

## Dark and Light

### Chapter 10

#### Kiera

There were so many ways she could wipe out these Goblins, it took actual focus and concentration to come up with something that *wouldn't* result in excessive slaughter. Instead of her usual go-to abilities – fireballs and deadly whips and razor-sharp claws – Kiera had to get creative, figure out a way of quelling these Goblins and their leader *without* harming them.

After all, Lily wanted to see these Darkspawn. Observe them. Interact with them. Learn about them. She couldn't well do that if Kiera reduced the tribe to smouldering, charred patches of earth.

So... Something relatively harmless, but potent enough to put these Goblins in their place.

The mounted Orc moved closer, his horse-sized beetle inching forward. He was reaching for his crotch, much as the Goblins were, nursing his erection as his eyes roamed over Kiera and Lily.

That alone – this Orc leering at Lily – almost made Kiera snap.

All it'd take was one thought, the simple desire to obliterate, and she could level this entire area. Wipe out the tribe and its mounts in an instant. A single shockwave of raw power that'd extinguish these Lesser Darkspawn like blowing out a candle.

She restrained herself, summoned a tiny portion of her power.

When Kiera raised a hand at the Orc, he froze.

Black tendrils rose from her outstretched palm. The Orc's eyes went wide just as Kiera flexed her fingers. The black shot straight at the Orc, knocked him backwards. Shouts of surprise and anger rose from the Goblins as their leader tumbled to the ground, black tendrils wrapping around him as he writhed helplessly.

Kiera raised her arm high, sent out more tendrils. Dozens more.

One by one, the Goblins fell. Bound and trapped by black ropes, they struggled and cried out and snarled and whimpered. But, try as they might, not one was able to escape their bindings.

Kiera lowered her hand, turned to look at Lily.

Her flower was staring at her, mouth agape.

"What..." The girl whispered, glancing at Kiera's hand. The black tendrils were gone. "What was *that*?"

"A little Succubus trick," Kiera winked. "We can play with it another time, if you'd like. There are all *sorts* of ways you can use ropes and knots to have... *fun*."

Lily blushed.

Kiera grinned, turned back to the struggling, bound Orc a few feet away. She strode over to him.

"Look at me," she commanded, stopping next to his head.

The Orc stopped struggling, glared up at her.

"You understand what I'm saying?" Kiera asked.

"Yes," the Orc growled.

Good.

Kiera knelt down beside the Orc, spoke softly.

"I'm stronger than you," she told him. An understatement, for sure. "Try anything stupid, and I'll destroy you. I'm in charge now, got it?"

Still glaring at her, the Orc nodded its head.

Kiera looked the creature over. Bound as it was in thick black ropes, it didn't look

nearly as intimidating as it would've liked. But, when it came to these Lesser Darkspawn, force and displays of strength were the only way to control them. She needed to make him feel powerless. It was the only way to gain his loyalty.

"Keep your underlings in check," she said, reaching down and touching the black rope. "From now until we part ways, I expect nothing but obedience and respect from the lot of you."

Jaw tight, the Orc nodded again.

Kiera broke the rope, watched as it burst into a cloud of potent Dark. More dense and powerful than the Orc it'd been used to bind. An instant later, she'd reabsorbed all of it.

She stood, took a step back.

The Orc climbed to his feet, glared at Kiera. Then, grudgingly, bowed down before her.

## Lily

"No," the Orc grunted.

"Okay," Lily said happily. "So, if you don't set up camp, what *do* you do? How does your tribe spend the night?"

"Walking."

"Walking?" Lily asked. "You spend every night just... walking?"

The Orc grunted again. Lily took it as a 'yes'.

"So you spend all day and all night walking... There's gotta be more than that! What *else* do you do?"

No answer came. Save for guttural grumbles, the Orc remained silent. Eyes ahead. Not sparing Lily a glance. So far, he'd not replied to her questions with anything other than single-word answers. And even *that* was rare.

Kiera'd told her Orcs had human-level intelligence, right?

Had she been mistaken, or did Kiera think *this* was the average human intellect? Grunts and grumbles and one-word answers.

Lily pursed her lips, glanced at her lover.

