



Changeling Press

Cynthia  
Sax

HARD  
AS  
STONE

# **Hard as Stone**

## **Cynthia Sax**

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## **Hard as Stone**

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**Nothing is rougher, tougher, or harder than a mountain god.**

**Mountain gods are the hardest beings on the planet. Their foundation is rock. Their roots are in the earth. They are immortal and unrelenting. Nothing can make a mountain god harder than he already is... or so Acon thinks. When he travels to a remote island to capture a fearsome beast, he discovers a woman so beautiful he instantly submits, rock hard body and soul. Is this love at first sight or an unfeeling creature's cruel weapon?**

## Chapter One

"Where are you, monster?" Trellos bellowed like a wounded bull. At well over six feet tall, he was large for a human. The muscle bound warrior kicked an unlucky predecessor, grimacing as his boot made contact with the stone.

He was also an ass. Acon leaned back against the rock outcropping, gaining strength from the connection. If the gorgon didn't arrive soon, he'd smite Trellos himself.

The rock sang of her approach. Acon felt its joy, a tingling sensation rolling over his skin.

"Leave me be, warrior." Her words drifted like a summer breeze around them. They originated from everywhere and nowhere. "I have no grievance with you." He breathed deep, inhaling her sweet voice.

"I have a grievance with you, creature." Trellos rattled his sword. Acon shook his head at the stupidity. The idiot planned to fight a gorgon with a sword. This was no Medusa, handicapped by the frailty of mortality. This was her daughter Kyma. She had the blood of her father -- the god Poseidon -- flowing in her veins. No sword could kill the immortal. "Show yourself, you demon spawn."

"I would rather not." His brothers of the Ourea labeled Kyma an unfeeling monster, yet she endeavored to spare the fool. "Return to your people, warrior. Love well. Leave the joyous legacy of children. In them, your name will live forever."

"My name will live forever for having killed you, fearsome beast!" Trellos roared. His face was red. Veins stood out on his bald head. "You will fight me! Now!" He swung his sword with both hands, slicing the stone statue in two.

Acon flinched. The drone of a hundred hisses filled the air. "You dare to disrespect the dead!" A tall, slender form entered the clearing. She walked like a queen,

her backbone straight, her stride smooth. A black hooded cape covered her from head to toe. "I am warning you for the last time, human. Leave this place."

"I will leave after I kill you." The warrior raised his shield. "For glory!" Trellos ran, twigs crunching under his boots.

"For peace." She calmly untied her cape and let the fabric fall to the ground. The impact was instant and overwhelming. Acon was a mountain god. Stone was his foundation and Kyma's naked, toned body radiated minerals. He convulsed with pleasure as he absorbed the particles, taking tiny pieces of her deep within him.

Trellos was made of more fragile materials. The human skidded to a stop, his face contorting in horror. A hard gray matter formed over his skin.

"Glory is not worth dying for." Kyma lifted her face to the sky, and Acon's breath hitched. She was beautiful. He had lived an eternity and never had he seen her equal. Snakes with red, yellow, and black banding sensuously twisted and curled around her head. Her skin was the color of the black onyx found in his homeland. Big brown eyes filled with pain and regret surveyed the newest addition to her collection.

"I am sorry." She reached up, cupping the warrior's stone cheek.

Acon felt envious of the dead man. He wanted her fingers on his body. She stroked the human's bare chest, removing the loose stone, and Acon's cock twitched. She bent over, picking up her cape. Her ass was gently rounded, a soft cushion for an exiled god. He hardened.

He should take her now. Her defenses were low, and his brothers expected her capture. They would trade her for a seat on Mount Olympus and a voice in the new dominion.

She drifted away, her cape billowing like a shadow behind her. Her presence lingered in his veins. He would keep his word and secure the gorgon, but that would not happen today. He would study his beautiful opponent first.

## Chapter Two

All she wanted was peace. Kyma sat upon the hill, watching as a couple, walking hand in hand, slipped into the darkened grove. That was not truthful. All she wanted was love. The man pulled the woman to him. She could not hear his husky words. The woman laughed.

Kyma came here after each death. It was the site of many a clandestine meeting. The couples thought themselves undetected in the dark. Kyma with her gorgon eyes could see them clearly. They reminded her that not all humans hated.

The lovers kissed, the man's hands tight on the woman's ass. That was what she needed to see. She was tired of the senseless hate. The man lowered his head, nibbling along the woman's neck. Kyma tilted her head and traced the same path with her fingertips. The man tugged the woman's bodice open. Large breasts with nipples the color of ripe plums spilled out. Kyma let her cape slide off her shoulders, onto the rock around her. The cool night wind swept over her skin.

She was naked. There was no need for clothes. Anyone who saw her face turned to stone. She cupped her breasts, imagining it was a man's rough hands weighing them. The man dropped his breeches, while the woman's skirts were gathered around her waist. Kyma spread her legs, her pussy humming with need. Skin smacked against skin as the man fucked the woman.

There was a rumble of desire. Kyma stilled. It came from behind her. "You approach at your peril." She pulled her hood over her head, covering her face. How had he come so close to her without detection? Even now she struggled to feel his presence.

"If you are concerned about my peril, beautiful" -- the intruder's deep voice lilted with an accent she could not place -- "you will allow me to please you. I shall

perish if you do not." He stood at her back. He was a large man. His shadow stretched long upon the moonlit rock.

The loneliness was great and his offer of a quick embrace in the dark was tempting. "You cannot look upon my face," she warned.

"Then I will not look upon your face." Strong legs straddled her. He was naked. His cock was hard against her cape-covered ass. "My goal is your pleasure. I am yours to command."

She stared at his big feet. He was a giant. "For truth?" He'd allow her to command him?

"For truth." Large, callused hands rested on his knees. "You are my queen, and I am your servant. I submit to your desires." She watched fascinated as he stroked his own flesh. "I will not caress your breasts if you do not wish."

She sucked in her breath at his forward words. "I wish," she whispered.

He slid his hands underneath her cape. She trembled. It had been so long since she'd felt another's skin against hers. Blunt, coarse fingertips drifted over her breasts, circling her nipples, teasing them. "I will not tweak your nipples unless you ask, my queen."

"I ask." She squeaked as he squeezed them into pointed peaks, kneading them into a frenzy of feeling. "Oh, yes, I ask." She leaned back, her hooded head resting on his shoulder. Her hair hissed in protest, the snakes rearranging themselves.

