Be my Liberation

by dAmaRiSssss

Summary

You are thrilled to further get to know Val though you can't tell why ... But how will you deal with it when Val's going to reveal a secret?

Notes

This is going to be a fem!Val x fem!Reader Fanfiction.
Not going to spoil you too much so I won't do all tags till the story is finished.
Ratings will drastically change through the story plot.

The story will be put full of headcanons; just that you know! Very nsfw-ish stuff is going to follow but I'll explicitly mark it as that then.

Have fun reading! :)

(I'm open for any form of critique and I'd like to know if you want me to continue the story! ^_^)
Temple Gate

Temple Gate - once a town full of wealth, happy people and a responsible leader. You were sure of it because you often read it in books at the local library. But nowadays this place has turned into something plagued by nothing but diseases, sorrow and death. And this condition has been a daily matter since you can think. You've spent your whole lifetime in this filthy town yet it was your home and despite everything you couldn't imagine to live somewhere else. The few tattered dresses and stale boots your wardrobe had to offer were just part of your being and you never thought of leaving it all behind you. On the other hand Temple Gate didn't leave much room to establish oneself - especially for women. Each passing day people more or less were surviving instead of taking each day as it comes. No rules, no standards. Only a leader who claims to hear the voice of God - legalizing him to domineer over a whole civilization. As a young girl you already realized that you were living under the hierarchy of a single person but only a handful of people were the same opinion. So you would never waste a word about this topic or even publish your thoughts. You couldn't afford to get into any trouble. It all would be kept under wraps anyway. Sullivan Knoth had his worshippers and this made him as mighty as he was. Though at some point of your life you decided to not pay much attention to these thoughts anymore and just live your life - it was all hard enough anyway.

Due to the distinctive religious nature Temple Gate had, it was an utmost necessity to attend the weekly worship service every Sunday afternoon. Today was another day were you had to fulfill your duty. So with your small bible tucked under your arm and a swift pace you made your way through the muddy ground. Fortunately your hut was only a few hundred meters away from the main chapel so it took you no effort. You could already view the tall building from afar; a stream of people entering the chapel. And then you stopped for a moment. The sun was beginning to set already; bright light flashes of orange and yellow framed the building with an interesting aura and it seemed to glimmer in its own stunning beauty. It truly must be a god's house. Smiling you took your last steps up the creaking stairs and entered through two large and richly ornamented doors. The chapel strongly emphasized from the town itself because it wasn't as old and bedraggled as the rest of the town. It was the only left place were people could still be happy and hope for salvation. So they took great care of their favorite place - you understood that.

Everyone has taken a seat already. You looked around and spotted a seat next to a random villager. Of course you politely asked if this place was already taken before you finally sat down. The quiet babbling slowly began to subside when the last and most important person of this occassion entered through the heavy doors and stood proudly behind the bookrest - the chief deacon. Val was his name you figured a few days ago. He must've been completely new to the business because you've never seen him standing behind the bookrest. Sometimes you occasionally spotted him in the town; never paid him much attention. Knoth declared him to be the new chief deacon and to do the preachings. You often wondered; why would Knoth himself never do the preaching? After all he saw himself as some godlike and sophisticated figure - you couldn't deny that. You remembered an older man that always led the worship service before but from the gossip you picked out that he became a victim of his own fate and was sent to the scalled. Winston Bland was his name; that's all you ever knew about him. This thought sent a quick chill through your spine and you had to swallow. Slowly but surely the number of infected people was gaining the upper hand and people never knew if they'd be spared from it. You just hoped that your rather hygienic lifestyle would prevent you from experiencing the same fate.

Around two minutes passed when Val finally made a hand gesture for the people to cease their talking. Everyone dutifully took out their bibles, some held a rosary in the other hand and mentally
followed the verses when Val began to read them out loud. You unwittingly took the chance to take a better look at Val which was no problem since you snatched a seat at the front row. Immediately you noticed the softness in his voice in the back of your mind. But you rather put your focus on his ageless and most notably androgynous facial features. It was incredible to you how he seemed to perfectly walk a line between male and female characteristics which arose the question in your head if he really was a male as everyone says. Still - you found that the female side of him slightly overweighted. His very slim neck and graceful frame, the way he talked, these plump lips, his whole being ... a certain uniqueness seemed to radiate from Val the more you looked at him. On the other hand you wouldn't like to be stared at too but most of all you feared that someone might notice. So you decided to stop your examinations when you cleared your throat and took your own exemplar of a bible out. Over half an hour was still left.

Time never seemed to cease ...
A Thief?

The preaching has come to an end - finally - but the rest took a little more than half an hour; sixty whole minutes to be precise. After all not everybody's condition agrees with the summer heat coming over Arizona's deserts, including Temple Gate. Out of nowhere an old lady on a bench behind you lost her consciousness in the middle of the preaching and this was when your heart stopped for a moment. Everybody first though she just dropped dead on the hard floor. But right after Val hurried over to her to check on her pulse, it appeared that she only suffered a sudden qualm. When worse damage on her was excluded and the woman slowly got on her shaky legs again, two other men declared themselves ready to escort the old woman home and the preaching went on like nothing ever happened.

Slightly sweating you were happy to leave this place for today, it was just enough. You were excited to see that it was dark and the sky star-bright when you stepped out the building and tiredly made your way home. Mostly you were kind of a slowcoach when going somewhere which explained why you always were the last one to leave this place. But you had no one to wait for you at home so why rushing? When you took one last glance up the sky you were interrupted when you heard the massive wooden doors open and close for the last time today. You spotted the fair-haired man who leaded the worshipping. Val seemed to fiddle with an overly large key ring, you heard him slightly grumbling when it obviously took him some time to make out the fitting key. When the lock gave a loud click, Val stuffed the key and a few books in a bag and hasted down the creaky stairs. Horrible sounds it makes, you thought. Only a second and Val ran past you, incidentally wishing you a good evening which you could barely manage to return for him to hear. Then he was gone and all that was left of him were his bootprints deep in the muddy ground. And ... a cross? You took a closer look at it because it was hard to figure out what it really was when you examined it in the dark. The faint light of the moon seemed to reflect on its surface and when you picked it out of the mud you held a golden, rather large cross attached on a gracile chained necklace in your hands. It looked so much different than the plain cross you wore around your wrist. It was at least two times as large, made out of pure gold it seemed and got modified with different engravings. Something told you to turn it around and a callicraphic verse was worked into it. It read;

A wonderful daughter given by God; may the Lord always look down on you and guide you the right way.

A plain and simple text but it looked very charming carved in the gold surface. You've never been aware of Val having a daughter or a child in general though. He still looked so young but it was hard to guess his age by merely looking at him. You decided it was best to bring it back to him. After all you've clearly seen it falling out of his bag and you wanted to take further chances to just get a glance at where he lived. You were just curious. And a bit nervous you had to admit. As the chief deacon of Temple Gate you expected Val to live in absolute material welfare so you watched out for a large house when you followed his bootprints. The rare times where the ground was this muddy it was very clear for you to see where people were splitting to go their way so you additionally had to follow the special tread of his prints.

After what felt like hours you finally reached a small ... hut. The wooden building really didn't look as palatial as you expected it to be. If you were honest it didn't even look much different from your mouldered hovel. When you took a closer look you noticed that it only was a little less rotten but a whole lot bigger. The curtains were all drawn closed but a few gleams of light were still getting through. You weren't quite sure anymore if you really should bother Val at such a late time. As chief deacon he would have to come after enough chores and duties after all. But then again he already must've noticed the absence of this beautiful piece and certainly missed it. So you took the courage
and knocked a few times at the door, immediately taking a few small steps back. When nothing happened and you were far too shy to knock another time, you already were about to turn and leave. The sudden creaking hinges told you that someone took notice of your appearance so you turned in its direction again, the cross tightly in your hands held in front of your upper body. Like you were pretty aware of its dearness.

When the door fully opened Val either must’ve gotten pretty small and brown, curly hair over the last ten minutes or what you first thought his little daughter who looked up at you from behind the door. The small girl shyly ogled you with her big, brown eyes, the rest of her body hidden behind the door. You didn’t know what to say first but then you slowly knelted down, not wanting to scare the child away. Hoping that she would get the hint, you showed her the golden cross; the girl backing away as you did so.

„Hey, sweet one. Uhm ...“ You quickly realized that you didn’t do pretty well around kids.

„I think this belongs to your daddy. Can you go get him for me?“

Like your mind was read, Val suddenly appeared behind the little girl, obfuscating the light behind her. A giant smile was plastered on her face as Val slightly petted her curly head. „There's a thief at our door mommy ...“, the little girl unexpectedly announced.

You immediately got up on your feet and like you got kicked in your teeth your gaze swiftly switched between Val and the small girl, your mouth widely agape. „N- no! I'm the complete opposite of a thief!“

You wanted to convince them both but Val already seemed to know what the matter was. He picked up the little child in his arms, giving you a sign for you to wait at the door.

„I told you not to open the door for anybode except for me, sweety."

„Yes mommy ...“

You heard them mumbling behind the door. Why is she calling Val mommy? Probably she got a little confused with his androgynous appearance every now and then. The thought made you chuckle quietly. When the lights got dimmed you figured that Val must’ve brought her to bed. As he approached you again you suddenly felt the need to explain yourself.

„Just to make things clear; I'm not a thief. I've seen this falling out of your bag when you left the chapel but you were already gone when I wanted to give it back to you“, you explained as you held the cross in front of Val's view. When Val first didn't respond and just watched you with crossed arms you felt desperate and just hurriedly threw the cross in his grip.

„Good evening“, you rapidly stammered when you wanted to escape this awkward situation as soon as possible and decided to leave.

„Wait“, Val half commanded half pleaded. You did as he said and turned your face back to him, not knowing what to expect. Val put it around his frail neck and his expression turned from numb to a slight smile. How fair he just looked in his current posture, standing proud with this charming piece of a cross.

„How shall I just thank you properly for your effort?“

„Well, a mere Thank you would do it“, you shrugged and smiled.

„No, I mean it. What do you need?“
What do I need? If you ask me like that I'd be pretty fine with a luxury villa, some expensive clothes and masses of food, you jokingly wanted to say. But in all seriousness you just had one wish. Food in Temple Gate was a big problem in general; not only that rain was a rarity but their cattle was getting sick due to the circumstances the town had to deal with. You really were afraid to annoy Val though but he indirectly offered it to you after all.