Kiera was at the head of the group, a few paces ahead of Lily and the Orc. Though she wasn't looking at them, Lily could *feel* the Succubus listening in on the conversation. If it could even be called a 'conversation'.

"Your weapons," Lily said, determined to get answers. "You must have gotten them somewhere. Your clothes too. And some of the Goblins have packs with them..."

"Humans," the Orc grunted.

Lily sighed, glanced back at the tribe following behind them.

Two dozen greyish green Goblins, wearing loincloths and odd trinkets, carrying spears and clubs and makeshift weapons. Indeed, more than a few did have large packs slung over their shoulders. Likewise, on the backs of the giant black beetles, there were more packs and pouches.

None of the beetles had riders. Lily didn't quite understand it, but it had something to do with the Orc. Kiera had ordered him to walk with Lily, and he'd barked something at the Goblins. As best as Lily could guess, if the 'chief' wasn't allowed to ride, none of the others were either.

"Okay... So did you trade for them, or take them after a fight, or steal them?"

"Yes," the Orc grunted.

Lily frowned.

"Not very talkative, are you?"

"No."

Not fair! There were so many things Lily wanted to ask, so much she wanted to

learn. How was she supposed to get anything out of *this*? The Orc couldn't even string two words together!

As if sensing her frustration, Kiera chuckled.

"How far to the nearest waypoint?" Kiera asked, a smile clear in her voice.

"Two days walk," the Orc said, voice deep and rumbling. He raised an arm, pointed off to one side. "That way. It's guarded. Priesthood waypoint. Not worth going. Over there," he pointed in a different direction. "Three days walk to a merchant waypoint. Much better waypoint there."

Lily gaped at the Orc as Kiera's chuckles filled the air.

"Waypoints are little places along the main trade route through the tundra," Kiera said as the Goblin tribe began moving away from them. "Places where merchant convoys stop for the night, trade with other convoys they come across, that kind of stuff."

"Hmm..." Lily hummed, looking at her. "You knew I was going to ask. You're getting used to having me around, aren't you?"

"More than you know," Kiera smiled. "Figured you'd want a better answer than an Orc's grunt."

"What was the deal with that, anyway?"

Lily looked out over the Goblin tribe, saw the Orc at the head. Riding one of the giant beetles. No doubt, happy to be leaving Kiera and Lily behind.

"Humans don't usually travel with Darkspawn," Kiera said. "My guess is he thought you were my pet or toy."

Lily blushed.

"He probably thought he was superior to you. And, since Orcs and Goblins are all about strength and power and hierarchy, he didn't like having to answer to you. He wouldn't disobey a command from me, but he didn't want to submit to you. Either that, or he's just a dick."

"Speaking of dicks..."

Another bright burst of laughter erupted from Kiera.

"Why did they all have *dicks*?!" Lily whined. "And why were they all *hard*?! It was so gross! You could've warned me!"

"I didn't know they'd be male," Kiera shrugged. "And, technically, they weren't *all* male."

"Pretty sure they were," Lily said, face hot. "I saw a *lot* of penises, and not a single-"

"The Orc and Goblins were male," Kiera said. "But the Beasties – the beetles – were female. When it comes to smaller Goblin tribes, they all tend to be the same gender."

That got Lily's attention.

"Why's that?" She asked excitedly.

Kiera didn't answer right away. She sat herself down on the grassy ground, motioned for Lily to do the same. As Lily did, Kiera summoned a lidded stone bowl from nowhere, handed it and a stone spoon over to Lily.

"You eat," Kiera said with a smile, "I talk."

That seemed fair to Lily.

The bowl was warm in her hands. Not overly hot, but not cold either. Did Kiera's storage place maintain the temperatures of everything sent there, or was it more that things in the storage place didn't advance in time at all? If Lily gave Kiera a clock to store, would it keep track of time in the storage place or would it prove that time stood still there?

Lily removed the bowl's lid, lowered the stone spoon into the broth. As soon as she raised it to her lips and tasted it, she all but melted.

Darumaug's cooking was *wonderful*.

"Darkspawn don't have sex to multiply," Kiera began, watching Lily eating with a small smile. "We have genitals, but they're cosmetic – a product of us being modelled after

humans and the natural world. Darkspawn don't get pregnant, we don't have children. That's not how we multiply."

