

Cin-ful Schemes

By: Sunset Hunting

A Knightfall Halloween special: With the Halloween dance just around the corner, and with his dating life being practically nonexistent, Jaune accidentally gets more than he was expecting while searching for other methods of getting a date.

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Sunset hunting? Posting a chapter?!

Rumors of my death have been greatly exaggerated. And I've prepared you all a 16k Halloween monstrosity for this years spooky season.

More information for In His Kindness will be below, as well as a few other things which I'm sure you're all wondering.

This is a halloween special Minaris and I both decided to write around the same time. We literally had like 10 (honestly 8) days to write our one shots, so it was definitely a tight fit. Go check out his one shot as well, Cinder and Sins.

Also! We have been given a fantastic cover! Please check out exerdierrrr on IG. Dude is an amazing artist and deserves the praise.

Enjoy.

Radiant light streamed into a large office, bathing the entirety of the room in its golden embrace. He always did enjoy the mornings, it made working feel immensely... tranquil. He could simply relax himself with a warm cup of coffee clasped within his hand, as his eyes lazily dragged across notes which Glynda had left for him. Today he deviated somewhat from this standard practice, rather than doing paperwork, he partook in an activity that was far more... lax. Due to the Halloween dance that was tomorrow, staff had a majority of the week off. As such, he decided to spend his afternoon looking through the old books he collected in his youth. The one he currently read being one regarding the earliest known history of the land they all called home; Remnant.

It was... a strange place. With tales of ancient, bone-like creatures having said to once haunt the lands. Legends of people who battled through the use of their souls, stories of magic and knights, of warriors and Kings. Though, he supposed the people within these stories may have said the same about modern Remnant. They harnessed the power within stones to power their vehicles and militaries, while a shattered moon bathed their nights with its brilliant light. The ancient stories of Remnant were said to possess a *round* moon, and they had no known energy source at the time.

Despite its odd intricacies, the land was loved by many. Men and women did everything in their power to further the development of their Kingdoms. Beacon Academy was a school built primarily for this purpose- to educate and train up the most brilliant minds, the strongest of athletes, and the best of the best.

As Headmaster, he was expected to perform efficiently. And for many years... he did. He devised a system which placed four students in teams in order to promote a healthy, team-based learning environment. He'd never had to fire a single teacher, and nor has he had a single issue with organization or security.

Well, until now that is.

Slender fingers hastily batted away his prized books as though they were nothing more than forsaken garbage. While golden eyes doggedly read through all their titles, all in search of a single, particular book. His heart rate roared as panic began to settle on his shaking body.

"Where is it?!" The Headmaster uncharacteristically hissed, filtering through each and every title within his pile, until...

There were none left.

Ozpin retched, clumsily standing as he maneuvered his way towards his desk. He steeled his quaking figure with one hand, while he used the other to quickly call Glynda on his scroll.

With every ding which buzzed in his palm, his panic only grew, until finally... a voice was heard on the other side.

"Ozpin? W-"

"-Glynda!" He interrupted desperately, palming his scroll with enough strength that he may have worried it would break had he not been so desperate. "This is a matter of grave importance!"

Her once confused and uncertain tone hardened in an instant. "What happened?" She demanded. "Was it the students?"

"Worse." He breathed out. "The book."

The line went silent for a moment, only furthering the depths which Ozpin's anxiousness ventured.

"The... book?" She finally questioned, tone returning to its dubious state. Though before he could reply, Glynda made a sound of obvious frustration from the other side.

"Ozpin..." She warned. "Do not tell me that you called me during my break for this. Do not tell me it's the... the *magic* book." She spat the word out with such vitriol that it was impossible to miss what she thought of it.

"Of course I mean that book," He argued. "You know the ramifications such a thing could have if misplaced!"

The book which Glynda scoffed at so readily was simply titled *Nox Autumnus*. It was an item he found during the travels he partook in long ago. Nox Autumnus had been found within a cavern in Atlas, Oobleck believed that an ancient civilization may have lived there.

The discovery of a place where ancient humans may have lived aside, Ozpin was far more curious about the book rather than anything else. More particularly... the odd wordings within. As such,

during a quiet night where he had some privacy to himself, he attempted to read the odd language within.

And just like that, the book *gleamed* with emerald light. The letters within shined a bright golden color, and Ozpin felt a strange euphoria pierce his body with its power.

It didn't last very long.

An all encompassing blackness shrouded the room like an elongated shadow, smothering the once green illuminance. The rapture which blessed him was replaced by... dread. The feeling of swimming too deep within the ocean, and having something graze your leg. An unexplainable hole dug into his core, an eldritch wrongness. It cascaded through his body, choking the life out of him, digging its needle-fingered touch within his skin and injecting black flame into his flesh.

He shuddered as though frost bit into him, and with every ounce of strength within his body- he slammed the book shut.

The experience... marked him, like a scar which dug too deep and would now never go away. From that day onwards, Ozpin hid the book away. Up until this point, he's only ever told three people of its existence- Headmaster Ironwood, Glynda, and Qrow. Though... none of them ever believed that he was telling the truth. Though that mattered little, it was far too dangerous to show them its effects directly, there was no telling what it could do.

And now it was gone.

"Are you even listening to me?!" Glynda hissed.

Just like that, Ozpin's thoughts were dispelled immediately. Had she been talking this entire time?

"My apologies, Glynda. I was lost in thought."

"How do you become lost in thought in the middle of me lecturing you?"

"I have an ex-wife."

"What?!"

"Nothing." Ozpin deflected. "Regardless, Glynda... please, do you know where the book is?"

"I do not."

"Please," Ozpin pleaded. "Do you have any idea of where it could be? This is a matter of grave importance. I'll give you anything at my disposal if it proves helpful."

"Oh?" Glynda asked. "And what might that be?"

He paused. "Paid... overtime?"

"That is the bare minimum." Glynda sighed. "I wish to have less paperwork."

Ozpin cursed, she was his main crutch to avoid signing all those damned council documents. Why were they so needlessly long? It was as though they were trying to place him in an early grave.

But... he had no choice.

"You may have your wish."

As painful as that would be for him in the long run...

"Good," Glynda smugly approved. "I do not know where it is... but I believe I know where it could be."

"Yes?" He begged, pressing the scroll closer to his face.

"The library."

"WHAT?" He roared. "How could it possibly have ended up there?"

"Qrow tried to use some of your books as frisbees during his last drunken tirade. I believe Miss. Peach dropped some of them off at the library."

Ozpin collapsed onto his chair like a puppet with severed strings. "W-when... did this happen?"

"A few months ago." She replied. "During one of your meetings with Ironwood. I took the liberty of finding some of your misplaced books and putting them back where they were for you."

"... Except for Nox Autumnus?"

"Except for the children's book, yes."

Ozpin pinched his brow, he could already feel a headache beginning to pierce his skull. "I... see. I suppose I must go off now."

"I suppose so." Glynda sighed, he could practically hear her roll her eyes. "If you want my advice? It's likely in the fiction section." And with that, she hung up.

Ozpin sighed, this... was bad. But then again, it was a rather outlandish title for any student to pick up. And considering the size of the library...

Well, he had faith that it was still there. Who could possibly have picked it over any of the thousands of books in Beacon's library?"

"Ooh, what's this?"

Jaune Arc paused at the sight of a darkly coloured book, one which just barely peeked out from its shelf. Beacon's library was... gargantuan. The amount of books probably numbered in the thousands, a true book lover's dream. Admittedly, books weren't

exactly his biggest fixation. Sure, he enjoyed a good novel or comic every once in a while, but... this much? It just wasn't his thing.

Pyrrha though? Man she really, *really* liked books. It was actually the third time this week that he'd been dragged to the library because she wanted his help picking a story. Though... he really did wish she had a broader range to choose from. He really didn't want to judge but... 'Getting Ravished By A Knight', 'A Thick Hilt', and 'Beneath The Armour' weren't exactly stories he felt comfortable reading with her.

Especially when she insisted that he sit on her lap while they read.

But this book though? It felt... strange. But interesting. He wasn't sure why that was, but it almost felt like it was calling to him in some weird way.

With his interest piqued, Jaune reached out and slid the book from its shelf. It was heavy despite being pretty thin. The cover had a leathery feeling to it, and it showed no signs of wear and tear. Despite that, it looked pretty old.

"Huh, that's weird. No author?" Usually books had a synopsis or something, or at least the author's name below the title, neither of those were present here. He opened the book to see if it was inside.

His eyes widened considerably.

Rather than the standard pages one would expect, they were all black, with white letterings. What was probably even stranger was the fact that all the letters inside the book were... alien to him. He knew that ancient civilizations spoke using a different dialect, but he's never actually seen any before in person.

Just how old was this book?

The longer he stared at the letterings, the more he felt an odd sensation overtake him. It was strange, almost as though a cold chill

was breathed directly upon his neck. Goosebumps radiated from his scalp, to his neck, and finally his shoulders.

Jaune shut the book with a shudder.

It was a strange thing to say, but he couldn't help but be drawn to it for whatever reason. Despite that, the book gave off really weird vibes. The exact vibes weren't any that he could explain, but he's seen enough movies to know that one should never mess with something that had bad vibes.

But just as he was about to slide the book back into its shelf, he was interrupted by the sound of footsteps rounding the corner.

A flash of vermillion coloured hair and bright green eyes stared back at him. Pyrrha smiled once she found him, and strode towards him- a book in hand. He could just make out the words '69 Shades of Yellow.'

Jaune shuddered violently.

