

The One Known By Many Names

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The One Known By Many Names

by [onewomancitadel](#)

Summary

'I have no idea how this came to mind but a crack prompt that I thought of is that Cinder somehow captured Jaune and on their way to their destination, they have to share a bed since there's only one in the room.' -prompt by iressent.

Cinder kidnapped Jaune, as all dark things longed for sweet things.

Notes

Dear reader,

I am just posting this now since I suspect my chapter update to The Distance Which Fools the Skimming Eye may be late, as I have an essay and thesis draft due this week. It was written in response to iressent's prompt on Tumblr and posted as thanks for the encouragement and lovely comments.

The workskin I use is courtesy [Orphan](#). You can disable the workskin with the button on the top right, 'Hide Creator's Style'. (:

Title is per the Homeric Hymn to Demeter, πολυώνυμος is used to refer to Hades when he absconds with Persephone. '(The one known by many names, son of Kronos).'

I always appreciate comments if you feel like leaving one, let me know what you think! Also, the second chapter is not iressent's fault. It's mine. Lol!

Yours,

Seraphina

Chapter 1

“I’m not even sure what Salem would want to do with me,” said Jaune.

Cinder ignored him.

“I mean, it’s not like I have silver eyes like Ruby. My Semblance won’t do her much good. I don’t fight well. I don’t think I’ve ever personally insulted her. That I know of. Yang was the one who actually talked to her. Um, what else, didn’t you say I don’t know when I’m out of my league? I’m communicating to you that I’m out of my league. I am completely and totally out of my league. Where are we going? Does Salem have some type of fortress? Because that probably makes sense. Does she have a mobile home? Is that what the whale business was? One of my sisters was thinking of building a tiny house. She’s into that whole environmentalist thing. She used to be a real bully but now she’s all about saving the animals, which like, yeah, save the animals, but also you hate people?”

“She used to be mean to me and lock me in the bathroom and not let me out for hours. Mom and Dad said that was just a big sister thing but I actually think she was kind of evil, like she used to behead her dolls and then hang them from the tree outside, and I asked her why and she said, ‘to set an example,’ and I still don’t know for *whom* exactly. When she did it to the boy doll she made me watch, anyway, the whole tiny house thing is fine but I don’t know where you put all your clothes or your books, and couldn’t you just get a caravan? But I guess she wants it to be able to visit Sapphron, but Sapphron doesn’t actually like her much but she’s too polite to say otherwise. Sapphron is my favourite sister, sorry, you don’t know her, she has a wife, Terra, and my nephew is really cute, his name is Adrian. I figure you might’ve already known if you were thinking of personally terrorising me or my family, but ___”

“It’s not working,” she finally interrupted him.

“What’s not working?”

“Don’t play dumb. Annoying me isn’t going to make me let you go.”

“I was going to start singing next,” he said.

“I’m sure you were.”

She had not taken him to Evernight. They were in Anima, in fact. A remote town with at least two inns to choose from. Cinder remembered the Anima of her childhood: tired and green, perpetually exhausting. She rarely slept as a child, shivering in bed. She had

nightmares. The other kids would wake her up from them by kicking her, and then they'd relentlessly tease her the next day.

She did not like Anima. The only place she had ever liked, in fact, was Vale, which was she was loath to admit. It was cosmopolitan without being bourgeois, like Atlas, but it was not too overly populated with skyscrapers to forget its countryside. But she had to settle for Anima. Salem had seen to it Vale would not forget its place as the last to conquer. The elusive Relic to which Cinder belonged to was still outstanding.

It was a rainy night. She didn't need to pull him with her, he simply walked quickly ahead of her, figuring out where she intended to go next.

"We keep flying tomorrow?" he asked.

"We'll see," she said.

"They'll find me by then. We should just keep going now."

"It's raining. I don't like flying in the rain. If they come, let them come," she said, and she cut off his reply by ducking inside. The door didn't quite shut properly. The din of the inn broke off all conversation between them then, and Cinder exchanged so many words with the innkeeper: a room, yes, I have coin.

She was perilously aware of that arm. The arm. It was gloved. He would not be able to tell. Her eye, too, was covered.

The innkeeper flicked his gaze steadily between the two of them, watching her curiously. Cinder thought again of her scarring. She was used to it by now; ungloved, they might even run away from the fear of it, but for now she was just ugly. It hurt.

Jaune did not look like he had been kidnapped. In fact, he was too nonchalant. So nonchalant she was sure he thought himself clever enough to have come up with a plan. So much for being out of his league.

She opened the door to the room she had rented and then wanted to go promptly back up and find the innkeeper.

"I'm going to stab him," she said to herself.

"You can't do that."

"I didn't ask for your permission," she snapped, but he waltzed in the room and fell back on the bed as if it were all his.

"So, where was I? Right, Sapphron. She has a place in Argus, it's actually a nice coast side town if you've ever been, though we got into some trouble there. She has a garden. Sapph was always the nicest to me growing up, she taught me to braid—"

"Are you done yet?"

“Depends. Are you going to kill me?”

Cinder wearily sat her travel bag down, and summoned her Maiden fire to set the small hearth going. That was her favourite part. When the warmth entered a cold room, fire long unburnt.

“I’m not going to kill you,” she said.

“But you’ve thought about it.”

“And clearly it was a waste of time, considering how desperate you were for it.”

He sat up on his elbows. As if they were having a pleasant conversation, between her at the fire and he on the bed, like some sort of sick sleepover. “You give everybody with a deathwish a free pass?”

Then she said, honestly, “No.”

Perhaps she had been toying with him, at Haven. She knew how horrible it was to live when you wanted to die. When it seemed like the only solution. She had wanted him to feel it. It was perverse.

He came to stand beside her. She did not look at him. He sat down. She did not look at him. Then he curled up on his side, on the dirty rug, as if to sleep.

“What are you doing?”

“Sleeping,” he said.

“There’s a bed.”

“There’s *one* bed.”

“So sleep in it.”

“But we can’t both sleep in it.”

“You have to,” she snapped at him. “Otherwise you might leave in the night. I’ll wake if you try to.”

She considered the argument over as she shucked off her travelling clothes and pulled out the small white shift she kept as pyjamas. He was studiously not watching. So chivalrous. She had kidnapped him and he gave her privacy.

She got into bed. She slept so little, and rarely ever felt safe when she did. The storage room at the Glass Unicorn had been dank, lightless, and if the moon were not full she had to keep candles on hand, for fear of the dark. The orphanage was disquiet. She had her own room at Evernight, but its dayless light meant she always felt sleepy, yet never enough to commit to bed.

For the briefest of moments, she pretended she lived another life: she had changed into her shift, and was getting into bed, with a man who gave her privacy to take off her clothes, but did not expect her not to watch when he took his own shirt off. Perhaps he was her husband, in this life. In this life they rented a room on their journey somewhere, to see family, like the one he ranted about as if to annoy Cinder, which he had failed at; she liked listening to him, she could admit in the daydream. Yes, in this life, she had in-laws, and she didn't like them except for the nice sister and her wife, and the little boy. This other woman who lived this other life would watch the wives with their son and think of her own children that she might have one day, not having ever had much of a family at all to begin with. They would come again by this travel route, and slip into bed together, and think of how to make children as husband and wife.

