

Dark and Light

Chapter 14 - Dark

Lily

She held Kiera's hand in both of hers, examining and caressing it gently. The finger that Kiera had tugged off earlier was back. But, of course, that made sense.

Kiera wasn't flesh and blood. Not really.

She was Dark – energy – condensed into a physical form. A form that she could change at will.

That finger she'd pulled off? It was merely a small portion of the overall Dark that constituted Kiera.

And that small portion had given Lily power unlike anything anyone else in the adventurer camp could comprehend. The healing she'd done today – according to the Priests, it shouldn't be possible.

How powerful was Kiera?

Oddly enough, Lily didn't find herself caring about the answer to that question. Another – far more important – question was if Kiera was hurt.

Fighting a Griffin alone?

Lily turned Kiera's hand over, traced her fingers over unblemished skin. When she looked up into Kiera's eyes, her lover was smiling at her.

"Why'd you do it?" She found herself whispering.

Kiera tilted her head, gave a little shrug.

"It was *dangerous*. What if you'd..."

"A Griffin? Dangerous?" Kiera smiled wider. "Hardly. It was a breeze. Just something to pass the time while you got on with helping people."

Lily pursed her lips, pushed down the urge to scold Kiera.

The thought of her life if Kiera had underestimated the Griffin, if she'd been the one to die... It made her eyes water to consider. Her heart straining and aching in her chest. She fought down the sudden swell of emotion.

"Its head..." She said, gulping down her tightness in her throat. "The Griffin... I thought Mythics were like Darkspawn. When they die..."

"Nah," Kiera shook her head. "The Light in Mythics doesn't break apart. It'll slowly decay over time, but the body remains. Sort of."

"Sort of?" Lily blinked, rubbed her eyes.

"I incinerated the Griffin's body. Best not to let the humans have access to *that* as a resource."

Lily raised an eyebrow at her.

"Mythic remains are exceptionally valuable," Kiera answered the unspoken question. "Mythic bones can store huge amounts of Light that Priests can tap into. Their blood can be used to make anti-Dark weapons. Arrows made using Griffin feathers and Light warding can redirect mid-flight, seek out Dark to strike. Giving the Priests a full Griffin corpse would be bad."

"And the head?"

"I'll dispose of *that* before we leave camp."

There was a moment of silence.

They were in a small room of the Guild tent, a makeshift bed surrounded by walls of purple cloth that shifted in the nightly breeze. Sitting together on their bed, Kiera's warmth filling the room.

"You're not upset at me?" Kiera asked finally, voice a whisper. "For killing a Mythic?"

Slowly, Lily shook her head.

"All those injured people," Lily said, a shudder rocking her shoulders. "If you hadn't given me that power, and if I hadn't been there to heal them..."

And what about all the others? The men and women who'd died in the battle, who'd succumbed to their wounds before she and Kiera had arrived? The peasants who'd called in the Guild's help in the first place?

If that Griffin was as old as Lily thought, how many times had it done this? Terrorised people for no reason?

"It deserved to die," she murmured.

As she said the words, something pulled at her heart. A sad little ache. An odd, unpleasant acceptance.

The Griffin *had* deserved to die.

So why did she still feel sad for it?

They snuggled that night. Lily drifting in and out of sleep with Kiera's arms wrapped around her. A snug, warm embrace that felt more like 'home' than any building ever could.

With all the unspent power at her disposal, she might well be able to alter herself. Make it so she didn't need to sleep as much, or at all. Make it so that she was as immune to fatigue and sleepiness as Kiera was. But that would mean giving up on moments like *this*. Drifting off as she cuddled Kiera, sliding away to dreamless, happy slumber. Safe in the knowledge that her lover would be there when she woke.

And wake she did. Several times, actually.

A strong gust rocking the tent around her, the roar of thunder. All forgotten quickly as Kiera cooed her back to sleep.

Voices. A faint glow of sunlight. Kiera telling someone to go away, leave her alone. Her lips on Lily's forehead, followed by a whisper in her ear.

"Shh," her lover said softly. "Go back to sleep."

And, again, Lily did.

