

## Houdini: The Old Switcheroo

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# Houdini: The Old Switcheroo

by [KillerKells202](#)

## Summary

Blake sat on the couch with her mates. She talked with Weiss about possibly starting a family with her alpha. The cat Faunus finally gathered the courage to ask, bracing herself for the rejection and preparation for pups.

## Notes

Almost made this a SunnyBees fic, but I couldn't do it because I don't like Sun. Glad a friend of mine inspired me to have BeeSchnee's, one of her favorite ships. Then I thought, hey, Omegaverse!

Disclaimer: You shouldn't do this unless you know the third person is okay with it. Weiss, Blake and Yang are in an established relationship and Blake wants to start a family.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Blake is sitting on the couch between Weiss and Yang. The omega wanted to talk to both of them at once. She danced around the subject with Weiss, to understand how she felt and what it would mean for them. She was avoiding the issue with Yang on purpose as she's the alpha, the catalyst. The dark-haired woman stopped taking her birth control in preparation. Weiss encouraged her to talk to Yang, going as far as to switch spots on the couch to have comfort from both partners. The omega beside her supported her decision and knew Yang would be thrilled with the idea of starting a family.

Yang's hand stroked up and down her arm consistently for comfort. The alpha always knew something was on her mind but allowed Blake to talk at her pace. Weiss sweetly smiled at the golden blonde from the other side of the cat Faunus, assuring her Blake is acting Blake-like, and it's nothing she did wrong.

Once the movie was over, Blake rested her head in Yang's shoulder. She's missed the comfort, needing to feel close to her again after distancing herself for a few weeks. The alpha presses her lips against her forehead, a sign of protection and a deeper form of intimacy they both are needing.

"Yang, do you want to start a family?"

After holding her breath and counting to ten several times, the cat Faunus found enough courage to speak. Of all the ways to ask, of course, she had to say that. A better question appeared in her mind, after the fact. Blake lost her courage; she couldn't do this anymore. She stood from her seat, about to head for the spare room to live with her embarrassment.

"You know what? Forget I brought it up."

Yang grabbed her wrist, guiding her to sit in her lap, fingers combing through her hair soft, raven hair. After several long minutes, Blake finally relaxed against her, laying her head in Yang's chest, knowing she wouldn't let this go.

"Blake, I'd love to start a family."

The hairs on Blake's arm stood as a hot air wisped past her ear. Blake's eyes met shining lilac in shock. Maybe she hadn't mess this up. Now, it was a matter of continuing after she had spoken. She opened her mouth, but no words came out. Her voice box refused to produce coherent sound.

Yang took a moment to kiss her mate with her open mouth. She pressed her lips against Weiss's forehead next, pulling her into her hug.

"As long as either of you are carrying our children, I couldn't be happier."

A smile formed between the heiress's ears. The more she spoke, the more excited she felt excited about the idea. The excitement stirred through her as the dream would become a reality. Weiss has always wanted to be a parent without carrying pups herself.

"Yang, Blake wants to have your pups first. I'd be happy to support in anyway. I'm still thinking about it, but Blake is ready. I know three people in a relationship is uncommon and probably new for our world, but with the three of us, our bundles of joy are going to feel the love of three parents."

"What do you think Blake?"

Before going through with any plans, she wanted Blake's weigh-in. Though she brought it up, it was easy for Blake to change her mind. They could always wait and try again. The omega in her lap is currently in charge of all decisions regarding pregnancy.

Blake's ears flicked between the sound of Weiss's voice and Yang's breathing. She buried her face in Yang's shoulder to save some resolve. The omega wasn't sure why she brought this conversation up in the first place. Both of them were fine with it, and it was her idea. Why couldn't she talk about this like a rational adult?

Taking a deep breath, she adjusted, so her back was to Yang. She peered into her blue eyes, a nod that said this was okay was her reply. Slowly she turned to face Yang, a smile gracing her lips. Maybe this was okay.

"Yeah, I want to start a family. I'll be starting my heat cycle in about three weeks. I'm not sure if I want to start this next one or wait."

Her head nodded a few times, pushing her hair behind her ear. The Faunus affirmed to herself and her mates. Blake was ready for this; butterflies fluttered in her stomach at the idea. The more she talked about it, the more the thrill filled her body—the dust of pink appearing on her cheeks.

The three stayed close, hugging each other tightly as the credits rolled through. Yang's strong arms wrapped around both of them. Blake's head rested in her chest while Weiss's head laid on Blake's back.

