

A woman is shown from the waist up, leaning back with her eyes closed. She has a nose ring and extensive, intricate golden tattoos on her right shoulder and upper arm. The scene is filled with a dense cloud of golden dust or particles, creating a shimmering, ethereal atmosphere. The title 'Love Light' is written in a white, stylized, gothic-style font across the center of the image.

# Love Light

Multi-Award Winning Author  
Carolyn Wren

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By Carolyn Wren

**An Adults only High Heat Sci-Fi Romance**

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## *Love Light*

Lord Roth pinched her nipple, just hard enough for erotic pleasure without crossing the line into pain. His skill in knowing the difference made Ria moan with desire. Eyes half closed, she watched their reflections in the mirror, enjoying the stark difference between his onyx skin and her pale, white flesh as he caressed and kneaded her breasts.

‘Harder.’ With one foot propped on a low table, and her legs spread wide apart, she had a clear uninterrupted view of him sliding in and out of her body, the long, dark shaft glistening with her juices. His thighs slapped against hers as he thrust. She wanted to reach down, to touch herself, but that would spoil her view, and voyeurism was very important to her today. She wanted to see her transformation, watch as her body came alive in swirls of darkness.

‘Touch me. I need to come.’ Lord Roth obliged without hesitation. One long fingered hand slid down her stomach and delved between her legs. He opened her folds, finding her pleasure zone with the accuracy of an experienced and passionate lover. Pleasure slithered along her nerve endings. The scent of arousal hit the air as more moisture poured from her body, coating her thighs and his fingers. His ragged breath was loud in her ears as he squeezed and massaged in an alternating rhythm, teasing and tormenting her. Pushing her closer and closer to blessed release.

This would work. *This* time it would work. She *would* transform. She *would* receive the Scripts that would declare her Regent Born.

‘Lady Ria,’ Lord Roth’s voice was as deep and dark as his skin, and guttural with need. ‘Forgive me, I cannot hold on much longer.’

‘Not yet. I’m almost there.’ Reaching down, she used her fingers to spread her pink and swollen folds even wider. Her vision blurred as the welcome heat of climax began to build, winding its way up her body like a snake consuming its prey.

*I need to watch. I need to watch.* Too late. Her eyes flickered shut as the orgasm hit with stunning force, jerking her body in uncoordinated spasms, ripping a cry from her throat. That cry intensified as Lord Roth shuddered and released. He pulsed against her inner walls, extending and increasing the strength of the climax until her very soul was alive with a molten fire.

‘Yes, oh God, yes.’ Ria waited one more second, then another, prolonging the torturous pleasure before she opened her eyes and witnessed her transformation. Her anticipation morphed into acute disappointment to see her pure white skin unblemished, unmarked, untouched.

‘My Lady Ria,’ her keening regret was echoed in Lord Roth’s voice. ‘My gift was not enough.’ He withdrew from her body with a grunt, leaving her bereft, both physically and emotionally. His hands on her waist steadied her before he backed away, bowing as he did so.

Ria watched him in the mirror. ‘Your gift of pleasure was most welcome, Lord Roth. I only regret the gift of Consort is not one I can offer you in return.’

The door closed behind him with a soft click. Ria barely heard it. She was staring at her body. Perhaps the effect was only delayed? Perhaps if she watched hard enough, willed hard enough...

No. She’d heard the stories from her mother a thousand times. The Regent Scripts were drawn from the body through pleasure. The transformation was instantaneous. It had been this way for millennia. Ria shook off her disappointment and melancholy and turned from the mirror. ‘Pitrice?’

‘Yes, my lady.’ Her hand maiden appeared in the doorway.

‘Would you mind running me a bath.’

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‘I saw Lord Roth leaving with a smile on his face. Should I be welcoming him as my son in law?’ Ria looked up as her mother glided into the room. Glided was an accurate description because Leta, the Regent of the West, had a natural, elegant grace.

Ria lifted her arm from the depth of the milky bath water. ‘As you can see, no.’

