

Chapter 3-Corruption

Weiss slowly opened her eyes, groaning to herself as she rolled over.

“No wake up from Ruby? That’s good,” she moaned, stretching out her arms. She gave a nervous chuckle realising she was only in her underwear, “No wonder I feel a little bit cold, but that will soon change.”

She gave a small yawn, getting out of the bed and making her way into the wardrobe, rubbing her eyes as she walked past the large mirror. Weiss doubled back in confusion as something caught her eye; she eyed her reflection closely.

“My legs,” she muttered, reaching a hand down and stroking the black veins spreading like vines from her thighs to her ankles. The veins and surrounding skin felt cold to the touch, and the vein pulsed gently, “That’s weird...could it be something to do with what happened in the altar?” she asked aloud, recalling the black smoke penetrating her spiritual head.

She scanned her clothing, looking for something that covered her legs, mumbling about how the whites of her tights would expose the veins.

“I don’t need Yang laughing at me again or those other two trying to distract me,” Weiss said, pausing as a flash of black amongst the white caught her eye. Curiously she pulled out the thick pair of black tights, eyeing them closely, “Not my colour, but they’ll work.”

She sat down, quickly pulling on the tights; Weiss hummed to herself, popping her feet into a pair of flared wedged white boots before slipping into a white dress. She scoffed as she walked past her boleros and jackets, giving a small “No need for them.”

Weiss unlocked her door and made her way downstairs, thinking aloud, “Igor may know some other secrets, so I’ll just find him and ask about it. That way, I can find out the truth and get some brownie points back at Beacon for solving this.”

Her face turned into a scowl as she heard her teammates taking in the dining room.

“She seemed very downcast when there wasn’t a door,” Blake stated.

Yang sighed, “Why were you down there?”

“I heard noises and went to check and found her in the basement,” Blake replied.

“Something is seriously wrong with her. I’m worried about her; I’ve never seen her like this,” Ruby chimed in.

“Maybe we should consider heading back to Beacon.”

Weiss scoffed at this suggestion by Blake, "Seriously."

She cleared her throat, standing in the doorway to the dining, her eyes glaring at her teammates.

"First, you don't believe me and make fun of me, then you try to distract me, and now you're talking about me behind my back!" she snapped, folding her arms.

"We weren't well. We were," Ruby began, rubbing the back of her head, "Blake told us about last night, and we're just concerned about you."

"Yeah!" Yang agreed, "You've never acted like this before."

"So?" Weiss quipped, "Just because I've found something that I know is real doesn't mean something is wrong with me."

Ruby walked up to her friend, resting a hand on her shoulder quickly withdrew it with a concerned gasp, "Are you feeling alright, Weiss?"

"Couldn't be better," Weiss retorted.

"But your cold?"

"She's the Ice Queen..." Yang began.

"No, I mean her skin is cold to the touch like a corpse in a morgue cold," Ruby interrupted, rubbing Weiss's shoulder.

"Do you mind!" Weiss barked, smacking Ruby's hand away, "I'm not a corpse."

"But bodies are meant to be warm, not cold," Ruby commented.

"Come to think of it, she looks paler than normal," Yang observed thoughtfully.

Blake's eyes went wide as her cat ears perked up, "She never ate anything yesterday."

"So she's ill?" Ruby asked.

"More than.."Blake started.

"I'm fine and have a mystery to solve on my own. I don't have time for your stupid games or questions," Weiss turned and walked over to the kitchen.

“Something isn’t right here,” Yang muttered, “I think we should head back to Beacon.”

“Yeah, but she isn’t going to be willing to go,” Ruby replied, slumping into a chair.

Blake sighed, letting her thought of suggestion out into the open, “We could trick her? Maybe say Ozpin needs us back for a mission?”

“That might make things worse,” Ruby said, lying her head on her arms against the table.

“Well, we have to think of something before it does any worse,” Yang remarked, trying to give her sister a look of confidence, “We’re a team; we’ll figure this out; we always do.”

