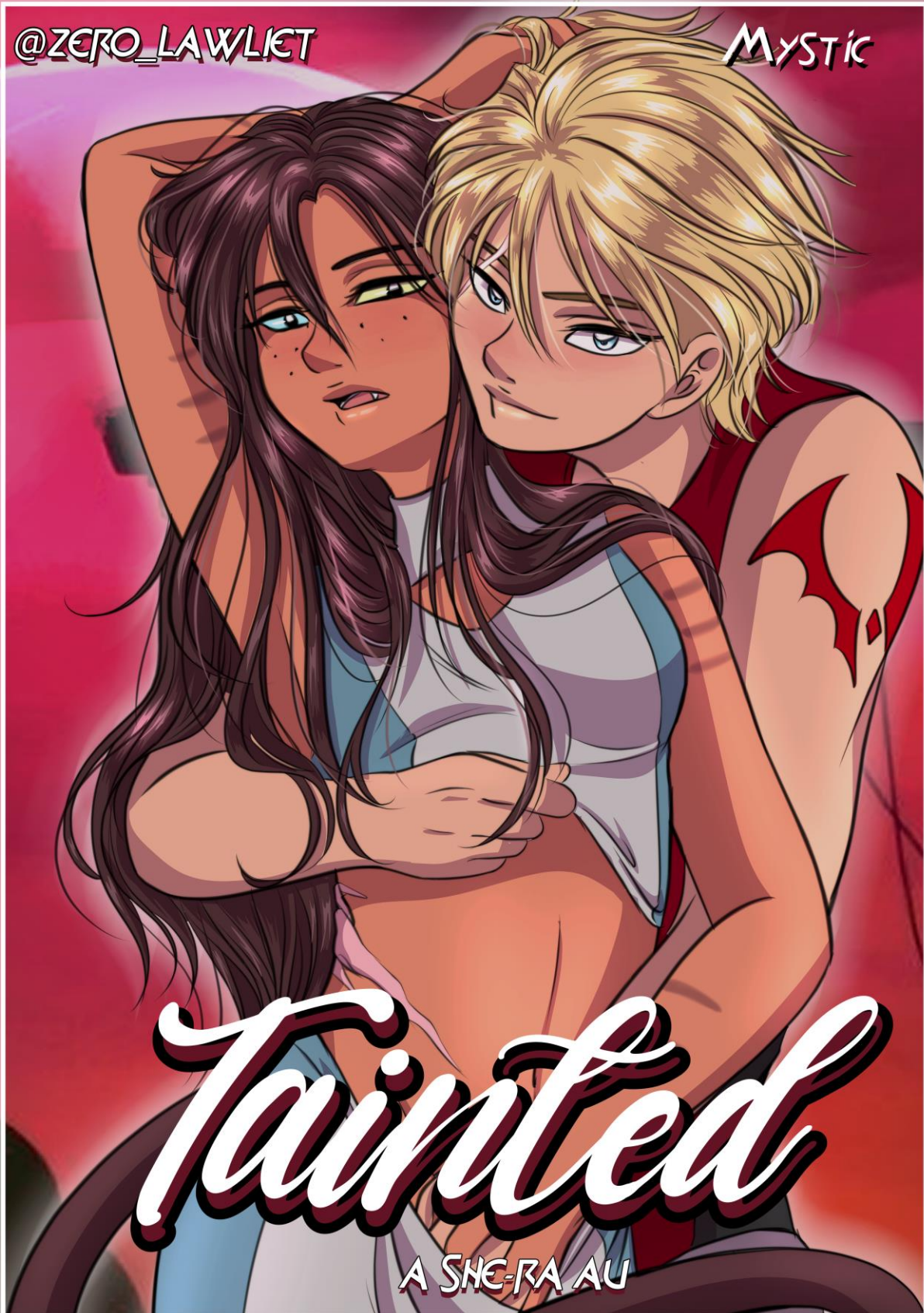


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MYSTIC



Tainted

A SHE-RA AU

"I don't think you were made to live in a cage, princess."

Despara's words kept replaying in Catra's mind. She was sure she hadn't meant the cell where she was being held at Horde headquarters, no. It was something else. She didn't want her enemy's words to affect her, but being isolated and with nothing to do left a lot of time to think. It was true that she had always felt trapped since she was little, even though her position as one of Etheria's princesses gave her more freedom than normal people. But sometimes Catra sat in the windowsill of her room and had the urge to jump, escape from the palace and never return. To see the world. She shook her head confused. It was that damned cell and the lack of activity that made her think that way.

They caught her when she had raided around the headquarters to try to determine the strength of the Horde. Rumours of a possible attack had reached the princesses alliance and they were not prepared to face them. It was essential to obtain information about the amount of weaponry the enemy had in order to know how to plan the defense strategy. Catra was in charge of carrying out the reconnaissance of the terrain before making any kind of movement, so her team had been entrusted with the mission. However, it had been a trap set up by Despara, one of the brightest force captains in the Horde. She was famous for her lack of mercy and for being one of its best strategists. She and Catra already knew each other from different skirmishes. Catra had even gone so far as to seek her out to confront her personally. The smug the captain had every time they crossed their paths got on her nervous. There was a tension between them that seemed to go beyond the battlefield, more than a simple enmity. That is why she was even angrier for falling in her trap endangering not only her life, but also her team's. The only way to save her group from being executed had been by volunteering to go with the Horde with the promise of providing them with confidential information about the princesses' plans. Despara had smirked with satisfaction when she saw Catra sacrifice herself for her people. It was clear that she had foreseen that too. Catra sighed in resignation and tried to glimpse the sun through the little window of her cell.

