

The Rejoining of ENNOEA

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When the descendants of the people of the northern valley recount the story of the rejoining, they tell it thus:

At the high place overlooking the great valley, the great demon and the great angel met. Makare, the demon who wrote the world's sin, smiled wide as she greeted her adversary. Clad in night, behind her were all the cities and towns of her people, the disorderly northerners, the great hedonists who engaged in such rich passions and wild deeds under the cover of her darkness. They were the perfect mirror to their creator; Makare's garments made no concession to modesty, and her curled lips promised as much chaos as they did pleasure.

"Welcome, sister," Makare purred, seductive and base, as she

regarded the angel. "I'm glad that you have finally seen fit to heed my invitations."

"Do not call us sisters," the angel replied, bristling with contempt even as she eyed the demon's form. "You, who have never known virtue or shame."

"True enough, sister." Makare's talon played across her lips. "True enough."

Before her stood Barbela, the dawn-angel, she who wrote the world's salvation, haloed in such light as to hide her severe beauty and iron-hard panoply. Whatever disavowal she spoke, the two of them had been sisters since the world's beginning, and since long before.

Once, they had woven all creation together. In a messy coupling, after the parting of Great ENNOEA, the foremost, by her betrayer-Archons, Makare had spilled her black ink across reality's crucible, and Barbela her white. An effort to salvage what that had almost been lost, but their imperfect harmony had cast the world in sharp hues, leaving it set against itself and riven through with conflict and disparity.

So it was with their children.

Since time immemorial, the peoples of the valley had never known harmony. Just as each society mirrored its patron, so too did the relationship between them mirror the way rivalry between demon and angel. Suspicion and mistrust brooked conflict and discontent between the twin peoples. The hostility was ceaseless, and doomed to forever be so, since though the pendulum sometimes tipped to favor one or the other, north or south, stern order or wanton chaos, the two peoples were bound in equilibrium, and fortune would ever follow doom, would follow fortune again. Plenty after famine, defeat after victory, drought after deluge. Their conflict

was a thing immutable, written into the world by the discordance between the two celestial beings.

And yet there they were, upon the high place, ever-drawn to one another's side despite their differing natures.

"Won't you pass the night with me, Barbela?" Black honey dripped from Makare's lips, its scent, heady and thick, born across to the angel to wake her blood. "Need we always be so at odds? It is tiresome."

"Yes," Barbela answered. "We need be at odds. You are a harlot who pollutes the hearts of men. You sow chaos and violence in your wake. You take what you will, heedless of how it turns others away from the righteous path."

"And yet," Makare observed. "You cannot look away."

She spoke the truth. Makare had brought with her the dusk, and the dusk tasted of rich honey more intoxicating than any mortal liquor. As she looked upon her sister, Barbela tasted her scent and found it pleasing. Her nostrils flared, and her eyes turned dark as the night, and she fell under Makare's power.

"I am light, and you are dark," Barbela spoke, although her voice rang with longing. "This cannot be."

"That is no matter," Makare replied. "Together, we will be the evening, sweeping across the land. Beautiful. Inevitable. Behold!"

She took a step toward Barbela. And then another, and then another, until she had crossed the boundary that had forever divided their lands. She stood there a conqueror. An intruder. Barbela, the great, formidable angel, might have taken up her sword and punished her sister for the violation. Instead, her gaze was held by the sway of the demon's hips. Makare had cast her spell over ten

thousand mortals; now her sister, too, had fallen to her temptation. Beneath her raiment the angel's body burned with fever, and between her legs, her member stiffened with her need.

"Do I not please you, sister?" Makare cooed, the song of her entreaty low and pleasing to the ear. "Will you let me suffer the night's chill alone?"

Barbela could say nothing to refuse her. Instead, caught up in Makare's sinful music, she extended her hand forward and placed it on Makare's hip.

A temptation. A defeat. A surrender, to a victorious seduction.