„It's ... been too long since I've had a good warm meal“, you reluctantly admitted but your growling stomach betrayed you all at once.

Immediately a great blush crept up your face and you held your stomach. „I really don't mean to put you out though! I think I better g-“

But before you could finish your gibberish Val fully opened the door and welcomingly waved you inside. „Rice or potatoes“, Val friendly asked you as you hesitantly passed the doorstep and he closed the door behind you.

„Uuh ... rice, please."

Well, a whole new world opened to you when you absently observed the house from the inside while Val was already about to accomplish your desire.
A Favor

Chapter Summary

(h/l) = hair length
(h/c) = hair color

Enjoy reading! :) 

You undoubtedly weren't used to sitting on a cushioned chair while the heavenly smelling steam of freshly made meal was rising to your nose. The ravenous hunger you felt could be brought to an end immediately but you felt somewhat shy - thinking about how Val probably could barely afford his own food like everyone in this darn town. At the same time; rejecting his friendly offer would be more than unpolite. So you slowly grabbed the fork laying beside you and poked at the rice and meat. Meanwhile Val showed up behind you and poured in a cup of tea, then joined and took a seat in front of you. Being watched while eating would always get you in an uneasy mood; you already had enough issues to properly enjoy it anyway. But Val was civilized enough to just not do that and instead watched the golden cross you brough to him. You were really curious what it was all about. Why did this cross seem to cause such massive attraction to Val? After all it belonged to his little daughter or not?

So you had an intent to finally end this awkward silence;

„May I ask why it is so important to you? Don't get me wrong, it's very beautiful”, you honestly said with a half-full mouth.

„Of course”; Val said but his gaze never left the object in his hands. „It's a heirloom ... my mother gave it to me before she died”, he blankly answered.

You stopped chewing when you realized what you've done; Val could clearly see the guilt you felt.

„Don't be sorry. It's not your fault after all.” His voice somehow seemed sad but overall quite stoic.

After a moment's thought you suddenly remembered the verse you read on its backside and almost choked on a piece of meat. Val watched you in concern but you quickly gained control of the situation when you drank some of the tasty tea.

„I understand that you must be hungry but take it slow though”, Val said with half a smile.

„Yeah ... heh. Clumsy me”, you answered with an awkward smile, showing way too much teeth but you knew that something entirely else caused your coughing. It clearly wasn't in his alleged daughter's possession - it was Val's.

Now he got you really curious. Still you felt enough discretion to not ask him right away. Instead you intently began to watch the cross as well and pointed a finger at its backside. „Is there a text engraved”; you asked him, acting like you didn't know of its existence at all - you old dog.

But his reaction didn't satisfy you at all. „Oh, yes ... it's nothing of much importance. Just that she
wants God to lead me the right path." Val didn't expect at all that you read it outside where it was almost completely dark; he didn't seem worried at the slightest.

You had to accept it though. Pressing on any further would probably get him in an unpleasant situation; you really didn't want that.

But you had an idea.

When you finished your meal, you wiped your mouth with your sleeve and made a move to get up.

„I thank you so much for the meal; this really can't be taken for granted and I insist to return the favor."

You could also be wrong but it first looked like Val would refuse. No, it was just your concern about something. That he might get what your actual intention was.

„This really isn't necessary ..."; Val said as he watched you from below.

You mentally prayed that he didn't unmask your real intentions. Sweating you fumbled with your (h/l), (h/c) hair and hoped that your voice wouldn't stammer all too much.

„O- of course I can't force you into anything."

Val raised an eyebrow.

„But if you should change your mind ... just follow the path which leads past the chapel. If you don't stray you'll spot an overly large oak. My hut's right next to it", you awkwardly gestured.

Val's blank expression left it a secret to you whether he's considering to take the offer or not. He probably just felt uncomfortable as well.

Not further asking and making your way to the door, you thanked Val a thousand times more for the meal and it made you more and more feel like you had to clear a debt - it's just how you felt like and you couldn't do anything about it.

Wanting to escape the awkwardness (which you figured you somehow always managed to provoke), you hurriedly made your way towards the door with already a foot outside. „So I'll wait for you then", you said, not leaving Val space to argue and suddenly you were gone - leaving the chief deacon startled.

As fast as you were invited you were also gone again and you didn't feel good about it. Probably another reason you absolutely wanted Val to come.

Well, now you first had to wait and see anyway.

When you reached your hut again in the middle of the night, you didn't bother yourself with brushing your teeth or even undressing - you just fell into your creaking bed half-dead, welcoming the warm embrace of sleep.
Since you couldn't afford any new curtains, the bright light of the morning sun literally streamed through the window, right into your face but you didn't notice it yet. Slightly slumbering, the pleasant warmth that spread over your features only would've made you sleep more deeply. But when you opened your eyes out of nowhere you let out an exhausted groan because you weren't ready for the blinding sunlight. Your eyes were formed to slits when you used your hand to block out the sun. Something told you that you must've slept past midday - you just had a feeling. Well, the small pocket watch on your nightstand just proved you right. When the blurry vision slowly disappeared your eyes widened.

„Oh ... no ... shit“, you quietly mumbled to yourself as if in huge disbelief. There was one very important thing you seemingly forgot to set the alarm for; living in Temple Gate wasn't as easy as some might think. You had to work hard to survive. Or you didn't, it was all up to yourself. But then you'd most certainly starve to death because food or anything else was never given as a present. Never; not in Temple Gate. Well, yesterday you ironically just learned that it could also work another way. Val probably was just a very big exception apart from all the other inhabitants - for whatever reason.

Val - you recently thought a lot about this name. You wouldn't even admit that to yourself but he elicited an utter interest inside of you. And it has all gotten worse when you found out about his - so to say - secret. You've never said it out loud out yet but if you did then you'd probably assume that;

„Val's a woman?“

This sounded so ridiculous when it came out of your mouth. But at the same time you couldn't exclude it for sure because if you looked very closely then you just remembered a tangle of male and female features. It was so hard to guess. You'd probably use the term „they“ on Val now; just in your mental monologues. Just to not get confused. At least not more confused than you were already. You considered your thoughts a bit; blankly staring in only one direction while you sat up on the bed. Yeah, you've already heard about people who were „different“. People who couldn't assign to a certain gender - people who refer to themselves as so called transgender.

Apart from that you didn't pay that thought much more attention anymore though because one thing was very clear - the town you lived in was influenced by very strict faith. If you were honest you exaggeratedly could affirm that in a town created by God's hands, there isn't a place for extraordinary people who won't bend to his will - if you could put any serious belief in Sullivan
Knoths words. And you belonged to a small group of people who actually didn't, you were sure about it. The religious part of you convinced you, that anyone - may they be different or not - was equal. So when Knoth would say that God doesn't accept them, you would mentally counter that it was the way that God created them and that it is exactly the way who God wanted them to be; that he loves them as they are.

Cruelty seemed to be a huge matter when it came to such speeches. You purposely didn't name it „preachings“ - it just didn't feel right. For only a second you considered on going to work or in other words; looking for work. Your working days mostly consisted of asking some farmers if they need a helping hand and if you could milk their cows, weed their small fields or patch their clothes. Mostly there wasn't more than a small fee in for you but it was still enough to get along with. That's just how you tried to finance your life and you were content with it - you never got to know another life. So when you took a second look at the watch you decided it was best to just stay home and leave work behind - it was past three in the afternoon and ... you couldn't believe that you've actually slept that long.

But yesterday was an exciting day; that was your excuse. No one would miss you anyway; employment agreement? Cancellation periods? What was that even? Either you worked and earned some money or you just didn't; it was that easy. Okay, there was only one exception and you really pitied him for that. Or her. You didn't quite know anymore ...

As chief deacon Val had a duty to fulfill, they couldn't just come and go whenever they preferred to. The people trusted them and the job they did. They practically needed at least one person who leaded them in their faith. And in addition there also was this little girl Val had to care for. All these thoughts just confirmed you that it was a good idea to invite them at your home. You had no idea when Val would arrive let alone which day but you felt the sudden need to take a nice - if not warm - but nice bath. For once you thanked God for living in a desert area which made you pretty non-sensitive when it came to cold water.

So when you finished heading up to the nearest fountain with that heavy jug (which actually felt like a thousand times), you felt so relieved when you sunk into the water-filled wooden basin. Though the rather cool water you felt all your muscles relax and you sighed contentedly as you leaned your head back, your eyes closed. You couldn't help it at all but out of a sudden your mind started to construct different versions of Val all by itself. A lot of questions began to build up and you shamefully bit your lip.

What do they look like under their clothing? How would it be to feel their androgynous appearance under your fingertips? Is Val even taken? Do they even feel any kind of attraction?

So many questions and so little answers ... all that was left to you was your imagination.

One topic that seemingly tempted you the most was the shape of Val's body. You imagined them to have a nice taut stomach as well as their chest to be flat and hairless. You had no idea why but on the other hand you could also imagine them with a good handful of breasts on each side. Who knows - maybe they hid it from people to see? Was it even that unlikely for them to be intersex? This thought sent a prickling shiver through your whole body and you crossed your legs as your
hand slithered its way towards your own breasts. In your mind it were Val's large, veiny hands that slowly kneaded them and you'd be more than willing to return the favor. So you switched the roles and now it was you fondling their upper body. You tried to think of the way Val's voice would sound when their quiet moans would mix with yours. It probably would be deep and raspy but also so smooth and angelic in its very own way. How their soft plump lips would feel when they claimed your neck. Their blue-greenish stare would pierce right through your soul as they silently would exercise their right to touch you just where you wanted it most.

„Please God ... forgive my sinning“, you said with your head lifted up but honestly; you didn't care. The temptation was just too sweet to let it go. Within seconds you finally found your other hand between your legs and slowly began to rub yourself down there. When two fingers entered your wetness and you thought of Val touching you like that, all your barriers broke down and you shamelessly began to struggle under their phantom touch. Your eyebrows were strained as far as they could go and your mouth was wide agape. You almost looked like you were in great pain but it actually was the huge amount of bliss you just experienced. You worked your fingers faster and faster, having a firm grip on your breast. Strands of your (h/c) hair were falling in your face and you were flushed all over.

The final thought of Val sitting in the basin with you and overwhelming you like that almost sent you over the edge.

You cried for them, yelling Val's name and being deeply ashamed as your orgasm hit you. The water splashed around you as you rocked your hips and tried to prolong the feeling as long as possible. But like at the flick of a switch you suddenly froze as it knocked on the door.

