

A young girl, dressed in a loose red top and tight red leather trousers, tucked into knee-high black leather boots, crouched in the ruins of the Temple of Dreams. Her dark eyes gazed down into the center pit, staring at the dead monstrosity, her eyes tracing the tentacles that led to the young man down there as her hand pushed a lock of black and red hair behind her ear.

The young man was dressed in a blue tunic and trousers, along with his own knee-high leather boots. He was crouched near the hole in the wall, examining it. There was a slight depression in the muck, and his eyes noted a trail of footprints in a few places clear of the water, prints he had carefully avoided disturbing. He followed them out, and was soon standing beside his sister. That close to her, and it was obvious they were twins. Gender differences aside, they looked remarkably similar, though the boy stood almost a foot taller than his sister and where her hair held streaks of red, his held streaks of blue. "The man that left the prints was here only yesterday."

She nodded. "I agree. Saern has yet to return from checking the city, but I bet this has something to do with the necromancer people talk about in the mountains."

"Likely our next step," he agreed. "We should begin packing our camp up, and then prepare for a long walk Dai."

Dai, the girl, snorted as she moved out of the Temple. "Not so long Dorn. It's barely two days to those mountains."

Meanwhile, in the city, Saern had found the rest of the footprints. Two sets, one leading in and one out. While the one leading out was direct, the one coming in meandered, moving down a side street and into a ruin before coming out and heading to the Temple, where he had left his protégés. As he walked back to the camp, he considered them both.

Dai was a rarity in the Ryu-Sincar. It was rare enough for them to admit a woman, rarer still to admit a person with her skills and personality, but they had wanted her brother Dornak, and where one walked, the other followed. The Ryu-Sincar knew, of course, that the twins of them were lovers, had been lovers for years, and despite their best efforts they had been unable to stop them, and so they looked the other way, because finding a pyrokinetic, a fire controller, of Dai's strength was rare, but a hydrokinetic, a water controller, like her brother was nearly unheard of.

He ducked beneath a stone pillar sitting at an angle, resting against the partially collapsed house they were using for their campsite, noting their voices as he approached. They were talking about ordinary things, making crude jokes the way any nineteen year old twins might. His eyes took in the almost fully packed camp, most of the packs loaded onto their single mule. "I see you two have anticipated our departure."

Dorn nodded. "The tracks in the ruined temple are barely a day old. The creature has lain there longer, but only by a few days."

Saern took the news in without comment as he pulled off his heavy sword belt and plain tunic, then flipped open a heavy pack. He stuffed the tunic into it, and pulled out a padded undershirt, which he slipped on. Over that he buckled on a steel cuirass then wrapped his sword belt around

his waist once more. When he turned, he saw the twins following his lead. Dai had already pulled her loose top off, baring her small breasts, her nipples tight and hard either from the chill air or from simply being topless. Likewise, her brother was topless and working on untying his boots.

As Saern turned back to the pack containing his gear, Dai managed to get her boots off, and then peeled off her leather pants, wriggling her ass at her brother as she did so. He smiled in appreciation as he stripped off his own leather pants. His cock was half erect from the little teasing his sister had done, but Saern had laid down the law on this issue. The Ryu-Sincar did not allow incestuous couplings, and theirs was tolerated only because of their power. But only at night, in their tent or rooms, were they allowed to indulge.

Once both twins were re-dressed to match Saern, they buckled on their weapons. For Dai, a heavy dagger and sabre, while her brother carried a pair of wide-bladed long swords. Their armour, like Saern's, was not enamelled and was unadorned, bearing no sigils or crests to show their loyalties. As the sun reached its zenith, they set out, moving through the ruined city towards the mountains on the far horizon.

