



A Night on Blue Mountain
an Of WAR Story
by Lisa Beth Darling



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Dedicated to

The Big Guy

Gazing out the bedroom window Ares drank in the still of the night. High overhead the full moon shone its silvery light over the growing village slumbering in the small valley below his grand Victorian home. He couldn't be prouder of his Son, a boy he many times thought of killing for all the transgressions he'd committed against his Mother. Yet, here they were, high atop Blue Mountain a decade after the Old World ended. From his perch, Ares could see the bones of that world and this one. One had fallen and the other was building itself atop its corpse. He had the distinct feeling it was going to be a good world maybe even a better one than its predecessor.

Yet both Fall and Rise were due to Raven—on the Fall he had a good dose of help from Apollo but Raven still has his own part to play in the demise. Still, to Ares' utter amazement, his once wayward Son was turning out to be everything the God of War had once seen in himself before he lost his way giving over to bloodlust of War. Raven was everything that Zeus always told Ares, his own Son! That he could never be.

Raven was strong. He was courageous. He was brave to the point of being fearless. But he was no longer angry and ruthless as Ares had been in his youth. Instead, Raven was compassionate and empathetic. He listened when people spoke to him so that he could come to understand them and their needs, their desires, as he sought to lead them out of the wreckage of the old world and into the future of the new one. He was the perfect combination of Warrior and Diplomat. Ares only wished Zeus could be here to see it although he was sure Raven gleefully relayed news of the rising New World to his Grandfather as he presided over Zeus' damnation. He hoped Zeus choked on every word Raven told him. It would serve the Old Bastard right.

Ares looked up at the stars glittering in an endless of black and smiled wide knowing that Raven's temperament and the man he'd grown to be was far more Alena's doing than his own. It was her never ending love for the boy and her willingness to fight for him as well as with him that had turned Raven around. That was just as it was with himself. Alena washed up on the shore of his island and turned his life upside down. In the process she didn't just save him she redeemed him body, heart, mind, and soul. With the Warrior in his finally at rest, Ares felt like a new man one full of hope and peace. Never in his long life could the God of War have done so much as dream of more than what she had so lovingly laid upon his plate.

There was only one tiny thing wrong with his life and it nagged at Ares like a toothache; Alena's brilliant red hair was turning the silver/gray he'd once known and loved. It worried him although he'd yet to say anything about it. What was a handful of glimmering strands among millions? Then there was the gnawing fact that had no made love in seven long nights. Barring his being away from home, that was the longest they had ever gone since she awoke from the clutches of Morpheus' long sleep.

"Ares? My Husband, what are you thinking about so deeply?"

He'd been so lost in his own thoughts he didn't even hear the door open. "I am thinking: How did I ever get so lucky and what is it, my Wife that you see in me?" Turning from his daze and his stargazing, Ares' eyes shifted toward her and immediately began to shine as she started traversing the darkened bedroom to his side.

Never a woman to come to him clad in trappings and gimmicks, but, rather, instead, coming to him in nothing more than the compelling simplicity that was Alena, Ares' eyes drank in the sight of her padding toward him, her bare feet sinking deep into the blue carpet of the bedroom, and the simple—nearly see-through—gauze nightgown billowing about her nimble frame. Tonight, as every night since he'd first met her, she was the most desirable woman to ever grace the Earth with her perfect footprint. Then she wasn't just standing next to him she was running the palm of her delicate hand along his whiskered cheeks with a touch so gently erotic it made him nuzzle to it without thinking. Closing his eyes for a brief second to allow the warm sensation to fill him, he opened them again only to find her staring back at him with such intensity thoughts of physical pleasure burst into his head.

"You've got that wrong, my Husband, it's me who is lucky. And what I see when I look at you is you in me." Alena glanced toward the massive bed Ares brought down from his Fortress on Olympus as her gentle hands descended from his thick beard to the nape of his strong neck and then down his taut chest her eyes started to sparkle, "But, you know if it wouldn't be too much of a burden, well, there could be one tiny thing you could do for me now that Rose is asleep."

Nearly drowning in her touch Ares' brawny body let out a long slow exhale only to have the cool night air replaced with heated anticipation, "Is there? Some little thing, perhaps, I wonder what it could be."