Pyrrha failed to notice this though, instead her attention was similarly taken by the book that Jaune held. She placed a finger on the edge, and turned it slightly to read the indiscernible title.

"A wishing book?" She asked, curiously flicking her emerald eyes in Jaune's direction.

"A wishing book?" He echoed, the confusion in his features palpable. He'd never heard of anything like that before, plus- how did Pyrrha even know what that was?

Seemingly sensing his rather obvious confusion, Pyrrha sheepishly released the book and smiled at him. "In Mistral, there's myths of wishing books that people used in fairy tales." She informed him. "Men used them to become powerful enough to take on whole armies, and women used them to capture the hearts of those they longed for. They were described as looking like this."

Jaune blinked in surprise, briefly glancing down at the book he held in his hand. Magic? Could something like that even exist?

"They're really just fairy tales though..."

Pyrrha's following words cut off the wind in Jaune's sails. Right, how gullible could he be? There's no way those kinds of things existed.

Even if it did sound kind of awesome.

Oh well, at least the idea was cool.

"Jaune?" Pyrrha spoke up once more, before he could return the book to its shelf. "Would you like to read this book with me?"

Panic took hold of him, one which far outweighed whatever dread that wishing book made him feel. Immediately, the blonde stepped back as though cornered by a wild animal. "I-I can't!"

"You can't?" Pyrrha asked, a crestfallen expression taking hold of her face. "Why's that?"

"I... uh," He paused, and quickly raised the black book in his hand towards her. "Because I'm reading this book!"

Pyrrha blinked, and tilted her head in confusion. "But... you can't read it?"

"Yes I can."

"It's written in a different language."

"I'll learn."

"Jaune, it's a dead language."

"Then I'll raise it back from the dead!" He countered, and spun around before she could debunk him. "Anywaygottagobye!"

And just like that- with speed that put even Ruby to shame- Jaune ran off as fast as his legs could carry him. He didn't stop running even after he exited the library, nor did he stop after nearly running into a similarly crazed Professor Ozpin.

His desperate run eventually led him back to his dorm room, and thankfully Ren wasn't there when he walked in. Truth be told, Ren was an amazing roommate, but he really didn't feel like explaining why he had run as though he was being chased by a wild animal.

Actually, on second thought... Ren probably understood. The Mistralani boy had similarly burst into their room at the odd hours of the night, the terrified expression on his face spelling out a single thing.

Nora.

Their only solace was the fact that the rooms were separated by gender, even if 'teams' could consist of both boys and girls. This meant that Nora and Pyrrha's dorms were next to theirs, but separated.

Apparently, it wasn't always like that. Jaune's heard rumours of an infamous ' *Team Stark* '. Where a single student managed to get both his female teammates pregnant.

There were even whispers that he managed to get his male teammate pregnant as well...

Regardless- Jaune was left with time to ponder. Particularly about the rather odd book he now had in his possession. A wishing book huh? Not like that stuff could possibly be real. It sounded like those old legends Vacuo had with lamps or whatever.

Then again, the book had saved him from indulging in one of Pyrrha's more... strange interests. It wasn't like he judged the girl for it or anything, but man... she really did live up to the joke about Mistral being all perverted. It wasn't true- obviously- but even he's

accidentally come across those cartoons Mistral had, the ones with the girl in the short skirt, and the squid... and...

Ugh...

Weird cartoons aside, the book had saved his bacon. He could at least afford to give it a little glance.

With a strengthened resolve, Jaune did his best to ignore the puzzling sensations which ran through him as he flipped open the cover. He didn't understand any of the words, but just like before, the same feeling which had dug its claws into him returned. Rather than allow them to ward him off for the second time though, he pushed his wariness away and continued to venture forwards.

In hindsight, he should've trusted his instincts.

It started off slow, a slight quirk of his shoulder, a shudder along his arms. It was creepy in a way that commanded him to stop, but he didn't. With every page he flipped, it strengthened. His teeth rattled together violently, as though he was being embraced by the frozen grip of Atlas. His legs jittered, his body shuddered on its own, his eyes glazed over...

He had to release it, to let go of the book and discard it as fast as he could.

But oddly enough, it began to stop.

Almost as though it realized it wasn't having the desired effect, the sensations began to subside. Until finally... they were no more.

That didn't stop Jaune from being freaked out, though.

It was only after he had regained control over his body did he realize that his knuckles had turned white from just how desperately he was gripping onto the book. His heart rate roared furiously within his

chest, hammering away like a blacksmith to a bar of steel. Though with every breath of air he inhaled, it began to even out.

That... had been real.

There was no mistaking it, It wasn't as though he had just *imagined* that.

But... if that was real, did it mean that the book itself was real?

The mere thought of such a thing left him floored. Magic, spells, fairy tales. They couldn't be real, right?

He... he had to test it.

But if it was real, what then? What would he wish for?

The thought gave him a sudden pause. He was content with his grades at the very least, they were significantly better than at the start of the year. He was fine with how he looked, Yang's gym regiment really was a killer, and his love life...

Jaune groaned. That was... a work in progress. The Halloween party was *tomorrow* . And by this point Weiss had rejected him three times.

... this week.

Each and every time was uttered with some sort of insulting remark about the way he dressed, his hair style, or some really posh word that he didn't really understand. Ruby liked to call them 'Weiss' made up insults.'

Even still, he couldn't help but like her. Sure she was kind of a jerk, and her family would probably eat him alive, and she looked at him as though he was a worm...

But come on, she had her great qualities as well! She just... didn't like to show them off very much. He was certain that he'd catch a

glance of them if she ever decided to give him a chance. Then again... it didn't look like that would ever happen.

But... What if there was a way to change that?

His eyes suddenly flickered towards the book in his hand. What if he could come up with a way to get Weiss to like him? Within limitation of course. It wasn't like he was just going to mind control her or something. Ignoring the fact that it was a moral low he would never even *consider* . It also sounded like one of those crappy smut plots people posted online. What was that site called again? He couldn't really remember, but come on, did they *really* need that many time stop stories? Gross.

Pushing away his momentary disgust, he thought back to the book. What if there were other ways? A way where he could get Weiss' attention without changing her or reaching any moral lows? What if he could figure out the exact kind of guy Weiss would be into?

Jaune felt an odd sense of giddiness overtake him. Part of him felt like an idiot for it, but he couldn't help it- the possibilities really were endless.

With his mind made up, he flipped the pages until he reached a random page near the middle. From there, he stood and approached the center of the room.

"I feel like there's gotta be some kinda prep here, right?"

An hour later- and with six candles and three bottles of ketchup having been used up- Jaune stood before his creation: the outline of two heels facing away from one another. The shape itself formed a weird heart... thing to be made in the middle. He decided to just place the book there because- well why not?

The shape itself was just a random one he found in the book. The fact that he had no idea what he was doing probably meant that there was little chance it would work. But hey, he had to try, right?

Shrugging to himself, the blonde turned off the lights, leaving the velvety coloured candles as the only source of light within the room. Admittedly it looked kind of creepy, but hey- if it granted him a harmless wish, then he didn't mind looking like some nut job for a couple of minutes. He was just thankful that Ren was away, there was no telling how he'd explain *this* to him.

Satisfied with his creation, the blonde knelt before the book- careful not to disturb any of the ketchup he had sprayed along the floor. With that, his eyes dragged across the words displayed within the charcoal coloured pages. They honestly just sounded like random gibberish, but he could at least pronounce them.

"Right, well... here goes nothing."

Jaune slammed his palms together, and juttled out his chin as though he were presenting his neck to someone before him. And with that... the words began to flow freely from his lips.

"O venefica scelesta!" He commenced, thrusting out his arms to the open air. He chanted with his chest and spoke with his heart. "Nunc te ad me voco!"

"Veni nunc ad me," With a final slam with a fist to his chest, Jaune roared the final words as though every fibre of his soul was on fire.

"Qui sunt aut- ack!"

And just like that, Jaune felt his teeth sink into his tongue and interrupt the final bit of his call. The sudden sharp pain caused him to double forward and grip his mouth, abandoning any consideration for his former activity.

"Agh! Dammit... I hate it when that happens, ugh..." He couldn't be the only one who hated it, right? It was even worse when you were in the middle of eating, and then boom! You bite your tongue and your meal is ruined. Except in this case it ruined his weird wishing spell thingy.

"I guess I could always just try again, ahem. Veni nunc ad me, Ven..." The words died at his throat, put out like a faint flame overpowered by a gust of wind. The wrongness which had dispersed returned, but it returned *far* stronger than it had prior. It slammed into him like a wave of ocean water, wrapping around his flesh like an iron fist, weighing down on him from all sides. He wheezed out, and grit his teeth at the sudden pin prick which settled into his flesh.

What... was happening?

A chill heaved up his spine, as though a blade of frost had been dragged along the bone itself. It pierced him, left him unable to speak under the uncomfortable cold which threatened to swallow him whole.

He believed that the cold was one of the worst ways someone could die. The heat burnt one's body to ash, the ocean swallowed them whole, but the cold... *nothing* moved in the emptiness of ice. There was nothing there, except for the frost snarling and howling like an animal as it raptured every inch of his flesh, capturing it within frost. He'd feel every fibre of himself be broken down- from his mind, to his body, and his spirit. The cold did not forgive, it simply took until there was nothing left. It was needle fingered, it was inescapable.

Jaune gasped as he felt it trail up his throat, choking him in a blanket of cold, cold nothingness.

And then, as though it were it were called as his saviour... heat arrived.

