

Fighting Back

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/26927815) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/26927815>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Rape/Non-Con
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	RWBY
Relationship:	Jaune Arc/Cinder Fall
Character:	Jaune Arc , Cinder Fall
Additional Tags:	Rape/Non-con Elements , Humiliation , Public Sex , Chikan , Oral Sex , Vaginal Sex , Voyeurism , Exhibitionism , Blackmail
Language:	English
Collections:	Unlimited Erotic Works
Stats:	Published: 2020-10-10 Words: 10,004 Chapters: 1/?

Fighting Back

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Summary

Cinder needed a way into Beacon and Roman had the answer - including blackmail on a young huntsman known as Jaune Arc. Posing as the boy's shotgun wife would be annoying, but he was rightly afraid of her and she could get rid of him at any point. Little did she know that Jaune's been there before, and that this time he's not prepared to sit back and let someone hurt his friends again because of his cowardice. He won't stand by as she harms Beacon, and if he has his way she won't be able to stand either.

He was blackmailed once before and Cardin learned the error of his ways. So would Cinder.

Notes

Anonymous

Jaune was more than aware his life hung in the balance of two golden eyes.

The woman sniffed imperiously, turned away from him and addressed the flamboyantly dressed man behind her – one he couldn't have failed to recognise since the television, and Ruby, had described him in exquisite detail.

“This is your mole within Beacon? He looks like an idiot.”

“Looks can be deceiving...” Roman flashed a smile as he held a cigar between two fingers.

“Though in this case, they're not. Who else would you have me get? Only an idiot would find himself in this kind of situation.” He pointed at the woman. “You need a way to infiltrate Beacon before your team arrives. You don't need an expert, Cinder. You need a way in. An excuse.”

Her attention slid to him for a brief moment. Even that felt like he was a fly trapped in a web, ready to be devoured at any moment. “And this *buffoon* will provide it? He looks like he's on the verge of fainting.”

“Like I said, you don't need an expert. You don't need a hero either. In fact, that's the last thing you want. He'll be more compliant if he's afraid.”

“True...”

Make no mistake; he was afraid. Jaune looked weakly around the room he'd been all but kidnapped and dragged to. The diminutive girl with bright pink and brown hair who had dragged him out his hotel room stood by the door. Her eyes were on him the whole time, lips curled into a subtle smirk that said she hoped he'd cause trouble and run. Hers weren't the eyes of a predator – a predator hunted for food. She wanted to run him down and kill him for the thrill of it.

The others were no better. Roman Torchwick, famous thief, and Cinder Fall, someone he didn't know from before, but was deeply afraid of. With good reason. She nearly took his head off with a blast of flame when he was pushed into the room. That she could also order Roman around made it worse, and since everyone acted like she could snuff his life out in an instant, he wasn't prepared to risk it.

“What do you have on him?” Cinder demanded. “What makes him easy to control?”

“Blackmail.” Roman said it casually and Jaune cringed. The word rankled ever since Cardin. “He came to me for fake transcripts into Beacon and I provided. If that news gets out now, he's looking at fraud. Probably jail time.” He snorted. “If he survives you, that is.”

“He won't.” Cinder rounded on him. “What's your name, boy?”

“J – Jaune. Jaune Arc...”

“Are you afraid of me, Jaune Arc?”

Lips dry, he bobbed his head up and down. It must have been the right answer because she laughed and turned back to Roman.

“He'll do. Spineless coward, but it's as you say; that works to my advantage. Makes him easier to control.” Each word was a needle in his side, a knife. It reminded him of the words he'd used on himself when he gave in to Cardin. “If he causes trouble, I'll cut my losses – and his throat.” It was so effortlessly said. Frighteningly so. “What is my cover, then? You said you had something planned. Beacon isn't accepting transfer teams until closer to the festival and that's still a month away. I must be there before the dance.”

Roman and Cinder discussed terms, ignoring him. They'd already written him off, but he was still

there – and he was listening. The old him would have given up and let fear control him, just like he had when Cardin tried this. He'd learned since then. Grown up. Whatever this woman planned; it was bad for everyone at Beacon. His team, his friends and the school itself.

I can't rat her out, though. I don't care about the blackmail or being expelled, but she'll kill me the second I try. Then she'd just find another way in.

Obviously, she'd be keeping an eye on him as well. It wasn't like he could just walk off to tell Ozpin and expect her not to notice. He'd probably be killed before he made it halfway there. What he needed was a plan. A way to thwart her – but without seeming like he was doing so. If he was too obvious and made it clear he was acting out or being defiant, she'd cut her losses.

This wasn't like Cardin. He couldn't scare this bully off with an Ursa.

"I've got the perfect cover," Roman said. "But I'm not sure – nah, what am I saying. I know you won't like it. It's the best I have, though. Ever since you spooked Ozpin, he's had security at Beacon taken to new heights. Atlas coming on down in a week or two isn't going to make that any easier."

"I'm not some pathetic maid, Roman. Tell me what you have and I'll make do."

In answer, the thief took out and handed her a single ornamental document. Frowning, Cinder snatched it off him and read. Jaune tried to as well, but she shot him a fierce glare when he made even the slightest movement.

"S – Sorry..."

"Now, now, don't be mean to him, Cinder." Roman took a step back even as he said it. Not the best of signs. "After all, it's going to be hard to make anyone believe the two of you are newlyweds if you're at his throat."

Jaune made a strangled sound.

Cinder gripped the paper in her fist. "This is a marriage certificate."

Roman grinned roguishly. "Congratulations...?"

"Roman. I am *not* in the mood for games. Explain!"

"All right. All right. It really is the only way I could come up with. You being family won't work since Ozpin might check with his, and even if he believed it there'd be no explanation for why you need to come to Beacon. I thought about a personal trainer but again, same problem. They'd just tell you to arrange your affairs within the city. It's an academy, not a hotel service, so getting in isn't easy. There are exceptions, however."

"Marriage is one of them...?" As annoyed as she sounded, there was also interest.