Kissing the space between his hard pecs covered with the deep mat of fur that she loved so much; Alena rose on her tiptoes in a vain attempt to look him in the eye even as she reached between his legs, "It's not so little."

With her hand on his crotch, cupping his balls, and bringing fire to the animal below the black leather that was stirring to life he teased her, "No?"

Nuzzling her face to the nape of his strong neck as she continued to knead the bulging place between his legs she whispered in a heated moan, "No. Would you mind terribly...if I asked you to dance?"

Ares scratched his beard as he gazed down at his Wife with her glowing eyes, "Dance?" Gauging her closer he felt certain she was up to something but couldn't tell what it might be. "Well, I don't know, it's been a while since we did that, I'm rusty."

"You're never rusty," she smiled at him as her gray eyes glanced across the room to the stereo only to have it suddenly come to life and the passionate sounds of blues piano along with dulcet tone of Bob Seger singing *New Coat of Paint* made her slender hips sway. "Come on, dance with me." With one finger she beckoned him to her even as her lithe body rocked away from him.

"If you insist, I suppose I could try." Ares grinned as his own body began moving in time to the music, "You've gotten very good at this, my Wife."

"Well, I had a good teacher," she grinned and took his hand as they moved to the middle of the room where he put his hands on those hypnotic hips and fell into her groove.

*Our love needs a transfusion let's shoot it full of wine
Fishin' for a good time starts with throwin' in your line.*

Looking down into those stormy eyes sparkling with mischief, Ares felt himself stiffen and then wonder, "What do you have in mind, my beautiful Wife?"

"Nothing you can't handle."

"Oh," he twirled her around and dipped her so swiftly she nearly fell off her feet but he was there was to catch her, just as he always was and intended to always be, "I don't know, I'm getting older."

Alena's face suddenly glowed so much it nearly illuminated the entire room, "So perhaps you'll have to try a little harder." She dared.

Throwing his dark head back, Ares let out a soulful laugh before bringing her back to her feet and continuing the dance, "Is that a challenge, my Wife?"

"Take it however you like. I plan to."

Already his heart was swiftly pounding in his brawny chest as his mind started gearing up with passionate thoughts, "Oh, the things you do to me, woman."

"I'm more interested in the things you do to me," Alena smiled again as the next song in the queue began to play and her body stood still. "But first there's something you should know."

Suddenly the anticipation rising within him began to drop. "What is it?"

Paul Anka came through the speakers. "Shhh....listen."

*Having my baby
What a lovely way of saying
How much you love me.*

"To what?"

"Just...listen."

*I can see it your face is glowing
I can see it in your eyes.
I'm happy knowin' that you're having my baby.*

If he didn't miss his guess, which he almost never did, the song explained the new silver strands in her hair, "No."

Her eyes gleamed at him, "Yes."

Instantly Ares was filled with joy and dread. He would welcome any child she delivered unto him but the two previous times she'd done so he'd almost lost her. No child was worth that. Nothing on Earth, in the Heavens or deep in the bowels of Dis was worth risking her loss. "Are you sure?"

"I've already seen Broon and Doctor Laurie but, here, you tell me," Alena put his hands on her belly. "Do you feel them? Have I actually managed to surprise you this time, my Husband?" Before he could answer Alena put her hand over his mouth, "We agreed, you wouldn't tell me the sex or, you know, in this case, the *sexes*, of our future children."

Yes, he did feel them deep within her. That was why she'd stayed away from his touch this last week or more; she wanted to surprise him but, "I thought nothing could surprise me anymore but you always do. Yes, I feel them. I feel them." Ares swooped her up in his big arms and spun her around. "Twins!" Holding her close he planted a big kiss on her lips and let his lips revel in it before pulling away, "When you will ever stop honoring me?"

"Never," Alena chimed. "They'll be here in late summer."

