

Chapter x: The Sacrifice

It had taken him days to prepare the temple space. It was normally a place of quiet mediation and ritual. What he had planned for it this night was quite a bit different.

He'd designed the temple years ago with its large East window and expansive skylight. It was often his pleasure to meditate to the rising sun, or in a room filled only with moonlight and candlelight. About twenty feet on a side, the temple was perfect for his own work and those of a few friends from time to time. Tonight was something special though.

All of the furniture had been removed except for the altar in the East. Each wall had a small shelf in the center upon which a single candle stood. Except for this, the room was devoid of the usual ritual materials.

Each wall had a box placed against it, each one filled with the appropriate paraphernalia which would be used this night. The North Wall, the place of Auriel the Archangel of Earth, had a small table against it covered in fruits, cheeses, pickles, cut meats and other sustainable foodstuffs to keep them going through the night. Also were more decadent foods like rich chocolates and caramels.

On the West wall a similar store was set in; water, wine and soft drinks all representative of elemental Water.

The South wall had piles of blankets and towels, pillows and cushions. All symbolically placed in the position of Fire and warmth.

The East held the altar with its candles and tools. A great image of the Goddess sat upon it, venerated as the Great Goddess of Love and Beauty. Everything from the censor to the Athame had been cleaned and polished so that, even without the candles, the altar sparkled.

The East also had bouquets of flowers, signifying Air, which gave the room a heady, sensuous smell eliminating the immediate need for incense. He had also placed an electric fan in the window in case the room became too warm. It was expected to be a cool spring evening and a breeze might be exactly the right thing at some point during the night.

The floor had several small candles in glass cups placed around it and a collection of thick cushions were piled high in one corner. The center of the room sat directly under the glass roof and David checked a small chalk mark which he had placed there the night before. Although the sun shone brightly through the light above David had planned the room around the moon, and moonrise was still several hours away.

Once more he examined everything to make sure it was perfect. He wanted nothing left to chance because, for him, this night, Nancy would be the Goddess and he had loved his Goddess more than anything in the universe since he was young. Nothing but the best would be good enough.

He checked the time before he jumped into the shower. The soap and water rained down his muscular form as he thought about what had precipitated this day of ritual and worship, this day of sacrifice.

Nancy arrived at the large house outside of town just before dusk. She'd been following the instructions that had been given to her as closely as possible. When to shower, what to wear, what to bring and thought about all of this as she pulled onto the gravel driveway. It all seemed much more elaborate than she had ever expected it to be, but then, she had asked HIM.

David had been her friend for a few years now and she trusted him implicitly. It seemed only natural that she ask him to do this for her. At the age of twenty three she had never been kissed by a man other than the familiar pecks one grows accustomed to amongst friends and family. She certainly had never been loved physically and the prospect both frightened and excited her at the same time. After hearing horror stories from her friends about their "first time" she wracked her brain to find a safe way out. She couldn't bear it if her first time was with some guy she hardly knew who was just after a quick fuck and didn't care who it was on the other end.

She'd never thought of David as a lover before. Not that she wasn't at all attracted to his six and a half foot muscular frame, kind dark eyes and handsome features; it was simply that he was her friend. But then she thought: "if a friend can't make love to me, why would I want it from a stranger?" What she hadn't counted on was that esoteric part of him that had always intrigued her but that she never understood... the magic.

She knew David was a magician of some sort, some kind of expert in the Occult and other sciences and religions, but had never allowed herself to explore that part of his life. She was interested, but real life had always gotten in the way. If it wasn't school it was work, if it wasn't looking after her disabled father it was dealing with her younger brother. Something had always come up whenever she thought about taking that particular step into his world.

Nancy got out of the car and stood in the fading light. She had showered and dressed as instructed, button down blouse, tight, yet comfortable pants, somewhat sexy undergarments. She felt sexy and looked at herself in the car window. Slim of waist with rounded hips and long legs for her height, which was more than a foot shorter than David. She stepped back to look at her large blue eyes which were set in a face of delicate features topped by thick auburn hair which spilled down over her double D breasts. Even to herself she thought she looked sexy.

She took the overnight bag and headed to the house. She felt both anxious and excited and even a little embarrassed. Still, she was resolved to carry out this course of action. Standing at the door there was a moment where she almost turned around and got back in the car. Taking a deep breath to steady her nerves she rang the doorbell.

David answered promptly.

"Hello Nancy," David said examining her. "You look absolutely gorgeous." Nancy lowered her long lashes at the compliment. She wasn't used to such things as her mother, who had died only a few years ago, had always put her down and insulted her looks.

"Thank you David," she said meekly. David let her in while shaking his head.

“No need to be meek around me. You are a strong and wonderful person in your own right. Never let anyone tell you otherwise.”

Nancy raised her head and said with more strength in her voice: “Right. Thank you”.