"It's an old rule. Most students at Beacon are his age but there have been some older students in the past. Sometimes those students have children – hell, with how kids are nowadays, sometimes the students *his age* have children. Beacon isn't going to cast them out when Vale needs all the huntsmen it can get, so it makes arrangements for them. Separate rooms. More amenities. Flexible lesson plans."

"Are you providing a baby with this cover?"

“I’m not robbing an orphanage, no. Your story is that you and Jaune got hitched in a shotgun wedding between first term and now. It’s a torrid affair that his family won’t approve of,” he said, flourishing a hand. “Which will explain why they won’t know if old Ozpin asks. You’re both afraid to tell them for fear you’ll be ripped apart. However, because of your new marriage and desire to start a life together, you want to transfer to Beacon at the end of this year. The paperwork is already submitted and ready to be signed in Haven.”

“Hmm. Efficient of you. I’m impressed.” Cinder tapped her chin with a devious smile. “And of course, it only makes sense that Jaune and I would spend our time together. With my own family in Mistral being quite traditional, it wouldn’t be hard to believe I’d been disowned. Lionheart can corroborate that if asked.”

“Now you get it. A young and talented huntress cut off from financial support and poor Jaune struggling to make ends meet. If Beacon doesn’t step in, it doesn’t just lose him but any hope of gaining you as well. Easier to accommodate you both – especially when there are already rules for just that in place. It *is* legal to marry at eighteen after all, and that’s still an age where some might still be in their education. Bit strange to have a team of four share a room when two of them are bonking like rabbits.”

He'd not known that could happen. Then again, he didn't interact much with teams outside his own and RWBY. By the sounds of it, it was a foregone conclusion. There went his hope they'd be denied and forced out. At least then she wouldn't be able to hurt his friends.

Then again, maybe there's a way out here as well. This is a big deal, so people will be watching us. If I can make Cinder reveal it's fake – without making it obvious that's my plan – then she'll be called up by Ozpin.

Even if he didn't know the truth, she'd be tossed out of Beacon – and there'd be no way for her to blame him for that. Or if she did, he'd be in position to go straight to the headmaster while she couldn't reach him.

Blackmail could work both ways, provided he was out of range of any consequences.

“It’s a good plan.” Cinder handed the certificate back. “Unorthodox, but hardly unbelievable. Ozpin would never expect us to infiltrate with something like this. Make it happen, Roman, and your lack of progress on the dust shall be forgiven.”

“All right. You sure you’ll be okay playing the lovey-dovey couple with this idiot?”

“Please. If he so much as acts out of line, I’ll make him regret it.”

Jaune ducked his head when they looked his way, nodding weakly and, by all accounts, with clear fear. That wasn't a lie – he was afraid – but fear didn't mean he couldn't act. Cardin had already taught him how to fight through it. He wasn't the helpless idiot he used to be. He was a team leader. Something Cinder would soon recognise. He'd let blackmail almost ruin his life once before, and he'd sworn it would never happen again. It was a promise he intended to keep. He wouldn't let Cinder harm anyone in Beacon.

All he had to do was get Cinder called into question. Get their marriage called out as a sham. Without her realising what he was doing of course, but in a way that left *her* making the mistake that would out her. Ironically enough, Roman Torchwick had given him a good idea on how to manage that with his last comment: could Cinder really handle playing the loving wife to a guy like him? Jaune hid his smile.

They'd soon find out.

When Beacon wasn't in term most people found places to stay in the city. Sometimes that was family, but for those who had travelled – and she soon learned Arc was among them – that meant finding some small hovel to rent. Cinder was grateful their arrangement didn't call for them to live together before Beacon, and as such she wouldn't have to see what kind of pigsty he lived in.

Instead, they met at the train station. There was no train to Beacon, but Vale was connected by a thorough rail system, and the Bullhead docks that did host the air transport to Beacon was at the end of one such journey. As such, returning students could take a free train to the stop, which paused at numerous stations along the way. Arriving with Jaune was important to her cover. People had to see them together if they were to believe them married. The golden bands they each wore on their ring fingers wouldn't do it alone.

He was waiting for her, as well he should be. If he'd fled, she would have stopped at nothing to kill him. He knew that. When he saw her, he feigned a smile, but it was painfully fragile. Fear kept him loyal, but it was also a poor reaction to his new wife.

Not that she enjoyed their arrangement any more than he. The boy was dumb, average looking and almost certainly a bore. Fortunate then that she didn't have to genuinely care for him. So long as he fulfilled his purpose, he was of value.

"I got us our tickets," he said, offering one to her. "It'll be pretty empty from here, but the closer we get to the Bullhead docks, the more people will get on."

"That *is* how a train works," she said, earning a grimace from him. "Do try and act as though we're together. We're supposed to be in love, so stop flinching every time you look at me. Or are you so pathetic you can't even look at a woman without feeling inadequate?"

"S – Sorry."

"And stop apologising so much." She sighed, flicked her hair back and fixed him with a critical stare. "You're genuinely hopeless. Worthless, even. I've half a mind to kill you now and demand a replacement from Roman."

That brought him up straight. He went stiff and offered a hand, escorting her onto the train as a gentleman might. If said gentleman was from a period drama some fifty years out of date. It hardly mattered. If anyone saw him, they'd just assume he was overcompensating. That wasn't unusual for young men, especially around a beautiful woman such as herself.

"I'll play my part. You'll see. Once other people are here to see us, I'll be the best actor you can imagine. No one will doubt I'm not a newly wed hopelessly in love with you."

Hmph. Tall words, though words she was pleased to hear. "We'll see. Have you done anything of value so far, or am I to rely on promises alone?"

“I got us a private booth. I thought you’d prefer not standing with the others...”

Finally. Something that she might consider useful. Cinder hummed so as not to give him the pleasure of knowing he’d done well. Let him stew; it would keep him guessing and eager to please her. When the train arrived, she was pleased to see they were one of the first stops and it was still empty.

