

A Monster's Family

By: Jiu-jitsu dude

She was a monster. He was most definitely something else... they made it work. A series of one-shots based on 'A Monster's Marriage.'

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Cr00cy I think I have a problem

As promised, the first in our collection of one-shots

Hero In Peril

Jaune strained against the bonds linking his hands to the back of the metal chair. He'd spent what felt like most of the last hour trying to get the cuffs to break, but they hadn't even budged. A cold sweat ran down his back he considered the consequences of staying here any longer. He had to get out, and he had to get out now. He shuffled his feet, tied to the chair's legs, along the floor, pushing himself back and forth. Maybe, just maybe, if he lowered his Aura, he could break one of his hands enough to get it free. It'd suck, but hey, it'd worked for that guy in that movie, why not him? He grit his teeth in anticipation as the chair leaned further and further back. He was almost there, just one last push! He closed his eyes and waited as the chair began its fall. It would all be over in a-

"My, my, aren't we an ambitious little Huntsman?" A terrifyingly familiar voice called, as a hand caught his shoulder, robbing him of his momentum and righting the chair. He shuddered as he felt the hand release its grip on his shoulder and trail down his chest until he could feel her breath on his ear.

"Are you bored of me already? We still have so much to discuss." She purred.

"I'm not telling you anything." He snapped back.

She chuckled as she slowly pulled back, her nails raking along his chest, before walking around the chair to face him.

"I imagine you think that sounds brave." Cinder Fall taunted with a smirk. "Don't worry, you're far from the first man to believe this, and you won't be to first one to break either. All you have to decide, is how much pain we're going to go through to get there." She hummed as she cupped his chin, forcing him to look her in the eye. "Just between us girls, I don't think it's going to take all that long."

He snarled as he opened his mouth wide and twisted his head to bite into her hand, only to have his efforts rewarded with a sharp crack, as a slap from her other and sent his head spinning to the side.

She tsked. "But, I've been wrong before. Not that it matters, we have all the time in the world, and I'm far from squeamish. How about you, little Hunter? I bet you're not a big fan of blood."

"You're a monster!" He growled.

She rolled her eyes. "First time I've heard that one, I assure you."

"Doesn't make it any less true."

"And what, dear Huntsman, makes me a monster?"

"You're a murder!" He accused.

"I've killed people, yes. So has any number of your little friends, the Huntsmen you read about in the news, the soldiers that guard your borders."

"That's different!" He defended.

"Oh? Are those people a special kind of dead that I haven't heard about, one that doesn't count as much? If so, I must share this news immediately."

"They kill when they have to. They do it to protect people." He argued.

"Protect them from whom? The disenfranchised, the desperate? Why do you imagine those bandits and faunus are so willing to resort to violence? Could it be that they've found that their voices have fallen on deaf ears? That your council has turned a blind eye to problems that are too complicated or expensive? Who has time to think about all that when elections are just around the corner? Especially when you have good little Huntsmen like you to deal with it."

"Twist it however you want, it doesn't change anything. You kill for yourself, nothing more."

She chuckled. "And that's what makes me a monster?"

"Doesn't it?" He challenged. "You only care about power."

She scowled. "Do you know who doesn't care about power, little Huntsman? Those that already have it." He opened his mouth to respond, only have it snap shut as she stuck him again. "See? What are you thinking about right now? It's hurting me, isn't it? You crave power more than anything right now, because you have none. I imagine this is a new experience for you."

He spat blood at her, it falling just short at her feet. "You're wrong. I've been powerless almost my entire life."

She snorted. "Oh please, what have you ever truly struggled for?" She gestured towards him. "You never wondered where your next meal is coming from, have you? Have you ever had to walk from one town to another because you won't survive the winter if you stay? Do even know how to hunt? Have you ever stolen, not out of spite, but out of desperation?"

"I-"

"No, you haven't. Mommy and daddy took care of all that for you, but it still wasn't enough, was it? Despite the fact that you had everything

that you could ever need, you wanted more. You wanted to be a Hunter, you wanted power."

"I wanted to help people!"

"You wanted to be a hero." She corrected. "You wanted the glory, to be someone, to have people notice you. You chose a life of violence, little Hunter, that sounds pretty selfish to me."

"I'd never dream of hurting someone I didn't have to!" He defended.

She grinned wickedly as she leaned in. "Oh, but you have thought about hurting people, haven't you? Perhaps some big, bad ruffian, a bandit that no one cares about. I bet you've been waiting for it, the chance to test your skills, to know that you're better than them."

"I've never-"

"-admitted it, I know. But, you have thought about it, I know you have." She chuckled as she watched his head fall. "Oh, don't be so dramatic, it's perfectly natural. The only thing that's different is the reasons why we fight. Tell me, little Hunter, what did you imagine would be waiting for you when you returned from the battlefield, bloody and victorious?"