When they would go home, to their place in Vale, perhaps— Vale because it was cosmopolitan but not bourgeois, Vale because it was a place which valued its countryside, and this other woman had never much liked Anima, not Atlas, and Vacuo was too far from the husband's family— they would discuss children. Adding a bedroom. She would be a Huntress, perhaps, this woman, her husband too, or maybe a nurse, because in peacetime, when the Grimm were quiet, his Semblance helped women give birth, and little children in emergency rooms with broken bones heal, and any other such maladies seen in a hospital. Sometimes this other woman would have old aches he would soothe with his Semblance. This other woman got into bed with her husband, and went to sleep, no nightmares, just the dream of a child.

“Salem does not want you,” Cinder said, curled on her side. He was next to her, warm, alive. She was cold and dead.

“What?” he said, confused as anything. Jaune. Jaune, not this other man, like the lives she dreamt of as a little girl.

“Salem does not want you,” she said again. Salem hated repeating herself. Cinder wanted to say it again and again and again. *Salem doesn't want you.*

“Why not?”

“I took you,” said Cinder. “I absconded with you of my own volition.”

She had taken the sweet, soft one. The one whose sister was Sapphron, like the flower. “Then what are you doing with me?”

She did not know how to answer him. Eventually she said, “I didn't know how to leave. I thought—” she said, but girls like her did not think. She did so anyway. “They'll come looking for you. Nobody will ever come for me. When they do, I'll hand you over, if Ruby Rose promises to get rid of this arm.”

He sat up in bed, shocked, and she craned her neck in the firelight so she could see his fair eyelashes cast the gentlest shadow over his cheek. “We would have helped you with that anyway.”

“I don't believe that.”

“Why me, then? You could have just taken—”

“I wanted to take you,” she bit out.

He drew in a long breath.

She turned back over onto her side, away from him. “They’ll come for you,” she repeated. “You don’t realise what a blessing that is.”

“But you... you’re... Salem...”

“I’m a monster,” she said, not looking at him. “I know. You can just say it. I’m an ugly monster who killed your partner. So monster I am, I took you. But I would like to be a free monster, if I must be one.”

He said nothing. She dreamt again of that other life, as she heard him move in the bed, as if to get comfortable. She could close her eyes and pretend she was not a weapon, that she had not made others just the same as her, all blade. Blades had handles to be picked up and used, discarded when blunt.

“I don’t think you’re ugly,” he said sadly, and it was so ridiculous she laughed, though it was more melancholic than she intended.

“But murderous monster, I am. A beautiful monster is still a monster.”

“You don’t have to be,” he said.

“In this life, I must be. And when I am your captor, you’ll say anything.”

Then, surprise of surprises, he put a hand very, very tentatively on her Grimm arm, and motioned for her to move onto her back. Jaune hovered over her. He was her kidnappee, but he commanded her movement as if he were the one who caught her.

That was true. Cinder did not understand it. But it was true. His hand on her arm felt like a brand, such that it could have been possessive; it felt like it was burning away the arm, leaving behind fresh skin, baby-soft and new. She had never been this close to somebody before. She felt every short breath in her chest, the thin cotton of the shift moving with her, up and down.

She thought of the other woman, and her husband, and their goodnight kiss before they went to sleep. Their lips, pressed together sweetly. Their touch, kind. The woman, living, beautiful, and human. If not that, at least a beloved monster.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Dear reader,

Well, let's get this out of the way. They have sex. Hope you're happy. Please don't make eye contact with me, though I do appreciate comments, as always.

Also, this takes the JNPR manga as canon, there's like this whole dream sequence where Cinder dreams of Jaune set during V2.

See [here](#)

-Seraphina

It was no dream. His hand rested on her.

“What are you doing?” she whispered flatly, shuddering out of her unbidden. She should have been angry at him for touching her gently. He must have wanted something. But he knew, now, why she kept him here, and he knew they were coming for him already.

“I don’t know,” he replied, quiet as she. His hair hung over him, wheaten and fair, brushing the curve of his shoulder. His right arm tensed where he held himself up, the other still touching her, skin to Grimm bone, exposed wound.

When she did not speak, Jaune said, “Why did you take me?”

“I already told you.”

“No, *me*. You *wanted* to take me.”

Cinder furrowed her brow. “You’re valuable, if you go missing. You’re one of the leaders, aren’t you? And that Semblance—”

“That’s not why they’d come for me,” he cut in.

“Sentiment,” she quietly spat.

“I would do the same for them. I have done the same for them. But there’s something more,” he pressed, “you said you *wanted* to take me...”

Let him infer the silence. She wouldn’t say it.

His lip quivered in thought, each hairbreadth second punctuated by his breaths in and out.

“Tell me?” he said.

“I can’t.”

“Why not?”

“Do you remember who I am?” she said, and he had wrenched it out of her, now. “Do you forget? Just because I don’t want to be Salem’s Grimm plaything, it doesn’t mean I want to help you. I took you from your little friends, and precious Ruby Rose, with her silver eyes which scare my master just as much as they did me. I am your enemy. I’ll always be your enemy. That’s how it goes.”

“You still haven’t answered my question,” he said, unperturbed. The fire crackled as if in contented answer. His hand was still on her arm. She could hardly focus for it.

She gritted her teeth and turned her head away from him. The blanket felt oppressive around her waist. Her shift like a prison. She wanted to get out of her skin, but he anchored her there with that hand. The hand.

“A long time ago, I had... a dream, one night.”

“Of?”

“Don’t you think starting with a dream is stupid?”

“No,” he said. “Sometimes I have weird dreams.”

Cinder found herself watching him again. She couldn’t help it. “I dreamed of you. I don’t know why. I don’t know why you plagued me after that at all. It shouldn’t have disturbed me. You were stupid at Haven, and you kept the Maiden power from me on your way to Vacuo, and I have only ever been your enemy, and I took your partner from you—”

He had pulled back, confused.

She kept talking. “It was stupid. I used to dream as a... little girl. But I dreamed of you, when I was at Beacon. Posing as a student, no less. And masquerading myself into your life, too. At least I am always tied to you as punishment and killer. If I could not have—”

“What was the dream?” he said, voice high.

The part that mattered: just a vision of the sweetness of his face. The barest glimmer in the dark, his eyes closed, simply beautiful. For no reason, no reason at all, he had appeared to her. Cinder had been disturbed for days, and disturbed yet still.

“It wasn’t very much, if you’re offended,” she said. “It was— just you.”

Her own breath came out choked.

“It was just a dream. There’s nothing to be read into it. I don’t know why I even bothered to think of it anymore after that, yet—” She did not find herself floundering, often. Cinder was smooth and unbothered.

She could not tell him the rest of it. That when she saw him she saw an untouchable sweetness, her antithesis, a kindness she would never afford the world herself. She would burn it all down, but he insisted on making it better. She had watched him for a long time, and it hurt the more she looked at him, as she saw lives she would never live.

She was reminded keenly that the other woman and her husband were not real, that in her bed she could not pretend to be a hale woman thinking of a family. That here, she was the seed of a thing to be controlled by Salem, that she, too, would be made some slobbering Hound. That he was her enemy, that she was his enemy, that he was clumsy where she was smooth, that he was sarcastic where she was too, that she watched him and watched him and wondered why him, and found the answer clear as the sky. He was kind, and beautiful, and she liked listening to him talk. He thought it would annoy her, but he had made the fatal mistake: it only endeared him to her, and it terrified her.

Because the goodnight kiss she dreamt of, she wanted with him. She had chosen another life already, and this life was pain and murder and burning. What left to do with the ashes?

She was ash. She would wash away.

“They’ll be here by tomorrow,” Jaune said.

“I know.”

“Tell me what you were thinking. Just then. You looked scared. I don’t want to scare you.”

“I’m not scared,” she said.

“I’ve seen you scared.”

