

Jaune's Baby-Making Arc

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When Jaune finally got his Semblance during their second year, he'd been ecstatic. Finally, he thought, he could feel like less of a burden. Unfortunately, his Semblance came with a very particular side-effect... Babies. His Semblance makes babies.

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Bun in the Oven

Commission for anon, who also helped edit it afterward.
Thanks, my guy!

Anyway, I mentioned it before, but right now I'm considering putting updates on a certain patron-supporting site (same name as my account here) so supporters can read it as soon as I finish. Free readers will get it about a week later, so everyone gets it eventually. We'll see.

Next story will either be the next Fractal Chaos chapter or updating Belladonna Brawl.

For anyone interested in making a commission, email me at: [storylover543 gmail . com](mailto:storylover543@gmail.com)

Jaune was used to lagging behind. It was a consequence of his... unorthodox entry into Beacon. He didn't have the years of combat school, tutoring, or surviving outside the kingdom's walls that his friends did. Heck, even now, almost a year later, he was still the weakest member of his team. He'd tried to make up for it by studying strategy and Aura techniques, but even with all that and Pyrrha's training, there was still an obvious gap.

Which was why he felt so nervous going on a Grimm hunt.

It was the first big test for their second year. No supervision, just teams JNPR and RWBY on a mission to take down a Goliath.

It was simple, really.

If he had as much training as everyone else, it wouldn't have even been a big cause for concern. Eight students, one of them being Pyrrha Nikos herself, should've been more than enough for a single Goliath.

But of course, things were never that easy.

It was a little rough at first maybe, but it wasn't long before the teams really began to find their rhythm. Ruby and Ren had been keeping it distracted while Weiss trapped the Goliath grimm in her glyphs. The rest of them would then use that time to throw in a few hits before Ruby and Ren went back as the bait. Rinse and repeat.

But it was just as they had gotten comfortable fighting that a horde of Beowolves chose that exact moment to charge right out of the trees all around them.

So yeah, the Goliath wasn't alone, and apparently liked his friends close by.

Jaune had barely managed to shout a warning to Nora nearby, who was distracted trying to crush through the Goliath's thick hide, before she lept out of the way of the rushing Beowolf alpha now clamping down on the empty air where her neck used to be.

It was a bit of a blur after that.

Most of the teams had focused on keeping the sudden horde at bay while Ruby, Yang, and Pyrrha had managed to take down the Goliath themselves. It was... scary, if he was being honest with himself. Just like when they fought in the Breach all those months ago, but he handled himself as well as he could, all things considered.

Too bad they never figured out how that particularly incident happened, but he digressed.

By the end of it though, all the Grimm around them were dead while they were still standing. Most of them had kept their Auras up, although Yang's was starting to dip down into the red. Pyrrha's, meanwhile, had broke just as they finished off the sole Goliath.

"Pyrrha, are you alright?" Rushing over to his partner, Jaune knelt down at her side.

No wounds apart from a small cut on her right cheek, thankfully, but he was still worried. In the grand scheme of things it was completely harmless, especially considering what they went up against, but he still felt a churning in his gut at the sight.

"I'm fine, Jaune." Pyrrha smiled, ignoring the drops of blood falling down her lightly tanned skin.

"We need to get you checked over." He put a hand on her shoulder and stopped when he saw it. His right hand was glowing with a yellowish-white light. Pyrrha noticed it too and looked down at his hand, mouth parting slightly, "Jaune, what is that?"

"I... I dunno. Maybe we should ask the others?" The rest were still busy checking themselves out and making sure everything was in the right place, but they'd notice soon enough.

"No need. I think... I think I might have a theory." Taking his hand in hers, Jaune watched in astonishment as the cut on her cheek healed itself, leaving nothing but the faintest traces of blood.

She pulled her hand back and touched the newly-healed wound, "Hm, looks like I was right."

"What is it?"

"Jaune... I think you just unlocked your Semblance."

Jaune's eyes widened as he looked down at his still-glowing hands.

His Semblance?

He'd always felt a bit left out, being the only ones in their teams without a Semblance of his own, and now? He had his literally in the palm of his hands! And it was some kind of healing, apparently? Not as showy as Yang's Burn or Weiss' Glyphs, obviously, but he could definitely see the use for that.

Across from the excited blonde, Pyrrha herself was abuzz with ideas. While she was both happy and proud of Jaune for finally unlocking his Semblance, she saw an opportunity here that she didn't want to waste.

Jaune had unlocked his Semblance, and maybe she was being presumptuous, but it seemed like he'd done it for her sake. After all, no one else's Aura had broken in the fight and she was the one he'd gone to check on first.

It made her heart flutter to think about.

"Hold on." Pyrrha rummaged through her skirt and pulled out her scroll. Her Aura still showed as empty, "If my theory's correct, then I think you can share your Aura. That must've been how you healed me. Maybe... we could test it out?"

"Good idea! We should go tell the others befor-"

"No!" She suddenly grabbed his shoulder with a firm grip while her mouth curled up in a reassuring smile, "I mean- I-I think we should test it out first! Just to make sure we have everything straight on how it all works."

"Are you're sure?"

"Absolutely." Pyrrha stood up feeling energized despite her still-broken Aura. Turning to the group she called out, "We're going to go back and check on the camping supplies!"

"Are you sure it's safe? We can accompany you," Weiss said immediately.

"Yeah! What if there's another horde? Safety in numbers!" Ruby chirped.

Pyrrha's smile turned stiff.

While she considered both Weiss and Ruby to be dear friends (despite Weiss' poor first impression), she felt more than a little put-off right at that moment.

Weiss was Jaune's former crush, and while he'd said that his feelings had become completely platonic after the dance, she couldn't help but feel a little paranoid that some embers of his former flame remained.

As for Ruby... well...

... it was pure jealousy, plain and simple, much as she hated to admit it.

Pyrrha may have been Jaune's partner, but the Reaper had been the one to claim the coveted title of "bestie". And while Pyrrha had always thought the younger girl was too pure and innocent to ever really do anything, she figured that it was better safe than sorry. She hardly needed any more competition when it came to Jaune.

"No, no, it's absolutely fine. We'll be back quickly." She grabbed Jaune by the arm and tugged him along before the two could protest. She felt sort of bad brushing them off, but she didn't want to be interrupted by any former crushes and current 'besties', thank you very much! Jaune for his part, didn't protest as she dragged him away, but barely looking back before saying how they'd make sure everything was safe.

They did not, in fact, go back to the campsite. Instead, Pyrrha took a turn deeper into a previous clearing they'd passed through before. Despite her nervousness, she made sure to keep a close eye out for any threats. True, she could fight without her Aura, but it would be rather difficult.

They stepped in when she was sure that there was finally enough room for some privacy. Letting go of Jaune's arm, Pyrrha silently cursed herself for not grabbing his hand instead, and turned around to face him with her signature smile.

It was just the two of them now.

Alone.

In the middle of the woods.

With no one watching...

Pyrrha suddenly began to blush.

A part of her wanted to confess her feelings right then and there, but fear and anxiety made her hold off. What if he didn't feel the same way? It would ruin their friendship.

Shaking her head, Pyrrha removed those thoughts before taking off the glove covering her right and holding it out to Jaune.

"Let's try again," she said softly.

Her face flushed slightly as he used not only one but both hands to hold her own. A part of her squealed at just how improper it all was, but she forced it back down.

"O-Okay, let's do this."

Jaune closed his eyes and began to concentrate.

Yellowish-white energy coated his palms as it transferred his Aura over to her. Pyrrha took a deep breath and closed her eyes in turn, relishing in the unique warmth that began to envelop her.

She felt... safe.

As if she was being hugged on every side and told everything was going to be alright. Her smile quickly deepened, and she let out a breath she didn't even know she was holding. At this moment, everything felt just so... so...

... perfect.

She almost reached out to kiss him right then and there before she finally came back to her senses. She was his partner and mentor for Brothers' sakes, and right now he thought this was just a way to test his Semblance. It just wouldn't be right for her to take advantage of this moment despite how much she desperately wanted to.

Opening her eyes once again, she was met with the warmth of Jaune's sky-blue eyes as a shimmering light shone between them overhead. Looking up, the two could only stare in silence as a... basket(?)... slowly floated down between them. Taking a step back to grab it, Jaune reached out with both of his hands to catch it before it ever got the chance hit the ground.

Looking into the basket, Pyrrha blinked at the sight before her.

Nestled within was quite possibly the most adorable baby she had ever seen!

Red hair that matched her own and blue eyes that perfectly matched Jaune's. It looked a few months old at most, though Pyrrha couldn't tell whether it was a boy or a girl given the baby blue Pumpkin Pete blanket that covered almost every inch of it. The infant made a soft cooing noise and reached out both of its tiny hands to try and paw at Jaune's face.

"Uh..." Jaune trailed off, looking at her as if she knew what was going on. Pyrrha, meanwhile, could only look back with equal concern and confusion. She didn't know any more than he did, though she was already coming up with theories.

Years on the tournament circuit had trained her to look at every little detail she could and she was doing the same now. The baby had her hair and Jaune's eyes. Coupled that with the Pumpkin Pete blanket and the fact that it showed up only after Jaune used his Semblance properly on her and she could only come to one obvious conclusion.

She couldn't say it out loud, of course.

Mostly because her brain was short-circuiting at the idea that she and Jaune now had a baby!

Not just a baby, she thought, but a very adorable one that she wanted to kiss and cuddle and protect from all that was wrong with this world. Her hands shook with the desire to pinch those cherubic pink cheeks, and it only worsened when the baby began to babble and smile.

"We... We should head back." Pyrrha coughed.

"Yeah, that's... that's probably a good idea..."

Neither of the pair said a word the whole way back. Pyrrha wanted to say so much, but her mouth refused to form the words. Instead, all she could do was watch as Jaune protectively carried the basket and... their baby in his arms.

