

## Dark and Light

### Chapter 5 – Dark

#### Lily

The buzz of activity was almost overwhelming. Dozens of boots on the stone-tile floor, armour rustling and a din of voices so loud that she could barely hear herself think. Shouting and laughing and the occasional bark of a dog.

The Guildhall was large, spacious. But, even so, the place felt cramped and crowded by the mass of adventurers.

"We can come back later," Kiera whispered, the words somehow reaching Lily's ears loud and clear. "After they're all gone. An hour or two should do it. We can get something for you to eat while we wait."

Lily shook her head sharply, pulling her eyes away from the dozens of adventurers to look at her lover.

"I'm fine," she said, voice barely audible over the cacophony. "I promise."

Kiera nodded her head, eyes turning to glare at the adventurer host. For a brief moment, Lily thought the succubus might attack them all there and then, battle them into submission and silence for Lily's sake.

"Noisy fucks," Kiera muttered instead.

"What're they so excited about anyway?" Lily asked.

"Grand quest," Kiera sighed, taking Lily's hand and leading her out of the huge entry hall and down a much quieter corridor. The sound of activity faded a little as they rounded a corner, but it was still plenty audible in the distance. "A Mythic terrorising some small city in the middle of nowhere. Adventurers are gathering to take it on. Here."

They stopped by an open doorway, Kiera letting go of Lily's hand and stepping inside. She walked over to a desk covered in stacks of paper and parchment, talked with the person sitting behind it. Accepting a simple letter-delivery job. Within a minute, Kiera was being handed a sealed letter and given instructions on where to deliver it.

Letter in hand, Kiera strode out of the room and took Lily's hand again. She led the way through a maze of corridors until, somehow, the pair ended up outside. A back entrance to the Guildhall?

"Killing a Mythic," Lily said, still able to hear the host of adventurers. "Shouldn't we sign up for that too?"

Kiera looked at her, eyebrow raised.

"I mean," Lily blushed. "You're, *you know*. Aren't Mythics your mortal enemies or something?"

"Not really," Kiera smiled. "Mythics and Darkspawn tend to leave each other well alone. There's some bad blood and a natural dislike for one another, but mostly it's humans who want to kill everything. Not my business if a bunch of humans want to throw themselves at a Griffin and get themselves slaughtered."

"You think the adventurers will lose?" Lily asked surprised. "But there are so many! Fifty at least. Probably way more!"

Kiera let out a bright, musical laugh.

Which made Lily's face turn red, cheeks hot.

"Lily," the succubus said, waving the letter in her hand and making it disappear into nothingness. "That job – the one to slay the Griffin – won't just be posted here. It'll be in every Guildhall for hundreds of miles. If they're lucky, they'll end up with a couple *thousand* adventurers for the quest – enough to make the Griffon think twice about fighting them. Anything less than that and they're all doomed."

"That's... That's a lot."

"I suppose," Kiera shrugged. "What you have to remember is that Mythics aren't like Darkspawn. They don't multiply or reproduce and, unlike us, they don't grow any stronger over time. Every Mythic alive today is almost as old as the world itself. And you don't live *that* long without being able to protect yourself from hordes of angry humans."

Leaving the colourful city behind brought out a whole host of emotions Lily hadn't been expecting. A bubbling stew of joy and wanderlust and pain and panic. All the terror she'd experienced on the city streets, all the pleasure she'd enjoyed in that luxurious inn room.

She glanced behind herself every now and again as they walked. And, each time she did, the city was further and further away. Until, eventually, it was gone. Nothing more than memories; good and bad.

They chatted as they walked; Kiera telling her about the world and the countless places and cities and peoples in it, Lily enthralled by her lover's smooth voice.

Listening to that sound, the sweet music of Kiera's voice, was so relaxing and lovely that Lily found herself barely paying attention to the actual words. Kiera's explanations of the Empire and its borders were lost on Lily, the descriptions of different cities and settlements sticking around about as well as any monotonous maths lecture from back in her school days.

It was nice. Peaceful.

