



Forbidden Publications

*Jodi Lee*

**FIRE** *and* **ICE**



FIRE AND ICE

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FIRE AND ICE

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Fire and Ice

By

Jodi Lee

Amanda's hands reached to the flames, warmth and feeling surging back into her now tingling fingers.

No cell phone, car wrapped, oh, so nicely around the tree about a hundred yards back and no one else on the road. To top it off, she was at least twenty miles from anywhere.

When she had started to rethink her ingenious plan to meet her boyfriend at his mountain cabin before she left home, a tiny voice had whispered in her mind; she should have listened to that soft warning, Amanda realized now. Hindsight was always 20-20. And sometimes, true sight was a little too good for comfort.

The image now burned into her subconscious would mar her dreams for weeks, if she chose to let it. *That dumb blonde from next door.* How could he? She was as bright as a dull penny and as sharp as a rusty, broken tack. Nothing but boobs and...

A cracking sound came from behind her, not from the fire as it built itself up. Someone was coming through the brush, perhaps someone looking for her!

"Hello? I'm over here!" Amanda called out between shivering lips that were rapidly turning blue.

She saw a shadow move between the branches of a tree and what seemed like a settling on the ground - something landing from above. The sounds continued to move closer to her and with no response: she began to fear it was an animal of some sort.

"Please answer me, if you can!" *Oh, that's just smart,* Amanda thought to herself. *Telling a wild animal to answer me.* Turning back to the fire, she stepped closer; the wind was beginning to pick up, and she was sure the chill factor was high enough that her skin would freeze in no time. She started to cry, feeling the tears turn to ice as they tracked down her chapped cheeks.

"What are you doing out here all by yourself?" he asked, his deep melodious

voice just inches from her ear; he sounded slightly amused.

She jumped and would have stumbled right into the fire, if he'd not reached out and put his arm around her shoulders, pulling her tight to his chest. She struggled for a moment but was little match for his strength. He was at least six inches taller than her and his chin was resting on her head. She could feel the warmth radiating from him, through his clothes, through her clothes - not in the least chilled by the frigid air.

"Let me guess," he continued, once again leaning over to her ear and speaking softly. "You belong in the car that is decorating the tree over there, just off the road, yes?"

Amanda nodded silently.

He turned her slowly and lifted her chin so she was looking into his eyes. They were fathomless, dark and mesmerizing. She felt her heartbeat quicken as she took in his features. Dark, everything dark. His hair hung past his shoulders in waves of black, his brows perfectly even and dark against the tan of his skin. He was at least three inches over six feet tall; broad shouldered as well. He encompassed her field of vision, and with a start, she realized how close she was to him.

Attempting to step back, she realized he still held her in a firm grip and he didn't seem to want to let go. Placing her hands on his chest, she gave him a hearty shove, but still no reaction.

He pulled her closer, using his other hand to settle her head against his chest, close to where his heart would be. Her panic increasing, she realized the dark stranger had no discernable heartbeat.

She heard a deep rumble from his chest as he laughed. As comfortable as she was pressed against his strong warm body, Amanda began to struggle yet again. "No need to panic, little one. You are completely safe with me. I can not harm you; I could not - even if I wished such a thing." He took her cold hands between his and gently chafed them, bringing some warmth to them.

She avoided his eyes. Looking into them brought her somewhere she didn't really want to be, balancing on the edge of a cliff. Or did she want to be there? After all,

her boyfriend – her *ex*-boyfriend - had the blonde bimbo at the cabin. What would he care if Amanda went off with someone else, too? All those years wasted, waiting for the question that never quite came. The image of the two of them, boyfriend and neighbor together burned behind her eyelids; she opened them, releasing a fresh cascade of tears.

He dropped her hands and reaching up, brushed the tears from her cheeks. Amanda could no longer resist - she looked into the dark eyes that reflected her face back to her. He smiled. She had to smile back, even if it was tremulous and fleeting.