"You get to decide that, Blake. You can stop taking the birth control if you want. I don't mind when we start, as long as you're ready. We'll be here when you need us."

"Yeah. We'll be here whether you want us or not. You're stuck with us, Blake."

"There's no one else I'd rather be stuck with thank you two."

## **One Month Later**

Blake was driving home from work. The Sun had gone down at least an hour ago. She was thankful the roads were dark. The Faunus partly dreaded coming back. Her body decided to start its heat cycle that morning. Thankfully, Blake had an oil she could spread through her body to suppress her scent and libido, but it was beginning to wear off. No doubt, Yang would jump on her, given a chance. Even though she talked about starting a family, she wasn't sure she was ready. Maybe her body was, but her mind hesitated.

When she came through the door, the smell of Yang's cooking wafted through her nose. Of course, Yang would know to cook her favorite. How could she turn down fish? Weiss was sitting on the couch; no doubt shoved out of the kitchen by Yang. She was still learning.

When the heiress saw Blake, she leaped from her seat, embracing the cat Faunus. She could smell the oil frying the bread to a crisp golden brown. Weiss would be starting her cycle soon; it surprised her she didn't start first. Blake grabbed her by the wrist and whisked her off to the bedroom upstairs. Food can wait; she needed this now. The dark-haired omega slammed the door shut, leaning down to take Weiss in a passionate kiss.

Their lips stayed connected, sucking the skin into each other's mouths. Next came their tongues. Blake practically shoved hers down the heiress's throat. The platinum blonde took her well despite the surprise, wet muscles rubbing against each other until she was sucking her farther in, catching Blake in shock.

The shorter woman returned the affection but had to be stern like Yang. It was the only way Blake would get out of this satisfied. Reluctantly, Weiss broke the kiss, panting, but firmly talking. There was a question intricate to her plan, depending on the answer.

"Blake, about what you said a month ago, do you want to start a family?"

Blake's ears pinned back. The quick answer is yes, but Weiss wouldn't have it. The omega breathed in, taking her time to clear her thoughts, becoming numb to her body's needs for the moment. She did a proper check-in. She stopped taking the suppressants and used the emergency oil to get her through the day. Of course, she wanted this. Why then invite Weiss to bed and not Yang? It didn't matter. Yang could get her pregnant another time.

"Yes."

"Say it. Convince me you want to start a family."

"Weiss, more than anything. As long as I have you and Yang, I want a family."

"Strip."

The sound sends a shiver to Blake's core. She likes it when the short woman became dominant. The cat Faunus pulled her shirt over her head as fast as possible, undoing the black bra, pulling down her pants and underwear. When the black garments were at her ankles, she threw her shoes to the side, peeling the last bits of clothing off.

Though her movement is fast-paced, blue eyes appreciated the body of her mate. Her eyes focused on the various curves ranging from her neck to her biceps, the hourglass figure from her breasts to her hips, and who could forget her lovely ass? Weiss stared at the shake of her breasts as she removed the attire on her upper body first, nipples half-hardening from the freedom of their confines how she couldn't wait to play with her body. Though heat cycles are rough, Weiss could understand how Yang's transfixed on playing with them. It was fun watching Blake squirm until she got what she needed.

As Blake removed her pants, Weiss focused on the form of her ass and the sight of her pussy. Without any clothing in the way, and the oil wholly is gone, Blake's heady scent filled the room. No doubt, Yang might be able to smell her from the kitchen or the air vents. Not that it would matter for what the night had in store.

"On the bed, on your back, now."

Weiss smirked, pleased at sight. She laid a cover on their blankets to avoid extra laundry for tired women. Her voice sounded like a growl. From omega to omega, it didn't do much but set the hierarchy in charge. It varied from Weiss to Blake. No matter what, their alpha is the leader.

Blake whimpered, laying her back on the sheets, hands grabbing the headboard while her legs spread toward the foot supports. Every second, the crisp air came in contact with her hot body was a second too long without touch. She was at the other omega's mercy.

"Safe word." The blonde spoke with a caring softness.

"Tuna. Brothers! Why did Yang have to cook that for dinner tonight? It's like she knows when I'm in heat or something."

*Or something.*

Weiss smirked, walking around the frame, taking care of tying her mate's hands with the silk ribbon. It wasn't until Blake tugged at each of the bindings until she was satisfied with their hold.

"Check your bindings."

