

Melted Ice

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Melted Ice

by [softly_speaking_valkyrie](#)

Summary

Blake and Yang entertain Weiss into their relationship in the bedroom, all getting what they want. Surprisingly, Blake takes charge, taking control of her sun dragon and binding her to a chair with her black ribbon, all the while with Weiss waiting patiently at the foot of the bed as Blake takes center stage as the dominant for the first time. However, rather ironically, Weiss brings with her a fairly surprising fetish of her own - Petplay. Tonight, the tomcat becomes a she-wolf; Blake becomes the predator for her Schnee prey.

Notes

This was requested by multiple anons over on my Tumblr and kinda roped all the ideas into one cohesive and *long* one shot. I hope you enjoy it! I worked really hard on trying to keep their characters and dialogue in keeping with how they were presented all the way back in the trailers and earliest episodes of the show.

Oh! And all three of them are around their early twenties in this fic. Pls don't ask about the AU...

“You never did play fair, huh baby?” Yang simmered, Blake hovering over her with a calm, reserved and yet playful smile that the buxom blonde not only knew all too well, but craved night after night down to her bones.

Her tantalising partner seamlessly moved from her left to her right, kissing her cheek delicately, her tongue draping slick wetness over the otherwise boiling surface of the small dragon’s cheek. She was hardly a feline now, her tomcat ears wiggled atop the crest of her fringe, but she was demonstrating a disposition that was almost lupine. Her supremely glowing moonlit eyes staring through Yang’s broad exterior as she pinned her to the Mistral tailored loveseat now became wolf-like with the overt texture of a woman was actually done with playing around.

Blake Belladonna slipped her tongue around Yang’s cheek, her thigh pressing in between her lover’s legs and pushing up sweetly to the film that was the lining of her dainty yellow underwear. With gently ravenous fervour, Blake bit into the texture of Yang’s ear, owning the cartilage around her metal piercings and tasting almost hot metal.

From the heat rising in Yang’s tension, with the soft feeling of wetness below, Blake could tell her partner’s eyes had turned from euphoric lavender to incredulous scarlet.

“I thought you knew how I like to play...”

The curl of her letters, a red flutter to her sultry call, like a form of siren overloaded with black outlines as dark as Grimm. This wasn’t play, or a test, they had long since moved passed testing from here on out and the result of examinations lay leathered in white and, rather surprisingly, with a tail leaned over the end of their extravagant bed some feet away from Blake perching over her lover on the chair. Yang exhumed steam in the form of breaths as Blake pinned her to the cushioned seat, pressing her thigh harder against her liquid desire but not letting the hardly blonde achieve any level of reactive climax while the black mistress was in command.

“You’re so hot, you know that?” Yang groaned, looking to her wrist tied to the arm of the chair. Blake had her completely bound for this latest session, this indulgent play between the two, and now three of them.

There came a trilling from the bed, something to interrupt the sensual display between the black and yellow pairing. Blake kissed her lover again and reached to the bindings holding Yang’s wrists to the chair and tightened them a little harder, smiling to her love the whole while. “Think she’s getting impatient,” the dragon liberally seethed between her teeth. Her dragon’s blood boiled in her skin, her eyes deepening their shade of the almost possessed red. Blake half-expected her lover’s river of bright yellow hair to set alight and burn the back of the chair off; Yang’s semblance was cool and contained most of the time but could fire off when they both least expected it.

Blake hummed, not even looking to the darling still draped over the bed like a showgirl. In a flash she was at Yang’s left wrist, tightening the bonds of her black ribbon they used for exercises like this. At Yang’s right remained the flash of a false faunus, a shadow clone

created by her lover's semblance so that there had become two of her on either side of the yellow dragon, like a mirror splitting her into two. Yang groaned again, Blake's knee digging in slightly between her plump and tender thighs. All in all, Yang was stripped down to her yellow tube top with the only marking being her signature crest in blazoned black (an addition she'd made only after seemingly devoting herself to loving Blake in all forms), and slim-lined and rather revealing underwear the same shading of blinding flaxen. She burned brighter than anything could in the dim light of the bedroom, Blake soaking in all of her gorgeous light like she loved to do until her work was done and the restraints of her matte black ribbon strong.

"No fair, Blakey... Let me out and we can both play," Yang tried again, not for the first time by any means. She shot a small glare through the gap in Blake's arm, her feline lover dressed in her black kimono-typed dressing gown for now. "She looks needy," the blonde almost whispered, as her lover bowed closer, holding her hands tied to the chair.

"Not for now," Blake whispered back, her muted tones slightly darker and with a fully body to the way she talked than normal.

Inside the swirls of golden yellow that were her eyes stirred black and fetishist intentions from the shadows in her mind, behind her throat. Blake hardly ever spoke like this, with this much volume to how she was talking. She pulled the small oriental comb from the clutch of her hair and let the black wave of tresses flow down the back of her neck and shoulder blades. Blake's hair was much longer as of late, the weariness of time letting it grow far longer past the normal length. She had never cut it and never would as long as Yang never cut hers. Together when they would sleep at night, a nest of golden and shadowy locks meshed together in a bright and dark duality of each other. They were the sun and the moon, bright and dark; Blake felt the poetry in what they represented, often the shadows that Yang's ethereal sun cast on the world, always together and in each other's hearts. Their eyes met before Blake could dismount her partner.