"Your heart is broken, little one. Tears will begin the healing you need. You will heal." He leaned towards her and gently brushed his lips across her forehead. Lifting her chin again, he looked into her eyes, waiting for her to close them again. When she did, knowing what would come, he kissed her, gently at first, waiting on her response.

Something within Amanda broke, and although the flood of tears did not ebb, she kissed him back, opening her lips to his questing tongue. She put her arms around his neck, twining her hands in his hair, pulling him closer. He moved his hand slightly, and the fire grew behind them. When she pulled away and opened her eyes, it seemed a blue-green light was surrounding them; she followed him into the flames.

As she neared the center, Amanda realized they were no longer walking among the coals –they had gone to another place entirely. Before her stood a small cabin, smaller than the one she had originally set out to find that night, but much more welcoming. He led her inside and closed the door.

She turned to face him again, searching his face in the near darkness. He reached to her, unzipping her coat and laying it across the back of a chair. He motioned for her to sit down and after she did, he knelt in front of her and removed her boots as well. Pushing her knees apart, he leaned between the two and took her mouth again, this time leaving no doubt as to what he wanted.

With her return kiss, he knew she no longer had doubts on what she wanted either. He slid his hands under her sweater, barely grazing over her breasts, and pushed the material over her shoulders and head. She shivered as the air touched her bare skin. It was highly erotic to her, the feel of the cold air on her now overheated skin. Amanda

shivered slightly in anticipation and was mildly startled when a fire suddenly blazed to life in the small fireplace.

"Who are you?" she whispered. His reply was a mere smile as he unhooked the closure of her bra. As his lips settled around her nipple, she threaded her fingers through his hair once more, no longer caring who he was...no longer caring where she was.

His tongue was driving her mad, working her nipple as he gently sucked it deeper into his mouth. Hands full of his hair, she pulled him closer. She wanted him; all thoughts of her former lover and his new woman were driven from her mind by this strange man and the wonderful things he was doing to her.

He could hear her moans before they became audible to her. He could hear her pulse race; he was watching the flush creep into her skin. Without interrupting his attention to her breasts, he scooped her up and carried her to the bed in the far corner of the one room cabin. She looked up at him in trust. This was good. He knelt beside the bed and took Amanda's hand.

"Are you sure we should continue?" he whispered. Although she hesitated briefly, her silent nod was all he needed to go on. He kissed her hand, moving to the inside of her wrist and elbow, causing the fine hair on her arm to rise. He looked into her eyes as he leaned forward, bringing his lips to the hollow between her neck and collarbone. Starting gently, he nibbled, and then bit just hard enough to bruise the delicate skin. Satisfied the blood had risen and knowing Amanda was past fighting - he sucked.

She didn't know what he was doing, but it was creating a fire she couldn't stop, even as she tried to fight the pain. When his teeth sank into her fine skin, she cried out; he pulled away. Shaking, she touched the spot his lips had enflamed, expecting to find blood. When she found none, she wondered if it had actually happened. Then as she looked into his eyes, she felt the desire rise to a new level, one she'd rarely ever attained before.

His lips found hers as he rose to pull off the rest of her clothes. His hands

skimmed her belly, then ventured between her thighs, stroking each until they fell apart. Amanda's hands fumbled over his chest, and she dimly realized he was no longer clothed. She felt his weight shift on the bed; he was no longer kissing her mouth - he had moved between her legs and his tongue was seeking her clit.

Electricity shot through her and her back arched impossibly high as the tides crashed over her head. Amanda had no idea that she could be so turned on. Over and over, he made her cry out before coming back to her mouth and sliding into her with one movement. Slowly he stoked the fire he'd built within her, stopping when he felt her start to slide over the edge again, teasing her with every breath.

As he released his self-restraint finally, moving faster towards his own climax, Amanda began to feel the cold. The bed beneath her felt like ice, and even his skin had begun to feel cold. His eyes were no longer dark; they were a very clear light blue and the pupil's fine dots deep in their centers. She pushed against his chest when liquid ice poured into her as he came.