He was gentle with the infant, making sure to rock it (they needed to check its gender soon) the whole time while whispering calming words every time they began to fuss. He was being very paternal.

And, if she was honest with herself, Pyrrha was finding it all so...

... attractive.

Upon reaching the camp, the others were quick to notice their newest addition. Ruby was the first, zipping over to them with a burst of her Semblance and looking down at the baby with wide eyes, "Oh my gosh, is that a baby?! So cute! Where did you get it?!"

"Uh..." Jaune trailed off again.

"Well..." Pyrrha added.

"Wait a minute! We're nowhere near a settlement and yet there's an infant here?" Weiss gasped, "Did someone leave their baby in the

forest to be taken by the Grimm?! I'd heard some people in this continent could be barbaric, but that's horrific!"

"Hey!" Yang snapped, "Maybe try not jumping to conclusions, Weiss-cream?"

"Well, what else am I supposed to think?" Weiss humphed, "There's a baby miles away from any civilization and no parents to be found at all! Either they left it here to be eaten or they were killed by the Grimm, and somehow I doubt that if a Grimm killed its parents that it would have left the baby alone."

"Hold on," Blake murmured. "Doesn't it look... familiar?"

Their friends looked between the baby Jaune held, then at him, before settling on Pyrrha. Like her, it didn't take them long to realize just how closely it resembled the blushing pair.

"Pyrrha, you were PREGNANT?! Why didn't you SAY anything?!" Nora cried.

"I doubt that's the case, Nora." Ren sighed.

"But it looks just like her and Jaune-Jaune! It's a little Arkos baby!"

"L-Look, we don't know where it came from!" Jaune finally said, "I just... me and Pyrrha were testing out my Semblance and-"

"Wait, you unlocked your Semblance?" Ruby asked. Not as excited as when she saw the baby, but happy all the same.

"Yeah, it happened after the fight. I was able to heal Pyrrha's cut a bit and we figured why not test it out?"

"Hold up. Just the two of you? Alone?" Yang's smile quickly turned predatory as she grinned at Pyrrha. "Hoho, I see what you were doing, Cereal Girl! Smooth move."

Pyrrha flushed at the unsaid accusation.

"Th-That doesn't matter now! What matters is that after we used our Semblance the baby just... appeared."

She paused, "Well, actually, it dropped from the sky, basket and all, but appeared nonetheless."

"And this happened right after Jaune used his Semblance on you?" Ren put a hand on his chin, "That's unlikely to be a coincidence. This could mean-"

"It's a little Arkos baby!" Nora cheered, skipping over to the baby and cooing at it, "Oh, you're so cute! My name's Nora and I'm gonna be the best auntie ever!"

"Well, we should probably go back to Beacon and tell the professors what happened," Blake said, eyes flicking to Jaune, "And... you might want to keep your hands to yourself, Jaune. Just in case."

Jaune and Pyrrha blushed even more.

All in all, the trip back went surprisingly quickly. It helped that the rest of their team (sans Blake, who was writing down something on her scroll...) had spent the entire time fawning over their newest addition.

The baby - who they'd figured out was a girl after a quick check - seemed to enjoy the attention, babbling and smiling as everyone cooed over her. It was an utterly adorable sight.

The biggest surprise, however, was Weiss.

She didn't know the heiress that well, but Pyrrha had always gotten the impression that the other girl was a bit cold even after a year spent at Beacon.

Now, though?

She was practically blubbering, shamelessly indulging in baby talk and making kissy faces at the red-haired infant.

It was... a bizarre sight. Although Yang had later grinned and whispered that Weiss was exactly the same when she met Zwei, her and Ruby's pet corgi.

Upon returning to Beacon they rushed over to the headmaster's office as soon as they could. Unannounced visits weren't usually allowed, but a team of first-years coming back with a baby onboard was easily enough to get them through the door.

The meeting itself wasn't very productive. Apart from a reassurance that they would examine Jaune and his Semblance as soon as they could, there wasn't all that much they could actually get done, really.

They did offer to take the baby to a care facility, but both she and Jaune had adamantly refused.

No matter the circumstances, the baby was theirs! It just wouldn't be responsible for them to foist the care-taking onto someone else.

Thankfully, the rest of their friends were all supportive, which Pyrrha was immensely grateful for. Ren had volunteered to plan the changes needed to turn their room into a makeshift nursery while Nora and all of team RWBY had immediately volunteered to be on-hand babysitters. It was so sweet of them, and by the end of it Pyrrha had almost hurt her face smiling.

But it was Jaune who had touched her heart the most.

He'd steadfastly declared that, despite how odd it all was, an Arc was never one to shirk their duties, and he promised on his name that he would take responsibility! It took all that she had not to dive in and kiss him right then and there, but she held back. He was still holding their... their daughter in his arms and she didn't want to prioritize her own wants over their own child.

The thought of it all was almost enough to make her faint. She was a mother now... and Jaune...

... Jaune was the father!

She didn't even know whether she wanted to laugh, squeal, or cry!

She'd always dreamed of something like this, especially during their months-long separation during the summer break, but now it was actually true! M-maybe not in the way she would've ever imagined it, but true all the same.

She silently vowed to herself that she would be the best mother she could be!

Three weeks had passed and a lot had changed.

True to his word, Ren had somehow managed to make enough space in their dorm room for a makeshift nursery while Nora had nearly broken down the door carrying a comically large sack of plush toys for her new niece! Weiss, for her part, had offered to pay for all of their amenities, though Pyrrha herself politely refused. Pythia - named after her grandmother, at Jaune's insistence - was her and Jaune's responsibility.

Besides, she had a very generous nest egg from all her tournament winnings. Mom and Dad always raised her to be frugal with her money after all.

Not that she got the chance to spend it...

Soon enough, Professor Goodwitch informed them that the school itself would help in funding for any and all necessities. When she and Jaune protested, they were quickly silenced and assured that it was compensation for Jaune agreeing to let his Semblance be tested. A Semblance that could create life was unprecedented after all, and the school figured that perhaps paying for Pythia's needs was a fair price in exchange for all the possibilities Jaune's Semblance offered.

In all honesty, it was a bit difficult getting used to the change. Pythia wasn't a complete newborn - testing indicated that she was about four months old - but besides that, she was a perfectly normal and healthy baby girl. That also meant a lot of crying, changing diapers, and getting almost no sleep because their angel loved to wake up at odd hours of the night for a myriad of reason.

... And yet Pyrrha didn't regret it for one second.

She'd always been competitive - it was one of the reasons she'd excelled so much in the tournament circuit - and she considered motherhood to be one of the greatest challenges she'd faced yet. No matter how many times she'd been woken in the middle of the night, she always made sure to have a smile ready for her daughter.

Surprisingly, Jaune had taken to fatherhood just as well, if not more so! He was always the first up whenever Pythia cried and the last to sleep when she finally calmed. It melted her heart to see him smiling and rocking their darling every morning. Though Yang would tease him about how domesticated he was becoming Jaune himself had merely taken it in stride, explaining that of course he would know, being an older brother of three sisters.

To this day, she still remembered waking up that first night after Pythia had come into their lives. She'd barely roused herself from her slumber when Jaune had gotten before her on one knee. She'd (very justifiably) assumed he'd propose marriage right then and there and prepared herself to very lovingly accept.

Instead, he'd vowed on his honor that he would take responsibility for both her and Pythia for as long as he lived. A man who abandoned his child, after all, was no man at all, he declared, while Ren (who had woken up from his peaceful slumber) nodded along sagely in brotherly solidarity.

For a moment, she'd almost suggested that marriage would have been truly taking responsibility, but she held off. After all, she didn't want for Jaune to feel as if she was pressuring him into it. If Jaune

were to propose to her in marriage, it would be because he realized that they were meant to be, not because of some notion of responsibility.

Besides, it wasn't as if there would be any more competition. While Jaune wasn't her husband or even her actual boyfriend, the two shared a child together. Ending up together was just a foregone conclusion at this point.

He'd changed physically too. He'd grown his hair out and tied it in a warrior's wolf tail (as he insisted on it being called) and had soon stopped shaving, growing a nice amount of stubble that was not quite a beard just yet. Nora joked that Jaune was getting 'dad hair', though Pyrrha herself paid the comments no mind. She thought Jaune looked rather dashing, thank you very much, and Pythia seemed to agree with her given how happy she was whenever she grabbed hold of his hair.

Apart from their wonderful new addition, things were relatively normal. They still went to class as much as they could and even had special permission from the teachers for Pythia to be brought along!

Of course, many of the students cooed and gushed when they'd first brought Pyrrha to class and many had asked the obvious question of where she came from. She and Jaune had been honest. After all, there was no reason to lie about their darling's origins.

Jaune had received some odd looks when they had finished explaining while Ms. Goodwitch had announced that Jaune would be keeping his hands (and Semblance) to himself, so there was no cause for alarm. That seemed to placate most of them, though a few of the guys in the class had noticeably kept their distance from the blonde.

Hmm, she never did consider if his Semblance would work on a man...

Pyrrha shook the thought away and held Pythia tighter against her. They were all in combat class now watching as Cardin and Jaune walked up to the stage for their usual bout. Unlike before, however, there was no nervousness in the bearded blonde's movements. His steps were firm and there was a cold determination that had settled in his eyes.

The determination of a father who refused to look bad in front of his baby girl.

Nothing could defeat it.

"Go, Jaune! Kick his butt!" Ruby cheered. The rest of their teams were just as excited. Even Weiss, of all people, was openly cheering Jaune on, which gave her some mixed feelings.

On the one hand, Weiss had been extremely supportive of Pythia's well-being, more so than almost anyone else. She'd make frequent offers to babysit and had practically spoiled Pythia with gifts of dresses, toys, and even a scroll(!) at one point.

On the other hand...