David offered her a drink which she accepted as they sat in the living room.

“You’re nervous aren’t you Nan,” David said reaching for her hand. “Don’t be, just let me guide you and listen to the voices within and you’ll be fine.” He smiled sweetly at her.

“It’s just, so formal. I always imagined passion and love.” David couldn’t help but smile at this.

“Oh there will be plenty of both little one. Probably more than you would have ever known in a stranger’s arms.”

“But I don’t really understand what you mean by all of this. I mean, I got a general idea that there’s a ritual involved but, will it be... wonderful?”

“Yes. My sweet Nancy, it will be wonderful.” With that he took her arm and lead her to the temple that he had prepared for her.

As she entered she couldn’t help letting out a gasp at the beautifully decorated room. Many candles gave their warm light to what seemed like cosiness manifested. As her eyes adjusted she took in each wall and what they contained, as well as the beautiful altar of the Goddess in the East. It was in front of this that David sat her down telling her to wait for his return.

Alone in the room Nancy thought about how this day had come to pass. She had been discussing her fears of her first time with David and jokingly said “It’s too bad it couldn’t be you, at least then I know you wouldn’t hurt me.” David had suddenly stopped laughing and became very serious.

“I am undeserving of so great an honour as this, but should you wish it I would perform this sacred duty under one condition. That this also be a sacrifice to my Goddess.”

He had gone on to explain more about his Goddess than ever before. He explained how she was Love and Beauty personified, the divine Feminine principle of the universe. That she was known by many names such as Freya, Verthandi, Aphrodite, Asthroeth and Isis. He had spoken of her at great length and Nancy suddenly realised why David could never truly love a single human woman, for his true love was beyond all compare.

She heard him enter the room and glanced behind her to see him. Dressed in a robe which folded over at the front she could make out some kind of loose trousers beneath but what caught her attention more was the expanse of chest which the crossed robe revealed. He knelt beside her and began chanting.

One at a time he took the various implements from the altar and circled the room with them stopping at each of the quarters. He purified and consecrated the space, he formed a circle and called the guardians of the quarters. At each point he helped her to visualise what he was doing until the room was the center of a great wheel of energy, the axle being a beam of light from the highest above to the lowest

below. At each quarter stood an archangel at a gate marked by a pentagram and a hexagram. And at each step in the ritual she could feel the changes in the atmosphere of the room.

The heady smell of the flowers along the East wall became intoxicating as he stood behind her kneeling figure, both facing East. Glancing up she startled herself because, for a moment, it was not David but a great, gleaming God that stood over her, his hands held out in supplication. The lyrical nature of his ritual voice and the timbre of his chant stirred her to the core.

Oh Blessed one of Heaven
Who was and always shall be,
Who dances at the place
Where the moonlight meets the sea.

Who chose me as her own
And loved me in my youth,
Who made me Her own Priest
And taught me Hidden Truth

I ask of you my Goddess
To be with us this night
Standing by my side
As I perform this Rite,
And accept this holy act
And the blood we shed this night.

Nancy blushed at the mention of blood, for she knew it to be her own. She tried to not feel too embarrassed, for this was the condition upon which they had agreed: that he would be her first lover and, in exchange, her broken hymen would be a sacrifice to his Goddess. She was surprised, though, that he could mention it in this way. She was even more surprised when she felt a definite presence enter the room, not from the door, for it remained closed, but from above. Suddenly there was a sensation as though love and life itself had wrapped them in its arms and that, this night, nothing could exist but this room in this place at this time.

David completed the ritual and pulled pillows out to the center of the room. He made a pallet and instructed Nancy to lay upon it. He made a second at right angles so that the pillows formed a sort of chevron in the center of the room. He then busied himself in the North and East, piling a tray with food and drink.

“Before we settle in, I want to explain the rules. First of all, if you need to leave the room you must perform a simple action as though you were parting a curtain and closing it behind you. Do this when exiting and entering the room for any reason, such as needing to go to the bathroom. Secondly, at any time you may stop what is happening by saying ‘halt’. If you wish you may also use colour codes such as green for go, yellow for slow down and red for stop now.” Nancy nodded her understanding and watched as he lay the food on the floor between the two pallets.

For a short while they ate bits of cheese and grapes, sliced veggies, and pomegranate seeds. All very light foods which would not interfere with strenuous activities. The wine was watered that they would not become drunk either, for David wanted this to be an experience Nancy would remember, not something lost in an alcohol haze.

As they talked their faces grew closer and closer until finally David, propped on his elbow, reached behind Nancy's head with his hand and guided her mouth to his. Nancy felt electrified by the touch. Her own lips yielding to his gentle pressure, accepting the penetration of his tongue between her teeth. They shifted positions minimising any loss of contact until she was up on her knees holding his head and applying her own pressure.