The ice broke down and dispersed under the strength, the *power* of fire. Like a lone spark in the darkness, it erupted into a full inferno. It quaked, it roared, and it felt as though it set his entire being aflame. He doubled forward, falling face first on the ground as fire methodically washed away every bit of ice which had ruptured him.

He withered on the floor, gasping and wheezing for air as a thick bead of sweat concentrated at his brow. Minutes ticked by, and the

only thought within Jaune's mind was quite simple.

What the fuck just happened?

Almost as though the world was generous- or perhaps cruel enough to give him an answer... It continued.

The flames which burned faintly on weak candles suddenly *burst* . Large wisps of flame danced in the air like dancers cloaked in crimson. Jaune absentmindedly noted that no smoke was released from the flames.

And then, as though that had been a mere introduction... everything changed.

The red symbol which he made glowed a brilliant shade of crimson, coating the entire room in a sheen of redness. The book- which once sat numbly on the ground- shook violently, the words displayed across the pages gleaming in red.

A burst of energy left it, knocking Jaune back and overturning chairs with the mere force of the blow. Bright light freely left the symbol in long scarlet wisps which danced in the air. They twisted and turned, contorting together like a knot made of fire. And Jaune could feel the heat it radiated, hotter than any campfire he's ever felt, and yet it didn't burn the ground it had been made on.

By this point... he was already well past the point of freaking the hell out. He could do nothing but sit there, slack-jacked and wide eyed at the scene which played before him. It was like something out of every horror movie or novel he's ever read. The summoning of a beast, the summoning of a monster from the depths of flame. Yet despite whatever fear he felt lurking in the depths of his heart, he found that he couldn't look away no matter how hard he tried. His gaze was drawn to it, glued to every twist and turn of the fire which danced for him. Amazed... deep down within his heart no matter how much he wanted to turn and run away.

It didn't matter even if he wanted to run away now, because even if he tried... there was no escaping what came next.

A single, heeled foot stepped out from the contorting inferno, before the rest of her followed. The sight which was now present before him left Jaune speechless, and with his eyes glued open.

Flames howled behind her figure, coating her in a sheen of burning amber. She was gorgeous, tantalizing in just about every way which could be described. Thick, raven locks of darkness cascaded down a single shoulder, like a waterfall forged from a void. It looked almost unnatural, as though all light had fallen victim to its unyielding pull. The sight of her face had his core igniting into heat, his heart stammering within his chest. She looked like divinity in human form. From the thickness of her dark lashes, to the straight bridge of her nose, and finally the way her porcelain skin appeared to glow like rich marble. But it was likely her eyes which captivated him the most. They were like jewels of precious gold, sensual and fierce in a way that had him unable to draw breath. He felt like he'd get burned if he gazed into them for too long, but he found himself accepting the fire, accepting the heat which swallowed him whole.

He had been so absorbed in the sight of her, that he hadn't even noticed that the flame he stared into, stared right back at him. She strode towards him, and the movement broke his trance, allowing his attention to be diverted to the rest of her.

Where her face looked beautiful and divine, ensnaring him with its ethereal beauty, her body had his cheeks blistering and body reacting as if on command. She wore a crimson leotard, one which hugged her body like a blanket of fire. Large expanses of bare skin was left free for him to gawk at. From her bare, entrancing legs, to the hint of cleavage revealed despite her high collar. The tightness of her clothing gave Jaune the chance to note how defined her hips looked as they swayed with every step, or the tautness of her stomach- visible despite the thin layer of cloth.

He would've guessed that she was some divine goddess, had it not been for the crimson horns which protruded from her head, or the long red tail with a triangular point at the end.

The demon halted just before him, a dubious expression in her eyes. She confidently laid a hand on her hip, tilting her head in curiosity.

"I see," She whispered, voice warm and rich, yet laced with a veil of what could only be described as... sinful. He wanted to hear her speak more, even though it felt like it should be forbidden. "You are the one who has summoned me then?"

Summoned, right. He was the reason that she was here. But what she *was*, was the far more pressing question. He eyed her horns, her tail, and finally her outfit. There was only one possible conclusion he could come up with.

"Succubus?" He stammered before he could stop himself.

Her once calm and even curious expression suddenly twisted into raw anger. The tail which once sat at her side suddenly shot outwards, wrapping around his neck before heaving him into the air. Jaune gasped out at the sudden attack, hands clawing at the tendril which constricted around him.

"What did you just refer to me as?" She snarled hotly, bringing his suspended body closer to her own. "Repeat it, now."

"A-are you not a succubus?" He gasped out, eyes pointedly avoiding the cleavage near his face.

"No!" She roared, and Jaune could've sworn he saw a hint of fire leave her lips. "I am a demon queen, you fool! I will not be insulted by being referred to as such a... disgusting creature."

Her tail unfurled around his neck, dropping him down on his ass. He gasped at the sudden return of oxygen, but he knew that it meant

little if the... 'demon queen' decided to simply kill him. Granted, he had pissed her off the moment he opened his mouth, but in his defence...

Well, look at her.

"To think that I would use such methods to acquire power." She scoffed. "Do not dare insult me in such a way."

He nervously glanced up at her, and despite the anger which she radiated- the blonde found it within himself to speak up. "Uhm... in my defence, your outfit is uh... well.."

The demon scowled, crossing her arms beneath her chest. "What of it?"

"Uh..." His gaze roved across her body once more, but he was only able to spare her a glance before he was forced to tear his eyes away, cheeks blazing red. "N-nevermind! You look fine, uhm. I was just being dumb." There was probably no way of telling her what he thought without pissing her off, and he'd rather be left alive rather than a charred corpse.

The demon rolled her eyes and strode away, before she sat back on his bed. If someone had told Jaune that he'd have a hot demon lady in his bed the day before Halloween, he'd call them a liar. As it were... he was still having trouble wrapping the whole thing around his head. There was no way any of this was fake, and unless he was having the most realistic dream of his life, this was no dream.

That meant that he *had* summoned her. Though, he really didn't expect to have summoned a literal demon when he began the wish. The question now was- how did he get that wish?

Nervously, the blonde inched towards her. "Hey, uhm... demon queen?"

Said demon queen spared him a glance, a dry expression stitched across her face. "Cinder."

"Huh?"

"Cinder," She repeated. "That is what you may refer to me as. Demon queen becomes long winded, and succubes will get you killed."

"Right.." He nervously muttered. "Well, uhm. You... grant wishes right?"

She cocked her head back, a confused brow was raised in question. "Wishes? Hardly." She waved her hand, as if to dispel such a notion. "How could you have possibly come up with such a conclusion?"

And just like that, any excitement he felt was released in a drawn out sigh. He dropped his shoulders in disappointment, averting his gaze away. "A friend of mine told me these books were used for wishes, so I tried one of the random spells I found inside."

Cinder's eyes snapped towards him, a sudden intensity overtaking her gaze. "You were not even aware of the spells you were trying to utilize?" She hissed, and with a sudden commanding tone, she pointed to the book. "Bring that to me."

Because there was no way he wasn't going to listen to the angry demon lady, Jaune did as he was told and handed her the book. She held the page to her face, and Jaune could tell by the way her knuckles whitened that she wasn't exactly happy.

"You... are a fool!" She roared, reaching out to grip him by the collar and pull him down to her. Their faces were left a few mere inches away from one another, and Jaune couldn't help but note just how nice her lips looked.

Ah, right, she's a few seconds away from killing me.

"This spell was not to summon me." She spoke slowly, and yet with a tone that was wrapped in malice. "This is to summon someone else, someone... far more unforgiving than I. How could you have possibly summoned me instead?"

It wasn't? But how was she summoned then? Jaune racked his mind for an answer, doing his best to remember every detail about the whole summoning process, and only a single answer came to his mind.

"I bit my tongue."

Cinder stared at him with a bewildered expression, her brows pulled back and her lips pursed in disbelief. "You... bit your tongue."

"Yes."

Cinder's brow twitched.

"And then... well I felt really cold, and then really hot, and then you showed up."

A heavy sigh escaped her lips, as though she were dealing with a nuisance she couldn't be bothered with. She released his collar to massage her temple.

"The cold was the opening of the portal. You must have said something else when you bit your tongue, and that caused the spell to malfunction in some way. With that, I came instead." She released her temple and glared up at him. "You are very fortunate for that."

Jaune nervously rubbed the back of his neck, would it really have been that bad? He supposed she had no reason to lie to him, and if she wanted to kill him, she could've done that already.

He breathed out a sigh of relief, that was a close one. He could have brought about something catastrophic hadn't he messed up. And to

think that this was all because Pyrrha told him that the devil summoning book was actually a wishing book.

Still though, he couldn't help but be a little disappointed that it really wasn't a wishing book. It could've really helped him out with Weiss.

"Boy," Cinder suddenly said, interrupting his thoughts. Right, demon lady in his room. "What is your name?"

"Uh, Jaune. Jaune Arc."

"Jaune Arc," She repeated, and he was pretty damn sure that his name had never sounded so good. "I may not do wishes, but I do contracts."

"Contracts?" Jaune asked, tilting his head in question. "Like those super one sided deals where you give me a wish and then collect my soul like ten years later?"

Cinder narrowed her eyes and shook her head. "No, contracts work as a binding deal. You ask for... a wish of sorts, you then give me something in return. This depends entirely on what I want from you. It could be an arm, a leg, perhaps even a few years of your life. Or maybe it's something as minuscule as a lock of your hair." She shrugged her shoulders, while a devilish smirk formed along her lips. "I suppose it depends on what I want. But you can rest assured- the deals are fair, and don't come with any clauses."

