

Darklight

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She walked into the pitch black room, a shadow among the darkness.

The vixen walked boldly to the center of the room, not fearing the darkness as she knew the room's layout better than she knew herself.

Then, she stood in the exact center of the room...

...

...and closed her eyes.

...

She felt the darkness in the room encircle and flow around her, enveloping her lithe form...

...and she smiled, enjoying the comfort and the welcoming embrace of the shadows.

...

Slowly, she raised a paw to her shoulder height...

...and focused on the open palm.

She bent her will toward that area...

...and caused a small green flame to sprout to life on her palm.

She moved her paw slowly, causing the flame to dance and crackle silently, following her paw.

Chuckling softly, she began moving her paw in a slow circle, letting the flame shine gently over her ebon fur.

...

Then, she focused her will on the flame...

...

...and it grew, becoming a slender serpent of green flame.

It slithered along the vixen's forearm, illuminating the ebon fur in a sickly green glow...

...then it gently slid along her body, wisps of flame floating off of it and vanishing into the aether.

She smiled even more as it made its way down her body toward the floor, eventually stopping in front of her...

...and she focused her will again....

...and the serpent grew, becoming a large snake, its head bigger than the vixen's body.

It watched the vixen before it, staring at it with flaming green eyes...

...and it pushed back with its own will.

The vixen smiled.

...

She stood there, before her creation...feeling it trying to defy her...
...and she smiled.

It towered over her, trying to resist her will, its mouth opening, revealing fangs as long as the vixen's leg...

...yet it did not move.

She smiled, enjoying the struggle her creation was putting up. Relishing its feeble attempts to deny her whims.

It hissed at her silently, the flame of its body crackling and rippling...
...yet it still did not move.

...

The vixen waited, letting her creation continue its attempts to break free...
...then she focused her will again.

...

The serpent grew, becoming a truly monstrous beast made of green flame.
It looked down at the tiny black form illuminated by its fire...
...and it opened its mouth...

...yet did not move.

It struggled and strained, wanting nothing more than to devour the form in front of it...yet did not move.

It roared silently, wisps of green flame flying about the room...
...yet the vixen did not move an inch.

...

The vixen smiled, feeling her creation continue to struggle against her will.
She knew that it wanted nothing more than to consume her, devour her flesh and soul...

...yet it did not. Could not.

Because she would not allow it.

Her smile grew...and she raised her paw toward the serpent.

...

It glared at the vixen, anger welling from inside its being...

...yet it bent down low, allowing the vixen to gently caress its head.

It hated the vixen with a passion that burned brighter than its flame...yet, as much as it wanted to devour the impudent vixen, it was helpless to do so.

She was the stronger one...and it hated that.

...

The vixen smiled, feeling the hatred the serpent had for her.

She knew it wanted to consume her very badly...yet was helpless to do so.

She enjoyed teasing and tormenting the serpent, treating it like a loved pet...driving the serpent insane with desire to destroy her...

...and her smile grew...as she let it free.

...

The serpent felt the vixen's will fade away.

It had control over its actions!

It pulled away from the vixen and poised to consume her...

...and it froze.

It closed its mouth, studying the vixen in front of it.

Surely it could feel that it wanted to consume her...yet it was allowed to do so.

It watched the vixen intently, frozen into inaction by its confusion.

...

The vixen stood there, eyes closed...and still smiling.

She sensed the serpent's confusion...and enjoyed it.

She knew the serpent wanted to devour her body and soul...and it had the chance to do so...

...yet it hesitated, confused.

She smiled at the serpent, daring it to try to claim her...

...

The serpent studied the vixen, torn between desire for the vixen's demise and confusion over why the vixen released it from her control.

It watched her, tongue flicking out of its mouth, tasting her scent, her energy, her very soul.

The prize was right there...and it still hesitated.

It froze, completely immobile.

...

Then, very slowly...it slid its head down...

...and rested its head in front of the vixen, submitting.

...

The vixen smiled, knowing she had cowed the serpent.

She felt its resignation. Its submission...

...and she basked in that power.

She reached out, resting her paw on the serpent's nose...

...and smiled as it slid its tongue around her arm.

It could have easily snapped forward and devoured her...yet she knew it would not.

It was docile.

It was obedient.

It was HERS.

She smiled again, caressing the serpent's nose...feeling its frustration and desire...

...then turned away from it, dismissing the serpent with a gesture.

It winked out of existence as she reached the exit of the chamber...

...and she finally opened her eyes, smiling still.

...

She emerged from the chamber, fur glistening with a slight sheen of perspiration.

How did things go, Goddess? a voice asked in her head.

Eclipse smiled, looking at the speaker, a muscular ebon golem of obsidian a foot

taller than her.

"It went as I expected, Ahnu," the vixen replied, waving a paw and causing a green robe to wrap itself around her form.

It is yours, then? Ahnu asked. gazing at her.

She nodded. "It does not want to be...but it is."

She walked toward the exit to her laboratory.

Shall I have the maid come to clean the chamber? Ahnu asked.

Eclipse chuckled.

"No...the maid can clean me instead," the vixen said, an evil smile crossing her muzzle as she walked out of the room.

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