There was fire in her belly the likes of which she had never known. Every inch of her tingled in that kiss and reluctantly she let him break away in order to push their dishes to a safe distance. But it was mere moments before they were kneeling face to face, her hands in his hair, her hot mouth seeking his.

Nancy had never known that a kiss could be so many things. It flowed from the depths of hard, yearning pressure that she feared would bruise her lips to heights of playful licks and tongue teases and back again. She'd never known that her whole body could be part of a kiss, her soft breasts pressing into David's hard pecs, her belly on fire as his one hand fluttered against the small of her back.

There was no thought, no planning, nothing that could guide her except for pure passion. The kiss was a living, breathing thing of its own and she could only be part of its livingness. She could only observe and remember, she could not guide or plan. She felt the swelling of her breasts pressing against the lace bra that she had worn this night, she felt her nipples turn hard, nearly painful against the material tied around her ribcage. And still the kiss went on.

Letting her hands slide down David's shoulders she pushed back the robe to reveal his torso. She pushed away from him then to look at him. She allowed her hands to touch his chest. To run through the light curls of hair which decorated the defined lines of his musculature. She had seen David topless dozens of times, at the beach, when cutting the lawn, and other occasions, but now the sight only further stoked the fires in her belly. With a deft movement he removed the robe and tossed it into a corner. Nancy reached again for the kiss but found a single finger on her lips.

"We shall not rush this my love, for we have the whole night ahead of us and now is only the beginning." With that he pushed her back into a seated position and piled pillows around her. "Tell me if you get cold," he whispered in her ear. Cold, she thought the room was burning up and the heat of his breath on her ear was the fire that kept the rest going.

David sat cross legged in front of Nancy and began very carefully unbuttoning her blouse. Each button seemed to take an eternity, she wanted him NOW and she couldn't see what waiting was going to do for her. Still David was insistent that they work slowly and passionately. She wondered at his control for in this position she could plainly see the painful straining of his pants.

"Take me," she whispered.

“I will, in time my sweet,” he replied. “But is it not also my right to enjoy the beauty you have worked so hard to maintain all of these years?” After the kiss Nancy was surprised that she could blush, but the burning at the tips of her ears was all the signal she needed to know what her face looked like.

David removed the shirt and gazed upon her exquisite breasts still trapped as they were in that brazier. Leaning forward he traced the line of her arm with his fingertips, sliding down through her armpit, around the gentle curves of her breast. Nancy thought her nipples would burst the fabric if she didn't get that damnable thing off of her. But David was in no hurry, little by little he explored her body with those sweeping fingers. His hand pressed on her belly. He enjoyed the smooth skin which made even his soft artist's hands seem coarse as stone. He stroked her belly in a downwards motion to increase blood flow to the mound below. Finally he brought his hands together and unclipped the bra pulling it away much to her relief. She only then realised that the relief was what he wanted her to feel.

Sitting back David let out a whispered oath. “Goddess! You're beautiful Nancy.” He reached out to touch her breasts almost as though he were afraid he would break them. Porcelain skin, smooth gentle curves, perfect in every way he finally brushed the exquisite skin. She grabbed his hand and forced it onto her breast, her hot, hard nipple pressing into the palm of his hand. A soft moan escaped her then as his touch was electrifying. He squeezed gently enjoying the resistance, the softness, the texture and weight. Everything about her breasts was beautiful.

She arched backwards in a sudden gasp and David took that opportunity to latch his mouth onto one perfectly rounded mound. He played with the nub of her nipple with his tongue, grazing it with his teeth while he massaged the other with his hand. Nancy pressed her breast into his mouth, the electric heat burning down to her womanhood as though there were a direct line from her nipples to her clitoris.

She then began to spasm. Her head tossed and turned whipping her hair back and forth. She grasped his head to her chest as the fire burned hot between her legs. Moans escaped her and David had to bite on his own lip to maintain control. Hearing the prelude of her lovesong nearly drove him to take her right then and there, but he had promised himself that he would wait, that he would be careful and, above all, that he would bring her to ecstasy before finally performing the blood sacrifice of a virgin, the breaking of the Hymen with his throbbing member.

The first small orgasm passed and Nancy laid back into the pillows. She was feeling quite comfortable and more relaxed now that she'd had some release. David took advantage of this lapse in her passion. Readjusting the cushions again Nancy lay on her back bare breasted except for the wisps of her own hair tumbling down from her shoulders.

Now David had time to enjoy her. He stroked the inside of her arms, bringing his hands down and around her breasts. He placed small kisses along her belly, and up her neck, once again locking her lips to his own. With hands and mouth he explored the sensitive parts of her body, quietly controlling his breathing which controlled his own passion.