He did not notice the sound. He brushed her thighs, his hands in constant motion, exploring her. "I dare not spread your legs."

She spread them for him, exposing her pussy to his rough hands. His fingers traveled down her stomach, over her hairless mons. "Fucking you with my fingers would be more than I could hope for."

"You may hope." She arched her back. His fingertips grazed her pussy lips, stroking back and forth, back and forth. "I need you inside me, servant."



"As you command, my queen." He thrust into her with two thick fingers. She cried out. "Easy, beautiful." He kissed her neck as he slowly pumped her. "You are so tight." She twitched as his thumb swiped her clit. "So wet," he rumbled into her ear.

She tensed as he lifted her, tugging up her cape. "I have to feel you," he explained. His big cock slid between her ass cheeks. They were flesh to flesh from the waist down. "That is better." He sped up the tempo, his fingers ravaging her pussy.

"Better." She moaned her satisfaction. She raised her hips, his cock rubbing against her spine. He was as hard and smooth as stone. "But not best." She pushed back. "I want your cock in my pussy." It was risky. The last man she fucked had looked upon her face and died with his cock inside her. She tugged her hood down until she was swathed in cloth. Her face flushed with the heat. "Will you fuck me?"

He drew her up, tilting her forward, until his cockhead teased her entrance. "Are you certain, beautiful?"

"I am certain." He called her beautiful as though he meant it, yet he would never see her face. "Fuck me, servant." She pushed away regrets. A normal relationship was not for her.

She whimpered as he lowered her. "Easy," he murmured. He was thick and stretched her so tightly, she fancied she would break into two. "That's it." The long slide continued. "Almost there." Gods, he was huge. He tapped against her womb wall. "Perfect." He kissed her bare shoulder. The act of affection made her heart flutter.

Her pussy beat a more primal rhythm. Her mystery lover filled her completely. They sat in silence as she adjusted to his size. His arms were wrapped around her, holding her close to his chest. His strength was reassuring.

It was also deceiving. He was human and he was fragile. She felt for her hood.

He caught her hand in his. "Unless you give me leave, I will not look, beautiful," he assured her. Their fingers intertwined.

"My name is Kyma." Her cheeks heated. She fucked a man, and she knew not his name.

"I am" -- he paused -- "Acon."

"Acon." It was an unusual name, and he was an unusual man. There was no softness in him. It was as though she sat upon a marble sculpture. She braced against the ledge, lifting her ass. His cockhead rubbed against her pussy walls. He groaned. "I am ready to fuck now, Acon."

"As you desire, Kyma." He rocked her forward until she was positioned on hands and knees before him. "Is the stone too unyielding?"

Kyma blinked. Did he refer to the rigid staff filling her? He slid a rough hand under her knee. Her lips curled upward. No, his concern was the slate floor she braced against. "Stone is my element." It was her connection with nature.

He drew his hips back. "Then we are well matched." She did not know what that meant. Before she could question his reply, he slammed into her, his balls bouncing against her ass. She gasped, all breath knocked from her body.

"Was I too hard?" He covered her, his chest rubbing against her back.

"Not... hard... enough," she panted. She yearned for unrelenting strength and she knew he could satisfy her.

His chuckle was low and deep. "Perfectly matched." He gripped her hips, pulling her toward him as he thrust. Her teeth rattled. Her snakes hissed.

"Harder," she called out. She needed to feel this for days. She knew not when she'd be touched again. He met her demand, grunting as he rode her, pounding sensation after sensation into her skin. Her pussy welcomed the passionate abuse, quivering under his unrelenting onslaught until her entire body shook.

"Come for me, Kyma." He reached around, his arm surrounding her, and pressed his thumb against her clit. With each thrust, he rubbed that bliss-laden nub.

The pleasure was too much to manage. Her orgasm came fast and fervent, overpowering her senses. Kyma tilted her head back, her face bathed in moonlight, and shrieked her satisfaction. He thrust once, twice more, before joining her, her name shouted to the stars, her pussy filled with his cum.

"Kyma." He collapsed on top of her. She crumbled under his weight. A human woman would have protested being sandwiched between a rock ledge and a muscular man. Kyma welcomed the feeling. She was surrounded by stone.

They rested in quiet companionship. Kyma reveled in his breath upon her neck, his heart beating against her bare back. This was how normal lovers lay, their bodies spent from making love. For this moment, she was not a monster. She was a woman.

"I will see you the night next." He lifted his body from hers, bracing himself against the rock.

He could not see her, ever. She felt for her hood. It had dropped to her shoulders, her snakes freed. She hastily pulled the fabric back up, covering her face, thanking the gods that had protected him. With one quick glance, he could have been turned to stone. "You cannot, I beg of you. If you see me, it would end in your death." She could not bear that.

"I will wear a blindfold so I cannot see you."

He would do that for her? He'd put his life in her hands, trusting her not to harm him? Kyma worried her bottom lip between her teeth. A blindfold could work. She had not tried that with a lover. "If you remove it, you will die."

"Then you will bind my hands and remove the temptation." He stood. She shivered in the night air, missing his body heat. "I will see you tomorrow at the ancient ruins when the sun hits the trees. Resign yourself to that meeting. We are lovers until I say we are not." His bare feet smacked upon the slate as he stomped away.

They were lovers. She rested her cheek upon the cool rock, a smile in her heart. She had a lover and he would see her again.

## Chapter Three

"Are you to sleep all day, Aconcagua?" One of Acon's feet was kicked.

He opened an eye. Mercedario grinned down at him. The irritatingly cheerful god was supposed to be continents away. "Piss off, Merc." He covered his eyes with his arm.

"Awww..." Wood groaned as the mountain god sat down. "Is that any way to speak to your brother?"

Acon wouldn't be getting any more sleep this morning. "My little brother." He sat up, the bed sheet falling to his waist, exposing his bare chest. "You are not to be here. I was to bring the gorgon to you."

"Change of plans. It was decided that we would assist you." Merc's eyes narrowed. "You look different."

Acon felt different. He stood, reaching for his clothes. "Who is we?" This smelled of Everest's interference. As the largest of the brothers, he fancied himself their leader.

"Everest, McKinley, everyone." Merc waved his hands dismissively, unconcerned that they were about to be besieged by a range of moody mountain gods. "What happened to your leg?"

Holy Hades. Had Kyma scratched him? Acon looked down and frowned. "I see nothing." There wasn't a mark upon his skin. He pulled up his breeches.