Within the kitchen, Weiss cleared her throat as she approached Igor.

“How may I be of service?” Igor asked, bowing before the heiress.

“I was just wondering; you mentioned a library, correct. So would there be any books in the altar room,” Weiss asked in a sickly sweet tone.

“Master always kept a copy of her altar plans in a book called the Badge and the Burden,” Igor replied, “Would you like some food before you go?”

“No thanks, I don’t need to eat anything right now,” Weiss called, turning on her heel and exiting the kitchen.

“Seems to work on her just fine; Master will be, please,” Igor muttered, turning back to the frying foods on the cooker.

“You won’t be needing me!” Weiss called passing her teammates, “I’m going to get to the bottom of this, and you can cry about it when I get extra credit for solving this.”

“Why don’t I come with you? Maybe help out?” Ruby asked, jumping up.

Weiss sniffed, “I don’t need the brain of a hyperactive child.”

“But I can....”

“I SAID NO!” Weiss snapped, glaring at Ruby.

“Hey, you can’t talk to her like that!” Yang cried out, getting up from her seat.

Weiss walked away, “Go pound sand, blondie!”

“Why, you little..”

Blake and Ruby grabbed hold of Yang.

“She’s not herself,” Blake protested.

“Just let her have some space,” Ruby added, “I think it’s for the best.”

“If she doesn’t change by the time this week is over, we’ll tell Ozpin,” Blake finished.

Yang huffed, punching the table and cracking it, “I swear I’ll fix her myself if it comes to it.”

As Yang stormed away, Blake lowered her head, stroking her chin thoughtfully, “Ruby, would humour me for a second?”

“Of course.”

“What if we tried to find this altar room or clues. That could aid us in helping Weiss,” Blake explained.

Ruby looked puzzled, “But there’s no such room here.”

“I know, but my gut instinct tells me I’m missing something. Call it the cat’s curiosity in me,” Blake said, winking at Ruby.

“Meow!” Ruby jokingly replied, “So what’s the plan?”

“I’ll try and find the door whilst you question Igor,” Blake replied.

“Sounds like a plan. So let’s do it!” Ruby cheered.

Weiss made her way into the library, scanning through the various shelves, dragging her fingers across the books whilst her eyes took in the names., “Jaundice, Black and White, The Stray, Fall, Gravity,” she mumbled, reading off some of the titles on the spines, “Ninjas of Shadow Thorns...” she paused, staring down at her arm.

Black veins slithered like vines down her arms, her skin pinching slightly as the veins throbbing.

“I should be scared of this mutation, but I feel strange, relaxed even,” she muttered, stroking her veins.

She turned her attention back to finding the book, “*The only way to figure things out was to find that book,*” she thought. Still, as she turned into another aisle, her eyes went wide, a faint gasp

escaping her mouth at the sight of a figure clothed in black robes, a thick black obscuring their identity.

“Hello. I didn’t know anyone was staying here,” Weiss called, approaching the figure.

The figure's hood shifted as their head glanced at Weiss’s arms. The figure quickly threw their hands toward Weiss; a thick red mist showered the heiress’ face. Weiss coughed and gagged at the power, burning her nostrils and mouth as she felt lightheaded.

“What the fuck did you do!” she cried out, collapsing on the floor.

The figure knelt beside her, stroking her white hair, “Sleep princess, sleep.”

As Weiss groaned, her body became lifeless; the figure held up one of Weiss’s arms, stroking the veins with a gloved hand, “This shouldn’t have happened. I must make alterations if I’m to complete her.”

The figure straightened up, reaching a finger to their ear, “Igor. I require your services in the library.”

“*At once, Master,*” Igor’s voice replied.

The figure sighed, looking down at Weiss, “At least you didn’t explode like Team CRDL.”