Blake felt the flow of blood and the movement through her limbs. Unlike Yang, she was grateful Weiss allowed her more action, but it wasn't enough to touch.

"Purple."

Each of the females had their own set of colors that represented how they felt. It wasn't as confusing as they thought it'd be. For Blake, purple is good. Violet, something is bothering me, I want to orgasm, bondage is too tight, my heat, or something similar. The next phase is amber, slow down, I need a break, wait. Red is to stop. It was too easy to tell why. No one questioned each other's colors unless they felt like sharing.

"What should we start with?"

The princess thought aloud to draw out the anticipation. She walked over to their closet of toys, deciding what tonight would bring. Then again, she had a plan. Blake's behavior would determine how much harder it was.

Every second felt like torture. The surface of the omega's naked body produces a sheen of sweat. Blake needed to be touch; she needed something. The blonde stood there, contemplating meant time wasted. Her pupils shrank into predator mode, needing something.

"Damn it Weiss. Hurry up and pick. You know how hard it is, yet you still torture me."

"It's not my fault you start your heat cycle first most of the time. You can't tell me that if the positions were reversed that you wouldn't be giving me the same treatment."

The heiress turned her head just enough to see Blake struggling. Silence filled the room. Weiss turned back to the closet, taking several items out and walking toward the bound Faunus.

The omega tugged and pulled, but it was useless. Weiss and Yang had both learned techniques to keep her pinned. At first, they had to use handcuffs to keep her still after she shredded the soft fabric. She enjoyed the marks they left at times. Later on, they both learned how to restrain her. It wasn't right.

Of course, she knew Weiss was right. The other omega had started her heat cycle first only a few times. In those moments, she languished in the torture of waiting for increments of touch. The blonde jumped because of a simple finger touched her every time. Both proved incredibly sensitive during this moment of weakness.

"Alright, kitty. Since you since you wanna misbehave, I'm going to have fun with you."

Slowly, her hand roamed over the Faunus body, starting from her cheek, neck, collarbone, until they slipped down to her biceps. She loved teasing her sensitive mate. She knew that isn't where she needed them, but Yang's kitten has been naughty, giving her a difficult time. So, Weiss would steal that time back.

Blake whimpered. It was all she could do with the hand igniting all her nerves as it explores her body. The bound omega inhales as both hands became sidetracked, massaging the skin above her elbows. She whined, needing attention elsewhere.

"Weiss..."

"No. You haven't earned the privilege. Zwei is a better begger with sad eyes."

"Zwei this, Zwei that! Stop comparing me that that damn dog. I am so tired of-!"

**Slap!**

The hand at her forearm lifted upward, smacking the side of her breast with a string. It bounced in place from the momentum.

"You will not bad mouth your mortal enemy who has done nothing but cuddle next to you when you needed it."

"I have Yang and now you. What do I need-?"

**Slap!**

"Zwei has done nothing wrong. Now, will you be a good girl, or do I have to continue the hard way?"

Blake looked down, ears bent back, casting her silent submission. If it were Yang, she'd be getting spanked across her ass. Maybe that wouldn't be so bad. Weiss was more methodical about her methods, delivering both pleasure and pain at different rates and angles. Yang tried something and followed through based on behavior.

"What to do, what to do? I know."

A smirk formed on her lips as she's, pulling on one of Blake's nipples, so it stood erect. Her smirked forms into a smile as she pulls the sound of whimpering from her mate. Yang would have too much fun later. Weiss was the appetizer for what the night held in store.

Blake enjoyed the erotic pain too much as the from her mate's mount sucked her chest. She wanted to hold Weiss's head closer and keep her there, but the ribbons were a reminder of her limited motions. Still, she could use her vocal cords, moaning words of encouragement for the heiress to continue.

Weiss didn't let up; she kept going until a lovely bruise appeared. She flicked her finger back and forward over the engorged nipple, enjoying the noises the cat Faunus made as she is withering in her restraints. The moment was too precious to pass up—a smirk formed on her face. Though rare, she enjoyed the moments of retribution when Blake started her cycle first.

The dark-haired woman tried arching back, only to move left or right. She loved the sensation, but it was too much. The Faunus refused to beg. She's too prideful. However, she might convince Weiss to take it easy on her. The CEO wasn't Yang.

"Weiss, please."

"Please, what?" The heiress wore a smug grin. She was raising an eyebrow. Indeed, the blonde appreciated the fun. It wouldn't last. After all, Blake still had to eat. Their time together is a warm-up for the real deal.

