Mercury Black was screwed.

He’d suspected it for some time, going back to around the time Cinder had mysteriously vanished. As things had piled up, from Neo’s subsequent removal from the picture, to the plan falling apart and Emerald being wanted, to the aforementioned greenette vanishing into thin air after their last meeting, the feeling had only grown. Now, he sure of it.

Maybe that had something to do with being tied to a chair with dust-infused rope in a dark room at the back of a warehouse, he supposed as the world drew back into focus. One minute he was scouting out the dock for the ship Roman was on, preparing for a breakout attempt that’d have to come before the Atlas contingent left Vale for home the next day and took Torchwick with them. The next, someone hit him over the head with an unclear heavy object, and he’d woken up in his current predicament.

His head still hurt, and it had to have been bruising badly by now, no matter how long he’d been out for. He’d suffered worse in his life, but it still smarted like hell.

“Hey, uh…” Mercury began, eyes darting around, seeming vaguely unimpressed, “You know, if all you wanted was to catch me, I’d have come quietly.” He paused, “Unless you’re cops, actually. You can’t prove anything.”

“Well, that is a shame.”

Mercury snapped his gaze around to the source of the voice, finding that, as his eyes focused more in the low light, he could in fact see the vague shape of a person, a woman if the tone was any indication, among the crates dotting the room. Though he couldn’t make out details in the shadows, the glow from a distant and boarded up window illuminated her arm, and the assassin knew immediately from the visible glove color that he was probably dealing with some specialist.

“Hey, I was just looking around.” He lied, putting on his because casual smirk, “Don’t you think this is, uh, kinda excessive. Always thought you Atlas types were more refined.”

“I highly doubt you were just ‘looking around’.” The specialist shot back from the dark, a light chuckle escaping her lips, “And besides, if it helps, no-one else knows I’m here, so why don’t we make my lack of refined behaviour *our little secret*, hm?” Mercury wasn’t sure why, but there was something about the way the woman spoke that sent shivers down his spine, and not in a good way.

“Why?” he asked bluntly, hesitant as to whether he really wanted to know the answer, “Might not do me much good, but I could just waltz up to one of your generals, and say, y’know, that one of his precious, pure lackeys was playing with the dirty street children and getting covered in germs.”

“Your opinion of Atlas is not very high.” His captor observed.

“Really? I hadn’t noticed.”

“I suppose I should expect nothing less from one of Cinder Fall’s subordinates.” The woman mused, despite Mercury’s brief and quickly concealed look of surprise, “She never did have much of a love of the kingdoms, from what I heard.”

“I…” the captive spluttered for a moment, before taking a breath, his faux-confidence returning, “I have no idea what you’re on about, lady.”

“Of course, Mr. Black.” The specialist turned, pacing through the shadows, still not properly visible, “I don’t have to make you speak to join the dots, though. In the past couple of days, I have been contemplating my next move in…” she hesitated mid-step, then continued after a moment, “…a matter I have been dealing with, and it has made me aware of some factors.”

“Namely,” she continued, “that most of the student bodies of both Beacon and the visiting academies left for break ahead of the next school year two days ago. That means your group’s main potential target is gone. Which, of course,” Mercury shuddered, practically hearing a purr in the woman’s voice, “Leaves you with the choice of rescuing any allies you might have lost to military custody along the way in hopes of gathering forces for an attack when the next year begins.”

“Uh…”

“Another thing it has brought to my attention is that, despite promising myself it, I have yet to break from my work to indulge myself in personal pleasures.” The Atlesian took one step out of the shadows, and Mercury gawked, noticing that the leg he could now see was fully unclothed, a pair of gloves dropping the floor even as he looked on. Quickly, he shook his head.

“So, what?” he muttered in disbelief, “We fuck so you can scratch your itch and then you arrest me? Doesn’t seem all that fair.”

“Life rarely is.” another leg emerged, the woman’s midsection following suit, bringing with it some of the widest hips and juiciest looking rear cheeks Mercury had ever seen. The nudist, still in shadow from the middle up, giggled darkly, apparently catching his attempts not to stare, “Although, I find it amusing that you immediately assume sexual pleasure is on the table.”

“I’d rather just leave, but… it isn’t?”

“Well, it is, but…” the figure emerged completely, and Mercury Black found himself face to face with the stunning, goddess-like visage of Winter Schnee, naked in all her glory, “It may not be in the manner you’re expecting.”

Mercury barely had a moment to react before he felt a flicker in his aura, the sense that some was happening, and several of the Schnee family’s signature glyphs flashed around him, the ropes loosening. Immediately, he tried to leap forward, to flee rather than attack for once, yet he found it was still restrained.

“Hey! Let me go!” the grey man’s façade of cool began to slip as he strained against his invisible bonds, barely able to move beyond the slightest shakes and twitches as Winter stepped closer, his artificial legs dethatching from him with a single gesture, “Get away from me you bitch!”

