



Chase

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Category: LGBT+

Description: I ran.

It chased.

She destroyed me.

A dark sapphic paranormal erotic short.

This is DARK and therefore comes with a content warning. Please see the author's website for full details.

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The wind whipped my hair back as my feet pounded on the dirt floor. My heart pounded in my ears, all erratic and out of control. Panic rippled through my body, fear bleeding from every pore. A snarl echoed through the air, making the nesting birds scatter into the night sky.

No. No. No!

I ran harder. Faster. Couldn't stop. Had to move.

Leaves snapped against my face and body with my carelessness. The forest was dark, haunting almost, but the full moon gave me enough light to find my way. Not that I cared about direction. That didn't matter when all my instincts screamed at me to escape.

A part of me wanted to look back. To see what was coming after me. But every other part was crying, desperate never to face the monster snapping at my feet.

Maybe I should have listened when they told me things lurk in these woods. Things that only existed in myths and legends. There were no apex predators in this country. They'd been hunted to extinction hundreds of years ago.

I was mistaken in my scepticism. In my disbelief. I should've known better than to ignore the warnings. And now, I regretted my hastiness in coming out here alone without a soul to hear me scream.

The growl ringing through the canopy had me twisting to the left, dashing into the part of the forest where the trees were denser. I wound my way through them, hating

that they slowed my progress. That they caused me to lose ground.

Keep going. You have to keep going. There's no other way out.

If I let that thing catch me, I'd be dead. It would eat me alive.

My ears pricked up, listening to the footfall behind me. It wasn't human. It moved on four legs. And it was big. Fucking massive.

When I glanced at it through the trees, its amber eyes staring at me in the dark, I thought I was seeing things. I knew it was real only when its face came into view with all that fur and the growl that reverberated through me, sending terror streaking down my back.

Fight or flight.

I chose the latter. Running for my life through a forest I'd never been in before. That would teach me to think debunking myths was a great way to spend my time off from my career in finance. Going to spooky places and proving none of it was real was all fun and games until you're met with a monster that shouldn't exist.

My foot got caught in a root, causing me to stumble. My hands made contact with a pine tree, the bark grazing my fingers. I couldn't afford to stop or take stock of myself. Pushing off it, I kept going. Kept running despite being out of breath. I wasn't cut out for this. Fitness wasn't my thing. My lungs burned from the exertion. The pain only made me fight harder, digging deep within myself to find the strength to get out of this situation.

I risked a glance behind me. There were no amber eyes. No hulking beast on four legs, ready to rip me to shreds. I sensed it was still out there, but I couldn't tell where it was hiding in the dark.

A larger pine with its roots visible in the dirt was up ahead. I pushed myself to get there, darting behind it when I arrived at its base. Pressing my back to the trunk, I gasped for air, lungs screaming and those body tremors giving me jelly legs.

A second. Just take a second. Then you have to run again. You have to get out of the woods.

Something snapped in the still night air. I pressed my hand over my mouth, praying no sound would leave my lips. A strange sound of flesh slapping and bones cracking echoed around me. Then the growls started, but they sounded less animalistic. They were more... human. Whatever it was sniffed the air. Its footsteps were closer. Bare feet in the dirt, making a distinct noise.

“Did you think you could escape me?” came a feminine voice that laughed with each word.

I held my breath, pushing my hand harder against my mouth.

Don't scream. Don't scream. Don't fucking scream!

“What a sweet scent of violets you have. I could follow it anywhere.”

It was closer, right behind the tree. I didn't dare twist my head to look. To find out what was coming after me.

It was so fucking surreal. I could have sworn the thing I saw out there was a wolf. A giant white and brown wolf with amber eyes. But how could it talk with a human-sounding voice laced with such mockery?

It laughed again, its breath disturbing my hair. I closed my eyes as a tear leaked from one of them, running down my cheek.

“Sweet. Little. Prey.”

A mouth hovered over my ear. Each word whispered against my skin. Branding me with its implications.