“Something is going on here,” Blake mumbled to herself, feeling the far wall of the basement, “Weiss is normally the smart, clear, head one only getting upset when something bad happens but never to the point of snapping at Ruby.”

“Not you too!” Yang called, leaning against a support pillar.

“Would you agree Weiss has changed in personality since claiming her soul was plucked from her body?” Blake asked, not taking her eyes off of the wall.

“Yeah, she’s more of a bitch.”

Blake turned, ignoring the harsh word, “So something’s happened to her, and if we want to help, we need to find the source of that problem.”

“The altar room. But you two checked the house already,” Yang replied, shifting her weight from the pillar.

“So we try harder, I already asked Ruby to find Igor and question him, and I have a task for you,” Blake stated.

“Punch the wall and find the door?” Yang asked, cracking her neck and knuckles.

“Nope,” Blake replied sweetly, “Walk off your anger by scouting the outside grounds.”

Blake walked up the stairs, chuckling to herself as Yang stammered her words, trying to come up with a remark. Yang carried on toward the front door whilst Blake climbed the stairs.

“Hey Blake,” she called, “I hope you know what are you doing?”

“I do. She helped me just as you did, so it’s only right I try,” Blake called, reaching the first floor.

Igor grumbled to himself as he polished the suit of armour, trying to focus. “So you sure you don’t know anything about an altar room on the grounds?” Ruby asked, sweetly smiling.

“For the umpteenth time, Miss Rose, I don’t. I’ve cleaned every inch of the house, and no such room has ever appeared,” Igor replied with frustration.

“But there has to be. Weiss claims there’s one,” Ruby protested.

“I thought you guys believed it was a nightmare?”

“We did, but Weiss is acting strange. She snapped at me earlier and in a furious scary Weiss way. Well, yes, she’s called me a dolt and gotten frustrated with me; she’s never snapped,” Ruby stated, clasping her hands together, “Any way we’re trying to help her out, the sooner we find this room, the sooner we can fix my best friend. So please....” Ruby looked pleadingly at Igor, “Can’t you help?”

“No. How can I, a humble servant, help when there’s nothing like that on these grounds!” Igor walked away from her, leaving the dejected Huntress behind.

Ruby slumped down against the wall, “Wait a second. He said nothing like appeared.”

“That’s what Weiss said about the door,” Blake said, walking up to Ruby.

“Igor used strange wording,” Ruby said thoughtfully, “You think he does know?”

“My gut’s telling me he’s up to something.”

“So Weiss was right?” Ruby asked.

Blake sighed, nodding, "It's starting to feel that way. I'm going to head to the library and see if I can dig anything up. Can you find Weiss and bring her to the library?"

"Of course, but will she come," Ruby said, jumping to her feet.

Blake gave a reassuring smile. "I know you'll be convincing."

"Really?"

"Yes, remember that time you convinced Jaune to fight the Taijitu in class," Blake said, patting Ruby's shoulder.

"Oh yeah. Port was picking Jaune's vomit from the wall for weeks."

Red energy hummed from the prongs of the mechanical arm, travelling into Weiss's chest as the black veins faded slowly on her forearms. Weiss groaned, her eyes opening, blinking a few times before bolting wide.

"Don't take me out of here again!" she screamed.

"It's okay, Weiss. I'm not taking your soul," the figure stated, walking up to her side.

"My soul?"

"You're little spirit head thing I plucked from you," the figure explained, "Everyone has one; how do you think we get Aura."

Weiss sighed, "Why did you bring me here?"

"Because the merging it's fighting back. These veins shouldn't be on your skin, so I'm making minor adjustments to the Alpha essence of your soul," the figure replied.

"Alpha? What Alpha?" Weiss asked, her eyes staring at the figure, "Wait, that's what happened to me?"

"Yes. I took your soul out so I could merge. I picked the right soul for it; after all, aren't Schnee's the strongest," the figure said, patting Weiss's shoulder.