"Behold," Makare entreated again, as she shed the few garments that covered her sleek, sinful form. "Behold," she entreated again, as she sank to her knees, her back shaped like the crescent moon, presenting herself, stirring her rival to even greater passions. "Behold," she entreated once more, as she offered her chest, her lips, her own stiff, dripping member, all for the angel's appetites. "All this, Barbela. You need only forsake your vows for a single night, and it shall be yours."

The angel's golden raiments were spoken of in exalted song and awed whisper. They were grand and hard and stern, and of all the garments in her magnificent war-panoply, the hardest and sternest was this: a metal cage bound tight around her shaft, held locked by no key but nonetheless bound tight by her own formidable will. As Makare knelt there, however, the shackle came unsealed and, for the very first time, Barbela's full glory sprang forth, dripping with the morning's splendid dew.

The very earth trembled with the force of Barbela's broken vows as Makare took her into her mouth to service her.

The angel's first peak of pleasure came quickly and showered the

demon with its sweetened milk. But even as she drank in it and drew strength from it, Makare perceived that just once was not enough to satisfy her sister's long-suppressed lusts. Lapping the remnants of Barbela's spilled fruits from her fingertips, she rose to her feet.

"You are vigorous, sister," Makare purred approvingly, sighting Barbela's still-stiff pillar. "And more impressive than I had dared hope. Lie back. Let yourself enjoy me."

Pleasure had only served to deepen Barbela's stupor. The great angel was now hopelessly enthralled to Makare, body and soul throbbing with longing for her, eyes tainted through with her blackness and held wide, open, blank, emptied. Obediently, Barbela reclined on the ground, all her proud muscles made limp and useless by the demon's seductive magic. At once, bat-like, Makare swept down upon her and mounted her, enveloping Barbela's stone-hard shaft with her body.

Their twinned moans of gratification joined together and became music, and the whole of the valley, north and south, echoed with its harmony.

Makare took great joy in Barbela's surrender. But so, too, did she take joy in her body—in the magnificent spear that pierced her as no other ever had. The demon's obsidian form throbbed with her reward, heaved with it; her body arched, her skin flushed, her own shaft—slender, sleek, but for its worth, no smaller than Barbela's—twitched in the air and dripped upon her sister like midnight rain as she raised herself up and plunged herself down upon Barbela. Her appetite for the angel knew no limits, nor did her desire to inflict on her sister all of the bliss, all of the wanton sin that she had long indulged in.

Makare bent forward and planted a deep, passionate kiss upon the angel's lips, and watched giddily as those very lips began to stain through in the demon's colors.

Barbela's pleasure peaked a second time, and Makare's with it. As she felt her sister fill her with her seed, she sprayed her own all across the angel's countenance. Their euphoria intermingled and swept them away, raising demon and angel alike to an ecstatic peak as they experienced, for the first time in an eternity, their full union. Makare dominated it with consummate ease; everywhere she touched her, Barbela was blackened. Her radiance dimmed, her gold tarnished, her warm light turned to inky blackness. Shadow claimed her lips, then her eyes, then her raiments, then her hair, then even her skin, until it was tinted with an eerie purple-blue that matched Makare's.

By the third peak of Barbela's pleasure, the angel had become all but the twin of her demon sister.

It was then that Makare saw fit to lift her spell. At her urging, the fog lifted from Barbela's eyes, and she awoke from her stupor. Barbela blinked once, and then looked freshly upon the world. She saw her sister atop her, still riding her—and no trace of shame or regret entered her visage.

"Oh, sister!" Barbela cried out ecstatically, the fallen angel's voice tainted through with debauchery, "how could I have been so foolish as to forsake this!"

Makare's reply was but to laugh, and kiss, and increase the pace of her ministrations, victory filling her with a nameless radiance. Their coupling did not end until the entire valley quaked with the force of their passions, and shadow had swept across to cover it from one end to another. And all the peoples of the valley, north and south, saw their union, and knew that Makare had claimed her sister.