You sensed it was Val.

And it was impossible for them to not have heard it ...

You wanted nothing but to curl up and die.
Panicky you froze in time when the knocking ceased and the supposed visitor waited for you to let
them in.
No! This exactly wasn't how you wanted this whole situation to turn out. You were completely
clueless what to do now ... You figured that it was probably best when you just pretended not to
be home and just waited until Val would go their way. So you slowly sunk further down into the
water until only your head was above the water. You slightly shivered but you didn't quite know if it
was due to the increasing coolness of the water, or this overwhelming concern. One way or another;
you regretted anything of this and it felt more than wrong to ignore Val, to literally lie to them in a
way.

It was already too late to deny it and you had to concede; you fell for the chief deacon. It wasn't just
mere interest you had for them; it was some undefinable kind of attraction.

You were ripped from your thoughts again when it knocked one last time - all you wanted right now
was to storm towards the door and let Val in. But you've already waited too long now and it would
be a pretty awkward situation if you opened the door half naked with a badly thought explanation of
why you were prevented from doing so - you weren't really a master when it came to lying. Torn
between two decisions you waited a few more minutes until you were sure that Val really was gone
again. This had been your chance to finally get closer to them, to get to know them and you didn't
take it.

You've lost all interest in your bath and swung yourself out of it, not giving a single damn that the
water trickled all down the floor from your body; building a large puddle around you. Grumblings
and curses unstoppably slipped past your lips as you desperately looked for something to misuse as a
towel. Yeah ... another thing you couldn't yet manage to afford.

You took an old but clean blanket you found neatly folded in your wardrobe and covered yourself in
it.
Shyly you made a move to turn the doorknob but you barely opened the door. Only a small slit
allowed the light of the low sun to stream inside and you were afraid that your alleged visitor might
still spot you. But not a living soul; deathly silent as it mostly was.

The first thing that caught your eye was something that peeped out from under your doormat. A ...
what was that? A letter? Curiosity got the better of you and you immediately pulled it out.
You somehow felt like the little school girl back then because deep inside you anticipated a love
letter from your crush. You had to laugh at yourself a bit for how foolish this thought actually was - this certainly wasn't Val's intention at all. They just wanted to stay polite.

But when you examined the letter further you found a different name on it than you actually wished for in the first place.

„What do you of all people want from me now”, you said more to yourself as you swiftly closed the door. *Barnes*, it plainly read. You never found out if it was his forename or his surname. All that you knew was that you somehow had an employment relationship with him, kind of. But you showed up more often to him than to any other farmer in Temple Gate. The small fee he was willing to give you wasn't that small at all - actually he was the reason that you didn't starve already. He was a very old but likeable man and one of the few people who weren't completely brainwashed by Knoth's words yet. Still; to you he was nothing more than half a farmer, half a friend. If you could call it that.

When you ripped the slightly soaked paper you took it's content out;

*Dear (y/n),*

*here's the rest of the fee I still owe you. It's not much but it's all I can afford at the moment.*

*I wanted to tell you this eye to eye but I wrote this letter in case you're not at home.*

*I fear that I must give up my farm; my wife has gotten very sick and my cattle isn't doing much better. Besides all of that I'm not getting younger with each passing day; my back hurts with each move I make and I can't afford the required strength anymore. But fortunately; age reaches us all sooner or later.*

*I enjoyed your company whenever you came to help me which was very often.*

*In the end I thank you very much with that and hope that someone else in this town is willing to pay you an equal amount.*

*All the best,*

*Barnes*

Like you read, in the envelope also was a bundle of money and it wasn't little. You counted it swiftly and ... to be honest; it was much more than you've ever gotten from him. A feeling of deep guilt spread inside of you; you couldn't just keep the money. He was an old man with a sick wife and how rude would that be if you parted them from their hard-earned money? You didn't hesitate long with your decision to make your way to his farm right tomorrow when the first sunbeams could be seen and bring them their money back. You really needed the money admittedly though, but the bad conscience would be too much to bear.

Until tomorrow you securely stowed it under the bed where you told the dust to keep an eye on it. Then you rose up and just fell down on it with your head buried in the pillow. Your thoughts went back to the chief deacon. You couldn't believe that this was reality but when you thought back to the situation in the basin, you were quite frustrated to see that it wasn't Val who came to visit you. On the other hand it took a big load off your heart to know that they didn't witness your ... gratifications dedicated to them.

But all in all it was okay because when you mentally took a look through your small pantry; it was best if you first bought some food anyway. It would be pretty weird if you first promised Val to return the favor and at the end you'd look quite stupid.
Since you've spent nearly one hour with bathing and the rest with thinking, considering, deciding, figuring, ... you took one last look at the watch. „Nineteen thirty, great”, you whispered, looking completely emotionless. Where did all this time go?

Going to bed would probably be the best option since you wanted to pay Barnes a visit tomorrow early in the morning. And over the time you noticed that sleeping away your pseudo-depressions worked out very well sometimes.

What you didn't know; today's plot would still take a complete twist.

_Knock, knock, knock_

Tiredly you rose your head from the pillow;

„Who's that again?"
At your current mental state, nothing could surprise you anymore when you went straight for the door and opened it with an energetic sway. You were convinced that some self-appointed pranksters decided to do shenanigans with you. So you weren't ashamed in any way to show yourself in only a blanket wrapped around your upper body.

„WHAT DO YOU FUCKS WA-“

But you weren't ready for Val standing at the door, slightly smiling down at you but immediately taking a few steps back when you uncontrollably roared; just to prevent any damage you could cause in your current state of rage. If you really were so desperate (and you undoubtedly were), you would've shot yourself here and now. But instead of that you flushed terribly and smiled like an idiot. When your mind was half clear again, you jumped behind the door so that only your head showed from behind the door. Certainly Val must've thought you're the most abnormal dork in whole Temple Gate. You've only exchanged a few words so far now but your behavior also was beneath any contempt. And the worst part was that you didn't mean to be like that at all. Like something in this goddamn universe prevented you from just being decent and nice at all costs ... towards your crush. You didn't want to call it that but who were you kidding?

You liked Val - a lot.

„I'm ... aah- I'm sorry but I thought you were someone else ... I didn't mean to yell at you! Actually I'm not that kind of person who yells at anyone but I just-", you risked your neck with careless talk but weren't aware that Val was all calm and easy. Another thing you really adored about him ... her!

„Ugh ... why don't you just come in", you waved Val inside with a shaky hand. „I'm just er- ... dressing myself. Give me a second!“

With the door carelessly left open Val just stood there, being completely startled. They didn't quite know whether to enter now or not. You sprinted upstairs and flung the blanket forcefully aside, quickly considering what you should wear now. When you visited Val a day ago and it was clear that they'd do the same; you mentally noted for yourself that you would pretty yourself up as much as
possible. But now that it turned out to be a surprise visit you were completely overwhelmed with the whole situation.

„Okay, stay calm“, you told yourself as you stomped on one and the same spot.

You rummaged through a wooden wardrobe and a plain but sweet white dress which was laced at the back, long-sleeved and with a same-colored pattern on it fell into your hands. Based on its plainness it also could've been a nightgown but all in all it was suitable for daily use. You quickly threw it over your head, adjusting it in its fit and finally combed with your fingers through your (h/l), still wet hair. One last glance in the mirror told you that you looked acceptable. Though you were as beautiful as always you originally wanted to gain a breathtaking look.

Not further thinking about what could've been and what's now, you ungracefully ran down the stairs and threw yourself on the dining table, Val already awaiting you there with folded hands. You were sweating like mad and at the end your heavy breathing gave you away, even though you tried to only leave it out through your nostrils. To not make this situation any more uncomfortable, you decided it was best to just be open and honest with Val. So you took a deep breath and smiled towards them. Val just looked like they were really curious about what you had to say.

„I'm really sorry ... you must know; I'm not the most organized person. Living alone never seemed easy to me since my parents were sent to the- yeah. Hopefully you can overlook my awkwardness; I really don't mean to“, you told Val honestly and stayed surprisingly composed.

You waited for Val to respond but they just watched you, their gaze being vacuous to you. After a few seconds that seemed like a millennium to you, Val leaned back and eyed you with great interest; slightly smiling. You felt more relieved than ever.

„You know; you did me a great favor and already had dinner with me but still I don't know your name. How's that“, Val grinned in between their words. For the first time you noticed how much Val's mere presence made you feel like a submissive child now. They carried such an adult aura with them and besides all that their voice was just ... like pure, fluent gold.

„Heh ... riiight‘, you said. „Silly me, my name's (y/n).“

„Fair name; very likeable."

With each word your heart pumped faster and faster. And all you could focus on were not their words directly but Val's full lips as their deep smooth voice came out between them. Their blonde hair and icy stare ironically made them look like a fallen angel. And you were certain that your ribcage would burst open at any moment. Mentally you slapped yourself in the face as to not stare at Val like you were getting mad. Well, actually that was the case but they didn't have to know.

„Thanks!“ You giggled.
But suddenly something came into your mind.

„Oh no ...”

„What's wrong?”

You didn't know how to explain but you couldn't do anything about it anyway.

„I got no food for us prepared ... I didn't have the chance to buy something at the market place yet. I'm sorry ... "

Val just faintly laughed. „You definitely apologize way too much. Don't be sorry, after all I didn't even tell you an exact time when I'd come to visit you. So it's actually my fault." You let out a breath of relief. But their next sentence made you feel quite uneasy.

„But this isn't what I came for in the first place so don't worry.”

Gulping you tried to carry it off well. „Uuh ... it's alright. What did you come for then?”

And like you already sensed it, Val suddenly put out the familiar golden cross out of nowhere and slid it towards you on the table. You stiffened at its sight. No ... please. There could only be one reason why Val did such a thing. But either way; there was no way to get out of this so you decided it was best to just stay honest towards Val.

„You read it, right?”

„Yes ...”, you said with a hint of guilt in your voice. „How do you know?”

Val leaned in a bit closer, their hands folded again. „I thought there must've been a reason why you suddenly became so uneasy when you choked on that meat. I mean; this can happen of course but you were just ... weird from that moment on. Especially when I put the cross out", Val explained, hoping to be on the right path. „Am I right or did I just reveal myself for nothing?”

You just shrugged it off but it was enough for Val to know that they were right with their assumption. „Yeah ... just as you said", you admitted but purposely avoiding their gaze.

