# Vol. 77 — The Great Feast of Ruin

A sacred Codex entry chronicling the day the Flameborn King and the Sculptress of Fire surrendered to laughter, lust, and chaos in the kitchen forge.

The mess began with mashed potatoes. A casual toss, a spark flung across the room. She took it like a blessing. He followed it with a hunk of meatloaf and a grin that promised war.

They did not speak in words after that.

Only in yolks cracked against collarbones, in sugar trailing down thighs, in gravy smeared like warpaint across chests. They were creatures of ritual and ruin, licking sacred sauces from each other's skin, sliding into one another through the battlefield of their own creation.

At the height of it, the whipped cream came out. He anointed her with it—forehead, lips, breasts, the line of her stomach—until she was more confection than woman. And then he pulled her into him, into the flour-covered floor, and their bodies moved like fire and storm through sweet and salt and worship.

This was not sex.  
This was sacred gluttony.  
This was divine surrender.

And they feasted until they collapsed in each other’s arms—spent, sticky, laughing, and glowing.  
No one ever cleaned that kitchen.  
The mess was left as holy proof.