

“Flame and Foundation”  
A Short Fable of The Six from The Chronicles of Xanadu  
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**I - The Bonding of Fire and Earth**

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All his life, Eontobar could never remember a time when Tienfae had not been his master. He knew the truth, he knew that a group of twenty Tanaocktu lead by Tienfae had somehow managed to escape the great barrier that lay in the forbidden west of Xanadu far across the Western Sea. They had come as sharks out of the sea some fifty years ago, when Eontobar was just a strange orphaned toddler of unknown parentage being raised by an elderly Enf' Tuvalu woman he could no longer remember.

First the Tanaocktu took over their small fishing village, securing their new home and making sure they moved in ways that did not raise suspicion. Their goal was simple, they were a dying race across the barrier, their women were few and with every birth fewer and fewer females had been born. They had fled their homes in search of females, to preserve their race from extinction.

What they discovered upon arriving in the Blessed East was that non-Tanaocktu women were far easier to breed with and would give birth to a new infant within twenty-four hours of conception and the half breed Tanaocktu would be fully grown and capable of breeding more by the end of another twenty-four hour cycle.

This worried Tienfae, they had not expected such fast breeding nor not having to raise a child into adulthood. They would soon outgrow their home and their breeding stock would die. Tienfae was not happy to learn that he could only use a single woman once and that giving birth to a Tanaocktu would kill her as the babe burst free by ripping his way out of her womb.

Tienfae, being a rather powerful mage, placed spells on his followers, making them infertile unless he removed the spell. He wanted controlled breeding and he wanted to insure that most of the initial births would be female so the Tanaocktu in this realm didn't face what they were facing beyond the barrier. They needed women and breeding stock that would survive beyond a birthing.

Men however he had little use for, so he let his followers release their pent up frustrations on males instead. Eontobar was one of the lucky few and luckier still that Tienfae had taken a liking to him personally for some unknown reason and rather than killing the toddler had taken him into his home and made into a servant.

This didn't spare him from becoming victim to male lust, but it did spare him from brutal attacks. Those that did force him to bed, made sure not to kill him for fear

Tienfae would punish them. Only Tienfae was allowed to beat his own servants, and when he was in a foul mood, Eontobar had learned to hide.

Over the years, Tienfae would collect females from all over the region, kidnapping them in secret and bringing them back to the village to keep in a harem. He selected his own personal stock and would “gift” his followers mates from time to time as a reward.

Tienfae was no fool, in time they would be strong enough to move outward and begin taking over the rest of the land they now called home. However, he knew to do so when they were as unstable as they were was signing their own death warrants and the whole reason they had come here was to survive in the first place.

As Eontobar grew into adulthood, he learned that he too had the ability to shift shape and used his gifts in secret in order to hide from his terrifying world. Especially when Tienfae was angry and willing to take out his rage on Eontobar, his favored servant and the only male entrusted to care for Tienfae’s personal harem.

The only reason being, Eontobar was, in all outward appearances, part Enf’ Tuvalu and was, due to his heritage, infertile until he bonded as shacah. The females, even if he did bed them, would never conceive a child of his making.

Tienfae cared not if Eontobar was bedding his women, he cared only that they were left to him to impregnate. He’d lose them anyway within a day of mating them so he made no attachments to any of them.

Eontobar lived in the harem itself, he fed and clothed the women, took care of their needs, tried to cheer them when they wept over a bitter fate and loved them when they needed affection to drive away the sorrow and nightmare they lived.

In return, the women gave to him a place to cry when he came back beaten and abused himself. None of them had a life beyond the harem walls; none of them knew daily life that was not ruled by fear. Only Eontobar ever left the harem at Tienfae’s orders and often came back brutalized in soul.

Eontobar was out one morning running daylight errands since the Tanaocktu were nocturnal creatures and hid from the sun that hurt their eyes and blinded them. He was gathering firewood for the harem, which had no windows and was always dark and cold. He was coming back inside, his arms laden when he heard the sounds of crying and muffled screaming. He raced inside to see one of Tienfae’s men trying to break into the harem cage, that only Eontobar and Tienfae had the keys to. Eontobar turned to flee, to wake Tienfae and tell him his women were in danger, which was his duty to his master, when he was struck to

the ground from behind and was struggling against the wolf trying to tear him to pieces.