“Do you see what’s in front of you? Who I am? Why are you so foolish?”

His hand slid from her shoulder to rest over her chest, over her heart, where it thudded pitifully. It beat on. His long fingers spread over her, finely boned, delicate even for seeing combat.

“Right now, I see you in my bed,” he said. “I know who you are. You’re Cinder Fall, the Fall Maiden. I’m not forgetting that. I’m not forgetting what you’ve done. I’ve had plenty of time to be angry. So I guess I want to know if you can answer this for me. Why do I want to kiss you?”

Her breath caught like a knife. Bladed innards. Thud-thud, went her heart, under his hand, the touch gentle, but he could have crushed it if he wanted. His lips were full.

“I don’t know why you have a deathwish still,” she said. “Are you punishing yourself?”

There was something in his expression she could not make out. She could identify most of his feelings: sorrow, abject fury, contemplation, pity, or when he was alone, thinking nobody watched, a displaced loneliness, or an unseen smile to himself.

She said, then, breaking out of her at the silence, “I can’t answer it for you, then. It’s not one of your best ideas. I can only tell you that I would let you.”

They would come tomorrow for him. There was one night, and one bed. Cinder’s life was a series of dreams and tragedies. It struck her that this was her worst punishment. To know him briefly, and then lose it. But she had grown used to pain. She could manage this.

He kissed her.

Weren’t there sleeping maidens who needed kisses to wake up? Why did Cinder feel like she had awoken from a bad dream, instead of slipping into a better one? She thought it would be like falling into familiar fantasy, one she could save for later and revisit: the look on his face when he realised exactly what he was going to do, as he leant down, lips touching hers, his hand framing her jaw now. All of that hoarded away to lie in bed and think of when she needed it. When she grew lonely and thought too hard about where she was going, and what she was doing.

She rarely had second doubts, and she knew what she was meant for. She wanted to stay for this, even for a moment. Her one eye was closed, but she felt awake. He kissed her, and kissed her, and she let him clamber over her, press so closely to her she was sure his skin became her skin. He had no shirt on. She had her thin shift on. The wife would not be afraid of her husband like this, having done it many times before, but here, Cinder with Jaune, she did not know what his waist felt like. His hips, and his nipples, and his arms, his biceps and those tensed forearms, the cut of his collarbone. The peek of ear through his hair. His nose pressing into her. The feeling of his breaths between their kisses across her. His chest pressed against hers, such that it had felt so right she had nearly cried from the feeling.

She thought she would be dominant for this. But she was uncertain, when she had once been so used to taking things that nobody else would ever give her. But he gave, and he gave, and he kept giving.

“Where does this come from?” she asked. He was watching her as if she moved she would disappear.

“I was watching you too,” he said. One of his hands had travelled to her waist, but he only touched her through the thin blanket. “Do you—”

“Yes,” she snapped. She could not contain her sharpness.

“You don’t know what I was going to ask.”

“Take my shift off,” she said. He moved off her and sat up. The blanket pulled back, the shift lifted up from her knees, then over her head as she shimmied to pull it past her legs and hips. For a moment, she saw him through thin cotton, woven thread by thread, and she caught him looking at her breasts. All of her. The malformed Grimm arm, too, but he did not flinch away from it. He kissed her then and she let him. She would have let him do anything he wanted. If Cinder Fall lived this life, and she killed as she had, and she did the things she had done, she would have a single night as recompense.

She would carry it to bed, later. But for now she let him touch her. His hand feathered its way up her waist to her ribs, and he asked with an inquisitive gaze, and she couldn't say it: murder, yes, she could handle that, but how did you respond to such a question?

“Just touch me,” said Cinder. He was still soft and gentle, but she told him harder, and he kneaded her tit and watched her expression. She should have felt vulnerable. She just wanted him to keep doing it. Touch her and touch her and kiss her. His nipples were such a blushed red, his mouth too, and that old hunger gnawed at her. How did she fit everything she wanted into one moment? How could she kiss him from head to toe and take him, how could she only let him cum in her once? Because it would only be once. But she knew where it was going. At least she knew how it ended.

“You look sad,” he whispered.

“Keep kissing me, then.”

So he did. As if it could make it better. If he kneaded her tits long enough or pressed her waist just so, or, as he did then, kissed her neck. She wanted him to bite there, but it wasn't like Aura would let the mark stay for long. It would be as ephemeral as the rest of it. Still, she wanted him. It was the simplest thing she had ever felt, and the most pure. This must be what the other woman felt. She wanted his mouth on her cunt, and she wanted to pull his hair, and what else? She wanted him to fuck her. She nearly went lightheaded from it. The Maiden powers, always out of reach, and here he was, hovering over her.

She searched for the words, to tell him, when he pulled back again to watch her.

“Can I— how do I ask this,” he muttered to himself, and she almost laughed. A smile traitorously pulled at her lips, and she tried to muffle it. She didn't know how to ask either.

She was good at demanding. “Eat me out.”

His gaze was so heavy, it pulled her belly low. He pushed her knees up and situated himself in front of her, with no meandering. She thought he would be prone to kissing up her calves and her thighs, but he must have known how little time they had, or perhaps he was just impatient. He simply put his mouth on her cunt with no preamble, his tongue hot and wet. She slid her one human hand into his hair, brushed it out of his face. She caught herself treating him gently.

She didn't expect that, to want to handle him with tenderness. But she did. For a fierce moment, she wanted to protect him. She wanted to protect him from her, she who had been his perpetual ruin and torment. Instead she pulled him in and moved her hips and ran her cunt over his mouth, where his tongue pressed against her clit and then down lower. She could feel how swollen her labia was, how wet her cunt was, messing up his chin, the feeling of it like its own burning.

He was making little noises as if it were his cock in her mouth instead, not her cunt on his face. He seemed to like it when she pulled his hair, just a light tug. She wanted to say something, to tell him to keep going or to stop so she could kiss him, or encourage him, but she found herself silent except for broken breath.

She did not know how to tell him how good he was at eating her cunt, if he wanted to hear that at all. If she spoke it would break the spell, she was sure. She would go back to sleep. But she would not forget the sight of him eating her out, the crudeness of it. It was so secret and impossible she scarcely believed it was real. But she saw it. She felt how hot he was, as if it were her own Semblance heating against her. His tongue.

But it could not go on forever.

She tugged him up by the hair, wordless again.

“You want me to stop?” he asked. She did not shake her head, but reached for his underthings instead.

“If you want,” she said quietly. She did not say there was little time, and the night wore on. It was as tired as her.

“Yeah— yeah, I do,” he said. Then they were both as naked as each other. She felt shy, like she hadn’t in a long time. She had not tracked her feelings like this. Want and hunger and anger, shyness and embarrassment and touch.

Jaune’s fingers danced up her legs and she spread them, waiting for him to hurry up and do as he bid. He waited for her to nod before his ring finger slid up her labia wet with his saliva. He slid it into the mouth of her cunt, and she let the feeling arrest her, just the barest of touches.

“More,” she said. He slid in another finger, and another, and he did not remove himself from watching her, fascinated, somehow. His fingers were not enough, but he seemed to take some sort of joy in the sweat at her brow, and her impatient thrusts.

She tried to catalogue him. He smelt like the flowers which used to grow wild just on the boundary of the orphanage. She didn’t know the name of them, but she had liked plucking them free and hiding them, secretly pressing them under her pillow. The petals would flatten, and turn translucent with age, as see-through as her body felt beneath him. His eyes were dark blue and insistent. His hair, well, she looked at that too much. His fingers were thick inside of her, and he fit so easily.

