Chapter 105

[Cinder Fall](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0K9NbczOohY&ab_channel=Changyuraptor) was a woman of unparallelled will, ruthlessness, and resolve.

Cinder Fall was going to be the one that drove Beacon to its knees.

Cinder Fall was… having some difficulties.

*“Pick up, damn you!”* she hissed, watching her scroll try to connect to Torchwick’s, only for the *smug, idiotic two-bit pickpocket* to *refuse to do so!*

She wasn’t sure *what* the criminally *incompetent* thief had been thinking, as the attack they’d been preparing wasn’t supposed to start until the *opening of the Vytal Tournament,*

It was an entire *thing*, she had it all *planned out,* but *no,* that was apparently *too difficult* for the *morons* she had gotten to help her in her task. But that’s what happened when you couldn’t choose your *own* minions.

Mercury and Emerald, despite their childish bickering, were at least *hers,* and knew better than to *disobey*.

And she wasn’t a fool, the thief might have even had a good reason, and he *had* sown a *great* deal of chaos, misery, death, destruction, and overall *instability*, though, maybe, if he would just *pick up his damn scroll,* she could *find out what that was.*

Perhaps she’d also find out *where all those freaking Nevermores had come from!*

Cinder couldn’t deny they’d been *effective,* but if that had been an option from the start, she would’ve liked to have *known about it.*

But she *couldn’t get a hold of anyone!*

Not Torchwick, not Zhinu, not even Watts, and she was fairly certain that men *slept* with his scroll.

Heaven knew it was the only thing that *would.*

However, *no one* was answering her, and Cinder did not know *why.*

She had even taken a Bullhead back to Vale, to the secure location where she’d had to leave her Grimm Tick, the creation of her Mistress having started to *burn* as soon as she’d entered Beacon proper, causing her a *great* deal of distress until she’d left the Academy’s grounds, which was going to make taking the *rest* of her power from the previous Fall Maiden a bit more complicated, though not *impossible.*

But that had not been the only Grimm she’d stored. No, there had been *another,* one part crystal ball, one part octopus, it was her connection to her Mistress, though the goddess-in-all-but-name had made it clear that Cinder was only to contact her as a *last* resort.

Which, given the *Anti-Grimm bubble* that now existed over Beacon, as well as every other contact going dark, the demi-Maiden had, after due consideration, deemed appropriate to use, hesitantly trying to prod the creature to connect, and seek Salem’s guidance.

But it had not so much as *stirred.*

 Trying *several* times to get the Grimm-device to function correctly, it still had not, and, fearing that, for some reason, her Mistress had abandoned her, just like-

Worried that she may have fallen out of favor, Cinder had used the Leech, which had scuttled up onto her back and merged with her, a *very* unpleasant experience, but one that was relieving at least. Commanding it back out, she’d stored it, tried once more to use the Orbtapus in vain, and regretfully stowed it, leaving before she could be discovered, going back to trying to connect to *anyone* she could use through more normal channels.

But they were gone, *all gone,* except for her, and the people *she’d* gathered.

Taurus had returned her call, at least, and while she didn’t *outright* state the Nevermores were her doing, she was able to spin it into appearing to be a plan, set off before it was ready, but one under her *direct* control. She’d been a bit worried that he might get his tail tied into a knot over the *Faunus* deaths, but the man was *delightful* vicious, and saw the perishing of those Faunus who refused to ‘join the cause’ as only the ‘elimination of cowards and traitors.’

Her ‘suggestion’ to send a few agents to ‘assist’, while also blaming the lack of protections on the *Human* Government, stirring up racial tensions and resentment, was even now going into action, and should help turn the shock and loss that now stewed within the city, almost palpable when she’d combined with the Leech, into a much more *volatile* kind of negative emotion, and the type that would further prepare the stage for the *main act*, the increased defense on the walls, if handled correctly, only making things *worse,* as the guards could ‘clearly’ fight for the city when it was to protect those in power, but *not* for those lost on that just… *terrible* day.

It wouldn’t matter that the attack took people by surprise, even now people were noting what parts of Vale were defended most ferventl, what parts the local guards rushed to first, which parts were cleared of corpses before others, and, *what do you know,* the Faunus part of town was *last* on all three of those lists!

However, she was operating in the dark, *alone,* which, which was not the *worst* place to be.

