

*Chris has lived with the Bladenboro Beast's curse all of his life, learning how to hold it at bay but also how to control it. But will he be able to control a flare up when he's with Roe?*

*Gentle. Gentle.* His inner voice says but results in doing the opposite as he slams Roe into the wall directly behind them. Their entire body shakes from the impact, and they hiss in pain. Typically, Chris would pause and reconsider everything. The last thing he wished was to bring any kind of harm to Roe, but he wasn't Chris anymore. Not really. Every thought running through his mind was vanishing, and something far more primal was replacing every structured thought. Complex ideas shifting to basic instincts: survive and eat. Repetitive. Never shifting. Focused on those two necessities. Years he had learned to control this, to beat out this side of him. He could do it again ...

"Chris," Roe moans, causing him to doubt his previous thought. He slams his mouth violently against theirs, sloppily moving from their lips to their cheek and then to their neck. Every single inch of them smells utterly enticing. It wasn't just their natural musk that was causing him to act blindly. It was the sweat perspiring along their neck, their panting, and the wetness that was beginning to pool between their legs.

A deep growl escapes his lips as he pushes himself closer to them, his hand roughly cupping their core and massaging their folds.

"It hurts," they pant, music to his ears. His vision blurs as something inside of him roars, fighting to break free and take control. To take from Roe what he needed and leave them in a heaping mess, whether broken or still together, was not his concern. No! He needs to end this for Roe's safety. He wouldn't be himself in a matter of hours, and the last thing he wanted to believe was that his goodbye to Roe was him injuring them. A sinister voice slithers into his mind, infecting and corrupting him. Exterminating the parts of him that felt genuine human emotions and any connection with those who faced mortality.

"I trust you," Roe mutters into his ear, gripping him as if for dear life.

"Fuck!" he roars, tangling Roe's hair through his hand and yanking it to the side as he licks a trail from their collarbone to ear, closing his eyes as he commits their taste to memory. He didn't know if he'd be the same, but he'd be damned if he let this go. His free hand wraps around Roe's hips, bringing them flush up against his aching member and encouraging them to grind against him. Thankfully, Roe doesn't need much incentive and does just that, a feeling that sends him even further into the abyss.

*Stop!* He reminds himself but his pleas are lost to a Chris that wanted this but not the consequences, a weak Chris. One that no longer had any right to live in this world. Roe was there. Roe would bring him back. Regardless of how deep he believed he would go, he knew he would never hurt Roe. He had to believe that. And with that thought, he let himself go.

His hand still in their hair, he pulls down, forcing them to their knees as his other removes his pants and freeing his aching erection. He couldn't form words, not when his actions were getting as frenzied as they were. Placing his thumb against Roe's lip, he paused to admire the sight of the figure on their knees. A bit of spit trailing just off the tip of their mouth from their kiss as they gazed up at him. He releases a growl as he places his dick against their lips, working them apart before slipping himself down their throat. He releases their hair, seeing that they were up against a wall, and rams into their mouth, their gurgling sounds only forcing him to go deeper. Chris felt himself slipping; only the fact that the dark shadow was preoccupied with the figure before him kept him from falling completely.

A grunt escapes him as Roe attempts to push him out their mouth, and his insides roar, swatting their hands away and becoming more aggressive. That sensation of Roe's mouth covering him was too good. He couldn't stop. He wouldn't. He pulls back with a roar, grabbing Roe in one swoop and pinning them against the wall, nipping and licking at their body as if a ravaged beast.



Roe ... Roe was making him melt in desire. The need to jam his cock as deep as it would go, plant his seed inside ...

*St* - He rubs his thick erection between their legs before finally thrusting in, refusing to take it slow. He needed to know how they felt. To shout and scream as if they were being torn apart while he ventured their insides. He pulls out his entire length before ramming back into them, ruthlessly pounding their hole as his grunts go more copious.

“Chris!” someone shouts, but their voice was distant to his ears, “you’re going to rip me apart, fuck!” He blinks a few times as he gazes around, meeting the frantic look of the person below him.

*Keep going. They’re yours.*

“Mine,” he growls, thrusting deeper, making sure every inch was inside this person. His claws scrape and sink into tender flesh, and he watches as patches of red are left in their wake. When blood pools, he claims them with his mouth, licking it up before looking for another part. His patience was thinning as his senses escalated. He ceases their legs and holds them up, the new angle allowing him to go far deeper, leaving no inch of them untouched. He needed more. He would get more. Every time he rams into them, his grip tightens, and his grunts and moans turn more savage, shifting to roars and snarls. Moans intermingling with the savage sounds and the echoes of flesh ramming into flesh. And then it all becomes minor. A lone growl rips through Chris as his body shakes and his dick twitches and sends his seed shooting through the figure that he had chosen to be his.

He pants as he releases their legs and falls backward, everything new and odd. He only wished to feed and sleep. Blinking, he peers at the withering and bleeding form in front of him, feeling the need to go to them and comfort them. But he did not. Other things were calling his name, beckoning for his attention. But he shakes his head. Roe. That was Roe. Oh shit.

“Roe!” he shouts, going to their side, “are you okay?”

