

She was a playful sort. Crouching there on her haunches, sharp features etched with a jagged grin, she was a pale picture in the moonlight. Her tail, fluffy and dark as the hair flurrying around her shoulders, swept rhythmically around her generous thighs. Painted claws fanned out among the night-flower stems, seeking purchase.

She licked her lips. She let you run.

The night was quiet up until then. Now the ferns rushed past with angry whooshes, clinging to your clothes before tearing to fall in your footsteps. You look back down the slope, beyond the thorns, wondering whether or not you should duck down into the foliage to hide.

She's still there ~ coiled with glittering rubies for eyes~ before streaking towards you in the dark.

It's a game and she plays it, nipping at your heels and cutting you off, and giggling the entire time. She's close enough in the shadows that you can hear her belly growling. You'll know when she's bored, because she takes you out in a flash of full white flesh, tumbling atop you. She flushes as you wriggle beneath her sex.

"Gotcha~" she hums. Her smiling maw opens wide, before descending in a fangless kiss...