"I could hold her if you want," Weiss cut in quickly, sitting herself right next to Pyrrha, as Cardin and Jaune began their pout.

"No, it's fine." Pyrrha smiled back.

"Really, it's no trouble." Weiss assured, as her hands reach out to grab her daughter.

Pyrrha slowly scooted a hands-breadth away.

"It's quite alright, Weiss. You already do so much."

"I-I'm only doing what any friend would," she demurred, as the subtle wringing of her hands exposed her lack of baby cuteness for the addiction it was.

From what Yang had told her, Weiss had a love of anything and everything cute; a consequence of growing up in the Schnee household.

"I'm free all day for the upcoming weekend. All week even! A-And Pythia and I could go shopping! You'd like that, wouldn't you? Yes, you would! Yes, you would!" she made unashamed kissy faces towards the wide-eyed baby.

Pyrrha's lips curled up in a half-smile. "Hmmm... I don't knooow... I'll have to think about it~"

In all honesty, it would cost her nothing to have Pythia out for the day - she was sure Weiss would pay her for the privilege - but a part of her felt like she needed to make the heiress squirm as some form of petty punishment for Jaune's crush on her last year.

That, and she definitely needed a reminder after hearing Weiss' half-whispered remarks appreciating just how "~Mature~" Jaune was when he'd changed his look. She saw the way her eyes raked over his new appearance and she was not happy about it.

Aside from that, though, Pyrrha had been in a good mood all around. She and Jaune weren't officially in a relationship, but they practically were in everything but name! By now she essentially had an aura of serene satisfaction surrounding her at all times, and she was finally at ease that there would be no more doubts and pressure.

No longer would she have to worry that Jaune would find someone else or that she'd miss her chance to confess her love. Her and Jaune's relationship was assured, and she had all the time in the world to make sure it happened.

Soon enough Pythia began wriggling in her arms as she reached out her two pudgy hands towards the stage to try and grab for her daddy. Jaune was winning now, as he deflected Cardin's wide blows and countered him with a speed she'd never seen before.

Pyrrha was so proud of him.

Gone was the uncertain boy who'd fumbled through training, replaced by a man and father who'd hold up the world to make his little girl proud.

And then Pythia started crying...

Pyrrha's eyes widened, and she tried rocking her back and forth to try and calm her down but to no avail. Even the rest of their friends were trying to help, shaking toys and making silly faces, but her voice only grew louder.

Up on the stage, Jaune was in his zone! He was just about to take away the last of Cardin's Aura and this close from securing his first-ever victory in Combat Class when he heard his daughter's cries and loud wailing. Pulling back immediately as his head snapped to the crying babe in the stands, and Jaune quickly shouted, "I forfeit!" before dropping his weapons on the ground and rushing over to see what was wrong with his precious Pythia.

"Cardin Winchester wins due to forfeit. Congratulations," Professor Goodwitch said, although it was clear her attention lay elsewhere. The spectacled blonde watched with... appreciation(?) as Jaune gently shushed and calmed the crying infant in his arms. And it wasn't just her. Rather than being annoyed, all of the girls, and even some of the guys, just watched the wholesome scene with clear approval.

Cardin for his part, looked too and couldn't help but let his shoulders sag. Sure, he had won, but why did it feel like he just lost?

Blake Belladonna was many things. A Faunus, a former terrorist, and an aspiring Huntress. She'd seen and done a lot, moreso than most people her age, and she was sure that trend would continue in the future.

And yet despite everything she'd been through, the things she'd seen in recent weeks had caused even her to be surprised.

Jaune was... well, she'd like to call him a friend, but that wasn't really accurate now was it?

An acquaintance, maybe?

They knew each other because of their teams and they sometimes nodded and said hi when they passed each other in the halls, but that was about the extent of their relationship. She didn't particularly care about him, but she didn't hate him either.

That all changed that fateful day three weeks ago.

The day he and Pyrrha had gone off to the forest and came back with a blushing baby girl.

Of course, they'd played it off as some sort of accident, an unexpected side effect of his Semblance in an attempt to heal the injured champion, but Blake knew better.

Behind all those blushes and stuttering explanations was most definitely a beast just waiting to slake his thirst on all the helpless Huntresses in Beacon.

After all, what was more perverse than simply having your way with someone without restraint?

Forcing your Aura on them as they struggled, penetrating them with your essence, and creating life, a constant reminder that he'd marked them for the rest of their days.

Pyrrha was obviously in love with him, so there was no harm there, but what if he decided he wanted someone else?

He had a crush on Weiss just a year ago and before his time was consumed by the need to care for his daughter, he and Ruby were quite close. All it'd take was one held hand, one clap of the shoulder,

and suddenly there'd be more Aura babies dwelling throughout Beacon.

And who's to say he'd be satisfied with just their team? He might've already become tempted by others! Velvet was so lithe and meek despite her skills and then there was that transfer student, Ash Burn or something, who was practically a showgirl in heels!

It was like putting an entire buffet in front of a starving man, for crying out loud!

And so, she'd taken to shadowing the blonde deviant everywhere he went. Vigilantly hoping to see - ahem, prevent! - Jaune from slaking his lusts on any future broodmares...

And no, it was NOT stalking, Yang!

There was a difference.

She just doesn't have the time to explain it right now, that's all!

Not when he could be ravaging some poor, helpless huntress...

As such, she'd come prepared with her scroll and notes so she could write down every detail of his degeneracy.

She'd immortalize how he forced his Aura onto unsuspecting Huntresses, as they'd flush and writhe in protest before the pleasure became too much and they'd agree to anything so long as it meant they could keep drowning in his debauchery once again.

...

A-All so she could better explain to the authorities, of course!

It had absolutely NOTHING to do with her new story (which was getting a lot of traffic) about a dominant man making a harem via his pleasure-amplifying Semblance.

Absolutely not!

Blake thus proceeded to stalk - ahem, shadow- Jaune as he made his way down to a department store in Vale. Pythia was back in their room, which left him free to prowl in search of targets. She'd overheard him say that he had to buy some things like diapers and more baby formula.

Ha! An obvious excuse.

She could see through his lies.

Making sure to keep some distance between them as Jaune entered the store, Blake quietly followed behind him on his trail. Up ahead she could see her target as he hummed to himself collecting the diapers, baby formula, and other necessities that he claimed to need.

The perfect camouflage.

After all, who'd see a man carrying baby food and still realize the true nature of the beast within?

"Jaune?" an accented voice asked.

"Huh?" He turned around and smiled, "Oh! Hey, Velvet!"

Blake's eyes narrowed.

Velvet Scarlatina.

Team CFVY and their teams didn't run in the same circles, but they were at least aware of each other given the events of the Breach. Velvet had taken to talking with Jaune more in recent weeks. Supposedly, she had a baby brother of her own back home and offered Jaune advice if he wanted it, which he'd gladly accepted.

It was all a ruse, of course.

Now, Blake wasn't one to believe in Faunus stereotypes, obviously, but it was an odd coincidence that Velvet decided she just had to become be friends with Jaune right when he unlocked a Semblance that allowed him to create babies. A Semblance that, as Pyrrha described, felt pleasant in the moment.

An odd coincidence indeed...

Blake stayed back and listened as the two kept talking. They were discussing the best baby powder to use and Velvet was giving him some tips on other baby necessities.

Code words? It had to be!

But for the life of her, she couldn't figure out what they meant!

Even with all her years in the White Fang, the double meanings eluded her. Was baby powder an innuendo for lubricant? And what did Velvet mean when she said that Pythia needed fifteen to thirty minutes of sunlight twice a week?

Wait a minute...

Were they planning to act out their debauchery in public!?

She KNEW she should have brought her camera!

Darn it all.

... Oh well, she would just have to sketch it!

(Un)fortunately for her, the two had only talked for a few more minutes before they went their separate ways. Putting down her sketchpad, Blake looked at the blonde with an intense gaze before once again writing in her notebook.

"Subject is close to mating. Female seems especially receptive to baby powder. Must research the connection." - Blake Belladonna

Closing her book, Blake looked up to follow her target...

... only to discover he was nowhere to be found.

Dammit!

One day he'd slip up and show his true nature, and when he did?

She'd be there.

All for the sake of her stor- er, the safety of EVERY woman in Beacon!

Yang felt like she was going insane.

Okay, so maybe things hadn't started so bad.

Jaune unlocked his Semblance and apparently, it allowed him to make babies. Weird, but Uncle Qrow could apparently manipulate the metaphysical concept of luck (hah, she wasn't as book-dumb as Weiss thought she was!), so why couldn't Jaune put his white stuff in someone and pop out a kid? It made about as much sense as everything else in their lives.

It wasn't even that hard to adjust.

Team JNPR was the one who had to take care of Pythia. Team RWBY, especially Weiss, pitched in where they could, but they were still outsiders looking in, which Yang was secretly thankful for.

Don't get her wrong, Yang liked babies as much as the next person, but having to help raise Ruby at the tender age of seven had done a number on her thoughts about settling down. She was definitely gonna enjoy her youth as much as she could.

Ruby, though, apparently felt different.

It all started one day at the cafeteria.

She, Ren, and Nora had been playing with Pythia while Jaune was feeding her pureed veggies. Weiss was gushing, of course, while Blake kept mumbling to herself and writing down something on that scroll of heres. Weird, but she'd gotten used to her partner being kinda crazy.

Pyrrha, meanwhile, had gone off to meet her agent, and, although she didn't like it, being a mom hadn't exactly changed the fact that she was still the Invincible Girl.

It was to this textbook scene that Ruby suddenly stood up and suddenly stepped on her cloak when she tried to walk in what was obviously a deliberate move.

She made a whole scene of it.

Wide eyes, windmilling arms, and screaming the whole way down. The whole shebang. Yang for her part had shrugged and figured that she'd done it to make Pythia laugh. She had full Aura after all, so what was the harm?