This was a just punishment.

“Fuck me,” she said, inviting the rest of it. He looked a little shocked, and she added, “You know that’s what you’ll do, if you want it. That’s what it is. Fucking.”

“It’s just a bit uncouth,” he said. “Just fucking.” He kept talking with his fingers inside her.

The husband and wife made love. That was what they did. But this was fucking, was it not? He brought a hand up to delicately run it over her cheek. She was confused by him, even as she leant into the touch. Somehow, he did not have control over her, with his tenderness, and his three fingers buried in her. He removed them slowly. She watched him put his fingers in his mouth, to clean them, but the way he met her eyes meant he was being as teasing about it as he was utilitarian.

He hitched her knees over his shoulders so they were so close, her nearly bent in half. Finally, he was there. She was not sure how he would fit, but she would take it all. She was sure of it.

When he bore his cock in his hand and gently slid in, it felt like a tight pinch, but he had worked her up wet and then he had put his fingers in her, leaving her fit for the taking. Each inch he moved knocked another breath out of her, and another. She wanted more. Then he reached deeper and deeper, and his eyes did not leave hers, and he touched her in the deepest of places. His cock inside her cunt, his chest nearly pressed to hers, her heart hammering, his doing alone.

She could not help herself. Out broke of her, “Please.” For what, she didn’t know. *Please stay, please take me with you, please gently fuck me, please come inside me, so when you are gone, you will drip from my cunt.* It was all the same notion. Stay here, rooted inside her. She never pleaded.

He pulled back and she did not want him to. She wanted him to stay. But he moved back in and began to fuck her in earnest, sweet, timid movement, which made her impatient. It was one hard thrust and then another before she had her breath knocked out of her. It should have felt like giving herself over to baser instincts. It didn’t feel like giving up, or giving in. It hurt, because she would not have it ever again. But she wanted to keep him here. It felt like the most logical thing she had ever considered. Why couldn’t they stay here, in this bed? Why could he not fuck her?

He pressed his forehead to hers, and she felt his whole body move with her. He pounded her cunt. There was no other word for it. It should have been violent. She had been used to violence. But he was giving her what she wanted. As she had taken him, he took her.

Her cunt stretched around him. She did not want to tell him, but he was thick inside her, and if she craned her neck just a little she could see her wetness all over his cock. She had never allowed herself to be touched like this. She would always remember it. The wife and the husband in bed with each other, her begging him to cum inside her, doing it every single night, every single day. The wife would cum each time on his mouth and fingers, and she would greedily take him. They would have a house, and a bedroom, and a bed made only for them. But Cinder was Cinder. She was not that woman, even if she came close enough, for the briefest of moments, with him inside her.

Cinder took that future from other people, after she destroyed her own. She would never get it back. He would never stay with her. She had kept his true happiness from him, that much she knew, even if she had pretended not to.

She may be free of the Grimm arm, but she would always be running.

She gasped out, “Cum inside me.”

He stopped and his breath came out like a squeak. He was pressed inside her, all of his force bearing down. “Right, um, we didn’t—”

“The Grimm arm,” she said, as if that explained things.

“What about it?”

“I don’t think—I don’t think I can—” but she didn’t know how to explain it. It made her different.

“Tell me what you want me to do, and I’ll do it,” he said.

“Cum inside me,” she said again, but there was no hint of demand in her voice. It was more of a plea. So much had she taken from him, now she asked this of him. She wanted him to run down her thighs, as she dressed herself and the sweat dried. She wanted to feel him inside her even when he was gone. She did not want tomorrow to come, but when it did, she would have this. This, and the dream.

He began to move again, and she committed it to memory, how hard he fucked her, how thick he was, how her cunt felt when he hit her with her hips upturned, how she didn’t know she could take him like this. How she let him inside, and wanted to beg him to stay. The harder he fucked her the more she pushed her hips up against him and ran her hand through his hair. Her Grimm arm lay limp, fist clenched. She thought he was saying her name, but she could not fathom how he himself wanted this with her at all.

But it was its own special kind of ruin. Maybe he wanted to punish himself too.

He overtook her body. He fucked her harder and harder. She didn’t know if he came or she came, as he wracked through her, and she felt him cum inside her the way she wanted. He filled her senselessly. She wanted him to stay. She wanted him to fill her over and over, and then fuck her again with his cum for its own lubrication.

But he had to pull out, once he had regained himself, and it should have felt strange, the stickiness between her thighs. He seemed to almost inspect it, and then flicked his gaze to her. Cinder wondered what she looked like, to him. His cum dripping from her cunt. The proof he was there, cock deep in his nemesis.

But he was more than that to her. He eluded her, and confused her, and he made her think of other choices. He would go, when the weak, devastating morning broke, whether Ruby Rose chose to help her with the arm or not. This was all she had left. She put her underwear back on, as if to keep it in, and then the shift too.

Then he said, awkwardly, endearingly, “Don’t you need to go, you know, to the... toilet.”

“No,” she said shortly. She wanted to keep it in, anyway. Aura would probably deal with the rest of her problems.

With a tired type of amusement, she watched him fetch a wet cloth and wipe himself down, and then put his own clothes back on. It was an intimate snapshot, almost as intimate as him inside her, watching him when he wasn’t watching her. He methodically washed his hands over the tub in the corner and slipped into bed, casual as anything, as if they did it every night.

Then he took her heart, holding it right in his hands and squeezing: he pulled the blanket on her side up to her shoulders and tucked the sides in. She did not know why that made her breath hitch. The kindness. Tucking her into bed, then himself, getting comfortable under the covers.

Why did he treat her like this? Cinder thought she had finally figured him out.

On their sides facing each other, he scooted closer to her.

“Goodnight,” said Jaune, and he kissed her sweetly, with his soft lips.

Then he kissed her on her forehead. She hadn't imagined that part. Again he shocked her and motioned her over to her other side, and she did as he bid. He curled an arm around her, keeping her close, so she would not go.

She had taken him, but he acted as if he had to keep her here instead. It was the thing she had never allowed herself to covet, after everything else, and yet. He was around her.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Dear reader,

Hope you are doing well! We've got a two-for-one!

This isn't inspired by any direct prompt but was something I wanted to write to really finish the story and saved it to post until we got to a certain point in *The Distance Which Fools the Skimming Eye*.

Please check the tags, though I generally issue a blanket warning for upsetting or offensive content in my fic beyond Archive Warnings. (:

Thank you for reading. <3 <3 <3 And thank you to everybody following *The Distance Which Fools the Skimming Eye!!!*

Let me know if you enjoyed it, comments mean the world to me. (:

Yours,
Seraphina

When Ruby Rose used her silver eyes and burnt away Cinder's monstrous, monstrous arm, the first thing she felt was sweat and rain beaded on her body. It was a hot and wet Mistrali day. The monsoon season had hit, and with it, brought weather which made your skin wet without the rain touching it.

At midday, the sun should have been high, but it was lazy and weak, filtered through thick, mean cloud. The eyes had made up for it, for a brilliant, terrifying moment, then the rain had poured in.

Ruby had looked like a wet dog with her sodden cape. Cinder had fled. She did not look at Jaune. She did not need to.

For thirty days and thirty nights she walked. Salem had never even set foot in Mistral, not for millennia. Cinder, not Grimm and missing a left arm and left eye, could wander as she pleased.

She had been alone a long, long time. It was not so fearful to her anymore. The punctuation of sopping fig trees, the high flooding of plains, the shrouded lustre of deep crepe myrtles and bougainvillea, the hilly loneliness... she walked and slept in hidden places.