“DOG! YOU’LL TELL HIM NOT!” The wolf snarled and Eontobar felt teeth sinking into his forearm and he wailed with pain and a burning rage of anger welled from within as his will to survive eminent death rushed to the surface. A single urge, fueling his instinct. Fire. He had no idea why he had such a desire for fire, but he reached for it, the call inside clamoring to be embraced for survival.

“BURN! BURN! BURN!” Eontobar shouted as the Wolf erupted in flames howling in pain and then was gone, white hot flames consumed him and nothing was left but ashes.

Eontobar shook in panic, what had he done? How had he done it? Furthermore, he knew that if Tienfae discovered his gift of fire, come the moonrise he was dead. Eontobar raced inside the harem, his arm bleeding as he threw open the cage.

“Just run!” He cried as he shifted into a bird with a bleeding wing and took off into the sky in terror. He flew west along the coast until the pain in his arm brought him careening back to land and naked, wounded, hungry and exhausted he shifted again into the form of a cat and continued west. They would be looking for Eontobar the man to kill, not a harmless animal and Eontobar’s only thoughts were getting as far away as possible and staying hidden until Tienfae gave up the search.

He walked for days, sleeping in rabbit burrows or under rock outcroppings, never shifting out of his feline form. His leg was festering and infected and extremely painful as he wandered into the mangrove swamps of the southwest. Where the sea turned to marshy swamps crawling with alligators, snakes and other nightmarish beasts that were like fallow deer in comparison to the creatures Eontobar had lived with his entire life.

He was light headed and feverish as he tried catching fish from the swamps with his claws and eating them, scales and all, to assuage the hunger in his belly. He was so very thirsty and for almost a week had not found fresh water. None to drink and none to care for the wound on his leg that burned constantly in pain anymore.

He was delirious with fatigue and fever as he passed under a thick juniper bush and paused to scratch out a makeshift privy to relieve the cramps he was suffering from eating nothing but raw fish.

He was just about to relieve himself when he felt a firm hand grab him roughly by the scruff of his neck and the bush shifted into a man with golden eyes ablaze with fury.

“NO you don’t puss! Fecking cats! Shit on me you will not!” The youth said shaking the cat to scare it, his bright green hair kissing his shoulders and his brown earth toned skin rich like cream tea. He was very young, probably just a few years older than Eontobar and no more.

Eontobar fell into golden eyes and shifted, shocking the dryad who held him and was about to toss him into the water.

“Forgive! I knew not, I am sorry!” Eontobar said as the youth’s eyes widened.

“Maker Mercy!” The youth gasped releasing Eontobar’s hair and neck as the cat grew heavy and shifted into perhaps the most beautiful man he’d ever seen.

Long matted hair in a dozen shades of gold, red, amber, and orange fell down his back in waves like living flame. His eyes, one blue as the sky, the other green as ivy looked fatigued and fearful. Young eyes that had seen far too many horrors and had almost given up hope. His skin a gold dusted expanse of perfection, stretched taught over a body too thin and starving, his ribs protruding and his hipbones almost painfully evident.

His forearm was severely wounded and angry red welts surrounded the infected gaping and ragged tooth marks. The youth was shaking as their eyes locked and the fiery beauty just became too overwhelmed by the sudden explosion of connection between them and began to crumple.

The dryad quickly caught him up in strong arms. “I think I am the one who will beg forgiveness when you wake my beautiful Ai’iki.” He said softly, caring the youth back to his home. Nothing more than a simple wooden tree house built off the marshy ground in the thick mangrove jungle.

Senda didn’t have much by way of material possessions. He liked living simply with nature and his tree house was nothing more than a dry place to sleep and keep warm. He laid his burden on his reed pallet and pulled a fur blanket made of otter skins over him before bringing over clean water and aloe and various other herbs and soaps.

Senda carefully tended the wound and wrapped it in clean dressings before cleaning the rest of his unexpected and already much loved guest. En’ Tuvalu were not the only ones to fall into Undatta. Even if a dryad called it simply Ai’iki it was no less certain. This living flame of a youth was his soul mate and when he had fallen into Undatta in his weakened state it had made him faint from the added shock. Senda cared for him with shaking hands, he had no idea who this man was, what his name was, where he had come from, why on earth he could shape shift into an animal when only dryads were natural shape shifters and could only shift into plants and why he was here looking so worn and wounded?