"Exactly. You had a scar there from the mock battle we engaged in centuries ago. I delivered that particular piece of pain myself." Merc puffed up with pride. It had been a lucky blow.

The healing was Kyma's doing. Acon rolled his shoulders back. He felt like a newly formed mountain around her, molten lava swirling around his insides. "When do they arrive?" He distracted his brother.

"On the morrow or the next. I hear Everest has issues with" -- Merc dropped his voice -- "climbers." Climbers were the bane of all their existences. Their deaths weighed heavily upon them. Acon thought of Kyma and the pain on her face after the warrior perished. "I arrived early to help you take the gorgon."

Acon had taken the gorgon last night. He would take her again this night. His cock hardened. "I need no help." He turned away from his brother under the guise of strapping on his sword. "The gorgon has no defenses other than her face and that has no effect on me," he lied. Her face affected him deeply. He would never forget the sight of her as she came, her exquisite profile etched against the moon, her lush lips wet with wanting.

"Is her face as grotesque as people say?" Merc's voice brimmed with curiosity. "Does it make grown men scream in terror?"

"She is the most beautiful creature I have ever seen." The words were out of his mouth before he could stop them. "I must go." Embarrassed, he stalked away without looking back.

"Beautiful?" Merc followed, crashing through the underbrush. He had no concept of stealth. "If she has you smitten, brother, then I truly must see her. You do not sing praises lightly." Birds scattered from the branches overhead. "Or at all."

Drawn to her, Acon had taken them into her territory. He followed the water until he reached the spring she frequented. Although he did not wish to share her with anyone, he knew his brother's temperament. Merc would seek her out on his own if Acon denied him. It was preferable that he controlled the young mountain god's viewing. "If we are quiet and wait here, you will see her." He crouched down behind a boulder. The rock shielded them. They were made of the same substance.

They did not have long to wait. Acon felt her approach as did Merc. "What the..." his brother whispered. He leaned forward, eyes wide. Acon put a firm hand on Merc's shoulder. The young mountain god would not touch her. She was his.

Kyma hummed as she walked, her cape swirling around her. It was a joyous tune. Her tread was light. She was happy. Acon's heart filled with warmth. He had

made her this happy. Kyma turned her head from left to right, scanning the forest. She paused in their direction but then laughed as though amused. Throwing her hood back, she bent down by the stream, her hand cupping the water.

Beautiful did not describe her. It was too inadequate a word. She was all the vivid colors of nature rolled into one. The snakes sparkled like jewels on her head. Her face glowed. Her lips parted. Acon wished to be the water nourishing her.

His fingers dug into stone. Stone. Merc gulped air, his skin an ashen gray. Smaller than Acon, he struggled to absorb Kyma's minerals. "Merc." Acon spun him around, facing him away from the gorgon. It was not enough. The stone continued to spread. He threw his brother behind the boulder, the thud of rock against rock echoing in the forest.

"Who is there?" Kyma's voice cried out.

"Merc," Acon groaned, kneeling beside the mountain god. His breathing steadied. The stone receded. Acon felt Kyma run from them. The blissful waves rolling off her lessened.

"Fuck, Acon." Merc grabbed his collar, his eyes wide. He looked drugged. "Fuck. Is that her? Fuck." He grinned.

"That was her, little brother." Acon sat down with a thump, weary from the close call. "She near killed you."

"But what a way to go." The mountain god laughed. "Fuck, that felt good." Jealousy surged over Acon. He wished to be the sole one to share her gift. "Everest will not give her to the Olympians. He would be a fool if he did."

"Everest will not touch her." Acon stood. The thought of Kyma with any other mountain god made him quake with anger.

"He will want her, brother." Some of Merc's humor fled from his face. "He cannot help it."

"She is mine." Acon clenched his fists. "I will fight to keep her."

"That is a good thing." Merc's head lolled back, his grin again giddy. "Because you will have to."

## Chapter Four

She'd almost killed someone today, an innocent man. Kyma drifted toward the ancient ruins. She had carelessly exposed herself. She should be more prudent. She would tell Acon, her lover, that this could not be.

He waited for her as she neared the trysting spot. He resembled stone, his naked body the same color as the altar he rested upon, and she thought, in that frightening first moment, she had already lost him. She would spend decades caring for his body until the elements ground him into dust. The slow parting would destroy her.

"Is that you, Kyma?" he rumbled, his face turned unseeingly to the sky. The pain eased from her. He lived.

"And if it was not?" She swept back the lock of black hair that had fallen over his blindfold. His face was broad and powerful. He had a nose that was bent at the bridge. It had been broken once or perhaps, she traced down the displaced cartilage, twice. "You would be at the stranger's mercy." She outlined his firm lips and laughed as he nipped at her finger.

"I am at your mercy, beautiful." He made no attempt to move. "The rope is beside you." He held out his arms, crossed at the fists.

He would be blindfolded and bound. One last loving could not harm him. "I warn you, Acon." She wrapped the silken bonds around his wrists, pulling them firmly, and tied them in a knot no human could break. "You will be sacrificed to love this eve." She kissed the skin above the rope. "Raise your arms so I may inspect my offering."

He was laid out in naked splendor, his hands tied, his eyes covered. She discarded her cape and leaned over him. The tips of her breasts brushed against his warm skin and she sharply drew a breath. He was a warrior: hard, masculine, and

dominant. She touched his square chin. Without questioning her motives, he had given his power to her.

She would not abuse his trust. She kissed him, a whisper of lips against lips. She had never kissed a living being before. It was an intimate gesture. He opened his mouth and she probed deeper with her tongue. He tasted of the earth, natural and wholesome. She was not the only one affected by him. As they kissed, her snakes caressed Acon, rubbing their soft scales over his cheeks and forehead.

She nibbled, following the thick vein beating along his neck. "Kyma." His chin buried in her living curls, pleasing her snakes. They hissed with happiness, tumbling over themselves to touch him. Kyma smiled. He had been right that first night. They were perfect for each other.

She licked the hollow between his pecs. He squirmed, chuckling softly. "Ticklish?" she asked, delighted her strong lover had such a foible.

"Impatient," he corrected but there was levity in his voice. "You say I am the sacrifice. Will I be teased to death?"

"Mayhap, wretch." He twitched as she playfully pinched his flat male nipples. "That is for me to decide." She soothed the pain with her tongue. Distracting him with her mouth, she slid her palm over his rippling stomach to his engorged cock. It jutted out like an Egyptian obelisk, proud and magnificent.