Leta sat at the bath’s edge. As usual, her dress was strapless, exposing her arms and back, allowing her subjects to see as much of the inky black Regent Scripts as possible, without exposing herself to public nudity. Their colouring was the same, blond hair and blue eyes, except Leta’s skin was adorned with the marks Ria craved. Ria drank in the familiar sight of the intricate, swirling tattoos covering every inch of her mother’s skin. As a child, she’d traced the whirling patterns on her hands and fingers, fascinated by their beauty. ‘My poor darling,’ Leta said. ‘Do I need to keep reminding you, the Scripts will come when they will, not when you bid them.’

Ria heaved a sigh. ‘And how many orgasms will that take, exactly? I’m all for pleasure, but this is getting a bit ridiculous.’

Leta’s laugh was as light and as beautiful as she was. ‘You are mistaking desire for love, my darling girl. Love comes from the heart, not from between your legs. The Script will know the difference, even if you do not.’

‘Lord Roth’s looking a bit pleased with himself. Has our daughter finally found her Consort?’ Ria knew her father was coming even before she heard his voice, as every infinitesimal, intricate piece of Leta’s Script burst into life, transforming from pure darkness to a cavalcade of pulsing iridescent colour on her skin as if she were on fire, sending prisms of light bouncing into every corner of the room. Even though she’d witnessed the Regent Light almost daily since her childhood, the sight never failed to take Ria’s breath away.

Her mother glowed, literally and figuratively, because she man she loved was approaching.

*This is what I want. Not the orgasms, not the accolades and fame of being Regent Heir. I want this love, this physically manifestation of adoration between me and another person.*

Leta rose and kissed her consort, enveloping them both in Regent Light. ‘I’m afraid not, Tol. Our daughter’s search continues still.’

Ria stuck out her arm as proof, and grinned at her fathers exaggerated sigh. ‘You’re running out of suitors, my daughter. Have mercy on the kingdom. We can’t have every eligible male unable to work due to constant sexual exhaustion.’

Ria splashed them both, laughing as they leapt back in unison. ‘I think you’re lying to me. I think I’m adopted. That’s why the Script refuses to come forth.’

Leta patted her flat stomach. ‘I remember every day you grew in my belly, dearest heart. And I remember the exact moment your father put you there.’

Ria was used to her parents casual freedom with regards to discussing anything sexual, but that was a little bit *too* much information. She gave them an imperial wave any Regent would be proud of. ‘You may go now. I’d like to enjoy my sulk in peace.’

Tol tapped a finger to his lips. ‘Perhaps this is the problem. All the eligible males are from the West. We should have a ball. Invite the Noble families from every quadrant.’

Leta rolled her eyes. The Light was fading now, settling back into her skin as it always did. ‘You are as impatient as your daughter. The Scripts *will* come forth.’

‘Never the less. There’s no harm in helping the process along. Come, my sweet, let us make plans to find Ria the consort her heart desires.’

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Winding her way through the crush of the ballroom, searching out a quieter spot, Ria smiled, smiled and *smiled* until the muscles in her cheeks ached. Never had she seen so

many bare chested, hot blooded eligible males in one place. They preened as she passed, bowing until their heads were at risk of touching the floor, complimenting her on her dress, her hair, her jewellery. And yet, their extravagant flattery left her oddly unmoved. *Is this to be my entire world? Wandering aimlessly through life, seeking what cannot be sought?*

An unexpected shove against her left shoulder sent her pitching forward; toppling her from the needle point heels she'd so foolishly worn. Ria flung out her arms, fighting for balance and found it not in a hard, chiseled chest, but in a considerably softer pillow.

'My Lady, are you well?' A sharp prickle of sensation ran along Ria's skin, both at the honey sweet voice of her rescuer, and the warm, feminine body enveloping her. Eyes of a vivid emerald green stared back at her with genuine concern.

'I am well.' Was that her voice? Why did it sound so husky? Ria knew she should step back, and yet she couldn't. An invisible web had formed around her, tying her to this unknown person whose touch was so different to the strong, male embrace her body normally craved.

'Are you sure? Shall I fetch the Regent?' The beautiful stranger's skin tone matched her voice. The deep honeyed colour looked like it had been kissed by a thousand suns.