Red irises melted back into gorgeous lilac as Yang calmed, her body staying the same hot as before with her hips bucking a little into Blake's leg between her own.

The faunus winced just a little before her companion and leaned in another time, kissing Yang with a full-bodied lust on her lips, claiming her mouth. Hands came to cup her cheeks and to hold the simmering dragon tenderly, an air of lust taking hold as their auras mixed beautifully between yellow and purple.

"I'll be back," Blake whispered once again, pulling the small but still wide and purple ball gag from the small table they had next to the loveseat.

"Can I keep you quiet this time?" She teased, the crook of a smile lining the length of her slim and tender jaw, the glow of her olive-toned and deep flesh ethereal in the low light of Yang's persona.

Yang nodded, the lie held behind her closed lips before they opened, with Blake knowing her lover's bold and buxom ways. She wouldn't be quiet, but greedy – the top portion of the three-tiered lady of play that they all wanted. Another fake and imitative mew came from the bed, a purring obviously coming from a human and not a faunus or real kitten.

“It looks like she really *is* getting impatient,” Blake huffed, hoisting the gag to Yang’s lips.

The dragon snarled, playing the part of the chained powerhouse against her own will, a dragon chained to something and restrained despite her strength. Blake kissed the reverse of the gag, plastering her smoky lips onto the ball as she pressed it between Yang’s teeth, silencing her fully before tying it behind her huge mane of illustrious yellow hair. She shirked as Blake’s fingers left her hair, wincing and releasing small muffled barks as her lover’s hands retracted. The feline faunus left one final cup of her lover’s cheek and a kiss before she removed her leg from the film before Yang’s desire and stood up, taller and prouder than her usual position between the two of them. She reached for the bowstring keeping the dressing gown around her bodice and loosened it. Before Yang she let her robes drop the floor, displaying her beautiful and naked body right before her bound partner. Once more Yang’s eyes turned to a red letter scarlet and her hair began to smoke a little behind the threshold of the lavender ball gag – even more than before Blake looked nothing like the tomcat features that people often extrapolated to be more of her than anything else. Her citrine eyes became supremely lupine in nature, with the glare she exhumed upon Yang both ravenous with hunger and commanding in order that was so normally against her sway in bed.

Yang recoiled, her lust billowing from her body to crave Blake so deeply and darkly. Her fixed blood red eyes observed all the way up her now dominant partner’s form, taking her in from bold knees to plump thighs, her naked and smooth sex gently beginning to blossom as the nude air of the room took her into its arms. Yang’s eyes hovered further up, little by little as Blake stood still, letting her caged dragon take in her full shape in small light of her glowing hair and the dimly alight lamps throughout the wider suite. Blake held a contained and slender abdomen, beautifully tender breasts smaller than Yang’s own and a gorgeous collar and neck; all the more Yang gently writhed and wished to be free, to have her stronger hands all over her partner on the bed, to be inside of her.

The mess of lust and need gripped Yang at her very core, forcing her to struggle against the impregnable ribbon of Blake’s black and toss against it in the chair while the wolf-like cat faunus just stared her back. Her true inner beast had descended from the shadows of her mind as the white-coloured and tailed third party waited ever so patiently at the foot of the bed, awaiting her own attention.

While Yang basked in the frontal form of her dark and now dominant lover, Weiss was captivated by her rear from her position at the edge of the bed.

She mewed again from her position, now daring to detract the dominant Belladonna from the bound Xiao Long and claw her vision over to her naked body. The casual heiress looked extremely different to how she would have otherwise looked for a play session such as this. Even Yang, bound by her wrists and now silenced with the purple gag looked more than a little peculiar at her in the soft and fluffy mitten, cat ear threaded into her snow white hair and slim tail plugged into her naked rear. Like Blake was now, Weiss was totally naked and had been some time, waiting so patiently until now for her turn with the black-coloured unusual dominant. Now, however, the otherwise snooty and aristocratic huntress had given herself over the faunus occasional dominant. Blake traversed over to her at the foot of the bed, taking her spot sitting over the ledge and letting Weiss crawl up close to her and nuzzle around her legs like a true feline.

Blake cast her head back, soaking up the role-reversal and the attention from the younger Schnee sister. She hummed, a rather primal and predatory tone that rippled down the length of her throat and neck that she and Weiss both knew Yang could see from her position in the chair. The room took on a feral change – from the heated microcosm of Yang’s semblance and ferocity stoked deep within her lusty flame, Weiss infected Blake with an icy predation, a disposition change that cooled her down and made her cold in how she looked. Her yellow cat-eyes glowed in the lowlight and she took the nimble Weiss pet into her hands, cupping her face and neck while the heiress purred into her touch.