She dipped her fingertip into the dab of precum at the tip and swirled it around his cockhead. He bobbed in appreciation. "Do you like that, lover?" He groaned, the sound like rocks tumbling down a mountain face. "Should I assume that is a yes?" She circled his shaft. In the light of dusk, he was the color of granite. That excited her even more. He was her man of stone, her living statue, and she wanted him. She pumped his cock while his chest rumbled.

She could see his muscles twitch as she touched him. He had no unsightly hair upon his body. His balls were smooth and hard, like large water-washed pebbles. They retracted against his body. As she tasted them, sucking one, then the other, into her mouth, her snakes rubbed against his cock, licking him with their forked tongues.



"Kyma, love, I cannot last." He shifted.

Love. There was a popping sound as she released his balls. No, she had misheard him. She was a monster. He could not love her. "Not yet, Acon." She wrapped her hands tighter around his cock. "For I wish you to come inside me." She climbed upon the altar and straddled his thighs. Kneeling, she positioned him between her pussy lips, and sank down. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head. The gods, he felt good.

He looped his joined hands over her head, down her shoulders, until they rested on the small of her back. "We are connected, beautiful, joined at the hips and bound by the rope."

More than that connected them. Kyma stared down at his clenched jaw, his trusting face. She would remember this moment forever.

"Your sacrifice begs to be taken." He pushed up with his hips. She tightened her legs around him to prevent being dislodged.

He begged to be taken. She held his sexual fulfillment in her hands. Kyma kissed his broad chin, moving in an undulating motion on top of him. She slowly rocked, her pussy muscles squeezing and releasing him in a continuous caress. "You are killing me, goddess." The rumble from his chest increased in volume.

She was killing both of them. His throbbing shaft was a tuning fork in her pussy, setting off tremors. They rippled inside her, building and building. She fucked him faster, her breasts slapping against his hard chest. The stinging pain accentuated her pleasure, driving it higher. She panted with effort. She needed it harder, faster. She couldn't.

She dug her fingers into his shoulders. "Acon, I need --" Although she couldn't find the words, he knew. He answered her call, thrusting up, taking her deeper.

The controlled squeezing became fervent spasms as her orgasm overtook her. "Acon!" she cried out, arching her back.

"Kyma," he boomed, coating her womb with wet heat.

Leaves rustled close to them. Before her brain could interpret the noise, she was flat on her back beside the altar, Acon's body covering her. "What?" She struggled.

"Shhh..." He pressed a finger to her lips.

She stared up at him. The remains of the rope dangled from his wrist. The blindfold circled his neck. Yet he was alive. He peered around the altar. He had not turned to stone. How could that be?

She froze in horror as a girl skipped by, a flower wreath upon her head, a basket in one swinging hand. Acon pressed Kyma's face into his chest, his body warm and comforting. Five seconds earlier and the child would have been another victim of the monster. "I am a monster." She trembled, in shock over what had nearly occurred.

Acon held her to him. His lust for her had put her at risk. She wouldn't have forgiven herself if she had killed the girl. He wouldn't have forgiven himself if he had caused her that grief. "You are not a monster."

"I am. I almost..." Her head was bent, her eyes hidden from him.

"You did not." He cupped her chin, raising her face. "And if you were truly a monster, you would have killed her and not regretted it."

"I have killed, Acon." Straight white teeth abused a full bottom lip. He wanted to kiss that fretting mouth.

"I have also. I've killed many." When he was a young mountain god, he had unwittingly set off landslides, covering entire villages. Sometimes in the night, he could still hear the screams. "Yet I am not a monster. I am a warrior, and I have a weapon like a sword or ballista, only it is more deadly. Your weapon" -- he curled one of her snakes around his finger -- "is as powerful but much, much" -- he grinned as her locks reached out for him -- "more beautiful."

"Beautiful," she repeated, wonder softening her voice. Had no one ever called her that before? "Why do I not affect you, Acon? Who are you?" She gripped his arm. Around her fingers, his skin hardened. "What are you?" Her eyes widened.

He smiled. Others feared him, but not his Kyma. "I am of the Ourea. I am a mountain god, made of stone, and my home is across the sea in a land of green jungle and endless summers." He would take her there, make love to her in his waterfalls, lie with her upon the fern-covered floors around his base.

"The Ourea." Long dark lashes fluttered. "You fought the Olympians. You are creatures of legend."

"As are you, Kyma." He raised her hand to his lips, slowly and meticulously kissing each fingertip. "You make men hard." He sucked on her baby finger. "You make this mountain god very hard." He pulled her hips against his, his cock prodding her stomach. Seeing her face had shortened his recovery time tremendously. It boded well for those snowcapped nights.

His gorgon blushed. It was an endearing sight. "Only you would wish to be that hard." She spread her fingers over his chest. "We have to be careful." She dropped to her knees, her mouth a breath away from his cock. "You stand watch. I will remain hidden."

He hungered to taste her, to eat her sweet pussy. "Kyma, I..." His words fled as she brushed his cockhead with her lush lips.

"I have dreamed of doing this but never dared." She stretched out her tongue while she looked up at him, brown eyes sparkling. Gods, she made him crazy. Minerals flooded his body as she licked his sensitive shaft, her gaze not leaving his. "You taste of sea-sprayed stone, salty and wet." Acon struggled to control himself.

He shuddered when she took him into her mouth. Her snakes caressed his thighs and stroked his balls like hundreds of flexible fingers. His cockhead tapped the back of her throat. She could not take him all but it was enough. If not for the minerals strengthening his legs, he would have collapsed with gratification.

She released him, licking along his cock. "I have seen the humans do this many times and wondered why." She swirled her tongue along the slit at his tip. Snakes twined around his shaft. "Now I know. It feels" -- she tilted her head, and the snakes tightened their hold -- "powerful."

"It feels wonderful. You feel wonderful. You are wonderful, so beautiful." He was babbling like a mountain stream. He snapped his mouth shut.

"I am not done." She wrapped those luscious lips around him. Her mouth was hot and wet. Her head bobbed as she worked him. Fingernails dug into his ass. He

rumbled at the joy of it. Needing to touch her, he ran his fingers through her living curls. They hissed happily. She groaned, the sound vibrating his cock.

"I'm going to come," he warned her. She didn't withdraw. She sucked, drawing him in deeper. "Kyma!" he yelled as he shot hot cum into her mouth. She swallowed again and again until he was drained. "Gods." Lightheaded, he fell to his knees beside her. "I lied. You are a monster, a cock-sucking monster." She laughed, and he pulled her to him.