Ruby landed with a large thud and mewled pathetically as she presumably writhed in pain. Seriously, even she felt her heart clench when she heard it, "Ow, ow... oh, the paaiinn~" she sniffled, looking up at Jaune with her big silver, puppy eyes.

"Ruby?! Are you okay?" Jaune asked. Even though he couldn't get up since he was still holding onto Pythia, his worry was pretty clear.

"Y-Yeah, but I think... I think I broke my arm."

Yang raised a brow.

Now call her paranoid, but Yang was pretty sure that something was off here. She was the first to worry about Ruby whenever something happened, but something about the way she said those words just reeked of BS. Even if she didn't have Aura, there was no way she'd gotten hurt that bad.

"Oh, man." Jaune, being the love-able Vomit Boy that he was, had believed it without a doubt. It was both sweet and really dumb.

"Y-Yeah." She sniffled again and looked down at her 'broken' right arm, "C-Could you use your Semblance to heal me? Please...? I-I don't wanna go to the infirmary."

Yang's thoughts came to a crashing stop. What the fuck did she just say?

"A-Are you sure? But my Semblance-"

"It's alright!" Ruby said just a little too eagerly. If Pyrrha were here, Yang was sure her little sis would be choking on Crescent Rose's shaft, "I-I can handle it! A-And Weiss will help take care of any babies that come out, too!"

Yang looked to Weiss for help, but to her horror the Ice Queen did not, in fact, look offended at being volunteered by her partner.

Instead? She looked downright giddy at the thought of two babies, one of them likely to be bunking in their own room. "I can't have a child of my own, father would disown me, but if Ruby had a baby... yes, that could work. That could work perfectly~."

... Aaaaannnd now the so-called logical member of team RWBY was giggling under her breath.

What. The. Fuck?

Jaune's cough came just in time to interrupt her migraine, "I'm still not sure about-"

Yang took Jaune's hesitation as a chance to stand and pull Ruby up by her 'broken' arm. Her sister yelped and pulled her arm back without any trouble, "Hey, what's the big idea?!" Ruby glared at her.

"... Thought your arm was broken?" Yang said as she raised a very unimpressed brow.

There was a moment of silence as Ruby looked between Yang and her very much not-broken arm before she suddenly flopped on her back, "Ow, ow, ow! Now my head hurts! Jaune, please heal me with your-"

That was as far as she got before Yang grabbed her stupid baby sister and slung her over her shoulder. Ruby cried, screamed, and pounded her fists on her back, but Yang paid her no mind as she carried her up and out of sight. She'd heard of baby fever hitting people when they got a certain age, but Ruby was sixteen, for God's sake! That was way too young to be thinking of getting a kid!

And she was also way too young to be an aunt!

Besides, someone had to be the responsible one here.

Weiss was drunk on the cuteness juice while Blake was off being a weirdo.

"Alright, Rubes, we need to talk." She plopped her sister down on a bench in the courtyard and sat next to her, "Why are you trying to get Vomit Boy to make a baby with you."

"Because they're so cute!" Ruby gushed, "Don't you want a baby, Yang?"

"Maybe in the future." Yang sighed, "Look, raising a baby? It's not all fun and games Sis'. Sure, they're really cute, but they're also a big responsibility. It's not just about changing their diapers and playing with them. You have to think about their futures. Are they growing up alright, are they learning the right lessons... you're way too young to be worrying about those kinds of things. Don't you want to be a Huntress?"

Ruby huffed and looked down at the ground. Yang sighed again and looked up at the sunlit sky. It was a tough thing to say, but she was right. Being a mom was a big responsibility, you couldn't just-

"I'll make it work!" Ruby suddenly stood and pumped her fist, "Weiss is planning to be a CEO and Huntress at the same time, so why can't I be a mom too? Just because it's hard doesn't mean I shouldn't try!"

"Ruby, are you serious?! You can't just-"

"I'm not gonna give up, Yang! If Jaune and Pyrrha can do it then so can I! I'll be the best mom ever!" she declared. "Besides, you're gonna be the best aunt ever!"

An aunt before she was old enough to drink? Oh, hell no!

Yang moved to grab Ruby again, but she was faster. The cloaked reaper activated her Semblance and sped out of the courtyard before Yang could stop her. She looked at the spot where Ruby had just been before she growled, her eyes burning red and her hair catching fire.

So she wanted to be a brat about it, huh?

Fine.

It was time for her to bring out the big guns.

She pulled out her scroll and called an all-too-familiar number.

"Dad? Yeah, we've got a situation here..."

Beacon was burning.

Pyrrha coughed and struggled to breathe as she forced herself to keep standing. Across from her was her nemesis. Cinder Fall. The older woman stood with a relaxed stance, lips curled up in a smug smirk as fire danced all around her. They'd prevented her from killing the previous Maiden, Amber, but she was still the strongest opponent Pyrrha had ever faced in her life.

She had no idea why the woman had caused such horrors, and right now she didn't care. All she knew was that Cinder Fall was a monster that had to be stopped.

The fight was the hardest she'd ever had in her life. There were no rules or honor. They fought to kill one another in whatever way they could. Pyrrha aimed for her vital organs while Cinder tried to consume her in flames. Pyrrha knew that she was outmatched. This woman - monster - was a Maiden from what she'd been told. She had no idea what it truly meant apart from granting her unimaginable power. The power that made her Pyrrha's superior in every way that mattered.

All except one.

She thought of her friends, of Beacon, and Pythia. The thought of them in danger, of leaving them behind if she fell, pushed her beyond her limits.

She fought harder than she ever thought possible and, with a final flourish, successfully destroyed Cinder's Aura and cut her throat, followed by stabbing her multiple times in the chest. The monster's eyes widened in shock and she opened her mouth, blood dribbling past her lips as she silently screamed. For all the powers she had, Cinder Fall was still human in the end.

Pyrrha stumbled and fell on her back while Cinder did the same. Her Aura was a harsh gust of wind away from breaking, but it was still there. The champion closed her eyes and let herself truly *breathe* for the first time in minutes. Cinder continued to choke and struggle, unable to call on her magic through her panic. It felt like music to her ears.

Jaune, Pythia, and the others were safe now. She'd done it.

"Pyrrha!"

Jaune, Ren, Nora, and all of team RWBY rushed to the top of the CCT. The sight that met him was enough to give him pause. The entire floor was practically destroyed with nothing left save the two occupants. Pyrrha laid down on one side, tired but uninjured. Across from her was Cinder Fall, the mastermind behind Beacon's attack. She was twitching and choking on her own blood.

"Jaune? Where's-"

"Pythia's safe," Jaune assured quickly, "I got her on the first bullhead out of here."

"Good." Pyrrha smiled and closed her eyes. Not unconscious, just relieved.

"What do we do with her?" Weiss nudged her head to the still-twitching Cinder. The others were watching over Pyrrha while the headmaster and the others ran up to join them.

Jaune looked down at the nearly-dead woman. She'd caused so much pain, but a part of him still felt some smidgen of pity.

He didn't know if it was that empathy or pragmatism that made him kneel down and activate his Semblance (after ensuring she was restrained). He'd heal her just enough to make sure she didn't die. They needed information on this 'Salem' and maybe they could put her in the machine and save the life of that poor Amber woman.

Unfortunately, he was so caught up in the moment that he forgot one 'little' detail.

When Cinder Fall opened her eyes, she was met with a basket falling down from the sky and everyone around her looking absolutely shocked. Her hands and legs were bound, and she felt the magic similarly restrained (likely due to the nearby headmaster), but she could still move her head.

Curiosity won out over her anger and fear and she looked down. Looking back up at her was a baby with fluffy blonde hair and the same eyes she saw whenever she looked in a mirror.

"... Wha-"

Pyrrrha's screech echoed throughout all of Vale.

Across Remnant and deep into the heart of the Grimmlands, Salem watched the events of the CCT tower through one of her Seers.

Cinder had failed and her plans had suffered a setback, but it didn't anger her much. That was how her war with Ozma had gone for the past millenia. At times she'd achieved what seemed like overwhelming victories, and at others, she'd suffered defeats so harsh that she would've perished if not for her curse. The plan with Cinder had failed, but there would be other pawns. Other opportunities.

And yet, she found herself curious about an outlier.

Jaune Arc. He wasn't special in any sense of the word, and yet his Semblance was intriguing. He could create life by sharing his Aura with others. It was an ability she'd never seen before.

Salem had faced no ends of hardships in her immortal existence, but none could truly surpass her grief when she'd lost her children. She'd considered the possibility of adoption, but the humans of this time were immortal and she would inevitably outlive them all. None would survive a dip into the pools like she had, and giving birth herself was an impossibility. Apparently, being partially Grimm was a dealbreaker for men. Feh.

...

Well, she could've gone for Tyrian, but even she wasn't that desperate.

But perhaps she'd found a solution to her problem? This Jaune Arc's Semblance could create offspring that would inherit her magic and immortality. It left the former mother wondering and, for the first time in thousands of years, hoping. Perhaps she might even spare this world.

Now, how to make contact...

Yikes. Poor Pyrrha. Even when she seems like she's won, she loses. I honestly thought this was gonna be a straight Arkos story, but the commissioner gets what the commissioner wants :P

Might make another chapter dealing with Pyrrha/Cinder, Ruby's antics, and Salem's plans. Depends on if the commissioner asks for an update.

Wanna help support me (and possibly read chapters a week in advance)? Then check out the link below:

P a treon . com (slash) Vendetta543

Buns in the Ovens

Next (and last) chapter for Baby Jaune. This was actually finished about 3 weeks ago, but the commissioner generously added some edits to make it funnier :) Hopefully you guys enjoy.

This one's a tad less comedic than the previous chapter due to what the commissioner wanted, but it should still be fun. Especially Blake and her Worst Girl energy...

