

Sydero breathes in sharply through her nose before tossing Gabrielle a disbelieving look that she hopes conveyed not only her shock but her mounting frustration. They were in the middle of a hunt, and her partner had decided today, of all days, to lay her teasing on thick. No, that was giving her far too much credit for self-initiative. She had been doing this for the past few days. Only today seems to be the worst.

“Why are you looking at me like that? I said, excuse me,” Gabrielle snorts, busying herself by pulling out a stray leaf from her pink tresses.

“You don’t say excuse me after literally stroking someone’s inner thigh,” she growls, shifting as if uncomfortable by the thought. She had half a mind to mess with Gabrielle and encourage her more but chose against it. She could pay her back for all of this once they had taken down the creature they were hunting.

“I did that? Lo siento, be-”

“Don’t you dare finish that sentence,” Sydero huffs, running her hand down her face. She was the one woman who knew how to tease her while apologizing about teasing her, and it didn’t help when she laid her Spanish accent on thick. Numerous times she told herself to fight fire with fire. She wasn’t the only one who knew multiple languages, and yet, Sydero never did. In a way, it was quite sexy, and she didn’t mind letting Gab have it.

“How about this,” the young cambion starts, shooing Gabrielle further away from her.

“You stay over there and me, over here.”

“You just want that vampire to pick me off first.”

She shrugs, sighing as she observes the area, “that’s if we ever find the damned thing.”

“Ha!” Gab shouts, throwing her hands up, “so you realized how fucking stupid this is as well? Just walking around aimlessly for miles without really any shitty idea where this bloodsucker is. Because my feet realized that about two miles ago.”

"Your feet always hurt," Sydero sighs.

"They'd hurt less if we took a damn break."

"No, I'm pretty sure they'd hurt the same amount." She nods to a section of trees, "we should check there."

"Do you even know where we're going, or are you just hoping to come across him?"

"I know how to track."

"Gays are horrible at directions though, it's a proven fact."

"Hey, Gab?"

"Yes?"

"There's a spider in your hair." While the woman frantically attempts to rid herself of a creature that was not there, Syd looms closer to the trees that she had pointed at. A few branches were snapped, and though there was too much underbrush to spot any footprints, she could make out the signs of something having trampled through. Not to mention that the vampire's scent had grown increasingly, they were close.

"That is just one lovely ass." Syd stiffens, turning to Gab, who stands behind her.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. Just admiring your ass."

She sighs, wiping her hand across her face as she turns to the woman, "when is the last time we fucked? Because you're making me feel like I haven't done so in months."

Relaxing on the nearest tree, she fans her face, "a bitch feels that way. But I didn't say anything about being fucked. I was just admiring my girlfriend's perky ass. Those pants really do it justice."

"I'm ignoring you now," Syd sighs, shifting her attention back to the ground, stiffening at Gab's following words but showing no sign of replying.

“Don’t turn your back to your dom.” She grinds her teeth together. She really would need to put the young hybrid back in her place after all this was done. She would enjoy it too. Probably should think of a suitable punishment while trying to find this damn beast.

The breaking of a nearby branch grabs her attention, and she sniffs the air, almost wishing she had brought Amari with her. She would’ve been able to pinpoint the creature’s exact location using both hearing and smell, while Syd could only use scent. A trait that was pretty much useless when Gab was nearby.

The woman had the most enticing smell, some days were better than others, but this was not one of them. Right now, she was intoxicating, which only caused all of her teasing jabs to hit harder than usual. Her usual fresh mint and coconut combined with the lust that seeps off her was sending Syd’s head everywhere, making it impossible for her to focus. The things she wanted to do, the sounds she yearned to hear come out of that pretty little mouth ...

She groans to herself, rubbing her temples before looking over at Gabrielle.

“Hey Gab,” she grumbles, “can you walk over there. Just for a minute?”

“Is it because I’m gay? It’s because I’m gay, isn’t it?”

“You’re infuriating! Just go! See if you can sense the damned thing.”

“Don’t curse at me. It gets me all hot and bothered.” She closes her eyes, picturing her hitting her head on the tree as once again her heat awakens and claws to be freed. Next time she was bringing a gag ... and that thought wasn’t helping her ... Though Gabrielle’s scent hadn’t completely disappeared, she was able to focus more and, to her utter dismay, found the smell had gotten further away. The last thing she wanted to do was tack on another day to this hunt. How much were they even getting paid for this?

She needed to come at this differently, take a second to review all the information, what injuries the vamp had already incurred, and what it would need. She takes a seat, going through the list. They had injured it back at the warehouse, and then it

made a dart towards the forest. Low on blood, so it wasn't as powerful. That could be what it was attempting to do and why it was acting so erratic. Trying to decide whether to go hunt or face its hunters. Otherwise, it was simply trying to get away but was attempting to conserve energy, explaining why they kept catching up to it and then losing it again.

