

# Hate is a Flame Born of Passion

**By: Constable Paperbag**

Confinement can sometimes be a virtue. A pity the boy beneath her was too stubborn to realise that.

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Guess who's back?

So, this is my attempt at writing a Jaune x Cinder one-shot taking place after V3. Originally inspired by an idea from SpookyNoodle (who was kind enough to beta this, as well as GreyWulfos) I decided to expand on it in my own way. I hope you all enjoy.

On a side note, I have finished the majority of my university work now, so expect more updates from stories soon, as well as other one-shots I worked on in my free time. Constable's back, and he's laying down the law.

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**Beta: SpookyNoodle & GreyWulfos**

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And here she thought she couldn't get any more powerful as she moulded her lips with the boy beneath her. Her Grimm hand trailed a finger down his face earning a shudder from him, whether it be from pleasure or fear from something inhuman touching him.

"Enjoying yourself?" she purred. She didn't need an answer, the hard response from his lower body spoke louder than words. But she wanted one, and Cinder Fall always took what she wanted. She ground her hips against it, gaining a gasp from him. "I'll take that as a yes."

"Shut up," he growled. Still in denial, was he? Well, that was alright. She didn't need his mouth for words anyway.

"As you wish," she whispered, leaning back down to kiss him. She could feel his arms wrap around her waist possessively. Silly boy. He thought he was the one in control. She proved him wrong by pulling

away for a moment and grinning when she saw that pleading expression flicker on his face, if only for a moment. A fleeting thing, but still a sign of weakness.

Weakness. She could feel her Grimm arm throbbing from the sign of prey. She had always been one to thrive on the weakness of others, and now that predatory nature was literally a part of her. Power was an intoxicating thing. Now, having power over someone else? That was even better.

She showed her power over him by leaning back down to nibble at his throat. That boy had a lot of aura, yet it couldn't seem to protect his sensitive spots as the boy gasped and shuddered from her teeth. She took delight in his voice as he moaned when she circled her tongue around the flesh. She could only imagine his expression. How was he supposed to convince her of his dominance if he kept making noises like that?

Fool.

Her tongue travelled slowly up his neck, past his jawline, and just stopping beneath his bottom lip. She took a moment to stare down at him. Her eye met both of his as the two held each other's gaze. "You certainly sound like you're having fun," she grinned.

His face, which had once been panting with ecstasy, suddenly darkened as his arms wrapped around her waist once again, drawing her in closer. "I told you to shut up- mmpf."

The only one getting silenced here was him as she pulled him in from the back of his head to kiss him. She could feel his arms slacken, causing her grip on him to tighten. Soon, the only sounds he was making were his muffled moans as her tongue dominated his.

A thin line of drool separated them as they parted. Her grin never left her as she stared at him, her Grimm hand coming up to stroke the side of his face. "You'll have to make me," she whispered. "Do you

think you'll be able to?" He couldn't, but it would be fun to see him try. A victory wasn't as satisfying without a fight.

His eyes looked hazy with lust as he gazed at her face in a daze. She helped snap him out of his trance by gently running one of her sharp nails down his cheek. He shuddered and his - admittedly weak - composure returned to him.

"You're a monster," he said in a quiet voice full of fury. She licked her lips in excitement. So, he was still angry? Excellent.

"You don't seem to mind that right now." She ground her hips against him again, slower this time. She could feel every shudder that passed through his body as she turned his body into putty in her hands. She pressed her lips to his ear as she continued her movements. "You'll find I can be a very generous monster if you give me the chance." She ended her sentence with a small lick to his earlobe.

She truly was the sweetest of poisons. She was deadly but too irresistible to pass up on. His body craved her even if his heart didn't. Whether he realised it or not, she had already infiltrated his system. Soon, she would pass through his mind, cloud his thoughts, until she was the one in control. What free will he thought he'd have would be an illusion. She'd be all he'd be able to think about.

And it would start tonight.

"I... I..." Look at him. Still trying to form words with that stutter in his voice. It was a wonder how he was the leader of anything. "I'll never... never forgive you." His protests ended when her mouth found his neck again. His resistance was laughable. It hadn't been effective early on and it wasn't effective now.

Oh, he despised her. She could feel the heat of his anger coursing through his veins. Perhaps it was the Grimm side of her influencing her desires, but she found herself *feeding* off of his negative energy. The contempt he had for her excited her, giving her the energy to

press forward. She had to have more. She needed that raw hate directed at her. It was bliss.

