Line of Blood

The story starts in the modern age, within a huge cave there are paintings made by the primitive men and tombs here and there. Those tombs resemble wombs implying the dead inside would be reborn someday

A female archaeologist is studying the tombs and she finds bones, female human bones, and remains implying she was a huntress in life, which is odd for a woman.

Even as she was a huntress, she was not buried with weapons nor depictions of weaponry on the painted walls of her tomb, but even thou, she was the chief within the tribe because of the precious gifts and jewelry within it.

One strange detail was that in the walls there were a hundred men, meaning she killed many men, but also…Smilodon? And only Smilodon, weird.

The skeleton told a story surely- the archaeologist thought as she was cleaning the bones- and walking. She tripped and fell, breaking the bone she was cleaning and hitting herself on the head.

She fell unconscious and she dreamed, as something magical blew from the bone and into her…

She woke up, dressed as a shaman, and being the shaman of her tribe that lived nearby, only her was allowed to enter this holy place. She was a woman of privilege, and she was treated much better than other women she knew but not like men, not even the lowest of men.

Full of envy and jealousy, she decided to perfect her craft to gain more recognition within the tribe, she learned to use magic upon the animals they would hunt by painting them on the walls, it was like if she could capture their very souls in the walls. But that didn’t give her more status even as it worked.

One afternoon where she felt a rapport, she painted an animal she loved the most upon herself, the Smilodon, as it was the most powerful hunter, she met that could take down giants effortlessly and men feared them. When the paint touched her skin, she heard noises, animal noises from the walls.

The cave had sabertoothed cats painted on the walls, around 70 of them, they all growled in a coherent way to the shaman, telling her that if she allowed their souls to rest within her, they would change her, she would become powerful, invincible to human standards and also queen of the land, but she needed to become their champion, as humans are taking down too many of the prey their kin hunt for a living.

The shaman agreed and knew this agreement would be permanent, life changing and would have consequences, so she left her tribe and ventured outside with just the clothing she was wearing and a bit of food.

Once she journeyed to a sacred mountain, she built an improvised refugee for herself to live by, she was occupied by this that she let her guard down against predators, but I am no referring to an animal outside or even a human enemy, but the predator within, that now lived within her.

Her body demanded nourishment and she felt the need to go on a hunt, she kept on seeing images on her mind of her running and chasing something large, even as she was running full speed, she felt no fatigue at all, only excitement.

Prey falls into her hands.

Hands?

No, hands are not needed, as she thought of this her nailbeds gave way to claws as her hands and fingers deformed and grew fur and muscles. With those muscles and paws, prey was pinned down on the ground.

The woman felt hot, with one paw she ripped off her clothing as her breast were reducing in size and two more matching sets grew under them to feed her kits, should she have them someday.

Her human lefts gave way to muscular feline legs covered in fur and a tiny tail at the end

And when her posture was quadrupedal, her bones reshaped into that position.

Much to her disappointment, the woman tigress hadn’t hunted anything, but she was salivating at the idea, visions of her giving the killing blow with her fangs to prey made her stomach growl, but she didn’t had fangs yet.

Her skull reshaped, her hair fell apart and her eyes moved up front like those of a predator, and she spitted blood and teeth from her mouth.

The useless human teeth fell as sables emerged from her gums, sabertoothed cats are called that for a reason.

Once her change was complete, she ran to meet prey, a giant deer, she was an unexperienced predator and the hunt was more of a battle than a hunt, and it felt good.

The Smilodon within her commanded her to kill men and women to maintain balance, men were a plague that needed to be smitten for her kind, sabretooths, to reign supreme within the snow-covered lands and the vast forests.

As a woman she couldn’t stand to watch the butchery she did every day, and loneliness was causing her to lose her mind, luckily, she was an attractive sabretooth and got pregnant every time after time, and from one woman a community living on the mountain was formed, a community of man hunting werecats.

The shaman huntress killed men for more than a decade before seeing with her own eyes how scarce they were and fearful of the forces of nature. It took a bit of convincing, but she managed to tell her children that the best way to survive was to join forces with humans.

When they met (again) their old shaman they were happy, as they thought everything that went wrong with their lives was a result of her leaving, perhaps they did something to anger her somehow back then?

The shaman came back with children of many ages (and they didn’t know they could change and hunt, as she did) and she decided to hunt sabretooths to save humanity from extinction, thinking she was tricked all those years back.

With her efforts and men, sabretooths became nearly extinct where they were abundant before, and men prospered without their enemy in such a way that they became the apex predator where they lived.

Unfortunately, enough, within a few generations, the giants and many lifeforms became scarce to eventually disappear forever. They were Smilodon were honored as heroes and buried within their sacred cave until they became extinct as well, or perhaps not, as some say their genes still linger in some lucky humans nowadays.

The archaeologist woman came back to her senses, was it all a dream?

Then she heard a voice from within herself

“You are my descendant, my daughter, and yours is the compromise and the burden of bearing my blood.”

“You have the spirit of the Smilodon within you as well, you and hundreds if not thousands of my children who remain dormant nowadays, you are the first sleeper who awakens to her full destiny, you will crave meat someday, soon, human flesh, as balance needs to be maintained, humanity needs to be purged in order for our kind and many others and animals to survive. You are the nowadays hero, our champion.”

“Do I know you- said the archaeologist- and how do I do all the things you mention, or why should I kill people?”

“It’s in your blood dear, you will understand, I was supposed to kill them all, the humankind, which are not too human now, nor too kind, and are selfish. Your body will teach you all you need to know and by instinct you will seek to awaken those who sleep from your brothers and sisters of the Smilodon.”

The descendant was full of doubt and didn’t agree with this, that didn’t stop her first change to come regardless, and she became the first among many.

Then the descendant is shown on the last page, as a were Smilodon, crouching on top of a tree, waiting for as family to sate her hunger, she learned to hunt, she learned to kill, she learned to like this…

The end.