

# BLAKE RUDDING

## CHAPTER 14

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### SMUT 2

Niamh's fingertip pressed against the priestess's lower lip, subtly pulling it down before sliding it down her chin. Pausing for a few heartfelt seconds, the two gazed deeply into one another's eyes. Their lips met, exchanging a long breath that was filled with desire and desperation. But to Heather's gasp, the succubus pulled back, leaving her desiring more. Niamh traced her finger along a deliberate path down from the dark elf's chin to her neck, halting it between her breasts.

Heather attempted to lean up, yearning for another kiss, but the demonic woman pressed down with that single finger, gently forcing Heather back into the warm embrace of the bedding beneath them. A mischievous glint shone in the black-horned woman's pink eyes as she straddled Heather, offering only a seductive grin that hinted at the depths of passion yet to be explored.

The petite elf quivered as the succubus's finger continued its flirting path down to her navel, playfully circling a few times in a teasing dance. Unable to bear the tantalizing proximity any longer, Heather reached up, her fingers gently stroking Niamh's massive breasts before pinching her dark nipples, feeling the nubs roll between her fingertips with a couple playful twists as she pulled, forcing the demonic woman into another long, passionate kiss, their wet tongues dancing with one another.

Another gasp escaped Heather's lips as Niamh's fingers slid down between her straddled thighs, finding their perch upon the dark elf's wet pussy. As the succubus pressed in between Heather's folds with those two hungry fingers, her thumb began rhythmically circling the priestess' clit. Heather thrust her hips into the gorgeous woman above her, as she released a soft moan as her own fingers released Niamh's nipples, only to dig them into the demon's perfect thighs.

As the succubus's fingers curled inside her, Heather released a scream of passion, only to be cut off as Niamh's free hand reached up, clutching her by the neck, choking her, much to the elf's delight. Heather released her right hand, which had been tightly grasping Niamh's thigh, and moved it to the succubus's pussy. Her fingers desperately found their way to the winged woman's clit, moving in rhythm to the other set of fingers that continued to penetrate her own wetness. The priestess felt engulfed in ecstasy as the demon moaned, her wings unfurling magnificently behind her, spanning in a wide, breathtaking display.

With a flap of her black wings, Niamh pulled herself from the now pouting dark elf, whose eyes shined with wanting. The succubus laughed softly before leaning back down, her mouth ever so close to Heather's ear, her breath tickling the other woman's cheek. With an exhale, she whispered, "You're mine."

Heather nodded before releasing a yip as the succubus pulled back with the fierceness of a predator pouncing upon her prey. With a quick motion, she gripped the dark elf's hips, flipping Heather

over onto her flat stomach. Consumed by demonic hunger, Niamh forcefully gripped the petite elf's hips once again, repositioning her so that her face buried into the pillow while raising her succulent ass into the air.

Licking her lips, Niamh buried her face between the elf's cheeks, teasing her pussy with her tongue. Heather let out muffled moan after muffled moan as she screamed Niamh's name into her pillow, all while the succubus hungrily ran her tongue between the elf's dark folds, spreading them with her tongue to reveal the pink within.

Despite trembling thighs, Heather remained on her knees, face buried into the pillow as the succubus's tongue played with her pussy. No amount of screams of ecstasy into her pillow ended the pleasure, much to her delight. Despite Niamh's cardinal hunger, the passion behind it was real, something Heather felt deeply in return.

There was another yelp from Heather, followed by a fit of laughter as Niamh decided she wanted her dark elf on her back and legs spread apart. The priestess's laughter died as she gasped, followed by a moan as her succubus's tongue began flicking her clit as her thumb started applying pressure against her asshole that slowly increased without penetrating. However, as the pressure continued, Heather could feel the seal beginning to open for her demon lover's thumb.

A scream escaped Heather's lips as the thumb slowly found its way inside her. Reaching out for something to grasp, the elf's hands found their way to Niamh's crown of horns upon her head. With a slow thrusting motion, she forced the succubus's face and tongue deeper and deeper into her as she throttled her.