That sounded... great, awesome even. But it also sounded like it was too good to be true. She's been pretty nice so far- save for strangling him briefly- but she was a literal demon queen, just how much could he trust her? For all he knew she could just want to eat his spleen or something.

"Uhm... how can I be sure that this won't backfire?"

"You don't," She said. "You'll simply have to trust my word."

"Really?" Jaune deadpanned. "You're a literal demon queen, do you have nothing else?"

"Did you wish to see reviews on how wonderful my contracts are?" She scoffed. "There is no manner in which I can prove anything to you. But I've never had to kill a single person who has summoned me."

"People have made contracts with you before?"

"Of course," Cinder said with a wave of her hand. "Grimm Skin was one of the most common practices long ago, it's of course died out. But it was well known, once upon a time."

Jaune quirked a brow. "Grimm... skin?"

Cinder's eyes narrowed into a glare that he was becoming increasingly familiar with. Though the longer he was on the receiving end of her glare, the less scary it became. It just made her look more attractive.

Gods, he hoped that didn't make him a masochist.

"How foolish are the people of the modern world? Grimm skin is the manner in which we are summoned. Its name comes from the books that they were written in." She raised the book in her hand, and pointed to the cover. "It's made from the flesh of a grimm. Ancient beasts which once roamed the lands long ago."

"Wait, they existed?" He asked, wide eyed. "That's- huh. That's kind of terrifying and awesome at the same time." He paused, and eyed the book in Cinder's hand. "And kind of disgusting.."

"Of course they existed," Cinder said with a roll of her eyes. "But It seems as though humanity has long forgotten about their existence, a pity."

Jaune didn't think so, he had enough things to be terrified of as is. At least they were long gone though.

"The point is," Cinder continued. "You have nothing to fear regarding contracts, so..." She paused, and allowed a sultry smile to form along her beckoning lips. "What is it that you wish for, Jaune Arc?"

Gods, thinking up a proper wish after she asked that question was nigh impossible. She may not have been a succubus, but the mere tone of her voice caused his body to simmer with ceaseless heat.

"T-there's a girl I really like," He began, forcing his voice to hold up despite how brittle she made his resolve. "Weiss, Weiss Schnee. She's sorta not that into me, I wanted your help with that, or something."

If Cinder knew how to give people super strength or special abilities, then this didn't sound all that far fetched. He was hopeful, at the very least.

"My my, asking about other women while in my presence? I'm hurt." She grinned, and raised a manicured hand in the air. "But I suppose that shouldn't be too difficult, love potions are rather simple, after all."

"No!" He hastily interrupted, surprising the demon queen. "No, no, no, and no. None of that brainwashing... crap, ugh. This isn't a cartoon from Mistral. I want to do things the right way." He argued, more than a little insisently.

"The right way?" She tutted. "Fine then, if you wish to hold some moral code while proposing your wish, then I shall not stop you."

She said that as though he was being childish for it, he wanted to argue against it more but there really was no point. Cinder really wasn't even human, no matter how *human* she looked.

Right?

He shook his head to dispel such thoughts. No use in thinking about it now. "Anyway, I guess I just want to be the kind of man that Weiss is into. You can make that happen, right?"

She glared at him as though his mere question doubted her abilities. But she ultimately didn't snap at him for it. Instead, she raised a hand and pressed two manicured fingers together. He chastised himself for noting how pretty the scarlet shade looked on her fingers.

"As you wish..." And without another word, Cinder snapped her fingers.

Jaune braced, readying his body for whatever effects his wish may bring.

And... nothing.

He wasn't sure what he was expecting. Maybe a flash of blinding light, or a sudden wave of energy to crackle through him. But there was... well, nothing. Just to be sure he checked himself over, but he noted no visible differences.

"Uhh, Cinder?"

"Yes?"

"I don't really feel any different." Jaune observed, looking over his palms. "What changed?"

She gave him a quizzical look, but didn't respond audibly, instead she pointed towards the door. Before he could ask her what she meant, a sudden bang against the wooden surface of said door caused him to jump.

"Uh, hello?" He called out, shooting Cinder a questioning look.

He was given no response, not from Cinder, nor the person behind the door. Instead, another loud bang shook the entire structure.

Ugh. Something told him he wasn't gonna like this. But he couldn't just let the person break his door down, so he strode forwards and placed a hand on the knob.

"Look, I'm gonna open up alright? But I'm uh, not decent! So I won't open it all the way." Cinder was still here, and that was one thing he wanted no part in trying to explain.

So, he unlocked the door and opened it a mere tinge of the way, peeking through the slight chasm that he had made.

Before a sudden foot ramming into it caused the door to swing open, and consequently caused him to fall back on his ass.

Pain flooded his body and ran up his spine forcing a wince past his lips. "Agh. You know... I'm really getting tired of being man handled today." He complained, and raised a hand to cup his face.

"You better get used to it, because I'm gonna be tiring that fine ass of yours all night long."

That voice- it sounded familiar, and yet so... different. There was something wrong with it, as though the entire sound, tone and pitch had been given to a different person entirely.

Jaune's eyes widened incredulously, as he timidly dragged his gaze towards the origin of the voice.

"Weiss...?"

It looked like Weiss, from her height, to her dress, to the paleness of her skin and the features of her face. But everything else was... wrong. So wrong that it left him bemused at who the person that stood before him really was.

The girl stood with a commanding posture, her hand laid upon a propped hip. She had hair darker than charcoal, tied up in a single,

off-center ponytail. Her eyes gleamed fiercely, the shade not unlike the deepest of rubies.

It was Weiss, but... everything was different.

What the fuck?

Jaune was left bewildered at the sight before him, along with the crude way in which she spoke. She had Weiss' face, but her expressions moved in a way that wasn't right. It was like an entirely different person was wearing her skin.

Said person was now pushing him back onto the ground and straddling his hips.

"Wait! Stop!" He pleaded. "Weiss, you don't want this! You don't want me!"

"Fuck you mean, 'don't want you'? Jaune, I'm gonna ride you like my family rides on the suffering of Faunus. But... in a good way." She announced with a confident grin, before she dragged a nail along the surface of his jawline. "So, just be a good boy for me, and let me take care of the rest, hm?"

The words were spoken with a seductive purr, echoing within his ear and setting his body on fire. It left him pondering if should really just let her do what she wanted...

No! No he definitely shouldn't!

He attempted to bat away her hands, but she simply dug her nails into his pectorals, eliciting a pained grunt past his clenched teeth. With a cheshire grin, she used her grip to *drag* her body along his hips and towards his abdominal.

Jaune whimpered.

"Enjoying yourself?" Cinder asked nearby, wearing a coquettish smile on her lips.

Wait! That's right! "Cinder!" He called. "Make her stop!" Jaune pleaded.

"Now, why would I do that?" She asked coyly, twirling a lock of black hair around her finger. "This was your wish, was it not?"

Dammit! That wasn't what he meant. He wanted to *become* the kind of man Weiss liked, and not have Weiss become the kind of girl who liked him. This was all wrong, but it would be difficult to get 'Weiss' to stop without Cinder's help, especially if he couldn't turn her back.

As if only noticing Cinder's presence for the first time, the girl who sat above him suddenly halted, and sent Cinder the chilliest glare she could muster. "Who the fuck is this bitch? And why the fuck is she dressed like some porno demon?" She glared down at him, snarling as she gripped his collar. "Are you banging other bitches? Do I need to put a chastity belt on you?"

And with that, Cinder's once faint amusement became vexatious anger. She narrowed her golden eyes at Weiss, and raised a hand towards her. For a moment, Jaune was worried that she'd flat out kill her. But instead a faint azure glow wrapped around her, before a sudden flash of light blinded him.

He blinked away the dark spots which littered his vision, eventually revealing... Weiss, the normal one. She was unconscious as well.

Cinder snapped her fingers, and Weiss disappeared. He felt a sudden tinge of fear that she had been broken down atom by atom, but Cinder held up a hand to silence him.

"She is alive, asleep in her room." She then gestured towards her door. "Close that, before someone sees me."

Jaune scrambled to his feet and slammed the door, allowing a breath of air to leave his lips. That had been... something alright. What was it with demons and completely misunderstanding wishes? He had

been clear enough with his wording, she had just chosen to do something different.

When he made this known to Cinder, she simply rolled her eyes, as though he were a child she had the displeasure of needing to educate.

"Your wish was to be the kind of man Weiss would hold feelings for, was it not?" He opened his mouth to answer, but her glare stopped him. "She does not like you. This means that I would either need to change you, or to change Weiss. I chose to change her, the alternative would mean that *you* no longer exist. As though you never did in the first place."

His eyes widened incredulously, while a cold shiver slid up his spine at the thought. His wish... could've made him cease to exist? Just thinking about that was utterly terrifying. Even ignoring the fact that he would no longer be himself, there would be no real certainty that she'd even like him even if he was her type. And while he did like Weiss... he didn't like her enough to sacrifice himself in an effort to date her. That was a level not even he would stoop towards.

"I... I see." He muttered, steadying himself on Ren's bed. "Thank you, for telling me. Heh... I guess I really am an idiot huh?"

A flash of surprise passed through Cinder's features, as though she had never been given a thank you before. Though as quickly as the surprise came, she stomped it out and smoothed her expression once more.

"Yes, I suppose you are a fool."

"Gee, thanks.."

"But not one that can be blamed," Cinder added. "The people of the modern world are unfamiliar with this practice. It would be... unfair, to blame you for what you have no fault in."

He watched her curiously. It almost sounded like she was trying to be comforting, weird. But he appreciated it though, he really didn't deserve any of it.