Her one good night of sleep had been a bittersweet gift. She had once mocked Raven for her people in the middle of nowhere, hiding from everything and achieving nothing, but in

truth she understood it now. To have something, and to run away from it. To hide from her master.

When the sickness struck, she panicked. Of course her monstrosity would run bone-deep, where Ruby could not purge it. Cinder had deluded herself. Take Jaune, and entice them into helping her. The stain on her soul called for no such transaction, not for a thing like her. Even when she turned away from Salem, she was always Salem's.

All the darker act if she had wanted him anyway, arm or no arm.

It first began with a dizziness, a nausea. It always came down to food. She took what would not be noticed here and there, passing as a strange traveller in black who would be seen one day and forgotten the next. A Huntress, perhaps. It was an irony which pleased her.

Then the bleeding, her first menstruation since the Grimm arm. It came in spots here and there, no rhyme or reason. They had never been regular when she was young, not when she ate so little, so that was not a worry. Then the food was hard to keep down, and she found herself tiring before sunset, her stomach still upset.

The power grew erratic too. That was when she knew it must have been the Grimm manifesting in her body still. Surely there had been some strange curse left on her stolen gift. When she accidentally set alight to a house she did not actually mean to burn, she admitted to herself she needed to find Ruby and ask for her money back.

Or something to that effect.

She had no other reason to find them. Only demand answers that she already knew: *I am the monster and this is my song. I am nothing.*

There was a tower. It was said to be one of the last great strongholds during the Great War, where the King of Vale had squirreled away his secret wife. If she knew anything about her old master, and her master's dirtiest secret, she did not need to search very far for them. After all, she knew them all too well. It was good to know your enemy, and she knew hers intimately, closer than skin and breath.

It was on the border of Vale, and though she had left her stolen airship, it was not so long a journey by horse. Cinder was thankful for the skills she had learnt from her old tutor. At least she would not go by foot across Mistral and Vale. That would be foolish. The smell of the horse at first made her feel ill, but then, the smell of most sheds and barns she had slept in had done the same. Maybe she was not cut out to be a farmgirl.

She asked for no directions, so not as to reveal the way to other would-be villains. It would do her no good if someone else got there before she did. She stole random maps and chose backroads, just in case.

The craggy entry through the white cliffs scared her horse, so she found a farmhand to keep it, though she knew it would probably become dinner. Hunger was easy to see.

It was windy and blustery, irritating her eye. She covered her face, hiding her one good eye with the black glass hand. She had woken up one morning, the fading memory of her old left hand replaced by her magic. It was her only good omen, at least before her stomach emptied only acid.

Through twining, hidden paths where the air pierced something fierce, she made her way up and up, nearly sinking to her knees when she saw it after her journey. A proud tower sprung up with vantage from every direction. By the time she reached the base of it, boots dirty, hair blown, floating on unstable fire, there was already an expectant crowd waiting at the base. Her gut instinct had been right. They had seen her approach, as she had hoped.

It was the rainbow crew, every single one of them, staged in a row. Of course, she had run away with Jaune; who knew what sorts of other sick things she might do, for what she really wanted.

She raised her hands slowly, like they would try to shoot.

“Why are you here?” asked Ruby.

It was against Cinder’s will that she zeroed in on him. For a moment she let herself look. It was foolish of her, but she would have called him radiant. She had not seen a sight so delicate in a long while. It ate at her.

She heard a gun click, but it was only for show. Like a bullet would hurt her anyway.

“I’m sick,” she said.

“Is that our problem?”

“It’s the Grimm,” she added, not wanting to explain.

“We already fixed that.”

The pantomime continued. Cinder let out a frustrated growl, still yet knowing what to say and do. “I could take you all on right now if I wanted.”

“I’d like to see you try,” said the redhead, Nora. That was Jaune’s friend.

Cinder’s mood soured even more.

The door to the tower creaked, an ache suggesting an unloved neglect of some years. The Spring Maiden, Yang’s unruly and wayward mother, stepped out heel-by-heel boot. The memory of her defeat bubbled up quickly. So that was their trap card.

“Keep going,” Raven said. “I’m not even here.”

“I thought you had nothing to do with this. Where are your bandits?”

“I thought you were a monster.”

Cinder looked at him again. He was still silent, but his mouth had gone sad.

Eventually she replied, lowering to her feet, "It seems it has stuck."

The rest of them had their weapons raised, but Jaune's sword had already lowered. Fool.

Finally she relented, and drawled, "If you have a Maiden on watch who bested me once, I clearly can't harm you. Certainly no headmasters to topple. Is that sufficient?"

That was the end of it, at least. She could be their villain for just a bit.

The rain had followed her from Mistral, that she was sure, the storm so sudden and spiteful. It came down in hasty buckets, like it was telling her off. They all got drenched in their stare-off so they silently agreed to go inside. Even Huntsmen and Huntresses had to obey the weather sometimes. Cinder too.

She was made to walk in the middle, single-file up the sonorous stairs of the keep. The torches flickered a weak fire, and the middling conversation was tense. She did everything not to look at him, not to be near him, where he followed the lead, Ruby just behind him. Further up around the curl of the stairs she could only hear the distant call of his footsteps.

The room they took her to could have been a throne room, writ small. An exiled queen surely sat here once. It was plain for all of its spatial bearings, nearly dour, with the map of Remnant written on in red at the central table the only sign of character.

Emerald and Mercury made sure to avoid her. She did not blame them. When they had left, long before Vacuo, back in Atlas, she knew it was because she could not give them what they needed. In truth, she was too far gone then. What she was now was just the remnants of a monster.

If the Grimm were carved out of her, of course what remained was something sick.

"What kind of sickness?" broke the silence. Jaune's voice, soft. Fine hair loose, arms crossed, a cutting figure at the opposite end of the table of her.

It was excruciating. She had been so sure she would never have to see him again, at least not like this. His expression was clear and unreserved; the memory of the look on his face as he came nearly made her leave the room and be done with it.

She said, her arms crossed mirroring his, "Dizziness. Nausea."

"Your Aura shouldn't be letting that happen," piped up one of them, like it was a classroom. The shrill register was Weiss.

Cinder curled up a lip. "I'm aware. Do I need to discuss this with the peanut gallery offering commentary?"

There was a lightning strike, so loud and the light so quick it must have been very close indeed.

The answer was already there, but Ruby said it for her anyway, “You *are* kind of supposed to be the enemy.”

The unsaid was that they had offered her a place to stay, before she had left, even when she had done nothing for them. What had she done to atone?

“Will the eyes work again,” she tried.

“I don’t know,” Ruby said honestly.

“They barely touched me at Haven— and you’ve turned Grimm only to stone before—” and for the first time in a long time, Cinder did not know what to say. She lowered her gaze to the ground, shamed.

“Elaborate,” Raven began carefully from the corner, “on your symptoms.”

“What do you care for?”

“I have some familiarity.”

Cinder truly scowled then. She would wait the storm out, then she would leave again and find somewhere to hide. She did not look at Jaune. She said, “I can’t keep food down, and what I can comes up every morning. I’m tired.” After a pause she added, “It’s like when the arm was first grafted to me. I hate the way everything smells. Aura didn’t protect me then from the ailments, and it’s not doing that either now.”

Then Raven laughed.

It was a mean laugh, a joke that Cinder was not in on. No one else was laughing with her. Yang struck her mother with a cold gaze of judgement and raised brows. The chastisement almost made Cinder laugh for a different reason, but she simply waited and glared instead.

“Are you done?” she demanded.