She had lost count of the days she had been locked up in the Horde dungeons, and the grey sky made it impossible to even tell if it was day or night. "It's not like there's much light around here either" Catra thought to herself. The Horde sky was always covered by a thick layer of toxic clouds, and the artificial lights that illuminated the metal bastion made the existence of the sun totally unnecessary.

She felt uneasy, being locked up had never been good for her, but there was something else, a feeling that she couldn't identify. It was Despara and her insidious comments. It wasn't enough for her to keep her captive, no. She had taken over bringing the rations to the cell three times a day even though that was the job of the cadets and she was ranked higher. Catra didn't like it, she knew she was plotting something, but at the same time she was always waiting expectantly for her arrival. She chided herself for feeling that way as an automatic noise announced her captor's arrival with the food

Catra cocked her head and saw her framed in the doorway. Despara was about the same age as her, but almost twice her size. She had to stoop in order to enter, and the width of her shoulders dwarfed the access to the cell. Her short hair, normally severely

slicked back, fell now in waves across her forehead, softening her features. But her blue eyes were still two icebergs when she looked at her. Catra was lost for a moment in that frozen ocean, trying to unravel the mysteries it hid, but she quickly looked away with a sullen frown when she realized she had been looking for too long. Despara smiled, amused by her reaction.

"How is my favorite prisoner?" she said sweetly.

Catra was not fooled by her tone of voice. She looked at her with disdain but did not reply.

"You got up on the wrong foot today, didn't you? Well, nothing a good helping of the Horde specialty can't fix. I have brought you your favorites" she said with a mocking grin as she placed the tray on the small metal counter that was anchored to the wall.

Catra didn't bother to check that the food was still the disgusting grayish goo they had given her from day one. She only ate enough of that concoction in order to stay alive, not for fear of being poisoned, she was a valuable prisoner after all, but because of the unpleasant texture it had. It was like chewing gum.

Despara watched her with interest, leaning on the table and crossing her arms.



It seemed she was in no rush to leave. Catra felt her gaze moving calmly, analyzing her from head to toe, almost as if she were exploring her with her hands. She shifted uneasily under her scrutiny and glared at her. Despara narrowed her eyes, giving her a half smile, but said nothing. She continued her exploration down to the shackles that encircled her ankles. They had been placed on the first day and were connected to a control system that would activate in case of escape, detonating the explosives they contained. A fast and effective way to prevent any prisoners from fleeing. A fine line appeared between her eyebrows, as if something bothered her. She raised her head again and looked into her eyes, with a serious expression this time. Catra's skin crawled. She couldn't bear the tension for another second.

"Have you nothing better to do than come to bother the prisoners? I thought force captains participated in the strategy meetings, but it seems that you are not as important as you want to appear

if you have time to come and hang out in my cell" she snapped. Despara smiled again. She got up and walked over to her. Catra had to look up to see her face.

"Wow, I thought a cat had eaten your tongue." she tilted her head "I didn't know you had information about the hierarchies within the Horde. You've done a good job, haven't you, princess? I hope they gave you the recognition you deserve. " Catra swore in silence, she had talked too much. Despara started walking from one side of the cell to the other, examining the walls, the corners, the little window through which the dim light from

outside slipped in ... She continued speaking as she walked. "I heard the alliance between the princesses was not going through its best moment and they were not exactly happy with you." Catra stiffened. It was true that things had been a bit strained lately, especially towards her. She was the only one who wanted to take a more offensive position, but none of her teammates supported her. She was fed up, and perhaps that was why she had taken unnecessary risks in the last raid. Despara continued speaking "In fact, they haven't even bothered to contact us to negotiate your release" she stopped then to look at her. A steely gleam illuminated her eyes. Catra felt hope vanishing little by little. She knew she didn't fit in with the other princesses, but she had always considered them allies, she'd never imagined they would not even try to negotiate a ransom. She looked away quickly when she noticed how the lump in her throat threatened to turn into tears. Her breathing quickened, but she tried to calm herself. She wasn't in a position where showing weakness would do her any favors. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, trying for a moment to forget where she was. She imagined herself in the forest, perched on the branch of her favorite tree, her secret place. Where she escaped whenever she felt cornered. She took a deep breath and slowly opened her eyes. She would have to carefully plan her next move, it was clear she had no allies left. Her people could not help her without the princesses' support. She was alone. Suddenly she felt the tiny pallet she was sitting on sagging. She was surprised to see that Despara had sat down next to her. She was watching her and the intensity in her eyes at her made her feel naked. She was even more surprised by the words she spoke next. "You don't have to go back," she whispered.

Catra didn't know how to answer. Was she offering to stay there, in the Horde? After all the destruction, the horror, the suffering they had caused to her people? Catra backed away in disgust, leaping to her feet and pushing herself as far away from her as she could.