The look on her face reflected the pure joy in his heart but that feeling of dread would not let go. Not only had her previous pregnancies almost cost Alena her life but, twins! They were rare occurrence for Olympians and they almost never worked out well from Apollo and Artemis to the last set of twins to be born to them. Romulus and Remus, Ares' own twin Sons. The instinct to save her from such agony overrode the joy in him; he wanted to tell her that he loved her more than he the boys growing inside of her, that he wouldn't trade her for them or for anything. Their family was large enough; after all, they had Raven, Rose, and Coral whom Alena took to as though she were her own adult daughter. They had their Granddaughter Maggie and a new Grandson Aedan who was just five months old. Surely, that was more than merely sufficient.

He wanted to tell her that he was afraid of losing her and that there were still things they could do to avoid their delivery and those things would sit well with him. The hopeful shine in her eyes warned him to say otherwise. If he tried, even as delicately as he could muster, to dissuade her from this path, it would only drive a wedge between them. One he might never be able to overcome for Alena did love her children more than she cherished her own life. Alena was no stranger to History; in fact, she was an expert in his before she ever met him. She knew what she the arduous task she undertaking just in carrying two of his Children at the same time, of that he had no doubt. Yet, he felt, if he could just tell her that both of those Children were Sons she might have a better understanding of what was to come. Then again, even if she did know, it wouldn't matter to her. He was certain of that. So all he could do was what he would do; be supportive. "Summer," Ares intoned trying to sound happy and to keep the worry from his voice, "What a blessed time. I will take care of everything; you don't need to worry about a single thing. I will take care of you I will take care of everything."

Alena laughed and hugged him tight, "I know, My Love. Our Family is growing, you'll still love me when I'm bigger than this house, won't you?"

"Woman, young, old, fat, skinny, don't you know by now that I don't care? It's *you* that I love. You. I will take you anyway I can get you. I will never let you go, no matter what happens I will never let you go."

Those words uttered from his lips always made her feel safe and loved, cherished beyond all other women Ares had known in his five thousand years on this planet. Tonight, Alena couldn't help but hear the underlying tone in his deep voice and realize that it matched the tinge of fear burrowed deep in his onyx eyes. They'd been together for so long that she thought she knew exactly what he was thinking. "I'll be fine," she assured as she took his hands from her belly to lay them over her heart. "It won't be like with Raven."

In nothing more than the full moon light shining through the windows, Ares couldn't stop taking in the glittering strands of silver in her auburn hair knowing that it was the fault of his Sons growing within her. Just as Cernunnos' chastity belt had once done to Alena, the babies in her fertile womb were greedily sucking down the very life force that kept all three of them alive. So many years ago, after he killed Cernunnos and, at the same time, he unwittingly ran the blade of his broadsword through her, Hera conducted an ancient ritual that bound him to her. It gave Alena part of his life-force and unlocked the Olympian powers so long buried within her. Ever since the night Apollo died and Alena was propelled from high atop the Golden Throne in Zeus' Gazing Room, that spell was broken. Even though they'd done all they could to preserve her, in order to save her very life the Dark Fae had no other choice but to expend most of their magick undoing everything that had been done to her thereby restoring her body to a much younger version of herself.

With a small bit of his powers cradled deep within her heart, Alena survived giving birth to Raven. Indeed, once he was expelled from her body, Alena's powers grew strong and he so proud of her. That made her one of the lucky ones; so many of the Lesser Women who'd become pregnant by him didn't live much past the final push of labor. Those that did wished they had died as they watched their beloved sons slowly go mad and turn on them.

So no, Alena was right and it wouldn't be as it had been when she was pregnant with Raven; it could be worse. The only saving graces there were the hope that her bloodlines protected her. Alena was a full quarter Fey, a quarter human, and just over a third Olympian and a third of the heralded bloodline of Anu, Mother of the Forest and Grandmother to Cernunnos, Alena's grandfather and century's long tormentor.

It took a bit of doing but Ares choked down the cynical smile threatening to break out on his lips as he thought of Cernunnos' and the fact that, he, Ares himself, was still in reality, Alena's Great-Grandfather. She spoke of that fact after it was revealed to her but he knew it had to be a jagged little pill for her to swallow. Such things were beyond normal in the world of the Olympians but for one such as Alena who'd spent over two hundred years hiding in the Mortal World they were distasteful. On that score, Ares never once tried to fool himself, instead he was simply grateful that she'd continued on loving him the way she had since the night she washed up on his shore.