Hanging over her, kissing her breasts he began to slowly descend. He kissed a line of sweetness down her belly, once again igniting the fires there. Bit by bit he approached the top of her pants until he could go no further. Already Nancy was arching her back, her want again growing hot. David deftly

undid the button of her pants and the zipper, all hands-free, that he might bury his face in the black lace that covered the Venusian mound.

It didn't take him long to remove her remaining clothes and spend some time on her legs. Beautiful and long, shapely and soft he stroked them and kissed them until Nancy began to squirm. Here and there he teased and tickled her just to lighten the mood, to show her that lovemaking could be playful as well.

Then Nancy felt the smooth skin of David's back under her legs and his hot breath on her womanhood. She was about to protest, being inexperienced, having had no man touch her there intimately, but the moment David's hot tongue licked her sweetness she was lost. Every lick, every movement of his mouth was as though he were using a bellows on a forge fire. Hotter and hotter, the pain in her loins burned with desire. And yet, David's own member still remained straining against its denim prison.

Lifting himself up David brought his hand up between her legs. A cry of pleasure was wrenched from her as he slid a finger into her sacred space. Licking her nipples to fan the fires he worked the hard nub of her clit with his thumb while stroking the rough G-spot within with his finger.

Nancy thought it was as though an electric current burned between his mouth and his hand. She knew nothing of his powers to control energy, for that was just what he was doing using energy to intensify her pleasure. Time and time again she shook her head, straining against the building pressure. Bit by bit he pushed her closer and closer to the overwhelming waves. With every breath Nancy let out more and more of her lovesong.

Finally she screamed, singing out a single note above all others. She gasped and convulsed. It was as though all of the air had been torn from her body and yet, for the first time ever she was filled. Lights sparked and danced before her eyes as every muscle in her body strained against the pleasure. David worked her long through the orgasm which only intensified with each new cry. Finally he let her go. She dropped to the cushions, not realising that, in her ecstasy she had held up most of her body with the back of her head.

As the last of the strain fled from her David pulled out a blanket and wrapped Nancy against any cold she might be feeling after such and intense experience. Propping up the pillows he lay back with her head and breasts on his bare chest and midriff. As she relaxed David concentrated on stroking her hair while maintaining the long, slow, rhythmic breathing that was his own control. Nancy absently stroked David's belly, feeling the warm glow of passing that first orgasmic gate.

"You still haven't breached me," she said dreamily.

"We have much time left little one," he replied. "I worship you as though you were my Goddess herself and as such it is my gift of pleasure to give to you."

They stayed like that for several moments, Nancy stroking his hard chest and back, until finally Nancy laid her hand upon the throbbing bulge in David's pants.

"I've never seen one before you know. Not hard like this."

“I know. You may look at it whenever you are ready.”

Languidly Nancy pulled herself up and began working the belt buckle of David’s pants. Even as she lowered his zipper the throbbing member remained behind a tight barrier of material. David helped her remove his pants but he was determined that she ‘unwrap’ his cock in her own time.

Nancy pulled down the underwear quickly and was startled at how David’s wand leapt to a standing position. No longer burning with passion, Nancy was more curious than anything else. Gently she touched it eliciting a reaction from her friend but also from herself. She had never expected it to be so smooth. She grasped the hot member in her hand and only then began to think about its size in relation to herself.

“It’s quite large isn’t it?” She inquired.

“It’s on the large side. You’ll find some bigger, most somewhat smaller. It’s a generous size and I can be very gentle with it.”

“Hmm...” Was all she could say.

Nancy spent some time exploring the penis with her hands noticing what parts were more sensitive to her touch. Putting her mouth over the head she was surprised at how hot it still felt against her tongue. Just placing it only an inch or two into the hot wetness caused David to groan with pleasure and the head of his cock to flare with need.

“Try placing your hand around the base of the shaft and then lick and suck the top. Don’t try to take it all in your mouth.”

Nancy found that she enjoyed the texture of his throbbing manhood. The heat made her feel as though this was his very life in her hand, not just a sexual organ distant from the heart. She gained pleasure from watching the control she had over David’s reactions as she experimented with pressure, positioning, touches, licks. Small short darts of her tongue could make him groan but placing it deep in her mouth, sucking on it hard and then sliding back and forth could make him scream.

“How do I, um, make it go?” Nancy felt embarrassed by the question.

“Rhythm. Slide your hand up and down evenly, lick it when it gets dry. Although one of the most pleasurable things you can do for a man is to suck him until he comes and swallow it down hard, I don’t recommend it for your first time.”

But Nancy was feeling adventurous and it was only by luck that she watched the sparkling fountain arc over his belly rather than filling her mouth. But this, by itself was a new experience and she’d had no idea that cum could go so high. David was going insane, bouncing his head off the pillows, writing in seeming agony all centred around the power she still held firmly in her hand.

He then started to laugh and quickly brushed her away from his depleted penis.

“Eventually it tickles and I can’t stand it, it’s not like a woman who can cum and cum and cum. We need a break in between.”