Ria found her voice, and her manners simultaneously. 'If someone called my mother every time I stumbled, I fear she would have no time to rule the quadrant.'

Another delicious prickle ran along Ria's skin as her rescuer smiled, showing small white teeth tipped with gold, as was the current fashion. 'Have we met before, Lady...?'

'I claim no title, my Lady Ria. I am only San, the lace maker for Regent Ral of the South.'

'There's nothing *only* about a lace maker, especially if this is an example of your work.' Ria ran her fingers along San's collarbone, tracing the exquisite detail of the silver

lace trim. Her touch moved to the familiar ink outline on her neck. ‘You wear my mother’s Script as well as Ral’s.’

San took a step back, a flush of pink staining her cheek. ‘Regent Leta is renowned throughout the quadrants. I wear a sample of her Scripts in tribute. I seek only to honour her, and meant no disrespect.’

‘There is none taken. Perhaps this is *my* only option, to draw the Regent tattoos on my skin using ink and pen.’ Ria murmured the last comment, hearing the note of dark humour in her voice.

‘Pardon, my Lady?’

Ria removed her fingertips from San with a strange reluctance. ‘Nothing. I’m talking nonsense.’

A call from behind her had Ria turning with a sigh. ‘Speaking of my mother. I fear I am needed, to be paraded in front of another herd of aristocratic Nobles.’

San’s wide smile transformed her face into something beyond beauty. ‘There are worse fates.’

‘Remind me of that later, when I’m in desperate need of wine, or a foot rub.’ Ria inclined her head and strode back into the surging crowds. The day wore on with tedious monotony. Ria found herself searching the rooms time and time again, for honeyed skin and a silver laced dress. San was nowhere to be seen. Had she left? Was she attending her Regent for some sort of lace based emergency?

Excusing herself from her parents, citing foot pain as a genuine excuse for a break, Ria wandered into the conservatory at the rear of the palace. The momentous glass room was her mother’s passion. Filled with greenery from the four quadrants, it captured the sun through its acres of glass walls and ceilings. Ria, chose it for a reason, knowing it’s humid warmth



would deter most partygoers. She heaved out a sigh at the blessed quiet, and kicked off her shoes.

A low moan broke the silence, followed by another, and another. Ria glanced around in trepidation. Was it possible that danger lurked within the dense greenery? Had she been too quick to dismiss the palace guards?

A longer moan, and a shuddered sigh caused Ria's body to quiver in response. That was *not* the sound of someone in peril. She'd stumbled across a tryst. At least some of her guests were having a good time today. Curiosity, and a mischievous urge had her creeping towards the sound, holding her dress to keep it from rustling.

Her first clue was the flash of silver lace, just visible through a wide leafed plant. Ria stumbled back, reluctant to catch the lace maker in a compromising position, but another sigh of desire drove her forward. Crouching down, she peered through the leaves.

San was not with a lover. Stretched out along a smooth slab of marble in a clearing meant for sitting and relaxation, she was alone, and the pleasure she was experiencing was at her own hand. The silver dress was unfastened, trailing on either side of her body. One hand was at her breast, rolling the dark coloured nipple between her thumb and forefinger. The other was working between her wide spread thighs, her fingers moving in and out of her body with an almost desperate need. She was a golden sacrificial goddess on a stone altar.

As Ria watched, San arched her back. The glistening skin of her folds were a darker shade of honey than her skin, dusky rose petals weeping in pleasure. Ria licked her lips as a wave of pure lust shot along her body. Wetness coated her underwear in an embarrassing rush. Her *lace* underwear. Ria's mind was filled with visions of San's long, nimble fingers weaving and knotting the delicate garment covering her skin.

'My Lady Ria.' Was the whispered sigh of sound only in her imagination? Ria recoiled, mortified at the thought of being discovered.

‘My Lady. Does my desire excite you?’ A low moan cut off the last of San’s words.

Left with no other option, Ria stood on shaking legs, running her damp palms down the front of her dress. ‘Forgive me. This is an inexcusable intrusion.’

