

Jaune Arc was having a pretty rough go of things.

He finally gets himself a girlfriend, and it's a woman that he knew was *way* out of his league. His sad and intrusive thoughts that he didn't deserve her would eventually manifest into reality in the worst way possible when he caught her cheating.

One day Jaune returned to the dorm to see Pyrrha getting her ass drilled by a horse faunus named Aitho. He could barely remember anything about that day besides crying until all the tears dried up. They even *laughed* at him for that.

Worst thing was, they kept seeing each other, and didn't bother to hide a thing now that the truth was out. Jaune was going to be a laughing stock to his team, and to the entire school.

How was he supposed to keep moving forward like this? How was he going to grapple with the fact that he had to keep seeing Pyrrha every day after that because they were on the same team!?

Jaune was at a loss. He didn't know what he might do.

On a particularly lucky day, somebody came to Jaune to make it all better before it could get even worse. It was none other than Weiss Schnee.

'*Maybe its fate*', he foolishly thought for a second. Weiss was the first girl he fancied. It could be that he and Pyrrha were never meant to be in the first place.

Without very much choice, Jaune followed Weiss around like a lost puppy. He was none the wiser, but Weiss had some... plans that were much different from what Jaune originally had in mind when she showed interest.

Whether he liked it or not, he was going to belong to Weiss from now on. And she had a craving only *he* could fulfill.

"Weiss? I... I dunno about this."

Jaune twirled around, getting a good look at himself in the mirror of her dorm.

The young Arc had lots of experience wearing dresses. A lot more than he liked. It kind of made him sad that this was the case. His sisters all loved to play dress-up with him, and there *was* that time he had to wear a dress to the prom.

Wearing dresses so much itself wasn't exactly what saddened Jaune. It was that he always looked so *good* in them. He owed it all to his bottom-half being curved so fantastically. The young man had a perfect hourglass figure with thighs thick as sin and an ass so heavy it bounced when he walked.

Trying to stealth his way past Grimm would never be an option...

Jaune's figure was probably why his sisters kept playing dress-up with him. Maybe all of that was out of spite that the *boy* of the family was built better than any of them.

What Jaune wore now was probably one of the most expensive- no, *the* most expensive dress he's ever seen! And the skimpiest, at that.

A frame-squeezing black minidress with some gold highlights, with some slits at the thighs and a window at the chest. The least Weiss could have done is make sure the dress goes past his ass! It *almost* does that, but in the end it still *doesn't*.

But he looked good, *damn* good. A shame that he couldn't refute that.

"Jaune, you look *dashing* in that dress! You should take pride in your looks instead of letting it be an insecurity. So many women would kill to look half as amazing as you do right now!"

He wasn't sure if 'dashing' was the word he would use to describe himself. Again, she had a point. He looked good, *damn* good. It was something of a rarity for a man to pull off wearing such feminine clothing so well. As previously stated, the curves absolutely helped, along with a detail that wasn't yet pointed out: the make-up.

Jaune's face wasn't effeminate like his lower half - it didn't even at least count as androgynous. However, it was merely a single step above *that*, so some expertly applied make-up was more than enough to finish the look of a ~~girly-slut~~ head turning prettyboy.

Black gold eyeshadow and similar mix of colors for lipstick. He looked like he was going to get shown off like some kind of trophy wife.

"If y-you say so, Weiss." He tried to turn his frown upside down. A forced smile was still a smile. "But did I *really* have to wear this when we get... intimate?"

The boy ought to know better than to complain. If it gets him pussy, it gets him pussy. That's great, that's *wonderful* and he just needs to shut the fuck up and let it happen.

“Jaune, I didn’t spend all that money and spent all that time giving you a makeover for you to start second guessing things so suddenly.” Weiss understandably complained. “You won’t be whining when we’re busy screaming our brains out under the sheets, anyway~”

Jaune’s legs buckled. It was pathetic how that last sentence was honestly enough to get him hot and bothered. He still found it hard to believe Weiss was so quick to want to have sex with him! Not even... not even a full week passed since the Pyrrha incident.