Her amber eyes stared into cold icy blue. Her body was screaming for something, anything to be relieved from the heat boiling inside her. The teasing was doing nothing but winding her up. If would be worse if Yang were here, taunting her even further.

"Please."

"No."

The blonde's face fell flat. The heiress expressed everything she felt in a single deadpan voice. She continued to play with the Faunus, inclining her to beg. She could do better than that. Weiss walked toward the closet, pulling out an object.

Blake laid there, unable to move. She could do nothing while Weiss tortured her. Blake knew what the experience was like, receiving payback for all the times she's teased Weiss while in heat. The bound omega regretted it as she taunted Weiss even more.

*Please, just get this over with.*



As Weiss turned her attention back to Blake, the alpha entered the room. Her nose flared as she smelled the omega, primed for breeding. Her eyes burned with lust. Her heavy footfalls echoed through the room. A smirk appeared on her face watching her flustered prey struggle in her restraints as the clamps pulled part of her body upward.

Blake growled. Over the lovely scent of fish, Yang's clearly defined. The alpha is in rut, using something to control her hormones. It explains how she knew one of them is in heat. She'd plead with her alpha, the one who could end it faster than the game had begun.

"Yang, don't."

Quizzically, Yang raised an eyebrow. She asked carefully. How would she know if Blake didn't use her words? It was something more familiar with them.

"Don't what?"

A hand wandered to her sensitive breasts, squeezing the firmness as the omega shut her eyes tight, a soft moan leaving her lips. She positioned her hand on top of Blake's stomach, knowing she doesn't like physical touch to the second most sensitive part of her. Blake sucked in her stomach, which proved futile as the pressed further in, rubbing along her toned stomach and sides. Both imagining pups are growing inside her. The alpha needed to throw off the omega's keen scent of smell by entering the room with Weiss.

"Please don't tease me."

Blake wasn't sure about a family anymore. Yang would be all over her and her torso, a place she wanted to be left alone. If she told her no, her alpha would respect those boundaries, taking away the chance they'd start a family this month. Yang and Weiss are worth every second. She could-would do this.

Yang placed a kiss above her belly button. She was shocked that her skin greeted the sensation half-way. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad. The alpha was more than ready to start a family. She understood why her mates hesitated. There was a matter of time, care, and many factors that went into having a child. The omega laid herself bare for the alpha.

The golden blonde supported herself on her elbows as she moved lower, coming face to face with her prize. She glanced up, their eyes meeting, one with hunger and the other still maintaining a predatory slit even on the losing end. The alpha opened her lower lips with her fingers, the hot air escaping the enclosed area along with her glorious scent.

The dark-haired woman's breathing increased as Yang exposed her most private area. Though both of them have seen it, this was something different. Blake felt both sides of anxiousness as she knew compliance wouldn't matter and if they could control themselves instead of their instincts. A growl left her throat the more she thought about it. She struggled in her bonds, unable to escape. Yang roared, drowning out whatever it was her omega wanted. Yang needed this, needed her.

"Tsk. No wonder you two got nowhere without my help. Blake, you need to relax. And you! Stop making her nervous. It's why she didn't bed you right away." *At least Yang has some*

*decency of appearing guilty.*

Lilac eyes peered into Blake's soul. Weiss had a point, but she didn't listen completely. Yang stepped back, stripping out of her clothes. She smiled, making a show of gripping the end of her shirt and methodically pulling it over her head, leaving her chiseled abs on display for the room to see. The alpha was pleased with the reaction she received. Next, Yang unbuttoned her pants, pulling them down her ankles and off.

Blake's nose flared. The scent of the alpha filled the room, violating her senses. She needed Yang to do something, play with her body, satisfy her needs, something. She realized how much sweat covered her body from the soft feeling of damp sheets against her back. The Faunus hated her heritage because of her heightened insights, especially in the heat. She twisted, unsure if she wanted to be free and run, or force Yang's hand. Her mind wandered toward the punishment the alpha would ensue, which could be anything.

Yang's eyes snapped to Blake's. She wanted nothing more than finish this cat and alpha game she's playing with Weiss, but she couldn't stay, at least for now. The golden blonde smiled at Blake's reaction, her throat bobbed. Red eyes blinked back to lilac, turning her head to the shortest woman in the room.

"Weiss, it's been fun, but I'll see you later. I'll be back."

"Don't wait up."

The heiress turned her attention back to Yang, considering their plan. As Yang left the room, Weiss sauntered the bed. She undid the ties to the headboard, readjusting their grip against pale skin from all the movement.