Nancy looked at the, now softening meat in her hand and felt some disappointment. An urge had grown in her again, a fire that wanted nothing more than to shove that solid staff deep inside of her. And now it was fading fast.

David was about to get up and get a towel when Nancy reached for the pool of sparkling wetness on his stomach. "I want to taste it. You tasted me, I want to taste it." David smiled as she covered a finger in the sticky mess and placed it in her mouth. She made an odd face before swallowing hard and reaching for a drink.

"Not what you expected?" David asked.

"Well, it's not awful, but I don't know what I expected."

David smiled as he got up and cleaned himself off. While Nancy went to use the bathroom he set up the cushions, food and drink as he had placed them before except now they were both naked. They ate a little before David began asking Nancy what she thought, how she was feeling and what did she like or dislike so far.

"It's been wonderful David. You've been so gentle with me and yet elicited such power. I'd never imagined such pleasure, such intoxication could exist." David smiled at her.

"Not everyone can, or will, take the time in this way little one. Most men are very hammer and tongs about the whole thing. They're so excited just to have sex that they don't focus on their partner very much."

"I've always been afraid of that, not enjoying my first time. It's been a stress for me since I can remember."

"Hopefully I've dispelled some of that stress. After all, I am a Priest of the Goddess."

"Tell me about Her David."

"First, we'll set the mood to relax a bit after our previous exertions." David again gave her that smile. He moved the cushions around so that Nancy could lie on her stomach without difficulty breathing. He covered these with towels and had her lay upon them before going to the altar to put on a thick incense.

The full moon had risen some time ago and shone brightly into the room illuminating the beautiful body that lay in the center of the temple. David was very aware of the lunar position, for She had told him how this must be done, and he intended to follow those instructions. He looked up through the skylight at the stars far above and knew that it was a matter of an hour maybe before Her light was in the perfect position.

"Are you cold at all Nancy?" David asked as he busied himself around the room.

"No, actually I'm feeling quite warm and fuzzy thanks."

David got them both drinks, replaced what candles had burned low and then sat next to her prone figure. Warmed massage oil was then drizzled over her back, the warmth penetrating her skin and muscles.

“Mmm, that feels wonderful,” Nancy purred as David began to massage her back. “Now, about the Goddess.”

“My Goddess is beautiful, more beautiful than anyone you can imagine.” David stretched as he stroked the long back muscles. “She is the Goddess of moon and sea, great and distant, filled with emotion and power.”

“When did you meet Her?”

“As a young man actually. I was feeling very lonely and hurt, crying alone in the night when She came to me first. She took me in her arms and held me. From that moment on I knew I could love no human woman as much as I love Her.”

Nancy turned towards him then in such a way that his hand, which had been on her back, was now on her breast. “Not even me?” she teased.

David smiled at her. “Even though there is potential there for love my friend, even you could not take me away from Her. She does not often demand things of me, but when she does... how can I refuse her?”

Nancy returned to her position in the cushions. They spoke little as David performed his magic on every muscle group of her body. He worked her legs and feet, arms, back, thighs, neck, shoulders, everything. Nancy felt relaxed and rejuvenated at the same time. She could not understand how his touch could at one moment be electric and at another soothing, but she had yet to learn the secrets of power which David knew. By subtly changing the energy of his hands David could play her body like a musical instrument.

After bathroom breaks and a bit more of the food the moon slid overhead spilling her light into the skylight, granting them a second ‘moonrise’.

They lay on the towels now, staring at the sky, watching the moon move into view. David had been propped on one elbow staring at Nancy’s beauty. His fingers stroked her gently here and there, almost absently, in loving caresses.

“She’s beautiful tonight,” Nancy said about the moon above.

“Yes, she’s beautiful every night.” David smiled lovingly at the sky. He turned his attention back to woman who lay beside him. “And tonight she is you and you are her.”

Nancy looked at him. “I don’t fully understand, but it’s been wonderful so I don’t care.” She reached around the back of his head and drew his lips to her own.

They kissed for what seemed an eternity. Nancy was amazed at how quickly the fire she thought had been doused by her earlier release could be suddenly stoked by something as simple as a kiss. It was as though her lips and tongue were connected directly to her belly, willing the fires to burn hot and white.

David instantly responded to this change in his partner. He could feel the change in her energy flowing from languid to passionate. The touches were no longer soft caresses but stimulating fires of electric heat up and down their bodies. Nancy was nibbling his neck, brushing his ear with her lips when

she grabbed at David's now rock hard member and whispered "I want you this time, I want you inside me."

They moved against each other, repositioning, changing, sliding, caressing until David's body was above and she below. He applied a lubricant quickly to his straining cock and moved to the point of entry. Holding himself up with one hand he placed the other against the small of her back tilting her pelvis to better accommodate him.