"Shut up." He mumbled towards the floor. "It's not like that, I just... I just wanted-"

"-to be special. To be acknowledged, to be praised, to be admired." A smirk found its way to her face as she moved over to him. "Perhaps by a woman?" He looked away and she burst out laughing. "Oh Gods, of course it is! Don't worry, little Hunter, that just makes you like the endless stream of young men that have marched off to fight, adventure in their heads and murder in their hearts. It certainly doesn't make you special."

"Just get it over with." He snapped.

She chuckled, pushed him back in his seat and straddling his waist. "Oh no, my little Huntsman, you wanted to talk, remember?" She said, wrapping her arms around his neck. "Tell me about her, this woman you'd kill for."

"I wouldn't-"

"I bet she's beautiful, isn't she? Yes, she'd have to be to rile you up so. They're always beautiful, you know."

"Stop." He demanded.

"I bet she doesn't even know your name, or if she does, she's never said it with anything but contempt. You thought that maybe you could change all that if you just did something special enough, if you were special enough." She allowed Aura to flow into her arms, and watched the boy squirm painfully against the heat running through her. "Tell me, am I getting warm?"

"Fuck you." He gasped.

"Oh, I bet you've dreamt of that too." She taunted.

"No!" He shouted back.

"Please, you've been more nervous in the past few moments than when I was threatening to torture you. Do you want me, little Huntsman? You certainly wouldn't be the first, I'm afraid that doesn't make you special either."

He struggled to somehow lean further back in the chair. "I'm not-"

"-very selfless, as it turns out. The world at your fingertips, and you still wanted more. Learned to fight, to protect yourself, and you still wanted more. Now you're sitting here, my prisoner, and you still want more." She leaned forward and whispered in his ear. "You're so goddamn selfish."

"Please-" he begged.

"Please what, little Huntsman?" She asked. "I need to know what you want in order to give it to you. Is it for me to stop?" She nipped at his ear. "Or perhaps something else?"

"I can't-"

"Oh, but you can, and I think you will." She whispered, pressing into him. "Just say the words. Show me how selfish you really are."

He swallowed. "I want-"

"Mommy!" A tiny voice cried as it banged on their bedroom door. "I had a bad dream."

"-to sell our children." He finished with groan.

"See? Being selfish again." She chastised, before turning towards the door and shouting. "Em, did you try talking to your sister about it?"

"Ven said that the boogeyman is real, and lives under my bed." The small girl complained from the other side of the door.

Cinder sighed. "Honestly, I don't know where she gets that mean streak from."

Jaune rolled his eyes. "I'll give you three guesses."

She shot him a look. "Isn't it your turn to deal with the boogeyman?"

He sighed. "Yeah, just uncuff me and I'll go play hero." He smiled. "Be back in a jiff."

"Don't worry about it, I'll get this one." She said, pulling herself off him and straightening her dress.

He raised an eyebrow. "You sure? Why?"

She hummed as she made her way over to the door. "Maybe I'm just feeling particularly selfless today."

"I can call a doctor." He offered.

She tsked as she pulled the door open, revealing a miniature version of herself, clutching a stuffed rabbit for dear life. "Aww, did you get scared sweetie?" She cooed, kneeling down to hug the small girl. "Do you need mommy to go scare the boogeyman?"

"Yes, please." She squeaked back, before looking over her mother's shoulder. "Why is daddy tied to a chair?"

"Because your daddy said some very mean things to your mommy, so now he's in timeout." She explained. "Isn't that right, dear?"

"... you're the worst."

She shook her head mournfully. "See how mean he's being?"

"Yeah, stop being mean, daddy!" Agreed the raven-haired child excitedly.

"I think he needs some more time in timeout. Why don't we go deal with your monster while he thinks about what he's done?"

"Ok!" The girl cried, grabbing her mother by the hand and dragging her down the hall.

"Baby, you're coming back, right?" He called after his wife's retreating form.

"Who knows? I'm a monster, after all." She shot back.

"That not funny, my hands are going numb! Where'd you put the key? Cindy? Cinder!?"

Jiu: Folks, these come out when they come out. I'm too weak not to pen them every now and again, but I can't promise any set schedule. They will jump around in timeframe and length. Hope you enjoy!

Also, I thought long and hard about whether or not I wanted to do this, but I decided to start a ko-fi page. I'm using it to save up money for when I stop being a pansy and decide to pursue publishing something original (don't worry, it'll be awhile before I get the nerve).

It's ko-fi dot com slash jiu_jitsudude

If you feel like you'd like to throw in a few bucks, I'm honored. If not, I'm still going to keep on writing. It's cheaper than therapy