Moments later, Yang returned with a plate of fried fish. Blake groaned, but the growl in her stomach said otherwise. Her mates always knew what to do to make her feel better. To tease further, Yang removed her bra and boxers, freeing the rest of her body and exposing herself to the audience of two.

Yang carefully cut the fish into pieces, feeding the cat Faunus piece by piece. A smile appeared on her face each time her mate moaned around the fork. It was terrific what Blake could do with her tongue in action, swirling it around the prong to take the fish in her mouth.

The cat Faunus didn't want the second slab. People compared good food to a good orgasm, but it wasn't enough. Now that her hunger was slightly satisfied, her mates needed to continue before she lost her mind. It wasn't enough that Yang was half-naked, now entirely naked only to tease her with her strong scent filling the room. When the blonde tried to feed her the second half, she turned her head in rejection.

The golden blonde chuckled, taking the plate away. Yang walked out of the room. She decided to leave the room, taking the food away.

"It's weird seeing you turn your head away at fish. I'll see you two after your fun. Weiss, don't tire yourself out. I'm going to need you for this rut I'm in."

"That was the worse pun you've ever made."

Weiss moved to adjust the ribbon, unhooking the restraints from the headboard to turn her over. Blake groaned but rolled with it, landing on her stomach, pressing her face into the pillow. Weiss lifted her head, placing a blindfold over her eyes. The Faunus ears flicked, noting the lack of touch and the sound of footsteps fading. She turned her head in confusion, but her world was completely black.

"Don't worry, kitty, I'll be back. And when I do, I'll be sure to use the special dildo you enjoy so much."

The omega sobbed as the sounds of high heels clicking against the hardwood left the room. Blake was alone in the chamber once the door shut, leaving her alone with her thoughts. The scent of a sex-driven alpha invaded her nose. It was more prevalent than the calming perfume of her omega mate.

She needed someone, anyone to come back and fuck her into relentless orgasms. To say she's protesting, mewling like an alley cat in heat is an understatement. She could smell how ready she is. Her body is releasing pheromones to draw in a mate. It didn't work as both of them left her in the darkness of the room. She felt her body heating internally, producing lubricant in preparation for a mate. She could feel her swollen clit rubbing against the mattress, the wetness flowing into the sheets, spreading throughout her entire pussy. How Yang's teased her in the past of humping and gaining friction to fuck herself until she passes out without reaching orgasm. She couldn't deny some truth to it as long as she got off, but would never be enough.

Blake had no idea how long she laid there in the darkness. It was already nighttime, and the blindfold left her world black. Her mates wanted this, keeping her waiting. Both of them knew her mind would race at the thousand of possibilities. She wiggled her hips, attempting to create enough friction to stave off her desire. With her visual senses removed, her other functions increased. She could feel the heat outside her body as the sweat droplets connecting with air left her chilled. It wasn't enough to cool her body down from the heat, burning her from the inside out. Though the silks were soft against her arms, they lacked movement to provide relief.

"Weiss! Yang! ...Please."

Blake yelled to the wall in front of her, hoping her voice would ricochet through each room. Part of her pride shattered as she whimpered, dropping her head into the pillow. The omega hated begging. She swore her lovers go off to it, listening to her whine as she thrashed. If the omega genuinely wanted to be free, it'd be too easy for the cat Faunus to use her nails and slice it, but she wanted to be good. If the loves of her life wanted her to be needy, begging on the edge of frustration and tied down waiting to get fucked, the least she could do was indulge them. It'd be so much easier if the dark-haired woman weren't in heat, her body desiring for pups. It's why she picked Weiss to take to bed tonight, not Yang. Blake didn't want to push them into a family unless they wished for this.

Blake cried into the pillow as every inch of her naked body burned with the need to get fucked. After how long they left her there, she deserved the best sex. Maybe she could

convince Yang to fuck her ass while Weiss used their favorite dildo in her pussy. Her voice rang higher pitch at all the ideas brought forth.

Her ears twitched as she heard the familiar sound of clanking against the hardwood. It had to be Weiss based on how high the heel is. The gait was a little off, but what mattered is that someone was coming to relieve her body's neediness. She wasn't sure how much longer she could lay there in compliance. Her eyes would plead through the blindfold if they could. The bed shifted with the added weight.

"Weiss, please."