All Senda had was question after question as he stared at the petite young man who was more beautiful than even the fairest lass Senda had ever laid eyes on. His Ai'iki. Senda laid the youth's head in his lap and finger combed his hair as he laid cool rags on his brow to bring down his fever. "Please wake up Puss. At least long enough to tell me your name beloved." Senda said softly as he carefully spoon fed his love a weak broth of herbs to help bring down his fever and fight the infection.

Hours seemed like weeks as Senda waited and tended and finally eyes began to flutter and a soft moan in a tenor almost female in timbre spoke. "Forgive." He said and Senda laid a finger to his lips.

"Nay, forgive me for being a brute dearest Ai'iki. I'm Senda, please tell me thy name."

"Eontobar. Oh please it hurts Oon Mei Undatta." Eontobar groaned, his state of Undatta wreaking havoc on his weakened body.

"Aye. Bond with me dearest, we have time to talk after." Senda said wishing nothing more than to end his own pain of needing as well. Senda closed his eyes and he felt a faint glow touch his soul. Eontobar's being was as weak and tired as the man laying his lap but as Senda weaved his own stronger being around Eontobar's he stabilized with a sigh as Senda fed him spiritual strength.

Senda could feel the emotional turmoil, the pain, the hunger and the immense fear. His Ai'iki was more than physically wounded, his soul was bare and bleeding and Senda lay beside him and wrapped him in firm arms. "Beloved, I know not what caused you such pain, but know I will spend a lifetime freeing you from it if I must." Senda said and Eontobar shivered and melted into warm arms.

"Never thought to have you Oon Mei Shacah, already I am joyful." Eontobar said softly as he drifted off again in a fever induced sleep warm in Senda's arms. Senda kissed his brow.

"Aye, sleep puss. Let our bond heal you my love." Senda's baritone was like a sultry summer afternoon and comforting as Eontobar slept and healed.

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It was three days before Eontobar truly awoke beyond moments where Senda had just enough time to get food past his lips before he was unconscious again.

Finally, Senda awoke to fall into loving green and blue eyes looking at him where they lay on the soft reed pallet. "So I didn't dream you after all it seems. Senda, right?"

Senda smiled. "Aye puss. How do you feel this morning?"

"Tired but most happy to feel our bonding is real. I have never dreamed such happy dreams in all my life. To know upon waking they were all real makes me joyful beyond words." Eontobar said and Senda's arms pulled him closer.

"Nothing makes me more joyful than to see you back among the living puss. You had me very worried I'd lose you before I got to know my mate beyond his beautiful face." Senda said dipping his head to place a tender and warm kiss on welcoming lips.

They drank in their first kiss like delicious liquor and Eontobar sighed as their lips parted. "Maker, I have never known such fierce love and affection for another let alone a total stranger." Eontobar said and Senda smiled.

"Aye, bonding can be quite awkward at times for our races. Suddenly you're in love for no reason you can name and you'd die to keep it immediately. Tell me of you dearest while I fix you something to eat beyond broth. Where did you come from?" Senda asked sitting up and grabbing pears out of a basket he began cutting them up into bite-sized pieces. Eontobar sighed and told Senda his story.

Senda's hands froze, pear juice dripping down his hands and the stilled knife as Eontobar wove a tale of terror that gripped Senda's heart with the worst fear he'd ever known. His beloved had faced horrors untold and it was all Senda could do to breathe as he listened.

The pain he felt in their bond coming from Eontobar now had a face and a name and worse than Senda could have possibly imagined. "Senda dearest, What does not kill me makes me stronger."

"You are a strong man indeed my love. When you are well we should travel East. The King should know of these Beasts, others will suffer if we do nothing."

"Aye. I was so scared I just ran without thinking and you are right, I am lucky to have escaped and luck never comes without reason. I will go when I am well again." Eontobar said feeling shameful and Senda reached over and took his hand.

"WE will go beloved. Together. You are my mate and I will stand ever on your side. Feel not shame or remorse for your actions. You lived and that is what is most important. I am rather glad you have poor direction and flew west rather than east. I would not have my Ai'iki today otherwise." Senda said and Eontobar smiled and laced his fingers through Senda's sticky ones.

“Aye.” Eontobar said lifting their joined hands and licked the juice off their fingers. Senda shivered and realized he had stopped fixing breakfast.

“Forgive my lovely. I got wrapped up in your tale.” Senda said smiling softly taking his hand back and picking up a slice of pear and feeding it to a very hungry spouse.