Jaune took her suitcase as a good husband ought and carried it on, reading the ticket and leading them to the small booth they could call their own. It was nothing special. Two seats on either side that could have sat four, a window to their right and the door to their left. The door also had a window set in it, ensuring there would be no meaningful privacy, but at least she wouldn’t have to stand and be jostled by all the moronic students. Within a few minutes, the train began to move again, trundling along the tracks to the second of what would be ten or more stops in total, the final destination of which would be the docks that housed the large carrier that would take them to Beacon.

Pushing the uniform skirt under her legs, Cinder sat on the bench opposite him, leaving Jaune to put their suitcases under the chairs. The Haven school uniform was similar enough to Beacon’s in style but the difference in colours would be sure to draw attention. The sooner she could slip into a Beacon uniform, the better. Lost in thought, she didn’t notice Jaune moving until the seat under her flexed. Her eyes snapped to his, lips turning down as he settled in beside her.

“And *why* are you sitting so close?”

“I...” He took a deep breath and continued. “I feel like I should sit next to you if you’re my girlfriend. Wife,” he corrected with a quick look away. “Wouldn’t it look a little strange if a married couple weren’t sitting next to each other?”

Yes. It would.

Rather than admit he might be right, she turned and looked away, looking through the window of the dividing door as the train came to another stop and a fresh batch of students filed in. It might have been more convenient if he blocked their view of her by giving her the window seat, but maybe it was best she be seen. They’d get used to her quicker that way, while hiding shyly away would only make people try and look closer.

Jaune’s knee touched hers nervously. Cinder eyed it, a caustic comment on her tongue, but he was simply stretching out, and he had made his point. They needed to look natural. That wouldn’t be achieved by her snapping at him for everything he did, especially when it was something so minor. She let it go with a quick flick of her hair, slipping a lock behind her ear. It was at least some small relief that he was doing his part and acting the lovestruck idiot. Better this than giving away the ruse by looking at her with the same fear he’d shown before. *A shame*, she thought. *I quite liked the terror. It was a pleasant reminder of just how powerful I am.*

When his fingers touched hers, she drew the line, snatching her hand back and glaring at him.

“You *must* be joking.”

“We’re meant to be married. People are already looking.”

His eyes indicated past her and she took a subtle look. He was right. Several people were stood by a far wall and quite clearly trying to figure out who she was. That they’d noticed her this quickly was concerning, but maybe it made sense. Who could fail to notice someone as sensual as her? Who could miss her, a deadly and beautiful flower among a sea of nervous and shy teens? They

wanted to know her, wanted to be close to her, and unfortunately that meant that right now, she had to play the part she wanted to be seen for.

Cinder didn't resist as Jaune took her hand, laid his palm up on her thigh and placed hers atop it. Their fingers interlocked, palms connecting in what, to those outside, must have looked like such a romantic and comfortable little moment. That didn't stop some people looking in shock, but she felt it was more at *Jaune* than her. Probably surprised that he could land a woman as beautiful as she.

As long as they don't suspect the truth, it doesn't matter what they think.

If that meant she'd had to lower herself to so banal a level as to hold hands with Jaune, then so be it. The price was such a small one to pay for the power promised. This was all for that, she just had to remember. This idiot was a means to an end and such an easy one to get rid of once she was done with him.

"They're still staring."

"Ignore them," she hissed, patience thinning with his insipid complaints.

"What if they figure out something isn't right? We could get in real trouble."

He could-? His was to claim he'd been blackmailed, whereas she would face imprisonment. Assuming anyone could stop her, that was. Roman couldn't have sourced someone with a backbone, could he? Instead, she had this nervous waif of a boy who couldn't handle being looked at without going into a panic attack.

"We are two lovers sharing a comfortable moment!" she snapped. "Act like it or I swear I will make you disappear and-mphhh!"

Shock.

Fury.

Lips.

Cinder's head bumped back into the cushion, her body borne down by Jaune's as he leaned into and practically tackled her onto the padded bench. Her legs and feet came up off the floor, hands flapping wildly for a moment, one finding purchase on his shoulder and the other hitting the backrest. Her eyes remained wide, locked open and staring up at his as he forced his tongue into her mouth.

Murdering him would have been the appropriate response but like a deer caught in the headlights of a speeding vehicle, she couldn't process those thoughts, let alone act on them. Jaune Arc took that moment to lean harder into her, lips rubbing against hers and a warm tongue licking against her teeth. Sucking in a gasp at such a bold intrusion, she accidentally granted him access, then squirmed indignantly with eyes closed as his wet tongue plundered her mouth and found hers.

One bite, one snap, and he'd be down a tongue.

Shocked gasps and murmurs outside their VIP cabin stopped her. Cinder's eyes snapped open and flicked up, noting the faces pushed against the glass. If they saw blood and Jaune screaming on the floor, they'd surely call for help. Yes, they might argue he'd forced himself on her, but it would absolutely shatter the false narrative she was pushing.

They were lovers, husband and wife, and this... this was normal.

Damn him! Damn him to hell! Cinder scrunched her eyes shut and kept her mouth open, refusing to reciprocate in any way – not that he cared. His tongue flicked and rubbed at her own, and though she lay under him like a limp fish, he was so pathetic as to get off on it. The horrid little moans and pleased sounds he made only made it worse. If it could get any worse. There were people *watching* her – her! Cinder Fall! – being molested by some jumped up teenager!

A warm hand ran up the outside of her leg and up her skirt. Cinder gasped and worked her knee between them, pushing back and hissing, “What the *fuck* do you think you’re doing?”

Jaune’s face was flushed with more lust than embarrassment. Cinder contemplated burning it all off in one sudden blast of fire.

“You said to act like lovers in a moment,” he said. “I thought this was what you meant.”

“Not *this* kind of moment!”

“It’s too late now.”