"Are you kidding me?! Do you really think I'd willingly stay in this hellhole just because they dumped me?! With you?! You are all scum!" Catra exclaimed.

Despara's expression suddenly hardened and her eyes pierced her like blades. She was once again the feared captain of the Horde, lethal, ruthless. She rose to her full height and approached Catra with clenched fists, stopping very close to her. Barely a whisper separated them. Catra held her breath and looked up. She was not going to be intimidated.

"I don't like it when my kindness is paid with insults, princess. You will realize very soon that in this place you're either a predator or the prey. And those of us at the top of the chain are here for a reason" her voice was calm, but it hid a restrained rage. She continued speaking "Do you think my intention is to stay here and be a mere force captain for the rest of my life? Nothing further from the truth" she shot her a wicked smile then. Catra noticed a movement near her side and suddenly she felt Despara's callous fingers slide down her lower back, drawing her closer to her. The space between them disappeared. The touch of her skin burned her, she felt her rough fingers tracing circles on her back. "I know what you're looking for, Catra, I've seen it in your eyes. You are just like me, you want freedom."

Catra's eyes widened in surprise. It was the first time she had ever called her by her name.

“The Horde is a mere means to an end, a tool I have to use in order to achieve what I am really looking for. I want my freedom, I want power, I want to destroy this corrupt world and make it anew. I want to explore every corner of this planet, conquer every kingdom, reach places no one has ever gone before ... but to do that I need help” she had lowered the volume of her voice little by little as she leaned her head towards Catra, placing her lips at the same level of her ear. Catra was paralyzed “Together we could rule the world” she whispered. And suddenly, she moved her lips away from her ear to slide them down Catra's cheek, placing a kiss on the corner of her mouth. Catra gasped and grabbed her shoulders involuntarily, digging the nails in her flesh, feeling the warm blood slide down her fingers. Despara pulled her even closer to her chest, and grabbing her hips she captured her lips in a wild kiss.



Something unraveled in Catra's brain when she felt the contact of Despara's mouth against hers that made her body move of its own accord. She wrapped her arms around her neck, gripping her tightly by the hair and pulling her closer, until it was almost impossible to determine where her own body began and hers ended. She felt Despara slide her tongue over her fangs urging her to open up to her. Catra gave her access without thinking. The kiss deepened, their mouths desperately seeking to merge into one. In a single movement, Despara cleared the metal countertop knocking the tray to the floor and sitting her on top of it. Catra entwined her legs around her waist pulling her closer, her hips rippling in an attempt to increase the sensation, the brush against her skin. Despara broke away panting.

“If you keep doing that I’m going to lose control completely, and that is not something that happens very often.” she had slid one of her hands up her thigh, between her legs, and she had just found her entrance through her pants. Catra felt the moisture from her core soak into the fabric as her fingers massaged it through the clothing, but it wasn’t enough. She wanted more. She untangled one of her hands from her hair to rest it on Despara’s hand, pressing her against her, urging her to touch her. She matched the movement of their hands with her hips, harder, faster. Something darkened in Despara’s gaze. In one swift movement she ripped Catra’s top and then she unbuttoned her trousers,



shedding them and leaving her fully exposed. Then, she placed her hand between her legs again, her fingers sliding between her folds slowly, torturing her with their contact. Catra dropped her head back and a moan escaped her lips. Despara reached her entrance and stopped there, without entering her. She slowly pulled her hand away. Catra looked at her as she raised her wet fingers to her mouth and licked them. She saw her close her eyes as she tasted her calmly, and all sane thoughts left her mind. Then, she leaned toward her, taking her hand and placing it between her legs again.

“Guide me” she said. Catra looked into her eyes for a moment. Although she always sought to be in control, as a

princess there were certain rules she had to abide by, and her wishes were usually relegated. What Despara offered her was total control, fulfill her deepest desires. Be the protagonist. She didn’t hesitate. She grabbed her tightly by the nape to pull her in and kiss her hard. She still had her flavour on the lips. With the other one, she guided Despara’s hand to her sex, growing wetter by the moment. She spread her legs as far as she could and, entangling her hand with hers, she penetrated herself.

She felt her walls expanding at the invasion of their intertwined fingers. She gasped, overwhelmed by the sensation, and felt Despara’s smile against her mouth. Her hands moved in a frantic rhythm, increasing the friction as she moved her hips in time. She sensed her body tensing, their ragged breaths mingling, the sweat sliding down her back. Despara left her mouth descending to the curve of her neck. She felt her licking her there, her teeth scratching the sensitive skin. A wave ran through her from that point and

made her hair stand on end. Her movements grew more savage as she approached the climax, reaching the point of maximum tension until she couldn't take it anymore and exploded. Despara caught her mouth in a hungry kiss muffling her cry of release as she thrust another finger inside her and filled her completely.

Catra could not determine how long they remained entangled in each other. After a while, Despara released their hands carefully and stepped away from her. Catra felt suddenly empty, and looked up confused.

She was watching her with a mixture of satisfaction and admiration. She gave her a slight smile, running one of her hands through her hair in an attempt to remove the trace of Catra's fingers.