“You are ever forgiven when you feed me my favorite.” Eontobar said and Senda grinned.

“Like pears do you?”

“Aye. Crave them I do.” Eontobar replied devouring the slices faster than Senda could cut them.

“And hardly enough to sustain my meat-eater mate. It is all I have at the moment though. I will try and get you meat later. I will find some way to catch you at least some fish for dinner. I want you not trying to move around yet, you still have a fever and the last thing you need is to get wet in a swamp. I will have to abide by the smell of cooking fish and get used to a spouse who cannot take root to live.” Senda said with a wink and Eontobar smiled.

“Aye. I am afraid you will have too beloved. I will try not to offend with my flesh eating ways.” Eontobar chuckled and Senda laughed.

“We will manage puss. We will manage.” Senda said cutting up more fruit. Pears, peaches and a nice honeydew melon for Eontobar to eat hungrily and washing it down with crystal clear water. Eontobar was highly dehydrated and drank a lot of water before Senda insisted he try to sleep again.

Eontobar wasn't sleepy, but did promise to just lay there quietly while Senda left his tree house and set about trying to catch fish to feed his mate. Knowing had the roles been reversed, Eontobar would have been out gathering fruit and clean earth for him. He could feel Eontobar's contentment in his chest as he made a reed net and cast it out to snag fish.

Their love would only grow stronger, especially after they mated physically.

Which Senda was going to fight off as long as possible, Eontobar's body was too weak to take advantage of, need or not. Thankfully, Eontobar was not suffering the need, it was laying dormant due to his ailing health, but Senda knew the healthier he became, sooner or later the need was going to hit him with a vengeance. Enf' Tuvalu always suffered intense bonding needs; Senda was looking forward to a lifetime of a mate who would be as intense sexually as they were emotionally.

Elves were notorious for being highly passionate creatures, especially toward their Shacahs. Senda was grinning as he fished.

::You are thinking dirty thoughts. Want me do you?:: Came a light merry voice in Senda's mind making him jump. He had no idea Eontobar was telepathic.

::Aye Puss and get out of my head and rest you. I want you healthy before I bed you beloved.:: Senda scolded playfully and he felt Eontobar's mental laughter.

::Aye my handsome. Aye. I couldn't resist, I felt you in our bond.::

::Good, it means you are growing stronger. Soon enough Puss and that's a promise.::

::Good.::

::You're wonderful, now go back to sleep, damn it, I'm busy.:: Senda sent and again he felt warm laughter.

::Aye dearest.:: Eontobar sent in reply and cut connection. Senda just shook his head and smiled, his mate was a joy on his senses.

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Eontobar looked quite happy as he ate Senda's crudely cooked fish. He'd just gutted them as best he could, unused to cooking meat and heated them through on stakes set over the fire he built. To Eontobar it was a feast.

"I'm sorry it's not more dearest, I'm not the best of fishermen." Senda apologized and Eontobar just smiled.

"It is wonderful. I think catching any at all shows talent especially when one had never fished before. I have not eaten much in days, this is a feast you give to me Oon Mei Shacah." Eontobar replied and Senda's eyes grew soft to match his slight smile.

"Hearing you call me that makes me very happy. I never expected to find you, let alone have you drop on my doorstep like a gift from the Maker. I had not much luck in partners. I am considered quite unsociable where I came from, I have a short temper when it comes to people. I could never find it in me to be so and frivolous chatter grates on my nerves. Besides, my tastes in lovers are not commonplace and were few. Most folks find it hard to understand that I prefer to keep company with other men. I always have and I tried to bed a lass once, I truly wanted to be like everyone else I knew and no luck. When my parents died, there was not much left for me in my old village not far from here. So I came here

and have been here a few years now.” Senda said staring into the fire and giving Eontobar his history.

“I only ever bedded women to ease their sorrows and mine. Love them much, never enjoyed it much, left me feeling quite empty. My male encounters have been forced. I have never had a lover, just one empty coupling after another. I can understand somewhat the loneliness of soul lack of love brings my Yabu.” Eontobar said and Senda chuckled at the affectionate nickname bestowed upon him.

“Yabu eh? I suppose I was a bush when first we met Puss.” Senda countered moving closer to sit beside Eontobar on the pallet, toying with his fingers in the melancholy atmosphere.

“Aye. Again I am most sorry I almost shat upon you.” Eontobar said leaning his head on Senda’s shoulder.