"Still though, I'm sorry for summoning you." He apologized, though he missed the expression which flashed through Cinder's face as he continued. "It must suck to be dragged from your home, and into this place because some guy is kind of lonely."

And really, that was it wasn't it? Sure, he'd been fixated on Weiss. But the truth was far more simple; he just wanted to have someone. Had someone else asked him to the dance, there was a good chance he would have said yes, even if that person wasn't Weiss.

He sighed, and glared down at his shoes. He really did feel like an idiot for all of this, no wonder she was so annoyed. And on the off chance that he had summoned that other person that Cinder warned him about? What then? He could've gotten people hurt.

As the seconds ticked by, and with Cinder giving no obvious response, Jaune became worried. He tore his gaze away from his shoes to glance up at her. She sat with her brows pinched together, and lips pursed in what he could only guess was contemplation. Had he said something wrong? It wouldn't be the first time he shoved his foot in his mouth without meaning to. He was about to ask her if something was wrong, though she spoke up before he could.

"You did not disturb me," She informed him with a downcast gaze. "The land in which I reside... is not a paradise."

The words were cryptic, but spoken in a way that was telling enough. His gaze was pulled towards the symbol she had spawned from. She had arrived in a shower of ash and flame, he assumed that was what the place she lived in looked like.

"It's... an inferno?" He asked.

"No," She responded faintly. Words spoken so low that his ears had to strain in order to hear. "It is a wasteland of ice and frost."

He remembered the sensations which had assaulted him before her arrival. The frost crawling up his skin, the ice choking his throat and smothering his mind with its touch.

Jaune shivered.

"What... what's it like?"

Cinder exhaled from her nostrils, and shut her eyes. "Cold."

His Adam's apple bobbed as he audibly gulped. Just a mere grazing touch from her lands caused him to feel as though every inch of his body was being stabbed by pinpoint needles of ice. He couldn't imagine what it must've been like to experience that day after day, in her every waking moment.

He felt a desire pass through him, a desire to help her in any way that he could.

Before the crushing realization that there was really nothing he could do stomped that out. He was a mere human, one who had only discovered the truth about magic a mere hour ago. There was nothing he could do.

Cinder stood from her place on his bed. "I must be off. We are instructed to return upon a contract's completion."

"What about my price?"

"There will be no price." She said, "I was unable to aid you in any way."

Sapphire eyes widened. No price? That was it? While he trusted her to not completely rip him off, this was just being... nice, really nice. He almost *wanted* to give her something, it was only fair after all that she had done to help him.

But it seemed as though there would be no negotiations, for Cinder strode towards the symbol he had drawn on the ground.

Jaune cursed. Already? He hoped that he could stretch out the time a little, get her to stay as long as possible. While it was true that they hardly knew one another, she had been helpful despite that. He ignored the fact that the mere feeling of her eyes on him had his heart racing and his cheeks turning crimson. Or that he felt oddly drawn to her, like a moth to a flame.

But what could he possibly do? The contract had been done, her agreements met. It didn't matter if it worked or not, she had done her part.

Except...

"Wait!" He called, just before she could step over the symbol. He scrambled to his feet, a wild look in his eyes. "You never said I could make more than one wish!"

She turned to face him, a confused expression spreading across her features. She raised a brow, and crossed her arms beneath her chest.

"What do you mean?"

Great, she was listening. "I mean, you never said I couldn't do more than one wish, right?" He asked. "That means I could... uhm. Make more wishes, right?"

It was a long shot, a gamble, but it was one he was willing to risk. He had no way of knowing if he could really make multiple wishes, but the reward for asking was far greater than the risk of looking stupid.

Cinder's brows rose in surprise, her lips parting in what could only be confusion. For a moment he thought it was because she was shocked at how stupid humans could be.

That was, until her parted lips twisted into a pleased smile. She sauntered towards him with a sway to her step, moving her hips in a way that could only be described as hypnotic.

He didn't think he blinked once.

Slender arms wrapped around his neck, knotting behind his flaxen locks. She leaned forwards, close enough to press her blossom to his chest, and for him to feel her aroma overwhelm his senses and embrace him from all sides.

"My my", She cooed softly, and Jaune's eyes were driven towards the red of her lipstick. "Well, aren't you ever the needy one?" She asked rhetorically, and turned her body to press her back flush against his chest. The desire to lace his arms around her hips was strong, overwhelming even.

He bit his lip hard enough to draw blood.

"If that is what you wish... then I accept." She slipped one hand behind his head, and laced her fingers into his blonde locks, dragging her nails across his scalp. "What will your next wish be?"

He *dragged* his eyes away from her, and ignored the very obvious burning sensation which ravaged his cheeks. With a soft push, he managed to disentangle their bodies.

"Y-you... you have a lot of experience with contracts and stuff, right?"

She seemed disappointed, but nodded nonetheless. "I do."

"And... that means you must be pretty experienced with the world, right? I mean... you've been doing this for a long time, right?"

She scowled. "That better not be a dig at my age, but yes."

"Then what if you helped me without using any magic?" He proposed, and took her confused expression as a sign to continue.

"What if you gave me advice instead of using your magic? Like you said, you've been doing this for a long time, and you seem like you're pretty smart. You could- I don't know- give me some kinda strategy or something?"

If he was being completely honest with himself, he was grasping at straws. This was only to keep her on Remnant longer. He thought his plan was pretty stupid, and he fully expected Cinder to scoff and laugh at his face.

But what Jaune *didn't* expect, was for Cinder to suddenly turn beet red, and avert her gaze in what he could only guess was embarrassment. She raised a hand to the side of her face and ran her fingers through her hair as though it were some sort of nervous reaction- caused by him.

Wait, what the hell?

"Yes, I suppose you're right..." She finally said, words spoken in a hushed tone, and almost rather softly.

"I... I am?"

"Yes," She confirmed, and turned to him with a soft smile stretched across her lips. "I am a demon queen, I have lived for thousands of years, observing mankind and its traditions. From the greatest of generals and kings, to the lowest of peasants." She clasped her hands and weaved her fingers together. "It's only fitting that a human would come to me for advice. After all- You're all so weak and insignificant-"

"-That's kind of insulting you kn-"

"-And you all have the strangest tastes. Pineapples on pizzas, animal ears-"

"-You know that last one is kinda racist."

Cinder paused, and gave him a look. "Dust-Witter."

"... Okay, yeah. That's fair."

"My point is," She finally said, before she laid a manicured hand above her chest. "It's only fitting that you need me in order to properly succeed. But worry not..." She stepped towards him, and gently prodded his cheek with her fingers. "I will succeed where you have failed, all I need you to do... is listen to my every word, understand?"

The sensation of her soft digits stroking the surface of his cheeks was far too distracting for him to properly understand her. Especially while her amber gaze pierced his sapphire, and made it impossible for him to pick up on her words.

Despite that, Jaune nodded bashfully.

"R-right, I'll listen."

"How?!" Jaune groaned fruitfully. "How could you think that would have ever worked?"

Cinder gently laid him down on the nearest bed- which ended up being Ren's- before she sat on the edge and inspected his injuries. It wasn't that bad- his wrist was bruised and his side was aching, but overall he hadn't been hurt that much.

Well, his ego had been.

"I don't understand," Cinder mused, expression torn between confusion and puzzlement. "For as long as I can remember, serenading has been the primary method men use to get the attention of women."

"A-and how long ago was that?"

"A few millennia."

Jaune turned and screamed into his pillow.

It wouldn't have been so bad if it was just singing. But Cinder's plan had been a little more complex than that. She thought that it would be a good idea if she tied him to a rope, and lowered him towards team RWBY's window- where he could serenade Weiss directly.

She hadn't even warned him either. She simply handed him a guitar, tied a rope around his waist, and pushed him off the roof.

And then the rope snapped, and he fell into a rose bush.

"Oh hush," She snapped, and crossed her arms. "My plan is far greater than whatever the *Succubi* would have given you." She spat the word out with such vitriol that it was obvious what she thought of them. "Those fools believe themselves to be so intelligent, so well-informed." She bristled angrily. "They... They call me old-fashioned and theatrical."

He couldn't help but agree with the theatrical part...

Cinder glared down at the ground and bit down on her lip in what he could only guess was frustration. He wasn't sure why, but there was just something about her furrowed brows and pursed lips that made him think that she looked... oddly cute.

Suddenly, her gaze flickered to meet his own. And he absentmindedly noted that she looked oddly vulnerable.

"You don't agree with them, do you?"

"Nope." He answered immediately and without a second thought.

"Not at all."

He may have been dense, and maybe even a little naive, but even he had basic survival instincts. Jaune's seen his dad deal with his mom enough times to know what to say in this situation.

She stared at him for a moment, sizing him up. And then- seemingly satisfied with whatever she saw- nodded her head in affirmation.

"Good."

He was given only a seconds respite before the demoness leaned forward and swept her body over the bed, straddling his hips. Jaune stared up at her, wide eyed and open mouthed as she slid her hands beneath the hem of his shirt, and dug her fingers into his abdominal.

"C-cinder!" He cried out. "What are you doing?!"

"Healing you." She whispered bluntly, as though *he* was the one overreacting. A sudden gleam of golden aura formed over her fingertips. "Your bruises will continue to impede you until I do. Do not move."

He was about to object, before a sudden warmth crashed into him and pulsated within his body. He gasped, as it flowed through him tenderly, embracing his frame and soothing the aches caused by his injuries.