“Bitch, hm?” Winter tsked, putting a thoughtful finger to her lips in mock offense, very obviously playing up her high-class background in a mocking sort of way, likely payback for his prior comments, “How uncouth. If you didn’t look so…” she made a noise of enjoyment Mercury wasn’t entirely comfortable hear, “…appetizing, I might be tempted to teach you some manners.”

“…wait, what are you…”

“Hush.” The Schnee waved her hand dismissively, “I have no interest in what other insults you might have prepared.” She grinned smugly, “You are an interest for something else, though.”

“Um…” Mercury stared with confusion as the specialist trapping him slowly lowered herself to the floor, leaning back on her rear end like a cushion and spreading her legs wide before him, her intimate areas in full view.

“I’ve never attempted this method before.” Winter grinned at her prey in a deeply predatory manner, a sense of dread overcoming him, “Now that I finally have time to… hmm…” she gazed with lidded eyelids, devouring him in her mind’s eyes, “…experiment, I thought it prudent to at least humour the idea.”

“What does that even- Agh!” the now legless criminal shouted in surprise as the glyphs surrounding him shifted, lifting him weightlessly from his seat and pushing him slowly towards the white-haired bombshell’s wait form. Still he struggled, but still nothing came of it, his warden merely humming sensually, as if treating his helplessness as foreplay, “L- look, I’ll whatever you gods-damn want, okay?! You happy now?!” he yelled frantically, resorted to bargaining, yet finding that nothing had changed as meters’ distance became inches, “I’ll tell you everything I kno- Ah! What…”

Mercury stopped, eyes drifting downward to where the stumps of his legs, amputated to make way for his weaponry, had met his predator’s snatch… and hadn’t stopped. A sinking feeling, both literal and not, washed over him, his legs beginning to feel warm.

“…what… I… but…” he stammered, brain short-circuiting under the sheer disbelief and lack of understanding as to exactly what was happening to him.

“Ah~!” Winter gasped happily, biting her lower lip as she pushed her prey in up to his hips, a slight bulge beginning to form in her belly as he went in clothes and all, not much mind paid to anything underneath them, “So… hnn… So, it does work. Good to know. I… I was wondering…”

It was at this moment that, as was tradition, Winter’s attention wandered away from maintaining her glyphs under the pleasure she was experiencing, and Mercury fell backward slightly, almost knocking himself out on the floor. Despite this, he was still very much dazed and confused, and Winter wasted no time in tensing her nether-regions invitingly, the younger man slipping further insider, as far as his mid-section, clothes and all.

“Ungh…” she grunted primally, rubbing her belly affectionately, fingers twitching with shocks of feeling all the time, “G- get in there… my…” she trailed off with a loud moan, for the moment lost in ecstasy once again.

There was an odd sensation, though, almost like someone shoving frantically on her legs in an effort to free themselves. Slowly, she forced herself, with some effort, to crack one eye open through her bliss, being met with the sight of Mercury Black doing just what was described, eyes wide with panic as he only gained a few inches before Winter’s shudders of orgasmic prelude drew him in three times that amount.

Hesitantly, he looked up at her, his gaze one that couldn’t seem to make up it’s mind between resentful anger, confused arousal and just plain ‘What the fuck’. Honestly, it was glorious, and Winter was disappointed she wouldn’t have more time to revel in his futile struggles, beginning to wish she’d drawn the foreplay out a little.

There was no use in regretting what she couldn’t change now, though, so she thought it best to wrap things up and reached for that final peak she’d been looking forward to.

With an intake of breath, Winter Schnee tensed her lips, her babymaker contracting around Mercury, the sudden tightness drawing him up to his shoulders in one final yelp of alarm, before the rest of him followed suit. Winter stared into his eyes, watching that look of oddly nonplussed resignation, perhaps an effort to put on a cool front on the face of an unescapable fate, as it disappeared below the curve of her new ‘baby bump’ with a slight shlucking sound, his arms quickly sliding out of view like a duo of pool noodles.

Quivering, the predator let out a scream of joy, climaxing repeatedly as the tension she’d been holding back to finish the job was let go, entire form still shaking as she panted and squeaked with the aftershocks.

“Hm…” she huffed, letting out a break, “That… that was far more than I was expecting… I must try it again sometime…” her form jumped slightly as it’s new passenger thumped against the inside of his maternal prison. Winter merely made a small happy noise in response, tracing a finger along her belly.

“As for you… Well…” she cupped her bare breast thoughtfully, “I wonder…”

Stretching, she leant back against the wall behind her with a yawn, well versed in the strain of exhaustion the process took on an untrained body (another skill she would have to relearn, it seemed) as her eyes flitted shut, barely aware of the cease in movement within her.

“Maybe Ruby, next…” she mumbled, making her mind up in mid-wakefulness as to her potential confrontations, “She knows…”

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“Schnee, I’ve been trying to contact you for hours. Where have you been?”

*“My apologies, sir. My scroll ran out of charge and I neglected to check until recently.”*

“…noted. Please be more vigilant next time, Winter.” General James Ironwood sighed down his Scroll with a frown, “If it had been a genuine emergency, I might have suspected the worst. With all of these high-profile disappearances, I would have feared the worst.”