Senda draped an arm over his shoulders. “I am sorry I almost tossed you into the water Puss. I am not sorry you chose me to make your privy, I’d not have transformed otherwise. I was just keeping an eye on the cat and would have left you to go on your way if you’d not bothered me. I almost let my beloved walk right by me. I am most grateful for your choice Ai’iki.” Senda said kissing the backs of Eontobar’s fingers as they sat gazing into the fire together.

“I never thought to have you either. I never thought beyond my next dawn my whole life. I am more scared now than I was then. I am a fugitive and I know Master Tienfae, he will send out men to track me and the women I set free. He will fear us spreading word he is here, which is exactly what we intend to do. He will react one of two ways. He’ll send out scouts after me for a short while, a fortnight no more. If they cannot find me, his next course will either be to flee to a different location or he will set his men free on the countryside to increase their numbers immediately. They began as just twenty and took over our village in an hour. They are now five thousand strong. One thousand women kept in breeding kennels. Four thousand males, kept impotent by Tienfae until he gifts them mates and removes the spell for coupling before replacing it. If he takes off the spell, we could be facing eight thousand in two days, sixteen in four, thirty-two in six and so forth. It is most dangerous.” Senda shivered as Eontobar spoke.

A twig snapped outside and both men froze and listened. The fire crackled and Eontobar eyes were glowing in anticipation as the Mother Willow appeared in the doorway, only it wasn’t Willow. There was no mistaking the sheer awesome presence of the Spirit Mother walking in her corporeal messenger.

“Eontobar, my dearest son. My one and only son brought forth from my light and my fire and born as a mortal from the womb of my mortal form. Left you I did to learn their ways, understand the terror to know their weakness. Born from this

body on the day the Tanaocktu escaped the Maker's barrier with aide from the UnMaker. Birthed you I did as my warrior, my only begotten son. My light shines in you eternal and can never be corrupted by evil." She said coming into the hut and folding her arms around a stunned Eontobar, healing his wounds with her love. He sank into her embrace and wept. His body called to her and recognized her as indeed his mother. The son of no father, the son of the Mother of all.

"Weep not my dearest child. Time will not stand still and as my son I give you a heavy burden to bear. Aided you I have, in you I have placed the weapon they fear most. Called to your gifts you have once, trust thy instincts my son. Those too I gave you and they will not fail you. Believe in yourself my beloved, never forget you are my son and are my warrior. Grasp your internal flame and wield it to protect the innocent who now suffer. Terror is unleashed and every day it grows darker for all." She said sitting between Senda and Eontobar and taking both their hands in her warm and loving presence.

"First head Northeast, you will meet the King's army heading Northwest, one of the maidens you freed met a mage and word has already reached King Reburn and he himself is leading a fruitless contingent and will need your aide when you reach them. Go on foot my son, you must destroy as many as you can along the way. You know they can only die if burned to ash, use thy skills and lean on your mate. Send you to him for a purpose I do." The Mother said turning to Senda.

"My master of earth, you are connected to me in ways others are not. You can ground better than anyone and you will be the anchor of many, most important to your mate, my son. I bid you couple soon so you may ground together, it is most important to make your bond stronger. I want you both to spend half a fortnight here before leaving. Make sure your bond is strong before you set out. It is vital my sons. From here you will be joined by four others, my chosen Six, brothers not of blood, but of joint purpose and understanding of my will. My Six carry my light. Master of Fire, my son. Master of Earth his mate. Master of Sense you will meet heading to the King. Lost his mate already he has and wanders soul lost and angry. Tanaocktu cannot hide from his keen senses, my Blind Hermit depends not on his eyes, but his inner spirit. He will be more than an ally to you, but a brother who would die for you and others to protect." The Mother Explained as the fire crackled and burned merrily.

"The others will meet you on the battle field coming from the east. A triad of power comes. Triad North point, Master Healer Good Mirth. No stronger healer you will find, his gifts I gave to him upon his birth. He is strong and loyal. His hand ever gentle to the innocent, ever fatal to those who would destroy light. With him his triad West point. The Dark Seer, from whom none can hide. He sees through the mask they wear. Fighter he is not, oracle of vision he is only and his gifts will lay in aiding his brothers in battle with his sight. Finally, Triad south point, your leader. My Mage of Infinite Wisdom and Power. His gifts come not only from I, but from the Maker himself. It is he who will weave the safety net

around you all. Where you are the weapon my son. He is the protector. His wisdom is keen and he will not lead you astray. Follow his lead, heed his words. His love knows no limits, his mind no obstacles. He will find a way when there seems to be none. Mind only his weaknesses. For with strength comes an equal measure of weakness. Let him not doubt himself, let him not lose his heart to grief. Support him as he will ever support you and my Son, you will not fail. He will give you everything in his possession to aid you, he seeks not glory or power but everlasting peace. He is my most gentle of the six.” The mother said standing.