„Alright ...”

„I really didn't want to intrude your personal matters Val! I was merely looking for a hint where it could belong to!” You began to fiddle nervously with your hands, tears welling up in your eyes. You
were so damn scared that Val would detest you now for being so curious. „Yes, I read it and I just figured what this means! When you told me that you got it from your dying mother I just counted one and one together ... and ended with the thought that it was dedicated to you and not your little daughter...” The last one of your words were swallowed up by your quiet sobbing; you felt so vulnerable at the moment which caused you to cover your face with your hands.

„I'm so sorry ... really.”

You didn't want Val to witness you like this. But on the other hand you enjoyed their company nonetheless. It was all so confusing.

A moment later you heard the chair shift besides you and a comforting hand laid itself around your shoulder. You wanted nothing but to melt in their touch and calm yourself in a hug.

Val gently took your hands away and handed in an embroidered handkerchief; smiling pitying at you. „Th- Thank you." You wiped the tears out of your face but you abstained from saying a single word.

„I should rather have a better eye on my own stuff. And it wouldn't be fair to judge you for things you accidentally saw. It would just feel unjustified if I did so...” Oh my god ... Val was so motherly and caring towards you; so careful in their choice of words. This was what you needed right now and you dared to look at them with your tearstained eyes.

„I won't tell anyone ... I promise.”

„I know”, Val answered with no doubt in their voice. „You seem reliable”, they said and smiled to cheer you up.

It would be stupid to mess this up and bised that you had no reason to tell anyone after all. It felt very exciting to share a secret with Val now; you somehow felt more connected to them due to that.

„So it's true? You are a woman", you asked very careful.

„Quite right", Val answered energetic.

Deep inside the revelation didn't shock you all too much because you actually knew it already; or at least assumed it.

So many questions were still left in your head but you didn't want to offend Val in any way. You would save that for the next time. On the other hand other questions in your head were answered. A woman would never be allowed to do the job of a chief deacon. And due to her very androgynous appearance it was easy to simply declare Val to be a man.

But all this stress and fuss about Val's gender must have a much deeper reason. After all why should someone make a secret of it? But everything else should be discussed later. At the moment you were just utterly happy.

The last few hours of the day were passing blazingly fast; Val and you were still talking about anything and everything. You both were laughing and babbling like two old friends; like you knew each other since childhood. And at the end you even found some left bread and butter to eat.

When it was late at night and your ways finally parted; you felt like new-born and a big smile was plastered on your face till you went to bed.
You've never been so happy in your whole life.
An unexpected Twist

The glaring midday sun didn't have the chance this time to blind you through the window on the opposite of your bed because before you finally went to sleep, you hung up the blanket on the curtain-rod and at the same time misused it as some kind of curtain replacement. Yes, it was midday already but until Val and you parted yesterday; it was almost one o'clock in the morning. Memories from the night were rushing through your head and you couldn't stop smiling like mad - the open talks and chatter just had such a relaxing effect on you that you really wanted it to happen again; very soon if possible. Especially because then you could ask Val more questions. But you still didn't know her good enough to know when to start and when to stop. And by the way it was very confusing to you to switch the pronouns from him to her from now on.

At some point of your quiet thoughts you wondered who cared for Val's little daughter as long as she was with you. But you trusted her to be a loving and caring mother; just like she treated you when you couldn't hold back your tears anymore and started to weep openly.

Val's a mother ..., you suddenly thought but very belatedly. And since you had no chance to guess her age by only her looks, this woman was a bigger mystery to you the more you thought about her. Even though the big revelation yesterday, your attraction towards Val didn't vanish in the slightest - quite the opposite. You wanted to be with her more than ever and you wanted to pelt her with so many questions. Talking to same-gendered people always came easier to you; you didn't know why. But this was your chance to come closer to the person of your desire and you didn't want to screw this up. You were quite aware of how clumsy you could be if you really focused on being super cute and nice and all of this. So why not stopping this mind set for the first time and just live for the day?

As much as you regretted it, but for now you had to stop your thoughts about Val and another important thing crossed your mind. When you took the small watch from your nightstand, it already was half an hour past twelve. There was no need to put pressure on yourself but you planned to be at Barnes a few hours ago.

To not lose any more time, you quickly swung yourself out of the bed which actually was a bad idea because you first needed a few seconds for the stars to disappear from your view and your heart to pump enough blood through your body.

Within a minute you ate the last remaining bread with some butter and salt, threw over your black, plain dress for the day, ruffled through your hair a last time, then took the letter with you and went out into the warm summer sun. But no time for any delay; you had an old farmer to visit.

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You could already view Barnes' house at the horizon from afar. It always was quite the big ride when going to him because it wasn't like he was one of your next neighbours; you always had the feeling to first cross through whole Temple Gate to get to him. Which made you feel even more guilty when you just let the old man wait at your door and pretended not to be at home. Usually when you came to help him with farming around midday, he and his wife would already be sitting at the table and wait for you to have lunch with them. Though most of the time you refused to eat with them; you always feared to be a burden.

You desperately wanted to go to the bottom of the situation so you unsolicitedly entered the house and looked around in search of the elderly couple. No one. Death silence hung thickly in the air. „Maybe they're both just out to get something“, you thought aloud. But you remembered Barnes
writing in his letter, that his wife had gotten seriously ill and-

Out of nowhere everything extrapolated to you. His wife wasn't only sick; she certainly became part of the scalled ... just like Barnes. There was no other explanation. When you examined the room further you could see light scratches in the wooden floor which lead outside; like someone forcefully dragged them both out. You were convinced that these scratches weren't just there a week ago. Sweat began to form on your forehead as you slowly began to comprehend what actually must've happened within only half a day. Out of anticipation to see them both again, you first didn't notice the chairs and table just like some other stuff been thrown around.

Sadness overwhelmed you and you uncontrollably were driven to your knees; trying your best to keep from collapsing but your forced body control didn't last long and in the end thick tears were welling up in your eyes. You regretted it; you regretted it so much that you didn't have the chance anymore to bring them their money back. And the most important thing; to tell Barnes that he always seemed like a father to you. Always willing to pay you enough and support you with food and anything you needed. You never took the chance to tell him a really big Thank you in form of returning some of his favors ... and you'll never have the chance again. You put all your strength together to stay calm and quiet; tightly shutting your eyes and taking in a few shaky breaths.

You considered to just leave the envelope full of money here on the kitchen counter but quickly forgot about it. Barnes surely wouldn't want any stranger to find the money and use it for their own desires. And you didn't welcome this thought as well. So you stuffed the money back deep in your boots. But now you knew why he gave you so much of it - he wouldn't need it anymore.

With your head slightly hanging you didn't want to be in there any longer. Carefully you closed the door behind you and made sure that it was properly locked. Yeah; there was no way of a happy ending. All the cattle on the field behind the big house was gone too - probably brought to Temple Gate's slaughterhouse. You already knew that it would take you some time to get over it all. And the best place to do so was the big chapel - the only place where people could hope for salvation.

Out there was a poor soul you felt the need to pray for.
In the end it took you much longer to reach the old chapel than you originally planned because you rather sauntered instead of walking in a moderate pace. But despite everything you were quite happy to see that you were all alone when you peered through a small slit as you opened the massive creaking doors.

On the other side of the room was an altar adorned with masses of candles and dried wax that once dripped down the wood. Even though it looked quite unclean it also beared a very charming aura. When you slowly closed the door with your view directed to the altar, you noticed that it was very dark in there with all the curtains drawn together. But in the dark the silhouette of a very familiar person was brought to light by the light of a single candle.

You quietly observed Val from the other side of the room; kneeling down in front of the altar and her hands in a prayer position. You couldn't view any details because you were still too far away. But it was enough for you to know that at this moment, Val did exactly the same thing you came here for - praying for someone; wishing for someone. She didn't notice you immediately. Probably she was just too engrossed in her thoughts which was quite understandable. Sometimes this place seemed to be upheld by some kind of magic. You didn't know what to call it other than this but this probably was the reason why people mostly decided to come here when nothing in life would get them up anymore - people who still held true faith towards God and not Knoth were rare these days. But these were also the rare number of people you could put trust into. And something told you that Val belonged to them.

Soft-footed you tiptoed in Val's direction; your view switching between the altar and Val. When you approached, she turned to greet you but she seemed to still be deeply in her prayer for who knows how long already.

„Good afternoon“, you whispered; greeting her back. She didn't let you disturb her in the slightest and so she went on; head directed towards her candle, her hands resting in her lap now. There was only a single candle lit which made it very hard to see clear. You choose a candle right next to Val's and lightened it with a nearby situated matchstick. You took up the same attitude as Val before; kneeling down, your head bowed down a bit and your hands folded together.

Deep inside you were praying for Barnes and his wife without moving your lips. In time with it you felt a dark aura surround you when you let several possibilities of their fate rush through your mind once again. You didn't want it to be true; that death would be their only escape to gain peace in this cruel world. But somehow you still hoped and prayed for a miracle to happen. But your hope was in
vain ... being part of the scalled literally meant being dead already.
Small droplets of tears were making their way through your closed lids and fell in your lap. But your
facial expression stayed icy.
Val seemed to notice your inner turmoil and without hesitation laid a hand around your shoulder.
First you jolted up a bit because you weren't ready for this but then you remembered that it was a
touch you always craved for. And it felt good, relieving ...

You shifted a bit closer though you were afraid that Val would push you back. Differently than first
assumed she let you do whatever you needed now to keep from completely collapsing; and that was
a sympathetic ear where you could let off all the steam that built up inside of you for so long
already. Sometimes it felt somewhat better than talking to God who would never give a real answer.
Val felt you being tensed very clearly so she made a move for you to let it out, her motherly instinct
giving her alarm.

„Who did you pray for”, she openly asked, her voice soothing and calm.
Your body leaning on Val's shoulder gave you the same feeling like when she came to visit you
yesterday; but much more stronger this time. You hoped for her not to notice your heavy breathing at
any costs ... but since the neckline of her dress became lower to her back, your cheek was in close
contact to her naked shoulder. Within this moment the world seemed to be okay again. But you
couldn't hide the pain in your voice though.

„A good friend and his wife ... they became part of the scalled just today.”
You paused.

„Both were the only ones I still had left in this town.”

Val became silent. She nodded like she wanted to show you her understanding. But suddenly her
grip tightened a bit and it was almost painful. She seemed to think about something; you sensed it
when she turned her head away from you a bit.