Her human hand slinked down his chest and dipped through his jeans. He could deny it all he wanted, but a man's body never lied. She could feel his desire for her as she gripped what lay concealed. Even just circling the tip with her thumb was enough to make him writhe and moan in euphoria. He clenched his eyes shut as he desperately tried to deny the pleasure he was feeling.

The hate! The wonderful, burning hate that *oozed* from his body. The hate he held for her, but also himself. He hated how she was winning him over. How his body and mind were acting against him. Her breathing became laboured as the heat from his inner fury washed over her like soothing warm bath. It both relaxed her and sent her heart racing at the same time. And they hadn't even gotten to the best part yet!

"Haah... ugghh..." His will was escaping him with each groan made. His eyes were still closed, but not quite as tightly as before. It seemed like he was relaxing into it, though he would never admit it. She hoped he wouldn't. Denial was an especially delicious kind of anger.

"How does it feel?" she cooed as she began slowly stroking him with her soft, velvet-gloved hand. It was obvious this had never been done to him before. She wasn't putting much work into it, but it was clearly enough for him. From the way he was trembling and breathing, you would think he was being electrocuted. "I bet you're glad you're here now. This is much better than living out in the cold woods, isn't it?"

The boy could barely form a response. At least not one in a comprehensible language. All that left his chattering teeth were a series of hisses and gasps. He was loving it. Of course he was. What man wouldn't? She was beautiful. Perhaps not as beautiful as she was before, hence why it was taking him longer to succumb to

bliss, but still beyond anything in his reach. He would show appreciation for his good fortune.

"You can tell me," she whispered. She leaned up to run her tongue along his earlobe again. "It's just the two of us here. Don't think about anything else. I'm the only one you need right now." She could feel his body agree with her as he grew larger in her hand. She rewarded his honesty with a longer stroke. Men were easy. Boys were effortless.

Bless his resistance. She could see small droplets of sweat running down his head as he tried concentrating. "You... you're a..." he managed out. Oh? Was he able to speak again? This ought to be good.

She met his gaze again, not stopping her stroking for a minute. "I'm a what?" she said excitedly. "Go on, tell me."

"You're such a... tease..."

She hummed with a sly smile on her face. Yes, she probably was, wasn't she? After all, she did often taunt him behind the bars of his cell. During his first few days captive, she mocked him for being so foolish to think he could hunt her down and kill her. Standard victory procedure for her. Then she decided to take things further. Even if her face wasn't as desirable as what it had once been, her body was still something sought by all men. She was used to people staring at her, so much so that she could sense it happening behind her back.

It started with her showing a bit of flesh. He had still been furious with her, but not so much that he couldn't sneak a peek. To be fair, there wasn't really anywhere else he could look, and the view she was giving him was much nicer than the bare wall of his cell. Then she started making... invitations.

She offered him the chance to touch her through the bars if he so desired. Weak and without his weapon, there wasn't much he could do to hurt her. He had angrily refused at first, but eventually, he

caved into her offers. After all, he was only a man. And she was the finest of women.

And now here she was; in his cell with the boy who hated her the most squirming beneath her touch. This was the most physical they had ever been together. How much of that sexual pressure had he kept locked within himself? How much of that aggression needed to be released? She was about to find out.

"A tease, am I?" she chuckled darkly. To prove her point, her hand retracted from him, and then came that same glimmer of weakness in his eyes when he opened them. He needn't worry, his suffering wouldn't last long. She kissed him softly on the lips before her own eyes glowed. "Then no more." She stood up and trailed a finger down his body as she walked back until she was finally at the end of his bed.

She stood still for a moment and held his gaze. A finger then trailed down her lips, past the crook of her neck, over the valley of her breasts, until it reached the bottom of her dress. Her finger then fished its way through her undergarments and slowly, deliberately, lowered them down her legs. The teasing would indeed stop tonight, but she could still have a little more fun with him before then. Her excitement flared as she watched his wide eyes follow her finger down her long, creamy legs.

He looked confused. Not in the sense that he didn't know what was happening, but rather *why* it was happening. Why would he - an insignificant boy and prisoner - deserve to be even in the same room as her, let alone have her undress in front of him? And he didn't. She could have any man in the world with just a snap of her fingers. He wasn't so much bottom of the list as he was not on it entirely.

Well, he could wonder all he wanted. What she wanted wouldn't take long, considering how sensitive he was. The answer was simple honestly - she was doing this because she could. She knew she could break him down eventually, and she finally had the free time to finally act on her wishes.

With her undergarments finally off, she threw them to the side. She walked back slowly towards him with a little sway in her step. Her hands spread his legs apart and she lowered herself on his waist. Her bare sex, still hidden beneath the hem of her dress, rubbed gently against his own.