Our roles.

Predator and prey.

A fist dug into my hair, ripping me away from the tree. I screamed behind my hand, the sound muffled until it was cut off by it tugging my hair, forcing my head back.

“Open your eyes.”

The command had me squeezing my eyes shut harder. I couldn't look. I didn't want to see it. See what was about to destroy me.

The hold it had on me tightened, making my scalp burn. Hushed cries erupted from my mouth. With its other hand, it pulled my fist down.

“Let me hear you. Those whimpers sound so delicious. Don't hide them away.”

My eyes snapped open without my say-so. A woman towered over me. Her eyes were amber, like the wolf, but they were distinctly human. Her hair was brown with a white streak matching the wolf's fur. The sides of her head were shaved, and her hair was left longer on top. It was falling into her eyes, but she didn't seem to care about that, staring down at me intently with a deadly look on her face. A scar cut across her eyebrow as if a claw had slashed her face open.

A claw? Where the fuck did you get that idea?

“There you are,” she murmured with a smirk. “What pretty eyes you have, so wide

and expressive.”

She moved closer, taking a deep breath as she did it.

“I like the smell of your fear, prey. It’s delectable.”

My gaze darted away from her face, travelling lower, taking in the fact she didn’t have a stitch of clothing on her body. Her breasts were small, nipples straining in the cold air. Her body was muscled, making me wonder if it would feel hard against me.

I blinked at my thoughts. They were fucked up, given the situation I’d found myself in. Caught in her snare like a little rabbit who bolted from the wolf.

Rabbits shouldn’t want the wolf to devour them.

I wasn’t the rabbit, and she wasn’t the wolf.

You’re lying to yourself.

“What… what are you?” I blurted out, hating how terrified I sounded.

Her grin was toothy. Then she licked her lips, her eyes flashing between human and wolf.

“I’m the thing you fear the most.”

She backed me away until I hit the tree again. Her hand came up, circling my neck for the briefest of moments before sliding down my chest between my heaving breasts.

“The thing you think you don’t want.”

A tug on my hair made a hiss of pain escape my lips.

“But secretly desire.”

I wanted to shake my head, but her tight grip on my hair prevented me from moving it.

She leaned down and ran her nose up my stretched neck, inhaling me. Shifting closer, she pressed herself into me, growling as she did it. Teeth grazed over me. Then she snapped at me, barely missing my skin. Hot breath ran over it. Those teeth framed around my neck, not quite biting down but making me freeze in fear.

My mind screamed at me. The truth echoed around my skull. This woman was no ordinary human being. She chased me through the woods as an animal. And I was stupid enough to think I could escape her.

“So scared,” she whispered. “I won’t hurt you... unless you want me to.”

Her words made me clutch the bark at my back.

“I don’t believe you,” I whimpered, hating how weak I sounded.

Her laugh rang in my ears. It cut off abruptly the very next moment.

“Good. You shouldn’t.”

Pain lanced through my throat as she bit down, teeth digging into flesh. I cried out, nails scrabbling against the tree, the roughness of the bark cutting my skin.

The woman pulled away abruptly, sucking in the air around us through her nose. As she licked her lips, a gleam entered her eyes as they darted down my body. She let go of my hair, only to grab my hands and bring them up between us. Little welts of

blood pooled on some of my fingertips. She sniffed again before smiling at me. Her canines were elongated. The sight of them had me almost hyperventilating.

She didn't bite me, though. No, she pulled my hands closer to her mouth. Her tongue snaked out, licking a path along my fingertips. Yet another growl reverberated through me.

She sucked a finger into her mouth, drawing more blood from the tiny wounds. Her amber eyes rolled back in her head at the taste of me. I panted, unable to help myself as tremors of pleasure dragged their way down my skin. The eroticism of the way she twirled her tongue around my finger was equal parts horrifying and arousing.

It wasn't enough for her. She bit my finger, pulling more blood from me. My hips rolled into her, seeking friction, seeking more. Wanting. Needing. Desperate for something. Anything.