Jaune leant on the big table, his forearms straining, biting his red lower lip.

Raven sauntered up to the table properly, instead of mass of shadow lurking. There was an unsettling sympathy to the tilt of her head, the hand on her sword hilt steadying herself like it was before a fight.

She thinned her lips, then said, barely restraining herself, tone lilted, “Who’s the father?”

They expected her to rage, she could sense that. Horrible, evil, monstrous Cinder Fall, who liked burning things and killed anything in her way. Raven had prepared for the inevitable, based on their last encounter: Cinder to pull out her sharpened glass and go for the jugular, just for the mockery of her, pregnant.

She betrayed it because all she did was lower her head, heartbroken. It was not right for someone like her, but worse than that, she had been so sure the arm had closed it off to her anyway.

Splattering itself against the windowpanes, the rain picked up a steady drumbeat. Cinder slowly uncrossed her arms, remembered to look at the floor to keep herself hidden, and left. The side she walked past pulled back from her like she was a wild beast, galloping in their way. She was.

Only Cinder would get everything she wanted in the worst way possible. She had the Maiden power, but still she ran, just as Rhodes said. She had Jaune once, and now she had her sad little fantasy come true. A baby for a dying world.

She stomped down the stairs because she had not the peace of mind to make herself fly. She had to think to do it properly, and between the hot tears, her embarrassment, and the acute, acute fear and joy, she was not buoyant. They all knew she was the last person in the world fit for a child. She was a murderer, and monsters like her had no family and came to no name, and were always hungry, wanting more than she deserved, never happy with what was given.

They had shown her grace, after all, and the arm plagued her no more. Still she wished he would watch her the way she watched him. Still she wished that what he said that night meant he wanted to keep her, but she knew better.

They met as enemies. He may have desired her, but he did not love her. Love was not reserved for her.

Outside, the storm waited. Where she had dried inside, she was quickly soaked once again, hair slick down her neck, her once loose black dress stuck to her body, her hood heavy. She was already exhausted from the trek up; down would just as hard, and doubly so with the rainfall. Morning sickness was not reserved for the mornings only, she had found to her profound pain. She hurled up stomach acid, thoroughly ungracefully, and watched it wash away in the mud and drowning grass.

She squatted and held her head, waiting to come back to herself. The bombardment continued, cutting against her back. The bile had to pass, then she would get up and move. They would play out their heroics, and she would hide somewhere dark and safe.

“Cinder?” called Jaune.

Ordinarily, she would have attacked. She turned slowly and lifted her head up to look up at him through the obscuring rain. It was not clear what he was thinking, wet hair and blank face. All the strategy had fled Cinder’s head.

“That’s its own answer, you know,” she scolded him. “You shouldn’t have followed.”

“I don’t care,” he said over the sound of the rain.

She clenched a fist. “You say it so easily.”

“Come back inside.” He held a hand out.

“No,” she snapped, ignoring his hand.

“At least until the storm passes. There are plenty of rooms, and you look— honestly, you look like you need some rest. Where have you been? Have you slept at all?”

Through the night she tossed and turned, and slept on hard floors familiar to her in distant childhood memory. She avoided him for a long moment, trying to figure out which blurry mark on the horizon would be the next town for her to find a scratchy bed in.

“Cinder?” he tried again.

“You should be disgusted,” she burst out. “Most of all because I thought it wasn’t possible. Now I’m—” She hid her face, so that he might not notice the kindling of hope in her, warring with the fear.

“It’s cold and raining.”

She reared back up to snap, “We’ve covered everything else, certainly, let’s not repeat ourselves. But I *kidnapped* you—”

“I’m pretty sure I was the one who kissed you,” he said equally.

She growled in frustration, and got to her feet without his aid. “I took you,” she said again. “I traded you! And now look!”

A veritable bucket of rain came down. Distantly, distantly, she remembered monsoon season as a girl. That was why she hid.

“Fine,” came his agreement, frustrated and relenting.

She thought that was that. His mouth set hard, his hair plastered to his forehead, his taut shoulders. She felt a tightness in her stomach. Somehow she wanted this, but then she really did not. She wanted something else.

Then he just picked her up, threw her bodily over his shoulder, kicking feet and thumping fists and all.

“What is wrong with you?!” she screeched, as she felt the ground leave her.

“My turn,” he said drily.

He was swift on his feet. She saw the door swing shut behind them, the rain softening. He kept one hand on the backs of her thighs and another at her waist to steady her. For all of the spectacle, he was gentle, and she barely jostled, and he hardly sounded out of breath. He was very, very strong.

She fell quiet at that thought.

“Do you want me to put you down?”

“No,” she grumbled.

He continued the ascent up the stairs, where they had come through earlier, her petulantly avoiding him as much as possible. It was impossible for her to avoid him now, but at least she did not have to look him in the eye. If she let her head loll forward, she could look at his ass, though. For a not so guilty moment that at least made her smile wickedly.

“Where are you taking me?” she asked, only for the game of it.

“My lair,” he said.

It was not clear if it were actually his lair or just one of many rooms in the tower. It was fit to hold at least thirty people, a royal retinue and then some, so it could have been anybody’s. Of course, she did not catch sight until he set her down, with sweet ease, like he did not just hurl her over his shoulder and bound up enough flights of stairs that she could check him out for longer than strictly necessary.

First he undid his boots and then hers, setting them beside the heavy oak door, the one keeping her in. He ran a bath next, a heavy iron drum shoulder-deep in the corner, testing the temperature with his hand. Running water, and hot, too.

The rising steam smelt of lavender, like he had put something in it. It smelt good.

Satisfied, he turned to her, where she stood in the middle of the room— an island, soggy, standing there only staring— and then decisively began to undress her, as if he did it every day. He took her cloak off, and turned her around to unzip her dress, slipped it off her shoulders and draped it over a towel stand so she only stood there, half-naked, until the hosiery and bra came off, too, and her underwear. He helped her step out of with a, “There you go,” as he did not even stare at the hair on her pubic mound, or the red peaks of her nipples.

The temperature of the bath was scalding as he guided her into it. Just as she liked it. Once she was in, she lowered herself, hair watery tendrils, until her mouth was covered. She peered from underwater, animal-like.

His clothes came off, too, until he was left in a singlet that had not seen the rain, and then he took to the washcloth and soap and reached for her arms.

She rose from the water and said, “What are you doing?” Her pitch was reedy and high, foreign to her own ears.

He washed her, that was his answer. She felt herself go limp, between the heat of the water and the gentleness of how he handled her. Pulling her arms up to get in her armpits. Down her front, over her breasts, yet somehow nonsexual, with no expectation. That aroused her. He was holding back.

With no hesitation he turned next to her spine, over her shoulders, reaching down for her legs and her calves and knees. She felt her mouth purse when he spread her legs, one hand for each knee, to make way for cleaning between her thighs, not even teasing her clit. It felt as intimate as him being inside her. She was almost childishly angry with him for it, wanting to

figure out what he really wanted, why he was touching her like this when the only thing she could give him he was studiously pretending to ignore.

His dark eyes met hers and she seemed to know anyway.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The storm did not stop. It howled for days on end. Cinder stayed, if only because of it. They let her.

But what could they complain about: the last Maiden needed for the last Relic was hidden away in their tower, where not even the Grimm now dared go. Still, she had no grand gesture to offer her allegiance.

Thankfully none of them mentioned the reason she had come back. She was almost convinced less than half of them had even heard of sex.

Worse, Jaune barely touched her. He had dressed her after the bath, set her to bed, and then left the room.