"Oh, are we taking breaks now?" Gabrielle asks, wandering back over and plopping herself down into Syd's lap. Syd carried on, aware of the woman only due to the repeating vision of her grabbing her and delivering a much-needed punishment.

"So, what's the plan, boss?" How many times has she deep breathed since this day began? And the shit-eating grin on Gab's face told her that she knew exactly how much she was getting to her.

"I'm trying to figure out where this thing is and what it's planning," she finally answers, "we'll need to try a different tactic if it's playing a catch-and-wait game with us."

"We're not near any towns as far as I can tell. At some point, it's going to have to stop running and face us."

"I'd rather not do that on its terms, though. It's been at that warehouse for days. No doubt it knows the forest too."

"Are you ready to keep moving?"

"Are you?" she questions, brow raised, "or should I prepare for more complaining?"

"Look, if you like to go trampling through the damn woods to face a vampire, fine. But don't get mad when I point out how fucking stupid it is. How much are we even getting paid?"

"Not enough," Syd sighs, patting Gab's butt to signal for her to rise and shooing the image of her doing so much more away. *Later, Sydero. This is the worst place to be fucking your girlfriend.* Well, that was a lie. She could pick out three trees at the very least that would make for a great place to take Gabrielle up against. The two set off again, picking up their pace in hopes of catching up with the vampire whose scent

was slowly growing stronger. Or not, she detected a faint hint of the vamp's smell but there was something else blocking it, something far stronger.

"Fuck," Gabrielle says in worry, cautiously approaching the deceased deer. Its neck is all but ripped apart, "you don't think?"

"Oh yes," Syd answers, examining the creature as well, "no animal does this kind of damage. It's not full power, but it has blood in it now." She narrows her gaze, realizing that she could no longer discern the vampire's scent, not when this blood was filling the air and Gab's own delectable essence was filtering through the air.

"Syd, you look worried," Gabrielle points out, the air shifting in response.

"This is a trap."

"Why would you say something like that?" she scolds, "it's fine. We got this. We're both capable hunters, and like you said, it's not at full power. What is a bit of deer blood going to do?" Syd raises a brow, watching as the pink-haired woman walks back and forth, continuing to ramble about their chances and what they would need to do. It would be cute, if not so damn distracting.

"Gab?"

"Yes?"

"Stop talking."

"You stop talking," she fires back, pouting in doubt.

"I wasn't talking."

"Good, then don't start ... Let's just both be silent." Syd was just going to let her have that one, especially if it meant silence was the reward. She shifts closer to Gab, tuning her senses to what surrounds them. She couldn't smell it, but she could feel something looming closer, watching them from a safe distance. Her instincts scream, telling her to be aware of her flank, Gab's side. She turns just enough to spot whatever it was, watching as a blurry figure launches itself at Gabrielle, but she's able

to counter the attack, both of them separating as the vampire shoots past and recovers.

It was how Syd remembered, a crazy look in its milky-dyed eye and its skin paler than any normal humans. The wound was slowly healing, the deer blood speeding up the process but not as fast as human blood would. The creature was purely on the offensive, but this made little sense, not when it was outnumbered and had no chances of winning. Two powerful hybrids against an injured vampire? Even if the beast couldn't sense precisely what they were, it knew they were hybrids and that alone should have it on the defensive. There was no way it thought it could get out of this. Running was its best bet.

Unless ...

"Don't get bit," Syd shouts, grabbing her demonic dagger and commanding it to split into two.

"Why?" Gab asks, her dagger at the ready.

"Two hybrids? Our blood would speed up whatever this thing is going through and then some."

"Seems foolish," she points out, taking a cautious step toward the hissing beast, "there's no way it hasn't taken into account how prepared we are and our skill level. No matter how feral." Sydero doesn't answer. The feral part was what worried her. Attacking mindless vampires always posed what she believed was an unnecessary kind of danger.

On the one hand, their actions were pure instinct, animalistic in a way. But on the other, they still had a sort of cognitive awareness about them, which made them competent enough to strategize. Even a nick could be dangerous in the end.

The vampire's attention darts between the two women, seeming to try and figure out which one seemed wiser to go after. In the end, it darts towards Sydero, and she complies. Ducking past the lunge and bringing her dagger down into its back. It flees to the side, taking only slight damage for an otherwise killing blow. It was fast,

she notes, and was using the cover of the trees for both protection and as an advantage.

“The smartest thing to do is take out its legs,” Sydero informs Gabrielle, placing her blade against her shoulders, “I’m going to bring it after me. When it comes, take out its legs.”

“Didn’t you say that we should avoid getting bit?”