"Sweet, sweet little prey," she breathed as my finger popped out of her mouth.

Her eyes were more animalistic than they had been before.

I bit the inside of my cheek to prevent the scream from building in my throat. Fuck, she was beautiful and terrifying at the same time.

Stop it, brain. You can't be attracted to this.

Despite my internal protests, my body sought her out. My free hand wrapped around her forearm, begging for things my mouth refused to utter. Her resulting grin electrified me.

Give in. Let her do what she wants.

How could I be attracted to a monster? Wasn't that what she was? A monstrous being

intent on devouring me?

“What are you?” I asked again.

Her fingers were at the top of my shirt, flicking open the buttons with careful fingers. Ones tipped with claws. It was as if she struggled to stay human. Parts of her animal form kept showing through. My eyes darted up to the full moon, wondering if that had something to do with it.

“You already know what I am.”

“I don’t believe in things like that.”

Leaning down, she licked a path across the exposed tops of my breasts. A mix of a moan and a squeak slipped through my lips. My fingers dug into her arm. She rocked into me, unbuttoning my shirt until it hung open between us.

“You saw me, prey. You know what I am, but perhaps I’ll show you again if you’re good for me. Make you believe.”

She cocked her head to the side, watching me with those wolf-like eyes.

“Although, it makes no matter whether you give in and behave for me.”

The tip of her claw ran down the centre of my chest.

“I’ll take from you even if you scream.”

All my words were stolen at the realisation she wouldn’t stop. A small side of me already knew. Now, the whole of me was forced to acknowledge I wasn’t getting out of this.

My body trembled as she slid my jacket and my shirt off my shoulders, pushing them down my arms, forcing me to release my hold on her. They fell to the floor at our feet. A claw opened the front clasp of my bralette. Peeling back the cups, she exposed me to her hungry gaze. Low growls emitted from her, signalling her admiration. A hand wrapped around my throat. A single claw dragged down the centre.

“Do you know how pretty you’d look with blood running down your chest, sweet prey? Perfect for me to lap up.”

Amber eyes burned into mine, moving closer until there was but a hair’s breadth between us. Her tongue snaked out, running over my bottom lip. Then she pulled at it with her teeth, sucking it into her mouth.

I couldn’t move an inch, could barely even breathe from how close she was to me.

Her bite ached as she dug her teeth into the inside of my lip, drawing blood. Reaching up with her hand, she coated her thumb in it. She dragged it from my lip, down my chin, along my throat and lower, painting a path with the red, life-sustaining liquid.

When her tongue followed, licking the blood, I clutched her waist with both hands to steady myself despite the tree propping me up. Her body was hot to the touch. I gasped when she drew my nipple into her mouth, the warm wetness of her mouth in contrast to the cool air.

The woman inhaled as she sucked and nibbled. One hand slid between me and the tree, flattening over my bare skin, pushing against my lower back, making me arch into her.

“I smell it,” she whispered, planting kisses on my chest, “smell your arousal.”

The skin on my chest grew red, not from the blood or her kisses, but from hot waves of embarrassment. It was foolish to think she wouldn’t know what she was doing to

me. Cursing my complexion, I clutched her waist harder. In response, she slid her knee between my legs, pressing against my core. She held it there and continued to kiss. To lick. To suck. Pleasure bloomed. The pressure between my legs grew.

Her smile against my skin was telling. All-knowing. My hesitation to engage in this was clear. But she wouldn't give me what I wanted. I had to take it.

My hips moved without any conscious decision being made on my part. I rubbed against her leg wantonly, pressing myself to her bare skin. The friction was unbearably delicious.

“Good girl.”

Her praise made me push harder. I panted and groaned. Desperation drove me. There was no fighting the spell I was under. Need. An all-consuming need dug its way into my bones, clawing at me.

“Please.”

Her laugh maddened me. She thought my need was amusing.