Lily nodded her head, gulped down a mouthful of broth. "You just kinda pop into existence, right? When there's a lot of Dark in one place, it condenses into Darkspawn."

"That's true," Kiera said, "but not the whole truth. Darkspawn, we have a kind of lifecycle – same as humans. You go from infant to child to adult to elderly, multiple stages of life. There are multiple 'stages' that a Darkspawn can have too, from Runties to Runts to Beasties to Goblins and so on. But it's not as straightforward as human aging."

Lily shovelled Darumaug's broth into her mouth, listening intently. Part of her regretting not basking in the flavours and spices more – it was *really* good cooking. But Kiera stole away her attention like a thief in the night.

"Instead of aging with time, we 'age' with Dark. The more Dark we collect, the closer we get to the next 'stage'. Only, something happens when we're near a metamorphosis. I've never experienced it myself, but it's supposed to feel like a kind of tugging, tearing sensation. If a Darkspawn resists that pull, they'll shift to the next 'stage' and transform accordingly – a Beastie will become a Goblin, a Goblin will become an Orc. But, if they can't resist it – which happens most of the time – they'll split apart instead. One Darkspawn becomes two."

Lily tried to picture that. A Goblin full of Dark, splitting apart and becoming two Goblins. Like cells dividing. She almost giggled at the images her mind conjured.

"When that happens, the two resulting Darkspawn maintain the gender of the original. One male Goblin becomes two. Two become four. Four become eight. And, occasionally, one will resist the 'splitting' and undergo metamorphosis, becoming an Orc instead."

Which was why the Orc and Goblins had all been male. They'd originated from the same male Goblin however long ago.

"And the beetles?"

"At some point," Kiera said, "the tribe must've come across a beetle Beastie. Instead of killing it for its Dark, they decided to keep it. And from that one, they eventually ended up several. Useful mounts, I'd imagine."

How much Dark did Beasties and Goblins need to 'split'? And how long did it take to gather that much?

"It takes a while," Kiera said, guessing Lily's thoughts. "Years for Beasties, decades for Goblins. But that's only taking into account natural Dark accumulation. Lesser Darkspawn will wander around at night, soaking in as much Dark as they can. It's when tribes clash with each other that things speed up considerably. The victors absorb the Dark from the slain, and get near to that 'splitting point' much faster. Doesn't happen so much here on the steppe, but there are constant tribal wars in the Northern Wastes. Lots of Orcs and Ogres up there. Even a fair few Fiends."

Lily drank down the last of the broth. As she did, Kiera stood, glanced around.

"Now that you've met an Orc and some Goblins, how about we leave this boring steppe behind and head somewhere interesting?"

"Where do you have in mind?" Lily asked.

Kiera's eyes twinkled.

Kiera's arms wrapped around her and, a moment later, so did her wings. A leathery cocoon encompassed the pair of them, blocking out light and sound. The wind vanished, the chilly night disappeared against the gentle warmth the succubus emitted.

In the blackness, the only thing Lily could see were Kiera's red irises. Glowing faintly just inches from Lily's face.

"You can see me," Lily found herself whispering. "Can't you?"

"I see better in the darkness than I do in the light."

"I can't," Lily murmured, cheeks hot.

Kiera giggled.

A moment later, her skin began to glow. A faint, red glow surrounded the pair of them. Every red part of Kiera's leathery skin became like a lamp, illuminating the both of them. Not bright, but a soft light. Comforting, like a night light.

Lily looked down, blushed at the large breasts pressing against her far more modest bust.

Naked breasts. Red breasts with dark, swollen nipples.

She forced her eyes away from the sight – Kiera's cleavage – before her cheeks turned as red as Kiera's succubus skin.

"You can look," Kiera whispered. "If you want. I don't mind."

Electrical tingles shot up Lily's spine.

"I like it when you look," Kiera added quietly.

Lily's eyes wandered down again.

They really were huge.

She'd known she'd been into girls for a long time. Years. But, until Kiera, she'd never...

Slowly, with trembling hands, she reached up.

In the tight confines of Kiera's embrace, she couldn't move her arms around much. But she had just enough space to lift them, squeeze her hands between their bodies. Her fingertips sank into Kiera's huge tits.