"Think about it," she said. And after that, she turned around, leaving Catra alone again with her thoughts.

Catra couldn't sleep. Again.

She still wasn't sure what had happened before. She would have never imagined that she would go from trying to kill Despara at the slightest opportunity, to reaching the degree of intimacy they had shared. To let her touch her. To be given complete control of the situation. She had felt powerful for the first time in a long time, being able to get what she wanted without thinking of anyone else, without regret. She had been free. But she couldn't forget what she was either. Despara had been the monster that brought horror in the stories they told to the children in the village. The nightmare that kidnapped them at night to never let them return. She knew very well what she was capable of, she knew she couldn't trust her. She didn't want to become another monster.

But what if it was true that she just wanted to be free? Perhaps the Horde had used her, the same way the princesses had done to her. Maybe Despara was right and they weren't that different. There were rumors that the Horde soldiers were actually kidnapped children who had been trained since childhood. They were brainwashed, put on uniforms, and taught to be soldiers. Just as she had been encroached into the role of leader and imposed on her a way of life and thought. They were two sides of the same coin. She kept turning on the pallet restlessly. After a while she heard voices, the guards were changing positions. It must have been midnight then. She strained her ears, trying to catch any hint of information that might escape them, but a female voice she knew very well ordered them to leave. Catra rose just to see Despara waiting for her at the open door of her cell. She had removed her uniform and was wearing only a basic black T-shirt and sweatpants.

Her eyes gleamed in the shadows of the cell and her golden hair reflected the hallway lights creating an unearthly halo around her. She looked younger than ever.

"Come with me," she said.

Catra got to her feet and followed her. They walked in silence through the maze of corridors. The metal walls were crossed by countless pipes and cables that rose until they were lost in the heights, as if they were blood vessels that fed the body of a huge monster. They kept ascending through the bowels of the building accompanied only by the echo of their footsteps. Catra wondered where she was taking her. She hadn't bothered to handcuff her, the only thing standing between her and her freedom were the shackles anchored to her ankles, and she was pretty sure that with a little patience she would be

able to remove them. She considered trying to escape, but rejected the idea almost instantly. She didn't have a place to return to, she did not intend to submit to the royal alliance again, and in her village they would end up not missing her. She didn't want to admit it, but Despara's offer was somewhat tempting to her. However, she knew very well that she would have to trample on her principles and put aside everything that had been instilled in her since she was a child to do what she had proposed. She didn't think she was ready. She didn't even know if she wanted to do it.

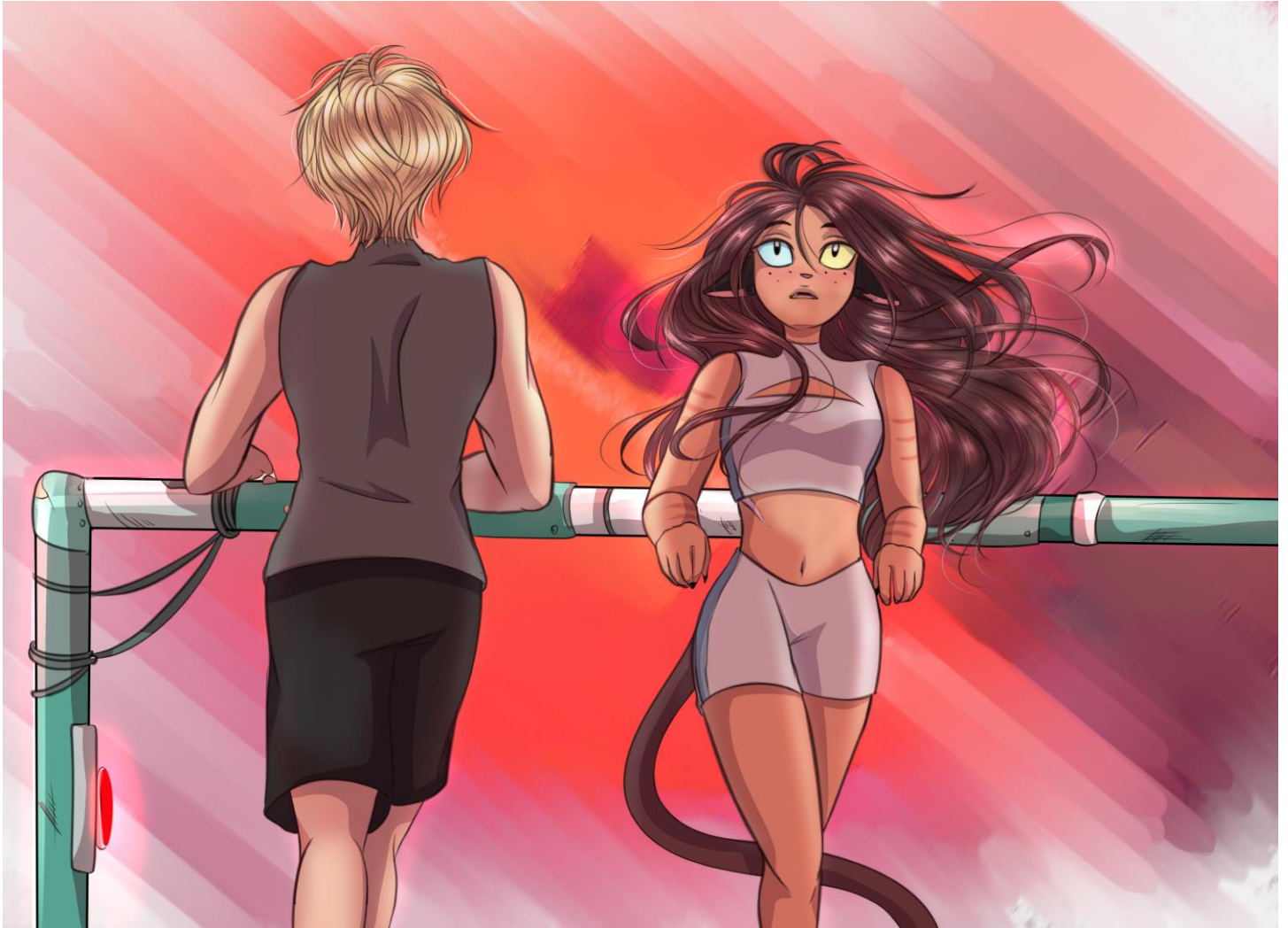
She remained deep in thought, unaware that they had reached their destination. Despara had stopped in front of a huge metal gate. She put her hand on a recognition panel, which scanned her fingerprints and gave them access. They were greeted by the night breeze and a huge bloody moon that lit up the sky. It was an overwhelming sight. Despara walked over to the railing surrounding the platform and was now leaning her elbows on it as she gazed out at the horizon. The gentle wind ruffled her hair, turning it copper in the light of the red moon. She had a relaxed posture, Catra had never seen her lower her guard at any time, but it seemed that in this place she felt safe. She approached her side in silence.