For anyone interested in making a commission, email me at: [storylover543 gmail . com](mailto:storylover543@gmail.com)

Pyrrha was *not* happy!

Slumping her shoulder in defeat, Pyrrha's mind began to wonder at how everything had gone oh so wrong. It hadn't always been this way...

And to think, it all started off so grand! When caught between life and death, Jaune had awakened his Semblance *for her!* And if that wasn't enough? His Semblance allowed them a blessing from the heavens themselves!

Their little Pythia.

The most innocent, adorable, and precious baby girl in the whole wide world!

Her's and Jaune's!

So from then on Pyrrha had vowed that she would do *anything* to ensure that her little girl would be safe and protected, that she would grow up to be the happiest little girl in the world who'd want for nothing.

And Jaune?

He had made that vow too.

Not literally - as much as she would've *adored* to hear it! - but by his actions and deeds. While he might've been a... work in progress as a Huntsman, (she hoped he didn't hate her for thinking that)... he was the *perfect* father material.

Kind and attentive. Responsible yet considerate. All without an single shred of embarrassment. He'd coo at Pythia and embarrass himself in public if it meant seeing her smile.

And while she and Jaune weren't *officially* in a relationship yet, it was pretty much a foregone conclusion at this point! After all, who else would he end up with besides the woman he'd given a child to? It was practically destiny for them to end up together!

Pyrrha sighed.

It had been all so... Perfect. And then...?

She showed up. Cinder Fall.

With what she had done - how she had nearly RUINED their school! - that... that... *woman!*... had risen from obscurity to amass quite the reputation for herself. For those who feared her? She was The Bane of Beacon. To others who CLEARLY had bad tastes and noticed her more "alluring" features? She was their Scarlet Seductress. Uggh! Even the very thought left a bad taste in her mouth.

And oh, how she *loathed* that woman.

There were many reasons for her hatred. She was cruel, selfish, power-hungry, and quite frankly, a huge bitch. She cared for nothing and no one, despite what that deluded lackey Emerald thought. She would've happily thrown them all to the Beowolves if it meant accomplishing her goal.

Not only that, but she'd tried to destroy Beacon and *kill* her. That alone would've been enough to earn Pyrrha's undying hatred, but then she had to do something else. Something that made it even more personal than attempted murder.

She had the audacity to have a baby with *HER Jaune!*

Perhaps that might've sounded petty, even childish to anyone else, especially since neither of them had conceived their children the normal way. But to Pyrrha? This was an affront even more repulsing than her attempted murder! At the very least, killing her would have been somewhat sensible, despite how sadistic Cinder had been about the whole thing. But this? Having a baby with *HER Jaune?!*

This was unforgivable.

Quite frankly she found it more insulting than if she were taken out with no more than an arrow to the chest.

No, she had no idea why she thought of that specifically.

She didn't blame Jaune for it though. Of course not. That sweet man just saw Cinder bleeding out and understood that they needed her both for information and to ensure that poor Amber woman survived. As much as Pyrrha oh-so-badly wanted for Cinder to *die choking on her own blood*, she could see the sense in keeping her alive. Besides, they could always kill her later.

But that didn't happen. Oh no, it was far worse than that.

They'd expected Cinder to be uncooperative and obstinate. That would've given them the perfect excuse to lock her up for a year (or five...) with no contact to try and make her more pliable. Instead, she'd taken one look at her baby and thrown herself at Ozpin's mercy. Pyrrha thought it was just cowardice at first, the desire to survive superseding even her titanic ego, but no, it was something different. Pyrrha could see an all too familiar look in those desperate

amber eyes. It wasn't fear for her own life that dictated Cinder's next actions.

It was the maternal instinct and the newfound love she found her child.

And so the headmaster took pity on her.

Despite everything she'd done - trying to destroy Beacon at the top of that list - it was her sincere desire to stay alive for the sake of her newborn son that had managed to garner her some mercy. They couldn't let her go unpunished, of course, but compared to what she arguably deserved? It was a far, far lighter punishment than what she would've had otherwise.

Obviously, not everyone had agreed with the decision. From what Pyrrha had overheard when she had dropped Cinder off with Ozpin in the first place, General Ironwood was one of the many voices still calling for either her head on a platter or a lifelong case of solitary confinement.

And Miss Goodwitch...? Well, the less said about that... *colorful*... conversation the better. To think that the school's most strict disciplinarian could have such a temper and a mouth on her that put most Mistralian sailors to shame! Pyrrha's ears tingled at the thought while her stomach fluttered at some of her more explicit suggestions. She never would have guessed how many "orifices" one could stuff a cane into or how loud the cracking of a crop could sound... but if Jaune ever offered...

A-ANYWAAYY! Th-the point was that Cinder was still given the choice to cooperate willingly despite the vocal protests of General Ironwood and many of Beacon's staff.

And so, cooperate she did.

She told the headmaster everything she knew about that Salem monster and even agreed to enter the Aura transfer machine which

he had repaired to give Amber back her stolen half of the Fall Maiden's powers despite very real risk of death. Anything if it meant not being separated from her son.

In a way, Pyrrha almost sympathized. She would've done anything to stay with Pythia, and she'd gone into near-certain death because she wanted to protect her daughter from that madwoman's machinations. Any sympathy she had was soon lost when she remembered everything Cinder had done. Her sudden remorse and desire for motherhood did nothing to change her past actions.

Yes, by some miracle nobody had died in Beacon's assault, but that didn't suddenly make her blameless. She still tried to destroy the kingdom, and while no one died, many received injuries that forced them to return home and possibly ensured that their dreams of becoming Huntsmen had been permanently shattered. All because of one woman's selfish lust for power.

And now she was sitting across from her making bullhead noises.

"Here you go, my Handsome Prince~" Cinder Fall, the scourge of Beacon, cooed as she slowly lifted the spoon full of baby food to the dark-haired baby's mouth, "The bullhead's coming to the dock~"

Pyrrha glowered at the woman, making sure to keep her ire focused solely on her and not the baby munching on the nutritious slop. As much as she despised Cinder with every fiber of her being, her child was innocent.

A sentiment that was thankfully shared by the rest of their friends. All of them had fortunately survived Cinder's machinations and none the worse for wear. Sadly, the same couldn't be said for many of the other students. The cafeteria felt barren nowadays.

"Ugh! Remind me again why she's here?" Yang groaned, vocalizing what they all thought.

"It's part of my probation, " Cinder said, not looking up from Ash. Really, she named her child that. For a scheming mastermind, she sorely lacked in imagination, Pyrrha thought as she rocked her own child gently upon her arms.

Yang's eyes narrowed. "Yeah, but I don't get why you have to sit *here* at our table. There's a lot of other places. I hear the janitor's closet is nice."

"And deprive my little one of spending time with his *dashing* father? Never." Cinder simpered, looking right past Pyrrha as she shot a *much* too coy look towards Jaune who was sitting right beside her.

Pyrrha gritted her teeth and resisted the urge to hurl every piece of cutlery at her smug, stupid, and admittedly gorgeous face! It would've been so easy. Her Aura had been dampened ever since her short stint in the Aura Transfer machine. While it wasn't gone - she was still (sadly) alive, after all - she was far less dangerous than before.

Thankfully Jaune - sweet, beautiful Jaune - seemed just as off-put as she did, returning her smolder with a tight-lipped smile on his face. He was honorable to a fault, and despite the increasingly awkward situation, he felt a sense of responsibility for his unexpected child. It was the same sense of responsibility he felt for Pythia.

The rest of the table wasn't much more pleased. Yang still held a (very justifiable) grudge considering Cinder had Emerald trick her into shooting Mercury; Blake despised her for working with that Adam Taurus terrorist they'd arrested; and Ruby disliked her for nearly tricking Pyrrha into killing her friend Penny. Thank the Brothers she managed to realize what was going on. Pythia's cry had cut through the illusion and kept her from doing something unforgivable.

Weiss, Ren, and Nora didn't have personal reasons to dislike her, but they obviously weren't fans given her actions. That and as a show of solidarity for Pyrrha, which she silently appreciated.

It didn't stop Weiss from cooing over Ash, though Pyrrha didn't hold it against her. Like she said before, he was innocent. She just wished Cinder didn't look so damn smug when Weiss gushed over the babe. She took every compliment for Ash as if it was given to her.

"Eh, eh... !" Pythia babbled and reached out for her dad.

"Oh, come here..." Pyrrha handed their daughter over and watched with a smile as he rocked and gently shushed her. Despite having one more baby to take care of, he didn't let it hamper the care and love he showed Pythia in the least. It was just another thing she adored about him.

It was a heartwarming sight marred by Cinder suddenly speaking up.

"I hope you don't ignore our darling, Jaune," Cinder purred. Ash, seeing his half-sister gaining their father's affection, began reaching his pudgy hands out for upsies.

"Of course not," Jaune said automatically. He walked around and picked up Ash with his other arm. Just like Pythia, he immediately calmed. Was it a side-effect of his Semblance or a testament to how good he was with children? Maybe both.

A beeping sound suddenly cut through the picture-perfect scene. Cinder looked down and frowned at the beeping of the tight metal bracelet around her right wrist, "Damn, time for community service..." She scowled, only to smile again as she looked at her son, "Mommy has to go to work now, sweetie. The mean man is making me."

Pyrrha almost laughed at that. Cinder deserved *so much* worse than community service. She deserved to rot in a prison cell, alone and forgotten while the rest of the world moved on from her. It would've been the perfect end for someone like her. But no, she managed to get off with nothing more than public humiliation while her two goons were the ones working as indentured servants outside of Beacon.

At least it meant she couldn't pawn off her tasks to either of those two.

Yang waited till Cinder had left before she said, "Ugh, I fucking hate that bitch."

"Yang. Language." Weiss scolded.