Both could hear the dragon snarling from her perch on the chair, already loving what she was seeing by the unconventional pet and owner. Blake was pleased, ultimately as she guided Weiss up and into her lap, letting the pet straddle her.

“Well...” She almost leered with a slick tongue and dark appreciation that was far more like her shadowy namesake. Yang could see her flash and flare with her semblance, spawning multiple copies of her own arms as she moved them, like a slow river of black limbs that faded like a shimmering after-effect as she doted on darling Weiss. “Aren’t you behaving well?” Blake cooed.

Weiss mewed, reaching up for her mouth with her wrists and playing the part of an affectionate yet regal kitten for Blake to own. She had her collar, a leash draping down until the faunus picked it up.

“So pretty, *so* pretty. Such a pretty Weiss turned into a pet like this,” Belladonna continued, her voice returning the depth and the dark undertones it had had before while she was tying and taunting Yang into her chair.

She was in full command of both the women in the room, effortlessly too in one of the rare moments she chose to be the dominant one. All the other times the three had engaged in experimental play like this, Yang would have Blake over the bed, ripping the clothing from her to grab at her chest from behind her. This time Blake was in total control, her arms wandering over Weiss’s body and taking her in, absorbing all of her pet-like willingness, a persona crafted from the deeper recesses of her bold and self-important mind. Weiss mewed again, nuzzling her naked body against Blake’s and finding her cool exterior downright intoxicating. Together they made dry ice from their skin, cooling the emanating warmth coming from Yang bound to the chair.

“It looks like the Schnee on the team finally learned how to be a good girl, right?” Blake asked, her tone still deep and commanding, an aura of primal predation to accompany her ravenous glare as she flicked the blank tag of the collar around the heiress’s neck.

Yang moaned a retort to the couple still hands on upon the bed but all the dominant faunus and her Schnee pet heard was muffled by the lilac ball gag. Weiss giggled a little, her head totally stuffed into the cloud of her submissive space and following Blake’s lead as she cupped her cheek and held her softly. The mood softened, the temperature dropping to a tepid lukewarm that felt perfectly natural at least to Blake. Her aura glowed a solemn and perfect lavender as she found herself in the mix of Yang and Weiss’s conflicting body heats and seemingly loved it. She roped her fingers into the dropped down ice white locks of Weiss’s hair and gave her scalp soothing scratches that fit perfectly with the submissive’s new

persona. She mewed again, her hands reaching for Blake's body a little out of character but all the more indulgent than even the normal huntress would muster. Yang once again tossed against her bonds in the chair but was ultimately helpless to free herself, seeing her partner have her way in a thus far innocent but wanton way with the willing heiress. Weiss's lips parted as Blake complimented her again.

"Such a good girl, aren't you, Weiss-kitty?"

Weiss performed another soft mew and panted a little harder than maybe she intended to. It was a desperate plea, a cry out for more than this showman-like attention the black-tailored woman was giving her. The pet-like Schnee craved more already, begging with her glacial blue eyes and opened mouth; it inspired Blake to smile, looking at Yang with wanton eyes before giving into all three's desire and kissing Weiss neatly and full-bodied. The submissive moaned into their exchange, Blake's hands lowering down the length of her naked and supple frame. She was slimmer than both the lupine-shadowed feline faunus and the burning blazing dragon in the corner of the room, but Weiss carried herself with more self-importance (even in her pet persona) than either of them. She indulged in the kiss Blake gave her to her, bucking her hips almost immediately and as much as she could get away with in Blake's lap.

The dominant faunus took her chance the moment she felt the sway of her pet's rocking, reaching up with her hand while still kissing her and spanking Weiss hard on her naked rear. Her tailbone jolted, as well as the tail beautifully plugged into her rear as she yelped away from the kiss. Despite the hardy weight of the slap against her buttocks, Weiss's cry was one of pure ecstasy, getting off on the contact without any mercy to her body. After all, she could hardly help it; it was one of her most powerful wants in the bedroom like this.

Spotting the euphoria plastered all over her, Blake knew what she'd done – Weiss winced again in a moaning cry when her mistress followed with another spank, to the partner cheek after rubbing the first.

"It looks like my kitten needs to be reminded how to behave, what do you think, Yang?" Blake asked, bringing Weiss's attention to the control she exhumed on her partner even from the bed.

Weiss looked to Yang still bound and gagged, barely even fighting her position just now as she kept her legs parted in an act of voyeurism obvious to all three of them now. Of course she was already getting off, was that not the point? But Blake had control of her – the tamed sun dragon wanted to touch, to be free from her bonds and put a hand to her liquid hot desire even if she couldn't have the girls playing at pet and mistress. The exorbitant top energy poured from her scarlet eyes furious to be in the mix and her already fairly wet sex now pooling a darker shade around her bright yellow panties. Under the thing veil of the tube top, Weiss could see how hard the nipples of her buxom breasts had already grown, mimicking the erect nature of her own. Another spank brought her back to her own mind, away from staring and ogling Yang across the room, actively wanting the buxom blonde who had annoyed her so much upon first meeting in the mix as much as she wanted in again. Her rear began to gently sting, but Weiss was consumed in Blake's feral humming.