"It's beautiful in its own way, isn't it?" she asked in a whisper. She wasn't looking at Catra, her eyes were lost in a distant point, as if he wasn't there at all. Catra looked at her relaxed features and noticed the scar on her eye, running from her forehead to the upper part of her cheek. She knew perfectly well how she had got it. Despara turned her head and caught her looking at her. She smirked. "You like to leave a mark, don't you Catra?" "I could say the same about you," she answered. She lifted the hem of her shirt and showed her the brutal scar that disfigured her side. It had happened in one of their first encounters. Catra had struck her in the eye in an attempt to blind her but had left a gap in her defense that Despara had used to wound her with his sword. She had almost cut her in half.

"We agree that neither of us like to be forgotten," she concluded.

Catra couldn't help but laugh. It was surreal that she was more at ease with her enemy than with her own allies.

They fell into a quiet silence. Catra leaned her back against the railing and looked up. She was not very interested in the Horde's landscape. As a tracker she had infiltrated the place a couple of times and she had not seen anything interesting, but she rarely had time to stop and look at the sky. The thick clouds had left a clear window just above the roof where the huge reddish moon peeked out, surrounded by absolute darkness. The books of the Firsts represented strange symbols in the sky, engravings in their illustrations, celestial bodies that had shone alongside the moon in the past. Stars, they had been called, but at some point they had all suddenly disappeared. Catra wondered if anyone would ever dare to go out into space to look for them, to explore other worlds. The possibilities were endless.



“It could be us, you know?” Despara said, reading her mind. “Conquering this world and those to come. Who is going to stop us?”

Catra looked at her. Her eyes were shining, she was totally serious.

“Where’s the catch?” she asked.

“Catch? There is no catch. The world is ours, all we have to do is reach out and get it.” Despara answered. As if it were that simple, Catra thought.

“Do you think nobody would get in our way? That they will let us do whatever we want? No, you are wrong” she withdrew from the railing and looked straight at her. “You may be able to take control of the Horde, the cadets respect you and from what I have been able to see so far, the incompetence of the high positions makes them depend heavily on you. But the princesses will not do the same, they will attack if necessary as soon as they are cornered, they will not tolerate submitting to a regime that bases its power on violence. It has not even been possible to reach a truce so far. What will you do then?” Catra asked.

Despara got up slowly turning to face her. The wind was blowing harder now, ruffling her hair and turning her locks into a mess of golden thread, but she didn't seem to mind.

"That's easy," a radiant smile appeared across her face while she spread her arms as if she could encompass the world with them. "We'll kill them all," she said as if it were obvious.

Catra had expected a similar answer, but hearing it from her lips while she had that expression of utter happiness terrified her. She was serious, she was willing to do whatever it took. Despara continued speaking.

"Not everyone deserves to prosper in this world, Catra, despite what you are taught in your schools," she began to walk slowly towards her. Catra took a step back instinctively. "Do individuals who are not even capable of fending for themselves, who require protection from their superiors deserve to prosper, are they even necessary for the world? Of course not! Those needed are the ones able to survive despite everything, to evolve, to get what they want without thinking of anyone else. Only the strongest. And you and I belong to that group." she stood right in front of her but without touching her.

"That doesn't mean that you can kill them ... "she answered with a small voice.

"I will if they get in my way." she said sharply "No one has ever cared about me, why shouldn't I do the same? Did someone help you when your parents were killed and you were alone? When you had to hide in the forest and survive? No, of course not." Catra gasped in surprise "I have also investigated, princess. They only looked for you when they needed your help. To use you, to take advantage of your superior abilities and grow at your expense. We are equal, why not get hold of a power that belonged to us from the beginning?"