"What? Dirty words never hurt anyone. Uncle Qrow cussed up a storm around me and Rubes and look at us. Pictures of perfect sanity." Pyrrha giggled under her breath, "But come on, don't tell me you don't agree, Weisscream. It's bullshit that she's here."

"They're giving her leniency because of her child." Ren sighed.

"What, so we let criminals off the hook 'cause they pumped out kids? Fuck that noise." Yang snorted, "I have no idea how either of you two are dealing with this," she said to Jaune and herself.

"I'm not enthused..." Pyrrha muttered.

"I have a responsibility to Ash," Jaune said, still holding the two babies in his arms.

"I mean... you don't have to be responsible for every baby you make," Ruby said slowly. For some reason, Yang looked panicked at that, though Pyrrha had no idea why. She was just trying to nudge Jaune to not feel indebted to Cinder, "Like, if you make a baby with someone else here, I'm sure they wouldn't force you to take care of them."

"Ahahaha, Ruby! Let's not talk about that now!" Yang's grin was stilted.

Pyrrha's eyes narrowed. Was Yang trying to get a little blonde babe of her own? If so, the two of them would have *words*. Even if she didn't plan to have Jaune take responsibility - which was what Ruby hinted, and she was sure Yang put her up to saying that - Jaune

would still feel a sense of duty towards any child he brought into this world.

Besides, she didn't like the idea of Jaune sharing his Semblance with anyone. While Cinder was at the top of that list (with Weiss being a very distant second), she didn't want anyone feeling his Aura on theirs. She was quite content to keep that to herself, thank you.

"Oh, you're so cute~" Weiss cooed at Ash, "I just wish you didn't come from that awful woman!"

"There could be another cute baby from someone you're super close to-"

"Ruby!" Yang shouted. She grabbed the blushing reaper and hauled her over her shoulder, carrying her outside the cafeteria effortlessly while the younger girl punched uselessly against Yang's broad back.

Clearly, Yang was trying to hide her obvious desire to have a child of her own. Pyrrha shook her head. She should've known this would happen. Jaune had gotten so much more attention from the female half of the student body ever since he showed what an amazing father he was. The beard and wolf's tail helped, she was sure. Weiss had definitely noticed, so she wasn't surprised Yang did as well.

Why couldn't they just be like Ruby and Blake? Ruby was still so innocent and didn't treat Jaune any differently while Blake hadn't noticed Jaune's change at all. Even now she was just mumbling to herself and writing notes in that diary of hers.

Pyrrha sighed and stood up to join Jaune. At least things with Cinder gone she would have some peace and quiet.

Cinder was *not* happy.

Here she was, the former Fall Maiden and would-be destroyer of Vale... picking up the trash, "Tch..." She stabbed her spiked stick at

the crumpled plastic cup lying on the grass. Even the spike had been blunted, all the more so she couldn't use it to attack anyone or perhaps slit her own throat.

Not that she would. She had a son to get back to.

And so it was that Cinder sighed and continued her humiliating task. Her dampened Aura meant she couldn't even be used as a disposable tool like Emerald and Mercury, and her one request to be allowed to care for her son led her to this. At least being used as an expendable agent had some dignity to it. This was utterly mortifying. She'd gone from being one of the most powerful people on Remnant to a glorified servant.

She looked almost unrecognizable from her usual state. Gone was her red dress and dark heels, replaced instead by a drab brown jumpsuit and green vest that marked her as a sanitation worker. Her long hair was pulled into a messy ponytail and her hands and feet were covered by thick rubber boots and gloves. On her back was a basket where she was to put the trash.

She truly had been reduced to nothing more than a servant once more. Yet, she'd take it all if it meant being able to care for her son.

Another stab, this time grabbing a discarded wrapper. Cinder had honestly believed that she would care for nothing and no one ever since Rhodes betrayed her. Emerald and Mercury were useful pawns, but that was all they were.

Ash was different. She couldn't explain it, but as soon as she saw those familiar amber eyes, she knew that she'd do anything if it meant making him happy. She'd ensure he grew up better than she did. He wouldn't be anyone's slave or servant. Oh no. She would ensure that he wanted for nothing. Ruling the world was unfeasible, but a kingdom? Yes, she could see her darling boy as a king. He would-

"You missed a spot."

Her plans for the future were abruptly cut off when a can of half-empty soda landed at her feet. Cinder glowered at the culprit. Amber Brown, her former victim and the restored Fall Maiden. She'd awakened after recovering Cinder's half of the Maiden magic and had immediately tried to kill her. It took a lot of convincing from the headmaster for Amber not to burn her into a crisp.

Having Amber watch over her was an extraordinary act of pettiness on the headmaster's part. That and all the other tasks he sent her on. They were always the most demeaning, menial things. Picking up garbage, painting walls, cutting shrubs, and even cleaning toilets. Whatever small and humiliating job he could think of, he immediately foisted it off to her.

Cinder refused to break. She'd taken five years of the Madame's 'care'. She could take this as well.

"Very funny..." Cinder gritted her teeth and punctured the can with just a little more force than necessary.

"Nobody buys it, you know?" Amber said.

"What are you on about?" She picked up a bottle and put it in the basket.

"This doting mother act. Everyone knows that you're using that child as a shield to escape punishment."

How dare she?! Cinder growled, but there was no rise of power or flames burning the air around her. Nothing but impotent sounds from a weakened woman, "... Believe what you wish. It doesn't matter to me."

The afternoon sun beat down hard over her and Cinder sighed, wiping the sweat from her brow. The headmaster always timed it just right so that her tasks would be at their most annoying. Thoughts of seeing her darling boy allowed her to persevere, however. It would

be all worth it once she saw his smile. He'd grow up to be the most amazing man Remnant had ever known.

Even Amber continuously tossing trash at her feet wasn't enough to deter her. She took it all with a stoic acceptance.

She was almost done with her task when a pair of footsteps drew close. Cinder turned and couldn't stop herself from smiling sincerely at the sight of Jaune walking towards her with Ash in his arms. Best of all, Nikos and her spawn were nowhere in sight.

"Jaune. Such a pleasant surprise." Cinder crooned. She wasn't sure if what she felt for Jaune was *love* - after all, she'd never experienced it for herself - but she did admit a lot of fondness for the man who saved her life and gave her Ash.

"Yeah, Ash was missing you." He offered the baby boy who was eagerly grabbing for his mother without a care for her unhygienic state, "Pyrrha said she had to talk to Yang about something, so I figured we could visit."

"Hm, how kind of you." She kissed her darling's forehead and cooed. Oh, this was just perfect.

...

A can clinked against her foot.

"You missed a spot."

Cinder bit her tongue to keep from screaming in front of Ash and her future husband.

Ruby was *not* happy.

Why would she be? All her plans were being foiled by her jerk of a big sister! So that big jerk Cinder could have a baby but not her? It

was so unfair! She could be a good mom, she just knew it! She could do a whole heck of a lot better than Cinder, at least, and no one was scrambling to take Ash away from her!

But now she had a plan. For some reason, Pyrrha said she wanted to talk to Yang, and Ruby used that chance to slip away. They'd be talking for a while, and even if they didn't, all she needed was a few minutes once Jaune got back from talking with Cinder in the courtyard.

The door to team JNPR's door was ajar. Ruby knocked on the door and smiled when Jaune replied, "Come in." She peeked inside and smiled wider when she saw that he was alone and sitting on his bed.

"Hey, Jaune," Ruby chirped, moving to sit next to him on the bed, "Where's Ash?"

"Weiss took him to see Nora and Ren." Right, they were watching Pythia, "She wants to give them a playdate. Just because Cinder's... *Cinder* doesn't mean that they can't start to get along."

"That sounds like a good idea." Ruby laughed. Ash really was such a little cutie. It was weird that he came from someone like Cinder, of all people, "So, I was thinking..."

Her pitch trailed off when she took a closer look at Jaune. He looked... exhausted. There were bags under his eyes and his smile was strained. The beard only made him look more like a sad dad.

Whatever thoughts she had of convincing him to use his Semblance on her fell to the wayside, "Hey, what's wrong?" she asked, shifting to full-on bestie mode. Her dreams of being a super mom could wait.

"Nothing."

"Come on, Jaune. I'm your best friend. You can tell me."

"It's just..." He rubbed the back of his head and sighed, "I kinda feel like I'm not good enough."

"For what?" They'd had a conversation like this before. She remembered. During those first couple of weeks at Beacon when he doubted his capability of leading team JNPR. She and the rest of team RWBY only found out later that he'd faked his transcripts. Weiss was unimpressed, but since she kept Blake's secret, she didn't think she had any room to say anything.

"All of this." He sighed and leaned back, looking up at the ceiling, "It's like... I'm trying my best here, but everything's so crazy, you know? With Pythia I was... it wasn't perfect, but I had all you guys to help me. But now Ash is here and I just... I don't know."

"You're doing a good job with him."

"Am I?" He sighed, "I know I didn't expect Pythia, but Pyrrha's my best friend." Elsewhere on campus, a certain redhead's eye twitched at the moniker, "With Cinder it's... I healed her because if she died then everything could've gotten worse. And I know it's not Ash's fault, but I don't know what to do. I wanna be a good dad for him, but Cinder's still... well, *Cinder*. She did a lot of bad things."

"That doesn't mean you're not a good dad."

"I don't feel like it. It feels like I'm only getting as far as I am right now is because of you guys." He sighed, "I mean... Mom and Dad didn't have anyone. Mom was an orphan and Dad hated his entire family. But they still managed to raise eight kids without any help. I could barely handle one and that's with all seven of you backing me up. With Ash here... I dunno, I feel like I'm just gonna mess something up."

"Nope."

"What?"

"Nope."

"Ruby, you can't just say-"

"Nope!" She put her right pointer finger on his lips, her brows furrowed, "None of that. You've been doing a good job, especially since other people at least have months to get ready, even if they weren't expecting to pop out a baby after they do all that stuff Yang and Dad think I don't know about." Yes, she knew about sex, thank you very much. She was sixteen, not six.