"Mhm," Blake moaned, rubbing her loving kitten's rear to soothe the spanks. "I think you're right, Yang... She is *very* eager." It was so unlike the usual Blake, but so intoxicatingly

attractive at the same time for both woman she held control of.

Weiss stammered, wanting to speak. “P-Please, Blake...” She struggled, yelping again euphorically after another spank and mewing on the tail end of her audible half-crying plea.

Taking her attention fully back to the dominant faunus, Weiss saw her eager and narrow transformation. The wolf-like energy and visage she had sported when dealing with Yang had dissolved again, the aura of her semblance flashing a little as Blake’s face almost fully altered in how she looked. Her eyes glowed fully like a cat’s intent with a sharp focus; deep within the circles of a deep luminous citrine her irises had turned to feline slits embedded within and with a shadow around them obscuring her predatory focus on Weiss. Her eyes claimed the heiress in their ravenous want with her eyes turning to slits, a hyper focus behind her desire and a cat-like totality taking her over. Blake arched her back, her fingers and hands more nimble, seemingly, than before as she began to almost purr in and undertone caught in her throat. Weiss’s body tensed and seized, also hyper-alert with this hunger and need for Blake in turn.

They were kissing again in almost no time at all, their voyeur in the chair losing her demure silence and harkening into the purple ball gag keeping her quiet. Blake fully purred into her lover’s mouth, her fingers like doting claws dotting around Weiss’s form.

Blake fell back, letting her pet straddle her upon the bed and then tossing with her, laughing like a playing kitten but with hot desire threatening to melt the ice of Weiss. They rolled onto their sides, Blake pressing her playful and yet lusty strength against her pet to roll her onto her back. Weiss cooed, mewing again to remain in her submissive space; her head was fairly vacant, consumed by the dual desires to be a good submissive pet and yet to get what she wanted too. It was, for the most part, a game and a match of wills between kitten and mistress, with Yang observing and getting off at the entire display.

Soon enough Blake was straddling Weiss, the heiress with her paws over her chest a little in a meek display for her mistress. In an overt and illustrious display she moved her hands softly and sultry down her frame, groping her own bosom and then sliding down to feel Weiss. It made the snow white heiress blush profusely, breaking her character and forcing her jolt. She skirted upward, almost trying to flee Blake’s wandering and gorgeous fingers, after all they were to die for. Polar oppositely, and instinctively to Weiss, she parted her legs when Blake’s hands came to them, guiding her thin thighs to separate and reveal her slick and tender mound and plugged rear.

Weiss felt so soft, so accommodating and so small like this; her frame took up barely any space on the bed, her tail slipping underneath Blake and the look on her blushing face making the faunus’s ears wiggle a little as she looked down. She leaned over her submissive, gripping her mitten-covered hands and pinning her to the bed with her grasp and her body weight. A simmering electricity overtook the space between them, Yang’s fire mixed with Weiss’s ice again only now it coursed through Blake and her hyperfixation that was the play with her new partner. The air was sharper now, and a connectivity bound Blake to Weiss and vice versa.

Once more, Blake bowed, arching her back in nimble and agile way, her eyes glowing brighter the lower she got, closer to Weiss.

With gentle lips and soft but fairly fluid movements Blake began to kiss her way up and down Weiss's thighs, making her breathe heavier from her position up the length of the bed. She was catching up with herself, Blake toying with her mind. She tensed around the plug kitten tail in her rear and Blake could feel it in her legs and her mound. A softer hand came to her lover's tummy and soothed her, as Blake blew a calming breath into paler skin. The faunus certainly knew what she was doing, and was so tender – with a side glance she looked to her long-term lover in the chair and smiled at her wickedly, winking as she peered back her jet hair behind her second set of ears.

Another mew rippled from Weiss's lips as she bit them and her tongue, trying to stay alive. "Blake..." She whispered.

"Mhm, kitten wants more, does she?"

She saw and felt the heiress trying to clutch at the sheets of the bedding within her feline mittens. "Please..."

Yang moaned into the ball gag, bucking her hips and thrusting up from the confines of the chair. She so wanted to touch herself, or otherwise be involved and out of this bondage. She saw another flash of Blake's glare and another wink, playful but still in control. "How bad does the kitten want it?"

"*Bad*, Blake..."

"I don't think bad enough."

"Blake..." Weiss triggered, an elongated cry low and feral for the touch of her commanding and unorthodox dominant. All of the dynamics and invocations flying about the room without any regard was hot, hotter than usual, but confusing. Weiss didn't know how most to ask for it, and she was already begging for it from Blake. "Please, Blake...Please... I'm..."

"Oh, you are, are you? *Weiss*?" She almost scorned, her claw-like fingers and nails digging in suddenly to her lover's thigh and making the heiress jolt once more.