He looked down at her, the tears forming in her eyes as understanding dawned on her. He licked the spot on her neck where he had marked her. She was his.

"My name is Kabhan and you are now Siobhan...I have waited for you, for centuries."

Amanda, now Siobhan, nodded in understanding. Ancient memories had been released, and she knew she'd come home.

\* \* \* \*

A year later, their eyes met across a slab of granite gracing their circle; this was their first ritual as a couple, since she had joined the coven following their handfasting. The former leaders now stood apart from the group, only slightly, smiling gently in their capacity as Elders.

They numbered twelve, having lost one of their own to a car accident earlier in the year. Although grieved by her sudden passing, all gathered knew she still attended



their circles; it must be she who placed flowers on the altar stone before each gathering.

Siobhan shivered in the cold; of all the little details she had to get used to in the past year, the cold was the hardest to overcome. She wore only her new robe; one they had sewn and presented to her as a gift as she went through the rites to become High Priestess. The material chafed against her nipples, causing small ripples of pleasure despite the cold. Kabhan looked to be as cold as she was – but she knew he was not. He, too, was wearing only his new robe and the fire in his eyes indicated he was also just as aroused as she was beginning to feel.

In silence, they took each other's hands and crawled onto the stone. The others faded back a little way... still watching, but waiting for their moment eagerly. Siobhan lifted her robe over her white shoulders and let it fall to the frozen ground. Kabhan did likewise, then clasped her shoulders in his hands and eased her onto her back. From the head of the stone, where there was a small cauldron settled over a candle, he lifted the vial of oils specially blended for this night; the vial was warm, as was the oil it contained.

Siobhan sighed as the oil touched her skin, feeling the warmth only fleetingly as it soon turned cold in the night air. Her breathing quickened as Kabhan smoothed the blend into her skin, massaging over each breast in turn, murmuring the chant so softly that she couldn't hear the words. As his hands roamed further, bringing the oils and mesmerizing sensations lower on her body, she squirmed with pleasure.

When Kabhan reached her most private place, she raised her hips in welcome. He bestowed on her his version of the kiss of the Goddess; mouth open, lips wrapping around her clit, gently tugging and sucking, making her moan and cry. As her thighs tightened and her hands grabbed the hair on his head, he pulled away and lay down beside her. Release must be held off...

Shaking, Siobhan sat up and slid one thigh over Kabhan's waist. Leaning forward and brushing her nipples against his lips, she felt for the vial in the cauldron, she teased him as he had teased her. She began to speak the words softly while pouring the oil over his chest, working it into his skin.

Slipping down over his legs, she began massaging the oil onto his already erect cock, sliding one hand down to rub his sac gently. She too, knew when to stop, but rather than continue with the ritual, she waited until his breathing had slowed.

Siobhan took Kabhan into her mouth, hearing the shocked intake of breath not only from him, but from the Elders as well. None had done this before - not here - not during the Rite. She looked into Kabhan's eyes as she sucked and licked at him. He watched her in dreamy self-awareness until he could no longer keep his eyes open. The heat of her mouth, the strength of her tongue twisting around and flicking over the tip; it was too much for him. Just as he was about to release himself, she pulled away again. *Release must be held off...*

And she waited.

Kabhan groaned in frustration but laid still. Her knees rested on his forearms now and her hot, wet, quivering pussy hovered just barely above his waiting prick. They looked into each other's eyes again and as she began to lower herself onto him, they whispered together the words that would bring them together by souls and hearts, and would make their coven prosperous for another year.

With a cry, Siobhan plunged down onto Kabhan and rode him hard and fast...never taking her eyes from his. Around them, they could hear the others move to begin their own rites; each couple touching, massaging, and chanting towards the same goals.

Siobhan and Kabhan fell out of their own world, and into another, a world where they became the very gods they honored...