Jaune moaned at the pleasurable sensations, instinctively leaning back into the bed while his eyes rolled shut.

It felt... good. Really good even. It was warm, but not enough to be uncomfortable. Hot, but not sweltering. It felt as though a rich blanket of warmth hummed above his skin, soothing his mind and body.

"C-cinder... that feels really good."

And then a third voice suddenly spoke up. "... Jaune?"

Jaune froze.

Everything froze. Time stopped and Jaune peeked over Cinder's shoulder, and spotted Ren standing in the doorway, key in hand.

"R-Ren!" He shouted. "Crap, it's not what it looks like! I swear I-"

"No." Ren silenced him with a raised hand. "I don't want to know about any of this. What you do... or *who* you do, is not my business, just..." He paused, and glanced down at the bed Cinder straddled him on. "Just don't do it on my bed, please."

Ren slowly backed away, and closed the door with his departure.

A thick silence hung within the air, one where neither of them really knew how to break. Finally though, Cinder spoke up.

"... Why did you never ask her to the dance?"

Jaune groaned and palmed his face. "Ren is a guy!"

"He is?"

"Yes!"

"Truly?"

"Ugh! No, okay, we are not doing the whole 'Ren is a femboy' thing!" He jabbed an accusatory finger in Cinder's direction. "He's not even that feminine!"

Cinder stared at him with a dubious expression. "Are you certain? He has hips most women would kill for. Well, except for myself."

Jaune sighed and fell back into bed. He still remembered that one time his mom spotted Ren while video calling him and thought that he had a girlfriend that he was hiding. Convincing her otherwise had taken... weeks.

Ugh. And that's not even what the guys said in class.

"No, Cinder. Ren is not a girl. He's just... kinda feminine."

"Ah..." Cinder slipped her hands away from his body, and awkwardly ran a hand through her raven locks. "That will not be an issue, will it?"

"What will?"

"He saw me." She said, and raised her tail to accentuate her point. "That would be an issue, no?"

"Oh, uhm. He uh- probably just thinks you're wearing a demon costume."

"Why would I be wearing a demon costume?"

"No reason..." Jaune deflected. That was going to be an awkward conversation for him to have later. Though with how chill Ren was, maybe he'd ignore it altogether.

He was just thankful that it wasn't Pyrrha who had seen him like this...

"Will you go?" Cinder asked suddenly. "To the dance, I mean."

Jaune glanced up at her, before he shook his head. "Probably not, I mean. I don't have a date."

She hummed in agreement, glancing away from him. "That you do not, but what if you were to have one?"

He gave her a curious look. "With who?"

She dragged her amber eyes back to him. "Myself."

"You?!" He questioned, surprised. "How would that even work, I mean..." He gestured towards her frame. "You know."

It wasn't that he was opposed to the idea. In the short span of time that he's known her, she's been oddly fun to hang out with. Maybe a little on the crazy side at times, but probably still more sane than Nora, or Yang when something involving Ruby was involved. Still, the horn shaped elephant in the room would make it hard for obvious reasons.

Unless Cinder went to the dance dressed as herself, but he wasn't about to propose that she go to a dance about literal monsters while dressed as herself.

"I can simply cover my horns." She answered easily. "I can wear something over it."

That was true. It *would* be a costume party after all, she could just wear something that covered her horns and nobody would know that she was hiding something underneath.

There was little impeding them, and he was even starting to get a little excited about the prospect. But he was still left with one question.

"Why?" He finally asked. "Why would you want to go to the dance? And... with me of all people?"

She was a demon queen, one would think that going to a dance for students would be beneath her. Especially with someone as pathetic as him- who went so far as to use a spell book in an attempt to ask out Weiss.

She parted her lips to respond, but hesitated a moment later. Seconds ticked by, and Cinder gave him no audible response. Rather, she crossed her arms and broke eye contact, favoring a nearby wall.

He watched her curiously, as the demoness appeared to be at a loss for words. He expected her to say something simple, like that she was bored, or she wanted to see how spectacularly he'd screw up.

He didn't think she'd actually have a reason.

"My days are not the most exciting." She said, voice hardly above a whisper. "For once, just once. I would like a sight that is not ice or frost. With someone who does not look at me with scorn in their eyes."

He parted his lips to respond, but the words died at his throat. He was left uncertain, confused with what to say. With what he *could* say. He knew that she didn't like the place she resided in- she had said as much. But he didn't really take much into account beyond that. What was her life like? She's not been on Remnant for thousands of years, what has she been doing in that time?

It left him with many questions, but the answers to them didn't matter. What mattered was what he did about all of that. And the answer was clear as say to him.

He had to make sure she enjoyed that dance.

"Alright," He responded, a blithe smile on his lips. "But if that's the case, then we're going to need to get you a costume."

The effect was instantaneous. Her uncertain eyes beamed with light, while her lips- once pressed together tightly- parted into a bright smile.

Without warning, she slid off his body, and took all of her warmth with her. She glanced over her shoulder to meet his eyes, and gave him a coy grin, as though she knew that he missed the heat. "I will need a costume then, and I will need your aid in choosing one."

He sat up from the bed, and nodded. "Alright, sure. We'll go to a nearby costume shop then."

He made to stand up, but Cinder's hand found his chest, and pushed him back into the bed. He gave her a confused look, but she merely smiled back. "There is no need for that." She answered cryptically. "I have... other methods."

Without another word, she raised her hand and snapped her fingers. In an instant, red flames wrapped around her body like a form-fitting glove. It spread across her skin like a liquid, before it began to spread out into actual clothing. Once the flames dispersed, it revealed Cinder- now donning a white blouse with a black corset

wrapped around her waist. A long, collared black cape fell to her feet, swishing with each of her movements like a shadowy dancer.

It didn't take long to guess who she was supposed to be. "Dracula?"

"Yes," She grinned, revealing two pointed fangs where her canines were supposed to be. "I would dress as a Queen, but then I'd take all the attention away from you."

"Har. har. har." He rolled his eyes, before glancing towards her head-where two red horns remained.

"So... Can't you use magic to get rid of those?"

Cinder narrowed her eyes, and folded her arms over her chest. "No."

"Oh come on," Jaune sighed. "You've gotta do something about it, my friends will realize it's real when they try and touch it."

Cinder's eyes scorched like twin candles. "Then they will burn."

Jaune groaned, palming his face. "Cinder... come on, please?"

She scoffed, but ultimately relented. She lifted a hand once more, and snapped her fingers, forming a...

"Cinder, that's a fedora."

"Yes, and what of it?"

He groaned and pinched his brow. No point in arguing any further, he should just be happy that he managed to get her to cover her horns. Thankfully the clothing hid her tail.

"And what will you be wearing?" She suddenly asked.

Jaune released his face. "Hm? Oh, well. I guess I was just gonna dress up as a ghost or something." He sheepishly rubbed the back

of his neck. "To be honest, I was kind of so preoccupied with asking out Weiss that I forgot to get a costume."

Cinder made a sound of frustration, and pinched her brow as though she were dealing with a child. In his defense, he wasn't even expecting to go considering he didn't have a date. It wasn't like he expected to take a hot demon lady with him.

"Well, that will not do. I cannot have you coming with me dressed up as a towel." She raised her head, and met his gaze, a sudden resolution laced within her eyes.

Oh gods... he recognized that look. It was the look his sisters always gave them when they needed a doll to play dress up. The look of his impending doom.

"We *will* find you a proper costume. I do not care if it takes all night."

Jaune whimpered.

The experience of being turned into a living doll was as painful as he remembered it being. The only silver lining this time was that Ren never actually came back to their dorm, maybe due to embarrassment, or because he didn't want to 'disturb' them. It was funny how miscommunication could end up being a *good* thing from time to time.

He couldn't help but admit that part of the experience had been fun too. With his sisters it was just insistent arguing about what he'd look best in, but with Cinder... it felt more personal. As though it actually mattered to her. He figured that it must've been because this would be the first dance she's ever been to.

Maybe she wanted it to be special, and honestly? He wanted to make it special for her.

They walked hand in hand through Beacon's extensive hallways, the blare of roaring music grew in intensity the closer they got to the actual event hall. Oddly enough though, he noticed that Cinder's grip around his hand tightened the closer they got.

"Nervous?" He asked her, a playful smile on his lips. "About all the people?"

"No," She answered quickly. "I care not about what those hormonal teenagers think of me. I simply..." She paused, a conflicted expression formed on her features. "I have never actually danced before."

Ah. That made sense. Especially when he took into account where she came from. He doubted a frozen wasteland had many places where people could- well- dance.

"It's a lot easier than it looks." He reassured her. "And hey, I happen to be a pretty good dancer myself. I'll make sure you don't look bad in there."

Cinder snorted, a wiry smile on her lips. "They say lying is quite sinful, Jaune."

"Hey-! I'm not I-"

"Hey!" A sudden voice cut him off before he could retort. "Vomit boy! You actually showed up!"

Jaune groaned, meeting Yang's lilac eyes as they approached the front desk. She was dressed as a zombie, blood, gore and all.

"You know, I really do wish you'd stop calling me that."

Yang cupped her chin and hummed, as though she were putting any actual consideration into his request. "Nope. It's deserved."

Cinder shot him a look. "What did you do?"

"He barfed all over my boots."

"Ah... that does sound like him."

"Hey!" Jaune interjected. "It was one time! And it was because of motion sickness!"

Rather than pay him any mind, Yang's eyes lit up upon seeing Cinder. She tossed him a smug grin, and wagged her blonde eyebrows. "Well well, looks like you caught yourself a catch! Finally let go of Weiss-cream?"