"It'll feel better if you take those off," she grinned, gesturing to his jeans. His own part was practically begging to get out. She indulged him by sneaking her hand down his waist and lowering his jeans slightly.

He briefly snapped out of his hazy stupor and looked away from her in frustration. "This doesn't change anything," he growled.

"I should hope not," she chuckled. Where would be the fun in that? A game was no fun if your opponent was too quick to surrender.

"I'm serious!" He looked back at her with a glare. The fire in his eyes almost matched hers. "I swear to God, I'll kill you when I get out of here! You're nothing but a monster and you deserve to die for what you did! This! Changes! Nothing!"

The boy had a lot to learn about fear and how to command it. Compared to her anger, his was nothing more than a childish tantrum. There were even tears in his eyes as he ranted. Some might call that a sign of passion on his part. Ridiculous. Those who cried during anger were just scatterbrained fools who let other emotions mix with their rage and distract them. It was why most people behaved idiotically when they got angry - they didn't know how to direct their hate.

Though, perhaps maybe he did?

She grabbed his hands and placed them on her smooth neck. "Then prove it," she offered. "Kill me now if you think I deserve it so much. Go on, do it! All you have to do is squeeze." If he found more pleasure from killing her, he was welcome to try. He would fail of

course, but the offer was there. Although, she was hoping she wouldn't have to turn him to dust before she had her way with him.

He looked baffled. She could feel his fingers trembling around her neck as he struggled with his decision. He no longer looked fierce anymore, not with her sudden offer for vengeance thrown at him. She had given him an invitation to act out on his vengeance and he didn't know what to do with it.

Nothing was happening. He had her in the most vulnerable position he would ever get her, yet he was still hesitating. She couldn't even feel the slightest bit of extra pressure at her throat. Still, she waited to see what he would do next. It was amusing watching him debate with himself about what to do.

"You... I should..." It was unclear who he was talking to as he stammered out those words. This was going pretty much how she expected it to. Of course he had never killed someone before. His hesitation proved that much. The biggest problem with revenge is that most people didn't have what it took to act on it. He obviously wanted to kill her, but just didn't have the guts to do so.

Typical teenager - not knowing what he truly wanted in life.

Ah well. Since there would apparently be no killing tonight, he could put his hands to other uses. If not her throat, she'd give him something else to squeeze. With a grin, she lowered his hands from her throat and placed them on her chest. She still kept a hold of him in case he decided to pull away.

He gasped upon contact with her soft breasts. He had likely never touched a woman in this way either. He was learning something every second today. That said, he seemed to be enjoying the feeling from this experience more than the idea of killing her. She could feel his fingers twitch nervously over the mounds as if he was unsure whether to squeeze them or not. But he wanted to. It was obvious to tell from the way his wide eyes were locked on them. She pushed his

hands further into them to speed things up, his body shaking in delight from the sensation.

"Do what you must," she teased him. Not just for his pleasure, but for her own as well. It had been a while since she had been touched in such a way. Inexperienced as he was, she was starting to enjoy the feeling. His hate and denial had been the kindling for her passion, and now she was reaping the rewards.

Even though he hated her, he had still waited for her permission before exploring her. She couldn't tell if it was due to a sense of chivalry, or if he was just scared she'd attack him without permission, though she couldn't imagine how much more he needed.

His movements were slow and lacked the confidence she carried. But soon his hands started to roam freely around her, squeezing and stroking her, fingers slipping into the valley of her cleavage. She indulged him with soft moans on her part, matching the blissful sighs that came from him. His touch was good enough. At least he wasn't squeezing hard like some inexperienced men. One would think he would, if only to cause her even the slightest amount of pain.

But no, he was strangely gentle. With his eyes closed and his body laying down on the bed, he sunk into pleasure as he roamed the warm, soft flesh before him. There was almost a smile on his face. Perhaps he was thinking of someone else? Someone familiar and safe?

Her excitement rose as she felt one of his hands slip down further to her hips. His warm palms stroked the side of her in a relaxing manner. Well, well, well, it seems there was more to him than she initially thought. She supposed wielding a sword all day would make one good with their hands. That same hand then trailed down to her firm rear, giving it a little squeeze too.

"Someone's getting bold," she giggled seductively. What a pleasant surprise. She pushed further into his touch, enjoying the warmth that came with it. The feeling of warm, firm hands exploring her had her

sighing in content. Her dress was suddenly getting a little too baggy. It would soon be time to take it off.