If *she* was allowed to frolic like a happy slut, then why shouldn’t he!?

There were some anxieties he had. What if he disappoints Weiss? Jaune wasn’t some kind of *microdick* or anything. He was... average! Yeah, and that’s perfectly fine! That’s enough for some girls, surely.

“Hahah, y-you’re right, Weiss. So, how should we start?”

Weiss tapped her foot, arms crossed in thought. As Jaune looked at her, he realized the big disparity in attire. While he was made to dress up all sexy, Weiss still rocked the school uniform with no changes. Maybe she has something under all that? Maybe she still has to change.

“Before we start, there’s something I always wanted to try, Jaune. I...” She kicked her feet a little shyly, hands clasped behind her back. “It’s a little embarrassing to ask for, but I was hoping you’d be willing to indulge me.”

“Y-Yes, of course I will!” Jaune answered before he even knew what it was about. “What is it, Weiss? If it’s *you*, I’ll give anything a try.”

“Are you sure?” Weiss inquired. Her head was tilted away, looking at him out of the corner of her eye. The lovesick fool he was, he nodded very quickly. “It is something that may be a lot to ask of a man, but if you’re so sure.”

Weiss cleared her throat, standing up a little straighter.

“P... Pegging.”

“Pegging?” Jaune echoed. Well... he can’t say he hasn’t heard of it. “That’s when, um, a girl uses a strap-on against a guy, right?”

“Yes! Pegging. I’ll spare you the finer details, but as you know, I never had the most amount of control in my upbringing. I like the idea of it because of the power I’ll wield. Even more than if I were to just be the dominant one while *you* are still doing the

actual insertion. Now, I'll understand completely if your answer will end up being a no. I don't mean to pressure you Jaune. *But* it would mean very, very much to me."

'*Pegging... huh...*' He let the idea bounce around in his mind. He didn't feel outright disgust or contempt for it. It's worth a try, and it clearly means a lot to Weiss. Jaune simply tried to figure out if he'd be fine with getting something stuck up his ass like that.

He's experimented before with his ass. Pyrrha liked to eat it out, maybe even finger it a little to stimulate the prostate. Going so far as to stuff a dick – a fake one – up his arse was a completely different matter.

N-Not like Jaune's ever thought about taking dick up his ass before! He's not gay or anything like that. He just so happened to be forced to humor the thought whenever people would tease him over his sizable backside as a man. A real cock might be a bit much.

If it's just... if it's just him and Weiss, alone in this room? Stirring the dildo in his ass passionately and making sure he feels good every step of the way? That might be fine. Yeah. yeah, he could do this.

"I'll do it." Jaune said with confidence. "You'll have to be pretty patient with me, b-but I don't have any reason to doubt you. P-Please don't tell me you picked out the biggest strap possible to use on me, though..?"

"Ohoho, of course not! I wouldn't give you more than you could handle, Jaune. I was going to wait until you answered me to get changed. It probably would've been a big shock to just walk out and see me sitting on the bed with a giant dildo attached, immediately commanding you to jump right on it."

She giggled at the thought.

Weiss picked up a few things and moved into the closets for a change, purposely brushing her buttocks against Jaune's crotch along the way.

Jaune bit his lip as the door shut, light rummaging from the other side as Weiss began to get changed. He was genuinely excited!

It only seemed right to give Weiss a little surprise back. He'd hop onto her bed to wait for her, resting on his side with his glutes pushed out. Wielding such fatty glutes still embarrassed him, but he'd accept it with time.

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“She’s taking a while in there...” Jaune grumbled. Uh... well, you know how long they say it takes girls to get ready! Heheh... heh.

It gave him more time to think about the situation at hand. Which was good, maybe? Getting his ass plugged was getting more appealing. Exciting, even. He felt a little conflicted that he was convincing himself so easily and Weiss didn’t do so much as lift a finger.

“Maybe. Uh-” Jaune blushed, extending a hand to claw into one of his cheeks and *spread* it apart to reveal his aching boyhole. Not like he could see it, but he *could* feel it wink and quiver with anticipation.

‘Right. I won’t be thinking so hard when I’m busy screaming my brains out..’