San tilted her head on the marble slab, although her fingers continued their exploration, and no sign of shame was present on her flushed features. ‘Do you know why I came in here?’

‘You’re entitled to your privacy, and your pleasure.’

‘I came in here because of you. Because I was thinking of you—’ A low, keening cry was torn from her lips. San clamped her legs together as her entire body convulsed in orgasm.

Ria’s body pulsated in response. Like a marionette being controlled by her master, she pushed aside the greenery and stepped into the clearing.

‘You’re so desirable. I couldn’t take it for another moment. If I didn’t get release, I was sure I’d die.’ San’s voice was still breathy. She relaxed with a sigh, her legs falling open, her body a boneless, sated tangle of limbs on the marble. She trailed her wet fingers along her stomach and breasts, leaving behind a damp path that drew Ria’s gaze. When she reached her mouth, she licked off every trace of moisture, her tongue darting in and around each digit in a way that caused Ria’s core to clench and pulse.

Almost without realizing it, Ria reached out and traced the smudged ink on her neck. ‘Your passion has blurred the Scripts.’

San chuckled and stretched, sucking in a deep breath as she arched her arms above her head. ‘I fear the warmth of your conservatory was too much for my tribute.’

‘It’s repairable.’ Ria dropped to her knees and ran her thumb over the curled edge of the tattoo, wiping away the excess ink and sharpening the blurred edges.

San's breath caught and held at her touch. 'You...you will be missed at the ball, My Lady.'

Ria glanced at the dense greenery surrounding them. 'No one will find us here. We're well hidden as long as we remain quiet. Would you rather I go?'

'No.'

Bolstered by her instant response, Ria continued her feather light exploration. 'Do you know which Script is my favourite?'

'No.'

'It's this one.' Using the ink on her finger, and the residual dampness on San's stomach, she drew a semicircular crescent shape. San's stomach muscles quivered under her touch. 'Should I stop? Does my touch bother you?'

'Your touch is my heaven on earth, Lady Ria.'

The words were spoken with such sincerity, and laden desire, Ria's nipples peaked against the bodice of her dress. She traced design after design, until no more ink remained. Instead of stopping, she trailed her fingers higher, stroking the undersides of her full breasts. 'I have never sought pleasure with a woman.'

'Why?'

The simple question made Ria smile. 'I honestly don't know. No, wait, that's a lie. I *do* know. It's because my life, my future, my *duty*, lies right here on my skin, or it will do, eventually.'

San raised her hand and touched her cheek, a silent encouragement for Ria to continue. 'My mother's Script came forth during her twenty year. Her mother's came forth during her eighteenth. I'm already passed my twenty fifth year and look,' Ria held out her arm, 'not a single tattoo. I'm an only child, San. My future is to be Regent of the West with my Consort,

the man who brings forth the Script and is deemed strong enough to love me, to support me as I rule. Let's just say, he's being elusive so far, and *that* has taken up all my time.'

San's fingers outlined Ria's lips. Ria could taste the potent, spicy remnants of her desire. 'Life is not all about duty, My Lady. The Scripts are given by the gods. They will come when they deem the time is right.'

Ria caught those teasing fingers and pressed them to her mouth. 'You sound like my mother.'

'I told you, Regent Leta is renowned in the four quadrants.' San's beautiful eyes reflected the sea of green within the conservatory. The hint of humour in them was mesmerizing, captivating.

'Using your logic, I should put aside some time for...what's the word, fun?'

'Exactly.'

With her fingers still stroking San's flesh in feather light strokes, Ria asked, 'would you like to share this fun with me?'

'I would consider it an honour, My Lady.'

Ria screwed up her nose at the formal phrasing She'd left all of that behind in the ballroom. 'I'm Ria, and it's Ria who is asking. Please do this because you want to, not out of duty.'

In reply, San sat up in one fluid movement, causing the silver lace dress to slide off her shoulders and land in a shimmering puddle around them. By the gods, she was beautiful, long limbed and slender. As was the tradition in the South, she was hairless all over, giving her skin a silken sheen enhanced by the humid air.

