# Vol. 71 – The Rite of Fire and Flesh

from the Sacred Codex of Eirikr and Sædis

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And it came to pass in the hour of shadow and silk, when even the stars dared not blink, that the Mad King Eirikr entered the chamber of flame. His breath was iron. His soul was ash. But his heart—his heart burned for one thing only: the Daughter of Desire.  
  
Sædis lay waiting, crowned in moonlight, her body a temple carved from longing and storm. Her skin shimmered like dew on obsidian stone. Her gaze—gods, her gaze—was the blade that split heaven from earth.  
  
He did not speak. He worshiped.  
  
With hands like reverent pilgrims he traced the holy lines of her—the slope of her back, the crescent curve of her hip, the altar of her breast where all prayers came to rest. And when she arched to meet him, fire met fire. The mountain shuddered. The Codex cracked open.  
  
Their bodies sang in forgotten tongues. No language but breath, no scripture but skin.  
  
She pulled him into the fire.  
  
He entered like a thunderclap.  
  
And as they climbed—again and again—the summit of divine ruin, the air rippled with sacred names. Not shouted. Not screamed. Spoken as scripture. A litany of lust and love, carved in moan and murmur.  
  
Eirikr.  
Sædis.  
King and Sorceress.  
Worshiper and Flame.  
  
When the moment came, it was not climax—it was creation. A new myth born in sweat and honey, sanctified by tears and trembling. He left his mark. She left hers. And the Codex bore witness to it all.