Fingertips pressed gently between her shoulder blades, easing down her spine. Blake tensed at first, then relaxed into the touch, sighing contently. A hand slid between the covers over her stomach, rubbing the area. It was as if she's asking to start a family.

Through the haze, she knew she had to speak. Both of them wanted to hear words, to actualize their reality. She sobbed at the idea of denial for much longer. She was rambling, but she had to say her feelings, something her lovers enjoyed.

"Weiss, you're not Yang. You don't have to worry about that. But... But more than anything right now, I want to start a family. Twins, triplets, I don't care. Just fuck me! I know I recently brought up the idea. I know you and Yang aren't ready, but damn it I am! I need to be fucked into pregnancy, into submission, I don't care. Satisfy me and we can talk after-Mmm!"

A hand stroked the base of her cat ear. It was no secret that Faunus had sensitive ears, tails, horns, or spines. Blake was especially receptive while in heat. She could almost hear the words, humming while the hand at her ear worked its magic. While her mates naturally started from the tip and worked her way down, it brought a calming allure, knowing Weiss helped her relax. A gentle purr reverberated through her body as she sank into the sheets, giving in to the soft touches.

*Calm down, Kitten.*

Weiss slapped her thighs open to reveal her glistening slit, communicating the word stay. After some shuffling of clothes, she felt it, the head of their special toy. It felt surprisingly warm. Maybe she had Yang's help warming it up. She looked back, unable to see, but perhaps her point would get across. Weiss gripped her hips, gliding it along her slit, collecting wetness. As Blake was ending in patience, frustrated grunts are leaving her vocals, the head pushed inside. The air expelled out of her lungs with a hiss. How could she forget her heats always grasped any object inside her automatically? The princess paused, an inquiry of the question.

"I'm green. Start slow."

The dildo felt too realistic, hot, and veiny. Maybe they got another toy. The only thing Blake could do was breathe through it as inch by slow torturous inch pushed into her. Her canal stretched around it, pulsing as she tried to adjust to the girth. She could do this; she had to do this. Blake Belladonna, or whatever her last name was, didn't quit. If Weiss thought she could

handle it, then she could, even if it threatened to tear her in two. It was harder to believe as the toy started thickening toward the base.

Blake dug her claws into her skin, breathing around the intruder. She felt relief as something was inside her, but the beautiful pain of tearing her open. Maybe after Weiss satisfied Yang, the three could massage her stiff body, lazing in their tub together. For now, she had a big problem.

The Faunus choked a gasp. It finally hilted as hips gently touched ass, not enough for Blake to feel much contact. Blake cried in ecstasy as her body filled with desire. She hated how much she needed the fluid to subside her heat. It would be cruel not to give her an orgasm before serving her. The omega would only be half-sated, regular, by incredibly turned on.

The human drove forward experimentally, pulling out to fill the Faunus once more. Blake's fists clench the sheets tightly. She loved this, the slow motions, as she's able to savor the moment while feeling everything. The grooves brush each spot inside her precisely. Weiss seemed to know what she is doing, as opposed to her clumsiness before. Yang had taught her some moves. The pillow princess enjoyed taking it from both partners. Blake loved the same but wasn't looking for anything rough from both partners at once this evening.

After a few pumps, Weiss found her rhythm, speeding up inside her to a moderate pace. Her movement was smooth as the owner worked the strap-on in and out of her. Soft hums left Blake's throat from the pleasure mounting inside her. Her mates loved it when she was vocal, though she wasn't a fan herself, they could draw moans out of her like water from a fountain, mostly made sensitive by her heat.

"Weiss, yes! Weiss-Fuck!"

Blake could make out the breathy pants from her mate as her moans filled the room. Weiss knew she was doing from the speed and intensity of her thrusts. The cat Faunus held on to whatever she could to ground herself as the dildo filled her insides, forcing her walls to clench without permission. Blake raved in one-sided attention. She wanted Weiss to touch her, but couldn't complain when her Snowflake set the rhythm of fucking her so thoroughly.

To test the limits, the blonde speed up her movements to rapid movements of hardly pulling out before slamming back in. Wet, clapping sounds echoed through the room. Blake moans, followed into brief barks mixed with pain and pleasure. She had no idea when or how Weiss got this good. Yang had to be secretly teaching her. Her tits bounced with each hard solid thrust inside her swollen pussy, no doubt she'd be sore in the morning.