“Just prepare yourself.” Giving her no time to argue further, Sydero crouches and slides the blade along her arm. And like a moth to the last bit of light in a dying world,, the vampire charged forward, its actions frenzied as it throws itself upon Sydero’s form. Gab screams, lunging forward and stabbing the creature’s leg. It yelps, swiping at her before turning back towards Sydero, baring its teeth and attempting to get at her bleeding shoulder.

“God, you’re ugly,” Sydero sighs, punching the beast away and then landing a kick to the gut. Keeping in mind which side was her injured shoulder, she grabs her dagger and attacks. The two had practiced numerous times together, and their movements have long since been synchronized due to that. Sydero aids Gab where she could, mostly due to the woman’s low experience. Though she was still going through training, the cambion had to admit that the reaper hybrid handled a dagger beautifully. A few more training exercises and some more experience would then see her as a pro.

“On your left, Syd!” Gab shouts, tripping the creature, and Syd, now aware, spins and drills the blade into the beast’s skull. She knocks it to the ground, continuing to push the knife deeper in until its screams had stopped and the vampire lies motionless, slowly beginning to disintegrate.

Syd combines her blades into one and secures it back in its sheath, wiping a bloody hand across her forehead. At least vamp blood wasn’t dangerous or contagious to either of them. Otherwise, they would find themselves running into yet another dilemma.

"I really hope this was worth the pay," Gab utters, nudging the decaying body, "otherwise this was fucking pointless."

"The best part is you get to walk back. Even more twigs and spiders for you to complain about," Syd chuckles, scratching the back of her head. At the last minute, did she remember her predicament. She supposes she would have to wash her hair upon returning as well. Her to-do list was forming, and she didn't like any of it.

"Oh, aren't you adorable?" Before Syd could adequately think through what she had initially said, Gab pounces on her back, wrapping her legs around her waist and purring in her ear, "I could just have you carry me back. It's what a good girl would do." Her following actions weren't her own, or they were, but it had happened all so quick that she had felt like she had been possessed.

One minute Gab was on her back, her legs wrapped tightly around her torso, and the next, she was lying on the blood-soaked ground. Sydero hovers over her, one hand keeping her wrists pinned above her head and the other around her neck.

"That's enough," she growls in warning. Unsure what she would do next, the adrenaline plus all the built-up frustration started to truly get to her. It was driving her nuts and making her want to do a few things that she shouldn't be thinking of.

"I'll say when it's enough," Gab snorts. Sydero tightens her hold, shivering at the moan that she releases.

"You know what, fuck it," Syd says through clenched teeth, leaning forward so that she was closer to the woman, her hand releasing her neck as she trails it down the side of her face, "I've about had enough of you and that brave little mouth of yours."

"I wouldn't have ever known," she starts, whimpering as Syd tightens her hold and grabs onto her chin.

"No more talking unless I say. Your punishment starts now." She no longer cared about their location or the fact that they were both slightly bloody and the grass wasn't in any better shape. In fact, she hated to admit it, but the scenery was a turn-on. She had a thing for blood play, and though this wasn't her exact thoughts, it

was pretty damn close. Still keeping her wrists pinned, Sydero works Gabrielle's pants down and off.

"I'd say do your worst," Gab speaks, "but -" She was unable to finish as she was flipped, and a rough hand lands on her ass, causing the rest of her words to disappear behind a whimper.

"I said shut up!" Another harsh slap. She shimmies, readjusting herself, and for that, Syd grabs a head full of hair in her fist, yanking it to the side and pulling out a groan.

"Uh uh," she chides, slapping both cheeks repeatedly, "what's wrong, brat? Why so quiet? Before, you had just so much to say." Knowing Gab, she was considering right at that moment whether she should open her mouth and speak or not. Weighing how bad her punishment would be from there. And honestly, the more Syd considered it, the more she was hoping she would, especially seeing that she had practically given up on holding back her demonic form.

Gab notices her girlfriend's smirk, "I don't know what you're -" Syd's tail plunges into her mouth, a crafty trick that she honestly should've seen coming. There were two ways Syd liked to shut her up, either by asking nicely and hoping she'd comply. A deed that worked almost 2% of the time. Or by sticking something in her mouth that would finally see a decline in the bratty girl's comebacks. And if a strap-on couldn't be acquired, then her shifting tail was always more than helpful. The perks, she smirks, of being a succubus.

"Someone has nothing to say now," she chuckles, working her tail in and out, basking in all the sounds she makes. Gab wraps her plump lips around her tail and works it in and out, taking even more than Syd was offering. Suckling at the tip before flicking her tongue across it, raising her light blue eyes to Syd.

She chuckles as she removes her tail, teasingly wiping it against her cunt. Gab coos out, biting her bottom lip as Syd places a rough kiss on the corner of her mouth and licks a trail from her jawline to her ear.