In her frenzied state of lust, Heather pushed the succubus off of her, shocking Niamh into stunned silence. However, it wasn't the forceful separation that silenced her—no, it was the gaze of hunger in the petite, dark elf's gaze. With a snarl, Heather twisted the succubus around and slammed her onto her back within the cushioned bedding.

Like a cat about to pounce, she prowled up Niamh's curves until her hands grasped the bedframe as her thighs rested on either side of the demoness's head. With the utter delight of a moan, she rode the succubus' face as the demon ate her pussy with ravenous hunger.

After what felt like an eternity in paradise, Heather released a trembling scream, her body becoming lax as waves of quivering jitters spasmed through her, one after another, as she collapsed. The demoness of passion, in her hunger, licked up the elf's passionate juices before climbing up to meet her eyes. Heather's chest rose and fell with each deep breath as the two gazed at one another, beads of sweat forming on their heads before they closed the distance in a deep, loving kiss.

As their lips parted, Niamh whispered, "I love you," then her eyes widened in horror, realizing what she had let slip in the heat of the moment. But before she could make a mistake in taking it back, she paused, surprised by Heather's warm smile, a sight that stole her breath away.

"I think I'm in love with you too," Heather whispered back before drawing the succubus into another kiss.

With their arms and legs entwined, they basked in each other's presence, their breaths heavy as they pressed their foreheads together. While it wasn't their first night together, it was the first time they confessed their love—a moment neither would ever forget.

“Wake up, bitch!”

Heather pulled her forehead away from Niamh's, confused by the sudden scorn the succubus seemed to show her.

“You fucking bitch! I said, wake the fuck up!” Niamh's mouth moved with the words, but Heather noticed they didn't sound like her.

“WAKE UP!”

A sudden kick to her stomach took her breath away as she coughed and sputtered for air. Blinking her eyes a few times, Heather realized she was in a cold, dank stone chamber, her hands and feet bound behind her, her face pressed against the ground. Standing over her was Lady Hikari, a scowl etched deep on the vampiric catkin's face. Sighing, Heather realized she had been dreaming of the first time Niamh had confessed her love for her.

“We're moving locations. If you try anything, like last time, I'll do more than stab you,” Hikari hissed in warning.

The reminder of being stabbed made her side ache, just thinking about when the dagger had pierced her. Heather didn't utter a word in response. Instead, she offered a scathing glare. However, such a glare lost much of its intimidating effect through a swollen black eye.

Despite the binding collar around her neck that seemed to suppress her magic and her prayers to her goddess—or so they believed—she had another option. The system! Heather could easily call upon the system's skills to free herself. Yet, why rush to do so now, when she still lacked knowledge of Hikari and Duke Lysander's destination and plans?

No, for now, Heather would bide her time playing as the helpless captive. Only after she got what she needed, would she free herself and reestablish a connection to her goddess, and only when the moment was right. And yet, bravery was never Heather's strongest suit. Indeed, upon her arrival in the realm as a dark elf, terror had gripped her so tightly that she found herself constantly stuttering, second-guessing every decision she made.

It wasn't until Blake killed her that she truly found her resolve. Looking back, she found a certain humor in the situation. There was no bitterness, no hatred, or hard feelings towards Blake for what had happened. Instead, she admired Blake's will, determination, and perhaps even her touch of madness. Heather aspired to embody qualities like Blake's, admiring that *black pudding*, the daughter of her goddess.

However, Heather was far from deceived; through many dream visits with her goddess, the Crone, Duslara, it became unmistakably clear that these visits—no, her training—were not meant to prepare her as the Crone's Priestess of Dreams. Instead, she was being groomed for a distinct purpose: to become Blake's Priestess of Nightmares. Thus, for Blake's sake, Heather resolved to

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watch and learn as much as she could about Blake's enemies before ultimately breaking free and reaching out with her prayers to her goddess—to Blake, as Duskara so desires.