She knew about incognito mode too. She felt like a spy whenever she used it.

"Considering you had a baby literally dropped into your lap, I'd say you're doing great!" She grinned and took her finger off his mouth, "And, well... actually, I have to tell you something."

"What is it?"

"Well... I wanted a baby of my own." Jaune blinked and looked at her with an unreadable expression. Ruby's cheeks flushed and she said her next words in more of a rush, "H-Hey, don't look at me like that! I wasn't gonna have you get naked or anything! Just use your Semblance so the basket can fall down from the sky. Easy peasy, right? I wouldn't even ask you to look after them or anything!"

"That's, uh... well, that's a bit of a bombshell," Jaune laughed softly.

"Look, the point is I read up a lot on how to be a good parent so I could prepare and you're doing everything right from what I've seen. You make sure Pythia and Ash are happy, you pay attention to them both, and you're doing it while balancing being a student and a dad."

"I mean, you guys being here really helps with that."

"Still!" Ruby huffed. Why did Jaune always have to put himself down? It really annoyed her, "Look, all I'm saying is, you're doing a

good job. Are you perfect? Maybe not, but no one is! I love Dad, but he made his mistakes too when me and Yang were kids. You're gonna make mistakes too, everyone does, but that doesn't mean you're not being the best dad you can be!"

"You really think so?"

"Yeah!" Ruby beamed at his small, uncertain smile, "Besides, you'll have us to help you the whole way! Weiss *really* wants to be a godmother too... actually, I'm surprised she's not angling for a baby of her own."

"Ha. I'm not sure her dad would be happy about that." Oh right, her dad was a big, stupid jerk, "Hey, uh... thanks for talking. I didn't wanna talk to Pyrrha. It's not that I don't trust her - I do! - it's just... well, she's already dealing with a lot of stuff. I gave her a baby without meaning to and now she's mom. I've been trying to look as confident as I can for her sake. She'd feel awful if she saw how scared I am."

"I don't think she would be." How did he not realize that Pyrrha liked him that way? Then again, Pyrrha didn't help by not just telling him, "Listen... if you're ever feeling down again, come talk to me. I promise I'll keep it a secret from the others. Okay?"

"Yeah... thanks, Rubes."

He pulled her into a sudden embrace. Ruby's eyes widened for a moment before she hugged him back. Jaune was like a big teddy bear, and since he wasn't wearing his armor now, it felt really nice and warm.

They stayed like that for a few more seconds before they mutually pulled back still holding hands and sharing smiles, "So..." he started slowly, "When you said that you wanted a baby... did you mean it?"

"Huh? Well, yeah, but only if you really-"

Ruby squeaked as a sudden warmth enveloped her. She gasped and looked down at their interlinked hands, watching as his Aura flooded into her. It felt like... the warmest, most comforting embrace she'd ever had in her life. It made the last hug they shared feel cold and distant by comparison.

And just as quick as it came, it was gone. Ruby felt like she'd been jerked awake from a pleasant dream. She almost asked Jaune if he could do it again when a bright light shined overhead. Ruby looked up and gasped again, hands covering her mouth as a crib slowly fell down from the heavens. She reached both her trembling arms out and let the wicker basket fall into her arms.

It was a girl - she somehow knew that - with bright blonde hair that turned red at the tips. More than that, however, were her shining silver eyes, the very same ones she and her mom had.

"Oh..." Ruby was crying, though she had no idea why. She set the crib down and picked up her new daughter with trembling hands. She felt so... she didn't know how to describe it. So full of love and joy but also a slight tinge of fear and uncertainty. Her own little baby. A tiny human that she'd watch grow up to be her own person. The thought of it made her cry with joy.

And then the door opened.

Ruby's head snapped up to the door just as Cinder and Pyrrha walked in, both of them carrying their babies in their arms. Judging by the looks on their faces, the two of them were in the middle of an argument when they both turned to look at Jaune.

A pregnant (hehe... wait, focus!) silence settled over the room. Both Pyrrha and Cinder looked at Jaune, then her, then the baby she was holding in her arms. Pythia and Ash, seeing a new possible sibling, began to babble excitedly and tried to reach out for her.

None of them said a word, each unsure of what exactly to say. Ruby opened her mouth to at least attempt to form a sentence when Yang

shot past the two stunned moms with a scream, "Ruby, please tell me you haven't-" Yang stopped and gasped at the silver-eyed baby in her arms. Her new kid looked up at Yang in wonder, and though she still couldn't form the words, it was as if both Ruby and Yang could hear her clear as day.

Auntie Yang.

"NOOOOOOOOO!" Weiss screamed to the heavens and fell to her knees, banging her fists against the door like a woman told she only had seconds to live.

"Ehehehe... surprise?" Ruby said though she didn't know if she was talking to Yang, Pyrrha, or both.

Pyrrha's scream could be heard all across campus.

Blake was happy.

Maybe that was an odd thing to feel given recent circumstances, but it was the truth. Yang had rolled her eyes when she first posited the theory of Jaune trying to form a harem, "Vomit Boy?" she asked at the time, "You really think he has the balls for that? Nah. He's a human puppy. No chance."

Blake generously didn't say anything on the offensive comment on human dogs. Comments like those were reserved for Faunus, thank you. Still, she felt vindicated when Yang had come to her in hysterical tears, crying about how Ruby had a baby of her own and now she was an aunt before she could legally drink.

Jaune was expanding his harem. That was clear for all to see. First was Pyrrha, his partner and the girl with an obvious crush on him. It was easy for him to convince her to let him pump her full of his thick white... *Aura*. Oh, they *claimed* it was an accident, that they had no idea a baby would come, but she saw through that. Jaune was a beast in heat while Pyrrha was his first ever concubine.

And then there was Cinder Fall. Jaune knew exactly what he was doing when he saved her. She was weak, defenseless, and had nothing and no one left. She would've been perfectly ripe to give up everything in her life for him. A child bound her to him and now she'd gone from a cunning murderess to yet another notch on his belt.

Not that Blake sympathized with her. If anyone deserved such fate, it was Cinder Fall. Oh, she could already imagine how the rest of her life would go. Jaune pumping her over and over, year after year, with his... Aura. She wouldn't even be able to think about anything besides being the best mother and breeding sow she could be. The perfect ending for someone like her.

And then there was Ruby. Blake wasn't surprised. Jaune and Ruby were always close and so she found herself blind to his true motives. Blind to the starving beast underneath that dorky exterior. When she came to their room with a daughter in tow, Blake simply sat back and watched as Yang cried and Weiss gushed over the (admittedly adorable) baby somehow already dressed in a strawberry onesie.

That was three. Who would he conquer next, she wondered. Yang was too paranoid about getting more family members. Nora was too attached to Ren, but perhaps Jaune could tame Ren himself. There was never any proof on whether his partners had to be female in order to get a child.

Perhaps Weiss? She talked about how she couldn't get a child for herself due to how shameful it'd be, but that Jaune was clearly a silver-tongued devil. Oh, she could see it now. Jaune coming up behind her and whispering about how she could have a little snowflake of her own. All she'd have to do was give herself up to him. Weiss would refuse, but it would obviously be weak and she'd ultimately give in to his desires.

Blake squirmed in her seat in arou- wariness. Out of wariness.

Her eyes narrowed and she looked at the man himself. All of them were at the cafeteria again with Jaune smiling like a Schnee in his

ivory tower. He was so smug. He hadn't stopped putting on that (oddly stiff) smile ever since his baby first showed up. He was *relishing* in his newfound status as the head of a harem filled with some of the most exceptional Huntresses in this generation.

Her eyes flicked to the streak of white running through his hair. Clearly, he'd done it to try and appeal to Weiss. It was a sign that he saw himself as a king. That no one was beyond his reach.

Blake's eyes widened and she gasped. Wait, did that mean... that he would go for *her* ? Why did she even ask; of course he would! He was insatiable, and Blake was a mysterious beauty. She knew from overhearing his conversation with Velvet that he was also attracted to Faunus. Why wouldn't he be? He was so filled with lust that she was sure that he had no limits.

She would refuse, of course. She was not going to be someone's devoted wife.

...

But she knew he'd try to convince her the same way he did Pyrrha and Ruby. Blake resolved to prepare herself. If he thought she'd be just another conquest to add to his growing list, he had another thing coming. She'd fight tooth and nail for it. Then Jaune would get frustrated and force himself on her, overloading her with pleasure and growling about how she could be so happy if she just gave in.

...

Blake's nose started bleeding and she stumbled away from the table without a word. She had to write down some notes...

Jaune... didn't know how to feel.

It'd been a week since giving Ruby her own daughter, whom she'd quickly named Summer, and things were... okay.

Well, they weren't perfect, but they were a lot better than he was expecting. Ren and Nora had taken it well, mostly because they saw themselves as the cool aunt and uncle of the team.

Yang was still in denial about being an auntie despite how much she doted on Summer. It was weird. She'd coo and play with Summer one second then go into a fit about how she was too young to be an aunt anytime someone pointed out the familial connection.

Weiss had gone into overdrive with the spoiling, especially when Ruby said that she could be the official godmother. Weiss had been over the moon at that and promised to be the best godmother and honorary aunt she could be.

Then there was Blake... honestly, he didn't know what to make of her. The two of them weren't the closest before he got his Semblance and that didn't really change after. Still, her recent behavior was weird. She'd keep writing in her notebook and muttering to herself while looking at him. Sometimes she'd catch disjointed words like 'fetish', 'harem', and 'beast', but that was about it.

He chalked it up to her being weird and moved on.