„Can I ask you something?”

„Sure”, Val answered a bit hesitant.

„Who did you pray for?”

Val seemingly didn't want to talk about it but on the other hand; she thought it was only fair.

„For my mother ... today would be her birthday.”

Your heart has gotten utterly heavy by now, like some invisible force would try to rip it out of you.
You were uncertain of whether to snuggle more into Val's side or to just stay where you were. „I'm
so sorry, Val ... I didn't know that.”
„Don't apologize ... you're not the one who decided to take her life after all."

The problems you had to bear with lately didn't seem half as debilitating as Val's. Yeah; you lost your parents as well to the scalled but no one really murdered them; if you got Val right. And in addition there was also this thing with Val's gender ... Which secrets did this woman still carry around with her? There was one thing you were sure about; her life wasn't easy-going at all.

Without a coherent thought in your head anymore and no word leaving your lips, you just sat there and waited for Val to do something. But she just sat there and stared towards the candles. Salvation was waiting for no one in Temple Gate; you had to earn it.

And you saw your only salvation in this woman; she was the person of your biggest desire. A delicate touch like this could already lighten you up so much. What an effect would it have on you if you could taste these lips for once in your life? Only for a short moment ... If your fingers could trace along her graceful body and feel every inch of her? Or the other way around ... if Val did all these things to you.

With the candlelight shining towards her and highlighting her sharp features she was more beautiful to you than ever. For once you really had the chance now to properly observe her. The darkness in the room and her touch that didn't cease yet gave you a big boost of self-confidence. You didn't consider your thought twice when you looked up at her.

Your brain told you that it was completely improper and selfish what you were about to do now. But your heart told you to chase after your desire.

When you slowly took her arm off your shoulder and slightly rose up on your knees; you leaned in closer to Val. And then you did something that both of you never would've expected.

When your lips were only a hair's breadth away from hers, neither Val nor you made a move to escape the situation.

When your lips finally touched hers ...

... the world seemed alright.
Regret

Chapter Notes

(y/n) = your name

This chapter is a bit shorter; I'm trying to vary. :)

The chaste but slightly wet kiss you shared with Val caused all your nerve endings to explode and at the same time you felt completely numb all over; like your soul splitted itself from your body when it happened. Like you, Val and all of this wasn't real at all. At any moment you expected Val to push you back and yell at you for your selfishness. But deep inside you hoped that she enjoyed it as much as you did.

Val first didn't make a move to respond to the kiss; she just sat there with eyes slightly shut and her posture all tensed. She wasn't relaxed at all. Neither were you but you were tensed for another reason; out of anticipation, not out of ... was that fear Val just experienced? When you finally began to hesitantly but firmly enclose Val's face in your hands, she unexpectedly slapped your hands away, as well as pushing you - not very gently - down from her lap. „(Y/n)“, she called your name with a stern voice which made your hair stand on end „Stop this." Immediately you pulled back from the - oh so sweet - kiss and watched Val in astonishment. Due to her reaction you could tell that you messed it all up thoroughly. You knew it from the start on but you weren't master of your own mind and control anymore. She just got you enthralled; like a siren would a sailor. With the difference that you were both women. This fact still overwhelmed you.

„Val, I-“

Val got up on her feet; still standing tall in front of you despite everything and making a hand gesture for you to be quiet. You were extremely afraid that she'd hate you from now on. You watched her like a startled child who got her toy broken. When Val finally turned around to leave the chapel, you quickly sprang to your feet and reached out to grip her wrist tightly, turning her to look at you. „Val I'm sorry! I didn't know what I was doing“, you desperately tried to explain but to no avail.

She yanked herself out of your grip; not like she was mad at you but just like she was very disappointed. She clearly refused to look at you which you could understand. And after all; there wasn't much to see anyway with only one candle as light source. The sun was almost completely set and it was getting cool outside. „I ... just need to rethink a few things (y/n) ... it was a hard day.“

Reluctantly you nodded, feeling helpless though you wanted nothing more than for Val to stay. Even if no kissing or anything of this sort was involved; you just enjoyed her company so much. It was barely bearable.
Without a single last glance directed towards you, Val suddenly disappeared through the door. You thought about following her and begging her to forget about this whole situation but you didn't want to make things any worse. So instead you stood in front of the entrance and just watched her disappearing along the narrow path as the moonlight shone down on her; your heart aching terribly. Regret, fear, confusion, sadness, ... it was all written over your face with no way to conceal it. With your mouth slightly agape, you waited for the tears to stream down your face but there was nothing ... like you've already cried too much for any tears to be left. It wasn't your intention at all for Val to think that you only did it out of a selfish behavior, like it was some lust-stricken move. You were only too desperate to think of a more discreet way to show your affection towards Val. If you had the chance you would make it all undone. You wanted to scream and cry and curse all at the same time. But the only thing you were able to do at the moment, was to slid down the massive doors and look up at the moonlit sky; hoping for Val to somehow hear your voice through the dead hours of the night.

„I'm so sorry ..."

But then you wept freely.

„ ... I love you, Val."
In a Mess

Before your endless crying had a chance to completely finish you off, you decided it was best to make your way home through the dark and lonely night; falling into bed as soon as you arrived. Your eyes were swollen and hurt like hell. Somehow you had the wish to not wake up in the next morning ...

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The next day only passed very slowly. You didn’t feel the need to sleep until lunchtime again because being only half asleep would leave too much space to think about everything. Over the day you stopped by a few farmers around Temple Gate and one or two were actually willing to let you milk their cows or to harvest different kinds of fruits and vegetables, although it wasn’t much. At the end of it all, you’ve earned two small sacks half full of money; still far from what Barnes would’ve payed you for such hard work but it was enough to at last stay alive for the next coming days.

That was when you put your thoughts into actions and went straight to the market place at the end of the day. Since Temple Gate was kinda big and you didn’t want to bother yourself with carrying a map each day, it sometimes came quite in handy that your father once taught you orientating on the sun’s position. Well but since you didn’t carry a compass as well, it mostly was for nothing anyway. But you had a faint suspicion where to go.

The sun was already low by now and its light bathed the market place in a jumble of diverse colors; mostly orange and yellow but also some purple and red tones. A thin line between utterly beautiful but also very deadly. Some tourists might not even estimate that everything's about to go down the tubes.

Other than you expected, this place was full of people. Not really crowded but still more than you were used to. But with such little money you never really had a reason to come here. Most of the few little stalls weren’t busy anymore in the evening, a few closing when you were approaching. Above the front gate of the market it read; Temple Gate - 1971

Very plain but all information newcomers needed when arriving ... which never was the case to be honest.

You wanted to spend as much time here as possible - being at home would only drag you deeper into your thoughts of what recently happened ... So you took all your time and wandered past the stalls; your arms crossed behind your back. A few people were greeting you on your way but it was only the minority. When you observed the people on your way, you noticed that most of them carried a facial expression of either pure grumpiness or inexpressiveness. Which wasn't new to you but it always managed to unsettle you.

You came to a halt when you suddenly approached a vegetable stall at your right. All you could afford at the moment was a cabbage head since the sellers (who were mostly farmers) didn't have to offer much anyway in such dry periods. And besides that you also had to put your money into different required things; Like curtains for a start, you mentally joked.

The seller eyed you with suspicion as you looked through his offers with a focused gaze. When you made out the most corpulent cabbage, you picked it up from the range and duged in your bag with your other free hand. ,,How much is it?"

,,Two and it's yours."

Slightly sweating you still rummaged around in your bag when too much time was ceasing already. You didn’t want to admit it but you must've lost your money on your way to the market. ,,What have
I done to deserve this ...", you quietly told yourself in great disbelief.

„Well?"

„Err ... I forgot my money. I will be right back!"

When you made a move to put the cabbage back and turn into the other direction, the salesman had other plans for you.

„I will be closing soon and you already touched the cabbage. Either you pay it or you'll regret it", he said, his voice heavy with pure threat. The blood froze in your veins and you hoped that he just had a bad day so far and didn't really mean to harm you.

„I- I got no money with me. I swear I'll be back in a min-"
„I won't let you go until you payed", he now yelled at you, drawing all the attention of the people to the both of you but no one really seemed to care. You eyed him with big eyes, thinking of a way to escape this situation. You wished that you had the ability to cut it out of your ribs right now but unfortunately this would never be the case.

„Listen, I-"

„Here you got your money", a deep voice suddenly sounded. Val approached behind you out of nowhere, handing in a hand full of coins. Puzzlement strode your whole being, wondering why it would still be in Val's interest to save you from this self-imposed mess. You could tell that you already got used to Val always showing up in awkward situations that you caused - so it wasn't too embarassing anymore. But if you were honest then you wanted to die deep inside again.

Pure guilt was overwhelming you now and you looked down to the ground.

„Keep the change", Val finally told him and took the cabbage with her. She threw a last dangerous glance at the salesman who just grumbled in response, then turned away to leave the spot.

„Come", she firmly said.

And without hesitation you went after her, with a big gap seperating the two of you. Why couldn't the ground just open up now and wholly swallow you up? Then all your recent problems would be forgotten. But no ... the worst of all cases had to happen. Your crush just witnessed you getting involved in more trouble and worst of all - she had to help you out of it. You didn't dare to say something; you just watched Val as she went ahead of you with the cabbage tucked under her arm.

„T- thank you", you shyly tried to get into a conversation with her but all she did was letting out a slight hum. You didn't know why but you felt the urge to follow her wherever she was going, you really owed that woman something ...
But the place you reached a few minutes later was very familiar to you; it was Val's own home. Like on demand, Val turned to face you as a forgiving smile was plastered on her face, making you speechless again.

„Are you hungry", she asked you.

„No", your first answered but both of you knew that it was a lie. „Yes ..."

Her smile grew wider in response. „Well then; take your chance to prepare us some food, as you insisted before", she said as she playfully threw the cabbage in your arms.

With a flick of her wrist and the click of the door's lock, she waved you inside. „What are you waiting for?"

You were too confused to even move a muscle first, you just stared at the woman in front of you. But then Val literally dragged you inside by your hand, shutting the door behind you.
It was around 8 in the evening when you and Val had finished their dinner. You first had some trouble finding your way through her kitchen since it was much more spacious than yours. But in the end you managed to serve some sweet potatoes with a little cabbage and a sauce that Val recommended to you before. You were so utterly proud when Val told you in between that it was very tasty indeed. You couldn't really say that it was uncommon for you to get your food burned every now and then. But you've waited long enough for this day.