Jaune leaned back in and Cinder could only gasp as his lips found her neck, nipping and nibbling on her sensitive skin, making her eyes close and heels dig into the cushions. He licked and bit his way up to her jaw, then kissed the underside of her chin before dipping down again. Her pulse hammered against his lips and she didn’t know where to put her hands or what to do.

“We have to act it out,” he said, pausing for breath. His hand roamed up her leg again, and this time it kept going even when she clamped her hand to his wrist. He simply ran his fingers up over her hip and under, squeezing her behind. Her fingernails dug into his skin threateningly, but he didn’t let that stop him. “If we stop now then it’ll look suspicious.”

“This already looks suspicious! We’re in public!”

“People make out all the time.”

“We are not - mmmm!” Suddenly they *were* making out, and yet again he’d caught her at a time where she wasn’t ready, slipping his tongue into her mouth and pinning her back down. All her power meant nothing because of their audience, and she whined furiously into his mouth when he slid her skirt up, knelt above her and rubbing two fingers up the seat of her black shorts, right over her slit.

His digits pushed in, forcing her shorts and her underwear back against her and causing it to stick to her wet folds. Humiliating didn’t even begin to describe it. Jaune’s other hand roamed up her front to cup a breast. He held it firmly, squeezing in a way that made her gasp before rubbing his thumb over the tip, over a nipple growing reluctantly harder.

No man had ever been allowed to touch her that way. It would be so simple – just the briefest flash of aura and he’d die in one of a hundred different ways. Each would be agonising. Each would make him regret ever thinking he could touch her.

Each would see her cast out of Beacon if not arrested entirely.

I can’t, she thought hysterically. *Salem’s plan depends on my getting into Beacon. I need to find and kill the fall maiden, and I need this cover to work.* That meant she had to play along, had to let this happen and – as much as she hated it – she had to play her part. With her eyes scrunched up tight and her mouth full of his tongue, Cinder bit back her rage and stopped pushing. Her hands instead clung to his shoulders tightly, a passive-aggressive attempt to cause him some pain at least.

Instead of bucking him off, she arched her back seductively and pressed her bosom into his hand. Instead of placing her heel in his testes and ruining his chance of ever having children, she hooked her leg around the back of his and drew him in. Instead of biting down hard enough to watch the blood flow, she tentatively, and reluctantly, probed back against his tongue, returning his kiss.

“Mmmm!” Jaune moaned, leaning into her and rubbing her chest and crotch. Even though she wanted to scream and kick him out the window, she parted her thighs to grant him better access. It was all for the sake of their twisted audience, but Jaune must have taken it as a cue. He slid his hand up to the top of her shorts, worked his fingers into her waistband and then pushed down, down over her crotch and inside her panties.

“Ngh!” Cinder bucked in an attempt to shake him out or give some small cue that this was *not* what she’d intended. All it did was shove his hand down, however. His fingers curled under and between her legs, flush up against her pussy. “Nnnnn!” she moaned, eyes closing as he dipped his index and middle finger inside her. Desperately, she clamped her thighs over his wrist, but he continued to rub her, thrusting in and out with his mouth locked over hers.

S – Stop, you idiot! Are you – ah – blind or just – hngh – stupid? How could he not understand that she was saying no? Cinder’s thighs were locked around his wrist, squeezing tighter and tighter to try and force him out. Her fingers were scratching over his back, digging lines into his hoodie. Her back arched up, spine curling off the seat as she tried to find room to pull off his hand.

Jaune chased her up, cupping her mound in his large hand and adding a third finger, driving all the air out her lungs. He started to go faster as well. There was no technique to it. No skill. It was more uncomfortable than pleasurable, and he had the kind of stupid logic picked up by idiot men from pornographic videos, that he thought if he just went *harder and faster* it would somehow equate to a better experience for her.

It didn’t. It was intrusive, rough and uncomfortable, but there was no telling him that when his rapid fingering was leaving her shaking and unable to breathe. Even when he took his lips from hers and kissed his way down her neck to her breastbone, Cinder couldn’t find the words. The cabin was filled with the sounds of raspy breathing, wet squelching and the awed whispers of those outside who continued to watch like this was some kind of show!

“J – Jaune-” she moaned, about to tell him to fucking *take his hand out or die* if not for a moan ruining it. “Oooh! N – Nooo! Stop – ah! I’ll ki-mph! Hnghhh!”

“Faster?”

Cinder’s eyes widened. That hadn’t been what she said at a-ahhhhh! Her head *slammed* back, mouth opening wide and lower body rising up off the cushions. Jaune’s fingers went at her wildly, sloppily fucking her pussy while his thumb rubbed over her clit.

Her feet pushed down into the bench, raising her up and into him. Her hands latched back, one catching the cabin door and the other smacking on the quickly steaming window, leaving a handprint that someone outside matched with a huge grin.

It was unfair, Cinder thought as she cried out, cumming into Jaune’s hand. Unfair that he could do this and get away with it, because unless she wanted to throw everything away and earn Salem’s ire, she *had* to play along. Shuddering and shaking, her legs gave way under her, leaving her to collapse back on the bench covered in sweat. A fresh shiver assailed when Jaune slipped his hand back out her shorts, the cold bite of the air on her wet sex leaving her shaking.

He looked at his hand in awe, the bastard *proud* of what he’d accomplished. Then, without so

much as a thought for her, he leaned over and kissed her again, first her lips and then her cheek, leaning down to whisper in her ear, "I think we fooled them."

If she wasn't busy gasping for air, she might have laughed.

Or killed him.

It was hard to tell which fit better. All she could do was lay there and stare up past his face to the ceiling, however. Her legs lay out flat over the bench, one arm hanging off and the other on her stomach. Never in her life had she been so humiliated, so thoroughly and helplessly angry.

"Is that all we need to do?" he asked her.

Cinder glared balefully his way, mouth open and sucking in great gulps of air.

"Wait, is that a hint? Oh shit, I get it!"

