

Dark and Light

Chapter 9 – Dark

Lily

They'd been walking for *so long*.

Hours!

And, in all that time, nothing had changed!

The landscape was still hilly and grassy, not a tree or bush or building to be found. Save for the occasional rock or boulder, everything was *identical*. Hours and hours, trudging across an unchanging landscape in calm, unremarkable weather. Even the temperature was bland! Not hot, not cold.

Bleh!

"Not much further," Kiera promised, sensing Lily's mood.

Lily huffed.

Kiera hadn't even told her where they were going. Only that they couldn't have landed closer to 'it' because of Darumaug. Something about the gust from a dragon's wings upsetting the still air; Kiera hadn't elaborated beyond that.

Lily huffed again, louder.

Which elicited a bright, amused giggle from the succubus.

That sound, the happiness behind it, threatened to soothe away Lily's annoyance and boredom. Such a beautiful sound. Pure and free and-

Lily felt her cheeks heating, quickly glanced around for a distraction. Something to keep her from blushing and smiling and forgetting about her dissatisfaction. Something to help her hold onto the silly, pouty annoyance.

Of course, she found nothing. Saw nothing interesting.

Just the same hilly, grassy, empty surroundings.

Why had Kiera brought her here?

She knew it'd be for a good reason. She *knew* Kiera had something sweet planned, was going to amaze her. And she knew her pouting was silly. She trusted Kiera completely. Whatever the reason Kiera had brought her here, Lily would find out soon enough. And she'd love it. And it'd be amazing and wonderful and magical.

Lily knew all that with absolute certainty.

So why was she acting like a brat?

Because I want to!

She huffed again.

Without anywhere else to look, her eyes found themselves on the back of Kiera's head again. And, a few moments later, they found themselves wandering a little lower. Down Kiera's back, past her slender waist, all the way to that perfect backside.

Again, her face began to heat.

Darn it! Why did Kiera have to be so *beautiful* all the time? It was unreasonable! Inconsiderate! Downright unfair!

As they ascended yet another hill, Kiera's butt seemed to push out even further, big and round, her trousers squeezing the shape *far* too tightly.

Lily was torn between looking away blushing, and reaching out to touch it.

The force with which she wanted to do the latter aided her in committing to the former. Cheeks pink and hot, Lily forced her eyes away. Stared at the ground. Willed her face to stop burning.

"Here!" Kiera said ahead of her, cresting the hilltop. "We're here! Come and have a look."

Lily blinked, looked up.

She walked the last few steps up the hill, eyes widening as the sight beyond came into view.

Lakes. Hundreds and hundreds of circular, crater-like lakes dotted the landscape. Some miles wide, others small as garden ponds. Each one almost perfectly circular, surrounded by a ridge of earth – like a meteor crater - filled with water. The surface of every lake completely still, reflecting a mirror image of the calm, blue sky.

“Wind doesn’t blow here,” Kiera whispered beside her. “And it rarely ever rains. I call ‘em the ‘Lazy Lakes’. The Priests have another name for them.”

“Oh?” Lily breathed, gazing out at the mirror lakes.

“They call it ‘Light’s Triumph’. This,” she swept her arm through the air, “is where the first battle took place. Where it all began.”

“Where what began?” Lily asked. Even as she spoke the words, the answer occurred to her.

“The war between Dark and Light.”

Night was even more spectacular.

Twinkling stars above and below, shining in the blackness.

The land was dark. Too dark to see the horizon, the dividing line between ground and sky. It was all black, save for those hundreds and thousands of twinkling lights.

Lily nuzzled closer to Kiera.

They were sitting together on a wooden chair that Kiera had conjured from thin air. Lily’s legs across Kiera’s lap and her head on Kiera’s shoulder, Kiera’s arm around Lily’s back. Snug and cosy. Warm, despite a moderate chill of night.

“Were you here?” Lily asked softly, staring down at the patchy, starry floor. The mirror-like lakes. “When it happened, I mean.”

“Nah,” Kiera hummed. “Not even close.”

She tried picturing it. A battle between Dark and Light. Darkspawn and Mythics. Demons fighting angels, dragons spewing fire at griffons, goblins and ogres clashing with elves and fairies. Magic flying around, explosions large enough to leave miles-wide craters. A battle so intense that it reshaped the very land itself.