Better alone than under the thumb of the *undeserving.*

So, so the mission was the same as it was before. Sow dismay, discontent, and discord, gathering the local Grimm, so that, when Cinder pulled upon the ancient, *hidden* Grimm Wyvern nearby, it would appear a natural consequence, and the Alpha, greater than *any* other Alpha, would intensify the Tide to a level that would *destroy* the Huntsman Academy *completely.*

Assuming they *could* enter the Academy at all, but she assumed the Wyvern would be able to do what mere Nevermores could not.

And then there was her… *secondary* mission.

Added the day before she left, her Mistresses had declared that the Headmaster’s Apprentice, one Jaune Arc, was to either be subverted, or killed.

A task that was… easier said than done.

Not because he was some pampered prince, or some naïve ‘hero’.

No, it was because he was, in many ways, *like her.*

Dangerous, powerful, not blinded to the hypocrisies of those in positions of ‘authority’, and desiring to bend the world to *his* whims, he was everything that useless old man in the tower was *not*, however, that same *strength*, while it meant he did not idiotically repeat the ‘correct’ talking points, it also meant that getting him to follow *her* would be more… difficult.

Not *impossible.*

Nothing was impossible for *her.*

But he *was* difficult to pin down.

Strong, and self-assured, but she had been *sure* causing the combative trollop he was dating to break up with him, leaving *herself* as the *obviously* superior choice would enrage him, which she would taunt him with, until he either tried something, finding himself unable to defeat her, or perhaps he would run, her taunting laughter in his ears, until his pride demanded he come to *her.*

Instead he had *thanked* her.

Which was… not what she had been prepared for, but she wasn’t some *child,* unable to adapt, she was *Cinder Fall*, and had gone for what she had wanted. *Mostly.* Finding that he was not only familiar with the local criminal underworld, but had effectively been *banned from Vale* for his actions, while delightfully amusing, *had* complicated things, leading her to accept his offer of a ‘Picnic Date.’

Which was *actually* a *Picnic Date.*

The sheer childish *pureness* of such a concept had almost made her laugh, and, if she hadn’t known better, would’ve dropped her estimation of the man greatly had she not taken into account *why* they had to do so.

And it had been… *nice.* In a way that she had not expected. In a way that a younger, *weaker,* ***stupider*** girl had once wished for, not knowing how the world *truly* functioned.

But that girl had *died.*

And Cinder had taken control of the situation, challenging him, and then…

And then…

*That*.

Even thinking about it, the memories caused warmth to pool between her legs, as she reflexively clenched on nothing at all, and repressed the feelings of… *emptiness.*

When she’d come to, she’d found him gone, but, while she, while the *old* her would’ve felt abandoned, seeing the blazes surrounding her, protecting her by drawing Grimm, unknowing that, as her Mistresses’ chosen, she had nothing to fear from the goddess’ creations, made his valuing of her known.

And then… nothing.

Cinder had assumed he would seek her out, if only for another *‘spar’,* but… he just continued on, as if they *hadn’t* fucked with an intensity that few could even *dream* of. If it were someone else, she might call it a manipulation, a move in the game that everyone played, whether they admitted to it or not, yet, from everything she could tell, Jaune did not care for such things, and, unlike most, had the *power* to make such a declaration more than delusional.

If challenged, and she *had,* he *would* respond, but he did not bait others beyond the most perfunctory ways, but neither did he fall for the plays others.

After all, *she* had needed to be the one to go to *him* last time. The time before that, he had gone to her, but that was to act in accordance with his own sense of honor, which was…

Most who blathered on about such things were fools, or liars, believing that if they bound themselves, others would be as well, or merely if they announced their goodness to others, *at length,* none would see them for what they *really* were.

But while Jaune had also sought her out, and, again, believing himself ‘in her debt’, had agreed to their outing without hesitation, he had also *threatened to eat Junior.*

Which she *had* confirmed, also finding that she had set many of his men on *fire.*

Killing *four* of them.

And the others? The burns he’d inflicted *did not heal.*

Not naturally, their Auras unable to assist in their recovery, until, finally, with the aid of someone that possessed a regeneration semblance, they had *cut off the blackened flesh,* and then, and *only* then, did they heal as if they were supposed to.

And just as, had he faltered, had his Aura broke on their date, she likely would’ve driven a blade through his *heart,* he had blasted her with almost *cursed* flames without a second thought…

They *needed* to have another meeting.