She wondered, curled up in bed, shivering under the absent hug of a blanket, why he would not look at her. She had avoided him, but he *took* her. He carried her in.

When she spent her time glaring out the window, Raven came to her room.

“Ginger tea,” she said, setting a chipped china teacup down.

Cinder waited for her to explain, hackles raised.

“For the morning sickness,” eventually Raven explained, stiffly. “Let me know if you... intend to find... a doctor.” She turned her nose up and went to leave.

“I double-crossed you,” Cinder said. “You’ve no reason to help.”

“That’s a rather narrow worldview.”

She did that every day. One day she even stayed and drank her own: red tea, from Mistral.

It kept raining.

It was very dark one night, a new moon. The torches were suffocated and she was just a little afraid of burning the place down if she went about as she normally did, fire in hand, so she carried a candlestick she lit herself. The nightgown she wore, pilfered from the long-forgotten wardrobes and belonging to some nameless woman, trailed behind her in cotton relief.

She was not sure if she were looking for him or if she just could not sleep. When she found him in the war room glaring at a map with his arms crossed, he did not look up.

He said, “I’ll go to bed later, Ruby.”

“You should remember to watch your back,” said Cinder.

The flame flickered when he turned. Stark shadow cut across him. She wondered what his maps had done to offend him, but at least his expression softened when he finally looked at her.

“You should be sleeping,” he said, like a hypocrite.

She raised a brow in silent reproach, and padded in the room further in her little slippers. When she came up beside him where he was sitting, too tall for his chair with one knee kicked under his chin, he did not even startle.

“What good is this doing?” she asked.

“I’m just sulking. Ruby says I sulk.”

Cinder would have to ask him why, she knew it. How painful it was not to simply tell him to stop sulking. She relented, “Why are you sulking,” with no rising tone.

“It doesn’t matter,” he said, when it clearly did. He was really trying to make it hard for her.

So Cinder did as Cinder used to be good at it, or something approximating her old diplomacy, because she was verging on the edge of being too honest: no honeyed words, just simply, “I didn’t mean for it to happen.”

“I know.” It was almost sad.

“Not the sex.”

He cleared his throat. “Right.”

“Do the rest of your little friends even know how babies are made?”

That at least made him laugh, even if it sounded choked. “Yeah, unfortunately we’ve had that talk.”

“You had to explain how it works?”

Another sweet little laugh. He said, “You’re so mean,” like it was a compliment, like she was not his worst enemy once.

It made her smile, just the faintest upturn which probably seemed proud more than anything.

“Has the tea been helping?” he asked suddenly.

Cinder huffed. “Of course you put her up to it. I’d have loved to witness *that* conversation.”

He waited for her to reply to his actual question.

“Yes,” she said impatiently.

“Good.” He nodded. “And you’re— okay?”

“I don’t know,” she said, “you could have checked for yourself. I suppose you prefer sulking.”

Of course, she did not want him to know she spent most of their night together sulking herself, but that was no matter. It was a bargaining, now. Figure out what he really wanted. Take him to bed, whilst no one left the tower and they had every excuse to *stay* in bed. She nearly tingled with it so close.

He looked away from her, his profile penitent. She wondered what he was thinking. At that, she circled around to the candle in the middle of the desk and used a snuffer to blot out its light, and then she came back to stand beside him again.

“I’m going back to bed.”

“Alright,” he said.

Her one-eye twitched. Apparently if she wanted him to get the message, they had to already be in bed together.

“Are you playing dumb to let me down easy, or do you not understand what I’m asking?”

“Um,” he said, inelegantly, full of alarm, “the latter.”

“I want to sleep with you.”

“Ahhhhh, okay,” came his realisation, cheeks quickly reddening as he got out of his chair. “Yes. I would— I would—”

“And then maybe you can tell your friends you’re not staying up late anymore,” she drawled. “Maybe not that late.”

She forgot how tall he was, glancing him only when he left the room and down hallways. She was not short for a woman, but without heels, she was unused to his height. His big hand cupping the small of her back as they went back to the room which he had given her. It was strange, to long for something so simple. It was forbidden.

And she wanted it again and again and again and again and again.

He held the door open for her, let her in first, and she moved to set the candle down beside the bed. Behind her, his presence shifted the air pressure, made it heavy. She laid back on the white sheets of the bed and waited.

“Take your clothes off,” she told him.

Shaky, sounding like he was out of his body, he just said, “Okay.”

That hoodie he had come off, then the zipper of his jeans a small thrill. It was no striptease, but she just liked watching him when he was not looking at her. Half-lit, a sort of handsome which made her press her thighs tightly together, sink her head into the pillows. He crawled up the bed without even his underwear, his legs long and lithe, his arms muscular but slim, his mouth open just a bit.

She had to tell him. She was here now. If he wanted her the way she was, then he would have to have it all.

He leant down on one elbow, waiting for her to make the next move.

“I want you to make love to me,” she said, all drama and gravitas. “I want you to be my husband.”

That made him hide behind her knee. “As... like... pretend?”

“Maybe.” It was punctuated with a whip of lightning. “But I want you to be mine. I intend to keep you from Salem.”

“You mean like—”

“I mean like,” she confirmed.

His breath came out long and slow like stretched taffy. She remembered that he wanted it to be making love. He wanted it the same way she did, even if she went a little further.

That was when he changed, though. His gaze went dark and he crawled further up, until he loomed over her. Not for a moment had she ever thought him scary, but his judgement then—his hunger—made her see something like herself.

“That’s what you thought about,” he said slowly, “that night.”

She nodded sheepishly, the tide turned against her.

He ran a smooth hand over the thin cotton covering her stomach, his fingers wide and stretched like a net.

“I guess you got your wish.” He sounded so rough she did not need to check to see how hard he was.

He leant down and kissed her, as if sealing a pact. The kiss was yellow-bright.

“Now,” he pronounced, “let your husband eat your pretty pussy.”

It wrenched a keening noise from her so loud she covered her mouth. What a fiend he was, pushing her nightgown up and stripping her bare of her underwear, parting her legs. Spreading her legs this time with every intent of burying his face in her cunt.

There was no frenzy. He was unhurried and nearly lazy, keeping her open and flattening his tongue at the seam and clit. His eyes drifted shut just a little, opening here and there to watch

her, her bucking, and her whines and sighs.

She wriggled and he used one of his hands to keep her torso still, hand again settling over her stomach, soft and kind. As he petted her abdomen, he lifted himself up and said, “This was all I could think about. The way you taste.”

“I’m sure other things occupied your mind,” she replied, trying for something smart and instead sounding breathy and unsure.

“Yeah,” he agreed. “I thought about you.”

He swallowed whatever she could have said by returning his mouth to her cunt. The brief pause made it all the more intense, hot and wet and settling inside her. She felt easy and slow. Up and down, he tongued her and even lightly bit, and finally she came undone. Trying to muffle herself as her hips rode his clever, clever mouth.

He licked at her until he sat up again, his chin wet and shiny. They could do it again, especially if that storm held out. How she loved the rain now. When her legs stopped shivering, she sat forward and made him lie back. It almost made her shy, as she brushed her hair to the side and said, “Hold it back.”

He took her hair in his hand with barely any pressure.

She took him whole in her mouth. The weight of his cock on her tongue made her think about the shift of him in her cunt. He was so big her mouth stretched around him. She liked it.

“That’s it,” he encouraged her, “that’s it, you’re so good, you’re perfect.”

She squeezed her eyes shut and held still, only sucking her cheeks in and letting her tongue just move a bit. He was saying nonsense, and she wanted to hear it more.