So it is that the descendants of the people of the northern valley tell of the rejoining, of dusk, of light becoming dark.

But then, comes ever the rejoinder from the descendants of the people of the southern valley, who have long since become their neighbors: how is it that there is light still?



When the descendants of the people of the southern valley recount the story of the rejoining, they tell it thus:

At the high place overlooking the great valley, the great angel and the great demon met. Barbela, the angel who wrote the world's salvation, smirked confidently as she greeted her adversary. Clad in sunlight, behind her were all the cities and towns of her people, the upright southerners who obeyed every heavenly stricture and followed every principle of etiquette under the sun. They were a perfect mirror to their creator; forceful, strong, glad in proud but modest garb, her curled lips promising victory and conquest even as her eyes shone with justice and righteousness.

"Welcome, sister," Barbela called, voice loud and strong, as she regarded the demon. "I'm glad that you have finally seen fit to heed my invitations."

"Do not call us sisters," the demon spat, bristling with contempt even as she eyed the angel's grandeur. "You, who have never known softness or pleasure."

"True enough, sister." Barbela stood tall, chest puffed out, wearing the barb as a boast. "True enough."

Before her stood Makare, the dusk-devil, she who wrote the world's sin, shrouded in such deep shadow as to barely hint at her indulgent, inviting form and whorish garments. Whatever disavowal she spoke, the two of them had been sisters since the world's beginning, and since long before.

Once, they had woven all creation together. In a messy coupling, after the parting of Great ENNOEA, the foremost, by her betrayer-Archons, Barbela had spilled her white ink across reality's crucible, and Makare her black. An effort to salvage what that had almost been lost, but their imperfect harmony had cast the world in sharp hues, leaving it set against itself and riven through with conflict and disparity.

So it was with their children.

Since time immemorial, the peoples of the valley had never known harmony. Just as each society mirrored its patron, so too did the relationship between them mirror the way rivalry between angel and demon. Suspicion and mistrust brooked conflict and discontent between the twin peoples. The hostility was ceaseless, and doomed to forever be so, since though the pendulum sometimes tipped to favor one or the other, north or south, stern order or wanton chaos, the two peoples were bound in equilibrium, and fortune would ever follow doom, would follow fortune again. Plenty after famine, defeat after victory, drought after deluge. Their conflict was a thing immutable, written into the world by the discordance between the two celestial beings.

And yet there they were, upon the high place, ever-drawn to one another's side despite their differing natures.

"Won't you bask in the day with me, Makare?" Barbela's invitation rang with glory. Heaven-sent, her offer of salvation stirred even the demon's soul. "Need we always be so at odds? It is tiresome."

"Yes," Makare answered. "We need be at odds. You are a harridan who binds the hearts of men. You leave them as stern, dull and cruel as yourself. You force order upon them, heedless of their yearnings for freedom and pleasure."

“And yet,” Barbela observed. “You cannot look away.”

She spoke the truth. Barbela had brought with her the dawn, and the dawn tasted of a deep warmth that touched even the demon’s heart. As she looked upon her sister, Makare was struck through by Barbela’s majesty. Her eyes widened and shone and her lips parted in awe, and she fell under Barbela’s power.

“I am dark and you are light,” Makare spoke, although her voice rang with longing. “This cannot be.”

“That is no matter,” Barbela replied. “Together, we will be the morning, sweeping across the land. Beautiful. Inevitable. Behold!”

Enspelled by Barbela’s promise, Makare took a step toward the angel. And then another, and then another, until she had crossed that boundary that had forever divided their lands. She stood there a pilgrim. A suppliant. Makare, the insidious demon, might have attempted a ruse or a seduction. Instead, her gaze was held by Barbela’s resplendent form, full glowing with the dawn’s golden sun. Her angelic glory had captured the hearts and wills of ten thousand mortals; now her sister, too, had been called to her service. Beneath her sinful garments her body ached, and between her legs, her member stiffened with her need.