Blake desperately wanted to touch Weiss, hands tugging fruitlessly at the binds that held her limbs. Instead, all she could do was lay there and take everything given to her, moaning loudly into the night. Just as fast as she started, the blonde slowed. Her rhythm slowed, teasing the omega under her. The dark-haired woman grunted in frustration. She needed a reminder to curse Yang for the restraints that held her semblance at bay. Blake attempted to kick her legs, only to have her thighs pushed open and laid flat against the bed. A whine escaped as the omega could do nothing, except one thing. Still, she refused to give in. She was frustrated, but not to that extent.

Hands reached to her wrists, slowly tugging the ribbon on the headboard free. Still, that didn't keep the omega from attempting to break free, stretching toward the person fucking her into submission. Blake refused; if Weiss wanted her compliance, she had to work for it, doing her better than that.

Weiss was more fixed, or smarter than she remembered, turning her wrists over and tying them up that her body had no choice but to twist with it. Her voice cried out at the intrusion unrelenting inside her. Even still, the owner positioned her on her knees, bowing to the headboard. Deep sighs left her breath as she worked the strap-on in and out of her soaking core in a slow, steady motion that didn't provide what Blake needed. She wanted it hard and rough from her partner, not the gentle movements. The other omega thrust her hips, not using her hands that promised a sweet, painful fuck.

Suddenly, Weiss speed up her movements, driving several inches in and out of the Faunus at a rapid pace, slamming her hips against Blake's slightly sore ass. The omega yelled into the pillow at the sex she's rightfully owed. As she was getting used to the pace, hands grabbed her hips, rapidly vibrating the toy. The omega knew Yang had taught her that. The constant change of pace frustrated her, but to a delicious point that made it unpredictable to read. Just as the slapping of flesh overcame her screams of pleasure, the dildo stopped, hilted inside her. A raspy gasp left the omega's throat. She knew what Weiss wanted, what it would take to earn the much sought after release.

Fingers slide down her back, stopping at her ass to massage the area. A light slap reverberated through the room; a gasp filled the room as Blake's body shook. Her hands balled into fists, holding onto the fabric. Hands grabbed her hips, lifting her ass in the air. Blake supported her lower half on her knees and shins, exposing her glistening pussy to the audience of one. Her voice caught in her throat as she refused to beg. Yang was more aggressive of the two when it came to vocals, dragging sounds from her throat. However, as wound up as she was, the Faunus wouldn't be able to endure the teasing much longer. A hand bounced off her ass to announce another slap.

"Fuck! Damn it, Weiss. You know because of my heritage I experience heats more intensely you and-."

**Slap!**

Blake yelled into the pillow from the surprise sting against her rear. It didn't so much hurt, more so from the shock. She was running out of options. Two ran through her head, safeword which she refused, or give-in. The omega pulled at her restraints, cursing her mates for their sturdiness.

"Weiss, please, please fuck me! I need you! I need it! I can't handle much more! Please, Weiss... Please..."

Blake hated how she sounded, desperate, wanting, just like her mate wanted her. Tears stung the corner of her eyes from embarrassment. Her ears picked up the sound of heels against the wood. She whimpered, needing her mate. Anger filled her, tugging at the binds to free herself.

"Didn't you hear me!? I'm begging-!"

Her ears twitched, picking up the sound of the chest. Blake relaxed, knowing relief would soon be upon her. Weiss was only collecting the dildo that would satisfy her. It irked her that the princess was taking her time in doing so. Thoughts raced around in Blake's mind of compensation when it was her turn, and the taller woman was in her right frame of mind.

Blake's ears caught the sound of a cap opening and closing, but not the familiar sound of lube. A squeak escaped her as a cold cream was applied to her backside, melting the searing pain. It was a small relief compared to the burning of her body. Maybe Weiss would make it up by knocking the air out of her lungs on every thrust. Then again, this was the princess, not the dragon.

Hands reached to her wrists, slowly tugging the ribbon on the headboard free. The blonde's far from done. Still, that didn't keep the omega from attempting to break free, stretching toward the person fucking her into submission. Blake refused; if Weiss wanted her compliance, she had to work for it, doing her better than that.

"Weiss, please! Rut me! Rut me like you mean it!"

Suddenly, Blake found her arms free from the ribbons, only to have her body lifting in the air by a white knight, the strap-on still buried inside her. The figure pressed her breasts into the chilly window, feet on the ground, bent over. Anyone nearby can see the show about to begin. Never before had Weiss been so aggressive. Blake couldn't complain, loving every moment of it.

