

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: T-T-Timeskip!

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Cameron breathes slowly, in and out, as he perches on the roof of the warehouse. Decked out in all black, not an inch of his skin showing, he uses his tools on the skylight lock in front of him, carefully unlocking it and then easing it open.

From there, he drops into the warehouse below, quiet as a mouse, and makes his way over to his ultimate destination. Past all of the crates and boxes, slipping by the different forms of security, he eventually arrives at an office in which a safe lies. There, he crouches down and begins to work on the safe.

The attack comes exactly at what would have been his moment of triumph. No sooner does he hear the telltale quiet click of the safe combination reaching its end, then he's forced to wrench himself backwards out of the way of a swipe meant for his head.

The safe door is left to swing open slowly and precariously, all but forgotten as Cameron dodges and blocks the attacks coming his way. A grunt leaves his lips as his arms lock together to block a blow meant for his diaphragm. A breath expels from his throat as he does a backwards roll to get out of the way of a strike that hits the floor with a resounding CRACK!

Coming up on his feet, Cameron pulls a collapsible baton from his side and thrusts it out to its full length... before going on the offensive, swinging at his opponent who easily dodges backwards with a grin on their face. What follows can only be called a fight... which is really saying something because six months ago, Cameron couldn't have fought his way out of a paper fucking bag.

Now? Now he's got a sizable amount of muscle even with his still lean physique. He's still flexible, but he's also quite toned and it shows in how he moves, how

he acts, how he fights. His opponent is just as flexible and strong though, and decidedly more experienced than him in every possible way. But then to be fair... she did teach him everything he knows.

Black Cat, or rather Felicia, has the biggest grin on her face as they fight back and forth across the mock office. For Cameron, this is perhaps the most important test of his life. For Felicia, it's a Tuesday. That doesn't mean she's holding back very much though. It's taking every ounce of his concentration to keep up with her.

These past six months have been... surreal to put a word to it. Calling them crazy wouldn't really do it justice. Though he can't exactly claim that they were the wildest months of his life or anything like that. No, those were definitely the two months he'd spent stealing as much as he could get his hands on before running into Felicia in the first place.

In hindsight, Cameron could look back on those two and a half months of thievery and recognize... he'd been insane leaping into the deep end like that. To be fair, it wasn't like he'd had any better choice. His brother's life was literally hanging in the balance. Still, that he'd survived at all was solely due to him accidentally robbing one of the only people who would recruit him instead of killing him.

In comparison, the past six months had been almost... calm in a way. It wasn't easy or anything like that, Felicia worked him like a fucking mule, but it wasn't nearly as frantic. As she'd promised, unbelievable though it still felt, she'd paid for his brother's medical expenses while he was 'in her service'.

But more than that... Cameron had quickly realized he wasn't just her 'gopher' as she'd called it back in her apartment. No, she wasn't just using him for grunt work... she was training him.

The first clue in that regard probably should have been her insistence that he stop thieving until she said otherwise. The second clue had no doubt been her revealing her true identity to him within days of them starting, mostly because

she didn't feel like wearing her full costume to every single one of their 'training sessions'.

Yes, Cameron had spent many days and nights in a private gym wrestling and grappling and learning to fight from a sweaty Black Cat wearing nothing but a sports bra and leggings. Yes, he was well aware that most men would kill to be in his position. No, he hadn't let it get to his head.

After all, for all that Felicia was drop dead gorgeous in and out of costume, she was still dangerous as all hell and far too old to consider someone as young as him 'worthy' of her. Cameron knew better than to think he had a chance with someone so far out of his league. Instead, he was simply grateful for the opportunity she'd provided him.

... Which was why he refused to fail here and now. As they fight back and forth across the office, Cameron swings with his baton while at the same time reaching back and pulling out his secret weapon. Felicia knew about all of his equipment given she'd helped source it... but she didn't know about this. She couldn't have known, given he'd gone ahead and created it all by himself.

With a flick of the wrist that he definitely wouldn't have been able to do without six months of her tutelage, Cameron lands the small device right on Felicia's upper chest, using her insistence on showing at least a little bit of skin and a whole lot of cleavage against her.

The white-haired cat burglar blinks, stopping with her claws outstretched and looking down at the device slightly befuddled. A moment later and it activates, sending a jolt of electricity through her that causes her to yelp and flop to the floor, shaking and spasming uncontrollably.

Cameron doesn't go to her side to help her though. Instead he goes for the open safe, reaching in and grabbing the hand-sized diamond within. Knowing full well that Felicia had stolen this from an actual collection a mere week ago solely for the purposes of this test, Cameron tucks the diamond away, spares one last glance towards his downed mentor, and flees the office entirely.

He makes it back outside to the agreed upon point without any further difficulties. There's no chase, no last minute fight, no desperate escape. Just... success. It feels good for all of a minute before Cameron starts to worry that he left Felicia in a situation she can't get herself out of... but if he goes back into the warehouse for her, he knows full well he'll have started the test back up.

Fortunately, he doesn't have to wait with his worries for long. Five minutes later and she drops down next to him, his device pried from her chest and held between her claws. For a moment, Cameron tenses up in anticipation of her anger... but she just chuckles ruefully instead.

"Well played, Little Mouse. Well played."

Cameron bristles a bit at that.

"For the last time, we are not using 'Little Mouse' as my codename."