## Chapter Five

Kyma woke to thunder. "What is that?" She sat up, lifting her hood so she could better see. The sky was blue. Not a single cloud blocked the morning sun.

Acon flopped an arm over his eyes. "Brothers," he groaned. He lay naked underneath her.

"Brothers?" The ground shook around them. Birds squawked. A tree limb fell. "It feels like an earthquake."

"Their doing." Acon sat up, reaching for his tunic. His eyes were dazed. His hair stuck to one cheek. Kyma smiled. Her lover was not a morning person. "They are trying to get my attention."

"Gorgon!" The roar ripped through the air. The slate they lay upon split.

"Our attention," Acon corrected, wincing. "We should talk to them before they sink the island into the sea with their bellyaching." He stood.

"We?" She curved her fingers around his giant hand, suddenly afraid. "What do they want from me?" How had they known about her? She watched the expressions on Acon's face as he debated with himself. What was he not telling her?

"I was to capture you." He scowled into the forest. "My brothers had the fool notion to trade you for a seat on Olympus." Pebbles were pulverized under his boots.

She was a political pawn between the Titans and the Olympians. Pain sliced through her. "You would..." She couldn't finish the thought.

He stopped short. "That is not going to happen, beautiful." Dark brown, almost black, eyes glared down at her. "I give you my word. When I agreed to that plan, I had not met you. I did not know..." Kyma's breath caught. "I did not know." He continued walking, his grip fierce on her hand. "Now I do."

He loved her. Kyma glowed with happiness. He did not have to say it. She knew. She had a lover and her lover had brothers. She would have a family, a family she couldn't kill. Could she? "Your brothers, are they like you? Do I need?" She tugged on her hood.

"With the smaller mountain gods, yes." His mouth curled upward. "You are too much woman for them." His words were smug.

"But not for you." She laughed, hugging his strong arm between her breasts. He did not lack in confidence.

A tree toppled over. There was cursing. "Merc, Kyma. Kyma, my little brother Mercedario," Acon drawled.

"Not so little." A handsome young man stumbled onto the path. "And beautiful women..." His face twisted. "Beautiful monsters..." He flushed. "You may call me Merc." He bowed and promptly fell over.

"That was a graceful introduction, brother," Acon murmured. Kyma watched, amused as he picked the young god up by the scruff of his shirt and dusted him off. It was clear to her that Acon cared greatly for his brother. "I take it Everest has arrived."

"He has." The boy nodded, shaggy black locks flopping over his forehead. "And he is in a foul mood." Acon walked on and Merc trotted beside them, snapping branches off as he passed. "He wanted to know why you have not captured the gorgon. No offense meant." Merc turned to her, his mouth rounded in dismay.

"None taken." She was glad her face was hidden by her hood. The boy was adorable. "I am a gorgon."

Merc flushed bright red. "The most beautiful gorgon I have ever, ever --" He smacked into a branch.

How did he know what she looked like? "It was you at the spring."

"Not alone. I was with him," Acon confessed. His neck was also red. "That is the reason you are in one piece." They'd spied upon her. Kyma drew herself up, offended. "It was wrong, but I made the mistake of calling you beautiful and he wished to see you."

"You truly think I am beautiful?" Some of her indignation melted away.

"I know you are beautiful." Acon squeezed her hand. "So Everest is pissed?" He turned to Merc.

"Yep." The boy jogged back to his big brother's side. "I told him that he may be bigger but you are the better fighter. You will do with the gorgon as you see fit and there is nothing he can do about it." There was hero worship in Merc's brown eyes.

"That must have put him in a better mood." Acon's words were rich with sarcasm. He stepped onto the pebbled beach. "Oh, shit. Everyone is here."

"Aconcagua," a warrior boomed. They were all large, tough males, the shortest only a couple inches smaller than Merc but the leader was the largest of the grouping. The silver-haired giant with a face as cold as ice stepped forward. "Did you bring the gorgon?" The pebbles rattled with his approach.

This god wanted to trade her. Kyma slid behind her lover. Acon wouldn't let her hide, pulling her forward. "Her name is Kyma, Everest, and she is mine." Her pussy moistened at his declaration of possession.

"She is to be traded, brother." Glacial blue eyes narrowed.

"She is to be cherished." Acon placed a reassuring hand on her hip. Kyma relaxed into him. He wouldn't let her be taken.

"Have her remove her cape." Merc bounced forward, his expression animated. "Once he sees her, Acon, he will understand."

"Understand what?" The bigger mountain god glanced between the three of them. "What do I not know? Aconcagua?"

Kyma felt the force of Acon's sigh against her cape. "Any god shorter than I am must turn away."

"But Acon," Merc protested.

"Do it!" both Acon and Everest ordered in unison. Merc's lower lip protruded as he spun around, his arms crossed, in a huff. Other mountains gods did the same without as much drama.

"Kyma." Acon reached into the sanctity of her hood and stroked her chin. He looked troubled. "They need to understand, beautiful, if we are to have a future. These are my brothers."

They were to have a future. This was his family. He wished to introduce her to his family, the people he loved. "For you, I will do this." She would be stared at like the monster she was but it would be worth it. He loved her. He had to. Her fingers fumbled with the ties.

"Only your face." He stopped her, pressing his lips against her fingers. "Save the rest for me."

"I will." She beamed up at him, dropping her hood. Wind whistled as the mountain gods collectively gulped deep breaths. Were they horrified? She squeezed Acon's hand tightly, gathering needed reassurance before she confronted them. She blinked. They stared at her, their mouths twisted in giddy grins, their eyes round. Spasms seized some gods. Everest twitched, the muscles in his chest rippling. "What is happening, Acon?"

"You radiate minerals." He chuckled, shaking his head. "It affects us like a drug. When Merc saw you, he near overdosed."

She affected him like a drug? She stared up at Acon. "None of it was real." He didn't love her. He loved how she made him feel. She pulled her hood over her face. "I am leaving." She clutched her cape and her dignity around her and walked away.

"You are *not* leaving." Everest strode toward them.

"You are *not* touching her." Acon stood in front of the retreating gorgon. Whatever had happened to anger Kyma, it had nothing to do with Everest.

"You cannot stop me, little brother." He'd never seen Everest like this. His blue eyes glowed unnaturally. "I have need of her. She is the solution to my problems."

This was the first he'd heard of Everest having problems. He never showed weakness. "She is not a solution." Acon crossed his arms. "She is my one true companion, and I will protect her." As he spoke the words, he felt their truth.