"Because it's not right!" Catra exclaimed.

Tears began to flow from her eyes and to slide down her cheeks as the images played in her head. The noise of gunshots, her mother tugging at her hand urging her to run faster. The footsteps approaching the beat of invisible drums. Herself, trembling in the hollow of a large tree as she heard the screams. And then the silence. She put her hands to her head, closing her eyes tightly in an attempt to block the torrent of emotions; fear, despair, anguish ... but above all loneliness. They had left her completely alone. They knew they had been attacked, that her body had not appeared, but they did not go looking for her. She had to survive, fight for her people without help from anyone, and they had only contacted her when they had needed her.

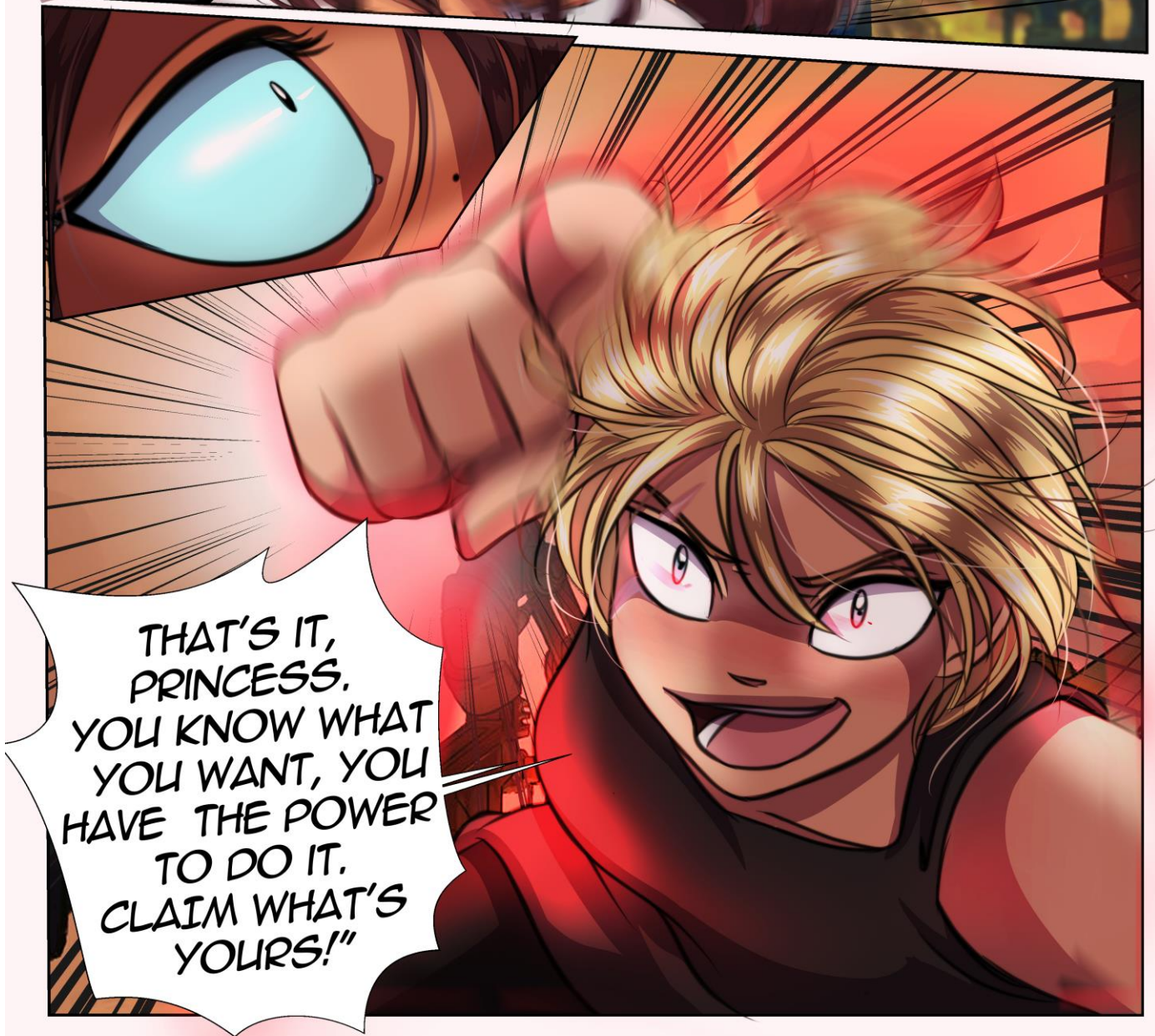
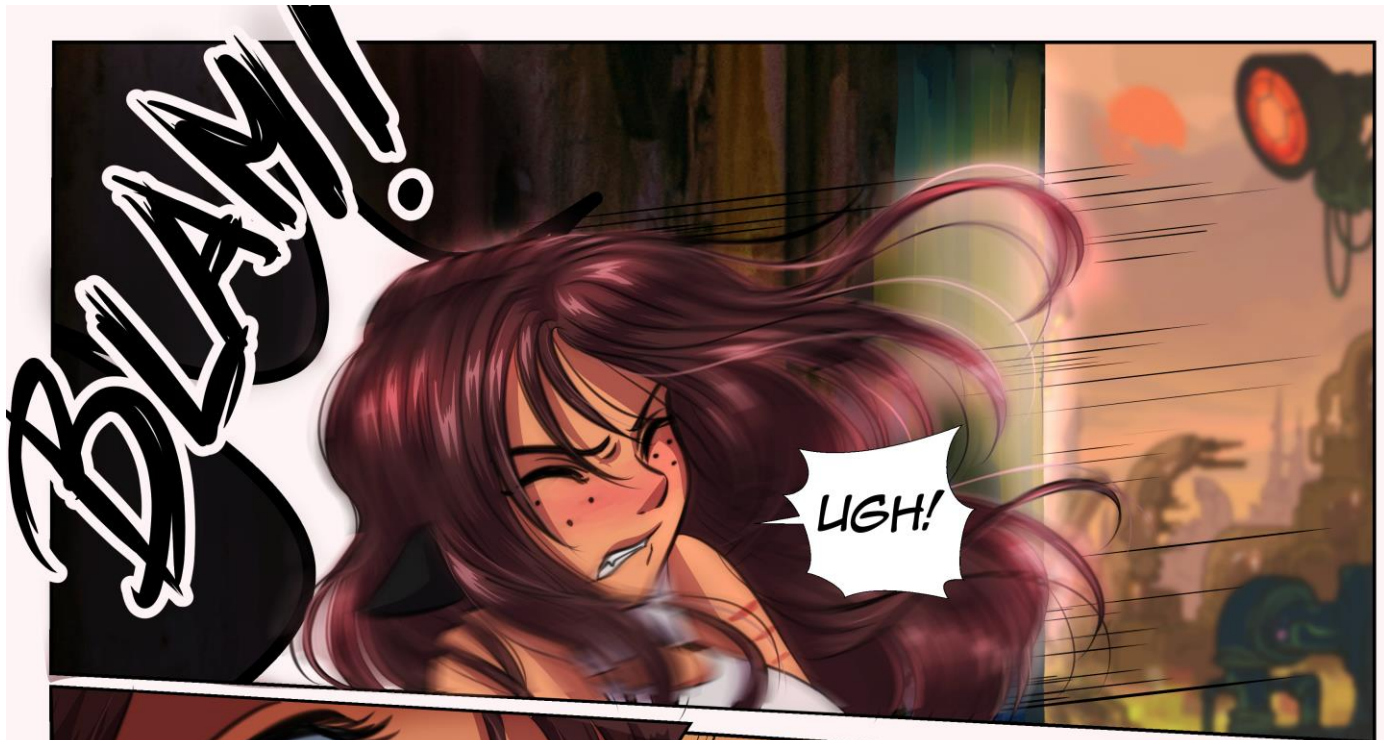
She felt Despara holding her by the wrists and forcing her to look up into her eyes.