"Who are you? Why are you doing this to..." Weiss began to ask, cutting off as the figure clapped her hands, intensifying the energy and causing Weiss to groan.

“You have a lot of questions, so allow me to put it across to you whilst the healing process continues,” the figure stated, “I’ve seen you in class. You’ve got so much talent and skill that I had to use you as the first success given the previous failures.”

“Stalking....me,” Weiss grunted.

“One can hardly call it stalking when I’ve been on Beacon’s grounds for years. See, Ozpin never believed in the ancient tales of merging human souls with Grimm and never once believed me when I told them it could work in achieving peace. I’ll show him,” the figure explained.

Weiss gritted her teeth as the restraints against her wrists tightened; she snarled and cried out as her arms swelled as power surged into her muscles, “What’s happening!”

“Phase two. I need you big and powerful for capturing the others and enlightening them into believing you, Miss Schnee; my grand scheme involves all of them,” the figure explained as the energy beams died down.

The restraints clicked, releasing Weiss; the figure stepped back as Weiss rolled onto the floor; her body jerking around as violent cracks and pops sounded out from within her body. Her vertebrae pressed into her skin and dress whilst flesh, and bone grew out of her lower back, violently tearing through her dress as it grew longer and thicker with thick black hairs sprouting out of it.

Jagged tears tore through her tights as her legs bulged with engorging muscles. Sharp white claws punctured through her boots whilst the seams protested against her growing feet. Weiss growled and grunted at the sound of her feet bones popping and toe bones crunching as her lengthened, bursting out of the fronts of her boots, her little toes receding into her feet whilst her remaining toes swelled into stubby digits.

The figure took a few steps back as the deforming heiress grew bigger, muscles tightening, bulging against her skin as she tore out her dress. Weiss’s fingers lengthened and thickened, her nails growing into sharp claws. Her cries became more animalistic, drowning out the sound of her underwear tearing in half as her hips widened. She shifted onto two legs as her face stretched, cracking into a slim canine muzzle, her nose darkening, stretching out with her mouth whilst her teeth sharpened into points.

Weiss panted, staring down at her changed form and the tiny figure watching her with interest. Her mind buzzed with rage and a hint of calmness as she stood in the figure’s presence.

“What happened to me?” Weiss asked, flexing her fingers as her ears grew broader and longer, sliding up to the top of her head.

The figure eyed the tint of black fur sprouting like fire out of the monstrous heiress’ skin; a shade of black partially forming in her white ponytail as she reached up, stroking the developed

six-pack, "Success is what happened. Your human and Grimm combined and still alive! How do you feel?"

Weiss tensed her muscles, snarling to herself as she staggered on her digitigrade legs, "This power...no Schnee has ever had this kind of strength. Who knew being a monster would be like this."

"Together, you and your team with new-found power will help prove to Ozpin that humans and Grimm together will bring peace," The figure stated.

"You don't need my team. I'm all you need," Weiss retorted.

"No!" the figure snapped, "Ruby has silver eyes. Ozpin said so when he first met her, which brings a weakness unless we corrupt that weakness."

"Weakness?"

"Grimm is vulnerable to silver eyes; though Ruby hasn't unlocked that power yet, she still can do you harm. That's why my orders are as follows. Capture Blake, bring her here, and you shall learn for your new ability," the figure stated, scratching Weiss's chin, causing her tail to wag slightly.

"As Beast Schnee?" Weiss asked.

"Beast Schnee. I kind of like that," The figure said, stroking their chin, "Yes, I want you to feel the newfound senses and the strength that having a merged soul brings you. And don't worry about the others; I'll use some *tricks* to keep them at bay."

The figure snapped their fingers, creating a large red portal behind her. Weiss sniffed curiously, her light blue eyes fading into a glowing orange as the colours in her vision twisted into a vibrant red with a black streak drifting around.

"I smell fear," Weiss growled, staring at the library on the other side of the portal.

