

Bloody Greed
By Holo

Zanna couldn't see through the hood that had been pulled over their face, but they could hear people talking. At least two distinct voices, both male. Zanna's big ears twitched as they kept tuned in on the conversation, and their nostrils flared as they tried to smell out who had grabbed them off the streets. There was a mingling smell of human and dog, and another scent of something... else. Zanna couldn't tell what. It was almost human, but there was something primal about it, something not quite right.

"We got another one boss, we think this one might really interest you," one of the voices said. There was a slight echo to their voices that Zanna could pick up, and they guessed that they were all in an enclosed space.

"Oh yeah, is that so Dolcetto?" the other voice said.

"Yeah, some kinda chimera we and the others wager, but it's no one any of us recognize, and they're, well..." Dolcetto's voice trailed off for a moment. "You can see even with their face covered, they sure don't look human."

"Obviously. Well, I'll put them through the wringer and see what comes out the other side. Have Roa watch the door, and take Martel out for another patrol, alright?"

"Sure thing Greed." Dolcetto exited the room, and Zanna could hear a heavy door close as he left. They swallowed hard, and remained still as they heard footsteps approaching, presumably Greed's footsteps.

The black hood was pulled off their head, and Zanna blinked as bright light flooded their eyes. Their white pupils shrank as they adjusted to the light, and all they could make out as they squinted was a tall, shadowy figure standing before them. Zanna raised an arm to try and block some of the light with their hand, but as they brought it up it was slapped back to the floor, making them yelp.

"Whoa, careful there. No sudden movements, you might spook me." Greed's voice had a teasing but menacing tone to it. It was confusing, but Zanna figured it was best to stay still. "Well well, aren't you a sight? You're quite a chimera, if that's even what you are. Stand up, let me get a good look at you."

Zanna shifted and slowly got to their feet. They could see Greed better now. He didn't smell quite human, but he looked like one, aside from a few odd details. His eyes were a pale purple, and his pupils were razor-thin slits. His half-cocked smile showed off sharp teeth that looked like they could rend flesh. Greed let them stare for a moment before he shrugged to adjust the big, furred collar of his black vest.

"Yeah alright, so I'm one to talk, I'm not exactly human either, but at least I can pass as one if I had to. But you? Damn." Greed started to walk a slow circle around Zanna, and Zanna followed him with their eyes. Greed grabbed their wings and pulled on them, stretching them out. "I like the red and blue decorations you've got all over you, I'm almost jealous. Can you fly with these things?"

Zanna nodded hurriedly. "Yeah, I can."

Greed tightened his grip and pulled harder, just enough to hurt. "'Yeah?' I think you mean, 'Yes Greed.' Show some respect."

Zanna's fur stood on end. He was squeezing hard enough to bruise. "Yes Greed!"

He released their wings and let out a pleased sigh. "That's better. So, flight. That'll definitely be useful. What else you got?"

"Uuhh, these? I guess?" Zanna raised their hands, slowly so as not to "spook" Greed, and showed off the claws attached to their fingers. Their tail also gestured to the talons that were attached to their toes.

"Not bad, not bad. Wanna compare?" Greed held up his left hand, showing off his Ouroboros tattoo before the skin of his hand transmuted into a shining, dark gray material with sharp claws at the ends of his fingers. Greed pulled his hand back, and slashed at Zanna, shredding their shirt and slicing through their skin. It was a shallow cut, but just deep enough to bleed. It colored and matted Zanna's grey fur, and stained their pink tank top. Zanna pressed a hand to the slashes to try and stem the bleeding, wincing and gritting their teeth. "Come on, cut me back! I want to see what you're made of."

Zanna swallowed and scowled, lifted their hand and clawed at Greed's face. Their claws ripped through his flesh, down to the muscle, and drew a heavy stream of blood. Greed grunted, and his head turned to the side from the hit. He scowled, but it turned up into a toothy grin. Red lightning crackled around his body, and the wounds sealed up in seconds.

"Heh! Not bad, that didn't feel like you were holding back. That almost got me to the bone!" He wiped the blood off his face with a hand and whipped most of it to the concrete floor. "You must be pretty strong!" Greed pulled his arm back and balled his transmuted hand into a fist. The attack was obviously telegraphed, and as he punched, forward, Zanna grabbed his fist, stopping it. They slid back an inch, talons clawing the ground as their arm trembled under the force of Greed's thrust. "Strong enough to be useful! I like that!" He relented his strike, and his hand returned to its normal, fleshy state.

Zanna finally had a chance to speak now that there was a lull. "So, you're Greed?"

"That's what they call me! Who are you, chimera?"

They hesitated, but decided against lying. "Zanna."

"Zanna huh? Now that's quite a name—"

"What do you want with me?" Zanna cut him off.