Returning to her room in Beacon, having not attempted something that might not go her way in sight of her minions, Cinder made sure to strut as she did so, as dominance established needed to be subtly *re-*established whenever one entered a room.

“So, Boss-Lady,” Mercury questioned, sounding bored, but the tension in his voice was clear, “What’d Bosser-Lady say?”

“Plan hasn’t changed,” Cinder drawled, with supreme confidence. “If anything, our acquaintance’s… *premature depopulation* might well work out for us, though only because of the… *opportunities* he accidentally created.”

Considering that, the assassin questioned, “Does that mean we *don’t* get to kill him? Because, gonna be honest, feel like I’m getting’ a bit rusty.”

“How ‘bout you guzzle some motor oil,” Emerald responded. “That might help.”

“Well, there’s also our *other* mission,” Mercury mused. “Maybe *you* should go guzzle-”

*“Children,”* the Demi-Maiden interrupted, finding their bickering amusing, but, really, they needed to stay on task. “If you are feeling antsy, there’s a few people you could go pay a visit to, but not for another week or two.”

After all, she needed to identify those who, either by helping the situation in Vale the most, or *hurting* it the most, needed to be removed, with blame laid on the appropriate group’s doorstep.

“Sounds like fun,” the grey-haired boy smiled. “But, seriously, what’re we doin’ about tall, winged, and horny? Not that I don’t mind ya takin’ one for the team, Cinder, or a half-dozen, but he’s pretty un-flipped, and, ya know, *alive.*”

“Your job is to kill people, and occasionally break things,” she chided, not allowing her irritation to show, above such things. “But you’re the leg breaker, *not* the shot caller. That would be *me,* and Mr. Arc requires a more… *delicate* touch.”

“By touching your delicates?” the assassin questioned, and, as she glared at him, his cheek crossing the line, fire starting to gather in his palm, he held his hands up. “Eh, what do I know, I’m just the leg-breaker. Though if ya need someone more delicate, maybe Ems could lend a hand?”

“Oh fuck you, Merc!” the green-haired thief shot back.

“No, fuck *him,”* Mercury clarified.

Looking to Cinder, who watched on, impassive, it was amusing to see the girl’s loyalty strain at the thought, but, at the end of the day, Emerald was *hers,* as, wincing, stated, “I, however I can help, but, do I have to…”

For a moment the demi-Maiden considered using the girl, watching Jaune break her, his pale rod pounding into the dusky-skinned girl’s sex, but… “Don’t worry,” she reassured her minion, “I would never ask more of you than you’re capable of giving. I’ll handle him, you just need to follow my orders.” *For now.*

Because part of her, a part she would never let show, worried slightly that Jaune might take Emerald, just as he’d taken, *tried* to take Cinder, though she remained unbroken, his efforts admirable, but not enough to *break* her, nor would it *ever* be.

No, as much as she found herself looking forward to their next… encounter, he would be missing *far* more.

After all having gotten a taste of *greatness,* nothing else could satisfy.

<DR>

*“YES!”* Pyrrha pants, as I thrust deep, filling her, and she embraces me, within and without. *“HARDER, JAUNE!”*

Our weapons have been abandoned, our armor torn to shreds, as, overcome, I lose myself in lust for the woman I love once more, neither of us caring about anything but each other, as I slam into her, again and again, against the side of the rock formation, with a force and ferocity that’s animalistic, wanting her, *needing* her, making her ***mine*** all over again.

My lover clearly revels in the sensation, screaming to the heavens as she shudders once more, pulling me as tight as she can, as *deep* as she can, squeezing so tight its clear she never wants to let me go, and, for a moment, I hold her back, enjoying the feeling.

*But I’m not done.*

“J-Jaune!” she gasps, as I pull back, overpowering her, only to thrust once more, her wails of pleasure staccato as, again and again, I sheathe myself in her, pushing us both to ever greater heights.

