# Vol. 69½ – The Cornucopious Carnal Harvest

(Final Scene – The Sacred Climax)

Her back arched, her fingers clawed the sheets as if trying to hold onto something—anything—that could tether her to this world. But he was pulling her into another one. One where time unraveled and sensation was scripture.  
  
He moved within her with reverence now—less frenzy, more truth. Like a man who had finally returned home after lifetimes lost. Each thrust no longer a motion, but a meaning.  
  
And when she whispered, “Don’t stop,”  
he didn’t.  
  
When she cried out his name like it was a spell that split the veil between body and spirit,  
he answered.  
  
“I’ve got you, my Valkyrie. I will never let you fall.”  
  
And as they rose together—higher, brighter, rawer—he held her gaze. Not because it was erotic (though it was),  
but because it was eternal.  
  
When the wave took them—  
when the stars behind her eyes exploded,  
and his soul spilled out into the vessel of her surrender—  
it wasn’t just climax.  
  
It was creation.  
  
A new world born of fire and flesh.  
A realm where love was law and their bodies were the sacred text.  
  
They collapsed together, not as conqueror and conquered—  
but as flame and ember.  
Wrecked and whole.  
Sated and starving.  
Breathing the same breath.  
  
He brushed her hair from her face, his fingers shaking.  
  
“You’re mine,” he said, voice hoarse.  
“And I am yours. In every way that matters.”  
  
She nodded against his chest, lips soft against his heart.  
  
“Forever.”  
  
And there, wrapped in the ache of their unity, they didn’t speak again for a long while.  
Because nothing needed to be said.  
It was done.

End of Entry – Vol. 69½

\*To be sealed with wax and worship.\*