Weiss’ voice rang out before another eternity passed. “Oh, Jaune, I’m finally ready! Hope you’re mentally prepared enough, love!”

“I-I’ll manage, Weiss! Let’s do this.”

Weiss Schnee stepped right out, her form wrapped in an elegant looking set of lingerie. Beautiful patterns were weaved all across the fine-looking cloth, leading Jaune to believe it must be quite expensive. She’s Weiss Schnee after all, so of course it is.

His eyes were drawn to the elephant in the room next – to the toy that’d push inside and give him a good reaming. It was... *wow*, it was big! B-But she must be sure he can handle it, and he has to trust her.

It looks so real. It’s even throbbing. And leaking and... uh. Why are there no straps attached to it? Isn’t that what it’s called? A strap-on? *And why was the scent of a dick that wasn’t his own lingering in the air?*

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“W-Weiss?”

“Yes, dearest?”

“Is- do. Did you have a cock this whole time?”

“Of course I have! Did you never notice?”

“..”

Jaune flipped his shit immediately and scrambled to his feet. “Y-Y-YOU SAID **PEGGING!** T-THAT IMPLIES IT’D BE A *TOY*, I HAD NO IDEA Y-YOU’D HAVE A REAL DICK THAT BIG!”

“Does it now? Hm. That’s actually news to me.” Weiss blinked, acting like she was surprised in the slightest. “You have to admit, Jaune, it doesn’t change very much. Whether the cock was fake or not, you’d *still* be getting a large insertion back there. Me packing a penis for real simply means that I can draw as much pleasure out of this situation as you will! Is that really so bad...?”

Aw, fuck. She honestly seemed pretty right. Her tone had a certain sadness to it and the puppydog eyes didn’t help either. Jaune knew damn well that Weiss was aware what pegging really meant. Jaune knew that Weiss knew that he knew.

He couldn’t even be mad. Part of him wanted to see what a dick felt like. *Wait, what?*

“I won’t lie, t-this is way more than I bargained for. I guess it’s just my mistake for not double-checking that you understood! Heheh... heh. A-All I’ll ask is that you take it a little slow with me at first. I’ve had fingers up there, but nothing *too* big yet.”

“Of course, Jaune!” Weiss smiled reassuringly. “You know I only want the best for you. What you will receive is the exact treatment you deserve, and you can trust me on that.”

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CLAPCLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPSHMACKPLAPCLAPPLAPPLAPPLAP~💕💕💕🌟

Jaune didn’t know what he did to deserve *this*. Hugging onto a pillow, eyes tearing up and biting into the pillowcase while Weiss had him bent over and taking the most furious and violent backshots ever dished out.

Weiss spent a minute dousing his cheeks in oil (while demanding he twerks) and right after that, she was on him. Left hand clutching his shoulder and her right holding him at the hip, she drilled into his cheeks with the intent of giving him *many* reasons to scream. She wielded her dick with more might than she did Myrtenaster...

She reveled in this. She loved every minute of it. Weiss was slamfucking her man much rougher than he could have ever hoped to handle and she was **proud** of that.

The blonde started off with some groans that resembled something masculine, but get hit with that much dick *that* hard and for *that* long, girlish sobs of prostate-punching pleasure would replace them. Weiss must've been convinced that if she kept this up for long enough she'd flatten his prostate into a **boiwomb**.

He knew she was going to say something *crazy* when she spoke again-

"OooOOhhh loOOORRDDD, **YES!** This has to be the best pussy I've felt in my entire life, Jaune! I've definitely got to take you back to Atlas and make you my **WIFE** when we graduate!"

"W-W-Wuuhuhhhnnhh..~ W-Wife!? But I'm a b-" **SPANK!!** "ooOOIIUHEYYY~"

"Oh, puh-lease. You, Jaune? A **boy?**" Weiss turned her nose up at him. "Have you ever given yourself a good look in the mirror? With a lower-half like this, you're not meant to be a boy. You're meant to be a **BITCH**. Did you ever stop to think about the real reason that Pyrrha left you?"