\* \* \* \*

*He was horny, horny enough to fuck a mud puddle, if it came down to it, but he'd rather have one of the beauties on the other side of the island.*

*Bent over a rock, head thrown back, screaming her delight, over and over as he pounded into her. After all, the race must propagate.*

*Morrighan wouldn't notice. She was off, flying around the battlefield urging the men on. She'd no doubt find her own pole to climb when she returned if he wasn't available. His consort was certainly just as lusty as he, but spent far more time searching for warriors and war, than just the warriors and their skilled weapons.*

*When his eyes fell upon her, as he crossed the island in mighty strides befitting his stature, he couldn't help but stare. She was the epitome of beauty on this island. Flowing hair, sparkling blue eyes and tinkling laughter...water rushing over shells and bells it sounded like. He had to have her.*

*But how to get rid of her consort - Dagda knew of him. The jealous type he was, and so unmentionably unlikable that one woman tore her own eyes out of her skull rather than become his. A fiery temper not often held in check would be a formidable obstacle.*

*Perhaps for a mere mortal but Dagda had other, more subtle ways of dealing with jealous husbands. Indeed.*

*Boann recognized the handsome, tall man before her. In his mind, he whispered a secret to her that only she heard, and her husband did not. She smiled, nodding.*

*The sun stopped in its place. No one moved; no one took a breath. No one fought on the battlefield, no one worked the fields. No one, that is, but Dagda and Boann.*

*Pushing her against the well hidden deep in the mountains, he wasted no time in entering her and found her more than ready. Over and over she cried out, dug her nails into his back and wrapped her legs around his waist.*

*Finally, after hours, Dagda was sated enough to release her. Boann fell to her knees, exhausted but nowhere near sated. She took his deified cock in her mouth, and held his eyes as she brought him again to orgasm.*

*Time was passing for Dagda and Boann, but neither realized that they'd not eaten, nor drunk from the well, for days. Perhaps it was weeks. Neither cared.*

*Boann's belly began to swell and still they could not get enough of each other. Her breasts were swollen and began leaking milk - the first sustenance Dagda partook of for so long.*

*Nine months had passed since he'd first stopped the sun in his lust for the woman. At last, they both were released from their lust just as their son gave his first cries into the bright daylight.*

\* \* \* \*

With a shudder, Siobhan came in waves of power that engulfed Kabhan and radiated out to the group. Cries rose and fell from the circle until at last, the cone was released.

Another year began.

\* \* \* \*

In the darkness that surrounded her, Siobhan felt warm and safe. Her arms tingled pleasantly and in that moment between sleep and waking, she was happy. She felt the brush of fingers on her cheek and she leaned into the tender touch.

Lips grazed hers gently, sliding down over her chin to rest on the side of her throat. A small nibble woke her fully, and she turned into Kabhan's embrace. Life was good at that moment, precisely that moment, as his blood mingled with hers and she could feel the love and the heat coursing through her own veins. She knew he was feeling the same thing. So what if things had gone a little far - a little pain never hurt anyone.

She opened her eyes and gazed into his as his fingers found the damp warmth between her thighs. As always, she woke ready and waiting for him. He smiled devilishly as he slid down her body and rested his chin on her thigh. Looking down, she saw the mischievous glint in his eyes, or was that just the reflection of the candle he'd lit?

Suddenly, with one hand teasing her relentlessly, he moved up her body once again and grabbed her right arm in his other hand, clamping his mouth onto the bruised flesh. Within a moment, the wound opened again and blood coursed into his mouth. A final harsh bite took her over the edge and she came, moaning and crying out.

"Never forget me..." he whispered into her ear as he settled her into the crook of his arm, perchance to sleep once more.

"As if I could," she mumbled, as tears slid down her face. "You'll always be with me, to forever and eternity. My love."

\* \* \* \*

She awoke, shivering and cold, sitting in a now unfamiliar place. Siobhan glanced around, panicking immediately. "Kabhan?" she called out, although something in her told her there would be no response. "Kabhan, please...this isn't funny!"