Greed moved faster than Zanna could react, and his hand grabbed their lower jaw as he hardened his skin again. "I want *you*," he hissed as he dug his claws into Zanna's skin, teasing open tiny puncture wounds. "I'm Greed for a reason. I want to own *everything*, you get it? I want money, fame, and I want people. I want to *own* you, and I'm going to." He let them go and leaned away. "Unless you think you can beat me down and get away," Greed said as his arms transmuted into that same shining grey substance. "But judging by your earlier attack, I think it's safe to say your claws won't be able to break my Ultimate Shield."

Zanna folded their wings to their back and lunged, claws out, swiping both hands at Greed. Greed grinned and howled with laughter as he lifted his shielded arms. Zanna's claws made contact, and bounced off without so much as scratching the dark grey material, and Zanna staggered back. Greed closed in and punched them right in the chest, knocking the wind out of them and making them collapse to their knees.

"Honestly I gotta say, that was a respectable effort. Being willing to fight when the odds are stacked against you is a pretty good trait for a bodyguard to have," Greed said, sounding

sincere even as he stepped on Zanna's head, making them drop from their knees to their belly. Their ears folded back as Greed's boot pressed down between their horns, and the wound on their chest stung as it pressed against the concrete floor. "Now if you keep fighting me from here on out, you might find that you don't live very long, but if you're good, then you and me are gonna be really good friends, you got that?" Greed smiled down at Zanna, his attempt at a friendly grin offset but the menace of his sharp teeth.

"Fuck... Fine." Forced servitude wasn't Zanna's idea of 'friendship,' but it sure beat having their skull crushed right now.

Greed's smile turned into a frown. "Fine?" He ground his heel between Zanna's eyes.

"Y-yes! Yes Greed!" Zanna cried out, and the pressure on their skull lifted.

"Better. Now get up. I need to make sure everyone knows who you belong to."

Trembling, Zanna got to their feet and faced Greed. He was almost a half foot taller, and he stepped in close until their chests were nearly pressed together. He grabbed Zanna under the arms, holding tight, and moved his head down onto their shoulder. Zanna didn't resist, seeing no point in trying, even as Greed opened his mouth and bit down on their shoulder. He bit gently, but pressed harder and harder with his teeth sharp teeth until Zanna cried out in pain. Their knees trembled as those fangs pierced their flesh, and blood began to ooze from the wound. Greed kept biting, harder, until every single one of his teeth had punctured Zanna's shoulder. Only then did he withdraw, leaving a bleeding bite wound behind.

He wiped his mouth clean. "There. When that heals you'll have a nice bite scar matching these," he said, pointing to his teeth. "And no one else has a bite like mine, so they'll be no mistaking who you belong to." He put a hand on the bloodied shoulder, making Zanna wince. "And if it heals, I'll just give you another one!"

Zanna didn't look forward to it. Their right side was already soaked in their own blood, and their shirt was sticking to their fur.

Greed stayed close, his eyes fixed on Zanna's (names mixed up?) muzzle and their big, snaggle teeth. He tilted his head to one side, and slipped off his collared vest. "How about you do me? Seems only fair, and I'm curious how much more damage your teeth can do than mine." He gave his exposed shoulder a pat. "Come on. Right here. Give it to me."

They obeyed, reluctantly, moving in slowly and anticipating some sort of trick or punishment, but it never came. Even as Zanna slipped their muzzle around Greed's shoulder and bit down, Greed only shuddered and sighed. Zanna bit harder, their many fangs breaking Greed's skin and drawing blood. They filled their mouth with flesh until their teeth hit Greed's shoulder blade. A hand came down on the top of their head, between the horns, and it rubbed through their orange hair.

"Good pet, that's the spirit," Greed cooed, his voice strained with pain, but dripping with pleasure. "Now tear out that chunk of flesh. Don't swallow, though, might not be good for you," he said between excited breaths.

Zanna grabbed Greed around his waist and pushed him away as they pulled back their head. Greed's entire arm came off at the shoulder, and it flailed outside of Zanna's jaws before they let it flop to the floor.

"Damn! That was good!" Greed shouted, excited, almost passionate. Red lightning cracked over his body again, and bone sprouted like a branch from his shoulder, followed by a

coating of muscle, and finally skin. He regenerated his entire arm in just seconds. "You're a monster! I like that! I think you're going to make a great new addition to my collection." He grabbed Zanna's lower jaw again, stepped in close, and gave them a rough kiss that left Zanna stunned and speechless. "Mmhh, yeah, that's good, real good." He let go, but Zanna didn't move. "So Zanna, my new pet, welcome to your new home." He spread his arms wide with a flourish. "The Devil's Nest! When Dolcetto gets back, I'll have him show you to your room. Until then, bandage yourself up will you? You're a damn mess." He grabbed a roll of bandages from on top of a wooden crate and threw them to Zanna, who caught them.

Greed left the room through the only door, and Zanna could hear it lock from the outside. They stared at the bandages in their bloodstained hands, and slowly began to unwrap the bundle. They finished tearing off their shredded shirt, and carefully started wrapping their bitten shoulder and slashed chest to stop them from bleeding anymore than they already had. As they tended to their wounds, one thing became clear. They belonged to Greed now.