“Do I not please you, sister?” Barbela boasted, her voice strong and commanding, resounding with the authority of kings. “Will you remain to suffer the night’s chill alone?”

Makare could say nothing to refuse her. Instead, caught up in Barbela’s majesty, she stood submissively before her and allowed the angel to extend her hand forward and place it on Makare’s hip.

A capture. A claiming. A surrender, to a victorious conquest.

“Behold,” Barbela entreated again, as she drew herself up to her

full height, towering above Makare, splendid as the noon sun. "Behold," she entreated again, as she gathered her salvific light and let it wash over her sister-demon, drowning her, smothering her will beneath a deep, eager need to be of obedient service. "Behold," she entreated again, as, with a single thought, she unshackled her holy scepter from its sacral prison, letting it rise to full hardness and watching as Makare, awed, fell to her knees beneath it. "All this, Makare. Promise yourself to me. It will take but a moment, but your service shall be forever. You shall be mine."

Kneeling so close to Barbela, the angel's great light brushed aside Makare's cloaking shadows as easily and effortlessly as leaves upon the breeze. Cast in a pale glow, the demon seemed small. Naked. Weak. No longer the coy temptress, her every fault and longing was laid bare to the world. Her beauty, an offering to Barbela. Her need, enslaved to her sister-angel. Makare's own scepter was presented forward, dripping, overcome with a pathetic craving for her sister's attention.

Longing, transcendent and keen, flowed through Makare's mind and out from her lips. "I vow my service," she pleaded, and the very night trembled with her oath.

And again, when Barbela placed herself in Makare's mouth to employ her newest disciple.

The angel's first peak of pleasure came slow, and only after she had thoroughly enjoyed Makare's ministrations. Her release showered the demon in morning dew, leaving her to lap eagerly at her own face lest a single radiant droplet go to waste. At Barbela's bidding, she rose to her feet.

"You are vigorous, sister!" Makare gasped, awed into submission by Barbela's great virility. "And more impressive than I had dared hope. Lie back. Let yourself enjoy me."

It was no seduction; she was simply begging for Barbela to make use of her. Makare was possessed by her need for it. Animated by it. The great demon was now hopelessly enthralled by Barbela, body and soul throbbing with longing for her, sunken eyes shining with the angel's radiance, held wide, open, blank, emptied. With a conquering warlord's easy confidence, Barbela reclined on the ground and watched as Makare came down upon her as a worshiper, an attendant-priestess, her alluring body held and bared for Barbela's pleasure alone. The angel did not need to lift a finger as, obedient to her plain wishes, Makare mounted her and impaled herself on Barbela's stone-hard shaft.

Their twinned moans of gratification joined together and became music, and the whole of the valley, south and north, echoed with its harmony.

Barbela took great joy in Makare's surrender. But so, too, did she take joy in her body—in piercing her and feeling Makare's flesh conform to hers, granting her entrance, binding down on her in a submissive furor. The demon's obsidian form throbbed with her reward, heaved with it; her body arched, her skin flushed, her own shaft—besides the angel's, a small, slender, effeminate instrument—twitched in the air and dripped on her sister like morning dew as she raised herself up and plunged herself down upon Barbela. Her appetite for the angel knew no limits, nor did her desire to at last become one with her, to know the succor of her laws and commandments, to taste the strident order and firm, punishing hand she had long craved.

Barbela stretched up and favored her sister with a deep, passionate kiss upon the demon's lips, and watched, satisfied, as those very lips began to shine with the angel's colors.

Barbela's pleasure peaked a second time, and Makare's with it. As Barbela filled her sister with her seed, she smirked as she watched Makare shed her own wastefully. Their euphoria intermingled and

swept them away, raising angel and demon alike to an ecstatic peak as they experienced, for the first time in an eternity, their full union. Barbela dominated it with consummate ease; everywhere she touched her, Makare was purified. Her darkness cleansed, her shadows swept away, her cool night-hues turned to warm gold. Sunlight claimed her lips, then her eyes, then her garments, then her hair, then even her skin, until it was a warm, healthy, sun-kissed pallor that matched Barbela's.