A simple feeling of contentment filled Lily, soothed away any fears or doubts she might've had.

This. *This* was it. Everything she'd ever wanted.

When they stopped for lunch, Lily unslung her new leather backpack and began rummaging for snacks. Dried fish and nuts, hard bread and an assortment of bundled vegetables. Enough food to last a few days, and give her all the nutrients she'd need for the long hours of non-stop walking.

Plucking out an apple and her waterskin, Lily sat herself down at the side of the road.

"We could fly," Kiera said, sitting down next to her. "Don't have to walk the whole way."

The succubus was wearing travelling gear. Sturdy tunic and trousers mostly hidden behind a hooded cloak. She had her own leather pack, though what she might have in it was a mystery to Lily. Likely, it was just there to complete the look.

How was it possible that, even in such thick clothes, hidden behind a cloak, her body *still* looked unimaginably sexy. Chest protruding out, huge breasts hidden from view and left to the imagination. The outlines of her slender waist and bouncy butt appearing with every footstep, the cloak shifting from side to side. Red lips and full, luscious hair. Eyes that seemed to twinkle with mischief every time Lily gazed into them.

"Walking is fine," Lily smiled. "Where are we headed, anyway?"

"Small city," Kiera shrugged. "A few days away on foot. It's nearby a nice mountain range. Figured we'll drop the letter off, then explore those mountains a lil'. Check in on an old friend."

Lily perked up instantly.

"A friend?" She asked excitedly. "Who is it? Another Darkspawn?"

Kiera opened her mouth, about to answer. Then she looked at Lily, saw her eagerness. Her eyes twinkled, sending trembles of excitement shooting up and down Lily's spine.

"I think," the succubus said with a sly smile, "I'll keep *that* a surprise. Something for you to look forward to."

"No!" Lily pouted. "Tell me! Who's your friend? *What* is your friend? Do you have many? You always seemed like a lone wolf to me! Tell me more!"

Kiera chuckled, shook her head.

"Shouldn't you be eating?" The succubus asked, eyeing Lily's apple. "If you're not hungry, we should get moving again."

"Boo!" Lily huffed, taking a crunchy bite. "No fair!"

"You'll like the mountains," Kiera said as Lily ate. "It's an entire mountain range. Very high and difficult to climb, so not many humans ever go there. Lots of caves, though. And the views are breath-taking."

It was a distraction. Kiera diverting Lily away from questions about her 'friend'. But dammit, it was a *good* distraction. Wonderful new places? Exploration? It was her weakness. So, eating her apple, she listened as Kiera went on – describing a mountain range straight out of Lily's dreams.

## Kiera

Instinctively, Kiera braced herself as she climbed into the tent.

Nothing. No agony, no pain, no magical wards against Dark.

Things she already knew. Yet, she found herself relaxing all the same. Crawling to the pile of fine silks and exotic furs and soft cushions, Kiera allowed a satisfied smile to tug at her lips.

She banished her clothes, radiated out a pulsing warmth to heat the tent, laid herself on the makeshift bed, propped herself on an elbow, waited.

A few moments later, Lily opened the tent's flap and slipped inside. Cheeks pink, eyes tired, movements slugging.

As soon as the petite girl flopped down next to Kiera, she let out a groan. Still clad in the travel gear Kiera had bought her, looking utterly exhausted, ready to fall asleep at a moment's notice.

"Here," Kiera said softly, reaching for her partner's clothes, undoing straps and carefully removing all that clothing one piece at a time. "You just rest. Relax. Let me take care of everything."

Lily groaned something, some non-committal resistance.

Was she worried about Kiera babying her, treating her like a child? Or was it the cold air that concerned the sweet girl? On both accounts, she had nothing to worry over.

Off Lily's tunic came, warm air and even warmer fingers caressing her bared skin. With well-practiced precision, Kiera had Lily's belt off with ease. Gently tugging down trousers and underclothes. She moved slowly, not wanting to cause a single second of discomfort. Until, at last, Lily was left naked. Bathed in Kiera's gentle warmth.

