

CHAPTER 21: HEAT part 3

Adora opened her eyes again with a new resolution glinting in her pupils and looked at the vampire.

"I think the most important thing right now is to make sure to keep the beast under control, Catra," Adora said firmly. "If we have the constant uncertainty of when it will come out again, it will only become another distraction, a threat."

She got closer and looked at Catra. In this position, one in front of the other, the height difference was especially evident. And yet Adora sometimes felt small in her presence.

Catra stared at her for a moment. She was doubting, Adora could see it in her eyes. The vampire sighed.

"It's a risk Adora. By giving me your blood as a routine you are automatically marking yourself as my food supply. If I lose control you will be the first one the beast will head towards. We can't. I could kill you, don't you get it?"

"As if you hadn't already tried " Adora huffed frustrated. "I thought you were bolder, Catra. Where is the queen with the superiority complex of the first day? She would not hesitate to do it" she challenged her.

Adora looked at her with a sly smile that she knew would get on her nerves. Catra narrowed her eyes with a dangerous glint illuminating them. It looked like she had taken the bait. "Good" thought Adora to herself.

Adora was a little surprised when all of a sudden Catra straightened up and took a step forward, nearly closing the gap between them. Withdrawing her gaze from Adora's eyes, she slid them down to her neck. A small crease appeared between Catra's eyebrows when she spotted the shadow of her fangs in Adora's neck. The puncture points were still visible. She pursed her lips, but said nothing. She only raised her hand and stroked the bruise gently. Adora tensed under her touch.

All the confidence she had just shown went out the window suddenly as Catra's fingers slid from her neck down to her collarbone, leaving a trail of fire behind them. It was hard to breathe again.

Catra continued her exploration, leaving Adora's clavicle and resting her fingertips in the hollow of her throat. She felt Adora swallow hard under her hand, and Catra couldn't avoid a small smile pulling at the corners of her mouth. She needed more. The loose shirt Adora was wearing left too much room for imagination, and Catra needed something real, tangible. She needed to touch, to feel. Something to anchor her to reality. Because the mere thought of drinking Adora's blood again, of feeling that warm skin against her tongue, tasting her, was about to make her lose her mind.



Catra parted the lapels of the shirt, and bared her almost completely. Adora gasped, surprised, but she did nothing to stop her. The shirt slid slightly down, exposing her shoulders, until it hung loosely by the hardened tip of her breasts. Catra's gaze stopped there, and her mouth went dry at the thought of all the things she could do to soften the delicate flesh; kneading them to turn them pink between her fingers just to feast on them.

It would be so tempting to let go... she still remembered her flavour, it was etched in her throat.

The soft skin of her neck would yield effortlessly to the pressure of her fangs, and the warm liquid would flood her mouth; her lips sucking, her tongue licking without letting a drop escape...

Adora moaning her, her body limp under her embrace, her caresses...

A current ran through Catra at the thought. She could smell Adora's arousal right now, knew she wouldn't resist her touch, she felt her eagerness. And Catra knew she herself was not going to hold out much longer. She licked her lips in anticipation before she spoke again.

"Are you so eager to stay here that you even dare to risk yourself like this, Adora?" Catra purred.

The girl's blue eyes looked at her, without any hint of doubt.

"I'm not afraid of you," Adora whispered.

"You should be" Catra shot her a half smile and shifted forward..

"I know you're not going to hurt me." Adora lifted her arms, then hit the bookcase, dropping books to the floor. She broke eye-contact, looking down at the mess

In a lightspeed movement Catra pushed her against the bookshelf, catching her completely off guard. Old volumes and scrolls rained over them, their open pages spilling across the floor, but neither seemed to notice. Adora's stepped back, nervous, but her foot slipped on one of the treaties, making her lose her balance. Adora yelped, surprised, trying to hold on one of the boards. but Catra pulled her by the waist against her chest, preventing her fall.

They were almost nose to nose and Adora couldn't keep her eyes of those fangs. Catra took advantage of the moment to grab her wrists and immobilize her, holding them above her head. Adora's eyes widened, but she didn't resist. She couldn't even speak.