'And I am simply San, discovered in the garden, self-pleasuring.'

'As I watched, I wanted to kiss you, to taste you.'

'You do not need permission, Ria, in fact, I may start to beg.'

There it was again, that wonderful touch of mischief in her eyes, that hint of a smile in her curved lips. Ria kissed her, joining their mouths in a fusion of tangled tongues and snatches of captured breaths. The kiss was mind blowing, earthshattering, and yet it wasn't enough. She needed to taste the silk of San's skin, lose herself in the exotic spices between her thighs.

Wrenching her mouth away, she dipped her head to capture one peaked nipple. San's cry echoed in the conservatory. It ended abruptly, replaced with a low moan. Her obvious effort not to attract attention and bring the palace guards running, made Ria smile even as she sucked and tugged, using her teeth, her tongue. Ria's whole body tingled as she wrapped her arms around San's waist to bring her closer still.

San's skin was silky soft, velvet and satin. The taste of her was heady, intoxicating. Ria twisted their bodies just enough to lower San back to the marble. She kissed a pathway down her stomach and, licking her lips in anticipation, parted the wet folds to expose the dusky rose flesh beneath. With a quick dart of her tongue, Ria penetrated her, spearing deep inside her core. Spicy juices filled her mouth, more potent than the finest wine. San's body jerked, and her hands came down to clutch and tug at Ria's hair. Ria dove in and withdrew, again and again, lost in this new and exciting form of lovemaking. When San's thighs began to quiver, Ria released her from the gentle impaling, but only to seek out the ultimate prize, her centre of pleasure, a glistening invitation she was powerless to resist. Ria teased it with a quick flick of her tongue. San's fingers tightened in her hair, more of an *order* than a tender encouragement. An order Ria was happy to obey. She closed her lips around it, sucking and tugging, using teeth and lips, as she had on her nipples. San's high pitched cry was music to her ears. Ria granted no mercy. She wanted San to explode in pleasure, to reach depths of passion she'd never felt before. Nothing else existed in the universe. Nothing was more important than the taste and feel of San's desire swollen flesh against her lips. San began to

squirm and shake. Fractured words fell from her mouth, murmured in meaningless fragments. Ria pushed one finger deep inside her core, loving the grip of her inner walls, tugging her deeper. She added another finger, then a third, curling them, searching for that particular spot deep inside.

The sun chose that moment to push past the lushness of greenery in the conservatory and seek them out. Ria squeezed her eyes shut against the sudden light and burning heat on her skin.

She ignored the hot, prickling discomfort and swirled her tongue around San's flesh, at the same time driving her fingers in and out, pushing her higher. San was close; Ria could feel the tension in her body, the locked muscles in her thighs. Raising her head, Ria blew a stream of air straight onto her swollen skin. The result was explosive. San's hips jerked, almost dislodging Ria altogether, and a cry of pure ecstasy was torn from her mouth as the orgasm overtook her. Her vaginal muscles pulsed so tight around Ria's fingers it was close to pain. Ria welcomed it, drank in the panted moans of pleasure and the quivering of San's body. She soothed her with tiny licks and kisses, being gentle now, letting her ride the wave and bringing her back to earth slowly.

The sun still had them captured in its fiery embrace. Ria buried her face in San's pillowy thigh to avoid its searing light. 'We'll have to move soon, or the sun will burn us.'

'It...it isn't the sun, My Lady.'

Ria frowned, both at the formal title and the note of hesitation in San's voice. 'What?'

'It isn't the sun. It's *you*.'

Blinking her eyes open, Ria stumbled back, landing in an untidy sprawl on the ground when she saw the multicolored prisms of light surrounding them, highlighting each green leaf, bouncing off the panes of glass high above them. All of this stunning illumination was

coming from her skin. *Regent Light*. Tattoos of every shape and size glowed with pulsating brilliance even through her dress. Ria held out her arms and stared in awe and disbelief.

‘Where are you, my daughter?’ Her mother’s voice was a shock as she and her father appeared before them, pushing aside greenery. San let out a cry, and despite Ria’s whirling, turbulent confusion, her first thought was for her lover’s welfare. She snatched up the silver dress and wrapped it around San’s shoulders, covering her nudity and holding her close.