“Who won?” Lily whispered.

“The battle here?” Kiera shrugged. “The Mythics. It was a massacre. They won the battle, but we won the war.”

Something about that felt off. Wrong. If the Darkspawn won, why were they forced to hide? Why were they hunted like animals? People *hated* Darkspawn and revered Mythics, worshiped the ‘Eternal Light’. That didn’t sound very much like ‘winning’.

“You should ask Mog about it sometime,” Kiera added. “He was around at the end of the war. I don’t know if he fought at all, but he was definitely there before the Pact.”

“The Pact?” Lily asked, brow furrowed.

“A deal. Something like a ceasefire, I suppose,” Kiera said, holding Lily a little firmer. “Both gods made an agreement that neither one would interact with the world again. No creating new things, or altering anything that already exists. No commanding their servants or influencing the world in any way. Think of it like a magical prison that they locked themselves in. Neither can leave until the other is dead.”

“Wait, *both* gods?”

“The Eternal Light and the Infinite Dark. The Bright Father and the Black Mother. The gods that created the world and everything in it.”

That was new information.

Two gods. One Light, one Dark. Mythics, Darkspawn. The Pact. There was more. Lily could sense it. Hesitancy. Something Kiera wasn’t telling her.

“What if... What if one of them *did* intervene?” Lily asked, heart thumping and mind reeling. “What if one of them broke out of their prison thingy and-”

"They can't," Kiera said. "It's not that they're *in* prisons so much as they *are* the prisons. That's what the Pact is. A binding. Breaking the Pact would 'break' themselves. It shouldn't be possible to..."

Almost unconsciously, Lily reached into a pocket, fingers brushing over the coldly glowing gemstone there. It seemed to vibrate at her touch. A tingle of power, hungry for release.

Lily shuddered.

"It's not important," Kiera finally said, shifting in her seat.

Before Lily could argue, Kiera lifted her up. Carried her in her arms. The next thing Lily knew, she was being dropped onto a pile of soft cloth; a mountain of wool and cotton that Lily sank into with a little yelp of surprise. Hadn't there been hard earth there a second before?

Two flames sprouted into life, hanging above the makeshift bedding. Hovering above a smiling Kiera.

A *naked*, smiling Kiera.

Pale skin almost seeming to glow in the blackness of night, smooth and shapely and flawless. Raven hair flowed down one shoulder like an onyx river, the other shoulder bare. One huge breast hidden behind a curtain of black, the other exposed to the chilly night's air. Dark nipple hard.

Lily's breath caught in her throat, her mouth started watering at the sight before her.

Kiera's red lips curled into a wicked smile.

Kiera

She fell on Lily, fingers darting for the petite girl's clothes.

With masterful proficiency, she had Lily undressed in seconds. Plucking clothes off without a hint of resistance.

Lily gasped when Kiera kissed her neck.

At once, the girl slumped into Kiera. Muscles relaxing as her body submitted itself to Kiera's will. Lily all but giving herself over to Kiera without hesitation.

The sweet scent of strawberry filled Kiera's nostrils.

She kissed Lily's shoulder, hands sliding down the girl's slender body.

Lily's skin prickled and shivered under Kiera's caress, her breathing heavy; panting with excitement. When Kiera's fingertips slid down to Lily's thighs, the girl let out a little gasp. And, when Kiera applied the faintest of pressure with those same fingertips, Lily's thighs spread open eagerly.

"My, my," Kiera teased, kissing Lily's collarbone. "Aren't you a naughty girl... Are you so desperate to feel my fingers inside you, my love?"

Lily let out a whine. It cut off into an erotic whimper as Kiera kissed her throat.

"Or maybe it's not my fingers you want," Kiera purred. "Would you like something else, flower?"

When she kissed Lily's throat this time, she made sure to make it linger. Tongue caressing the skin lightly. The tiniest of promises for what lay ahead. A hint of things to come.

"Mmm..." Lily moaned. "Mm'hm..."

Kiera chuckled, kissed her way up Lily's neck and cheek. When they were eye to eye, she leaned in, whispered in the girl's ear.

