

# The (K)Nightmare.

It had been an uneasy rest for Ashlyn ever since the fight. She had to draw on so much of her power, so much latent darkness. Yes, the Rava kept control. For how long though? How long could she keep this up? She tossed and turned in her sleep. There was no easy answer. She didn't know. The very thought frightened her now. To be reduced to nothing more than a blood thirsty killer. It downright frightened her. She's known for many a summer now that it was to be her fate eventually. It was the fate that fully befell any of her kind.

She tossed and turned in her sleep. While the Viera's body was recovered, her spirit was not. She had to rely on too much of her power, too much of her darkness. She felt the pull, the desire to lap at it more. Ever growing in the depths of her mind. Forbidden strength borne from hatred and righteous fury. It was too enticing to not use, even now, almost two epochs after she had nearly fell of that fate. Try as she might, Ashlyn couldn't resist the urge. She couldn't resist the desire for the strength.

How could one think about resisting it? How could one fight the urge? The strength is unrivaled. The power boost you get is like nothing else. When she draws upon the darkness, it is almost intoxicating. She loses all fear, all worry that things may not end well. She loses all care as she pulls on it more. The Viera almost grows manic. Yet, she knows that's the dangerous part. Had she drawn on it more during her spar with Deha, she may have very well won. She may have very well beaten the other fast enough that the assassin, whomever they are, may not have struck.

Yet, if she fell. She'd have put the princess at risk. She'd have put the Lieutenant at risk. She'd have put the rest of the Knights at risk. That was not a chance Ashlyn e'er wished to play with.

**Coward.**

Go away.

**No**

Yes, this isn't something for you to weigh in on.

**What makes you say that? You're my ruler all of a sudden?**

I own this body, you merely share it. You need to-

**We own this body. Never forget that. I'm as much a part of you as is that fucking brat.**

*Don't you dare talk about me in that manner **wench.***

Ashlyn could hear, no *feel* Justice sighing in disgust.

**This power is what separates us from the chaff. This power is what gives us the strength to do what we must. You waste it doing nothing Ashlyn!**

I nearly was consumed by this 'power'! I have too much to lose now.

**YOU ONLY HAVE THAT TO 'LOSE' BECAUSE YOU LET YOURSELF GROW SOFT!**

Would you rather I'd have died alone?

**You'd never have been alone. You had me this entire time. I'm the only person you**

**need.**

Oh yeah, that makes one not seem completely fucking insane. Just keeping myself company for a few hundred summers. Not even. We all know we would have likely been dead by now if I kept the course.

**And? We aren't supposed to live forever.**

...what if I want to?

*You can't. You need to die.*

**Oh, so now the fucking brat wants to weigh in.**

*Shut up you murderous psychopath.*

**You only call me a psychopath because you don't have the resolve I do. These people cannot be changed. They can only be removed.**

*It's not our place to be judge, jury, and executioner.*

**Says who? The city-states are doing nothing!**

*It's. Not. Our. Place.*

**Coward.**

Ashlyn tosses and turns some more. Her face straining visibly. Sweat begins to bead upon the Rava's forehead. The Viera's body is continuously showing distress.

*It's not cowardice, it's honor. Something you know nothing about.*

**HONOR IS FOR THE WE-**

Enough.

**NO THIS UPPITY LITTLE BI-**

I SAID ENOUGH!

Silence fell for once on this eve. It was almost deafening. Truly, Ashlyn didn't know what to do. She knew she should use the power. On her contracts, and on official missions for Asuka. Yet, every time, the Rava risked losing herself for good. Yeah, a few of her lovers agreed to, and the Knights were under orders to put her down should she lose herself. Yet, the Rava knew if that came. It would hurt her lovers for so long.

At the same time, the fight against Deha put it in perspective just the gulf of the distance between her skill as a proud Bozjan gunbreaker and that of the ebony heart.

Truly she didn't know...

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