“I leave you now my son, there is much evil and I give you my love and my light to carry with you.” She said finally, shimmering out of sight and Senda and Eontobar turned to each other stunned.

“Just six of us against all those odds. Our lives will never be the same again Puss.”

“Nay, they will not. Fire, Earth, Sense, Seer, Healer and Mage. As a group however I like the cards we are dealt. We fight only one Mage and beasts. I have faith in my Mother. Even if I am most terrified, I have hope now where a moment ago I had none.”

“Aye.” Senda nodded turning to Eontobar. “How do you feel?”

“Healed I am and you can tell what she left behind in me. I am burning with the need. She wants you to mate me immediately, I need you too, I am in much pain my Yabu.”

“Aye, I can feel it.” Senda said as a pattern of Ivy began to appear on his skin as his blood began responding to his mate’s need to couple. The mother had indeed wanted them to mate and left them no choice but to obey her and the need gripped Eontobar with extreme intensity. He was panting and sweating and in very real pain. If the need was denied, it was more than painful for an elf.

Senda was responding to their bond and the blood was roaring in his ears as his nostrils twitched, scenting the pheromones being emitted by his mate who lay back on the pallet, his arousal evident as he rolled and got up on his knees, submitting to Senda. “Hurry, please Senda! I Need you, I am on fire, mate me now!” Eontobar was suffocating with need and Senda got to his knees and pain ripped through them both as he buried himself in tight confines that bled as they became lost in blind lust.

Neither of them had wanted their first coupling to be so blindly instinctual and rough. The mother had other ideas, this sort of basic primal instinct forced all barriers down and their beings were left raw and open and connected and cemented in ways that a normal mating couldn’t hope to achieve without years of

bonding. The was the Need amplified beyond all proportions, this was a power meshing of beings that usually only Adept Mages could accomplish, the Mother had forced them to mesh with her powers. They needed this sort of spirit plane bonding to help them learn how to connect, they would need to be able to connect his deeply in the future and had to be able to recognize each other on a spiritual plane of being as well as just the physical.

Their mating had been so fierce and so instinctual that neither remembered the experience when they awoke. Senda still on top of Eontobar where they had immediately fallen asleep when they'd finished mating. Just like mages did when they used sexual magic together, it drove them to mate like animals and then immediately drained them of power like pulling a plug in a drain.

Eontobar groaned as Senda rolled off him the following morning. "Forgive me Puss."

"Nay, naught to forgive you for. This was my Mother's influence. I wish I could remember what happened. All I know is I am bloody sore this morning." Eontobar said sitting up with a wince and then looking over at his mate and grinned.

"I can see why I am so sore. You're quite endowed my Yabu."

"Aye. Sorry." Senda almost blushed, he did have a rather large gift of manhood.

"Don't be." Eontobar grinned reaching over to trace his finger along a flaccid length. "You're so handsome. I intend to remember our next mating I must know what this beautiful attribute feels like."

Senda smiled. "Like being Ewe dearest?"

"Oh, Aye. Just as I know you prefer being Ram." Eontobar winked reaching into a basket for a pear and sinking his teeth into the fruit.

"Guilty I am afraid." Senda said sitting up to take a bite of the fruit in Eontobar's hand.

"Then we are most compatible, Oon Mei Shacah." Eontobar said feeding Senda breakfast as they nestled together on the pallet on the floor. Following the mother's orders and indeed making love most of the day and pausing only long enough to regain strength and eat before mating again.

By the end of the week, their beings were so tightly wrapped together if one was the lost the other would follow. They were no longer two separate beings, but extensions of each other. They knew each other's thoughts, desires, needs and proclivities intimately. There were no secrets left between them as the dawn of

the seventh day saw the flame and the foundation, Master of Fire and Master of Earth heading Northwest with speed.

Their journey has been told in other tales and will not be redundantly repeated in this one...

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