"You know," Kiera said. "When I change forms, I can make little... *adjustments* to my appearance. Change my hair colour, make my wings a bit bigger or my horns a lil' longer, make the end of my tail a little more... phallic. I can use more than just my fingers and tongue, flower. A lot, lot more..."

Lily shuddered, eyes opening wide.

As the girl's mouth opened to say something, Kiera snatched the opportunity; pressed her lips to Lily's, slid her tongue into that open mouth.

She drank in Lily's muffled moan, basked in the feeling of it.

Her fingers slid up into the valley between Lily's legs.

Lily

They stayed at the Lazy Lakes for two days. Long enough to enjoy the place, but not so long that the view could lose its magic.

One day, Lily promised herself, she'd return there.

And so, on the third day, they left. Began hiking away in what felt like a random direction. Kiera guiding the way, Lily walking closely behind.

For the first few hours, they'd chatted.

Lily told Kiera all about Earth, her home, her life before arriving in this strange new world. She'd talked about growing up with the boys, her tomboy years, and the day she'd realised she was into girls – had fantasised about it for the first time.

An after-school gathering in the gang's secret base – Joe's backyard treehouse. The boys all crowded around a naughty magazine stolen from Joe's father's stash. A centrefold photo of a naked, beautiful woman with huge boobs and a cheeky smile.

Seeing that photo – it'd been an awakening for Lily.

She blushed, telling Kiera the tale. And, when the succubus had flashed a wicked smile at her...

Lily trembled at the memory, the image of that smile.

But, as the hours ticked on, the conversation had faded away. Lily's throat, raw from talking so much – and from last night's 'activities' – needed rest. And Kiera, it seemed, was too focused on something else to really engage with her.

That was fine. Lily didn't need Kiera's constant attention.

It just got a little boring, was all.

The same repeated surroundings, nothing new or interesting to see. Just grass and hills and sky and the occasional rock.

Her mind wandered, and wandered, and wandered some more.

What were the guys up to?

What did the people back home think of their disappearance?

Would Lily ever have the chance to go back home?

Did she want to?

When she reached into a pocket, pulled out her magical gemstone, she was almost surprised when the menus appeared before her. Lists upon endless lists. Options galore.

Where to begin?

She had all the time in the world, it seemed like.

Curious, she opened up the spell list. Began browsing.

In all likelihood, she'd never unlock any of these. She had no intention of ever killing a Darkspawn, so there wouldn't exactly be many opportunities for her to gain enough power to unlock any new spells. But it couldn't hurt to look, right?

It took only a few minutes to find several interesting spells.

Heavenly Grace. A magical power that, if Lily understood it correctly, would give her temporary wings. *Wings!*

Light of Reason. Something that, when cast, would 'inspire loyalty' in whatever person or animal it was cast on – whatever *that* meant. Interestingly, the spell stated that Darkspawn were immune to it.

Holy Chest. The ability to store non-living items in a place outside of time and touch;

much like the storage powers Kiera and Darumaug possessed.

Two abilities that Lily wished she had, and one that made her question the morality of the Priests.

Only, it wasn't the Priests that'd made the gemstones.

The Priests weren't the source of these powers. They hadn't been the ones to create the spells or write their descriptions. As far as Lily knew, the Priests were as oblivious when it came to the gemstones as Lily and the guys were.

She closed her fist around the gemstone, slid it back into her pocket.

The more she learned, the less she felt like she understood.

As they neared a hilltop, Kiera froze.

She crouched down, crept carefully up to the ridge. When she looked back at Lily, the woman was grinning. She waved Lily closer, gestured down with her hand.

Lily didn't have to ask what she meant. She lowered herself, joined Kiera on the hilltop.

At first, she couldn't tell what Kiera was doing. Why were they sneaking about like- Then she saw it. Movement.

A group of *somethings* moving through the bland terrain.

She had to squint, narrow her eyes, focus.

Was that a horse?

No. It was far too wide to be a horse. It looked more like a car. A black car with black windshields and black... legs?

A beetle.

It was a gigantic, car-sized beetle.

And there, riding atop it, was a green-skinned humanoid.

A goblin?

Excitement thrummed through Lily's body in an instant. A flare of energy that had her trembling with giddiness.