And then there was Ruby, Pyrrha, and Cinder. Pyrrha had... *not* been happy when she first walked into that room, but Ruby had assured her that 'she wasn't planning to take him', whatever that meant. She'd also said that she wasn't planning to have Jaune raise Summer, but he vetoed that. Ruby was definitely determined enough to raise a kid all on her own, but Summer was still his kid. He had a responsibility to him.

Despite the tension, it didn't boil into an actual conflict. Things were tense between Ruby and Pyrrha now, but they still considered Cinder the bigger threat. Cinder herself didn't really care. She already didn't think too much about the rest of the group and Ruby's actions didn't seem to phase her one way or another. It was almost impressive how she continued to stand proud no matter what.

All of them were in the cafeteria, as always. Classes would be starting up again soon, which meant they wouldn't have time for leisurely days like this soon enough. He was already thinking of plans on what to do when the new semester started. Taking Pythia to classes was fine when it was only her, but now there were two additional babies and their grades would start slipping if they had to watch all three of them. Plus Cinder would be busy with community service.

If only Beacon had a nursery...

"Uppy, uppy~!" Ash said. Not to Cinder, though; to Pyrrha. Pyrrha was momentarily shocked before she picked him up while Cinder looked like someone who'd been utterly betrayed.

Maybe it was his imagination, but he could've sworn Pyrrha smirked at Cinder.

He was thinking of picking up Summer and Pythia so they wouldn't feel left out when his scroll rang. Jaune read through the message quickly, "What's wrong, Jaune?" Nora asked.

"Ah, the headmaster says he wants to see me alone in his office."

"Oh no! Are you in trouble?" Ruby asked worriedly.

"I shouldn't be. Or at least I don't remember." Jaune shrugged and stood, "Maybe it's about the kids? We can't take them to class so I was actually hoping we could talk about it."

"If it is about that, then I demand better lodgings for Ash. He deserves far more than a crib bought from a hardware store!" Cinder said.

Jaune shook his head and made his way to the headmaster's office. The school staff had been busy the past few weeks cleaning up Cinder's mess. He'd heard that Professor Goodwitch in particular loved making Cinder haul rubble even though her Semblance could

do it in the time it'd take to blink. It was petty, but he can't say he blamed them considering what she did.

He knocked on the heavy wooden door.

"Come in."

Jaune stepped inside and stopped at the frankly bizarre sight. There was the headmaster, sitting behind his oversized desk with his hands steepled together and his gaze facing forward with an unreadable expression. He was the very picture of calm.

Which was pretty impressive considering there was a woman that he could only describe as a humanoid Grimm standing to the right of the table. Pale skin, black eyes, tainted veins, and... dreadlocks? Okay, not what he expected, but still terrifying. He had a nightmare of a grown-up Pythia in her teenage rebellion years with the same hairstyle...

"Jaune, thank you for joining us," the headmaster said, sounding eerily nonplussed at the Grimm woman's presence."

"Y-Yeah, sure..." He looked over to the goliath in the room, "Who's um... who's your friend?"

"Ozma and I are not 'friends', but at times, we've found reason to strike an accord. This is one of those times. As for my name, you may call me Salem."

"Like the talking cat?"

"Do not compare me to the cat!" Salem shouted, whatever humanity in her voice disappearing.

"Okay, okay! No cat!" Jaune shrieked, "So, uh... wh-why did you call me here, headmaster?" He asked nervously.

"Yes, well... there have been some negotiations that took place and you're a crucial part of it."

"I... I don't get it."

"It is... a complicated tale. Salem and I have been in conflict for a... very long time. To tell you the breadth of our war would take a lifetime, but let's just say that Salem is the greatest threat that Remnant has ever known. Her only goal is to end all life on the planet." Jaune jumped and looked at Salem. She didn't deny it at all, "I've barely held her back for centuries. In this war, stalemate is victory."

"You seem really calm if that's the case... sir."

"Ah, and that's where the negotiations come in. You see, she's agreed to... change her plans in exchange for a particular service,"

"Ozma was always prone to dithering about." Salem sighed, "What he means is that I've agreed to spare this world and end our conflict."

"That's... That's good...?" Ugh, he had a headache...

"Yes, it is. You should know that Cinder's plans for Vale were because of my wishes. If needed, I could make equally dangerous plans in each of the four kingdoms. And yet I offer salvation."

"In exchange for what?" Jaune's hands clenched tightly. If what she said was true, then she was dangerous and he couldn't afford to mess this up.

"For you, Jaune Arc."

...

"What?" The answer was so... odd that he found himself floundering.

"Ah, let me explain." The headmaster coughed, "She'd seen your Semblance in action through one of her Seers - a Grimm type - during the battle for Beacon. She is... well, she-"

"I wish to have children," Salem cut in impatiently, "The problem being that it is rather difficult to find one willing to indulge in that or survive the coupling. Your Semblance allows me to bypass that problem."

"I still don't understand why you couldn't use Callows," The headmaster grumbled.

"Because I have standards , Ozma." The Grimm woman sniffed, "I'd considered numerous plans to make contact with you, Jaune Arc. Having Tyrian and Hazel kidnap you was my first considered choice, but ultimately, I decided a parlay was the most expedient option. I've laid my cards on the table. Now, do we have a deal?"

"As much as I wish to say yes, this is Mr. Arc's choice." The headmaster sighed and looked him in the eyes, "Mr. Arc?"

"Uh, well..." Jaune rubbed the back of his head, "I have some questions."

"Such as?" Salem raised a brow.

"How many kids are we talking here?"

"Hm, I believe twelve shall be sufficient."

"T-Twelve?!" Jaune choked.

"For a start, yes." Salem nodded, completely ignoring his outburst, "Perhaps I shall seek more at a later time."

"Alright... say I give you kids, what then? You're not gonna raise them to take over the world, are you?" By the brothers, twelve kids...

"I shall retreat to the Grimmlands to raise them. With any luck, my progeny shall share in both my magic and immortality. I will not have to live with the pain of outliving them." She was quiet for a moment, ***"I was the happiest I've ever been in my countless***

millenniums of existence when I was a mother. It was all too brief a time stolen from me." She glared at the headmaster.

"And... that's it? You get your twelve kids and then you leave forever?"

"With the world's safety guaranteed, yes." Jaune almost wanted to laugh. He'd always wanted to save the world, but like this? It was absurd, and yet both the headmaster and Salem treated it like it was the most serious thing in the world, ***"There is another thing. Think of it as an... incentive. I see that you've also chosen to make a progeny with the Silver-Eyed Warrior."***

"Are you talking about Ruby?"

"Yes. The one who believes her mother has perished."

"Wait, are you saying Summer Rose is alive...?" The headmaster stood.

"Indeed she is. And in exchange for this, I shall give her back."

"You've kept her ***prisoner...***" The headmaster growled. Jaune wanted to be angry too, but he lacked the context, "What tortures did you devise for her?"

"Tortures? Absolutely nothing. There would be no point to it. She is a model prisoner, numerous escape attempts aside. She is very insistent on returning to her two daughters. We also play cards every weekend."

"I... cannot tell if you're joking or not." The headmaster pinched the bridge of his nose, "Regardless, I'm sure Ms. Rose and her family will be... happy that she's alive, though I'm sure they will despise you for taking Summer from them for a decade."

"Wait, stop, stop! Hold up!" Jaune gronaed, "Ugh, I'm getting a headache. Just... okay, let's say I agree to this, I have some terms."

Salem raised a brow again while the headmaster suddenly looked nervous, "First, I want a guarantee you're not just... making immortal children so you can take over the world or something."

"And how do you know I would honor any bargains we make?"

"I don't, but if you really did break your promises like that, I doubt the headmaster would've agreed to make a deal with you."

"Perhaps." Salem crossed her arms, ***"Is that all?"***

"Second, I wanna be involved in the lives of our kids." That got their attention. Salem blinked slowly, utterly gobsmacked, while the headmaster looked violently ill, "I know you said that you're gonna leave to take care of them, but the Grimmlands is no place for kids! If you're going to take them there then I wanna be sure they're being raised right!"

"Hmph. Any other man would be happy to be rid of responsibility."

"Yeah? Well they're my kids too. Half of me is in them, so I can't just pretend it doesn't involve me."

"Jaune, are you quite sure about this?" The headmaster asked.

"Yes." Jaune stood tall, "So... do we have a deal?"

"Very well." The headmaster choked, ***"Though I assure you that you'll regret this choice, Mr. Arc."***

"I'll be the judge of that. Now come on, let's do this."

It felt odd using his Semblance on the Grimm woman. She was cold, and it felt like dipping his hands in icy water. Jaune held back a hissing breath and watched with mixed feelings as the all-too-familiar basket crib came down from on high.

Inside it was a miniature copy of Salem. The same pale hair, the same dark eyes, and the same tainted veins running up their arms. All except one thing: a look of complete innocence and wonder that would've been impossible in something that had been born evil.

"Ha..." Jaune smiled.

"Indeed. Now, we have another eleven more to go."

... Crap.

By the end of it all, Jaune was absolutely drained and exhausted. Yet despite that, he knew he couldn't rest. Not yet. There was still so much to do. He had to tell Ruby about her mom... and then tell everyone that he had twelve new kids.

Well, an Arc never went back on his word. He'd make sure every one of his kids was raised right.

Poor Jaune, and poor Pyrrha too. This family's gonna be so messed up in the future.

The original plan was that Ruby actually managed to get a baby from Jaune the 'natural' way in a comedic segment, which left Pyrrha and Cinder malding. The commissioner wanted something sweeter segment so we have the talk instead.

Also, Blake needs a lot of help. Oh well, I know you guys like it when she acts delusional and so above it all.

Anyway, that's it. This comm's done. Hope you guys enjoyed.

Question:

1. So what do you guys think of Cinder? Still an awful person, but trying to be a good mom anyway. Even if it means being Amber's bitch.

Wanna help support me (and gain access to chapters a week early)? Then check out the link below:

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