

CW: Cannibalism, murder, toxic relationship elements

First Meeting

“Why is this taking so long?”

Midnight sighs as she waits in the carriage. The wheel had broken on this between city wagon rides so they’ve been stopped for far longer than she would have liked. Public transport has never been a favorite mode of movement for her but crossing the desert on her own would have dried her out too much; at least she was the only one left on the ride so it was quiet and she had plenty of room to spread out in. At least while the wagon isn’t moving it’s easier to write. Midnight is trying to get her singing career off the ground so she’s been taking time off from her waitressing job to travel a bit while she writes songs.

After spending around thirty minutes just writing and getting more frustrated she gives a heavy sigh and heads out to look.

“How hard is it to cha-”

Her voice gets caught in her throat as she looks at the scene of pure horror in front of her. The bodies of the two drivers are strewn haphazardly around the road, unidentifiable pieces of gore and viscera everywhere. Before Midnight can shake off her fear she’s knocked onto the ground by a nautipod more than twice her size. She’s pinned down and she stares up at the bloody face of the pod in abject terror. The boney pod licks her face and that jostles her out of her paralysis.

“Do-don’t eat me...”

The other pod just tilts its head in a curious way, entirely non-threatening. Midnight just holds her breath and the other pod smiles.

“You’re pretty”

Midnight blinks a bit, more than a little confused at the words that came out of that blood splattered mouth.

“Thanks?” She gives the pod a confused look, trying to get a read on the boney pod. “Mind getting off me?”

The other pod gets off and crouches nearby as Midnight gets up. It’s unnerving to see them eat the others but as Midnight brushes herself off they make no move at her. She takes a proper look at the other pod. They’re big, almost twice as tall as Midnight, with holed boney plates over her pale green flesh. The pod’s spiky tentacles offer Midnight what appears to be an arm.

“Uh, I’m quite alright, not hungry…What’s your name?”

The pod tilts their head and fluffs up their purple fur a bit before putting the arm down and smiling at Midnight. They goes over and snuggles against one of Midnight’s hands.

“Elira”

“My name is Midnight” She pats the other pod a bit. Confused but finding her weirdly cute. “Uh, nice to meet you”

Visit

“Elira, you out there?”

Midnight re-adjusts her bag on her shoulders, a bit out of breath. Meeting Elira out here is always a pain but she’s not exactly a pod that enjoys the city so Midnight brings fun treats and trinkets to her big wild girlfriend from her town. She takes a deep breath and keeps walking into the bog, looking around for some telltale signs that Elira is around; some footprints here, some gashes in the trees there.

“Yoo hoo, I’m coming to visit!”

Yelling in the bog is always a bit worrying. Midnight is a small pod and not exactly the best at defending herself but since this is Elira’s territory she’s never had anything to *really* worry about while here.

The grass rustles nearby and she hears a growl. She freezes and glances over before a large blur dives at her from the bush, knocking her down.

“Midnight! I’m glad you could come visit!”

Midnight lets the breath she was holding out with a bit of a forced laugh. She pushes the other pod off her, Elira doesn’t move completely off, just shuffling so that Midnight can sit up with her upper torso on her lap.

“Of course, though I’d really rather you didn’t pounce on me everytime”

“Sorry, I forget. I’m just really excited to see you”

“It’s only been a few days” Midnight giggles “You used to be alone for longer than that”

“I miss you always” Elira hugs her tightly and Midnight wheezes a bit before she loosens up “What do you have in the bag?”

“Oh mostly snacks, a light since it gets so dark out here at night, oh and things for a bit of a picnic lunch” Midnight pokes around in her bag as she talks, “I thought it might be cute to do something like that, since I assume you’ve never had a picnic before~”

“Picnic?” The big lady tilts her head “Is that food too?”

“Sort of? It’s more of a way to eat” She gets her to let her up and starts pulling the picnic stuff out, setting it up on a nearby drier spot. “It’s small and easy to eat foods that you eat outside, though I guess you normally eat outside”

She giggles and sits on the blanket, waving Elira over to lay in her lap again. The big pod lays her head on the smaller one’s lap happily.

Midnight spends the next little while feeding Elira basically bite sized sandwiches as she tells her about her work. The restaurant she works at has such varied clientele. She’s got a few favorite regulars but this time around she’s mainly complaining about some weirdos and creeps she’s been seeing around. Elira always offers to just have her stay here with her but city girl Midnight could never stay in the wild.

As it gets dark Midnight sets up the light she brought to give Elira, it shines little stars into the trees, and she cuddles up against her on the blanket.

“Goodnight, I love you”

Career Move

“Elira?”

Midnight looks around the usual spots. It’s been a few weeks since she’s been back so it’s possible that Elira moved to a different place.

“Are you here?”

A rustle behind her and big arms grab her, picking her up off the ground. The big pod her her tightly, shaking a bit.