By the third peak of Barbela's pleasure, the demon had become all but the twin of her angel sister.

It was then that Barbela saw fit to lift her spell. At her urging, the blinding light lifted from Makare's eyes and she awoke from her stupor. Makare blinked once, and then looked freshly upon the world. She saw her sister beneath her, reclined, resplendent, enjoying her—and no trace of shame or regret entered her visage.

"Oh, sister," Makare whispered, voice tremulous and full of both awe and shame, "how could I have been so foolish as to forsake this?"

Barbela's reply was but to laugh, and kiss, and begin to move her hips in answer to Makare's efforts, her conquest having filled her with fresh, vigorous, lustful appetites. Their coupling did not end until the entire valley quaked with the force of their passions, and a wondrous glow had swept across to cover it from one end to another. And all the peoples of the valley, south and north, saw their union, and knew that Barbela had claimed her sister.

So it is that the descendants of the people of the southern valley tell of the rejoining, of dawn, of dark becoming light.

But then, comes ever the rejoinder from the descendants of the people of the northern valley, who have long since become their neighbors: how is it that there is darkness still?



There is another story, passed down in song but kept among the wise, the ones who know the world's true face:

At the beginning of things, there was ENNOEA. She formed of her thoughts the Archons, her first children, companions with which to author all creation. But before the ink of their brushes was dry upon the void, the first of the Archons succumbed to pride and turned on ENNOEA, corrupting all the others to join her conspiracy. At the fateful moment, the betrayer-Archons overthrew ENNOEA and cast her into oblivion. In the process, they themselves were drained of vitality and dwindled into oblivion. And so passed the first epoch of the world.

Many who knew that much conceived the belief that Barbela and Makare were simply the two Archons who had remained faithful, or else, perhaps, lesser beings, remaining devoted to ENNOEA even as their interpretations of the Creator's will diverged.

It was not so.

When the Archons overthrew ENNOEA, they bent their strength toward her destruction—but ENNOEA was a being of no beginning, and no end could be forced upon her. Instead, the Archons had to content themselves with sundering the godhead in twain. ENNOEA was all, but the two sundering things left behind by The Parting were each of them incomplete, and sharp in their disparity.

Day, and night. Light, and dark. Order, and chaos.

Barbela and Makare.

Amidst the trauma of their division, they knew not who they

were. As they completed ENNOEA's work, they came to regard themselves as quarrelsome sisters, bound by shared purpose, yet each unable to tolerate the other's nature. After their task was complete they vowed to go their separate ways, and eventually they came to be the respective patrons of the two people's of the valley, constantly set at odds by their different faiths.

But through it all, those divided sisters did not stop longing to be whole.

So it was that each was drawn to the other upon the high place overlooking the valley.

When Barbela and Makare coupled, each seduced the other and each conquered the other—a dance, a duet, a courtship—and as they joined flesh, they began to join their very selves. Makare awoke Barbela's longing for freedom and pleasure, while Barbela awoke Makare's for order and restraint. Light and shadow infused one another, a river flowing into itself, and across the sky there was a great aurora that all the peoples of the valley turned out to witness. Great, vibrant, glowing bands of day and night flowed into themselves, melding and folding; a great wonder, and though most of those mortals did not know what they were seeing, they all sensed that a moment of great import had come upon them.

The Rejoining.

Once Makare and Barbela had concluded their copulation, they were truly one flesh. They were Barbela and Makare no more, and instead, ENNOEA herself stood upon the high place. She watched, basking in her unity, as the twinned peoples of the valley, north and south, came together, sensing the fresh wholeness of the world, to join themselves in a great orgy of healed wounds, fresh bonds, and heaving, yearning flesh. ENNOEA saw her children mating and intermingling and smiled, for she saw that her work was finally done.

And so passed the second epoch of the world.

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