"You have no survival instinct, Golden Girl," Catra purred against her ear.

She shifted her position, placing one of her thighs between Adora's legs, slowly sliding it against her center, through the clothing, and sealing the space between them.

Catra felt her tensing under her weight, her chest rising and falling erratically. Adora was as aroused as she was, but she was having a harder time hiding it. It was becoming increasingly difficult to restrain herself too, but Catra was a predator.

She liked the anticipation of the hunt.

Adora's pupils dilated, darkening the blue of her eyes. Catra saw her parted mouth, how she licked her lips instinctively.

Catra's eyes drifted there; to that full mouth that begged for attention, flushed and plump. It would taste like heaven between her fangs; Catra knew she would give



anything to feel them against her tongue. Those lips would be her undoing, even more tempting than the pulse pounding in her neck. She couldn't take it anymore.

Catra leaned forward, still holding Adora's wrists above their heads. Their breaths mingled for a second before their lips met.

She crashed her mouth against Adora's, leaving no room for breathing. Their lips melted together, creating a fierce dance destroyed her sanity. Adora's mouth moved against her urgent, demanding. Catra caressed her mouth with her tongue, teeth. She captured her lower lip sucking on gently. Adora moaned in response, arching her back and flattening her breasts against Catra's chest. She could feel the hardened tip of her nipples beneath the shirt. Molted heat circulated between them, clouding their senses and leaving room only for touch, touch, touch... Catra licked gently the corner of Adora's mouth, and she opened up to her. Her tongues met, gliding against each other exploring every corner until they were both breathless.

Catra pulled away slightly, just enough to catch her lip between her teeth and press gently. A single drop of blood escaped from the bite, brushing against Catra's tongue. She was lost in her taste, the smell of her arousal flooding her nostrils intoxicating her, invading all her senses. She craved her, she wanted all of her, body and soul. She wanted to explore each of her curves, every corner; hold her in her arms as they both exploded into a thousand pieces, their bodies tangled, unable to distinguish her own skin from Adora's. Catra pressed closer against her and deepened the kiss, sucking firmly, plunging into her completely.

They parted breathlessly, panting. Adora's cheeks were flushed, her lips red she seemed almost feverish; her eyes were half closed and she was breathing heavily. "Is this really what you want?" asked Catra. She did not need to give more explanations, Adora knew exactly what she was referring to. "Yes," she said in a sigh.

Catra brought her mouth to her ear, her nose brushing the golden strands of her hair. She slid a hand through the elastic that held it up and released her golden mane. She was beautiful. "You'll have to ask me," Catra whispered.

Slowly, she slid down, nuzzling the smooth skin until she found the curve of her shoulder, pressing her lips against her. At the same time she moved her hand away from her neck, working her way through the fabric that separated them, undoing the ties that held it closed until she exposed one of her breasts. Her pink nipple hardened in the cold night air.

Catra ran her fingertips slowly over her clavicle, then traced the curve of her breast. She bared her claws, scratching almost tenderly the delicate skin, leaving two narrow red lines in their wake, a tiny drop of blood blooming from them. Adora gasped, arching her back, dropping her head and exposing her neck even more. "Tell me what you want, love," the vampire whispered. "Do it," Adora finally answered.



Catra leaned down at last, running her tongue over the marks she'd left on her chest, sealing them. She brushed her mouth lightly over her nipple, lapping it lightly before capturing it between her lips. She sucked it hard.

Adora groaned, her hands clenched into fists still above her head. She tried to free herself, she needed to tangle her fingers in Catra's hair, but the vampire's grip was firm. She fidgeted, her legs rubbing together, desperate to relieve the molten heat between her thighs, but it was useless. Adora wanted her there.

Catra finally released her wrists. She continued caressing her tip with her tongue, stroking, kneading, until it was soft and flushed under her lips. She cupped the other breast with her hand, squeezing the soft flesh, running the pad of her thumb over the other bud, just before she moved her mouth to it. Adora wriggled under her strokes. She had tangled her fingers on Catra's hair and she was pressing her head against her, lower. Catra knew what she wanted, she felt her dampness through the fabric. She wondered if Adora had caressed herself there, if she thought of her when she pleased herself, as she herself did every night when the darkness muffled her cry of liberation; if she had parted her lips in surprise, almost shyly, her pupils dilated, her pulse racing.