Another second passed with Blake denying her – some of the heiress bled through the cracks her needy desire had splintered in her kitten persona and now she was matching wits with her dominant partner. Secretly knowing she was usually the more dominant one anyway, Weiss felt confidence returning to her, the predatory practices of her normal personality enough to tangle with the primal Blake. But the feline faunus was still arched-backed and agile, in a nimble position and ready to pounce at a moment's notice. Weiss relented almost as soon as she took another look at Blake's luminous eyes at her navel, the rest of her body beginning to drape over her.

The heiress's eyes deepened, meeker still than before as she silently begged once more for attention on her body of a different nature. She cried out with her limbs, parting her legs a little more without Blake's guiding hands pushing into the softness of her thin thighs. She heard yang wrestle against the chair again, the radiating warmth coming from her a little hotter against Weiss's icy disposition.

Blake flashed her semblance, leaving behind a shadow clone to continue kissing its way down Weiss's thigh and all over her mound and lower abdomen. It was tickling, making the snow white kitten performer giggle a little and gasp in desperate breaths whenever it kissed her in a sensual way to a perfect spot on her body. Meanwhile, Blake herself was by the chest of drawers only a couple of feet away, pulling something from the drawer.

It wasn't black, nor lilac like Weiss expected it to be – it was bright yellow and with yang's crest pasted onto its long and phallic nature. The sun dragon beamed and barked behind her gag, demanding to be set free.

“Shhhh,” Blake hushed her rattling lover, smiling still with her eyes like slits and that predatory nature overwhelming the look on her catty face.

She was primal when rarely in control, but Weiss was certainly liking it, blushing profusely when she recognised Yang's signature harness and faux cock in her dominant's hands. The faunus's audacity and ecstasy in what she was doing had doubled – to her boiling and needy lover she served a seedy and tomcat glare, a wider smile than all the others she had given to Yang before she stroked the silicone cock against the grace of her naked and ample thigh. Both women were her audience, astounded in part at how naturally Blake had switched from almost perpetually taking it from Yang to giving it to Weiss. It was awe-inspiring and for the first time ever, Weiss saw Yang blushing up with a look on her face that could only tell she wanted her Blake to give the cock to her instead of to Weiss in that moment. Blake sidestepped and strode a wider lunge, giving both girls a view of her secretive mound, her slit blossomed well and fairly wet with lust. She stroked the cockhead of Yang's toy along her lining, placing it and taking it between naked labia and slathering it in the wetness yoked from her entrance. The smell was to die for, the look on Blake's tomcat face equally so as she performed for her audience – the most visceral part of her person must have gotten off on it as much as Yang was. The dark patch of wetness that had been growing simply beacons how wet and mad on she was for Blake's sultry display.

“You don't mind if I fuck our new pet with *your* cock, do you Yang?”

She didn't have a chance to mumble and moan her response into the soft cushion of the purple ball between her soaking mouth. Drizzling saliva balled around the crescent of the gag, pooling around her lips and falling all onto the revealing cleavage of her yellow tube top, wetting her upper bust as her desperate sex soaked her panties. While she wet herself with sweet nectar from both sets of lips, Blake had rapidly flared her semblance again to slip into the slim-lined and accommodating curves of the harness and strapped herself in tighter than it usually fit Yang.

More than dozens of encounters and playful nights layered the bright yellow of the slim faux prick as Blake looked down at it over her naked desire. She felt powerful now, more so than simply having her partner gagged and her plaything desperate to be filled on the bed. Her eyes narrowed even further and she breathed in the vestiges of Yang's powerful energy around the cock.

Blake returned to the bed in another flash, the shadow copy of herself between Weiss's legs disappearing and another spawning by the drawers in a magnificent pose with the cock still glowing. A flash of her purple aura passed over the real Belladonna, another in pale blue

reflecting around Weiss as she cried out to feel the delicate organic touch of her controller upon her legs again. Blake kissed the interior of her left thigh. Weiss jolted in retort, her already opened folds trembling with the promise of stimulation on the horizon; she hitched her breaths, giving Blake another mew and possibly even sweating from nerves with the sound of Yang rattled in the background. It only made the stage that was the bed all the sweeter and more intoxicatingly hot. Weiss felt like she was going to melt as Blake kissed her thighs again, one for each leg as she guided them to part again. The heiress had closed them a little when the shadowy copy of her mistress had disappeared and now Blake was once more taking control of them and her pet still reeling from the display of her wearing Yang's cock.

"I want the kitten to tell me how much she wants her mistress's toy..." Blake commanded, planting a sultry and teasing kiss delicately close to Weiss's throbbing clitoris exposed from its hood.

Weiss tensed, feeling the sensation of wet and pampering lips that close to her pearl. She groaned, a violet throng in her throat that was close to what Yang was sounding like the more she bucked her hips in the chair. She really did desperately want to touch herself if she couldn't engage.

"M-Mistress..." Weiss relented, begrudgingly to Blake as she rocked her own hips gently against guiding arms. "Please... I *really* want it... I want your toy very much, Mistress." She begged.

Yang barked behind her gag – "Fumph hermf!" She screamed into the ball of the gag.