They were too far away! She needed to get closer!

There were a half dozen giant beetles. All with riders – some with two or three. And, walking alongside the beetles were even more figures. Twenty to thirty humanoids total. All following the largest beetle and its rider.

From what Lily could see, there was no formation to the travelling group. No orderly line or structure. Just a loose group of figures moving in the same direction.

No wagons. And no large bags or supplies that Lily could see.

Were their tents and gear stored away in the nowhere, like Kiera and Darumaug did? Did they *have* tents and gear? If they were Darkspawn, they wouldn't need to sleep or eat or drink...

Lily looked over at Kiera excitedly.

The succubus was looking at her, lips curled up in amusement.

Heat rushed to Lily's face.

"Can we... Can we go say hi?" Lily asked, voice quiet as a whisper.

Kiera pursed her lips for a moment.

Lily's heart pounded.

"Alright," Kiera finally said, rolling her eyes. "Just stay behind me and keep close. No wandering off and getting lost."

Lily looked around at the barren landscape. The near endless flatlands broken up by the odd few hills here and there.

"Get lost *where*?" She huffed.

"No idea," Kiera said, eyes twinkling. "But if anyone can manage it..."

Lily huffed again, looked away.

When had she ever gotten *lost* before? Apart from that one time she'd gotten lost in

some city slums... But that didn't count!
"Come on," Kiera giggled. "Follow me."

Kiera

There were thirty-one in all. Mostly Goblins, a few Beasties in the shape of insects, a single Orc. Nothing Kiera couldn't wash away with the wave of her hand. A simple slash of her flame-whip through the entire tribe would be more than enough. Overkill, really.

Lily was in no danger.

And yet Kiera still approached cautiously, from the front.

Sneak up on a Goblin tribe from the rear? That'd be perceived as a stealth attack no matter the intention. Same with approaching from the sides. But come at them from the front?

They'd still probably attack.

Goblins were notoriously stupid in that regard.

But these were steppe Goblins. Not nearly as aggressive as the tribes in the Northern Wastes, from what Kiera had heard. And they were led by an Orc. That had to count for something.

Orcs had near-enough human levels of intelligence.

And how often had humans attacked her on sight?

Kiera sighed, readied her power.

When the Goblin tribe saw them, a barrage of inhuman shouts sounded from the group.

The beetles rushed forward.

As the Beasties got closer, Kiera focused her eyesight.

Green skinned Goblins, wearing makeshift loincloths and odd trinkets. Feather and bone necklaces, ashen paints, sandals, one even wore a pair of oversized gloves. Their weapons of choice seemed to be sticks with rocks tied to the ends.

Less well equipped than their Northern cousins, it seemed.

They were about the same size, though. The tallest Goblins reaching around the five-foot mark. The shortest at four.

The Orc, though, was another story.

Six feet, easily. And heavily muscled – for all the good it'd do him. Tusks poked out from under the Orc's lower lip, yellow and jagged. Instead of a Goblin's hooked nose, the Orc had a pig-like snout. And, where its underlings were dressed in whatever scrap and junk they could find, the Orc was clad in an animal-hide skirt of some kind. Its bare torso was marked with crusted, faded, red and black warpaint.

As the Beastie riders got close, the Orc barked out something guttural. The riders spread out, surrounded Kiera and Lily from all angles.

Kiera sighed.

Ring of fire, then. And she'd been so looking forward to using her fire whip too.

In the distance behind the Orc's mount, Kiera saw the rest of the Goblin tribe running their way – arms flailing as they tried catching up with the riders. A few, she noted, had tossed their weapons aside in order to run faster.

Lily stepped up close to Kiera, took her hand and squeezed it tightly.

Kiera squeezed back reassuringly.

"Don't worry," she told the girl. "You're not in any danger. I promise."

She felt more than saw Lily's nod.

The tight grip on her hand loosened slightly.

"One question," Lily squeaked. "Why... Why do they all have penises?"

Kiera raised an eyebrow.

“How do you know they all have cocks? They’re wearing-”

She looked around, saw practically every Goblin squeezing solid *things* between their legs. All of them grinning stupidly. A few even licking their lips.

Gross.

No, not a ring of fire then. Meteor shower. That’d do the trick.