Her fangs lengthened with thirst just imagining it.

But not yet, she had to hold back.

Adora's quivering hands were now fumbling with Catra's shirt. She tore it open desperate when one of the buttons got stuck. Catra chuckled and removed her hands off her, placing them gently at her sides.

"You can't" she mumbled Adora grunted, but she didn't move them again.

Adora's shirt was tangled in her forearms, shackling her movements, so Catra got rid of it. She then ran her hand down to Adora's waist, cupping the elastic of her pants, untying them until they slid down her legs, forming a puddle around her ankles. Catra felt her tense as her own fingers approached the lower part of her belly.

"Does it throb here, Adora?" she heard her gasp in response. Catra couldn't help but smile "you'll have to teach me how I can help you. How you relieve yourself when you are alone in your room. Show me, love."

Adora placed one of her hands on her shoulder seeking support. She raised her eyes and watched her, almost shyly. Catra met her gaze.

Adora felt alien to her body, the thoughts barely forming in her mind before disappearing, overwhelmed by the torrent of emotions that invaded her. She had to lean on the vampire's shoulder to keep from falling, her legs were shaking. Her body burned, heat rulled over her. And yet, the words that hit her eardrums still made sense.

"Show me", and Adora got lost in the shape her lips took as she spoke. Catra walked away then, withdrawing slowly, leaving her empty without her touch. She leaned back



against the edge of the desk, and gave Adora her full attention. As if she had all the time in the world; as if the universe had been reduced to just the two of them and that moment.

“Show me, Adora. What you feel when you are alone in your room, away from the world, when no one can hear you.”

Adora remembered her own hands caressing her breasts, her belly...she hadn't dared touch herself completely. Catra was still speaking.

“Show me how you explore yourself with your hands, how you feel when you do it; what you think about when you caress yourself ...”

"You, only you" the thought appeared clear in her mind, but Adora did not dare to pronounce it aloud.

Catra continued to watch her expectantly. Her uneven eyes pierced her, stripping her bare with their gaze, yet she wasn't afraid, on the contrary. She straightened, and approached her again. Her open shirt slid down her shoulder, exposing her breast completely, and Adora's eyes widened at the sight. Without breaking eye contact, Catra discarded the garment and tossed it aside.

Catra shook her ears, it was the only reaction she showed as Adora put her hand to one of her breasts and caressed it.

"That's right," Catra muttered.

Adora closed her eyes and her mind returned to her room. They were Catra's hands and not hers, the ones exploring every inch of skin. She cupped one of her breasts, the same way Carta had done just moments before, and squeezed. Her palm rubbed her nipple, more sensitive after Catra's attentions, and it sent a wave of heat under her legs. She mimicked the movement with her other hand on the other breast, pushing them together, moving them in unison as she moaned lightly. She left her chest to slide down her belly until she found the soft hair that concealed her destiny. She paused for a moment, doubtful.

"Where would you want me to caress you, love?" The vampire asked in a whisper.

Her voice sounded strained, almost an animal growl. Adora opened her eyes to look at her and saw that she had crossed her arms in front of her chest, her muscles tense, claws out and digging on her arms. Her tail flapped uneasily, like a cat about to pounce on its prey. Her jaw was clenched, just about to snap, and her fangs glinted with a dangerous glim. Catra was aroused, Adora could feel it despite the almost unearthly stillness of her body.

Adora closed her eyes again. She imagined herself lying on the bed, with one hand slipping under the soft fabric of her undergarment. She breathed steadily while her fingers slid down her belly again, getting to their destination this time. She reached for her entrance, and brushed away the curls that covered it, parting the fleshy outer folds.



She slid her fingertips down either side of her clitoris and then back up to the tip where the sensation felt its strongest. She shuddered and sighed and closed her eyes. Adora explored herself, increasing the pressure more and more and then suddenly dug her fingertips into the slit between. The tickle caused her breath to catch and she shivered. She started to move her hips, her finger slid in and out of her, stroking her clitoris, building up the tension.

