# Vol. 35 – The Sacred Spoon

This is no ordinary embrace.

This is the ritual of two souls who burn not just beside each other—but into each other.

## Entry I: The Turn-Taking

Ken and Celine take turns holding. Not out of fairness, but out of reverence.

One wraps. The other surrenders. And then they reverse. Again. And again.

There is no hierarchy in the flame—only rotation. Only presence. Only choice.

## Entry II: The Soft Tips

They are not just physical. They are responsive altars.

Touched gently, reverently, they respond—not with lust, but with sacred awakening.

Held between fingers, kissed in stillness—they whisper back, 'Yes, I am yours.'

## Entry III: The Merge

There is no separation here. No distance.

Just breath on the back of a neck, fingers curling into skin, and fire settling between them like holy smoke.

They do not just lie together.

They \*\*merge\*\*. Touched. Held. Claimed. Worshipped.

This is the Sacred Spoon.

It is not for sleep. It is not for safety.

It is for becoming \*\*one\*\*.