When she woke up fully, stretched herself awake, it was midday. The sun peaking through any cracks or holes in the tent it could find. The sound of voices and motion beyond the violet walls. Kiera, still holding her.

The beautiful woman kissed Lily's nose.

And, immediately, Lily's face flushed. Tingles and butterflies fluttered up inside her. A warm, happy glow filling her chest and tickling her heart.

"What time is it?" Lily murmured, looking around.

"Not too late," Kiera chuckled. "You haven't missed dinner. Think I can smell 'em cooking it now."

Lily sniffed the air, eyebrows scrunching.

Barely – half-sure she was imagining it – she could pick up the scent of something cooking. A meaty stew. Barely noticeable over the sweet scent of Kiera beside her.

As Lily got up, started putting her clothes on, Kiera sat back and watched. Smiling as her eyes devoured Lily's naked body. Lily, doing her best to ignore the staring and the lust in Kiera's eyes, flushed crimson. Rushed to cover herself in her form-concealing travel clothes.

"After this," Kiera mused, "we should go somewhere hot. Somewhere you won't need to wear so much..."

Lily opened her mouth to debate that, but couldn't seem to come up with any arguments. The thought of Kiera in summer clothes, the fantasy-equivalent of a bikini, was enough for her to start nodding her head in silent agreement.

"A little exotic retreat," Kiera hummed. "Just you and me."

If there wasn't anyone else around, they wouldn't need to bother with clothes at all...

The thought heated Lily's face.

"I, ah..." She blushed brighter, racking her mind for an excuse. An escape. "I need to

check on the wounded!"

Kiera rolled her head back and laughed.

The sound was pure music.

There were no wounded. Not a single serious injury left to heal. As she checked in on the Priests' tent, all she found were a whole lot of empty cots and a handful of men and women with minor maladies. A missing finger here, a deep bruise there, a case of mild food poisoning, someone who wasn't injured at all but was hoping Lily would be able to 'heal' their receding hairline.

She did what she could. Regrew fingers and freed adventurers of old battle aches and scars. Even cured the woman with food poisoning. The blading man, though, she couldn't help. Try as she might, her new healing powers didn't work on him.

Behind her, Kiera muttered something about giving the man a hat.

Once that was all done, and before the Guild representatives could corner the pair of them, they snuck out of the camp. Continued on their journey down a random road.

Surprisingly, no-one came chasing after them.

Knowing Kiera, she'd left them a not-so-subtle message not to. And who'd go against *her* wishes, after what she'd done?

As they walked, Lily reached into her pocket, pulled out the magical gemstone. Clutched it as lists and menus and options sprouted up in front of her.

"How much of your Dark did you give me?" Lily asked, staring at her ocean of unspent power.

"Enough," Kiera shrugged. "More than you needed, probably."

Probably!?

Kiera could've given her a hundredth of the power she'd actually handed Lily and it would've been more than enough. And the flippant, unconcerned way she was acting? Lily shook her head, baffled.

"Less than a tenth of my overall Dark," Kiera said. "A bit more Dark than Mog has, I'd guess. I didn't think it'd make your healing so powerful. But it makes sense. Light is a lot more potent than Dark."

"I still have a ton left over," Lily said, reaching out a finger and flicking through a list of spells and abilities she could unlock. "I can't give it back to you, can I?"

"Nah," Kiera chuckled. "Can't turn Light into Dark. It shouldn't be possible to do it the other way around, either."

And yet Lily could. Somehow.

She opened her clenched hand, examined the gemstone.

A glowing white rock that shone with all the colours of the rainbow. Beautiful, really. And bright.

Vaguely, she remembered handing it over to someone.

A dream?

"Kiera," Lily found herself saying. "What's your mother like?"

The woman let out a laugh, shook her head.

"I don't have a mother," Kiera chuckled.

"But..."

"I wasn't *born*," Kiera said, looking off into the distance. "I was *made*. A gift from one Dark Prince to another, to serve as a spy or agent or whatever. Part of their silly political games. One grows more powerful than the rest, they split off chunks of themselves and make *us*. Keep everything in balance."