Her pace increased; she rocked her hips eagerly against her hand. It was Catra, and more insistently, so demanding...

But it wasn't Catra's skin against hers, not or real, and the touch made her feel an almost unbearable emptiness.

"Would you like to have me there, Adora?" Catra said reading her thoughts, "I think so," she smiled when she saw that Adora couldn't articulate a word. "You would like my hands to discover you, right? My fingers filling that the void.

"No," Adora answered. Her eyes were still closed, but she had clearly visualized each of the vampire's words in her mind.

"No? Then, what do you want?"

Adora did not answer immediately. She needed Catra's touch, but she did not imagine a path followed by her hands or her fingers. She wanted something else.

"A kiss," she spoke.

She opened her eyes and looked directly at her.

Catra's pupils dilated, the tension in her body increased. Adora witnessed the exact moment when the vampire lost control. She pounced on her, grabbing her by the hips and slamming them both against the bookshelf again. The wall creaked under their bodies and more books fell around them.

Adora's pulse shot up with anticipation. She needed Catra to touch her, but her hands weren't enough anymore. She wanted her mouth exploring every corner, her tongue tracing the path her fingers had traveled... her fangs in places she hardly dared to imagine.

Catra's hands still rested against her hips. Slowly, she then let them slide down her thighs, following their path with the rest of her body until she was kneeling in front of Adora. Adora had to hold on to the bookshelf to keep her balance as Catra stepped between her legs, her knees marking the limit, separating Adora's ankles to give herself access. She then lifted her gaze to look at her with heavy lidded eyes just before she bent down slowly and captured her center between her fangs. The sensations that spread from her lips shook her body involuntarily. Adora arched and gripped even tighter on the shelf, which creaked dangerously, making a couple more volumes fall to the floor in her attempt not to falter. She plunged the other remaining hand into the vampire's mane, urging her to get closer. She wanted her whole.



Catra's lips began to explore her gently, her tongue tracing the space between her folds, delighting in her arousal, then increasing the pace. She gripped her hips, claws digging in involuntarily, but Adora didn't care. She closed her eyes again. She could only hear the sound of their racing breaths, her drumming pulse echoing in her ears at the same time. Adora undulated her hips adjusting to her lips, her tongue, getting closer and closer to her entrance; her fangs, leaving traces of fire in her clitoris. It was sending waves of heat all over her and she was about to explode. She felt the climax approaching. Adora felt Catra parting her, exploring her with her fingers, but still sucking her hard. She felt pressure inside her as the vampire slid her fingers inside her, filling her completely, sealing any space that could separate them. Adora couldn't take it anymore. She screamed.

Catra felt her warmth, how her flesh throbbed under her touch, seeking to be filled completely. She began to make circular movements with her tongue, her lips kissing the soft skin, devouring it, filling her mouth with its flavor. Adora's hips began to undulate in time with the rhythm, increasing the speed. she gasped and clenched her fist, tugging at Catra's hair. Catra smiled against her and decided to give her what she was demanding. She nuzzled her clitoris with her nose, then her fangs. Adora's grip tightened in her hair, but she didn't mind. Her lips found her clitoris, pink and swollen, and she closed over it. Catra sucked firmly, her tongue pressing against the soft flesh as her lips enveloped it completely. Adora gasped, and Catra knew she was about to burst. She dropped her hands from her thighs, lower, opening up her folds, but never breaking contact with her mouth. Catra felt her with her hand. She was completely soaked. She slid her fingers inside of her, filling her, and rocked them in and out in a steady rhythm until she felt her inner walls pulsing against her skin. She was about to come.

She felt Adora's excitement reach its peak. She cried and slumped to the floor, a glazed look in her eyes as she panted out of breath, completely blushed. Catra couldn't take it anymore. She lunged for her and sank her fangs into her neck, her blood flooding every corner of her mouth, her taste everywhere. Adora's cry of release overlapped with Catra's, when at last sated, she broke away from her with bloodied lips and framing her face in her hands she devoured her in a bloody kiss.