Her words struck a chord in him. Saying something like *that* while still stirring his insides... needless to say, there was a whirlwind of emotions in him right now. It sure got his attention, making him prop himself up on his elbows so he could look back at Weiss.

"W-Wha...?" Was all he could muster. Jaune was disappointed, hurt, yet strangely intrigued at what she had to say.

The answer would wait a little more. Weiss spent the next few minutes biting her lip and watching his cheek's wobbles, smacking it all over with an even faster tempo. She was fucking him so hard he was afraid it might break his aura or something!

Her cock's expansive swelling inside of him. His wall's snug contractions, keeping an even stronger connection on the fleshy rapier. She stabbed against his weakest spot so repeatedly and so *right*, he simply had to take back his previous position of biting down onto the pillow.

"UnnnHHH... **OOHouHFHHHh~!!**' Jaune bellowed.

"Hmhm. Oooh, Jaune." It seemed he met the requirements for an answer, after that. "Isn't it obvious, my beloved? You've got a body straight out of a fairy tale, and you sound simply *divine* while getting **FUCKED**. Like I just told you: you're more of a bitch than you are a boyfriend. Pyrrha needs someone to fuck her stupid and rewire her

brain from how hard she gets dicked down. And that isn't your place in life, Jaune. Honestly? Your own destiny is more like hers."

Weiss sneered at him and dished out all sorts of insults, calling him a girly slut or a sissy bitch. It should make him feel bad, not make him feel *good*, getting his hole all tingly and cause his dick to leak as hard as it was. The bed creaked so intensely under him with that virile *plapping* going on. The sensation and sound of his asscheeks recoiling from the impact of Weiss' was... it was like he suddenly became hyper aware of that.

His attention shifted to how good his hole- his **pussy** felt being *stuffed*, and not so much the buzzing of his dick.

"N-Noouhh~..." Jaune whined with a delayed response. Is that all really it? Pyrrha *did* leave him because he was less of a man. But that just wasn't his place in the first place. He's not meant to be the top or dominant one. The role he was meant for is something more docile, submissive. "T-That cann'NNNHHTTTT be riiight!"

It *felt* right. He didn't know how to refute it other than just saying that it wasn't true. Wasn't it, though? Wasn't Jaune now screaming over **COCK**, just like Pyrrha was? The pillow was held a little tighter, teeth sinking further. It was easy to just not face reality, but it was right there in front of him. It was at the very least, a comforting realization.

PLAP-SHMACK-CLAPH-CLUPH-CLOPH-CLOP-SHLOP-CLAP~💦💦

A sweaty girlcock pillaging through his guts and smearing his walls in pre was the only real comforting factor. Despite the roughness to Weiss' thrusting, there was clear love and care put into them. Weiss made the attempt to plap his worries away, which somehow worked incredibly well.

"I-It's VERY right! *Stupidfuckingfatboycuntsotight*..~ You're a whore, Jaune. A slut. A bitch. A skank built for holstering cock and being used as a **cum-canal**, emptying whatever set of *PIPES*-" Weiss pumped in a bit harder for emphasis. "-you come across. But now? You're mine, MY set of holes to abuse. Jaune *Schnee* has quite a ring to it, doesn't it? Mmph. We'll need to breed some new heirs for the company."

Jaune was beginning to really accept this. The hardened thrusts just made him happy, and his smaller dick was nearing the edge by now. Just one issue with what Weiss said. "Boys c-can't get pregna-"

"Not with *that* attitude." She cut him off swiftly. The drenched **PLAPs** grew much louder and frequent. In real time, Weiss tried her hand at getting Jaune knocked up.

Who knows? Drench a boy's holes in womanly cocktar enough times, put some real *oomph* into those pounds and he may just develop a swelling belly after all.

Weiss was growing closer. The heiress threw herself deeper into Jaune and let her chest rest against his back, holding his chin to force an eye-locking. He looked into her own with absolute submission. It made her smile oh so big.

She was getting dangerously close, he could feel it from the sudden sensation of something even *bigger* coring him out. The same cock, but pushed to the absolute limits of the size it could reach. Her quaking sacks beat repeatedly against his smaller own, going to unload any moment.