As for his body, he had enough to offer as well. She enjoyed the tingling feeling in her fingers as she stroked his abs. Whilst not the most muscular she had ever had, his body would more than suffice. His huntsman training had made his body acceptable in her eyes. She gave him goosebumps as her fingers glided across his chest. Occasionally she ran one harder over his pecs or abs to savour the feeling of hard muscle.

He didn't seem to be paying attention to her. He looked lost in his own pleasure, with that smile on his face as his hands brought him closer over the edge. His breathing was controlled, as his chest moved up and down in gentle and relaxed fashion. It was like he was in his own little world.

She gasped loudly. Oh my, his touch got a little firmer. He was squeezing her harder this time, though still not roughly enough to hurt her. It was enjoyable, rather. She felt bolts of pleasure shoot through her with every squeeze. His hands felt right against her. She would get much use out of him tonight.

"Pyrrha," he moaned in a quiet, happy voice.

She rose an eyebrow. Pyrrha? Ah, he meant the girl she had disposed of on the tower that night. She had nearly forgotten about that. He did often mention her name, and how he would avenge her by killing her or something along those lines. He was quite a bore when he was ranting.

Was that who he was thinking of right now? Had he forgotten about her own presence in the room?

Her grin turned predatory. She couldn't be having that now, could she? She wasn't about to allow him to slip into his own fantasy whilst she was still there. He was still her prisoner in both body and mind.

Whilst he was behind these bars, he was hers. He had to remember that.

A sharp nail from her Grimm hand flitted across his cheek, snapping him out of his fantasy. Looking like he had been caught red-handed, his once peaceful expression choked as he remembered whose body he was fondling. His hands quickly retracted from her and he held them up to his face. Well, it was nice whilst it lasted.

"Don't get too carried away now," she chuckled cruelly. "We haven't even gotten to the real fun yet." She ground against his crotch once more. She could feel her own core tingling in anticipation. She had been building him up for long enough. Now it was time for the main event.

Surprisingly, he didn't shake like a leaf in the wind when she rubbed against him. She looked down and saw that he was distracted by something. That something being his own hands. He was looking at them with a disgusted look on his face, like they had been dipped into filth. She'd allow that insult for now, if only because his touch had been so good.

"You'll want to look at me when this starts," she teased, trying to get his attention again. If he kept looking at his hands any longer, she'd have to put them back on her again, regardless of his feelings.

When he looked up at her, he was staring at her oddly. His expression was a mixture of sadness, but also quiet determination. It looked unusual on him, considering how he looked at her with hate or lust most of the time. She didn't know what it was, but something had changed.

"Why are you doing this to me?" he asked her calmly. Even his voice was level and even. It was like he was a completely different person. She could feel the atmosphere in the room quickly begin to change as a result of him.

What was happening?

"Who knows? Perhaps it's just your lucky day," she grinned. Whatever it was, it was not enough to slow her down. If he wasn't going to make the first move, she'd do it herself. Just like she had been so far.

"You are so twisted," he whispered. The tone in his voice was enough to make her pause for a moment. Devoid of any anger or even lust; he sounded like a broken man. It wasn't the confinement or isolation breaking him down though, it was her. "What kind of messed up life do you have to lead to end up like this? I don't see why you need that hand of yours - you're just as monstrous without it. I can't even feel sorry for you, you're so messed up."

What, was she being counselled now? She didn't need his sympathies. As if she needed understanding or approval for her actions. Such trivialities only slowed you down.

"Save your pity for yourself," she smirked. He needed it more than her. "You won't feel so resentful in a minute." Her fingers wormed through his jeans and gripped him. This was taking too long.

She frowned. He was soft in her hand. His excitement had left him some time ago. Not even an experimental rub with her thumb showed any sign of stimulation.

"What's the matter with you?" she snapped. This was getting ridiculous. His tool was completely useless to her in this state. Why was he being so damn complicated?

"What's the matter with *me*?" Apparently the question was beneath him, as he sighed and shook his head. "You're so broken and you don't even realise it. You're either blind or stupid to ask me that."

A side of her face twitched at the insinuation. Her eyesight was *not* something he wanted to joke about, lest he wanted what was supposed to be a pleasurable situation to turn into a painful one. Though perhaps she'd mix a little pain in with the pleasure as punishment. It would only increase her own enjoyment as a result.

"You don't get to do this to me," he said quietly. "You've taken so much from me already, but you will not take this. You will not change who I am..." His hands retreated into his pockets, "... or what I want."

Had he gone mad? Was this a game to him? She had no time for his foolishness, and her patience was thinning from more than one type of frustration.