He got what? Cinder was too tired to ask and closed her eyes, struggling to find the energy to sit up again when she heard a loud zipping sound. The *stench* hit her before she could open her eyes. Something hot and musky and tangy stuck under her nose. Her eyes did snap open a moment later, and even if she had a sinking suspicion as to what it was, she still flinched back from the frankly gargantuan cock angled under her nose. There was no way someone as pathetic and spineless as him should have a weapon that big, but even if it had been only two inches long and not twelve, she wouldn't have let it in her mouth.

"No-" Her lips formed an `O` to reject him, which he took as invitation. His hips thrust forward, driving his narrower tip into her mouth and forcing her lips wide. "Mphllll!" Cinder spluttered, driven back into the seat as Jaune sank his length inside to the back of her throat. "Hkkk!" she choked, eyes watering and face turning red. "Kckkkk!"

He didn't let up. Lost in bliss and somehow thinking she'd told him to do this, he kept sliding his musky cock into her mouth, pinning her head back to the cushions and never withdrawing enough that she could close her lips. There was no fighting him either. He feet kicked and her hands pushed on his hips, but Jaune had his hands on the backrest above her and couldn't see her face. Even if he was looking, his eyes were closed, mouth open and groaning as he slid in and out, one hand atop her head, fisting her hair and holding her in place.

The thick, slimy cock kept sliding past her lips. As Cinder coughed and choked, it got wetter and wetter, its taste filling her mouth. Her tongue pushed up under it against her own will, more because there was no space for it not to. Jaune angled his body and pushed down into it, scraping his top across her tongue.

"God!" he whispered. "It's so good. Don't worry, they have no idea this is fake. Ah! Oh God. Your secret – hah – is totally safe. Oh fuck. We really do look like lovers now!"

They did. How could they not? Eyes watering, Cinder surrendered for the first time in her life. Not to him – never to him and his horrid phallus – but to the reality that she had to pretend, that there was no way out other than to see this charade through. Sinking her nails down into the cushions, she forced herself to stop kicking, closed her eyes and began bobbing her head. Maybe he'd finish quicker that way, get it over with. The sounds he made suggested he was losing it.

She hoped so. Breathing was getting harder and harder and her jaw was aching, to say nothing of the taste and smell. Drool kept escaping past his cock, drawn out by it and left to run down her chin and leave her a sloppy mess. *Get it over with already! Cum!*

“Ah! Ahhh!” Jaune gripped her hair so tight her eyes watered harder still. He then thrust deep, sending his cock so far back that she could have sworn it was curving down her throat and making her neck bulge. Her nose was squashed into his pubic hair, so flat that she couldn’t breathe. When she tried to push away, he placed a second hand on her head, pinning her face to his crotch. “Ahhh!” he moaned, shaking. “Ahh! Oh shit, here it comes! Ahhhhh!”

Full. Hot. Bitter.

Those were the only coherent thoughts to cross her mind before she was choking and expelling cum around him, her lips flapping outward as the sudden deluge filled her to bursting and then did burst out, spraying on either side of his dick down her chin, neck and onto her cleavage.

That was only the discharge that came out. Most of it went right down her throat and she had to swallow or drown. The first mouthful was disgusting, the second merely rancid, and by the third... by the third, she could no longer taste it at all. All she knew was that she had to keep swallowing for several more seconds, taking gulp after gulp of thick seed down as it pumped out his impossibly large tool.

“Ahhhh!” Jaune sighed, rubbing her face into him. “Daaaamn, that was amazing.”

Cinder would have liked to respond, but was too busy gasping for air, laid on her back with her stomach bulging out and her face caked with semen. Camera flashes from the doorway splashed over her, drawing a mournful moan. They must have thought her a slut now, an easy whore prepared to spread her legs, or some pervert who would get off on public exhibitionism. There was no point even trying to hide it, not when they’d probably recorded the whole thing.

At least... At least her cover had been maintained...

Cinder hated that she had to rely on him to assist her off the train, hated that she even had to be near him after what he’d done. People continued to look her way, many in shock and some offering hoots and whistles to her so-called husband. Cinder clung to him unsteadily, wondering where he’d found the gall, or if Roman had just found someone so stupid that he didn’t know better.

I told him to act the part. He did that...

He would die, though. For daring to touch her this way, she’d be sure to kill him. Later, though. When she was done with him. When he least expected it. For now, he had a purpose to fulfil, and Cinder noticed Ruby Rose and Yang Xiao Long approaching them at a fair clip, the younger blushing badly and the elder wearing a huge grin.

“Well, well, well,” the blonde said. “I heard the rumours but couldn’t believe it. You really do have a girlfriend.”

“Wife, actually.” Jaune pulled Cinder into his chest so that her hand slapped against him. The one wearing the ring. He linked his over it romantically. “Cinder, these are my friends Ruby and Yang. This is Cinder Fall. Or Cinder Arc now.”

How sickening. How disgusting a thought.

“N – Nice to meet you,” Ruby Rose said.

“Yeah. A pleasure.” Yang looked far less easy-going about it. There was curiosity there, and Cinder knew their story would be grilled in the coming weeks. They would have to think up how they met, fell in love, got married and so much more. Before, she’d assumed Jaune would be coward enough to let her do all the talking, but now she would have to take extra care. Yang grinned suddenly, carrying on from her last words. “Though not as much pleasure as I hear you two had.”

“Yang!” Ruby eeped, clearly embarrassed.

“Ha. Well.” Jaune scratched his head and placed a hand around her, cupping her hip. It was difficult not to slap his hand away, but a lover wouldn’t. “It was Cinder’s idea. I wasn’t so sure, but she says she loves the taste of it.”

What!?! Cinder opened her mouth to say it absolutely wasn’t but couldn’t. He’d made the claim and now it was fact. It was accepted. If she argued, then what would they say? They knew Jaune Arc better than she did, and if he wasn’t the type to indulge in that and she claimed he was, they would know something was out of character.

Cinder had to swallow her pride, and the faint traces of semen still in her mouth. “Yes,” she said, gritting her teeth and leaning on his chest. “I couldn’t wait any longer. I…” Gods, it hurt. “I love him so much and… and I just had to t – taste him.”