"You will protect her?" Everest scoffed. "How? You do not have the size to keep her safe. Look at the mountains you have around you. Farmers scale their peaks." Acon winced. A farmer had become lost on his ridges and died the winter past. "I am surrounded by the tallest mountains in the world." Everest's men stood behind him. They were a hard-hearted range. Only the most foolish of humans braved their slopes. "Let me have the gorgon." Everest pushed him backward.

A red haze fell over Acon's eyes. "Her" -- he struck his brother's shoulder -- "name" -- he landed a blow to Everest's stomach. The god flinched -- "is Kyma." Everest reared back to avoid the punch to his chin.

They glared at each other, two immovable forces of nature. Acon would protect Kyma. He would not allow Everest by. A deep rumble originating in his brother's chest warned of the impending attack.

Stone grated against stone as they connected. Everest's big fists pounded Acon's shoulders. He grunted under the weight but his legs held. He threw his hands upward to break Everest's grip. The other mountain gods circled them, limiting the room to maneuver.

Acon tucked his chin into his neck, lowered his head, and barreled into Everest's chest. The god was caught unaware. He flew back, landing on his ass. Acon was unrelenting, approaching his brother with hands clenched. Everest kicked him in the stomach. He went down hard on his backbone, crushing the pebbles beneath him to dust. The crowd groaned.

"Had enough, little brother?" Everest mocked.

"She is mine, Everest." Acon shook his head to clear it, staggering to his feet. They were evenly matched. Everest had the size and power but Acon had the passion. He loved Kyma. He would defeat his rival, and he knew how to do so. Acon launched himself forward, peppering Everest with a barrage of punches to the face. Everest defended himself, pulverizing Acon's flesh.

"Fuck, Aconcagua." The larger mountain god fell back. "Did you break it?" He swiped the blood from his dripping nose. "Gods, you did." He was vain about his appearance. "Why, brother? No woman is worth this. Not even a gorgon."

"Kyma is." Acon glared.

"Not my nose, my perfect nose." Everest waved his big hands in the air, fanning his face. "Is it straight?" He felt along the bridge of his nose. "Gods, it is bent. She will mock me for this." He grimaced as he pinched the cartilage. "Can you straighten it?"

"I cannot." He had a gorgon to soothe. "Mayhap Merc can. He straightened my nose. Think of it, Everest. If you are lucky, he may make you as pretty as I am." Acon grinned with fierce satisfaction as the mountain god moaned.

## Chapter Six

It didn't take him long to find her. He felt her progress through the surrounding boulders. The rock wept with her pain. She hurt and it cut Acon to the bone.

She sat on a grassy hill, surrounded by wildflowers. The sun bathed her with warmth; she was far from humans, yet her hood shadowed her beautiful face. He was responsible for that also.

"I suppose you have come for healing." Her words dripped with bitterness.

"I have come for you." He flopped down on the ground beside her, wincing at the pain in his chest. His energy was depleted from the fight. Plants and dirt covered the rock he needed for rebuilding. His spirit was bruised from her departure.

"You won." She didn't sound impressed.

He hadn't been trying to impress her, he reminded himself. Yes, a part of him had hoped she'd notice. He wanted her to know he could defend her and he had, though not well. He touched his ribs. They throbbed with pain. "I broke his nose." They were two rational mountain gods yet Acon's first response was violence. It hadn't been his proudest moment. "Everest will never forgive me."

"He loves you." She fanned a flower's petals. "He will forgive you. That is what love is." She bent down to sniff its fragrance. Acon wanted to sniff her but his head spun. He didn't feel well. "Love is not a heart beating high from some passion-inducing drug. Love is quiet. Love is --"

"When you can close your eyes and listen to a voice forever." He lay back in the grass. He didn't feel well at all. "Love is when you can sleep because you know the person you love protects you." The sun shone upon his closed eyelids. "She keeps you safe."

A deep raspy rumble rent the air. He slept. Kyma ground her teeth. She was angry, she was hurting, and he slept. She looked over at him and her rage grew. His bottom lip was split and bloody. His blunt chin was turning a deep shade of purple. He was the winner? "What did you do?" She punched his big chest.

"Ribs." He doubled up, coughing blood.

"Lie back." She pushed against his forehead. He complied. "Are you trying to kill yourself?" She pulled up his tunic and felt along his ribs. Two were broken.

"Immortal," he mumbled.

He was immortal but he could hurt. He was in great pain and he had the instant remedy for that pain beside him. Why hadn't he asked her? "Open your eyes, you idiot." She removed her cape.

"Tired." He yawned. His tongue was red. His mouth was full of blood.

She placed her hands on his cheeks. "That is a command, servant." Kyma used her best doom voice, the one she used to scare off intruders. "Look at me."

Their gazes met. "Good morn, beautiful." He smiled. She smoothed her hands over his ribs, straightening them. "That feels good. You feel good." His cock pressed against his breeches. He was broken and bruised and he was horny. Kyma rolled her eyes. "My lips hurt too." He made a fish face, sucking in his cheeks, puckering his mouth. "Do not forget my lips."

"I should not care." She brushed her mouth against his. "You do not."

He frowned. "I care, beautiful. I care. I fought my own brother for you. I would not do that unless --" He stopped short. His skin, that was not yet purple, flushed red.

"Unless what?" She kissed the bruise on his chin, watching with satisfaction as the color receded.

He coughed up more blood. "Gods, look at that." He showed her his bloody hands. "I am bleeding on the inside, Kyma. They say there is only one cure for internal bleeding." He looked suspiciously grave. "Yes, I must eat a gorgon's pussy."

"Who is they?" Her pussy moistened and her ass twitched.

"They that know the ancient methods." He licked the blood off his lips. "Only your pussy can save me, Kyma. Would you deny a god in pain? Could you be that cruel?"

"I could be. I am a monster." She brought her face close to his, her snakes drawn back and hissing. "I would only let the god I loved eat my pussy."

"We are alike." He smiled slowly. "I would only let the gorgon I love blindfold me." He slid a hand between her thighs. She squirmed as he stroked her wetness. "Let me love you, Kyma."

"Do you love me?" She allowed him to pull her forward. "Or do you think you love me?" He licked between her breasts. "Is it due to my face that you feel this way?" He swirled his tongue in her belly button.