He sighed. It really had been that bad hadn't it? At the time he thought that he'd be able to impress her eventually, in hindsight... well it was just kind of embarrassing.

"Yeah, I've gotten over it. I really should apologize to her for being so persistent though."

Yang waved him off. "Weiss' a big girl, she'll live. But enough talking about her, who's this?" Yang gestured towards Cinder. "I haven't seen you around Beacon before."

Cinder didn't respond immediately, and Jaune took that as a sign for him to introduce them. "Yang, this is Cinder. Cinder, this is Yang."

"Charmed," Cinder said, bidding her a nod.

Yang returned her gesture with a small wave. "Nice to meet you, so... what are you supposed to be?"

"I'm a vampire."

Yang eyed the fedora which sat on Cinder's head. "In... a fedora?"

"Yes."

Jaune winced, he knew that would raise some eyebrows. He was just thankful that his own outfit wasn't as bizarre.

Cinder had forced him to try on a lot of costumes. He figured she'd grow tired after reaching the dozens, but she was persistent about him looking his absolute best if he was going to accompany her to the dance.

In the end, they ended up deciding on a simple knight costume. And by simple, he meant that he was wearing an entire iron chest plate, along with armored boots and a sword at his side. He managed to talk her down from giving him an entire suit of armor, on account that it would make it hard for him to dance.

"O... kay. Anyway!" Yang thrust two tickets towards them, her wide smile back in its place. "Enough chatter! Get in there and enjoy yourselves!"

"Thanks." He smiled and took the tickets, before he tugged Cinder inside the open doors.

The event hall itself had been done up immensely. Several tables sat away from the dance floor with Halloween themed covers, all the while the dance floor itself shined orange, yellow, and red. Large, white strips dangled along the ceiling and connected together to form spider web-like shapes, while lights flashed in a myriad of colors.

All in all, it looked pretty damn nice.

His eyes flickered towards Cinder- who stood wide eyed as she took the whole thing in. He figured it wasn't the most impressive sight, but it was new- an experience that she had never been given before.

"Come on," He smiled. "Let me introduce you to my friends."

"Hm? Oh? Yes, yes of course."

He recalled spotting Ruby near the tables where all the candy was. Along with Blake dancing somewhere with Sun. Rather than approach any of them though, Jaune strode towards where he'd seen his team.

Nora was the one who spotted them approaching first. "Rah! A knight! Nora smash puny knight!"

", you're a Viking, not the Rulk." Ren-who was dressed as a monk-remarked. He shot his magenta-colored gaze towards Jaune, before his eyes widened upon noticing Cinder. "Jaune, and...?"

"Guys, this is Cinder. She's my-"

"-Girlfriend." Cinder interrupted.

Jaune choked on air, while both his friends took the newfound information in with varied levels of surprise. Nora stood slack jawed, while Ren's reaction was a mere widening of the eyes. The boy probably expected it considering what he walked into previously.

Dammit, Cinder.

"It's nice to meet you," Ren recovered. "You're not from Beacon, are you?"

"No, I'm from the underworld."

Jaune whined unhappily.

"Vacuo?" Nora asked.

"Perhaps not that bad."

"A-anyway." Jaune interrupted, cheeks flushed and with sweat already beginning to drag down his brow. "Have you guys seen Pyrrha? I haven't seen her here." He thought he'd see her here, she'd picked up the coolest Spartan costume, he wanted to see what it'd look like when worn.

"Pyrrha? She said she was sick yesterday. We tried to call you but you didn't answer."

Ah, that was probably around the time Cinder pushed him off the roof and into the rose Bush. "S-sorry, I guess I was busy with something. Is she okay?"

"Yeah, she's just sleeping." Nora said. "Though... she seemed pretty insistent on me leaving though."

Weird. She probably just wanted peace and quiet though. Nora could be a bit of a handful with some people, so he couldn't blame Pyrrha for wanting to be alone when she was sick.

"Anyway, we're gonna go dance, we'll see you guys later?"

They both nodded, though Ren quickly stepped towards him and leaned into his ear, words whispered in a hushed tone. "You can have the room tonight, I won't intrude."

And with that, they both walked off. Leaving Jaune a red faced mess as Cinder watched him in confusion.

"What did he say?"

"N-nothing!" He sputtered. That was one question he didn't want to know her reaction to. "Anyway, would you... like to go dance?"

Her lips stretched into a faint, shy smile. Her grip around his hand tightened, and she tugged him along towards the dance floor. He let her guide him, straining to avoid bumping into anyone.

The dance floor was packed with students, all taking up more space than normal due to their costumes. Cinder didn't seem to mind though, she just continued to navigate through the horde of bodies and towards a less crowded area. On the way, he caught more than a few guys sneaking hungry glances at Cinder, and he couldn't help but feel an odd fire churn at his gut.

He tried to stomp down that feeling, but it was hard when every leering eye was on her.

"Jaune?" Cinder spoke up, interrupting his thoughts. "This spot seems the least crowded."

He blinked away the distractions, and nodded his head in agreement. "Right, Uhm. Yeah this spot works."

A sudden silence would pass between them. Even with the roaring music and stomping feet of the dancers. It was an awkward affair, with neither of them knowing how to begin.

Jaune wasn't willing to let himself be reluctant.

He reached outward and wrapped an arm around her waist, while his hand slid to hers, weaving their fingers together. He absentmindedly noted just how warm she felt pressed up against him, as though she radiated heat.

His sudden movements caused Cinder some degree of surprise, but she recovered quickly, resting a hand upon his shoulder. "Well, how do we begin from this?"

"Just follow my lead," He grinned. "I'll prove you wrong about my dancing."

"Oh?" She matched his smile with one of her own, albeit a far more attractive smile in his opinion. "Show me then."

Jaune took the initiative, and spun her body through the air effortlessly. Her grip around him tightened suddenly- but she held on and followed his steps flawlessly for a beginner. Likely because of her enhanced physical body.

Jaune took that as a sign to keep the pace, he stepped forward and back- she accompanied him. He stepped to the side and rotated- she followed him like a guiding light. He slid his hand towards her fingertips. "I'm going for the spin!"

Just like that, he turned her body and she followed along with the momentum. Though on the final step, her foot slipped and she crashed directly into his chest, earning her a startled sound from his throat. He stumbled back and held her shoulders firmly.

"Wow! You okay?"

She didn't respond for a moment, her face buried in his shoulder. When he then felt her shoulders shake- a wave of worry ran through him. Was she... crying?

She pulled away before he could question her, and that's when he saw her expression.

She was laughing.

It was not a sadistic cackle, nor the mirthful chuckle that he was accustomed to. It was a full blown, real laugh.

It did not shine like a burning star, it didn't sound like a violin graced with divinity, or a harmony which slid seamlessly through his ears.

It had sudden cracks and gasps, it was uneven and unrefined.

But he loved it.

It sounded so genuine, so *real*. It was warm, it was rough in a way that made him think of her, it made him feel happy for being able to make that sound.

For what was maybe the first time that she'd ever laugh like that.

For what was maybe the last as well.

She wiped a tear from her eye, a broad grin still resonated on her lips even after her laughs had died down. "I'm sorry," She breathed out, though she sounded far from upset. "I believed that my movements had to be perfect. That I would be frustrated upon failing. And then... I crashed into you, but the anger never arose."

She slid her hand back to the place it belonged, back to his shoulder. Her other hand lowered to his own. "I suppose I am just... surprised."

"By what?" Jaune asked.

"That my failures can feel as though they were victories." She spoke, voice just above a whisper. And despite how low it was- he heard it above all of the music which blared around him, as though it alone resonated within his ears. "That this can be..."

"Fun?" He proposed.

"Yes," She said. "I suppose fun would be the right word."

"Then..." He began, lips already upturned. "Would you like to have more fun?"

She responded by spinning him through the dance floor.

For the next hour, their bodies moved as though they were one, united under the myriad of lights, and secluded from all other dancers. Jaune didn't think he even realized anyone was there. His mind had been trapped in what he could only call a trance of some sort. All that he could remember were burning eyes, red lips, and laughter.

They eventually slowed down as the music did as well. They still moved together- though far slower than before. Cinder had her hands interlocked behind his neck, while his hands were laid on her hips.

He tried his best to ignore how nice they felt there.

"Your thoughts seem occupied," Cinder suddenly said. "Are you enjoying yourself?"

"Yes!" He said, louder than he would have liked. "I mean, yeah. I am. Are... Are you?"

"I am," She affirmed. "Though, all these prying eyes have started to become annoying. Are all teenagers like this?"

Jaune instinctively pulled her closer to him. Which was ridiculous- Cinder didn't need protection- she was a literal demon queen. It was just... an instinctive feeling he felt, one that was hard to explain.

"Yeah, we kinda are. Sorry about that."

She rolled her eyes. "You apologize as though that is your fault." She said as she rested her head against his chest. "Not everything is your fault, Jaune."

Well, she wasn't wrong. Even if he had summoned her. Originally, he felt kind of bad for summoning her. She had been pulled from whatever place she resided in because some hormonal idiot wanted to get the girl he liked.

Now though? He was glad that he summoned her. Both because he knew that she hated the place she lived, and because- well, he liked being with her.

The thought caused a sudden heat to flutter through his cheeks. But it was true. Despite being stubborn, aggressive, cynical, and even a little sadistic...

Cinder was pretty great too.

There was a kindness underneath all of that, a kindness he was sure she didn't even know was there. She was old fashioned, and fun, and had her own unique sense of humor as well.

He didn't want her to go, he decided.