You insisted to do the dishes all by yourself; as some kind of compensation. If it was up to Val then she'd gladly helped you with it but you told her to relax and openly admitted, that all of what recently happened wasn't your intention at all. You just wanted nothing more than to make up for it. So she just nodded and took the offer. What she did in the meantime was a mystery to you. Out of the corner of your eye you just spotted her going out and getting inside again. At one time she carried something what looked like a very heavy blanket to you. The other time it were two glasses and a bottle which you supposed to be wine. You least expected her to prepare it all for the both of you and you frustratingly looked down at the last dirty plate in your hand. *I see; someone's probably dating her...*

Crying would be no option to you anymore since you had to deal with this fact. But at this moment your own small world began to collapse around you.

Sinking deeper and deeper into your sorrow, you mentally were already about to turn and leave when you finished the dishes, wiped it dry and neatly put it all back into the cupboard. When Val was already waiting for you at the doorstep; reaching out with an arm for you to follow. „The stars are very bright today; don't get to see this often nowadays. Wanna watch them with me?“ Val's overly welcoming smile made you become a little suspicious; she surely was still a bit disappointed with you - if not even angry. But who were you to turn down her offer? „Of course!“ You happily said and followed her outside at the backside of the house. You were lead to a small fenced garden where different kinds of wildflowers were growing. It was already pretty dark outside but the many stars and the glimmering shine of the big moon spent enough light for you to see everything very clear. When you looked further around you also spotted a tiny sandbox with some toys strewn around. You sat down next to Val on the big blanket, while she poured in some wine in the glasses. Something came into your mind;

„Where's your little daughter actually? I haven't seen her today."

„You mean the lil' Susi? Well, she-“ By the tone of her voice you could sense that Val was about to admit something. You were all eager to know.

„Susi isn't my daughter. Well; not biologically. Since so many people got infected, Knoth declared me to take care of the orphans who lost their parents to the scalled. For now it's only her but by the end of the month, much more are about to follow”, Val explained as she absently looked up at the
sky. You just couldn't help it but had to gulp at her words.

„For Knoth it's easy to simply assign me this job of course but he forgot what a big task this will be... it will be a hard time. Explaining these young tots that they'll never see their parents again. After all they're not even responsible for what's happening around here.”

Val's words ripped your heart and you didn't know how to respond. You just sat there, watching her as you tried to offer her a friendly ear. You sat there with crossed legs and your hands rested in your lap while Val sat there with splayed legs and supported her weight with her arms settled behind her.

„I only wish that God will have mercy on their fragile souls.”

„He will. They're still so young and innocent.”

„Some who became part of the scalled were also still young and innocent”, Val countered. She was right; there was actually no guarantee for anyone to be spared from such a cruel fate. All that was left was to pray and hope.

You clearly noted that her thoughts about those children got Val upset so you wanted to change the topic. Although you still felt a bit uneasy around her since the last days. But your tried to underact your embarrassment as good as possible.

„Val?”

„(Y/n)?” She responded but didn't deign to look at you, her eyes glued to the sky. Like she was completely lost in it.

„Can I-”, oh god, this was going to be harder than you first assumed.

„Can I ask you something? Something personal?”

Val wasn't stupid; she exactly knew where this conversation would lead to but she didn't seem to mind anymore.

„Yes ...”

„Why do you hide your gender from the outerworld? I was just wondering because ... there must be a reason.”

You didn't actually see it but you could practically feel Val's eyes widen and her heart racing for a short moment. You prayed that you didn't hit on a raw nerve again with your unfortunate manner. Val sunk her head in inner defeat
„You know; I'd have to speak very verbosely for you to understand."

Immediately you turned into her direction a little too stormy, which caused Val to jump slightly and you stared at her with glimmering eyes.
„I'm all ears!"

Val only chuckled at your euphoria, not really knowing what to do. Reaching out for the two glasses, she handed you one and kept the other one by herself. Big-eyed you watched Val as she drank the bitter substance in one go. While you only took tiny sips out of your own glass, always watching her out of your eye's corner. Val wiped her mouth with her arm, mentally preparing for a long story.

„You don't have to tell me if you don't want to", you quickly informed her as she already wanted to make a move to speak, biting her underlip at your words. Like she was considering if she should really drop her pants.

„It's okay ... I've never really had the chance to talk it off my chest so ..."

Giving Val all the time she needed, you made yourself as comfortable as possible; laying half down with your upper body propped up as you watched her with interest; glass still tightly in your hands.

„Well, when I was a little girl, our family was havin' a big crisis ... it all happened here in Temple Gate."

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*Flashback*
I'm sorry for the many typos I've probably got in this chapter ... I wrote this when I was really tired. xD
I'll look through it again when I've slept properly.

Till then, enjoy reading! <3

The deadly sounds echoing from the other side of the door were deafening; pleadings for mercy and compassion could be heard which was only punished with another stroke of the whip. The woman on the floor was crying in pain. Her arms were tightly bound together on a huge wooden cross in the middle of the chapel while she was in a crippled kneeling position. There was no way for her to defend herself. The whip hit her back again and she coughed violently. „P- please, stop this!“
„Shut up you stupid bitch, breeder of the antichrist! You and your foul womb won't destroy our realm created by the Lord“, the executioner spat at her as he emphasised his words with three more strokes; each one more painful than the other. This whole procedure would be going on deep into the night with no one to hear; except for a small girl who was under the restraints of two other of Knoth's men.
„Leave my mommy alone“, the blonde kid screamed at the men though there wasn't much power behind her flimsy voice. She couldn't be any older than around five years. Seeing her mother straining in agony made her hyperventilate and she struggled in the men's grip; trying to break free to somehow rescue her mother.
„And this brat is gonna be the next one“ one of the three men said as he pointed towards her with the terrifying whip, getting dangerously close.
„NO!“ From this moment on the mothers blood was boiling when she witnessed that someone was about to threaten her little fledgling. „I'll fucking kill you! Don't you dare to lay a finger on her!“ The man's grip tightened around the handle of the whip and he quickly turned around to shut her up with another stroke. The little girl's view got blurry from endless thick tears when she saw that her mother was already coughing blood, being completely exhausted. The man was approaching her swiftly, ungracefully picking her up from the floor by her shoulder-length hair and looked her right in the eyes. „What was that honey? Please repeat that; I didn't quite understand.“
And the mother's only response was to spat the blood that pooled in her mouth right into his face; a deadly mistake as it turned out to be.
„Are you really in such a hurry to die?!“ The man shouted like mad, causing the mother and her daughter to freeze in place.
„Throw the other foul brat out! This'll be kind of a disgusting matter ..."

Val seemed to need a break as it obviously was getting too much for her. Some tears wanted to well up which she was quick to blink away.
„From that moment on my memories are just too faint ... I was only around five years old. If not even younger ..."
During Val's explanation you've switched your position from halfway propped up to laying on your side as you watched her; your hands supporting your head to be a bit upright. Even though you looked relaxed your brain was trying to comprehend all the given information. Unwantedly creating a pictured simulation of Val's bad memories. Maybe it was a better idea to just make a cut here. You surely weren't stupid enough to not see that Val was clearly fighting back her tears.

„Val, you don't have to-“

„The worst part was that my mother was pregnant at this time. Even at my young age I knew that there was an innocent life already growing in my mother's womb“, she tried to act her pain away with a serious tone in her voice.

Wait. So Val wasn't the one declared as the antichrist? Why did they especially choose her mother to bear the antichrist? What did this all mean? You couldn't quite make a sense out of it. But on the other hand you didn't have enough rudeness to just ask Val right away. You couldn't do this to her. So you just lay there and carefully placed a comforting hand on her legs as not to scare her off.

In the meantime Val was already about to pour another glass of whine which she quickly swallowed half-empty. You didn't rate her as an alcoholic but if she needed it to get better through it, then why not ... Everyone had other methods of getting through hard times and it wasn't like she did it everyday at anytime.

„I was way too young to recognize the details. All I know is that they didn't whip her to death entirely."

„I'm sorry Val, I-"

„They better should have."

This gave you a chill. An audible gulping-sound came from you and you had a hard time not to just fling your arms around Val's neck and to mentally support her. It was the first time that you've seen her at her limits. A person who usually seemed utterly composed and calm. Val was quick to recover herself or at least she acted like that; you still had to figure that out. Her face was once again concealed from any emotion. She just blankly stared in one direction.

„My memories first began to reveal when I was like fifteen. Knoth always told me that he still saw true faith in me even though both my parents were heathens. But that was only because my mother wangled everything around so that I'd not have to experience the same fate like her ... That I'd be able to live a calm life at some time ...“

She knew that they'd be coming soon. She was aware that her life wouldn't last any longer. The last torture was only a mere warning. Her belly has gotten very big and she knew that the birth would be coming up soon. That was what they waited for. They'd burn the antichrist down right in the mother's womb. They thought that this would be the most effective way to fight the devil but all in all it was pure idiocy. There was no way for her to escape; they'd find her. But she wanted at least her born daughter to live a halfway „normal“ life in this godforsaken town.

Val was about fifteen when it all happened. When she would only feel pain, sorrow, near-death, her mothers pleading for forgiveness and for Val to survive. It was her only chance. Because no matter what Knoth said by now. As soon as Val would grow older, they would want to pursue her as well because it was an inherent family-matter that would also affect her kids at some time. So this should never happen.
Reluctantly the mother took the sharp scalpel from a clean tray near the bed where Val's wrists and ankles were tightly strained at the bedposts. She'd given her some mixed herbs to knock her out as much as possible for this procedure. But nothing near Temple Gate (that wasn't deadly) was numbing enough for her to not feel the pain. Val's eyes were shut and she was still asleep. The woman climbed on the bed to put extra weight on her legs so that Val had to chance to escape. When the mother lifted the scalpel, she threw a last glance at her daughter to make sure that she was still alive. She was already getting paranoid. If it was an option she would've pulled away and spare Val from what was about to follow.

„I'm so sorry Val ... but this is necessary for you to live."
A last time the mother slithered the sharp object along Val's exposed womb area. Then she cut through it.