Ruby and Yang looked at her like they were looking at a freak of nature. A few other people who had been close enough to hear weren’t much better. The whispers began, and she knew that they would be all over Beacon before the night was over.

“Huh. Well that’s a thing. You two just make sure to spare us your business, yeah?”

“Don’t worry. Cinder and I will have our own room in Beacon. Ozpin has okayed it.”

“I wonder what Pyrrha will think of that,” Ruby muttered sadly.

Yang elbowed her sister quickly and changed the topic. “This means you have your date for the school dance. You two are going together, aren’t you?”

“We are,” she said before Jaune could ruin it. The dance was too important to miss. “Jaune and I shall be in attendance. I will be transferring to Beacon officially once the Vytal Festival is over, so I’ve been given permission to attend.”

“Cool. Then let us be the first to welcome you to Beacon!” Yang laughed. “Or the second! Looks like Jaune already gave you *his* welcome. All over your face!”

Another who had to die.

The meeting with the headmaster went without incident, which was remarkable since everything else through the day had gone so damned wrong. Cinder had been forced to walk with Jaune as everyone returned, put up with the stares and the constant pawing of his hands touching her back, her hip, her ass – he had no sense of self-preservation and no self-control either. His hands had minds of their own, roaming, cupping and petting, and somehow never noticing how she would freeze up or glare at him.

He was either the world's biggest idiot or the world's best actor. Cinder wasn't sure which.

The moment they were alone in their new room, however, she made her displeasure clear. Jaune dropped to the floor when her palm impacted his cheek. The resonating clap of flesh on flesh was satisfying, though not nearly as much as the thought of killing him.

If only she could.

“How dare you!?” Her voice came out hissing like a snake. “You're fortunate I didn't kill you before, and that I don't torture you to death right now!”

He looked up at her, one hand on his cheek, shaking badly. “W – What do you mean?”

An idiot, then. A complete idiot. That was good to know.

Cinder stepped up and placed her foot on his chest, pushed him back and stood on him, her heel on his breastbone and her toes near his throat, so close she could crush his windpipe if she so desired. It was so tempting a thought. Too tempting.

“Never mistake our relationship for anything other than necessity! You are fulfilling a role. That role is to give me an excuse to stay in Beacon. Nothing more. You *do not* get to touch me like you did before. You do not get to even *imagine* what it might be like to feel me.”

“B – But you said to act like we were lovers! I did what you said!”

“Act! Pretend! Not do!” Furiously, she stepped off him, though not without a little twist and a dig of her pointed heel. He winced but made no sound. “When Roman suggested you, he suggested you because he said you were obedient. I am telling you now to get smarter. I won't be merciful a second time, especially if you dare think of touching me again.”

“But we have to look like we're together. How can we if I don't touch you?”

Because she had always planned to be traditional and stand-offish. Except that she couldn't say that now, could she? Jaune had unwittingly ruined her plan by making her out to be some sluttish whore desperate for a ride on his dick.

There has to be some touching, or I'll set suspicions off again. That also means there has to be more sex.

Or the illusion of more sex. The suggestion.

“Hand holding is... it is something I am prepared to allow. If needs be, I will sit on your lap, but you won't be getting another opportunity like that again.” Moving past him, she touched the double bed they had been provided and scowled. “You will sleep on the floor. If I so much as feel the mattress move when I sleep, I'll end your pathetic life. Am I understood?”

“Yes! Of course! I'm sorry! I thought I was doing what I was supposed to do!”

He was obedient if nothing else. Or terrified of her. Either would do nicely.

“Good. The school dance is in a few days. We will play along nicely until then, but I shall be leaving to handle my own business during it. You are to accompany me out and then await my return. Should anyone ask where I am, making up an excuse. A suitable excuse,” she added with clear warning.

“What will you be doing?”

“That is none of your business. Fulfil your task and I may let you live when this is over.”

She wouldn't, but he didn't need to know that. Taking a deep breath to calm herself, she picked up her bag and made her way toward the shower. Perhaps washing his touch off her would help her think and ease her mind. Everything was still going to plan despite the humiliating hiccup, and Jaune Arc was nothing more than a frightened peon.

The moment the bathroom door closed behind her, Jaune's fearful expression dissipated.

“Bitch.”

Cinder looked back anxiously as dust rained around her, transforming the tight catsuit and mask back to her black ballgown. The CCT was infected as intended, but the interruption from the girl hadn't been part of the plan.

Perhaps Roman was right about her. It's a little too convenient for her to always be in the way.

That hadn't stopped her completing her mission naturally, but it did mean the alarm had been raised. The combat couldn't have been missed and Ironwood and Ozpin would be on their way. Damn it. This would have been so simple otherwise; break in, upload the virus and retreat back to the dance with no one the wiser.

Now, her absence might be noted. Beacon's security was hardly on the standards of Atlas, but it was enough to monitor the hall the dance was being held in. If they checked that and scanned every face there, they might find her absent and bring her in for questioning. That she already was a guest of Beacon and not yet officially a transfer would only make her seem more suspicious.

Damn that stupid girl!

The only way out now was to find Jaune and make sure he could cover for her. She could only hope he hadn't been spotted alone or it would all fall through. If he was following her instructions as he should be – there! He was waiting by the trees outside the hall, only a small distance between it and the CCT and just off the main path.

Rushing up to him, she all but crashed into his chest, eyes wide and heart racing.

“Quickly,” she ordered. “Did anyone see you come out here?”

“Y – Yes. A few of my friends asked where my wife was.”

“Damn it. When? How long ago specifically?”

“About ten minutes. I said I was waiting outside while you handed a call.” Ten minutes? Relief surged through her. It was enough time to suggest she’d been with him and nowhere near the CCT. “What’s happening?” he asked. “I heard gunshots.”