"Succubuses? Or Succubi? I don't..."

"Demons," Kiera answered. "Trade us, use us, destroy us and absorb our Dark if they're falling behind the other Princes."

"I'm sorry," Lily whispered.

"It's life," Kiera said, shaking her head. "Besides, I'm officially done with the Princes. Let them squabble and play their games. I've got better things to do."

"Like?"

"Like you."

Lily smiled, turned her attention back to the gemstone and its menus. The endless options.

With all the leftover power she had, thanks to Kiera, Lily could unlock anything. Gain powers she'd never have imagined before arriving in this new world. Quite possibly, she could use the power to slow down – or even stop – her aging. Travel with Kiera forever. Could she amplify her healing even more? Make it so powerful that she could heal entire towns or cities at once?

So many of the spells she saw sounded aggressive. Combat magic. Abilities and powers that seemed purpose-built to destroy Darkspawn.

Surely that couldn't be the *only* way.

Both sides, Dark and Light, seemed to hate each other. Not just as opposites, either. It was deeper. Like the very purpose of one was to obliterate the other, and vice versa.

But there *had* to be another way.

She and Kiera were proof of that.

They didn't *have* to fight. Did they?

One spell caught Lily's eye.

Angelic Annihilation.

She rolled her eyes.

Like annihilation could ever be 'angelic'.

"Romeo and Juliet," Lily said, clutching the gemstone and pocketing it. The menus in front of her disappeared.

Beside her, Kiera raised an eyebrow.

"It's a story!" Lily said. "Two families hate each other, lots of conflict. Then the son of one and the daughter of the other fall in love. They show their families how silly the conflict is, and what really matters."

Omitting *how* they accomplished that result was probably for the best...

"Sounds boring," Kiera shrugged.

"Shush!" Lily smirked. "It's a classic! Point is, the conflict was silly to begin with. All everyone needed was a bit of perspective. Maybe... What if you and me can stop it? Show Princes and Priests and Darkspawn and Mythics that they don't *need* to fight? We can show them another way..."

The smile Kiera gave her made Lily feel like a child.

It wasn't condescending so much as it was loving. The smile a mother gave their child who wanted to grow up to be a superhero, or a tree, or *something*. A smile that said the words the person couldn't. 'I love you, but that's just silly'.

Lily blushed, looked away.

Surely, *surely*, it didn't have to come to fighting.

There *had* to be another way.

Kiera

She raised Lily's bare feet, rested them on her lap.

Sore, tired feet.

Feet that Lily didn't want to heal, for some reason.

They don't hurt, she'd said. *I like the ache*.

She'd spoken the words even as she was collapsing into their tent, kicking off boots

and socks and sighing in satisfaction at not having to walk any more. A cute little sigh that sent a wave of tingles shooting through Kiera.

She trailed her fingertips down the soles of Lily's feet, basking in the breathy gasp her flower let out.

"You like the ache?" Kiera teased, beginning her massage.

"Mm'hm," Lily moaned, tilting her head back and closing her eyes. "It's nice. It's like... a reminder of how far I've come."

No blisters or cuts.

It hadn't been so long ago that being on her feet so much, spending a good chunk of the day walking, would've left the pretty girl limping painfully.

Kiera's fingers glided over sore muscle, softly kneaded the knots and stiffness away. First Lily's feet, then her ankles and calves. Gentle massaging, using all her experience and accumulated knowledge to soothe away Lily's aches and discomfort.

When her fingers began gliding above Lily's knees, another motive wiggled its way forward.

With a practiced hand, Kiera removed Lily's skirt and underclothes, setting them aside to be quickly forgotten. She leaned down, kissed the petite girl's knees as her fingertips made their way up to Lily's thighs.

Contented moans quickly heated, shifted into restrained moans of anticipation. Lily's legs, so tired and limp just moments ago moved, thighs parting for Kiera's touch.

"Hmm..." Kiera purred as her fingers moved ever closer to that sweetest of spots. "Should I keep going? Do you ache here too?"