"You know I'm right, you know they deserve it. Admit it!" she held her so tightly that she was digging her nails into her skin."Being better should not become a bind to do what others dictate you, Catra, your power is yours and you are free to use it as you please. Own it once and for all!

Catra's breathing became more erratic, ragged. She couldn't think clearly. The anger that she had suppressed for years began to escape from its prison and completely blinded her. She needed to do something, escape, bite, tear....

"LET ME GO!" She roared.

She bared her claws and in one swift movement she pounced on Despara, clawing at her face. Despara touched the scratch with her hand, her fingers were covered in blood. She looked up at her with a wicked smile. A dangerous gleam illuminated her eyes, her muscles clenched in preparation for violence.



“That's it, princess. You know what you want, you have the power to do it. CLAIM WHAT BELONGS TO YOU!”

Despara lunged at her and delivered a formidable punch to her stomach. Catra gasped for a moment, but recovered almost immediately and with a powerful leap she clambered onto her back, claws digging into her shoulder blades and ripping down. Despara roared in pain, scrambling to try to get rid of her. She managed to grab her by the ankle and throw her against the railing hard. Catra twisted in midair, grabbing onto the platform and hanging over the edge. She had almost fallen into the void. She braced her heels on the metal wall and pushed herself back to the roof. She was greeted by a side kick from Despara that threw her against the access door. She barely had time to crouch down to avoid the brutal punch that was aimed at her face and made Despara to lose her balance momentarily.

She used the second it took to correct her trajectory to sweep her feet and pin her to the ground, straddling her abdomen. Catra bared her fangs and roared furiously, but Despara was watching her with wide eyes, still smiling. Her chest rose and fell in a frenzy, and Catra felt her own heart beating in time. Blood stained the right side of her face, where hirt nails had torn the skin, but she didn't seem to mind.

“What will you do now, Catra? Will you give me the final blow? You've wanted to do it for a long time, what's stopping you?” Catra noticed how Despara raised her knee and placed it between her legs, caressing her. Catra hissed, baring her fangs further. Despara did not flinch, she raised her head bringing her lips to her ear “You are in control. What are you going to do now?”