*“Understood, sir.”* Winter agreed from the other end of the channel, *“I will ensure it is not an issue in future.”*

“That’s good to hear.” Ironwood smiled thinly, before coughing to clear his throat, “That said, in spite of the unit returning to Atlas later today, I do have an assignment for you.”

*“Name it and I’ll have it done, sir.”*

“I would like you to remain in Vale.”

*“…sir?”* Winter’s tone was surprised, yet not as much as the general had expected, as if she had been preparing to ask a similar question.

“I should clarify.” The headmaster of Atlas Academy hummed, “I am aware you have been conducting an investigation into your sister’s whereabouts, and that Ozpin, prior to his own… unfortunate disappearance, had asked for your help in that general field.” He nodded to himself, before continuing.

“It is because of this that I would prefer that you remain here and look into these matters, as well as liaison with the acting headmaster of Beacon ahead of their new year, as my presence is required back home, so I cannot perform these tasks as I would prefer to.”

*“Sir, I…”* there was a brief pause, *“I had been expecting to come back with you, but… If this is what you require of me, I will perform to the best of my ability.”*

“I thought you might.” James sighed with relief, “Although, I will request that Miss Polendina remain with you. The good doctor is apparently intent on further field tests and believes keeping her where she’s made friends will provide better results.”

*“…understood, sir.”* That was almost disappointed, he noted. Winter always did prefer to work alone, so having to babysit the world’s first artificial aura-generating lifeform would evidently be a detriment to that, though James suspected it might do her some good to have that sort of responsibility.

“Perfect.” He affirmed, “Now, I hate to rush, but I have boarding protocols to oversee. I may contact you once we’re in the air with further details.”

*“Until then, sir.”*

With a click, the general closed the channel, storing his Scroll for later use.

He frowned for a moment, something about the conversation bothering him. There had been something… almost off about the way Winter had spoken, almost as if she had been distracted by something at times. He shrugged to himself. Perhaps he’d discuss it with her later, see if there was anything the matter.

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“I have to say, you really were a lightweight.” Winter mused at her reflection in the mirror, posing occasionally to get a better look at herself, “All that ‘muscle’ and this is all you give me.”

Almost in demonstration, she cupped her breasts, now several sizes larger than they’d previously been, yet still noticeably smaller in proportion than the hips and rear end that honour student and the high and mighty Ozpin had lent her, much her chagrin. Their equal buoyancy was something of a redeeming factor, albeit not by much.

“Gods. I give you an opportunity to make a difference in the world and this is how you repay me?” the specialist scowled lightly, her reprimand directed at a man no longer truly present, her belly now flat once more (to her slight disappointment), “Why do I even bother… I swear, the next person who gets this honour is just a morsel. Nothing more until I can make up for your transgression, you… you…” she frowned, “Hmph. I’m sure I knew your first name at some point along the line.”

She stood in thought for a moment, before grinning and rapidly shaking her head.

“Actually, forget it. Forget you.” She laughed dismissively, “If I can’t remember your name, why should I give you the satisfaction.”

Sighing, she turned away from the mirror and stepped back into the middle of the room she’d been given, ass swaying like a pendulum as she walked. She had a little free time now before she really needed to do anything, be that meet with Beacon’s staff or attend to her own agendas, so the thought came to mind of what exactly she could spend that time doing. Several thoughts occurred to her, some mundane, such as simply getting some shut eye, others more indulgent, regarding perhaps… enjoying her current form, or finding some nice girl in town to make up the cup size.

Those second two were more appealing, she noted, but which to choo-

\*knockknockknock\*

“Miss Schnee?”

Broken from her reverie, Winter grumbled in recognition of the voice of one Penny Polendina coming from the other side of the door. Whilst she had nothing personal against the robotic girl, she stood in the way of the many of the actions she could be taking, and unlike others, getting rid of her or pawning her off on someone else was hardly an option. Unfortunately, she would have to endure until Penny father saw fit to recall her to Atlas, however long that took.

“Yes, Penny?” she answered simply.

“I wish to visit one of my friends here at Beacon and comfort them.” The girl replied, not thinking to open the door, perhaps assuming Winter’s short reply was a sign of her being undressed (not true, but if it’d been a few minutes later…), “I thought I might clear this with the nearest Atlas authority beforehand. That happens to be you at this time.”

Of course, there was one upside to Penny’s presence, and that was the ‘in’ it gave her.

“Penny, you don’t need my permission to visit Ruby Rose.” Winter smiled to herself. If anything, she might be asking to accompany Penny at some point along the line, if it meant getting some answers, as well as perhaps a snack if she didn’t like said answers.

“Understood. I will still inform you, though.” With that, the sound of Penny’s naturally heavy footsteps faded into the distance without another word from her mouth. Winter let out another breath from stress, leaning back on the foot of her bed. Slowly, she began to grin, reaching to undo the collar of her shirt.

Perhaps a little bit of stress relief was exactly what she needed right now.