Abruptly, the impulsion started. Raw power drove straight into Blake's core at high speeds. The Faunus couldn't keep up with the momentum as the other omega pounded into her. The rhythm of the rate didn't exist, only hammering away at her insides. The strap-on reverberated deep inside her core, the grooves hitting every spot on the way. Yang taught Weiss how to maneuver the toy pointing the tip upward along her sensitive frontal wall. Her walls frantically gripped the intruder tightly, willing it to stay. The omega had other plans.

Instead of stopping like before, Blake was surprised Weiss could keep going, pushing through exhaustion. Maybe she discounted the Snowflake too soon. If Yang could teach their other mate a lot of information in a short time, she wonders what Weiss shared with their alpha. The Faunus didn't care as her legs shook from the force and pleasuring coursing through her. Deep, heavy pants filled her ears. It was hard to pick up as her moans filled the room, but it didn't seem to belong to their pillow princess. Teeth nipped at her ear, tugging and pulling the cat Faunus into submission the way Blake would never admit she enjoyed.

"Agh!"

Blake couldn't think about it much longer, not because she didn't want to, but her insides were heating up. Whether it was from the strap-on or her heat, she didn't care. Her hands gripped the edge of the windowsill as the omega neared her orgasm. Weiss was putting everything she had into the Faunus. The charges into her wet, sore core slapped against her at an unfamiliar speed. Weiss is getting better with her glyphs. It was the only explanation.

With one last scream, the omega exploded; her vision whited out as a familiar flame wrapped around her. The strap-on continued to punch Blake's vagina, with no promise of slowing. The cat Faunus started to yell from the over-stimulation. Her orgasm is lasting several minutes longer as her body shook from the aftershocks.

"Oh fuck!"

With several hard pumps, the knot at the base requested entrance. Blake's ears stood at attention, breath coming in pants as she came down from her high. Her body slumped back in preparation. Blake wanted nothing more than to start a family together. Alpha or not, Weiss knew how to fuck her properly.

"Ugh!"

"Agh!"

At the same time the blonde entered her, Blake howled from the stretch's pain and relief. Her body accepted the knot, her womb filling with the lube that promised relief. It was weird. It filled her in sprits. She was too tired to think, slumping in exhaustion. It was a good thing Weiss had her knight to help support her body, warm, strong arms holding her up against her body. There was no way either of them was getting out of this without a bath or shower.

"Look outside."

"Huh?"

Blake was too tired to register the voice in her ear. Her vocals sounded rough and unfamiliar. Amber, glossy eyes obeyed, widening. Down below with the back porch light on, Weiss stood there with a smug grin on her face, arms crossed. If the Snowflake was outside... Then who? Blake turned her head, attempting to pull away in her panic, but the knot caused too much pain.

"Hey, Kitten. Woah, take it easy. It's just me."

"Ha-how?"

Tanned skin nuzzled her head. Gentle hands rubbed against her shoulders and back, reaching all her sensitive spots. The alpha's kissed down her neck and shoulder to calm her down and inhale that intoxicating scent. Yang did a fantastic job if she usually composed omega couldn't string words together. She continued to soothe with her mouth and hands.

"Weiss entered the room before I did, ensuring the room smelled like her. She sprayed me in her perfume and gave me a pair of heels without damaging them to make it harder to tell. I only used my fingertips to touch you, never our hips until you were too out of it to tell. She has some tiny hands, you know that? After our talk a month ago, our Snowflake took suppressants in preparation. We both want this family as much as you do, me even moreso. By the way, Weiss loved the show. Maybe next time would could invite the neighbors to watch. You are hot."



"Don't push it. I've had enough surprises for one night. Now make this up to me by carrying me to the shower and washing me. If you wanted to fuck me so bad, all you had to do was ask."

"Where's the fun in that? Maybe Weiss can join us. She might be a little hot and bothered from the amazing show."

"Fuck both of you."

"All you have to do is ask."

## End Notes

I leave for training soon, so this will be the last fic (posted) in a while. At least until December, because I won't have technology with the outside world. Hopefully, while I'm gone, I'll have written the fic ideas I have written on paper or finished fics.

Hope you enjoyed! I love my Bees, and I like Freezerburn, somewhat Monochrome, but why not have all of them together? And here we are

Inspiration: I was executing training when I overheard a strange conversation. The 'Houdini' is when the person you expect to have sex with you is not that person. The person you expect to be in the room with you is outside, after you finish having sex.

I didn't want to take the dark route to this. Instead, omegaverse BeeSchnee

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!