



## Noble Blood

by Linda J. Parisi

The Sun. Always the Sun. How could her eyes, as tired as they were, open of their own accord? How could her feet carry her, of their own volition, to the tiny deck outside her living room? How could her mind, normally sane and logical, accept his presence as he stepped behind her? What was this need that not only consented to the hands on her shoulders but actually welcomed them?

The Sun. Golden glorious rays. A soft warm caress. A lover's touch. That spark of anticipation deep inside her belly as the sky lightened. She'd never known so many shades of gray could blend into pale yellow then burst upon the horizon with bright white light.

Nor had she known that the white light would burst inside of her, ripple under her skin, tantalize and tease her every sense. Such power. From her muscles to her bones to her individual cells, they all cried out with anticipation. But none more than her core, that deepest part of her, the place that made her—her.

She wanted. Not just the energy she absorbed and drank in like a greedy infant. She wanted more. Not just the molten heat deep inside her belly. She wanted *him*.

The pressure of his fingers increased. If she turned, he'd know. Deep inside, she was certain he knew already. Her body betrayed her, circling to meet his gaze. She'd never realized there were rings of fire around his irises. She'd never realized his eyes were almost silver, brilliant like a flash of light against polished chrome.

Tara whispered an ancient tongue without thought. How did she know the language? He answered in kind making the question superfluous. His fingers lifted from her shoulders to skim the skin of her neck. She shivered. His hands caressed her cheeks, moving to mold each side. He urged her closer.

What madness was this? When her mind cried out to resist, when her pride begged redemption, all she could do

was lean towards him. What insanity caused his head to angle ever so slightly? What lunacy caused hers to turn in kind?

Their breath became one. So close. The Sun, now a glorious orb behind them, bathed their bodies in resplendent light. Their lips parted; ready to drink in the taste of one another. His hands tightened drawing her closer...closer...