“You didn’t. You absolutely did not hear anything, *especially* if someone asks!” Cinder looked to the closest entrance to the ballroom. The music would have masked the average student from hearing anything, but the alarms in the CCT were going wild. “I need you to cover for me!” she explained quickly. “Ozpin and Ironwood will be coming soon, and it can’t be known I was anywhere near the CCT Tower! We must-”

Jaune gripped her suddenly and pulled her around. Cinder froze, held tight with his hand on her upper arms. A hundred ways of killing him flashed through her mind but he didn’t attack or throw her to the wolves. Instead, he drove her back against the closest tree and fixed his lips to hers.

“Mphhh!?”

His tongue drove its way past her startled lips and into her mouth. Shock turned to alarm and then rage, and she bit down sharply. He grunted and pushed a knee up between her legs, drawing the skirt of her gown to her thigh, where he gripped it and pushed it higher still. Already panicking, her hands caught his wrists, trying to push them down.

The position didn’t allow for her to overpower him, however, and fighting it would be far too suspicious. Jaune brought her left leg up and stepped between it and her, pinning her to the tree with his crotch grinding into hers.

She could feel his erection against her core.

“What are you doing!?” she snapped, pulling away and fixing him with a *murderous* glare. “Unhand me you ignorant-”

“The teachers are on their way.”

The retort died in her throat. From her position against the tree, she could see them inside the hall, pushing through the crowd and fighting their way to the exit. They hadn’t seen them yet, the difference between the light inside and gloom outside would have made that too hard, but there was no way for them to slip back *into* the ballroom without being noticed doing so.

“They’ll notice if we go back in now,” Jaune whispered. His hands were all over her, one below her chest and cupping her breast upward while his other dragged her lingerie aside, making her shiver as the cold air brushed over her unprotected sex. It was the application of something hard and warm to that which snapped her back to reality.

He was slipping into her, stretching her.

This... This was all too fast.

“Wait!” Cinder gasped and hissed. Only an inch, but enough to have her stretching to accommodate him, and without any foreplay to ready her! She was dry and he knew it. Even that small inch drove the air from her lungs. “W – Wait,” she stuttered as her nails scrabbled on his chest to push him away. “This isn’t-”

“They’re going to see us either way; there’s no way we could have snuck aside in time. It’s your choice what they see us doing. Arguing suspiciously after the CCT just got attacked or making love against a tree like horny teens.” Jaune paused, only an inch within her and no more. He didn’t push further. “Your choice. You told me if I forced myself on you again, you’d make me regret it, so I’m not going to.”

Damn it. Damn it. Damn it!

They were at the edge of the mass of dancing students now and Goodwitch was just looking up toward them. There was no escape and no time to think up an alternative method. Before the huntress could spot them, Cinder threw her arms around Jaune’s neck, wrapped one bare leg around his back and *pulled* him in.

Twelve inches of thick meat slammed into her.

It was so sudden that she let out an explosive gasp despite her best efforts not to, spraying air and saliva over his shoulder. Dry, sudden and without any time to prepare, he stretched her fully, filled her, and it was all she could do to cling onto him and try not to scream.

The worst part – beyond even the humiliation that this was happening in the first place – was that it didn’t hurt. His giant penis was shoved up so far inside her she could feel her cervix bruising, and yet for all that her body was forced to accept him, for all that it felt like she had a person shoved inside her, it didn’t hurt. Her body was already growing used to him.

No. He was moulding her. Moulding her to the shape and size of his cock.

“Y – You... Gah! You fucking – ahhh!”

The insults wouldn’t come. This deserved lashing and murder. He pushed just a little further, thrusting deep, and the air she’d wanted to use to explain exactly how much of a *bastard* he was flew out her lips. Cinder’s eyes bulged along with her stomach before fluttering shut with a furious moan.

When he drew out, she tried to speak, tried to demand he wait, but then he thrust back in again and she was practically driven up the tree, left to grasp onto it and him for support, all the while hooking her second leg around his waist just to make it easier on herself. Her chest stuttered against him, lungs heaving as she panted and concentrated on drawing the necessary air to survive.

So, this is what fucking the life out of someone means...

Footsteps crunching on the gravel path reminded her of their soon to be audience. Still struggling to breathe, still struggling with his girth and with one of her high heels having fallen to the floor, Cinder flung her arms around his neck and pressed her lips to his, closing her eyes and trying to look into it. The muffled squeal she let out when Jaune started thrusting into her properly wasn’t entirely fake.

General Ironwood, Goodwitch and Ozpin himself came to a slow stop behind them. Cinder’s head fell back as Jaune pounded into her, sliding his thick cock deep inside and into her cervix, then drawing out and pounding in again like a fucking battering ram. He was going to break her cervix down and hilt himself inside.

Her wide and wild eyes met those of Glynda Goodwitch. The panic she felt was short-lived, almost everything was when her entire world was the sensation of being so incredibly, utterly full. Her head fell back, hair scraping on bark as she raggedly moaned and dug her heels into Jaune’s back,

bare legs glowing in the moonlight along with his bare ass, his own tuxedo pants hanging at his knees along with his boxers.

“My goodness!” Glynda gasped, holding a hand to her mouth. Her eyes soon narrowed. “Mr Arc! Mrs Arc! Is this *really* the time and place-?”

“Glynda.” Ironwood took her arm at the elbow. “This isn’t the time for *us* either.”

“James is right,” Ozpin said, rolling his eyes at her and Jaune. Rolling his eyes! Cinder would have felt indignant if she could feel anything but dick. Her nails dug into Jaune’s back as he bounced her up against the tree, letting her own weight draw her down to slam onto him again and again. “The CCT takes priority. Let’s not waste time.”

They were gone a moment later, running past them, but any relief she might have felt was swallowed by a ragged whine as her knees rubbed up and down Jaune’s side, over his white shirt and hard body. *They’re gone*, she thought, pushing at him as best she could. “E – Enough. This is – ah – enough!”

“We’re still being watched.”