Lily let out a little gasp.

"Do you like them?" Kiera asked, smiling. "I can make them bigger, if you want. Or smaller. Anything you'd like..."

"They're perfect," Lily breathed.

*You're perfect.*

Her thumbs brushed around Kiera's nipples, basking in their stiffness. At any moment, it felt like she'd either melt or explode. Her insides felt like fire. Hot, tingling fire.

"They can be your pillows," Kiera said, breath molten against Lily's face. "While you sleep."

That's right. This cocoon was for Lily to sleep in. Kiera protecting her from the elements with her own body, her huge wings.

The furthest thing from Lily's mind was sleep, though.

She looked up at Kiera's face. The plump black lips against crimson skin, those red irises surrounded by darkness. The smile; part cheeky, part loving. Even the horns protruding from Kiera's brow were beautiful somehow. How horns could be beautiful, Lily didn't know. But Kiera's were.

Before she could stop herself, she leaned in, gave Kiera a little kiss. A peck on the lips.

"I don't want to sleep," Lily whispered.

"Oh?" Kiera teased. "And what *do* you want?"

Her heart thundered. Mind fogging over with desire.

She opened her lips, mouth suddenly feeling dry.

"You," Lily answered.

Kiera's chuckle vibrated through Lily's chest. She could feel in under her hands, feel it in her *soul*.

"Good thing we got rid of your clothes already," Kiera smiled. "Taking them off *now* might've been difficult."

"Knew you had ulterior motives," Lily pouted. "'Not enough space if I have clothes on' my butt. This is what you wanted all along..."

"I *am* a succubus," Kiera hummed happily. "You should be expecting me to seduce you at every opportunity. Would've thought you'd figured *that* out already."

"Well then," Lily huffed. "What're you waiting for? Seduce me."

"So demanding," Kiera chuckled. "You're lucky you're so cute."

Kiera's hands slid lower down Lily's back.

"I am lucky," Lily whispered.

The hands went lower, slid down Lily's sides. When they reached her butt, the long fingers squeezed her cheeks. Lily blushed, hid her face in Kiera's shoulder. Her own hands moved to Kiera's waist.

"A cute girl with a cute bottom," Kiera said. "Maybe *I'm* the lucky one."

Lily felt her thighs part, legs opening by themselves as long fingers slid between them. Warm fingers that left a trail of tingles and heat as they passed over her skin.

"Or," Kiera whispered. "Maybe we're *both* lucky."

"Maybe," Lily breathed, body trembling.

Kiera slid her fingers over Lily's mound, fingertips barely touching skin. Lily felt the warmth more than the touch. So tantalisingly close to that sweetest of spots, yet Kiera kept the pleasure at bay. Teased Lily with the promise of intimate touches while holding her fingertips back.

"Please," Lily whimpered, desperation leaking into her voice.

"Hmm...?" Kiera hummed. "Please what?"

"Please... Touch..."

"Touch where, flower?" Kiera cooed. "Tell me what you want."

"Please... Please touch me. My..." Lily squirmed, groaned.

"Yes?" Kiera urged.

"Please," Lily moaned. "Touch my pussy."

Kiera chuckled. And, a moment later, she did just that.

Warm fingers slid over Lily's crotch, drew a line between wet lips. They brushed over her clit, glided tightly around it, slid back down along her slit. It wasn't long before Kiera probed further, fingers parting lips and exploring deeper.

Lily trembled and moaned, shuddered and gasped.

She gripped onto Kiera's waist, head sinking lower. Pretty soon, it wasn't Kiera's shoulder her face was burrowed against, it was a huge, red breast.

Without thinking, Lily began kissing.

One of her hands glided to Kiera's thighs, gently guided them apart. There was no resistance, no hesitation.

"Lily..." Kiera whispered.

Lily slid her fingers between Kiera's legs, mimicking the movements and motions Kiera was making. All thoughts evaporated away. There was only the heat and the tingles and the overwhelming urge to make Kiera feel good. As good as Kiera was making *her* feel.

And, before long, the silent steppe night was filled with the sounds of their moaning and gasping. A single cocoon of glowing red light in an ocean of darkness.