Blake smiled, a savage and wild smirk that told the blonde she was living for her in this cage. "What was that, fire cracker? I couldn't quite hear you through the gag in your mouth," she almost giggled, peeling her hair back again and kissing Weiss again on her labia. She hummed again inquisitively against Weiss's tender flesh and sent ripples into the darling heiress that made her breath freeze in her perky but smaller chest.

"Fucmf hermph, Bwayph!" Yang bellowed as hard as she could to get across what she needed to see.

Smiling still, reviling in what was her newfound power over her most beloved partner. She knew what her lover was encouraging her to do – *Fuck her, Blake!* It created a swirling vortex of shadows in the faunus's eyes, the slits of her irises cresting and glowing deeper than before.

"Please, Blake... *Please?*" Weiss totally begged, giving her everything.

"Well, I must say Weiss," Blake almost shrugged, her head still semi-buried between the heiress's legs and her back arched so much like an actual cat. Her body language was still so athletic, agile, as if she could move in a flash at the most sudden change in the room. She was, in actual fact, magnificent. "I don't think I've heard you saying 'please' so much before. I almost didn't expect it from the Schnee herself..."

Weiss pouted, her ingrained personality breaking out a moment when she dared to close her legs off. The same impatience that had gripped her when fully in her submissive space while

Blake tied up Yang was back but it was genuine and more Schnee than Weiss herself. “De...generate...” She whispered, caught in the middle of her jab when Blake’s claws dug into her thighs and raked a little upward while she kissed her pet’s sex full on her entrance. The sensation of humming lips and smooching motions made Weiss wild with excitement. She yelped again and jolted like when she was being spanked.

Blake pounced.

She was over Weiss again as she had been when straddling her, except her lower half remained scissored with Weiss’s and her hair was falling down her face on either side of her ears. Her faunus cat ears wiggled enthusiastically and euphorically for what was to come and if she had the tail and not Weiss it would have been snaking and curling in ecstasy. An electric beat had seemingly washed over them, with the warmth provided by Yang turning almost supernova in the corner with her fingers white-knuckled to be free.

Another glare was served from behind black and beastly hair, glowing yellow eyes as if assuming direct control of her form – *Enjoy this, baby... And maybe I’ll let you join in for the second round...*

Weiss was in ecstatic and silent glee, her mitts pawing around her own smaller chest as she wrapped her legs around Blake. For the first time she got really hands on, exhaling the same energy as Yang because of the fire-yellow cock attached to her front. She looked so sprightly, a black and shadowy after-effect to the lines of her body. She smiled and breathed deeply, pulling back after kissing Weiss again possessively this time. She gripped her lover’s ankles and Weiss yelped again with eager hitching in her breath. Blake was in her stride, positioning her waist and gripping her cock when her lover’s legs were amply opened. Almost trashy, she pooled saliva in her mouth and spat all over the cockhead of her borrowed instrument, slathering it down from tip to base with an eager and feminine hand.

“Are you ready?” She asked her still playing kitten.

Her pet nodded profusely, even as she tried to cover her blushing cheeks and keep her frame contained a little more. When her controller thrust, guiding her cock all the way inside of her pet, Weiss audibly moaned through the sweet exhilaration of initial penetration. It being Yang’s cock with Blake behind it made the sensations all the more explosive.

She attempted to first feign a mew, a false meow to play up her fetish in her own mind, but Blake hovering over her was enough to make it crack. This was something of a dream.

“Oh... *Blake!*” Weiss screamed, her dominant pushing her toy deeper inside of her. The heiress came alive as she reached for her lover.

The faunus smiled a little, gently feeling the wet and the warm of Weiss’s filled sex pressing not only against the slim lining of the strap and its harness, but against her flesh as their legs connected. Weiss shuffled mid-thrust, able to wrap her fast legs around Blake’s waistline above the cock and hold her in some form of press. It edged her to go on, to press past the jitters she kept secret of finally being on top, but after they were gone, Blake found her stride. Her eyes mellowed a little as she found her enjoyment in giving Weiss the primary source of pleasure. Every time Weiss cooed and moaned with breathy desperation, Blake could tell

which part of her borrowed cock was hitting her – she knew every line and fantasised in those moments about it buried within her own desire and Yang’s red eyes staring at her. She looked to her dragon still bound to the mount of the chair, her hips thrusting wildly in time with the faunus’s. The dragon’s eyes remained a primal red and her hair was smouldering with embers encroaching up the length of her golden locks. The connection their hearts maintained was an iron string from bed to chair; Weiss gripped Blake’s wrists, much to her surprise.

She had fought free of the mittens but the collar was still fiercely roped around her neck in a choker style and the empty tag was hitting the metal hoops as she moaned in turn with the cock. Blake buried her with it, sheathing her phallus as deep as she could in no time, her own pleasure running away with her. In the faunus’s mind Yang on the chair was totally fucking her mind, owning her loyalty and heart, but down below was Weiss begging for more, her wet sex bounding against the base of the ridged yellow penis and craving for it again and again.