"Who's being a good girl now?" Gab doesn't respond, and Syd shakes her head, "do you want me inside you?"

“Yes,” she breathes out heavily.

“Then I’m going to need to be persuaded. You had so much shit to say earlier that I doubt you really want it.” She slips her hand under Gab’s shirt, toying with her breasts before pulling back to remove her top entirely. She takes a minute to admire her nude form, lying in the bloody grass, still sweaty and bleeding from the fight that was beginning to feel like it had taken place days before.

“There’s only one thing that’ll make this even sexier,” Syd whispers against her ear.

“What?” she questions.

“You begging for my cock.” She positions her shifted tail right between her folds, applying just enough pressure to make it seem as if she was about to enter but never doing so. Gab’s eyes roll to the back of her head at the sensation, bucking against Syd’s weight in an attempt to impale herself onto it.

“Aw, come on, Gab. You’re the dom. Order me to stop teasing and enter you.”

“Stop fucking teasing me, Syd,” she whines, shivering as Syd licks at her one of her wounds.

“Oh, I’m teasing you? Ana ’āsifa, ya helwa¹.” She smirks as Gab takes a minute to think over her translation and then scowls up at her, but she was more interested in the glimmer appearing in those beautiful blue eyes. Far too captivating to look away from.

“You are something else,” Sydero finds herself saying, fighting the blush that seeks to spread across her cheeks.

“Are you going soft on me, Syd?” She bends down and bites the side of her neck, snorting as the woman’s cocky tone vanishes and is replaced by a squeal.

She once again tangles her hand in the woman’s hair and jerks her head to the side, “how about you just concern yourself with begging? Hmm?” She pushes the tip of her tail past Gab’s slit, rotating it just enough to make the woman under her squirm.

¹ Arabic. Means: I’m sorry, my beautiful.

"Fuck! Okay, shit. Syd, please." She hums, removing her tail as Gabrielle cries out. "I'm sorry for teasing you! Please just fuck me."

"Tell me what you want, Gab," she hums, enjoying this far too much.

"I want you to fuck me! I want to stop teasing me and let me ride your co-" She could barely finish her sentence as Sydero finally re-inserts her tail, pushing it deeper with no regard for letting the woman adjust. She knew how much Gab liked it fast and rough, and right now, she was far too concerned with dealing out the rest of her punishment for the past few days. She plunges into her repeatedly, making sure to stay on the thin line between pain and pleasure as she kisses and nips at Gab's skin. She places one of her hands around her throat as Gab lets out a pleasurable yelp, shifting and arching to take even more of her in.

Syd didn't need a mirror to know her eyes were starting to shift, the lust seeping from Gabrielle, plus the sensations, and then the entire environment was sending her over the edge. With her free hand, she grabs her dagger and carefully slides it down the woman's shoulder, letting the euphoric feeling overcome her as Gab begs her to keep going. She licks up the blood that drips out of the newly acquired wound, pushing herself closer to Gab. It felt as if everything was happening at once, far too many sparks of pleasure fueling her and pushing her towards an edge she rarely ever saw. And the fact that Gab's ardor matched hers wasn't helping her case.

"Someone's greedy," she manages to breathe out, "I'm really concerned that I'm not fucking you enough."

"Oh, fuck. Not like this," Gab whimpers, "shit. I'm so close." Her words sent Sydero over the edge, her actions quickening as she pumps her, burying her tail as deep as she could into the young woman's pussy. She grunts as she licks up the blood, her tongue tracing the wound that she had inflicted before going to her neck and making sure to leave her mark. She ponders how feral they looked to someone who just happened to walk by. Some kind of weird sci-fi porno where the two women were fucking in a field of blood, one screaming out as the other rams into her with a tail. She didn't know about others, but it all sounded like heaven to her.

"Fuck!" Gab repeats, and with a more than pleasant plop, she removes her tail, dripping with Gab's nectar. She lowers herself to Gab's entrance and slurps up the sweet juices flowing out of her. Her tongue going to work as she tastes all that the woman could offer.

"Omg, your mouth," Gab moans, still riding out her climax and now being taken yet again. "I think I'm slipping." Always an annoying thing on Sydero's part. Even when she was sometimes aware of her lust, she wasn't always able to control it, and sometimes the pleasure was too much for her to want to stop it. Taking one last deep breath, she prepares to pull it back when Gab nudges her.

She shakes her head, hardly cognizant as her body continues to tremble, "come first." Sydero snorts, not a hard thing to do when she was already so close to the edge, and the beautiful hybrid was withering like she had just received the best fuck in her life. Sydero leans in and parts Gab's folds once again, slipping her tongue and finger inside the woman before sucking fervently. The yelp-like whimper that she releases was all that she needed, and Sydero found herself in a similar position to her girlfriend, withering as her darkness brought both of them close.