With one hand I yank her head back, just far enough to silence her cries with a frenzied kiss, moaning into my mouth as I take *every* part of her, and she gives it to me without hesitation. My world is nothing but *her,* hot, soft, strong, and ***mine***, as I thrust, over and over, both hands clasped around her ass, holding onto her so tight my claws should be drawing blood, as her nails scratch across my back with the same intensity, the same *possessiveness,* the same ***need.***

Pyrrha pulls away from my lips, even as her legs around me tighten, and she gasps, *“Take me! My-my Dragon! My Jaune! I’m yours!* ***Breed me!”***

Something about that *calls* to me, and I can’t help but growl, pounding my partner even harder, holding *nothing* back, thrusting into her with wild abandon, pleasure mounting, as she tries to say more, but her words are only a long, loud, shuddering *moan* as she comes again, and again, finally getting out, *“Y-Yes! Claim me!* ***Fill me!*** *M-Make me show everyone who I B-Belong to!”*

*“****You’re MINE!****”* I growl, losing myself, as it’s too much, and, with one last motion I *bury* myself in her, reflexively biting the side of her neck, not hard, just enough to make it *known*, as I cum, over, and over, and over again, *pouring* myself into her, as, with a *shriek* of ecstasy, Pyrrha grips me, her sex spasming, almost milking *every* last drop from me, until, a minute, or an *eternity,* pass.

My partner’s grip loosens, but I hold her tight, not letting her go *anywhere,* as I go to kiss her, only to find my lover nearly insensate, blinking dazedly, holding onto me more out of instinct than conscious thought.

Manifesting wings, I take us up the mountain we’d been practicing beside, to the natural hot springs that rest at its summit, and, landing, bouncing a little, Pyrrha hisses a little in pain, though there is still a bit of pleasure in the sound, and, carefully, though my legs feel a bit weak myself, I bring us both into the water, steaming in the colder air, and sigh contentedly as I do so, Pyrrha, still in my lap, still impaled upon my member, leaning up against me with an almost drunken smile.

We stay that way, together, my Aura, combined with my Dragon stamina, letting me stay at the ready, but after seven rounds, I’m… *content.*

“Mmmm,” Pyrhha groans, sounding as pleased as I feel. “We are *definitely* doing this again.”

“Absolutely,” I nod in sage agreement, feeling her tighten slightly around me as I flex. “How about now?”

That gets a throaty laugh from the red-haired beauty in my lap. “Jaune, I’m *sore.”*

“What?” I question, confused. “I, but doesn’t Aura…”

She smiles, “Jaune, my Aura broke after the third time. And then again on the sixth.”

Freezing, I carefully pull her away, looking her over, and, *yes,* there’s pinpricks of red on her neck where I bit her, but, even as I look, the wounds are slowly healing, her recovering Aura prioritizing more severe wounds first, which meant…

Groaning, I leaned back against the side of the spring. “Pyrrha, why didn’t you *say* anything?”

“You were being careful,” she smiled.

But, that… *no.* “*Pyrrha,*” I reply, looking at her seriously. “You need to *communicate.* I had enough of that fucking bullshit from *Yang.* We could’ve taken a quick break, and picked up again. Or, at least, I could’ve made sure I was *actually* careful instead of my *normal* amounts of careful.”

“Jaune,” she stated, a little patronizingly. “I’m fin-”

“I made you ***bleed***, Pyrrha,” I cut her off, not quite glaring at her, but holding her away from me, even if we were still joined. “I don’t ever want to *hurt you.*”

The gladiatrix went silent, but was obviously considering my words, so I waited, before she slowly nodded. “I’m… sorry, Jaune. I, wasn’t thinking.”

Sighing, I brought her in for a hug, which she returned. “I… Okay. Just, I wouldn’t want to,” I struggled for the words. “We were going hard. *Very* hard. But, but I thought you were safe, and, if you weren’t, if you were hurt, I’d… never forgive myself.”

“Oh *Jaune,”* my partner sighed, hugging me tightly. “I didn’t mean to do that. But, wouldn’t your, your *‘Talent’* tell you what not to do?”

“I barely was paying attention to it,” I admitted. “I was just focused on you.”

“… *Oh,”* Pyrrha repeated, a note of slight worry in tone now, as she’d likely been counting on that as a safety net, despite that *not being its purpose*.

With dark humor, I reminded her, “I told you I’ve been using it less and less.”

“But, but you were *better,”* she stated, leaning back slightly, the gladiatrix realizing what she said, and quickly adding, “Not that you aren’t *already* amazing, Jaune, but-”

“That’s because I’ve been paying attention to you, seeing what you like, and learning to move *with* you,” I pointed out. “**Sticky Fingers** is good, but it’s not… *creative.* And you deserve my best.”