"Hey, Cinder?"

She hummed, and raised her head from his chest, locking her gaze on him in question.

"Are you glad I summoned you?"

He figured she was. She supposedly didn't like the place she was from, she had asked to go to the dance with him, she had decided on his costume.

But he supposed- guiltily- that he still wanted to hear it from her.

His question caused surprise to flash through her features, though she relaxed her face a moment later. Seconds ticked by as her eyes seemed to intensify in thought. And the longer she took to respond, the more worried he became.

That is, until she spoke.

"Jaune," His name left her lips, spoken so calmly, so warmly. "I am very glad that you did."

"Why?" He couldn't help but ask.

"Because," She finally breathed out. "Being summoned by you, has been the highlight of my eternity."

The words struck him hard, piercing his mind and body, setting his skin aflame. His heart roared within his chest, his cheeks burned, and his eyes widened incredulously.

He tried to speak, but the words were clogged at his throat, unwilling to make it past his lips. He stood there like a gaping fish, uncertainty laced within his features.

He was certain that he looked like an idiot, but Cinder only laughed. A laugh that he was steadily becoming accustomed to, he didn't want to forget what it sounded like.

Her fingers- once interlocked behind his nape- slid along his neck, bringing forth goosebumps in their wake. Her hands paused at his cheeks, impossibly warm, addictively soft like the finest of silk.

"Perhaps..." She whispered, voice smoldering like a kindling flame. "I can show you, rather than tell you."

He parted his lips to ask her what she meant, but with her grip tight around his face, Cinder pulled him down to her, and sealed her lips around his.

Jaune's mind fizzled out.

For a moment, a mere moment, he froze. Unmoving as her mouth claimed his. But like a great flame, Cinder steadily melted that frost, and had him chasing the heat desperately. It wrapped around his body like a blanket of sunlight, and he gripped it wholeheartedly.

Their lips moved together, shyly at first. This was his first kiss- and he would bet that it was hers as well. But as the seconds ticked away, the intensity of their kiss steadily grew, like wood being fed to a simmering fire.

She was warm, like a furnace. Lips soft like cotton, addictive in a way that had him hungrily pursuing her for more. She sucked his bottom lip into her mouth and nibbled the flesh teasingly. He cupped her cheek and pressed his tongue to the seam of her lips, requesting entrance. She moaned into his mouth, a desperate and guttural sound that had heat pooling at his gut.

Their kiss ended with a breathy gasp, forced to part from lack of oxygen. He chanced a look at Cinder, desperate to see if she had enjoyed it as much as he. And even in the dimly lit hall, he could see that her cheeks were a brilliant shade of crimson, her lips red and swollen, raw from the intensity.

He was sure he looked much the same.

"T-that was..."

"Jaune," Cinder growled, silencing him with a hand to his mouth. It was only then that he noticed the look in her eyes. Her normally

bright gaze had become blackened with intensity. Dark pools of coppery flame bore into him, sloshing in wisps of passion, of need, of... desire.

Like a lion that had captured its prey, Cinder leaned towards him slowly, lips meeting the side of his ear. She spoke then, voice low and heated, desperate and longing.

"I know what your price will be."

Jaune felt a sudden icy hand grip his heart. "A-and... what's that?"

Her smile was nothing short of devilish. "Your innocence."

Jaune's back smacked against the mattress roughly, nearly breaking the frame from the force he had been thrown with. He sat up in an attempt to recover, but a hand met his chest and pushed him back down. With it, a warm body slid across his frame and straddled his hips. Cinder gazed down at him with a hungered stare. Her fingers dug into the straps of his chest plate, eager to make them come undone.

"C-Cinder, wait!"

The demoness paused, concentration briefly broken as she glanced towards him. "Is something the matter?" She asked. "Do you not wish to continue?"

"It's not that!" He promised, red faced and with all pretense of composure gone. "This is Ren's bed!"

He expected her to pause, and then continue what they were doing on the other bed. After all, it wasn't like he was saying no.

What he didn't expect was for Cinder's grin to only *widen*.

"Then we'll break yours after we have broken his!"

"H-huh?!"

But Cinder was having none of it. As a moment later-seemingly with all patience gone- she gripped his chest plate and simply tore the straps off with her bare hands, before she tossed the entire thing behind her.

"I liked that armor..."

"I'll make you a new one." She promised, no longer willing to use her lips for something such as talking. Her face neared his, heaving breaths mingling with his own. He watched it all with a bated breath. Admittedly nervous, but far more excited than he'd like to admit.

And then her lips were on his.

Every thought which congested in his mind; his doubt, his worries, his nervousness... merely fizzled away. As though burned to ash under the heat of Cinder's smoldering lips.

A gasp, a bite, a groan. They moved in unison with crazed longing, every thought being centered around the other's frame. Cinder slid a hand to the back of his neck and gripped onto his blonde locks as though it were a handle. Jaune rested his hand on her leg and dug his fingers into the plumpness of her thighs.

Cinder gasped and bucked her hips at the sudden action, earning her an enticed guttural Moan from his throat. She was breathless but still eager to leave his mouth raw and red. The hand which was once at his neck slid away, she dragged it down his body- and allowed it to freely roam the hard expanse of his chest. Unwilling to be upstaged- Jaune rested his hand against the back of her head, and dragged his fingers along the length of her horns.

Her sudden euphoric moan pierced his lips and invaded his mouth. She pulled away suddenly, red faced and with her chest heaving. He watched her with much of the same visage- still stunned that this was even happening- still stunned that she wanted him this much.

And that the feeling was mutual.

She seemed to bathe under the stare of his lust filled eyes, for she leaned away and rested her hands on his knees. She then threw her head back and *dragged* her hips against his.

"C-Cinder!" He whimpered, hands flying to her hips. He held her against him to prevent her from moving, but that only seemed to egg her on more.

"You look so adorable," She hissed, cupping his chin and resting a finger to his bruised lips. "I could eat you whole."

"... please don't."

She grinned, and placed both hands at her hips. She watched his eyes with a coquettish expression, as she dragged her fingers along her sides in order to slide her shirt off her frame. Jaune watched with wide eyes, as more and more of her perfect, creamy flesh was revealed for his awaiting eyes.

And then she let go, and her shirt slid back down.

"Cinder?" He asked, confusion palpable. "Is something the matter?"

In response, she raised her hand into the air, and pressed three fingers together. "Of course not, but we wouldn't wish to have an audience, would we?"

Jaune gave her an odd look. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing Jaune," Cinder smiled. "Nothing at all."

Cinder snapped her fingers, and everything faded to black.

Sorry guys! But Cinder is too powerful! She knew what was happening the whole time!

In all seriousness, I hope you all enjoyed this. I literally haven't edited most of this, I wrote it all in maybe a week, and then proof read everything- so this is probably...

The pacing and prose is definitely at least a little off. Though in regards to the pacing, that's likely because having a fully developed relationship form in a one shot is a littlee rough .

Well it's probably pretty damn bad. Maybe it isn't and I'm just being hyper critical. But that brings me on to my next point.

Where's IHK? And why has that taken so long if I wrote this in such a short amount of time? Well- it's quite simple. One- IHK shall come soon- I had to delay chapter 20 which was scheduled last week to write this- secondly, as to why this didn't take anywhere near as long despite being the size of 3 IHK chapters- that's because with this...

Well I was no where near as meticulous I suppose. With in his kindness I tend to read over every line and every word, with this? I didn't have time for that. I wrote it all without thinking (for most of it) and with the hope that it would turn out okay. Did it? I have no idea, but I hope you guys enjoyed. If the difference in quality really wasn't much then maybe I ought to be a little less meticulous, lol.

anyway, I really am sorry about the wait for chapter 20, I'll have a better explanation for it once that comes out. Things have been a little hectic.

And once again, please check out Obsequium Minaris' one shot, dudes a great writer and a great dude overall. We really did rush to get out one shots out on Halloween, lol.

And again! Please check out exerdierrrr, Hes the artist of our lovely cover art and deserves all the praise you can give. Great artist and cool guy, truly.

That's all folks...

Or is it?

Omake:

"Huh, that's weird... where is it?"

Jaune- bare of any clothing- leaned down to inspect his room. The wishing book he had found in the library, it was... gone.

A sudden panic tolled through him, piercing his heart with its intensity. The wishing book was an immensely dangerous item, one that could prove to be detrimental if given to the wrong hands.

He had to find it! He had to-

"Jaune?" Cinder yawned from nearby, lazily stretching her limbs on his-their-ruined bed. "Come back to bed..."

He... he had to get back to bed. What was he even doing out of it again?

Well, if he couldn't remember then it probably wasn't important.

Pyrrha wasn't crazy, she really wasn't.

She hadn't broken into Jaune's room while he was out in an attempt to steal one of his hoodies, and then found a weird wishing book laid on a weird symbol that smelt oddly familiar. Before then proceeding to steal said book.

Nope, not crazy at all.

Jaune was likely the crazy one if anything, after all, he had been the one to try using the wishing book.

It wasn't like she was currently scribbling some random symbol she had found in the book through the use of ketchup, and was now chanting a random line she found within the book.

"Veni nunc ad me! Veni-!"

A fire burst through the air, blasting Pyrrha away flooring her. She gazed up with mystified eyes as flames contorted around the glowing red symbol.

And from it, a heeled foot stepped out.

A short woman with a lean frame stood before her. Her hair was oddly both brown and pink, while her mismatched eyes of the same color bore into her with an odd intensity.

This... was not a spell to get with Jaune.

Neo grinned wildly.