Outside the window of her little car, Siobhan, *Amanda*, her mind whispered, saw the line of the horizon begin to lighten. Somewhere, a part of her knew this was a good thing – daylight meant help might come. Another part, Siobhan's part, told her daylight would kill the past and kill her memories of Kabhan. She sobbed –confused, hurting and scared.

Lights were heading towards the accident scene; flashing red and yellow, they cast strange shadows across the trees and snow banks on the sides of the road. Siobhan, *Amanda*, watched with detached emotions as the emergency response team cut her free from her car. She fought them off as they tried to clean and bandage the wound on her forehead. When they asked her name, she told them she was Siobhan; Siobhan of Dragon's Hearth.

She missed the look the two paramedics gave each other over her head. The woman attending to her cuts just shook her head. When they found the purse, they dug through the wallet, searching for a driver's license; when they found it, they began calling her Amanda.

Siobhan, *Amanda* her mind pleaded, hated them for it.

Hours later as she sat staring out of the hospital window towards the sunset he came in, Amanda's ex-boyfriend. She refused to look at him, didn't even speak to him. She ignored him as though he didn't exist; to her, to Siobhan, he didn't. He was nobody.

When she slept that night with the aid of the liquid seeping slowly through the intravenous lines, she dreamt of Kabhan. Kabhan called to her in her dreams, begging

her to come back, to come home. Nurses came and went each time she made a noise in her sleep. Finally, one sat with her in a chair beside her bed, and held her hand. Amanda settled into a deeper sleep then.

The doctor visiting the next morning woke her. She answered his questions and laughed when he mentioned the name Siobhan. "My name is Amanda...I must have bumped my head really hard!" she told him. In her chest, she could feel the pain building. It did no good though, she would not release it, nor would Amanda let anyone else convince her it didn't exist. Outwardly, she agreed with the doctor, the psychiatrist, and eventually her boyfriend when he returned later that day.

She'd had a head injury and had been delusional. Siobhan, Kabhan, and the rest just didn't exist. Amanda didn't let the tears build in her eyes as she spoke the words, and she didn't let anyone see the pain her denial of Siobhan brought to her.

Stephen acted the worried boyfriend quite well. He brushed the hair from her forehead and kissed her cheek. Amanda tolerated his affections while the hospital staff was present, but the moment they were left alone, she turned on him.

"I was there at the cabin, Stephen. I saw you. I saw her. I saw you IN her. We are finished, you and I. Don't touch me, don't kiss me -don't speak to me. Just leave."

He didn't argue with her. His face had flushed the moment she began speaking and he left in silence. In her mind, she cried out to Kabhan, needing him.

She dozed in and out all day; the drugs kept seeping into her system through the IV, the doctors kept checking on her and the nurses sometimes sat beside her. Amanda had only suffered a bump to the head and a concussion...she didn't understand all the attention they were giving her.

By noon, her mother had arrived. Amanda smiled warmly as she welcomed her with a hug. Offering her mother a chair, she fought off the images in her mind. *Kabhan, naked on the granite slab in the circle. The ritual blade they used for drawing the small amounts of blood they shared.*

Amanda struggled during the conversation. Her mother wanted only to fuss and bother over the bandage around her daughter's head, wanted to coo over the break-up

with Stephen. Amanda wanted nothing more than to make a few necessary arrangements.

Grabbing her mother's wrist as the woman picked at the bandage once more, Amanda wrenched it down while still holding fast. The older woman whimpered softly, but didn't offer any resistance. "Mother, you must listen to me. When you leave here, you have to go to my apartment and help Stephen pack my things. You and Dad need to get all of my things out of the place and put them in storage or give them to Natalie. I need you to do this for me, please. One simple request, ok? Please?" Amanda's eyes were determined, forceful and shining with something her mother had never seen before.

"Of...of course, my darling, I can call your father and have him meet me there. But why would we give your things to your sister? You'll be nee..."