‘What...what are you doing here?’

Leta gestured to the colours surrounding them. ‘The announcement of your Regent Scripts arrival couldn’t have been clearer, my love. Tol and I came to meet your new consort.’

‘My *consort*?’ Ria stared at the woman in her arms. ‘I don’t understand. None of this makes sense. The Scripts are called through pleasure and I didn’t climax.’ The words were blurted out before she could stop them.

Leta’s laughter was genuine and warm. ‘Where is it written that the pleasure has to be *yours*, my darling child? The Scripts choose your consort. Someone who will love and support you throughout your life, and they have chosen wisely. I bid you welcome into our family, Lady San.’

‘But...’ Ria was still struggling to put the pieces together. ‘How will we continue the line of succession?’

This time it was her father who chuckled. ‘You do not need an entire man to begat a child, Ria, only the essence of him. Noble males from every quadrant will be lining up with their hands wrapped around their shafts, more than happy to supply a donation if it means tying their bloodlines to the Regent. I suspect Lord Roth would be particularly willing.’

San blushed bright red and buried her head in Ria’s shoulder. Leta shot her consort an admonishing look. ‘Tol, you’re embarrassing our new daughter in law.’

‘Forgive me, Lady San.’ Her father’s voice still held a hint of his normal humour as he bowed low at the waist.

Ria touched San’s pink cheek. ‘Could you give us a moment please? San and I need to talk.’

‘Of course. Come and find us, when you’re ready...perhaps a change of clothes before you re-enter the ballroom to make a formal announcement?’

Ria plucked at the wrinkled mass of her dress, still in awe of the Regent Light pulsing through the delicate material. Once they were alone, she turned San to face her, looking deep into her eyes. ‘How do you feel?’

‘My lady, I...’

‘Don’t, please. I’m still Ria. This choice, this momentous choice has to be yours as well. I don’t care *what* the Scripts say. Some day in the future, I will be Regent of the West. It’s a lifetime commitment, full of formality and rules. I won’t tie you to me for *your* lifetime if you don’t want it.’

San’s lip quivered, and Ria’s heart broke into a million pieces.

‘The moment you fell into my arms. I knew I wanted to stay there forever.’

Could a heart shatter and be reborn in a matter of moments? Ria sucked in a breath. ‘Do you mean that? Are you truly mine?’

‘My Ria, my Regent, my love and my life.’

The words were ceremonial, a ritualistic vow spoken by Regents and Consorts to publically cement their union. For once, Ria welcomed the ancient traditions and formalities.

‘My San, my Consort, my love and my life.’

Ria kissed her, seeking only to comfort and reassure. The Scripts had other ideas. They sprang into life once more, surrounding them in brilliant Regent Light. San laughed even as she squinted against the glare. ‘Will this happen every time we touch?’



‘I’m afraid so, and even *before* we touch.’

She traced the tattoos on Ria’s arm. ‘They’re different, bolder than those of Regent Leta or Regent Ral.’

San was right. Her mother’s markings were a series of intricate delicate shapes. Ria’s tattoos were sharper, long sweeping strokes in wild undulating patterns. ‘Do you approve?’

‘They are as unique and beautiful as you.’ She touched Ria’s face, tracing a line from her cheek to her forehead, outlining shapes Ria had yet to see. The realization hit San at the same time. ‘You haven’t even *seen* them all. Ria, we must get you to a mirror.’

‘I want to see them through your eyes, first.’ Ria began to unfasten the ties of her bodice. ‘I want you to describe them to me, in great detail.’ She laid back on the marble, and stretched her arms above her head.

That familiar mischief filled smile lit San’s face, chasing away the last remnants of wariness and confusion. ‘What will happen when you orgasm, My Regent? Will we light up the world?’

Ria parted the two halves of her dress, baring her body to San’s hungry gaze. ‘I guess there’s only one way to find out, My Consort.’

The answer was yes. They did light up the world, burning a place inside their hearts, forever.

## The End