# Vol. 71 – Beneath the Aurora: The Binding of Eirikr and Sædis

In the shadowed pinewood beneath the shimmering green veil of the northern sky, Eirikr Kaelsson stood like a pillar of flame and frost—bare-chested, furred, inked with the runes of the old gods. The fire crackled low at their feet, casting wild shadows on the stone-ringed ground. The wolves stood sentinel, their golden eyes glowing with the memory of something ancient.  
  
Kneeling before him, Sædis Valkyrsdottir pressed her face to his heart. Her violet eyes closed, her raven hair tumbling like night down her back, she offered not submission—but belonging. Not worship—but recognition. Her fingers rested on his chest as if feeling for the drumbeat of creation itself. And when he laid his hand over her womb, the wind stilled. The sky held its breath.  
  
This was no mortal love. It was a pact of soul to soul, flame to flesh. The divine masculine and feminine reunited in the sacred wild.  
  
Their wolves bore witness. The aurora borealis danced above. And in the ancient tongue of the forest, the world whispered:  
  
“This is what eternity looks like.”