“Blake... *Dust*,” Weiss exclaimed through sodden moans.

Her tongue was even threatening to flail as she smiled with the filling sensation splitting her inner walls and parting them with the nubs and textures of Yang’s cock. Like a true tomcat, Blake had taken what she had wanted in a moment and was now feeling the satisfaction of everything around her. It was as if she had taken catnip, her own private formula in the forms of Yang and Weiss flooding her emotive senses from two sides. There was one thought that kept flooding her.

Release Yang.

She needed her dragon – she needed her dragon behind her with either experienced and strong fingers pleasing her sex too or with her own purple strap from the same drawer.

Blake couldn’t think or remember how it had happened. Whether she had snapped her semblance and slashed through her ribbon bonds with her claw-like nails whilst still burying herself into Weiss, or if Yang had simply broken through the restraints with her own fire or strength. But whichever outcome had happened, Yang was naked in no time and behind Blake with something wet and phallic digging into her mound underneath her borrowed strap. Blake was shuddering, still holding herself up against the bedding as Weiss clutched for her wrists. The look on the heiress’s face was one of daunting excitement at seeing the strong and powerful dragon flanking the middle controller. Yellow hair fell onto black locks as Yang kissed and bit into her lover’s neck, and Blake simply whimpered like a desperate animal.

“*YANG!*” She cried into the palpable air – Weiss nearly melted at the desperation in her tones.

The dragon licked the almost bloody bite mark she’d given her faunus, kissing her wound and gripping her body from behind. “Didn’t think you were *ever* going to let me join in, baby...”

She never called Blake ‘love’ or ‘darling’, the scorn of old and dead memories still having their effect on the faunus. But when Yang called her almost anything else in a manner such as

this, her warmth enveloping the faunus completely and her hands taking her, Blake almost melted for her.

Guided by Yang's hand down to the base of her toy, Blake gently continued to buck her hips, hoisting herself up taller via her knees and taking Weiss's lower half with her as Yang positioned herself under the leather padding of her own harness and filled Blake all at once. It took so little effort, Blake was wet enough, her tomcat ears standing on end through her thicket of beautiful black hair and calming when she felt the cock filling her crevasse to the base. She'd never taken her own toy like this, with Yang's still bulging inside of the patient and wild heiress. They were all connected now, Yang snarling like a true dragon behind them both. She gripped her lover's chest, claiming Blake as hers again and with her free hand taking Weiss's breast into her hand – her own much larger pair pressed softly against Blake's already hot back, sweat beading down as their auras all mixed in a splendid wash of blue, purple and yellow turning to silver and gold all around the trio.

When Blake moved, Yang moved too. When Weiss moaned her euphoric satisfaction from Blake filling her, the faunus cooed into her shoulder with Yang breathing boiling breaths against her naked body. All remnant of the physical world drifted from them until they were simply alone with glowing auras and luminous eyes of yellow and red. Blake hounded herself, her eyes sharpening into slits the more Yang filled her sex with purple phallus.

Leaning over Weiss, the heiress desperate for a kiss as she was filled again and again, Blake's back flexed totally, writhing in a new position and trying to work her motions all on her own. Retracting out of Weiss bobbed her onto Yang's cock, taking it to the base with careening moans into her pet's mouth. Weiss gripped her arms, pulling her back to satisfy her needy desire, wetness splashed against leather until Yang strode harder, shuffling against the bed and breaking into a familiar stride.

The warm dragon practically pushed Blake onto Weiss and fucked her into the snow white pet. Both girls cried out as Yang took control, exhuming her breaths as smoke from her nostrils. The red eyes tightened, dilating with a hunger for suddenly both girls. She wanted to take her cock back and brandish both against her lovers. Blake's resolve crumbled in moments as she gave herself over to Yang and Weiss followed along with her, smitten with the strength of the muscular dragon.

"Yang..." Blake begged, rocking her hips back and forth, to both fill Weiss and to get as much as she could of her lover's cock.

"Yang!" Weiss echoed, holding Blake close to keep herself alive as she felt the pulses of the blonde pushing the faunus into her. Neither could withstand the beating and incredible half-punishment that was their pleasure for very long.

Once Yang's stride and routine had been found again with the smaller toy into Blake, there was no stopping her until both faunus and heiress had reached climax, which was cresting around the horizon. Greedy Weiss held Blake's bosom and leaned into her egregious persona, wanting revenge for waiting so long. She smirked, still beholden to her pleasure and fingered her way around the faunus's nipples, taking them between her thumb and forefinger. With almost sexual spite she pinched hard and half twisted in a turn. Blake shrieked and pushed

her hips forward, escaping Yang's push but sheathing the yellow prick deeply into Weiss's entrance. Her pleasure exploded, triggering her orgasm on a whim.

The dragon noticed, cackling gently before leaning down, cupping Blake's neck and face and kissing her with feral need.