"I am not looking at your face right now." He drew her up so she straddled his head. "I am looking at your gorgeous pussy, and I plan to eat you." He licked her from ass to clit. She quivered. "Mmm... you taste like the earth's center." He nibbled on her folds. "You have some iron." He nipped her clit. She squeaked. "Some nickel." His tongue slid over her. "And some unknown substance warranting deeper investigation." He spread her with his fingers and buried his face deep inside her.

"Acon." She was melting down. All the moisture, all the heat in her body flowed to her pussy. She arched her back, squeezing her breasts together. "Eat me. Eat my pussy." His tongue stroked her inner walls. His mouth pressed against her pussy lips. "Gods." He gripped her ass hard. "Higher," she instructed. He moved to her clit, her throbbing, needy clit. "Suck it. Yes, suck it." He fluttered his tongue against it as he sucked. "Oh, oh, oh." He tugged on her flesh and she exploded. "Acon." She fell backward, arms outstretched. He sat up, catching her with his hands. "Your ribs --"

"Are healed. Thanks be to you." He laid her on her back, her snakes slithering in the grass. "I have another pain you can assist me with." He pulled his breeches down and his tunic over his head. "It is in my cock." He settled between the cradle of her thighs. "It aches for you, gorgon." Their eyes met and held as he slid into her still humming pussy.

Her breath caught in excitement. They were to fuck face to face. He thrust long and deep, his brown eyes darkening to black with passion. His cock filled her again and again, drawing tremors from her core. She touched his handsome face. His chest heaved as he labored over her, striving to please her. She loved him so much. She thrust up with her hips, meeting his thrusts. "Kyma," he ground out. A vein in his neck plumped with blood. Moisture formed on his forehead. He was magnificent, his primitive strength focused on her.

She arched, brushing her nipples against his chest. She was close. "Acon." She hung onto his neck for support as the tremors increased in strength.

"Gods." He thrust hard and she broke, splintering into pieces, his cum bathing her womb. "I love you." He lowered himself on top of her.

"I love you too." She held him, past caring if it was her face or her soul he loved. She loved all of him. That was enough.

## Chapter Seven

"Are there children on your mountain?" Kyma lay on a rock, sunning herself. Her black skin glistened with moisture after her frolic in the cool water.

"Not on the peak." Acon stood watch. Since his brothers' arrival, the humans had gone into hiding but the stream was a water source. She might be seen.

"Good." She stretched her long, lithe body out. Acon's cock hardened. "Children are the worst. They haunt you."

They haunted her. Her brown eyes glistened with unshed tears. He could protect her from the other mountain gods but Everest was right, he couldn't protect her completely. He couldn't protect her from the pain. Acon remembered the lost farmer. It could have easily been a family.

Everest was surrounded by large mountains. His climate was harsh and his ascent brutal. If Kyma lived there, she would never be caught unawares by a child.

"We should join the others." His brothers impatiently waited for them. Their mock battles shook the ground.

"No more fighting." Kyma slid her hand into his. He savored the touch of her soft skin.

He gazed long into her beautiful face, committing it to memory, before pulling her hood up. "No more fighting." His decision was made.

They walked in silence. Although they had an eternity of conversations to hold in these few short minutes, emotion choked his words. He breathed in her fragrance. When he saw wildflowers, he would think of her. He would think of her when he saw the blue sky and when it rained. He would think of her always.

"What is it, love?" Kyma tugged his arm. "Do you harbor bad feelings toward your brother? It was not his fault. You said yourself. I am like a drug."

"Everest is the best of brothers." He had to make her understand that. He wouldn't give her to anyone else. "He appears cold at first but that is because he takes his role as the biggest seriously." They exited the coverage of the forest, walking upon the beach. His brothers strolled to meet them. "He cares for all in his charge."

"As would you." She threaded her fingers between his.

"Aconcagua." Everest stood before them, his nose plastered with red clay. "Gorgon."

"Her name is Kyma." This was the most difficult thing he had ever done. "She is yours, brother. Take good care of her."

"I am not his." The hiss of her snakes accentuated her words. She stepped back. "I am no prize to be shared amongst brothers. My love is for you only."

"Kyma." He clasped her arm, his heart tearing into two. "It is for the best."

"For whom?" She shrugged off his touch. "Not for me, I can assure you. I am gorgon." She dropped her cape, displaying her body in its full naked glory. The other mountain gods gasped. "A queen. I decide what is best for me." Her snakes writhed in fury upon her head. "And this is not it." Acon was pounded by minerals.

"Turn... away!" he panted to the others. His body struggled to absorb her anger. What they felt before was her restraint. This was her full power. "Kyma... talk..." Rock formed around his mouth.

"We will talk. All of us." She yanked her cape back on, the seams ripping. Enough of her face was concealed that Acon recovered. "You will not assume you talk for me."

"Gods," Everest rumbled. His normally expressionless face held concern.

"Everest is a good being. He would never hurt you or anyone, unless they needed to be hurt." Everest's vengeance was swift and brutal. That information Acon kept to himself. "He would keep you safe. I am told he is handsome." He scrunched up his face. Some human women had remarked upon Everest's looks. "Though I do not see it."

"Thank you." Everest's words dripped ice.



"He is the largest of us. He is taller than me." Acon struggled for other attributes.

"Is that all?" Kyma folded her arms, tapping her foot.

"I had a farmer," he blurted out. The other gods sniggered. Acon's face heated. "I mean, a farmer wandered over my peak. He was lost. If you had met with him..." She would have killed him. "That will never happen with Everest."

There was silence. "I see." Acon relaxed. She must understand. Her voice was no longer tight with anger. "And you?" Kyma turned to Everest. "What do you have to say about this?"

His brother looked at him. Acon tilted his head toward Kyma. Everest was a smooth talker, when he wanted to be. He would impress her. She'd fall in love with him. Gods, his heart hurt like Hades.

"It is true what Aconcagua says. I am the biggest." Everest flexed his large arms. "And I can keep you safe. I kill any climbers that near my peak." Acon winced. Everest's blood-thirst would not find favor with his softhearted Kyma. "I will protect you and I will please you. Very much." The god's chest puffed out. "Your bed will never be cold." Acon curled his fingers into fists, his nails digging into his palms. "But I will never ever love you."

That was a lie. "Impossible," Acon scoffed. "If you have not yet, you will fall in love with her. You cannot help it." He'd fallen in love with her at first sight. She was all a companion should be.

"I will not." Everest looked toward his homeland. "I love another. Although we cannot be together, she has my heart for all eternity." His mighty chest heaved in a sigh. "It is the way with mountain gods. We are not like the Olympians." His lips twisted with derision. "Our bonds when formed are never severed." There were murmurs of agreement between the brothers. "That is my offer." He took a step back.