"My dear one, there may be pain." At this point the fire burned so hot in Nancy that she didn't care if it tore her in half. She had never known such need before in her life. She thought that if she didn't get that throbbing member within her soon she would die.

"Fuck me!" She shouted much to her own surprise. David lowered his head to caress each rock, hard nipple with his tongue, enjoying the crinkled areola around each. "Fuck me now!" She screeched. David knew that the endorphins of heightened desire would lessen her pain and so he enjoyed her breasts a little longer. They were well worth enjoying, being perfectly shaped and placed. It also gave him time to focus his energy in his penis making it burn with power to those who could see such things.

Nancy screamed for him to enter her, even wrapping her legs around him to try and pull him in herself. Finally David said to her: "Look at the moon, stare at the moon." The very moment her eyes locked on the silvery sphere in the sky he plunged deep into her, filling her in a way she had never imagined.

Pleasure and pain exploded through her body with the fullness of his love. His energy flowed into her, overwhelming her and for a moment she went perfectly rigid. David held his position until she was ready for more, waiting until the initial shock had faded.

To Nancy it was as though the world had exploded and the white light of the moon had enveloped her entirely. Suddenly she wasn't looking at the moon through a skylight, but she was outside near the sea laying on an altar in a distant time and place.

She could feel the cool breeze of the ocean on her skin, a pleasant sensation on a warm night such as this. She could smell lilacs and other heady aromas in the damp summer air. The full moon shone down brightly stealing all darkness from the night.

She sat up and felt the discomfort between her legs. Looking down she could see blood trickle onto the stone upon which she sat. Blood sacrifice, they used to say. Sacrificing a virgin. In this way the two concepts suddenly made sense.

"Yes, this is the way of sacrifice. One does not take a life, one only changes it." The voice was soft and lyrical. Nancy looked around to see three women dressed in white robes standing beside the altar, their silver circlets shining brightly in the moonlight. The older woman smiled at her and took her hand. Nancy stood up but found that her legs were weak. "Ah now, you're OK. Everything is fine." The two younger Priestesses came and held her up. "Come along, She is waiting."

Nancy had no idea who they were talking about or even what had happened to her, but she allowed them to lead her down a grassy path that felt fresh and alive against her feet. The way was not far and

soon she was walking on sand towards the surf of the ocean. Upon the water was a silver strand of reflected moonlight and on this a figure walked towards the shore.

“Wait here,” the older Priestess instructed as the three of them stepped back and away. Nancy was surprised that she felt no fear, no trepidation at what was, clearly, one of the strangest experiences of her life.

Before long the figure reached the shore. Slightly taller than Nancy the woman stood out in silver moonlight. Nancy could not tell if the woman was bathed in silver light or made of it, either way she glowed. Nancy looked up into the most beautiful face she had ever imagined. Soft features accentuated sea-green eyes. Her long, silvery golden hair drifted in the soft sea breeze as the Goddess smiled. Nancy felt weak at the knees but, at the same time, her heart filled with joy and peace.

“I have waited a long time for you my daughter.” Her voice was a thousand strands of music from a thousand worlds all harmonised into a single voice, a single melody of love. “You have made the sacrifice and are now initiated into womanhood.”

The Priestesses then approached. One wrapped Nancy in a white, gossamer robe, the other placed upon her head a silver circlet like their own. Nancy was dumbfounded. Even if she could speak, she had no idea what she would say.

“It is not enough for me that you are now a woman my child. For long ere you were born did I choose you as my own.” With that the Goddess took Nancy’s face in her hands and placed a burning kiss on her forehead. She then drew Nancy into Her arms, holding her head against Her breast. Nancy could then feel the warm touch of wings as the Goddess wrapped her in Her sacred embrace.

For the first time in her life Nancy felt perfect peace, perfect love, perfect light. She was filled with it, saturated with it, she felt that she would explode as there was not enough room within her for all of that light. For that one perfect moment she understood why David could never love another as he loved his Goddess.

After what seemed like forever the Goddess broke her embrace. Nancy felt herself riveted by the gaze of the Goddess who regarded Her newest initiate.

“You are my own Priestess. To love me is to be loved. I demand only love and honour, seldom shall I ask more of you. But it is also your duty to give my love to others, for you are now an extension of myself. Your work is my work, your love is my love, your body is my body, your heart is my heart. I love you and I give you life.”

Nancy could feel that this was true; that from this moment on she was a part of the Goddess and would be forever. She could feel the mark of the Priestess upon her brow where the Goddess had kissed her. Suddenly her life had meaning and power behind it, for she was an emissary of the Goddess in the manifest world. She also knew that this would change everything between David and herself, for he was a Priest, a consort of the Goddess and Nancy was Her representative.