"Blake is currently in the library, my dear. Have fun," the figure said, clapping her hands.

"Yes," Weiss grinned; a new word that brought a feeling of satisfaction to her mind fluttered around, "Master."

The figure watched as Beast Schnee stepped through the portal, sniffing curiously. Then, instinctively dropped down onto all fours, drawing her nose closer to the ground. She followed the scent of negativity through the aisle.

Blake shrieked, dropping a book at the loud snarling from the creature as it entered the aisle, her amber eyes staring at it.

"Hello, Blake," Weiss said, standing up on two legs, her white ponytail swaying behind her.

"What the hell? How did a Grimm get in here? And the hell doe sit talk!" Blake cried out.

"Smart beast," Weiss chuckled, "You smell frightened of the new improve Schnee Dust Company heiress."

"Weiss...no..no. That's not even possible," Blake stammered, backing away as Weiss closed in on her.

"Do your eyes lie like you?" Weiss pondered aloud, "My master has plans for you."

"Weiss. What...You not like this your not yourself," Blake protested.

"I never felt more like myself than now. Look at this strength!" Weiss cried, smashing the nearby bookshelves, "I'm even more powerful than Yang."

Blake scurried away, bolting for the door as Weiss lowered down onto all fours giving chase. Blake's eyes widened as she ran through the double doors, running straight into a bookshelf.

"What the..." Blake began cutting off as Weiss barged through the doors.

Blake hurried down the aisles, trying to lose, "Why the hell am I still in the library?" she asked, spotting another door. Weiss snarled, ramming full force into Blake as the Faunus pulled out her Scroll.

"Don't worry," Weiss said, crushing the Scroll under her fist.

"Hey, I needed that!" Blake snapped, "Weiss get a hold of yourself, please!"

"I'll buy you a new one when you're like me. After all, aren't Faunus already monsters," Weiss stated.

Weiss grabbed Blake's lower right leg, dragging her closer to her. Green mist escaped Weiss's mouth as Blake rapidly kicked with her free foot until something cracked, causing Weiss to stagger back, howling. Blake stood up as red blood trickled from Weiss's nose and gums.

"You bitch...that's not nice!" Weiss snarled, lunging at Blake.

Blake left a clone behind to take the hit as she bolted from the door. A groan of frustration escaped her mouth as she ran straight back into the library. Her boot heels struck the destroyed shelving as she ran down another aisle.

Weiss snarled, smashing through the shelves toward Blake, "I'm far superior now, Faunus! My senses have improved."

Blake darted for the door, hoping to God of Animals that she'd reached the corridor only to find herself running straight back into the library.

"What the hell is going on here?" Blake asked, "I got to find Yang and Ruby."

"I can smell you, Blake. Your scent is like candy to me!" Weiss boomed.

"Got to find a way out of this nightmare. Need to save Weiss," Blake said softly, resting against a shelf.

A loud snarl and scream echoed as Weiss slammed her hands through the shelf, sharply pulling Blake through. Blake struggled as Weiss hit her to the floor several times, keeping a tight grip on Blake's shoulders.

"Weiss, please stop. You're not a Grimm!" Blake pleaded, grabbing hold of Weiss's muzzle as it moved closer to her face, "Let me help you." She stared into the burning eyes of the Grimm, "Your, my friend, you helped me, so let me help you. Please don't hurt me!"

A thick green mist exited Weiss's mouth, coating Blake's face, choking her nostrils and throat. Blake grunted, trying to fight back against the intoxication as Weiss breathed on her again, saliva dripping onto the Faunus's face and hair. Her eyes became heavier and harder to keep open as her body went limp, her hands sliding off the muzzle whilst Weiss sniffed at Blake, poking a finger into Blake's cat ears.

Weiss's body cracked as she stood on her two legs, tossing the Faunus over her shoulder like a toy. A portal opened as the figure stood on the other side, smiling.

"Good girl. Now come, there's still work to be done," the figure stated.