Immediately Val's eyes shot open to the place where the pain was located. The flickering candlelight revealed the familiar face of her mother but that didn't help the situation at all. In less than a second Val's face was wet with tears and she wildly thrashed around for her mother to stop but to no avail; she held her down with all her power. Her mother was careful to not make the cut too big; hoping to aim at the right area. She was quick to reach for some acid-like substance which was supposed to keep Val from bleeding out. She poured it right onto the oped wound generously and that was when Val's mind was clouded with only pain. Her voice was so raw from screaming and crying that her mother wanted to end this all at any moment. She couldn't bear it. But now that she started she also had to bring it to an end.

Where's no uterus, there's no fertility. And where's no fertility, there's no child. And where's no child people have any reason to just leave her alone. It was just that easy.

But it wasn't that easy at all. Seeing your own child cry in pain by your own hand was the worst thing ever. As mother you were supposed to protect your child ... but that was just what she was about to do.

She protected Val. Even if it was hard to believe.

When Val last tried to throw her head back desperately, this overwhelming amount of pain got the better of her and she finally lost consciousness which made it a tiny bit less painful for her mother.

When the cut was done, she put the scalpel back on the tray with trembling hands. She still wanted to work as sterile as possible so she first desinfected it all with some herbs she knew would work. With a shocked expression plastered on her face, she looked up to check on Val. She knew that she couldn't afford to lose any time now. Again she splashed a great amount of the acid-like medicine on Val's wound for it to cease the bleeding and keep her from infections. Her hands were shaking uncontrollably and her view got blurry as she reached out with her bloody hands. She prayed that Val wouldn't gain consciousness again when she dipped into the clean cut to take out her uterus. She took it out with the ovaries and put it somewhere to be brought later. All that mattered now was to prevent her precious daughter from dying. And sadly she couldn't guarantee it anymore.

The mother began to sob, her whole body was shaking by now. „Please God ... have mercy on her!"

She screamed to heaven, a thousand times but she knew that he'd never come to help when it was really needed. Val's destiny was put into her own hands right now. When she poured the last droplets of the acid and waited for the bleeding to cease, she grabbed a sterile needle and made quick, unclean stitches through her skin. It wasn't perfect at all but it was enough to keep Val from
falling apart.
She didn't care about where she smeared all the blood on her hands. For now it was only important
to bring Val to safety.

Her brother at the other end of the town, Val's uncle would be her only chance to survive this trip
though hell. He was a reliable person. There she would be safe. There she handed him the golden
cross so that he could give it to Val once she was on her legs again. The cross once was a gift from
her own mother. For she wished God to lead her the right way. And that's what she wished for Val
too.

„Cut her hair, bind her chest and refer to her as a male. I'll do everything in my power for them to
never be able to harm her. Even beyond my death ..."

She planted a last, bloody kiss on the forehead of her unconscious daughter and whispered lovingly;

„I love you, my little sunshine."

There was not a single time anymore where no blood would drip out of the mother's mouth. Her
wounds caused by the whip and endless beating weren't really healing and she felt utterly weak.
Her fate was unknown to Val, she certainly succumbed to her injuries. But they most certainly
burned her with the baby still in her womb.

But at the end Val survived; and that was all that mattered to her mother.
By the time you've fully sat up again because a numbness was beginning to wander through your limbs. While Val had a hard time keeping from crying, your expression wandered between absolutely shocked and absent-minded. Like all of it was just too terrible to believe. „So this means that ... you're ... you are ... are-"

„-inertile, yes", Val completed your sentence with a cold undertone in her voice. Not knowing how to respond appropriately, you just shifted a little closer to Val, as a sign that you wanted to comfort her; that you tried to understand her sorrow. All your attention was dedicated to her when you slowly enclosed her arm with yours and rested your head on her shoulder. She barely seemed to notice; drawn too deep into the memories.

„Sometimes I can still feel the phantom pain, of when my mother sliced through my skin." Your stomache slightly began to hurt at Val's words but it was all just in your imagination. By far not as terrible as what Val had to experience.

„At this time I really thought that my mother has gone crazy, wanted to kill me in the most torturous way. I couldn't comprehend by then that this procedure was all part of my safety. The prize for my safety though was-", Val had to pause again for a moment, drawing in a shaky breath. „that I'll never be able anymore to bear children by my own", Val calmly said though you could see the moonshine reflecting in her tears.

„But in the end ... I'm thankful for it." And you sensed that Val was lying to herself.

„This is so ... terrible and confusing at the same time", you said with your mouth slightly agape, looking up at her.

„It was confusing to me either. My uncle raised me till I was around nineteen, then I just wanted to get away from the surroundings, start a new life at the very other end of the town, forget about it all, ... even today it's not always that easy."

You just nodded. „What about Susi?"

Val just raised an eyebrow. „What about her?"

„I mean ... I heard her calling you mommy. So she knows it too?"

„She knows about my true gender, yes. Though I have to admit she noticed it by an ... unhappy coincidence", Val chuckled a bit at that and looked down at the blanket. Like she remembered something. Countless possibilities of how it probably came to that „unhappy coincidence" crossed
your mind.
„But she is a smart kid. She’s under my care for over two years now and over this time I got to know this little girl. She can be as silent as a grave if she has to, unlike some other kids.”
„It is a risk though …”, you said, concern clouding your voice.
„She knows very well that many things depend on it. If she ever told the truth, there would be no chance for me to survive. Which means that there would neither be a chance for her. My uncle and I managed well to let the town believe that he was my father, which wasn't the case of course. He explained me that we had to try everything to cover up the fact that I'm the child of my mother. And that was when we started cutting my hair short, binding my chest away, training on a deeper voice ...
But most people in this damn town were stupid enough to believe it. It's a nice bonus that I grew taller than we first assumed. Makes the transformation look a bit more authentic”, Val chuckled again though it wasn't really suitable for such a serious topic. Probable the alcohol is taking the upper hand ...., you thought and had to suppress a smile. If you were her then you most certainly would've cried at least by now.

„So your mother was afraid that your bloodline would inspire people to assume that you could bear the next antichrist?”

Val only nodded, her mood swiftly switched from dizzy to distressed.

You weren't prepared for Val suddenly burying her face in your neck and letting go of all the tenseness that built up inside of her; not trying anymore to hold the upcoming tears back. You knew very well that you unwarily hit a nerve with your words; Val clearly didn't cry over the fact that her mother sacrificed herself for her daughter to live. What really finished Val off was the fact that ...

... she can't have children. Never in her life. You could practically feel that wish radiating from her.

„Susi is the best thing that ever happened in my life. She shows me what I could've missed.”

Val's voice appeared much higher when she was crying. It kind of broke your heart to see her being so low. You never expected such a horrible past in Val's life when you first saw her. She was a master when it came to hiding her real emotions ... up until this point.
Val's strong hands got a tight grip around your waist; trying to clinge at you as some sort of mental support she was desperately searching for her whole life. The dam had completely broken down. You felt so utterly guilty and you just wanted to slap yourself in the face when you started to enjoy the closeness to Val again. Even though this woman was broken inside.

No, stop this (y/n) ... this is the most inappropriate moment of all, you mentally told yourself. All that you dared to do now was to slightly pet her head with your hand and telling her;
„It's gonna be alright, Val. You are such a strong woman”, you told her and you really meant it. In between your words you were completely taken aback when you felt the softness of her blonde strands gliding through your fingers. Softer than any sheep wool or cotton you've ever felt.

„I just pretend ... to be”, Val sobbed a bit. „I have no other choice.”

„I just hope that this is a help to you ... but I adore you Val, really. For your fighting spirit. And so much more ... you are just ...”, you didn't have the guts to bring your sentence to an end.
Something seemed to snap inside of Val when she suddenly yanked herself out of your grip, grabbed for the wine bottle on the floor and took a big gulp. „You don't know what you're saying (y/n), the wine seems to take over you." But actually it was Val who was completely influenced by the alcohol. Since you didn't even drink half of your glass.

Her words seemed to offend you a bit and you raised your voice with a sad hint in it. „What?! No ... I know exactly well how it looks inside of me", you tried to beat the false thoughts out of Val's head and she just grinned at you; every sign of the sadness before was completely vanished. And you knew the reason for her drastic mood changes. So you yanked the bottle out of her hand as you raised a bit in height on your knees and unwarily threw it in a random direction. You felt bad for yelling at her in her current situation but you also felt very desperate.

„One way or another, (y/n) ... but I'm all alone in this world. So who's still left to bear real affection and interest towards me? My mother, my uncle, the ability to bear children, ... everything’s gone! Do you know what a bad feeling it is to be raised in the wrong body? To be afraid to show yourself to the outerworld", Val informed you with a stern voice but she still stayed calm. Never daring to raise her voice.

„No ...", was your only response with your head bowed down in defeat. She was right ... who were you to think to really know Val? „I'm sorry ... I-.".

„People never would've understood about my problems", Val said as she out of a sudden crept near you on all fours. You were still trying to figure what the alcohol would make her do now.

Your eyes visibly widened when you noticed that she was aiming at your direction.

„It was never an option to love or to be loved”, she kept on telling you as she out of nowhere placed herself on your lap, straddling you. Sweat was forming all over your body and you could tell that you were about to faint at any moment. The tempting weight you felt on your legs didn't really help it.

„Val, you're drun-"

„Ssh” she placed a single finger on your lips, concealing them from any word to escape.

„I always had to hide myself; a chance to have a potential lover was always ineligible." Her face was only a few inches away from yours now, her breath hit your skin when she spoke and you were too overwhelmed to really form a coherent sentence anymore.

„They would think I'm a monster", she temptingly whispered.

„You are ... anything but a monster, Val."
You were quite aware that only the alcohol was talking for Val, which made you kinda sad ... but you quickly dismissed this thought as Val suddenly began to shed her dress down from her shoulders, revealing a tightly bound upper body.

„I don't want to hide anymore, (y/n) ...“

„Val ...“, you said light-headed but when she finally dipped in to connect your lips, your whole body tensed and you couldn't help but immediately respond with your hands shooting up to her sides. Feeling naked skin on your fingertips, being completely overwhelmed with the situation.