"Lots of walking today," the succubus purred, massaging Lily's legs with hot hands. "You've earned some nice rest."

Kiera couldn't heal the aches away. For all the impressive abilities she possessed, the power to heal away Lily's pains was beyond her. It was, as far as Kiera could remember, the first time she'd ever felt weak. Powerless.

Still, the heat in her fingers, the firm, muscle-relaxing massage, should help a little.

From the groans and moans spilling past Lily's lips, it was at least an enjoyable experience for the girl. And so, it's what Kiera dedicated herself to. Rubbing knotted muscle smooth, urging tense muscle to relax and rest.

Before she knew it, she was straddling Lily's waist as the girl lay chest-down. Massaging Lily's back and shoulders.

Carrying a relatively heavy pack all day, walking from dawn 'til dusk with few stops and little rest. When Lily had opted for walking over flying, she probably hadn't been anticipating *this*. All the tiny bumps and bruises, the aches and pains.

"See?" Kiera said with a smile, caressing Lily's naked shoulders. "Much better, isn't it?"

When the girl started shifting beneath her, Kiera raised herself, let Lily roll onto her back. Their eyes met in the darkness, twinkling stars in the night's gloom.

"Thank you," Lily said softly, shyly.

Kiera grinned, leaned down and kissed her.

And, for a short while, that's all there was in the world. All Kiera's fears and worries vanished, all her doubts faded to nothing. There was just this moment. Lily's strawberry lips, her hot breath in Kiera's mouth.

When the succubus began moving her hands again, it wasn't to massage away aches and pains.

Fingertips trailed over Lily's chest, her hard collarbone and much softer breasts. Small breasts, like cupcakes with hard, little cherries on top. Before she knew what she was doing herself, Kiera's lips were latched onto a hard nipple. Long tongue swirling around it, basking in Lily's sweet music; the panting and gentle, whimpering moans, the sound of her racing heart thundering in Kiera's ears.

"Ohh!" Lily moaned softly. "More, please..."

Kiera chuckled, continued to move her fingertips down Lily's body. A trail of heat for her lips to follow.

"Kiera," the petite girl whimpered. "I... I want..."

Whatever Lily's next words might've been, Kiera could only guess at. Lily's voice was cut off by a sharp gasp, a guttural moan.

Pinching and squeezing a horny girl's clit would do that.

Kiera's fingers moved lower, over Lily's cute mound. She was met with warm moisture, a tingling excitement. Lily's legs spread wide open for her as she pressed her fingertips to the girl's hungry hole.

"Look at how wet you are," Kiera giggled, pulling her fingers away from Lily's crotch. She raised them to her lips, sucked on them, tasted the most intoxicating flavour in the world. "Yummy," Kiera purred.

Two soft hands reached out, touched Kiera's face.

"Wait," Lily whispered into the darkness. "Wait. I..."

Kiera could see perfectly in the dark. Every crease and crinkle of Lily's frown, the flush in her big cheeks, the intensity in her pretty eyes. She could see the doubt, the shyness, and she could see Lily's determination.

"I want to..." Lily gulped, trembled. "I want to do it..."

"Sex?" Kiera hummed. "I thought that's what we *were* doing."

"No," Lily shook her head quickly. The heat spreading until every inch of her face was bright red. "I mean... I want to do *it*..."

"What do you-" Kiera blinked, the realisation sparking. "You mean *you* want to-"

Lily squealed, hid her face behind her hands.

"You don't have to," Kiera whispered soothingly. "I don't mind. I *like* making you feel good. And it's been such a long day for you... If you'd rather me taking care of you, that's fine..."

Lily lowered her hands, face still crimson. She stared up into Kiera's eyes, determined and sure.

"I *want* to."

Kiera's cheeks tugged her lips into a smile.

She raised herself up, began walking on her knees. Inching up Lily's body until her's towered over Lily's face.

"Are you sure?" Kiera asked. "You really don't have to..."

Lily's only response was to wrap her arms around Kiera's legs, hands on her thighs, and pull her down. Lips met lips. Tongue touched clit. Lily's hands squeezed Kiera's thighs and, pretty soon, Kiera's hands were gripping Lily's scalp.