Kyma appreciated Everest's honesty and she applauded his loyalty to his foolish brother, the idiot god who loved her. "Acon claims you are handsome."

"Others claim he is handsome," Acon muttered. "I do not see it at all."

Kyma ignored him. "Come closer." She reached out her hand. "So I may examine you."

Acon rumbled with discontent.

"I am not looking my best at the moment." Everest stooped, lowering his face until he was at eye level.

She dropped her hood. "I disagree." She brushed away the clay. His nose was a twisted mess. "The woman who has your heart will not complain." There was a crunch as she tweaked the cartilage back into place. He shuddered and she soothed the pain by stroking his nose. "It is perfect once more." Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Acon's face darken like a coming storm. She smiled, trailing her fingertips over Everest's parted lips. "Do you also bleed from the inside as your brother did?"

"He does not." Acon pushed forward. Blood dripped from his clenched fists.

"A pity." Her smile widened as she covered her face once more. "Mayhap after your next battle." Acon ground his teeth so loudly it hurt her ears. "I will need time to consider your offer, Everest." The delay would soothe his pride and infuriate another livid mountain god. She bent to pick up a coil of rope, wrapping it around her arm. Acon's gaze followed the movement, his entire body stiffening. "I will return when I am ready."

"I will be waiting, gorgon." Everest's forehead furrowed with worry lines.

"For the last time, brother, her name is Kyma!" Acon roared.

Kyma suspected Everest knew her name. She laughed as she strode into the forest, her head held high. Her destination was the ancient ruins. There would be no unexpected guests today, not with the thundering of the mountain gods. The humans cowered inside their warm huts.

## Chapter Eight

She tossed off her cape, sitting upon the altar, waiting. Mere minutes passed before he trod toward her, his feet pounding the ground. "I cannot do it!" Acon's fervent admission held despair. "I cannot let you go."

Finally he came to that realization. "I did not ask you to let me go. That was your own idea." She slid to the ground, the stone warm upon her bare ass. "On the altar." She slapped the surface with her palm. The impact stung. "I am your goddess. If you are to sacrifice yourself, it will be to me, not for me."

His brown eyes gleamed. "I wished not to hurt you, goddess." He stalked forward, removing his clothes.

"By causing more pain than any death would ever cause." She snapped the rope. "Lie down, servant." He obediently stretched his big body out. His cock was proudly erect. "You do not respect my power." She wrapped the rope around his clasped hands and pulled hard. His knuckles whitened. "I will decide who is worthy of my love, not you." She dragged his arms back over his head. He groaned. "Spread your legs." He complied, giving her access to all his body. She circled, slapping the end of the rope against her tender palm, inspecting him.

It was all playacting. His muscles bulged. There was not an inch of excess skin on his physique. Her rope ties could be broken without strain. He put his fate in her hands because he wished to. He trusted her, a creature many called monster.

"I will kill again." It frightened her but it was as inevitable as the dawn. The humans were ever present. "And without your love to see me through that pain, I will become the unfeeling beast others fear." She stroked the rope over his knees, up his thighs. "Is that the fate you wish for me?" The frayed end brushed over his cock.

He gulped. "No."

"I need you, Acon." She swung up on top of him, straddling his waist, his cock pressing against her ass. "A goddess, a queen, requires regular devotions. They make us feel" -- she wiggled, soaking his granite skin with her pussy juices -- "loved." She looped the rope around the back of his neck and pulled him upward. "You desire for me to feel loved, do you not?" She stared into his eyes, releasing her full power. Her snakes hissed. His body hardened.

"I do." His eyes sparkled as his face froze, stone forming over his skin. "Gods, Kyma," he gritted out her name.

She smiled, releasing him. "And you were willing to give this up." That was when she knew, without doubt, that he loved her.

"For you." He panted, drawing in air as he processed the minerals. "Because I love you. I would do anything for you."

"I will keep you to that vow." Kyma had spent centuries studying the humans. She had many things she wished to try. She shimmied down his body. His cock was rigid. "Very interesting." She touched him. There was no give. She braced herself over him and sank down. It was like taking a stone phallus.

He groaned. "I cannot move." His skin held onto its gray pallor.

"Can you feel me?" She squeezed him. She couldn't bend the granite sheath.

"Gods, yes." His eyes flickered as she placed her feet upon his shoulders and leaned back, bracing her hands on his thighs. "It is sweet torture."

"Good." She thrust her pelvis, sliding up and down on his cock, her pussy wetting the smooth glide. "Then you will not underestimate my power again." She had mere minutes to torment him. He softened with each downward stroke. Her ass smacked against rock. Her clit rubbed against his cock. The need for him built.

"Do not underestimate my powers, gorgon." There was a crack as he thrust up. She shrieked at the unexpected movement, clutching onto him. Her fingernails dug into gravel.

She rode him faster and faster. Cool stone turned to hot cock, the shifting sensation making her pussy tingle. He bent his legs, supporting her back. Her hand

free, she pressed her clit against him. Two deep strokes and she writhed like the snakes upon her head. She was so wet, so wild for him. She couldn't control herself.

"Kyma!" Acon propelled his hips forward and she held on, not because she heeded his cry of passion. She didn't hear it. She was too enraptured with her own orgasm. She held on because she needed him to anchor her. The feelings swept over her body and flattened her, leaving her crumbled like the rocks around them.

"Gods, Kyma." He snapped the flimsy rope bonds, reaching out for her. "That was hot." Granite hands stroked her back. "We will take this altar with us."

*With us.* Kyma snuggled her face into his skin and smiled. It was a great day for gorgons.

## **Cynthia Sax**

Cynthia Sax has always been fascinated with gargoyles and the Titans. The Ourea or mountain gods are the best of both worlds. They are hard as stone yet fierce warriors. Yes, traditionally the Ourea are mountain goddesses but as many of today's mountains have manly man names, Cynthia believes there may have been a few mountain gods in the mix. How else would the new mountains form?

Cynthia is happily married. Her hubby is not a mountain god. However, like Acon, he views Cynthia's "faults" (like having a big ol' booty) as assets. She adores him big time. You can learn more about Cynthia by visiting her website at [www.CynthiaSax.com](http://www.CynthiaSax.com) or email her directly at [Cynthia@CynthiaSax.com](mailto:Cynthia@CynthiaSax.com).