"No, Mother, I won't," Amanda interrupted. "I can't expect you to understand now, but I hope in time you will. I - I love you and Dad, even Natalie. I love you all, and I'm sorry I'm going to cause you all so much pain. But I have to; I have to follow my heart."

Amanda was oddly pleased when her mother began to wriggle beneath her grasp. She let go of the older woman's wrist.

Her mother rubbed the skin where Amanda's hand had been, as though something had soiled her wrist and it was seeping onto her hand. Amanda's touch had been warm enough at first, but then became so cold and yet...alive. Amanda watched as her mother shuddered.

She closed her eyes, knowing Siobhan was only just behind her lids, waiting impatiently to be released. Drawing in a shallow breath, Amanda opened her eyes again and fought against the tide within her and managed one last look at her mother, the green of her eyes fading as she sighed.

Smiling, Amanda disappeared and Siobhan returned. When she opened her eyes to look at Amanda's mother, Siobhan thought she recognized the woman seated beside her. She could not, not really, but did in some ways. Deep within the woman's eyes,

Siobhan thought she could see her own mother's reflection.

"Who are you?" the woman asked, terrified, yet fascinated. The body on the bed had not changed, but this was no longer her daughter. Her daughter had found peace somewhere else. Somewhere free. "What's happened to my Amanda? Has she...has she gone to K-Kevin?"

Siobhan's eyes glowed a pale ice-blue. She smiled gently as she replied. "No, she has not. I am Kabhan's. Amanda is still here, a part of me. She will always be a part of me, as I was always a part of her." Siobhan reached out, touching the other woman's cheek gently; she pulled her hand back quickly when Amanda's mother flinched. "I am sorry. I forget how cold I must feel to you, to mortals. It is part of who I am now. *Who Amanda is*. I am Siobhan...I am Priestess of Dragon's Hearth and wife to Kabhan."

Amanda's mother didn't seem to understand, but there in the depths of her darkened eyes, something flickered. Siobhan saw and nodded. "I know you understand, I can see it now, in the way you sit, the way you have reacted. You knew it would come to this some day, did you not?"

Amanda's mother, a woman once known as Anu and now as Anna, nodded. Of course she knew; the moment Amanda had been born with the slightly upturned 'cats eyes' of brilliant green, and the modestly pointed ears, she'd known her heritage was never far away, and yet was eons away at the same time.

Siobhan sighed, leaning back into the pillows. She had tired herself out taking over Amanda as she had done. The cold had seeped into her very bones now and she longed to be home beside one of Kabhan's fires. Beside her, a monitor sounded an alarm, causing both women to jump, startled.

"They'll be coming now, coming to work on you. Your heart has stopped here, my darling. Call to Kabhan now, you must leave."

"I can not! I cannot call him during the daylight. He is a pureblood!" Siobhan cried, suddenly scared that she would be caught, tested...all horrible things that Amanda had ever imagined now ran through their shared mind. She scrambled on the bed, and as she did so, she felt a single, lonely beat in her chest. Anna shoved Siobhan



backwards onto the pillows, grabbing the monitor wires that were dangling from the contacts on her chest, and pulling them out. "Fight! Make it work...I know you can!" she whispered to Siobhan.

A nurse rushed into the room, and gently shoved Anna out of her way. Muttering under her breath, she re-attached the wires, punched a button on the monitor and scurried out again, not waiting to see if it worked. Not even checking on Siobhan. Anna reached under the gown's flaps and pulled the contacts off. Quick as a wink, they were attached to her own chest.

"This will only work for a short while, Siobhan. I don't know if we have until dark, but we can try." Anna clutched Siobhan's hand in hers, cold or not. She knew Siobhan was in many ways just as much her daughter as Amanda was.

The afternoon passed much more quickly than either woman had thought it would. Siobhan told Anna of things happening beyond the veil and Anna told Siobhan a little of mortal life. Neither woman really wanted the afternoon to end, but when Siobhan heard her name called, off in the distance, she knew it was time.