“Before you go my Priestess, I have a message for my Priest.” The Goddess whispered into the new initiate’s ear. Then, standing back, the two stared into each other’s eyes. Slowly the face of the Goddess began to change, the rest of her began to fade and before long Nancy was staring, once again,

at the moon as it shone down through the skylight into the temple that David had prepared. The temple he had created just for her.

For the first time she could see the burning lines of power around the room, she could see David's aura filled with writhing light, the tendrils of which reached out to embrace her. And she could see her own energy, pinkish white, reaching back to him. He was rock still, staring into her eyes, waiting for her reaction. It had only been a second since he'd breached her, torn her virginity and plunged himself deep within her. To Nancy it had seemed like hours.

She looked away from the moon and looked to the altar. There, beside the image of the Goddess was David's own silver circlet bearing the crescent moon. Now she understood that David was Her chosen Priest just as Nancy had just become Her chosen Priestess. She locked eyes with her lover and smiled, understanding washing over her.

"I'm OK," she said in soft tones. With that she reached up to him and pulled him down upon her so that she took his whole weight. She wanted to feel his life, to feel his chest close to her own. But David could see the change in her and he knew then that the Goddess had joined with Nancy and that he was making love to them both.

David slid his left arm around her shoulders, his right still holding the small of her back, and kissed her hard. She returned the kiss with ferocity but let out a moan of pleasure as David began to move.

Every rhythmic movement brought forth another cry of her sacred lovesong. Every rhythmic movement washed over her with waves of pleasure. She was acutely aware of every point at which they touched as well as being aware of his force mixing with her own. Another energy was also there, swirling around them, through them, with them for She was with there and now Nancy could feel her presence. Together the lovers writhed in the throes of their intense lovemaking. It was not long before David's song joined in her own and they sang a duet of passion which culminated in a dual cry of ecstasy and intense pleasure, her orgasm triggering his own.

Exhausted, David dropped upon the beautiful Priestess, nuzzling her neck and stroking her breast. He did not withdraw immediately, but rather lay there with the mixed energy of them both swirling around them, not wishing to tear away too soon.

He rolled off of her and cleaned himself up with one of the many towels he had on hand. Nancy, on the other hand, was numb. She was not ready to move even to bunch up the towels between her legs. She could feel the slight burning where her virginity had been taken, but the tingling pleasure which still vibrated through her body made it seem such a small thing.

David lay curled around her head so that he could stroke her hair.

"Are you all right my sweet?" he asked gently.

"Thank you," was all she could manage. David smiled and allowed her to rest. It was not long before she was asleep, drifting off on the clouds of warm contentment.

David let her drift away, stroking her hair affectionately. After removing most of the towels and draping a clean one over her womanhood he covered her with a blanket and fluffed her pillow. He

attended to the altar and the candles, snuffing all but the blue Presence candle which sat before his small statuette of the Goddess. Fire safety having been observed he crawled beneath the covers and cuddled into Nancy who had rolled onto her side in her sleep. Spooning with her he too drifted into a gentle, contented darkness.

They awoke to the dawn breaking through the Eastern Window. Blinking in the light David stood and adored the dawn. Nancy watched from her still prone position on the floor.

“Why do you do that?” Nancy asked.

“To align myself with the natural tides of the planet,” David answered. “All life depends on the sun, even the moon’s light comes from that center of life.” David smiled at his friend with whom he had shared so much. He had always hoped that she would take an interest in his occult work, for he had no apprentice and thought that Nancy might have latent talents.

He quickly put together a breakfast for them from the night’s leftovers. As he worked he told Nancy that the Temple had been closed and that if she wanted to leave the room for whatever reason that she didn’t need to use the curtain technique. She left to perform her morning toilet and returned, still naked.

“Not in a hurry to dress?” he asked.

“Not really. I’m not cold and, I just am not ready to be tied into clothes just yet.”

David grinned. “You really are gorgeous you know. I don’t know why you’re so shy around men. Anyone I know would be glad to have you.”

“And how many of them would have been such a gentle and responsive lover?” Nancy sat on the cushions and began to nibble on a piece of green pepper.

“I don’t know honestly,” David replied.

Nancy leaned over and gave him a peck on the cheek. “Well, you were fabulous. I can’t thank you enough for being so kind, so gentle and so giving last night.”

“Well, to be fair, it wasn’t just for you,” David said glancing at the altar. “When you asked me to be your first I meditated on it and the Goddess inspired me to do what we did last night.” David sat back and looked at Nancy examining the many changes in her energy and demeanour. “I can see that I was right.”

“Hmm...” Nancy said as she thought. “What do you see?”

“Well, last night I knew that She was with you. I knew that I was not only making love to my dear friend, but also my blessed Goddess.”

Nancy nodded. “Yes, she was with me. In fact, She had much to say to me at that time.”

“What time?”

“Right after you entered me. Must have taken a lot of control for you to wait that long for me to respond.”