Cinder’s head fell back and she caught the shock of white out the corner of one eye. Weiss Schnee, the stupid heiress of the SDC and *apparently* now a voyeur as well. Damn her! The pathetic girl was peering out from between some trees, eyes wide and face flushed red, somehow imagining she was camouflaged when her hair, skin and dress were all a vivid shade of white against an otherwise green and brown backdrop.

If they stopped now, she’d surely find it unusual. She might not jump to the conclusion of what was really going on, but she’d tell someone. If the information made it back to Ozpin and Ironwood? Cinder groaned and flung her arms around Jaune’s shoulders, burying her bright red face in his neck. The bastard had the temerity to laugh under his breath, even to bite her neck. His teeth worked down in a way she just knew would leave a mark.

He was supposed to be afraid of her! Terrified! How had this all gone wrong? What happened? Pinned back against a tree with her legs wrapped around him and his cock punching in and out of her slopping pussy, she must have looked a state. A whore. A slut.

“Weiss isn’t moving,” he whispered. “Maybe she wants a show. You know what that means...”

They’d have to give her one. Cinder groaned helplessly, muscles reduced to limp noodles as Jaune Arc pulled out and pushed her against the tree. Her hands found it, eyes heavy and lungs failing. Her heeled feet found the grass once more but there was no time to think of moving. He slipped behind her and pushed down on her back, leaving her stood with her face and hands against the bark and his body pressed warmly behind her. He wasted no time lining up and slipping inside her once more, stretching her with ease. Cinder’s fingernails dug into the cracks between the pieces of bark, her cheek pressing into it as she moaned raggedly.

If he asked later she would call it acting. She would *make* him believe it. As it was, she could only hold on for dear life as he rammed in and out of her, thrusting so powerfully that he drove her forward until she was on tiptoes, then would drag back, almost hauling her away from the tree by virtue of the sheer *thickness* of his dick.

Through hair that had fallen over her eyes, she saw the white-haired bitch nearby peer out from behind a tree. Weiss Schnee looked appalled, stunned, but also curious, enough so that she didn’t run away and grant Cinder an easy way out.

It has to be shock, Cinder thought between thrusts that left her unable to think at all. If they just waited, she would soon run away in embarrassment and they could end this charade. *I just need – ah – to hang on!*

“Hngh.” Jaune pounded into her, slapping his hips against her ass and pushing her dress up her back until it hung over her stomach, exposing her long legs and hips to Weiss Schnee and *anyone else* who might wander by. “I’m – argh – close. Ah!”

No.

It wasn’t only she who had to hold on, was it? Cinder looked back, fear clouding her mind as she realised just how red he was, how tense his face was. The veins in his neck were bulging as he kept fucking her, driving in with all his strength. His pace increased even further but it was jerky and uneven, a change she recognised from the times before.

He was going to cum.

“No!” she gasped. The sound was almost lost in the ferocity of their bodies meeting and both their pants. “Wear a condom!”

“Don’t – ah – have one – ugh – on me.” He clung onto her so she couldn’t escape, and his frenzied pace left her shaking and pressed flush against the tree, unable to find the chance to slip away or stop him. “No time,” he groaned. “Here it comes!”

No! No, no, no! Frantically, she tried to push off the tree and pull away.

Jaune Arc thrust forward at the exact same time. His weight, to say nothing of their positions and the fact he was twelve inches deep inside her, overpowered her efforts. Cinder was thrown into the tree, pushed against it so hard her arms wrapped around and held onto it and the bark left prints on her cheek. Her mouth opened wide, eyes going just as far, as his cock pulsed, *throbbed* and then erupted inside her.

Thick shots of cum splashed into her, flushing through her sex and into her womb, filling her so rapidly and so fully that she could feel her stomach bulge outward under her dress. The scream of fury she’d planned to release was transplanted with one so raw, so ragged, that it could have been a dying wail. Humiliated, she pressed her face into the bark, hiding her shame from the curious student covering her mouth with one hand.

Jaune’s dick kept spasming inside her, jerking and unleashing fresh spurts of cum that found no barrier, no protection, and rushed inside her. Legs shaking, arms losing grip, she slumped against the tree, eyes misty and cum dripping from her runny snatch. Weiss Schnee fled, her footsteps echoing on fallen leaves as she *finally* decided it was time to make herself scarce.

“Looks like it worked.” Jaune said, panting but smiling like an idiot. “No one suspects a thing.”

Cinder could have killed him right then and there.

If she could have moved a muscle.

“Guess we can stop now, huh?”

Now? She almost laughed. It was too late now, wasn’t it? There was hardly a point. The true meaning of his words didn’t filter through until he began to pull back and out. Cinder clung onto the tree, biting down on her lip as his thick cock slowly slid from her pussy and swung down between his legs. Her stretched sex gushed out a fat glob of cum that splashed onto the grass. Her

knees soon followed, lacking the support he'd been unwittingly providing to keep her on her feet.

Knelt at the base of the tree, dress ruined and pooling around her bare legs, Cinder gasped for air and watched the cum gush out of her, staining the grass and leaving her knees and heels damp and slick with semen. Jaune Arc watched with a smug smile, even if he tried to hide it, turning aside to zip himself up.

“Bastard,” she whispered under her breath. “I – I’ll make you pay for this...”

Everything was going to plan. Beacon was infiltrated, the CCT had been sabotaged two weeks ago now and no suspicion had fallen on her. Emerald and Mercury had arrived yesterday with the second wave of transfer students, and everything was in place for their attack on the school to begin. It was all going exactly as she had planned it.

Except for one thing. One small, white, plastic thing in her hand.

“Cinder?” Emerald asked nervously. “Is that... Is that what I think it is...?”

She tried to ask exactly what Emerald thought it was, why she thought she had the right to question and maybe even just to scream angrily, but all she managed was a wet gurgle of noise. The little red bars were close together, but not so close that they could be mistaken as one, no matter how much she might have wished it. There wasn't much point trying again either, not when these testers were known to be so reliable. Everything was going to plan, she thought hysterically.

Except for the fact she was now pregnant.

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