“You’ve been gone for so long...why did you leave?”

Midnight wiggles a bit, very excited to share her news. She gets Elira to put her down and she holds her hands, not really noticing the big lady’s distress in her excitement.

“I got to travel to sing!” she grins “It’s honestly such a dream come true. Some guy showed up at the restaurant and he heard me singing to myself, he thought I could maybe make it as a singer.

So we're doing a bit of a tour to test the waters. I'm only around half-way done. My town is at the midway point, but I'm so excited!"

Elira nods slowly as she listens, not the most pleased by the news as Midnight is just gushing about the songs, the crowds, and the fanfare.

"So you'll be going away again?"

"Uhm, yeah? It's a lot of travel"

"I'm happy you're happy"

Midnight smiles and hugs her girlfriend, chatting about things she's excited about, the conversation moving along over the course of the night. She falls asleep in Elira's arms as she normally does, Elira holds her as tight as she's able to without waking her.

Breakup

Time passes and the frequency of Midnight's visits to the bog steadily decreases as her singing career gets off the ground. She travels more and more and fights with Elira about leaving more and more. The big pod gets more and more clingy as Midnight pulls away more and more, their different lifestyles and desires pulling them apart.

"I think this is where she should be?"

Midnight looks around the bog planning on just visiting for a short while. Her tour brought her through town again for the first time in a while so she figured she should at least drop in and say hi. It's been almost a year since she last visited though so she's having a bit of a hard time navigating the area. The bog has changed a bunch over the time she's known Elira, there's quite a few sporadically located shelters around that they put up together to make Midnight more comfortable in the wilds but Midnight bets that Elira hasn't been maintaining them without her.

"Elira are you still around?"

A familiar rustle and the big pod emerges from the trees.

"You've been gone so long..."

"Well I've been touring. My music has become pretty popular so I've been busy."

They stare each other down a bit. Midnight feels a bit uneasy by the way Elira is looking at her, like she's pondering something in her animalistic way.

“Well I only came today to give you a few souvenirs. I’m really busy so I can’t stay long” She puts her bag down and rummages through it, not making eye contact with the other pod. “There were some really interesting things in the other country. They live so differently when it’s not a desert. I might move over there if it wasn’t so noisy all the time.”

“Move...? You’d go even further from me?” Elira’s voice breaks a bit as she says that. Midnight rolls her eyes at the statement.

“I said I *wouldn’t* move there” She pulls the gifts out of her bag and offers them to Elira. Elira stares at the gifts, not making any move to take them.

“But you *would* move...” Her voice has a strange conviction in it, as if she’s finally made up her mind on something.

“Uh, I guess?”

Elira grabs her hands, causing Midnight to drop what she was holding. Midnight looks up at Elira confused, trying to pull her hands back but no luck; Elira is so much bigger and stronger than her. Midnight’s pulse increases as a creeping sense of unease tingles up her spine.

“Elira, let go of my hands...” Her saying that just makes her increase her grip. “Ow! That hurts, let go!”

“You can’t leave...not again...You will stay with me”

“What? No, let go!” Midnight starts struggling “I’ll visit more if that’s what you want but I’m not staying out here all the time!”

“I miss you always...” Midnight looks up at her terrified as she pulls her closer “So I’ll make it so you’ll never leave again”

She screams as Elira bites down on her shoulder. The pain burns less than the betrayal of someone she once loved trying to eat her.

Midnight tries her best to get away, kicking and punching Elira as best she can. She lands a pretty solid punch by her standards right on her tentacles, Elira is crying. She pulls back and takes another sizable bite out of Midnight’s arm. She screams again and Elira’s grip loosens for just a moment.

She takes the opportunity to pull away and run. Running as fast as she can, not really paying attention to direction and just aiming to put as much distance between her and Elira as possible. The sound of the larger pod running through the brush behind her is enough to keep her mind off the pain as she sprints.

“No please...not like this...”

Midnight is starting to cry as she runs, realizing she likely can't outrun the predator. The sound of sprinting behind her is getting louder and louder as Elira gets closer and closer. Her heart is beating so fast in her chest that it's almost just a straight hum. She runs and hides behind a tree, quietly and desperately trying to catch her breath. The sound of pursuit dashes by her, getting quieter into the distance as her heartbeat slows.

She breathes a sigh of relief as she can't hear it anymore before she feels a hand grab her neck and arm from behind. Elira is a predator by nature, she knows how to catch her prey.

“Elira please...”

Midnight struggles to talk as she cries. Elira hesitates and lets go of her throat, holding her hand tightly.

“I...”

Midnight doesn't stay to hear her out. She runs but the force of her pulling away and the force of Elira holding her hand was enough to cause her already weakened arm to tear off. She doesn't even feel the pain in her fear driven state as she runs. Elira does not pursue, just standing there still as a statue holding Midnight's hand.