tall, redheaded man who’s taken a hold of her wrist and is pulling her close to him with a growl. “You thought you could just move towns and think I wouldn’t find you? I know the kind of *shitholes* you lurk in, Blake. It was only a matter of time!”

“Get the fuck away from me, Adam!”

Yang suddenly realizes that Weiss isn’t standing next to her anymore. The short girl has stormed forward to the confrontation. With no hesitation at all, she blindsides the man with probably the hardest bitch slap Yang has ever seen to the side of his head. Weiss’ aim is off, too, so a lot of her palm hits his ear as well. Ouch. Not that she’s feeling any particular sympathy for him. She *is*, however, feeling a stronger sense of *oh fuck she’s hot* about Weiss. She’s a little spitfire, isn’t she?

“Hey, yooou trench-coat fucker!” Weiss spits out drunkenly, poking an aggressive finger into the man’s chest. The surprise attack has made him let go of the other woman, seemingly caught off guard by Weiss having come out of nowhere. He gives an inch by stepping back, which gives the short girl a mile to aggressively step toward him. “The lady said to get away from her, so fuckin’ do it!”

The man seems to get his bearings, realizing the woman chewing him out is about three feet shorter than him. He takes a step back toward Weiss. Weiss stands firm and unaffected, gripping the necks of her bottles tighter and scowling up at him. “This doesn’t concern you, you little cunt. Get the fuck out of here.” He snarls down at her... only to be completely blindsided again.

Yang decides ‘fuck this guy’ when he starts getting aggressive toward her new drinking and making-out buddy. The difference is that, unlike Weiss, the blonde is completely jacked. And, doesn’t *do* slaps. So, when Adam gets hit the second time, it’s a completely unrestricted punch to the side of his head. It sends him clattering to the ground in an ugly heap. Drunk Yang didn’t give a fuck, either. Drunk Yang was not someone that a wise person would pick a fight with. She cracks her knuckles, glaring down at him as he tries to shake the cobwebs out of his head. “The ladies are right, bitch boy. Why don’t you fuck off ‘fore I break somethin’? Like yer lil’ dick.”

She takes her eyes off him to look at... Blake, was it? Super pretty name, as well. “You okay?” She asks, only for Blake’s eyes to widen. A blur of movement happens in the corner of her eye. And, when she turns her head back toward Adam, he’s leaping up from the ground at her with a furious yell.

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Yang rubs the back of her neck sheepishly. Weiss is staring at her with wide eyes and an immense blush on her cheek. “That’s kinda where things start to get a little fuzzy, unfortunately. Honestly, I’d rather have remembered what happened after, but that’s all I got.” She says as she turns the stove off. Apparently, while she was telling her story, she’d finished the eggs. She takes a spatula and carefully slides some of the fluffy breakfast food onto a plate. It’s placed on the table in front of her, the blonde offering a smile.

Weiss sighs and leans on her cheek. The tale is mortifying, but familiar. This sort of thing always seemed to happen when she got drunk. When she was younger, it was a lot more frequent. It was about the only way she could cope with the awful things that happened in her home life. Her mother had set a *wonderful* example that drinking your problems away was the way to go. Since she’d moved out and gotten her own place, she’d tried to keep herself to a little bit every now and again. Not go to quite the extremes she had before. Only in private and only a glass or two when the day was particularly hard.

She’s starting to remember these events as they’re described to her. Unfortunately, she had been so upset from familial drama (which she feels has something to do with her sexuality, based on what she’d said at the time) that she had gone to the club. She’d been sufficiently tipsy by the time the well-meaning Yang had shown up. She’d already broken her own rules when the blonde had offered her more. And, it had only spiraled from there. Now, this Blake woman was involved and, honestly, she wished her head would stop pounding.

“Well, I’m... sorry if I acted untoward with you. I, erm... am less careful about what I say and do, when I’ve had that much. I try not to do that.”

Yang opens her mouth to reply, only to cast her head to the side when a patting of feet is heard. Both of them look to the doorway into the kitchen to find Blake standing there. Her hair is wild and tousled from sleep and, presumably, last night's activities. She seems to, at least, have thrown a robe on for her modesty's sake. Unlike her and Yang, who are still naked and bereft of their clothing. Blake's golden eyes flit around dangerously. Her ears are high and alert on her head, tail puffed out and swishing back and forth in agitation. And, she has some manner of knife in her hand.

Oh. Well, that's a worry.

Blake's eyes meet each of theirs, looking slightly confused, before slowly starting to relax. And, lower the knife, thankfully. "Oh... It's... you two. I heard voices and I... uh." She says softly, ears twitching and a flush coming to her dark skin. She sounds embarrassed, the confusion starting to fade from her eyes. She looks to at least remember who they are now. As if memories had started trickling back with a view of their faces. Judging by her eyes, she might remember the most out of either of them.

There's a bit of an awkward silence.

"Well!" Yang exclaims, clapping her hands together. Weiss winces at the loud sound and starts poking at her eggs with a fork. "So! We all slept with each other! Gosh, what an interesting... thing that is! Crazy, right? Let's, uh... let's get that out of the way first, maybe? Just so we're all on the same page?"

Weiss groans and rubs her temple. This was going to be a long morning.

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