By the time the sun set, all three were tired, and setting up a rudimentary camp beneath the same evergreen Arakel had rested in only the night before. The roads leading to and from the island, abandoned so long, could barely be said to exist at all, and it had proved easier to walk beside them than over them. According to Saern, a man well-versed in the campaigns of the Ryu-Sincar, the people of the island had been wealthy from nearly endless gem deposits in the mountains. This wealth had allowed them to pave their roads with massive stone blocks, instead of taking care of the poor, or working to exterminate the monsters in their so-called temple. The massive blocks used to pave the roads had broken up over the centuries, heaved upwards by the winter chill and rounded down by weather to create swathes of rock that were difficult to traverse.

That night, as Saern slept, Dai slipped atop her brother, who had fallen asleep. They always slept under the same blankets, and always slept nude, unless it was winter of course. She rubbed her bare breasts on his chest, and saw his mouth twitch, as though he were fighting off a smile. A smile touched her lips as she realized he wasn't truly asleep. Proof of that came almost with the realization as he rolled over, trapping her under him.

Dai gasped, then moaned as his fingers found her wet slit, and began to tease her. His fingers rubbed along her, spread her wide and let go, probed at her but never slipped inside her, no matter how she lifted or wriggled her hips, making small impatient noises in her throat. As those impatient noises climbed to soft whines, Dorn lightly bit the side of her neck, and her entire body tensed, but not from pain. Her hands scrabbled at his back, leaving nail marks along his skin.

He bit harder, and she flailed even more, eager noises coming from her throat as she marked her brother's back up. Then, with that sense they both possessed, the knowledge of what the other was feeling, he drew back from her body, leaving her on the edge, staring at him with a need so naked in her eyes that anybody could have seen it.

Dorn held her eyes as he moved down her body, and she tried to hold still, to be quiet. Everybody who met them assumed Dai to be the dominant twin, because she was outgoing, not a hint of shyness in her body, but they were wrong. She lived entirely for her brother's approval, and now, as she watched him slide down her body, his eyes told her in no uncertain terms, that she was to stay still, motionless.

She failed when his mouth covered her soaked opening and his tongue drove into her. Though wet, she was tight, and a choked scream slipped from her mouth as her arms went to his head and grabbed a double handful of his hair. Dorn lapped and licked at her, swallowing her wetness in between flogging her clit with his tongue, or driving it deep into her.

When she came, she came as she almost always did, in a fountain of fluids that he was happy to swallow down, her body arcing and writhing from side to side. When she came down, her small breasts heaving, he slowly climber atop her, gazing into her unfocused eyes. They snapped into focus when he drove himself into her. He was only of average length, but he was wide, and after Dai came by mouth, she was always tighter. He forced himself into her, and screamed her approval, not caring who heard or saw.

Dorn drove himself into her with long, hard thrusts, driving into her until he hit her end, and she threw her head back with yet another long scream of pure pleasure. They kept at it, falling into a hard rhythm from years of practice and intimate knowledge of the others body. When Dorn began to lose the rhythm, Dai was only able to push her hips up to him, meeting his thrusts but no longer able to match them. He drove himself into her one last time, both groaning with pleasure as his seed boiled into her as her body gripped him so tight, her juices leaking, no longer squirting, out of her as they came together.

Saern waited until an hour after dawn to wake them, and gave them just enough privacy to get cleaned up. He had watched them make love the night before, and though the Ryu-Sincar frowned on incest, he found the two of them together enticing. He pushed the thoughts aside as he made a rough breakfast on the coals of last night's fire, and two hours after dawn they were underway.

It began to rain throughout the day, a cold rain. They camped that night at the foot of the mountains, near what seemed to be an old, unused path, though Dorn had spotted a single footprint, roughly the same as those in the temple and city. There was no sex, or even fire, that night. They ate cold rations, and Dorn volunteered to watch through the night. If it rained, Dorn did not sleep. The rain itself nourished him, fed his body and mind and kept him energized.

They ate as they began to climb the mountain, hands always on their weapons. None of them had skill with the dead, and so none of them noted the nearly invisible head that sank into the mountain side at their approach, and did not emerge when they had passed.