Pulling back, she straightened and stared down at me with a smirk.

“Oh, you poor little sex-starved thing. Look at you, rubbing yourself on me, desperate for my touch. Did you not think me monstrous mere moments ago?”

A scoff left her lips.

“Or does that turn you on, hmm?”

“Please,” I repeated, torment lacing my tone.

Her hands slid down my sides, landing on my jeans. With slow movements, she unbuttoned them. Her smile as she slid her fingers beneath the waistband of my exposed underwear had my eyes rolling back. I whimpered when she dragged them through my wet, swollen cunt. It was louder when she thrust two fingers into me without warning. Her nostrils flared, but she didn't say a word.

The way she fucked me with her fingers was slow, agonisingly so. I attempted to hurry her, pushing my hips out, but she leaned into me, pinning me to the tree with her body. All the while, she stared down at me, amber eyes glinting with knowing. She saw right through me.

I couldn't say what I wanted. Couldn't tell her to give me more. To fuck me harder. No, I could only stare back at her with my hands wrapped around her waist, silently begging her to have mercy on me.

There would be no mercy between us. Not when she looked at me like I was the rabbit she hunted and caught for her amusement. A toy to bat around until she got bored. Then she would eat me, leaving no trace of the person I used to be.

She wrapped her free hand around my throat, pushing my chin up. Claws nicked my skin, but I was too mesmerised by her face moving closer. Her tongue snaked out. She licked me from chin to cheek right before she kissed me. Her mouth was hard against mine, taking with no hesitation.

When she forced her tongue into my mouth, I gave in, letting her lick the inside of my mouth. Teeth dug into my lip again, widening the cuts she'd already made. The metallic taste landed on my tongue as her kiss grew more frantic, as if the blood sent her into a frenzy. I should have minded it, but I didn't. I wanted her to do what she pleased with me, even if it meant giving up my blood to her.

I moaned when her fingers thrusting inside me intensified. Her palm ground against my clit, drawing out my pleasure, pushing me towards the edge. My eyes closed. My

body thrummed. I let go, allowing her kiss and the way she fucked me to overtake my senses.

When I was right on the precipice of something, she ripped her hand from me and took a few steps back, leaving me disorientated and bereft. Her eyes shifted from human to wolf and back. A low snarl erupted from her throat as her fists clenched and unclenched. The unhinged nature of her expression should be terrifying, but I wasn't scared any longer.

Her head jerked towards the floor.

“On your back, prey.”

I glanced at the dirt and roots around us, noting how uncomfortable that would be. She must've sensed my hesitation as she reached down and pulled my jacket away from my feet. She was careless as she laid it beside us. Her eyes narrowed on me as she rose to her full height again.

“I won't ask again,” she growled.

I didn't say a word as I slid my bra off my arms and moved to lie down. Roots dug into my back, but I did as she said. Obeyed her command. I wasn't sure I would enjoy the outcome otherwise.

For a long moment, she merely watched me with a heady look in her eyes. Licking her lips, she lowered herself to her knees between my spread legs.

“I could ravish you,” she murmured as she pulled off my trainers, “devour you, eat you alive.”

The rest of my clothes were removed with the same care, leaving me naked before her. She inhaled, closing her eyes as my scent filled her lungs. Her hands moved over

my thighs, claws scraping across my skin.

“Will you?” I whispered.

She lowered herself towards my cunt with a grin. The moonlight glinted off her elongated canines.

“Yes, sweet prey. You want me to. You want the monster that I am.”

My throat tightened even as I wanted to protest. To deny it. But my body was having none of that. It wanted what she denied me when she pinned against the tree.

Even if it meant ravishment.

Devourment.

Eating me alive.

The initial touch of her tongue against my heated flesh sent a shiver of pleasure down my spine. She licked the whole of me, tasting and teasing as she went. I panted and thrust my hips towards her, begging for it. For more.