"I heard him..." Anna whispered, smiling. "Sometimes that part of me still comes to the surface. Will he allow me to see him? Can I meet the man that will keep my daughter in eternity?"

Siobhan thought for a moment. She wasn't sure if the mortal part of Anna could see Kabhan, but she knew the immortal part would never let go again, if Anna let it loose. She shrugged, and called to him.

"Kabhan...this is her...this is *our* mother. Please my love, she would like to meet you. She was of us at one time." Siobhan tightened her grip on Anna's hand as footsteps sounded in the hall.

A very tall, strongly built man came through the door. Dark hair hanging below his shoulders and eyes dark and fathomless like a moonless sky, Kabhan entered the room. Although he would not touch Anna, he could see Siobhan had the truth of it. Anna was once of their kind. He bowed deeply, and smiled.

When she returned his smile, he was well pleased. Siobhan took his hand; he

bent and scooped her into his arms. As his wife wrapped her arms around his neck and held on for dear life, Kabhan understood the sacrifice she'd made to say goodbye to her mortal family. Siobhan turned to say goodbye to Anna one last time, but Kabhan had already brought them home. Anna had been left with tears on her face and the conflict of love and eternal sadness in her heart.

\* \* \* \*

Kabhan brushed the hair from Siobhan's eyes as she sat on his lap. He'd built a huge fire for her, wrapped her in blankets and settled her against his chest as he sat in the rocking chair. "I missed you, my love. It seemed forever."

Siobhan nodded. To her, in the mortal world, it had been but two days. To Kabhan, it was five years of their lives gone. Now that it was over, now that she had said her goodbyes and sent her love (Amanda's goodbyes and Amanda's love) she felt better. She knew now, that she could tell Kabhan what she'd known before leaving.

Instead, she took his face in her hands and kissed him. Longingly...with every emotion she'd felt while away, she built the fire that had been neglected for too long. Using her shoulders, she shrugged the blankets off her body while using her hands to rid him of his shirt.

Nibbling across his chest, she found a nipple and flicked it with her tongue, relishing the sharp intake of breath and sudden tautness of the muscles in his belly. Wriggling her behind against his crotch brought more gasps and moans; when he couldn't take it anymore, Kabhan carried her to their bed and shimmied out of his pants. Siobhan would not sit still, however, and perched herself on the edge of the bed, leaning forward and kissing the tip of his cock.

Pressing both palms against his thighs, she kept him at bay while she lathed her tongue around his swollen prick before pulling it into her mouth. Despite his care and restraint, it wasn't long before she tasted the icy cum as it shot into her mouth. Siobhan dodged Kabhan's arms as he collapsed onto the bed beside her. "No...there's

something I must tell you first, cariad. My fire and your ice created something beyond our love, something to add to our love.” Siobhan took Kabhan’s hand and placed it on her still flat belly. He could feel the heat growing there, even though Siobhan had become like him. He looked into her eyes, questioning and believing at the same time. *A child.*

A child!

This time, as never before, Kabhan was tirelessly gentle with Siobhan as made love to her. Even when the flames overtook them and she rode him hard to an explosive orgasm, he was careful.

There would finally be a new child in eternity.

The End

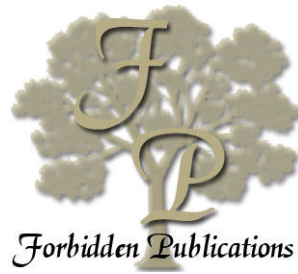
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Jodi Lee is a 30-something year old writer from Manitoba, Canada. Finally single, she is the sole-custodial parent of two budding novelists; Rhi and Care.

Jodi has been writing professionally for 8 years, dividing her time between her own WIPs and those of her client (soon to be plural). Published in numerous magazines and online sources, she takes most pride in the work she's done for The Sacred Triskele Network eZines - Pagan Muse and Spiritual Wellness. Currently she explores the shadows and hidden, bloody corners of her mind through dark fiction, horror/splatterpunk and mild sci-fi.



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