“I have to cum inside you,” he said. “You can pull off.”

Just for that she sucked a little longer, pressing against the thick vein with her bottom lip.

“Easy now.”

She pulled off and wanted to glare at him, but found it did not come.

“On your back,” he said sweetly, reaching for her gown, lifting it off for her and putting it aside carefully. Like her things mattered. Like she mattered.

He kissed her then, pressing against her head to toe, kissing her and kissing her and holding her close. Everything was so dark and quiet, except for the ceaseless storm, that it felt like it would never end, he would stay in her bed forever.

His lips against hers, his chest pressing against her breasts, his hands roaming over her waist and hips and hers safely planted on his sternum. She was ensconced in him, wrapped up tightly.

“You hide this,” she accused him, but it was breathless.

“Not very well,” he said. He was a hungry thing, and he bit her neck then. It was more of a gentle nip than a true bite, softened with his lips.

With her legs wrapped around him, she coyly waited.

“What is it?” he asked.

She bucked her hips.

“Oh,” he said knowingly. “Are you sure you can take it?”

“Yes,” she snapped.

He took his cock in one hand and dragged it up and down her cunt, wetting the head. “Of course. You take it every night.”

At that, she let out a little groan. “You’re incorrigible.”

He pushed in. Just a bit, not all the way. He was going slowly, easing in. She felt him push the air out of her with the cant of his hips and the gentle thrusts, making sure she was comfortable and wet and willing to let him in. It drove her near mad, so she hid her face in the fluffy pillow. Trying to run away from the way he looked at her.

“No, no,” he said, “look at me.”

She shook her head but twisted her arms around his neck. Both good. Two good arms.

“Am I just some guy you’re sleeping with?” he said as he bottomed out. “I want to look in your eyes when I make love to you.”

That made her whimper. Softly, softly, he took her chin in hand and made her look as he dug into her cervix. It felt good. She thought it would be shocking or painful when he pressed there, but it was a deep itch being scratched. He had only just gone inside her and he already had her. They could stay like that and if she rolled her hips she would probably just cum.

He moved, a slide in and then out, nothing rough or fast. Not so desperate as the first time. Still, each thrust hit the deepest spot inside her. Her tilted hips kept him close and she greedily hoarded the sounds he made, as he knocked little uncharacteristic yips out of her.

“Is that good?” he asked her.

“Now *you’re* the one being mean,” she choked out.

He went just a little harder. “My feral little wife,” he said, almost a taunt.

With a high crooning she came, and he watched all of it, babbling, “That’s it,” making her belly twist and her whole body come unstrung and then relax. Out of her escaped twisted little gasps.

“I didn’t—” she started, letting it become shallow air instead, “I didn’t mean to— then—”

He brushed a hand over her forehead, pushing her hair out of her face, caressing her hot skin. “Don’t be embarrassed.”

Her heartbeat, thunderous. “But it was too soon,” she said weakly.

“Too soon?” he said incredulously, not moving. “I think it’s my job to look after you.”

She thought of pain wringing itself through her like the whip of a wet cloth. Everybody watching and nobody doing anything. Being seen writhing.

That hand on her face skittered down to her neck, its descent petal-light. His thumb traced the bared scar around her neck. He said nothing, but his eyes were dark and possessive. Possessive, and protective. It should have made her run again, but she knew then he would not hurt her.

How funny, that she hurt him, and had to worry if he would hurt her.

“You feel so perfect around me,” he said. “You don’t need to worry. Let me take care of you.” He started to move again, and he wrapped his arms around her.

She was holding onto him, and he was holding onto her. She held eye contact, dazedly, listening to the wet slide of his cock in and out of her, the rain. It was as if she were floating. With rolling insistence, he kept hitting her so deep, the head of his cock dragging along her cunt and teasing all the spots in there. Knocking breath out of her.

“Not twice,” she sighed.

“Three, you mean,” he corrected needlessly.

“I can’t.”

“Why not?”

“It’s too mu—ch,” she said.

“You don’t want it?”

“I do.”

“Then have it,” he said, breaking her.

He thrust harder, and harder. Not faster, no urgency, just watching her and waiting, wondering when he touched the right part of her. Ghosting a hand over her swollen breasts and the thick areola, her waist, down her stomach, finally returning back around her when she, almost sullenly, refused to cum.

His lips came to her ear as she hid herself in his neck. “Go on,” he urged her.

She shook her head.

“You wanted this,” he said. “I wanted it too.”

She shook her head again and tightened her arms around him.

“Cinder,” he tried to say, but it came out choked. “Cinder. Cinder—”

“What?”

“It’s going to sound weird,” he said, as they were naked and pressed together.

“Tell me,” she said desperately, grabbing onto it like a lifeline. “Tell me the worst thing you’re thinking.”

Sweat-slick, beading at his forehead, hair falling everywhere. The sound of rushing water down the window panels, the assault of rain against the walls. Them inside, safe and warm, small candle-light.

“Worst thing?” he repeated.

“*Worst.*”

He went so, so slowly then, and she just locked her legs around him to see what he would say next.

His lips moved against her ear before any speech articulated itself, “I love you being pregnant. I don’t— I don’t— I’m not telling you what to—” he stopped, at her being frozen, but then he barrelled on, “I want to fill you up with cum and— and be my pregnant wife.”

They held still. Then she said, as lowly as him, “I wanted it. I know I shouldn’t have, but I did...”

He sucked in a long inhale.

“... and I know the world is broken. But I want it with you. One day.”

“This isn’t roleplay.”

“You know it isn’t,” she told him quietly.

His reply was a thrust of his hips again, and hers meeting his. A laugh in her ear, but happy, nearly crying. She felt like laughing too. It was mad. She had wanted for so much her whole life and he, crazily, wanted it the same way.

He led a gentle hand and placed it again over her abdomen. He said, “Is it bad how much I want it?”

“No,” she purred. “Take what you want.”

“You.” Rearing back, he gazed down at her like she had every single answer to every question he had.

She knew that feeling. “Fill me up,” she said. “Listen to your wife.”

It had the same effect on him as it did her. He held her close and he made love to her, pressing his forehead against hers.

“We could have it,” he babbled, “you came back, we could have it, if you wanted— we could have it, I’ll look after you, I’ll be whatever you need—” panting against her, “—I want you, I want you, I want you—”

The idea of it was bright and clear in her mind’s eye, sunshine soaked. It settled in her chest as she came again around him. He did, too, all over the place and loud and needy, his cock against her cervix, doing as she told him. They breathed in and out at the same time, his heartbeat thumping at what must have been the same song as hers. Body and soul.

When he pulled out, it did not leave her feeling empty. He had filled her, and her cunt throbbed with contentment, and if she smiled at him a little too softly, that was her secret. He held her against him.

“I’m glad it brought you back,” he said into her hair.

Her arms were pressed together, curled against him. She played with the glass fingers of her left hand.

“You think a monster like me is meant for it?”

He laughed. “What did I say you were?”

She was not repeating it. “Shut up.”

“It wasn’t just dirty talk,” he added, but it sounded like he was holding back a laugh.

“Shut *up*,” she said again.

Eventually he cleaned her, and then himself, then dressed her in her nightgown. They fell asleep. When they awoke, he slid in her again lazy and easy, on their sides with his hand resting over her womb, whispering in her ear something inaudible over the thunderstorm, the lightning so loud it could have been a pack of Maidens outside causing trouble. She was glad to be inside.

Chapter End Notes

Mwah! Thank you!!! Let me know if you enjoyed it!!!! <3 <3

-Seraphina

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