"Don't forget who holds your leash here, boy," she growled. He talked bravely now, but let's see how that bravery held up when she was truly angry.

"I haven't forgotten," he muttered bitterly. He actually turned his head away to avoid looking at her! The nerve of him! "Do whatever you want, but you're gonna have to put in the work. You won't make me a prisoner of my own body. I'm done."

He was what? Who did he think he was speaking to? She was Cinder Fall, the most powerful and desirable woman in the world, and he was... *nothing!* He was nothing! A worm beneath even an average person's notice. He was less than that!

She huffed in anger. No matter. She came here for a reason and she still intended to act on her desires. If he wanted to pout like an ungrateful child, so be it. She always got what she wanted. She once again tried stimulating him, but he was irritatingly flaccid in her hand.

"Make it work," she growled. Her wrist was actually starting to ache from her effort. She tried working him like before, and when that didn't work she started rubbing harder, even to the point where without aura she would've probably torn the skin. Nothing worked.

He ignored her as he continued staring off to the side. This insolent child! Men from all corners of the world would kill to be in his place, and he wasn't even looking at her! He was more infuriating than Watts and Tyrian combined. At least she was under orders to work with them. She couldn't kill them.

Him, though? He was a prisoner by her request. Salem would've killed him if she hadn't requested to keep him captive in the dungeon. He was hers to do whatever she wanted with. And if he would not comply...

Her Grimm hand grabbed his throat and squeezed. "I said, make it work," she hissed, twisting his head so that he met her gaze. His blue eyes stared back at her coldly with the same determination as before. Her blood was boiling. She summoned a flame in her human hand and hovered it over his face. "You don't want this pain, boy." Cinder Fall always got what she wanted, whatever the cost.

His face wobbled under the intense heat. Sweat dripped down him as the flame got closer. Several wisps of fire licked at his defenceless skin, making it turn rosy red. Aura would not help him here. It would only make him burn slower. She always did enjoy a good bonfire.

But his eyes! Curse his eyes! They looked back at her intensely with a gaze so piercing it could almost cut through the fire. Her teeth clenched. He was taunting her with that gaze. Challenging her. "*Do your worst, I dare you.*" That's what he was telling her. A worm like him couldn't handle even *one-tenth* of her worst!

He wasn't even blinking! What the hell was the matter with him? Was he honestly willing to die than give her the satisfaction she deserved? Could he really be that stubborn? That stupid?

Yes! Apparently, he could! She hated it!

The flame was almost touching him now. Soon his face would be nothing but a molten mess on the ground. He would literally be beneath her heel. Still, he looked on as the flame got closer. It would be all over for him-

-and then she snuffed it out.

If he was surprised, he didn't show it. The look on his face didn't falter for a second. That smug, arrogant face of his. She probably should've let it melt when she had the chance. She was still tempted to.

But she was a rational woman. Very rarely did she ever let her emotions get control of her, even if her rage was conjuring up a storm within her. Killing him now would've been a mercy. A slow, painful mercy, but still an escape. And if she did, she would've robbed herself a chance for pleasure. And he knew this. If he died, he would've beaten her.

That would not do.

She roughly shoved herself off of him and went back to pick up her underwear. It was infuriating to put them back on without being serviced beforehand. Her loins were aching from being dragged down from such a thrilling high. But he had made his choice, and there were other ways she could have use for him.

Before leaving, she grabbed him by the throat again and stared down at him. "Don't think I'm finished with you yet, child," she snarled. "I offered you my generosity, and you foolishly rejected it. It isn't wise to humiliate your betters." Her claw dug in deeper. "I'll make sure you suffer for this. If it isn't pleasure you seek, then pain will have to suffice. Believe me, your torment hasn't even begun yet. I'll make you regret having ever been born. And then when you're bleeding out, snivelling in your own pain and misery," she spat in his face, "remember what I offered you."

With her message carved into his mind, she shoved his head back as she let go of him. She could almost picture it now; his screams of agony as she dragged him close to his end - but never enough to finish him off. She'd leave him there on the brink of life and death, and watch as his body's survival instincts ignored his broken mind's pleas for peace. She'd watch it all with a smile on her face.

He wasn't the victor here. She was. She always was. He'd realise that soon enough.

She opened his cell and walked away down the dungeon's hallway. The sound of her heels echoed off the cold, lonely walls. They would be the last sound to keep him company before she disappeared.

"Then you're going to need a bigger flame than that," he called back to her.

She bit her lip hard enough to draw blood.

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**I like my romance the way I like my Metal Gear Solid 4 plot - complicated.**