Moans filled the tent, echoed out into the countryside beyond.

## Lily

Everything was fine until she tried to stand.

Waking up in Kiera's arms? A dream come true. Staying still and silent, hoping the succubus hadn't noticed she was awake, praying that the moment could last forever. And then feeling Kiera squeeze her, kiss her head, whisper 'good morning' right in her ear in that sultry, seductive voice.

There was no better way to wake up. Of that, Lily was certain.

They'd stayed there for a while, until Lily's body had to go and betrayed her. Let the whole team down with its bodily functions and need to 'take care of business'. So, groaning, she'd rolled onto hands and knees, climbed out of the tent and tried standing up.

Pain. Sharp and hot in the soles of her feet.

"Ouch!" Lily winced, buckling under the unexpected pain. "Ah! Owie, owie!"

Kiera was beside her in an instant, sliding herself under Lily's arm and propping her up. The worry in her lover's eyes was almost sweet enough to make Lily forget about the pain. But, alas, there it remained. Sharp pain at the bottom of her feet.

Kiera summoned a chair out of the air, had Lily sit down on it. A moment later, there was a blanket around Lily's shoulders and a concerned Kiera hovering over her.

"My feet," Lily said, lifting one up to look at.

Blisters.

From the walk yesterday. Small, but plenty noticeable.

Not the worst, when it came to injuries. If they'd been anywhere else on her body, they'd have been easy enough to ignore. But on her feet? She wasn't going to be walking anywhere today. Maybe not tomorrow, either.

"Crap," Lily sighed. "That'll slow down the letter delivery."

"Don't worry about that," Kiera said, hugging Lily's shoulders. "This is my fault. I should've known... I should've made sure we set up camp earlier, didn't walk so hard..."

Lily was about to point out that walking had been *her* idea, not Kiera's. That it was Lily herself who should've known her limits, who shouldn't have pushed herself. But, before she could form the words, an idea flashed in her mind.

"My dice," she said softly. "The D20. The magical rock thing that I have, could you get it for me?"

As Kiera disappeared into the tent, began rummaging through Lily's discarded clothes, Lily closed her eyes. Her mind was quick to throw out doubts, tell her that her idea was stupid, that it'd never work, that she'd just be making a fool of herself. But she set all that aside, considered things more analytically.

Could she do it? Use the magic she'd unlocked to heal her feet? Was it possible?

Maybe.

It wasn't like she'd be risking anything by trying. If she used up all her mana like before, she'd just pass out. And, with her feet the way they were now, it wasn't like they'd be making any progress on their journey today anyway...

But, if it *did* work...

Just the *possibility* sent a thrill of excitement rushing through her. A surge of hope and wonder.

She remembered back to the last time – the only time – she'd tried using the healing magic. It'd been an accident. An instinct taking over without her even noticing. She'd drained away her mana in an instant, passed out.

But she hadn't needed the D20 to make it happen then.

So, did that mean she wouldn't need it now?

Her eyes snapped wide open, gazed at the tent – Kiera's feet sticking out through

the open flap as she rummaged inside.

Lily raised both legs, sat herself cross-legged, placed a hand on each of her blistered feet. She thought back, remembered the feeling she'd had back then. The desire to heal. To help. To make things *better*. To *mend*.

She clutched onto that feeling. Embraced it. Channelled it.

Her hands began to glow.

*Not too much*, she told herself. *Just a little...*

Somehow, she knew what to do. How to limit the flow of power between her and that glowing light. It was like riding a bike for the first time in a decade. Somehow, her body and mind just knew what to do.

Under that glowing light, the blisters on her feet shrank and vanished. It was done and finished inside of a second.

Lily stopped the magic, slumped in exhaustion.

Her feet, though, were healed. Not a hint of injury, not an echo of discomfort.

Head spinning a little, Lily stood.

She stumbled, but not because of pain. There was none of that. It was just the dizziness.

"It worked," she whispered. A grin split her lips.

She'd used magic.

She'd *healed* herself!