"Ah!" Blake cursed as Weiss came all around her toy, gripping her as she rode her relentless climax. Her lower folds were soaked and sodden against soft leather and ridged prick but Blake was at Yang's total mercy to get her to stop it. Her lover smiled into the kiss, gripping her rump with possessive and gripping claws for hands.

"Come for me, Blakey..."

It was enough to trigger her there and then. Blake let go, pressing herself close to Weiss as all structure of the girls separated and their bodies dissolved into one another. Their auras flared into the splendid golden hue around them with Yang's flaming hair settling in short order, her eyes remained red as Blake's cat ears still stood on end with the world shooting through her body. It felt gorgeous and ever so warm riding out of her. Something deep within her cracked and opened, and everything turned to black for the moment, as if her semblance swallowed her.

Yang had draped the bed sheets around them, letting the black and white counterparts snuggle while Blake clawed gently in her comedown for Yang's body close. Weiss was totally out of it, simply begging with meek whimpers for Blake's chest and her body, gently reaching for her hand clutching Yang. It was adorable to behold, to look after them as they passed between sleeping and waking realms. Their auras had split again into the three distinct colours – glacial blue, floral purple and golden yellow.

The dragon pulled out a wooden slab from the small drawer on her side of the bed and began to pluck at the metal prongs layered from the top coming down. Suddenly the room was enveloped in a wonderful melody, calming to hear and lay in.

"What... what's that?" Weiss asked, coming out of her subspace as Blake came to and rested her head against her dragon.

"It's a Kalimba."

"It's really nice..." Weiss mewed, the collar not around her neck and the tail no longer plugging her rear but still some vestige of her submissive space lingering. "What're you playing?"

"Just a song my mom used to play for me when I was a kid; I'm not even sure what it's called," Yang confessed, her smile a little younger than the rest of her as she pricked at the prongs with the tip of her fingers and nails to strum a delightful note one after another. "She

taught me this and Rubes tried to learn the Ocarina of all things... Still has it too, but I'm sure Pyrrha can play it better than she can at this point," the yellow-themed brawler chuckled, remembering images of a young Ruby Rose blowing fruitlessly into a blue shell-like wind instrument that was still bigger than her smaller hands. They were a lot less scuffed in those days from metallurgy, soldering and workshop work she lay on herself – Ruby had turned into a weapon nut really quickly as a pre-teen.

This was, of course, hardly an issue until she designed one of the most dangerous weapons ever to be crafted – Crescent Rose.

"Can you..." Weiss whimpered a little, clutching close to Blake for warmth and the comfort of the woman's touch. The faunus sparked awake suddenly and mewed herself instinctively as Weiss held her.

"I think Weiss is asking if you can keep playing, Yang," Blake smiled, her words curling like a precious tomcat.

Yang gasped with glee, smiling and closing her eyes as she flexed her thumbs and forefinger. "Of course I can, Weiss... Anything in particular? How about that one song you used to sing? I swear I heard you singing before... How'd it go?"

Weiss cooed in the clutch of Blake's bosom, holding her close and reaching for more of the dragon's body. She took a deep breath and covered herself in Blake's thicket of glistening black hair. The heiress was still deep in her aftercare, needing all of the loving affection from the gentle faunus as she swam through the last legs of her submissive space. She remembered the song Yang was referring to – Weiss felt as if she hadn't sung in a professional capacity for years, it had been such a long time since she had performed for her father's patrons before leaving for Vale and Beacon Academy years ago. But she still remembered the song Yang did. She breathed easy and hummed until she was in tune.

"Mirror...Tell me something..."

Yang began to play, finding the harmony and melodious chords quickly on the small Kalimba. It was a perfect match for Weiss's high voice even as feeble and gentle as it was as she softly sung in the crook of Blake's warm and loving embrace.

"Tell me who's the loneliest of all..."

Blake purred a little violently, a humming as she griped with the lyrics. "Not lonely," she corrected the heiress. "That is...You don't have to be."

"Sorry?" Weiss asked, her voice still small.

Yang chuckled a little, understanding immediately what Blake was getting at as her voice turned back to the stoic and calm nature she had exhumed since the day the yellow dragon and Ruby had met her before the Beacon test. "What Blake's trying to ask is..."

"It can wait," Blake interrupted, her pitch rising. She smiled at Yang, resting her head against her stronger lover's shoulder again and feeling perfect in her warmth, her own personal

radiator. The sensation of her aura enveloping her was a delight.

“You sure, Blakey?”

The faunus sighed, knowing Weiss had already fallen asleep while Yang had continued to play Mirror, Mirror. Blake was feeling sleepy too, kissing Yang’s exposed bicep and nuzzling her like a satisfied kitten through and through. She had loved the extent of her own aftercare, coming down from the dominant space and landing in bed with Yang and Weiss in tow – it had been perfect for all three of them.

“Yes... Can you play your song?” She asked Yang softly. Yang hummed her affirmative and kissed Blake lovingly in the bushes of her black hair between her tomcat ears and smiled when they wiggled in reaction. “You’re so warm...”

“Y’always say that.”

“I know,” Blake cooed again. “But I’m right...”

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