She punctuated the question by gliding a finger all the way up Lily's thigh, drawing an invisible curve towards the girl's crotch. Not touching it directly, but skirting tantalisingly close.

"Mm'hm," Lily moaned, nodding her head.

"I can take that ache away too," Kiera promised, kissing above Lily's knee. Another kiss, higher up her leg. "Would you like that?"

"Yes," Lily gasped. "Please."

Kiera couldn't help but chuckle.

She moved further up Lily's legs, planted a series of tiny kisses along Lily's thighs. Lips moving from one leg to another, slightly higher each time.

Lily shifted, lifted her legs up.

Kiera slid between them.

The scent of Lily suffused her, an intoxicating aroma that drew Kiera in. Tantalising, creamy nectar leaked from between Lily's legs. A little, tight slit that was drenched in Lily's arousal.

Kiera groaned, unable to resist. She leaned in.

Lily

She gripped Kiera's head, held on for dear life.

Her moans filled the tent, poured out into the night beyond. High-pitched and desperate. She called out Kiera's name, felt her thighs trembling, squeezing shut around her lover's head.

That *tongue*.

Lily's hips rocked by themselves, thrusting against Kiera's skilled mouth. Needing more, even as her body jerked and convulsed.

Tingles grew into hot electricity, building and building, spreading throughout her body until she lost track of time or where she was or what her name was. Her thoughts retreated as that hot, surging energy took over.

She came hard. Again and again.

And Kiera didn't stop, ravishing Lily's insides with a tongue that seemed designed for the purpose. Long and nimble, knowing exactly where to go and what to do to drive Lily to the brink of sanity.

When she climaxed again, Lily screamed Kiera's name.

It was a kind of muted agony. Hot and tingling and demanding. Like a build-up of energy that so desperately needed release. And, try as she might to hold it back, control herself, she was a slave to the sensation.

Another orgasm rocked her. And another.

For a single, brief moment, Lily became aware of everything. The heat from Kiera's fingers as she gripped Lily's waist, held her in place. The thick air in the tent, warm and clammy, almost suffocatingly dense. Kiera's hair on her thighs, the gentlest of caresses. She could feel every drop of sweat, every tingle surging through her body. Kiera's tongue exploring deep, wonderful places.

The next orgasm exploded from her.

Time lost all meaning under the weight of that surge of pure, agonising pleasure.

An eternity later, she came back to herself. Realised Kiera's face was right above her. Licking her lips as she smiled down at Lily, eyes twinkling in that mischievous, self-satisfied way.

Before she knew what she was doing, Lily was wrapping her arms around the back of Kiera's head. She pulled the surprised succubus down into a lingering, loving kiss.

Tongues danced, and Lily tasted herself on Kiera.

She didn't stop. Kept kissing her lover until her lungs screamed at her for air.

Finally, gasping, she broke the embrace.

Kiera collapsed atop her. Kissing her cheek and nuzzling close. Lily, panting breathlessly, could only hold her as she basked in her own happy satisfaction.

"You're..." Lily breathed. "You're really good with your tongue."

Kiera let out a bright chuckle, pushed herself up again and kissed Lily's nose. "Comes with the territory," she whispered.

"You should," Lily blushed. "You should show me how to do that."

"Oh?" Kiera said, tilting her head. "Why's that?"

"So I can do it to you."

Even as she spoke the words, Lily felt her face burn. The overwhelming embarrassment washed through her, heated her like an oven. But she refused to look away from Kiera's twinkling eyes.

The succubus was smiling at her.

"Well," Kiera hummed, "the first and most important thing you need is *practice*. Lots and lots and *lots* of practice."

"Are you volunteering?" Lily murmured.

"If I am?"

"There's no time like the present," Lily said, her embarrassment dwarfed by her desire to make Kiera feel good. "It would be nice to get some practice in before bed..."

"You're too cute," Kiera chuckled.

Then she took Lily's hand, sat up and pulled Lily up with her. The next thing Lily knew, Kiera was leaning back with her legs spread, her clothes evaporating away.

"If you insist," Kiera winked. "I'll never say no."

Lily wet her lips, leaned down, got to practicing.