Catra lunged forward and kissed her furiously. Despara responded instantly, invading her mouth with her tongue and tearing at Catra's shirt in one motion. She noticed how her nipples hardened in contact with the cold night air. Despara's hands slid up her torso, exploring every inch of exposed skin upward until her hands covered both breasts. She caressed her nipples with her fingertips, and the contrast between the roughness of the warrior's fingers and the smoothness of her own skin drove her mad. She noticed her arousal building up, the space between her legs becoming increasingly wet, empty. She wanted her there. Catra deepened the kiss, invading her mouth completely. She heard her moan as she bit her lower lip and tasted her blood. She smiled.

"You're going to do what I tell you, aren't you?" she said. Despara's gaze didn't waver at her question. She was at her mercy, the answer was in her eyes.

“Good” Catra smiled.

She sat up, removing Despara's hands from her breasts. Grabbing her by the wrists, she placed her arms above her head.

"You can't move them from there," she ordered in a whisper. Then she got up and undressed completely.

She did it slowly, she wanted to see Despara's reaction as she bared herself before her. She watched her eyes darken from aquamarine to indigo, her pupils dilated, her breathing hitched. She licked the blood that came from the wound on her lip while she watched her. Catra smirked. When she was completely naked, she leaned toward her again, placing her knees on either side of Despara's head, giving her access.

She didn't need to say anything to her, she felt how she craned her neck and swallowed her whole. How her tongue slipped through every nook, every fold as she licked her full length calmly, savoring her, delighting in her essence.

“Harder” commanded Catra. Despara complied without a word. She captured her wet clit, lapping softly at it at first, tracing circles around it. When Catra thought she would explode, Despara engulfed it with her lips and sucked hard. Catra shuddered, stifling a groan and leaned back. She rippled her hips in an attempt to increase the friction, and Despara responded by pacing her, kissing her, sucking, penetrating her with her tongue filling her core. Catra's movements became more erratic, uncontrolled. There was a moment when she felt Despara's hands gripping her hips to get better access, but she grabbed her wrists putting them over her head again. She clung tightly to her hair, tilting her head back hard while she rode her so she could look at her eyes.

“Remember who is in control”

She increased her speed, faster, clawing at her scalp for support. With her eyes shut closed she could only feel an electric current running from her sex through her spine, a wave that spread through her freeing her completely. She felt Despara tense between her legs swallowing her release, lapping her until she felt her relax against her mouth. She screamed her name to the night looking up and finding the moon as sole witness. Despara lifted her by the hips and placed her on her abdomen again. She sat up. They faced each other, Catra still riding out the last tremors of her orgasm.

"Adora," she said.

"What?" Catra asked confused.

“My name is Adora.”

She had spread her hands on her back and was caressing Catra's skin slowly. She slid down her buttocks, cupping her, and drawing her closer to her. Then she leaned down and captured her mouth in a sweet kiss, unbecoming of her. Catra wrapped her arms around her neck, closing the space between them. When they parted, she gave her a fanged half smile.

“Now it's your turn.”

She pushed her, forcing her to lie down again. She placed a kiss on the corner of her lips, just as Adora had done before, then moved down the curve of her neck, sucking, licking. At the same time, her hands explored her torso, the outline of her muscles. She went over every scar, every mark, stopping at her breasts to give them the attention they deserved. When she located her nipples, she captured them between her fingers, pinching them hard. She felt Adora stiffen beneath her, her breathing uneven as she continued her exploration. She moved one of her hands to her back, to grasp her firm cheek, baring her claws in the caress to leave her mark on her. With the other, she slid down her abdomen until she found her pubic curls, parting them and sliding her fingers between her wet labia. Adora convulsed under her weight, lifting her hips in an attempt to increase the contact. Catra didn't let her.

"Shh, not yet," she said in a sigh.

She moved her hand covering her, running her fingers over it, stopping at her most sensitive area and tracing circles around her, torturing her. Adora squirmed under her weight, asking for more, but Catra wouldn't let her. She was in control. She carefully parted her lips when she found her entrance, penetrating her at last with her fingers. She allowed her to move then, her hips rising in time with the movement of Catra's hand inside her. She felt the muscles in her abdomen tighten. Adora moved one of her hands away from her hip to place it between her legs, mimicking Catra's movements. She bit her lower lip with her fangs, focusing on the sensations. She pressed her lips to her neck, stifling an exclamation of surprise as she entered her, filling her completely and began to set a wild rhythm. The tension was mounting, she noticed how Adora's movements became more savage as her own heartbeat shot up. When she climaxed she couldn't help it, she sank her fangs into her neck, marking her as she heard her scream her own release. She collapsed on top of her exhausted, resting her head on her chest. She could hear her heartbeat slowing down, returning to a normal rhythm.

She closed her eyes and let herself be carried away. Adora's hands ran up and down her back, from the nape of her neck to the joint of her tail. She felt completely satisfied, freer than she had ever been. Powerful. She imagined what it would be like to always feel that way.

She felt Adora shift positions to sit, dragging her with her. She tangled one of her huge hands into her tousled hair and tilted her head back to look at her.

"Will you stay with me?" she asked again.

Catra was lost in her eyes, in the possibilities they promised. Freedom. She did not hesitate this time.

"Yes."

THE END