“No, a few seconds. I expected you to need some time after that initial penetration.”

“Seconds?” Nancy was incredulous. “It seemed like hours! I was in a place far away and I met your Goddess.” Nancy blushed at that. “I mean, ‘our’ Goddess.”

David’s smile was ecstatic. “Yes, such things can seem to take a long time but only seconds pass here. Tell me what happened if you can.”

Nancy related her experience while they ate. David could not have looked more pleased.

“David, I now understand, I understand why nobody can ever take Her place in your heart. She’s done the same to me now.”

“I can tell by the way you talk about Her. She is all love and beauty and light. How could you not love her?”

“Oh, and she had a message for you.” Nancy remembered.

“Oh?”

“She said to tell you that she is very happy with you, that you have done well to bring this Priestess back to Her. That she loves you and is always with you no matter what happens. She is proud that you remain Her Priest and that, in all things but especially this, you have proven yourself worthy of being Her own.”

David had tears in his eyes as she related the message sent by his beloved Goddess. Never before had he been sent such a direct message of love and support through another. Nancy was truly a Priestess now and forever. He offered a prayer of thanks for the blessing he had received and the opportunity to be involved in the ritual he had performed.

Nancy moved over to take David in a warm embrace. She placed his head against her breast and held him close.

“I had dreamed of a Priestess for most of my life,” he told her as the tears dampened her chest. “I have wished for someone to work with in this way, to worship with, to pass on my knowledge to since forever. And now you are here.”

“But David, you said that this wasn’t that kind of relationship, that this was between friends,” she teased.

David pulled away and looked her seriously in the eyes. “It is between friends. I have no intention of owning you or binding you to any ‘relationship’ as our culture defines it. You are an agent of the Goddess, and must love and live as she dictates. I am happy only that I have the opportunity to work and worship with you. I would never bind you, for that would be like binding the Goddess and that would break my heart.”

“I’m not sure I understand,” she replied. “Do you not love me?”

“If I didn’t love you I could not have performed the ritual last night. But it is not the desire to possess, to entrap, to hold. I can love freely and I love you without strings or conditions.”

“I see, freely.” Nancy thought about the love which had filled her when she was in the Goddess’s embrace. That love, filling, overflowing, permeating every part of her very being was given freely. That kind of love could never be tied down or locked away. “Like the Goddess’s embrace.”

“Exactly,” David exclaimed. “That exactly right. Like the Goddess’s embrace.”

It was not long after that Nancy went home. She had a lot to think about, and was still rather tired from the previous night. She had felt things physically, emotionally and spiritually that she had never felt before, nor even imagined. And what did it mean to be a chosen Priestess? None of these things could be easily answered or addressed. As comfortable as David’s place was, she needed her familiar surroundings and space to meditate on how her life had just changed overnight.

It was a few days later that David found Nancy waiting on his doorstep. He smiled at her as he unlocked the door and motioned for her to follow.

“Don’t you want to know why I’m here?” David put his finger to her lips and motioned for her to sit with him.

“She’s in my dreams.”

“I know,” David said self assuredly.

“I mean, afterwards I thought maybe it didn’t happen, but...”

“But, She’s real and She’s always there,” David interrupted.

“Yes, exactly.” Nancy looked around the room. “I always thought religion was just to reassure us about death or something. Gods are supposed to be invisible friends in the sky right?” Nancy seemed agitated but David just smiled as he shook his head. “But this is so, real, so, constant.”

“I know. And that’s why I gave you the space you needed to figure that out. She has chosen you and now you have to come to terms with what that means.”

“What does it mean?”

“Well this is part of it, knowing that She is there, with you, with me, with others. Knowing that the Love of God is not an abstract concept but a living intelligence that can form itself into something we can face and talk to and understand, at least somewhat.” David took her hand and felt the terror within her. “Do you think she wants you to be afraid?”

“No, that’s not it. Rather there is so much, so much of my world just turned on its ear.”

“Yes, I can understand that.”

“Oh David, I’m so sorry.” Nancy’s eyes welled up with tears.

“What is it?”

“I, kind of always thought you were a bit of a kook. I went along with the ritual thing because I trusted you to be my first and, well, it seemed like there was a safety to it all. But I never believed in God, not really believed.”

“And now you don’t have to. The Ultimate Divine has revealed itself to you through the Goddess and now you know, you don’t believe, you know that She exists.”

“And now I have to ask more of you. After everything you did for me the other night, and I do appreciate it, I must now ask for more.”

“And I will give it gladly and in love as I did the other night.”

Nancy gazed at the floor. “David. Will you teach me to be a Priestess. Will you teach me your magic?”

“Nancy, I could no more turn away such a request than turn away my own Goddess. I will help you, I will teach you, and together we shall worship Her and serve Her as best we may.”

And so it was.