“O-*Oh*,” she repeated, now pleasantly surprised. “Well, then, was, am *I* getting better?”

The sudden insecurity made me laugh, as, leaning in, I capture her lips, with my own, our kiss not the desperate expression of passion it’d been before, but tender, soft, and caring, firm with a hint of tongue, but pulling away before it could deepen. Gently resting my antler-like horns against her forehead, and smiling, I remind her, “*We wouldn’t be talking about our* ***eighth*** *go if you weren’t, though you’ve* ***always*** *been amazing, Pyrrha.”*

Smiling back, she kisses me again, then, wincing, moves to stand, pulling herself off, gingerly taking a seat next to me, and, as I reach an arm around her, she snuggles into my side. “Good. But. No. I’m sorry, Jaune, but I wasn’t being dramatic, I *am* sore. Without Aura, I’m not sure I could *walk* tomorrow,” she observes, with an odd sort of pride. “But even then, I’d have *no* regrets.” She pauses for a second, adding, “Other than not telling you about my Aura, of course.”

Sighing, she stretches slightly, working her back, “Though, My Dragon, I’m not as fragile as you think. Your… *essence* at work.”

Thinking about the schedule I had for empowering everyone, to Tier up, she was early, unless.

Realization hit, and I slapped my forehead.

*“Jaune?”* Pyrrha questioned, curious, and a little concerned.

“You’re empowered by the amount of my fluids you take in,” I stated. “It’s all fluids, I just go for blood, but, well, you’ve certainly been taking a *great* deal of my… *fluids.”*

Staring at me for a moment, the red-haired beauty sniggers a little, before devolving into full fledged laughter. *“You’ve been fucking me stronger!”* she giggled. “Fill me with your essence *indeed!”*

“Yep,” I smile, before another thought occurs. “Wait. *Wait.* You said you were able to use your Aura as a contraceptive, but if it *broke…”*

“I’ve also been taking a *medicinal* one, from Professor Peach,” she reassures me. “Just in case something like this happened. They’re Huntress-grade, so Aura doesn’t interfere, and I let it work through my Defense.”

However… “You mean the ones calibrated for normal, *non-empowered* Huntresses?” I check.

The gladiatrix’s easygoing smile stiffens. “…Yes? I… *oh.*”

“Yeah. *Oh,”* I agreed. “Well… You might get your wish.” At her confused look, I reminded her. “That I ***breed*** you?”

“Oh, yes, that, I…” suddenly on the back foot, so to speak, she hesitantly stated, “Well, remember how I said that sometimes people say things they don’t mean?”

“Are you saying you *don’t* want me to do so, eventually?” I checked, as, while not *now,* I *did* want kids.

“I do!” she reassured me. “I just thought… *later.* And, and if I am?” she questioned, unsure.

Using one arm around her shoulders, holding her to me with a firm confidence that I don’t *really* feel, I reassured her, “Then I’m sure we’ll be great parents. You’re amazing, and I *am* a Dragon.”

That got a laugh out of her. “I. I think I’ll visit Peach, and, if I’m not already… *with child,* I think I’ll try and see if she can make sure the pill has been working correctly. If, if that’s alright with you,” she added, looking up at me questioningly.

“Oh, *no*, that’s probably a good idea. And also, if the others are taking similar measures, have her adjust *their* dosages as well,” I advised. “Like, don’t get me wrong, if it happens, *it happens*, but I don’t feel ready to be a dad, and shit’s only just getting started in terms of the Grimm.”

Nodding, relieved, Pyrrha relaxed, and, somewhat teasing, noted, “You seemed to like the idea when you were *filling me with your seed.”*

“I do, and that’s *Hot As Fuck,*” I agreed. “I… I think I might have a kink, actually? Either way, while I didn’t *say* anything, kind of focused, really, even if I was giving my vocal approval, I still would *mean* that, just… preferably not *yet.*”

“I would like children as well, Jaune, but… *later,”* she nodded. “Though, *you’ve worn me out,”* the gladiatrix noted. “And while I am fine with it just being us, *I wouldn’t say no to some help.”*

“Help?” I echoed, confused.

