

CRAVING

Thump thump.

She followed the girl down the stairs, ordering her to stop, but she ignored her. The trail of her scent trickled through her nostrils clouding her senses, preventing her from thinking. She cursed, if she wasn't able to get her out of the castle soon things were going to end very badly for both of them.

"I said stop!" Catra exclaimed.

The girl finally turned. She no longer had the carefree attitude she had shown during their meeting in the library, her expression was serious. There was not a sliver of doubt in her gaze, her pale eyes were clear and showed a strong determination.

"Why did you come here?" Catra asked uncomfortable. She had been alone for too long, she was not used to being watched, least of all by a young woman that couldn't be much older than herself.

"I've come to talk about business," the girl answered with authority.

The moonlight streaming through the kitchen windows illuminated them both for a moment, allowing Catra to see her features clearly for the first time. She was tall and slender, but under her clothes she could make out the contours of well-toned arms and legs, probably thanks to fieldwork. Her hair fell in disarray below her collarbone, taking on a silver hue where it reflected the moonlight. Her blue eyes were serious, but Catra noticed the shadows beneath them. Despite the energy she exuded when she moved and talked, she seemed tired, there was a touch of despair and sadness in her expression inappropriate for a person so young. Her fists were clenched tightly, but her hands were shaking slightly. The girl shook her head and her scent hit her hard, much stronger than during the attack in the library. She had never felt anything like it, her essence awakened her most primal instincts. The beast within her roared furiously, eager to take control, to bite and tear. To drink. Catra stepped back.

Thump thump.

The girl kept talking, but her words made no sense to her. She only heard her heartbeat, each stroke reverberating in her eardrums as if it were beating in her own chest and not in the girl's. She could feel the blood running inside her veins and circulating through her body, filling each of her tissues with life. Her rosy cheeks, her warm skin... her intoxicating scent. She was about to lose control, she felt the monster alert, attentive to any opening to take control of her body. She felt her fangs lengthening, ready to finish off the prey that was barely a step away. She tried to clear her mind, focus on her words.

"... you have been neglecting your lands for years, only coming to collect your taxes without even bothering to check if we need something, and we have complied without question. Without any help from you. But the situation is unsustainable. We are overwhelmed, the Spanish flu has wiped out half the village and the rest of us are starving due to the drought, we have run out of crops. You have to help us ." the girl finished.



Even though her tone was firm, Catra realized that her voice broke on the last sentence. She seemed proud and determined, she must not be someone who asked strangers for help, much less sneaking into other people's castles to do so. She must have been desperate. Catra took a deep breath, the beast was still there, she felt it. Her muscles tensed with the effort of maintaining control. She shook her head to focus and looked at her.

"You're Randor's daughter, aren't you? What's your name?" she asked.

The girl looked at her in surprise. Catra couldn't help but smirk.

"I am more aware of what happens in my lands than you think. Tell me your name" she demanded very seriously.

She had to get rid of the girl as soon as possible or she would end up dead. Her scent lingered in every corner of the room, it was trapped in her nostrils, intoxicating her. Her essence was branded in her, leaving an indelible mark. She didn't know what would happen if she couldn't make her leave, but being imprinted by her scent couldn't be good. The monster was eager to break free, it was on the verge of destroying what little willpower she had left. She sensed its hunger to devour her. She hugged herself in an attempt to control the tremor that was beginning to spread through her body and stifled an animal yelp.

"Adora. My name is Adora" the girl answered.

"Very well, Adora, I will give you what you need, but it will be at another time," she answered curtly.

"No! It's an emergency, we need help now! Don't you understand? We are dying!"

Adora exclaimed desperately "Do not think that I will leave without you giving me a solution right now. I'm not going to leave until I have a binding contract and your word" she crossed her arms and sat at the kitchen table. She had no intention of moving.

Catra cursed. She was running out of time.

"I'm busy right now. I don't have time for logistic matters." she replied in a grunt.

An electric current suddenly ran through her, bending her forward. The hunger took hold of her, she began to salivate uncontrollably. Her fangs lengthen until they peeked beneath her lip. She heard an exclamation, and the smell of blood hit her hard. Adora had risen to help her when she saw her collapse and torn her arm on the metal corner of the counter. Blood soaked her forearm and dripped from her fingers to the ground, where it was pooling in a small puddle. Catra saw herself reflected on it and could barely recognize herself. Game over.

"GO AWAY!!" she roared terrified. It was the last thing she could say before losing her consciousness completely.