Felicia grins wickedly, even as she hands him back his device. It's spent of course, a one-off Hail Mary type of play he'd used to get the upper hand... but he can still probably use it in some way, if nothing else to look at its innards and iterate on the next one.

"If you want a better moniker, you're going to need to think up one fast, darling. But enough about that... where did you get that *nasty* little device of yours?"

Cameron offers a half-shrug.

"I made it myself. It's nothing special... just something I cooked up to take you down. You always say that no tactic is too underhanded if it secures you victory, right?"

Eyes sparkling with interest but also pride, Felicia nods.

"That's right. Ah, to know that my mouse has internalized my lessons so well... it fills my heart with joy~"

Cameron huffs at her teasing but doesn't rise to the bait. After a moment, he pulls out the diamond and holds it out to her while arching a brow.

"I assume I passed your test, right? Next week... you'll let me join you on the museum heist?"

Humming, Felicia plucks the diamond from his hand and looks it over, letting it sparkle in the moonlight shining down overhead.

"Mm... yes, you passed. I couldn't exactly fail you when you took me down in such spectacular, humiliating fashion, now could I?"

A scoff leaves his lips at that and he gives his mentor a knowing look.

"How much were you holding back, exactly?"

That gets a slow grin from Felicia, followed by a telltale giggle.

"Now that, dear mouse, would be telling."

Then, she tilts her head to the side as she peers at him curiously.

"Though, I do have a question of my own. I'm surprised at how hard you tried tonight. You could have chosen to fail, after all. Sandbagged a bit more. Made it seem like you still weren't ready. And everything would have continued as it currently was. I would have continued paying your brother's medical bills. I would have continued training you."

With a flick of her wrist, the diamond disappears somewhere onto her person as Felicia steps forward, invading his personal space. Cameron swallows hard and tries to maintain his composure, standing his ground as she presses her chest against his and looks him right in the eyes.

"For someone who has always told me they steal solely because they had to... you're surely quite eager to get back into the field, mouse."

Cameron swallows hard, staring back at Felicia for a long moment... before admitting the truth.

"I miss it."

Felicia blinks, seeming actually caught off guard by his surprisingly blunt answer for a moment. Then, her lips curl upwards into a *very* pleased grin.

"Oh?"

Exhaling, Cameron slowly nods.

"Those two and a half months before we met... I was an idiot who had no idea what I was doing, there's no doubt about that. But at the same time... they were the craziest, most exhilarating months of my entire life. Taking from the rich, making them pay for my brother's treatments... I enjoyed it more than I realized at the time. I miss the thrill of stealing from powerful people."

Felicia hums some more, looking at him quietly for a moment.

"Close, but not quite. You're still dressing it up in such... moralistic terms. Acting like you're some sort of Robin Hood. But if you really only cared about stealing from the rich and powerful, you wouldn't be so interested in earning the right to rob the museum with me next week, now would you? No... you've come to realize the truth. Stealing is the point. There is no further motive. Taking valuable things and making them your own while people try to stop you is *fun*, mouse."

Cameron doesn't dare respond. In fact, he finds himself holding his breath as Felicia peers into his eyes, silence reigning between them for a long moment. Finally, she pulls back and chuckles.

"Ah, or maybe I'm wrong. As much as any mentor wishes to mold their protégé in their image, I can't have everything I want in life, now can I? You've certainly impressed me enough as is... so let's have some fun together next week, you and I~"

Cameron relaxes at that. He hadn't even realized how tense Felicia had made him. Still, he can't help but be a little excited at the prospect of going on a heist with the older woman. The museum she'd been casing for weeks now... well, it was certainly going to be a challenge. But then, Felicia did so love her challenges.

They make their way back to Felicia's place, the warehouse that she'd purchased and set up for the test fading into the distance behind them. Cameron feels more relaxed and at ease than he has in months now that he's passed... it wasn't like this was the first test of this nature after all. But only now, after half a year under Felicia's tutelage, had he proven worthy.

He's so relaxed, in fact, that he's completely caught off guard when Felicia suddenly slams him against the wall the moment they're back in her apartment. His eyes widen and his body moves belatedly to begin trying to defend itself, only to freeze up when she plants her claws in her own wall on either side of his head and looks him directly in the eye.

"Actually, mouse... let's have some fun right here and now, first."

Cameron blinks owlishly. He's not particularly oblivious or dense... he recognizes a sexual proposition when he hears one. Felicia likes to flirt, he's learned that over the past six months, just as he's learned more of her body through their sparring and training and grappling than he ever would have expected to.

But she's never been *this* forward before. And yet, Cameron would be lying if he said he hadn't thought about it... *fantasized* about it.

"You want to... with me?"

He hates how all of his hard-earned confidence goes right out the window though. In just six months he'd gone from a twerp to a badass, all thanks to those gorgeous femme fatale pinning him in place with her gaze. But that was that and this was this...

Felicia just scoffs.

“Do I want to fuck you, Cameron? Yes, obviously. Just as I know you want to fuck me. I’ve been hoping you’d make a move yourself, you know? But alas, you’ve been pussyfooting around the idea for months. I’m done waiting. Either tell me to fuck off... or help me out of this suit.”

Well... that was certainly an ultimatum.

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A/N: Consider this your opportunity to suggest names for Cameron other than ‘Little Mouse’ because otherwise Felicia is definitely going to make that stick!

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