“Just remember,” she stated with a seriousness that made me sit up and take notice. *“I want to be there the first time that Weiss sees your magnificent cock!”*

Blinking, the words so… *odd* to hear out of her mouth, I couldn’t help but laugh. “I, *sure,* I’ll make sure you’re there. But why just *Weiss?* Not that there’s actually anything like that between us, Pyr, but…”

“Because it will be *hilarious,*” the redhead pronounced. “Also, Nora is Ren-sexual, Ruby is, as you have said, *fifteen,* and Blake seems… *shy.*”

“Blake ‘I read porn in public’ Belladonna seems *shy in bed?”* I confirmed.

“Jaune, there’s a great deal of difference between *reading* about it and *doing* it,” Pyrrha reminded me. “Trust me. And there’s a great deal of difference between an unsatisfying fling, a thoroughly deep and satisfying *fucking,* and *making love.* Not that you’ll ever have the first,” she offered. “At least not more than once. I can’t see you *ever* tolerating a Pillow Princess.”

“Actually, that was my first two actual girlfriends, before you,” I clarified. At her confused look. “First one, she was passive in the *extreme*, and we never went beyond the most chaste, *terrible* kissing you can think of, and some hesitant heavy petting, entirely one way, because she’d just kind of… accept it. And agree she was *fine* with it. ‘Fine’,” I sighed, shaking my head. “We didn’t do anything, because even *that* felt… *rapey?”* I offered.

In response, Pyrrha reached up, grabbed the back of my head, and brought me down into a *very* enjoyably heated kiss.

Pulling back, I get my thoughts back in order, and said, “Yeah, not even *that*, after, like, a *year*. Zero feedback. Drove me nuts. Second one, she’d at least kiss me, and compared to the first I didn’t realize *she* was shit at it too, because she wasn’t *that ridiculously* bad, but, while she was fine with *me* getting her off, over and over, fingering, eating her out, and so on, she’d start crying out in pain before I even made fucking *contact* with her fucking cunt with my dick, and not knowing what I was doing, I’d back off, for *obvious reasons.*”

“But she got you off too, right?” the Huntress questioned.

I stared back, and slowly raised an eyebrow.

*“Right?”* my partner repeated.

“After we broke up, after a couple *years* together, I lost count after getting her off a hundred times,” I replied. “My reciprocal count was *zero.* I was so sure *I’d* been doing something wrong, and, when I tried to talk to her, she both didn’t want to, but *also* insisted I was wrong to even *dare* ask for such a thing.”

Sighing, I shook my head. “Trust me, if I was ever even *considering* being with someone so… *selfish* again*,* which is what she told me *I* was, I’d laugh the bitch out of my bedroom.” Thinking about it, I chuckled. “Fuck, even *Cinder Ella* was better about that kind of thing, and she’s *trying to destroy all of Humanity.* I mean, yeah, she’s *Evil,* but even *she* isn’t *that bad,”* I offered sarcastically, getting a laugh out of my lover.

“Well, with me you always have been enough. And, of late, *more,”* she informed me.

“Yeah, having a *literally infallible guide to getting people off* in my head that I can trust helps with confidence,” I noted, a little self-deprecatingly. “But that’s also why, among other reasons, I’ve been working to *not* need it.”

“You’ve succeeded,” Pyrrha agreed, before, with a grunt of effort, standing, flexing a hand, her body momentarily glowed crimson as she flexed her recovered Aura in turn. “Now, let’s go retrieve our weapons, and head back to Beacon. I am looking forward to your ‘Leadership Exercise’. I don’t suppose you could tell me…?” she trailed off.

Standing, and picking up my partner in a princess carry, I took off, gliding down the mountain to the sight of our confrontation, both martial and marital. “Nope, the clues for what kind of Grimm your party is dealing with are already there. You just need to figure it out yourselves.”

“*If you insist,”* she replied, a *little* put out, but smiling to show me she was just teasing. Landing, and setting her down, she looked over, and started chuckling.

Following her gaze, to the cliffside…

Staring, yeah, Pyrrha had *absolutely* tiered up, as, unbidden, the question came to my lips.

*“Did I crack the rocks with your ass?”*

Smirking, victorious, and calling her weapons to herself with her Semblance, Pyrrha’s grin was almost *vulpine.*

“No, Jaune, *we* cracked the rocks. Like I said, *I can take it.”*

*Jesus Christ,* I couldn’t help but think smiling myself as I retrieved Bahamut, shifted to Full Dragon, and lowered my head for my lover to climb aboard.

*There’s no one quite like my woman.*

Music

Cinder Fall - RWBY Leitmotifs - 'Such Arrogance'