One of her claw-tipped hands slid up my stomach, splaying out over my skin as she pinned me to the ground. A wicked look entered her amber eyes. The fingers of her other hand pressed into my wet cunt. Three of them thrusting and pushing into me with a roughness that took my breath away. My hands scrabbled at the dirt when she latched onto my clit with her mouth. And I was undone by the dual sensations.

“Oh god,” I whispered into the night air, not sure if I was praying for her to continue or for this torturous pleasure to end.

My eyes landed on her, watching how she gorged herself on me. There was no other

way to describe it than feral. The way she ate me was fucking feral. No one had ever looked at me the way she did, tasted me the way she had, or fucked me with such little care for how punishing it was. There was nothing I could do but let her take me under.

The hand on my stomach slid higher. Claws flicked over my nipples. I hissed as she pinched them. And cried out when her claws nicked my skin, drawing more blood. Droplets welled in the cuts. I caught her staring at them with hunger, but she didn't stop her devourment of my cunt to lick the blood away.

When her fingers hooked upwards, rubbing against that sensitive spot, my back arched, and more cries left my mouth. Without thinking, my hands went to her hair, gripping the short strands and pushing her into me. She growled and kept fucking me. The vibrations rumbled through me, heightening my desire and need for her. For the wolf.

That's it. You're the rabbit. She's the wolf.

There was no longer any reason to deny it to myself. To her.

Prey.

That's all I was.

Splayed out on her altar. Ripe for the taking. And how she fucking took, drawing out every moment of bliss, keeping me on the edge of the precipice lest I fall over and drown. And fucking drown I would in an endless sea of ecstasy.

"Don't stop," I whimpered, my fingers digging into her scalp, pulling at her hair in my desperation.

She grinned against my cunt, but didn't slow her pace. She kept it steady, pushing me

higher than ever. And right when I thought I couldn't take it any longer, she bit me, digging her canines into my flesh.

A scream echoed around me. I wasn't aware it came from my own lips. I was lost, coming undone in agonising euphoria. There was no dirt under my feet, nor the forest surrounding us. It was just me and her, locked in pleasure, tangled up together. She drew it out until I couldn't take it any longer. Until I was a whimpering mess, tears streaming down my face from the intensity of it all.

She didn't release me, but she lapped at my cunt, tasting my ecstasy mixed with blood. Feeding on me with that feral glint in her eyes.

I couldn't move, laying there, my body slumped in the dirt as she continued to clean me. When she rose from between my legs, there were streaks of blood on her chin. I stared at her with no thoughts running through my brain other than how stunningly beautiful she was.

The air around us shimmered as she started to change. Bones cracked, and horrifying sounds of flesh remaking itself rang through the air. I was equally horrified and fascinated by the sight of it.

A wolf stood before me on four legs, larger than I'd ever seen. White and brown fur. Amber eyes. She was glorious. And I could no longer deny monsters existed. It was right there before me, proving that some myths were true. They were fucking real.

The wolf stepped over me, leaning down to sniff at my skin. I froze in place, unsure of what her intentions were. She bared her teeth, and a snarl ripped through the trees, leaving me trembling.

One moment, I was looking up at her massive head, and the very next, pain lanced through my shoulder. She bit down hard, sinking her teeth into my flesh. My mouth opened in a soundless scream. She shook me, digging her teeth into me, marking me

with her bite. Then she pulled away. Blood coated her maw.

My body throbbed from the deep, excruciating pain. My vision started to blur at the edges. I heard the change happen again, but I couldn't see it. My mind was fighting against the agony. Trying not to let me sink.

A human tongue lapped at my wound, aggravating it. I whimpered, but found myself unable to move. My veins were on fire. My whole body ached from the burn.

"What... what did you do?" I managed to say before my lips went numb.

She came into my field of view. A blurry form with amber eyes and brown hair with that white streak running through it.

"Claiming you, sweet prey. Making you mine. You belong to me now."

And before I lost consciousness, drifting away from the world in a sea of pain, I could have sworn I heard her say one last word...

"Mate."