"Wuh... Weiiisshh~..." Jaune heaved out a needy cry.


"Mnhhh. Yes, d-dear?"

"You really *d-do* love me. Right?"

Weiss pecked at his lips and angled her thrusts so she could ram a little faster.

"Would you prefer me to answer verbally, or by pouring all my love *directly* into you?"

Weiss' loverboy didn't answer verbally, either. He giggled like a *bitch* would and gave an open-mouth kiss, an invitation to gargle his tongue and breed his dumb squeezing asshole.

A **CLAP-CLAP** there, a **PLAP-PLAP** here and a **MWAH-SHLURRP~**  to finish it all out. Weiss comfortably nestled her gonads against Jaune's, kissed him with much more adoration, and fucking **PLASTERED** his anal walls with her snow white seed.

Jaune was probably streaming out just enough against the front of his dress and to the bed below, writhing around in Weiss' steely hold.

For Weiss, it was the best relief she felt in ages. For Jaune, it was like an entirely new side of him was unlocked. And he fell even *deeper* in love than he ever did with Pyrrha. All it took was one hard dicking and he was convinced. This was his destiny, indeed.

Weiss peeled back, caressing Jaune's face before asking him something.

"... Clean my cock up for me?"

She didn't even have to ask.

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“Shlrrp... shlrrk! **MWAH~**  **SHRLRP-LICK-SHLRRP~**  FWUuahhh!! Who knew... dick t-tasted so good. Ehehehehh... glad it wasn't *real* p-pegging.” Jaune cooed out between long swabs of his tongue against Weiss' royal scepter.

“I'd apologize for going about this in a kind of crude way, but?” Weiss smiled, relaxing and laying back as her man got to work. “I don't think you have any issues with this.”

“N-None- **MMNNPHH!!**” Another happy huffing of another helping of sperm. Much of it was cleaned up by now, so he was mostly just marking her pale skin with the dark lipstick as much as he could.

Weiss was very proud of her handiwork. It took one evening to turn Jaune into a straight-up slut! “What I told you wasn't just dirty talk. This is a much better look for you, Jaune! You won't get made fun of when you're *my* trophy husband. They'll be ogling you and I with pure envy. We could even pound in Pyrrha's bed for a while as revenge against her~”

Jaune's hole *winked* at the idea.

“No complaints from me.” He smiled.

Weiss smiled down fondly at him. “She's still a total bitch. What kind of monster just does that to a boy as sweet as you!? Actually, be honest. If you were dating a total wimp, then *I* came along with this perfectly sculpted dickbeef, would you do the same thing Pyrrha did?”

Jaune paused so he could think about it.

For three seconds. He smooched onto Weiss' cockhead again before saying his answer aloud. “I-I'm not proud of it, but I probably would with how good you felt. I feel like I understand Pyrrha better now. Maybe I *would* have done the same?”

Weiss shrugged. “That's just how sluts work, I suppose. It's a very cold world. Even if you don't have any such worries, rest assured, I won't walk away from you, Jaune. Because, well.”

She trailed off, reached behind her pillows and pulled out a jewelry case. She opened it up, and *voila*, a ring.

“Wasting this investment would be a foolish decision, so I- hm? Jaune? Ohoho! Did that stun you that mu- **oOHOFGUHGHHH!?!?**”

**“shLLRLrp GLRRK GHLRURRK GSHLORRP GHLURRK GAWWK
GAWWKK~💋💕💕💕💕💕”**

Jaune displayed his appreciation the only way he knew how: *sucking the fucking aura out of Weiss.*

She now screamed at the top of her lungs, hands clinging onto the bed. She awakened a monster. And she was proud. Looking into his heart-shaped pupils, watching as he twerked his ass high in the air so rapidly... Weiss had never seen Jaune as happy as he is now.

**“ooOUuhhHH HEAVENS YOUrr THROAT IS SO TIIIGHtt.. Nmwm..
C-CUUHHMIIING~!!!”**

Now it was *her* turn to focus on trying to make it out of this alive.