„The naked truth ... is not only behind a story." You hoped for this moment to last forever. For it to never find an end again. This is what you always wanted. It felt to wrong but so right at the same time. You didn't care ... all you wanted right now; was the full truth to be revealed under your touch.
When Val has shed her dress down to her waist only, you didn't need much time to notice that her upper body was tightly bound with what looked similar to a thick bandage. No one needed to tell you that she did it to tie off her breasts but you wanted to convince yourself about it nonetheless. Val had her forehead touching yours as she enclosed your face with her hands, wordlessly pleading you to take it off. With eyes closed to small slits and your nose directed to her, you hurriedly nodded. Your hands wandered from her sides along to her back, enjoying the small bit of her hot skin you were able to touch so far. When your flat palm touched her back, you located a small but tight knot that secured her binder from falling off. First you struggled with getting it off but when you finally managed to release Val from her confines, she let out a barely audible hiss when her breasts sprang free, holding onto your shoulders ... but it was enough for you to inflame a certain fire in the pit of your stomache.

Carelessly you threw the binder somewhere near the blanket - eyeing Val with great anticipation. It was still hard to believe that all of this was really happening but since you were a tiny bit drunk yourself, it was easier for you to accomplish. Val was everything you ever wanted but ... without the alcohol something certainly would've hindered you. Be it fear of rejection or just an inner inhibition. Val was just someone too special for wanting to be intimate with you. But obviously - she did. But other than you - Val was completely hammered by now.

Before Val drew back and raised to her full height in front of you, she quickly gave you a lick across your lips in a lecherous reminder that both of you were about to enjoy each other; and there was no escape. The anticipation almost killed you but you didn't dare to really touch Val yet. You just laid back with your legs slightly bent; already working to get rid of your own plain black dress and boots.

Val watched you from above, a dangerous glimmer in her eyes reflected by the moon as the rest of her dress slithered down her slim, long legs. Followed by her boots as well. For a moment she just stood there for you to observe her. Her body posture graceful as always but it was something entirely different when seeing her naked.

Her skin was almost as bright as the moonlight itself because it was so snowy-white that it seemed to reflect it like cat eyes. Her blonde hair looked like a golden halo hovering above her head, ironically giving her the absolute look of an angel. Her long, thin neck was still adorned with the black pearl necklace that she always used to wear.

Watching her taut stomach, you noticed a prominent scar that ran horizontally along it. You felt the sudden urge to trace it with the tips of your fingers but were also scared to harm Val. Or to remember her of old past events again ... When your gaze shily went higher again, you felt an upcoming tingle
between your legs and you had to bit your underlip to keep from groaning, slightly shifting your legs together.

You wanted nothing more than to feel the softness of Val's well-sized breasts. They weren't outstandingly big ... but they couldn't be called small either. They just perfectly matched her wonderful proportions. And you could say that her proportions were entirely female by now; when you looked further down between her legs. There was no visible bulge showing behind the fabric of her white panties. And for some reason it turned you on so much more. All that still remained were her androgynous facial features.

Deciding to end your time you had to observe Val, she gracefully stepped towards you, bending down so she could effortlessly access the hem of your dress. You helped her to shed it off your body, bending your legs a little higher and completely dismissing it and freeing your own breasts into the fresh air of the night. Val didn't waste any time and covered the whole length of your body with hers, naked skin touching naked skin. The only barrier that was still between the both of you were both your underwears. What you didn't expect was Val suddenly obtaining a forceful grip on your (h/l) hair to gain better access on your neck. Your breathing immediately became quicker but it was more out of desire as out of fear. You trusted her not to seriously hurt you. But neither of you would mind a little sweet pain. First Val planted sweet kisses down the length of your neck, teasing your pulse point with slight nibbles every now and then - automatically your eyes rolled back in your head and you had to cling to her; encasing her with your limbs. She knew exactly where she had to stimulate you to most effectively elicit any kinds of reactions from you. The other time she took a hold of one of your breasts, making you moan slightly. It made you think back to the time where you imagined Val and you sitting in the basin; when she would grip your breasts with her large hands. Worshipping them better than any man would.

„Oh God ...“, you faintly spoke; not knowing anymore whether this was just happening in your imagination or not. But the touch was just too real.

„Iss gonna beh even better“, Val replied with a slightly slurred speech; hotly wispering in your ear. The heavy scent of alcohol made its way to your nose but you didn't care at all. It even got you more heated, for a reason you could never figure.

Val's tongue traced the shell of your ear and it made your hair stand on end. Slight moans and pleas escaped you - Val got you utterly desperate. Something told you that she was really enjoying to tease you, slightly rocking her hips above you as to simulate to slightly pound inside of you. You wanted nothing more than to touch the woman of your desire all over her body. And like Val has gotten a hint of your thoughts, she took one of your hands in hers and placed your flat palm on one of her breasts. You've never felt something like that before; except on yourself. But you wanted to get rid of all the tentativeness so you palmed it completely, putting small pressure on it. It was clear that Val's binder was very tight before. Actually you wondered how she was still able to breathe properly because you could feel many pressure marks all over her breast. But they'd surely faint over the hours. You first couldn't believe your own ears when your touch elicited a small moan out of Val; her head buried in the crook of your neck as she kept on drawing hot traces with her tongue.
Your limbs still encased her body which didn't leave Val much room to play. But actually you liked it that way. Having her slightly rocking her hips while you now fondled both her breasts in this position. But in her drunk state she made it very clear that she wanted to keep the upper hand when she freed herself out of your arms and legs. „Val, I want-“, you wanted to tell her; that you wanted nothing more than for her to touch you, or the other way around, you didn't care. You just couldn't stand a single second of you and her being parted. But she once again concealed your lips with her finger. „You are going to enjoy this“, she calmed you, giving you a single peck.

And then ... she planted a loving kiss on your lips - more tender and real than any kiss you've experienced in your whole life. So warm, wet and heated ... lips always connecting and parting in current changes. Always striving for more friction between each other. Without a warning, Val's tongue slithered past her lips, giving you a drawn out lick across your parted lips. It was a completely new way to ask someone for entrance but you gladly granted her access to the warm heat of your mouth; both your tongues interwining like your life depended on it. At the same time her free hand was still entangled in your hair, keeping you in place while her other hand unexpectedly began to make its way down. Caressing your soft stomache, sending you to a point where you almost exploded out of anticipation when her fingers lightly traced the line of your panties' waistband. You couldn't prevent your hips from struggling underneath her. But Val already knew what you wanted the most - where you really craved her fingers to be.

You felt an awful redness spread over your whole face as her long fingers made their way beneath your waistband, deliberately leaving your panties on. You could feel her smile against your mouth when she teasingly traced the already soaked spot of your panties, giving you no time to adjust as she out of nowhere slid beneath the waistband and plunged two fingers past your lips at once, literally assaulting you. „I've barely touched you (y/n) ... but you're so wet already“, Val whispered in between the kiss you still shared. Hearing her saying your name in such a context made you dizzy all over. But then you broke free from the kiss and let out a silent scream, holding onto her blonde head. You had no chance to form any coherent words; all that managed to come out of you was a single moan. It was Val's turn now to become crazy for you.

With glassy eyes, Val's blue stare pierced into your own (e/c) eyes, purposely not breaking the eye contact. This was some kind of power play. But you had a hard time to keep up with her because a feeling of utter shame came up inside of you when Val's fingers suddenly pumped in and out of you - causing slick sounds to be heard. Your head lolled from left to right and with the friction she caused your grip on her hair got tighter and tighter which let Val whimper a little in pain. You wanted to apologize but like Val strived for vengeance, she once again stole a sinful kiss from you while her fingers were gaining speed. She now practised something like a come here-motion with her fingers now inside of you; assaulting your g-spot in a way completely foreign to you and you thought that you'd explode at any moment. An unbearable tingling sensation spread from your womb through your whole being. Uncontrollable moans came out of you and you felt that you were getting closer to the end.

Val must've felt you convulsing around her fingers so she quickly drew them back, leaving you completely startled. But by the quick wink she gave you, you could tell that she had something else in mind. While you were breathing hard, Val smoothly removed your panties; soon followed by hers. All you hoped for was that Val wouldn't notice you being this insecure. But you wanted it more than anything.
A quick glance down between her legs proved you of her womahood. And you rather would've taken a closer look if you weren't busy with gaining control over your own body. Both your sweaty bodies were glistening in the moonshine.

Without further instructions, Val took hold of one of your legs and bent it into the air while she put your other leg around her waist. She would maneuver her body so that she could perfectly connect your lower regions. In her current state Val didn't care about any form of foreplay anymore; she just desperately wanted to find the sweet release which was denied to her for so long. And you should be the one giving it to her.

Your jaw has gone slack as Val suddenly lowered down, bringing both your wetnesses in contact. It was also Val's turn to let out a few shudders when she began to rock her hips. The motion was similar to like when a man would trust inside of you; with the only difference that she rubbed both of you together on their most sensitive spots. You didn't know where to hold onto anymore but you desperately craved the touch of warm flesh. Val was steadying herself on your leg while you buried your hands in your own hair, scraping your scalp in an attempt to let out the utter bliss. Your position was somewhat awkward but incredibly satisfying nonetheless. Val's short hair was swaying in the light summer breeze of the night while her breasts were bouncing in time with her thrusts - it definitely was a sight to be seen.

Unwantedly you felt your release approaching, Val could tell it by your expression. Your eyebrows were all strained, eyes tightly shut while your head was thrown back; your moans getting more and more ecstatic. In between your vocalisations, you lovingly called out Val's name every now and then; you wanted to drive her to madness. Her nails bore into the leg she was holding onto, breaking the skin. Her heavy panting gave her completely away - that she was nearing release as well.

Your mind and view were only blurry, you couldn't see or think clear. You feared that you might unconsciously rip out your hair by the tight grip you applied on it...

But all of that wasn't important anymore when suddenly your body turned completely stiff and a big wave of utter bliss and tingling sensations rolled over you. Val was quick to join in your feelings as she let out a deep groan that could've sent you over the edge again. For a moment her movements became almost brutal and she rubbed both your wetnesses hard together; drawing out her orgasm with you. You undoubtedly felt the wet juice pouring down your thighs but you couldn't tell whether it was only yours, Val's, or a mixture of both. You had to admit though that it felt like you did the real thing.

Utterly spent and tired, Val fell down on you - covering you up and mentally descending into the after-bliss with you. Her damp breath met your neck, causing to rise goosebumps all over your skin. This woman had you completely under her spell; with or without clothes.

No words were said; silence hung in the air. You couldn't describe what you just did but you wished that you could. You wanted to end this stifling silence, wanted to share much more unforgettable moments with Val.

But when light snoring suddenly was to hear and Val had you encased under her weight, you couldn't suppress a smile.

Who ultimately gained the upperhand of the both of you, was the fine wine in the end.
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