Staring down into the radiantly hopeful eyes gazing back at him, Ares took a split-second to pray to a God he didn't believe in to let the ugliness of some of those so-called graces to be enough payment to

allow Alena to finally enjoy being pregnant. To let her glow with the luminescence of this miracle and to grow stronger during this most wondrous time of her life rather than suffer through it once more. Fearing his prayers would not be enough, Ares' voice like his posture was firm, "I'm right here just where I always be; by your side. But, should they start talking to you, as Raven once did, or if anything else unusual happens, you will tell me immediately, do you understand? If you try to hide anything from me, I will be very angry."

Alena couldn't help it she stood up on her tiptoes to plant a soft kiss upon his full lips that made both of their bodies tingle. It was brief but sweet and filled with all of the love in her heart, "This is why I will always love you," she cooed as she broke away.

Ares didn't understand and sought clarification, "Why?"

Pressing hard with the hands already holding his over her heart she sighed, "Because you're always there for me. Even when you do the wrong things...and you do...it's for the right reason. You do them because you need to do your best to protect me." Gently grabbing his wrists she pushed his hands away so that she could move in closer to him and laid the side of her head just below his pecs. "Don't worry, I'll be fine, and in a few months we'll have two new babies, products of our love, to cherish." Those words didn't still the slightly frantic beat of his heart. "If anything strange starts happening I'll tell you right away. I promise."

Ares' arms moved to embrace her as he bent to kiss the top of her head, "I love you Alena, I would be completely lost in this world without you."

"And I you," she murmured. "Now, isn't it time we celebrated our good fortune?"

Judging by the way her fingers were beginning to knead his flesh over the flimsy black cotton of his t-shirt, the steaminess of her sweet breath in his face as she looked up at him with those passionate dewy eyes, Ares had no choice but to comply. Under other circumstances, say if she were about to bear him a Daughter or even twin Daughters, he wouldn't hesitate to pick her up in his arms and throw her down upon the massive bed they had shared all these years. These were Sons and his Sons never turned out well.

Except for Raven.

In an instant Ares dismissed even that comforting idea. It had taken Eros thousands of years to show his particular brand of insanity. Raven, for all he'd accomplished, was still a mere thirty years-old. Hunter, Ares' youngest living Son, was well on his way to a bright future as a psychopath. The boy was nothing but destructive and argumentative. Romulus and Remus had been nothing short of Night and Day they were always at each other's throats. While it was true that Romulus had gone down in History to be a great leader of men and to build the Roman Empire he'd done it at the cost of killing his twin Brother. For all of his Historical Glory, in the end, Romulus was quite insane. As for Alena, who couldn't stand her Husband and her Son argue over the most minor things, raising two Sons who would always be at odds

even when they were plotting against her would be unbearable. Doing so with one Son, Raven, nearly cost her life on several occasions. How could she possibly survive when it was two of them?

Yet, again, Raven was well. He was tempered by his Mother even though he'd gone through a rebellious childhood that destroyed the planet. If Alena had been awake and not caught in Morpheus' grasp during those young years of Raven's life, Ares had no doubt she would have seen what was happening and put a stop to it. As it had been, Ares himself had been too deep in the clutches of grief to notice anything outside of Rose, the last gift his Wife had given him.

This time, Ares vowed to be more vigilant. He would always be looking for the slightest sign that something was amiss with one or both of his new Sons. The only way they would ever cause their Mother sorrow was over his dead body. Alena's sweet voice filled with concern tickled his ears and brought him out of his daze.

"Ares, are you already angry and trying to hide it from me?"

The God of War held tight to her hands as he brought them to his full lips, "Concerned, that's all." He felt her begin pulling away from him and held on even tighter to prevent her from leaving his side as he made his confession. "I am not angry. I only worry about you. I would never risk losing you. Not for anything in this world or any other."

Alena choked back tears rising in her eyes, such an honest profession of love was not rare coming from his lips but always unexpected. She thought she understood his pain, after all, when Rose was born so premature, Ares had been completely responsible for her life. He'd doted on her, kept her safe, kept her warm as he carried her everywhere tucked into his Battle Vest. He'd been, what the world now defunct would have termed; a single father. That was something Ares had never been. "You won't lose me."

Her voice was sweet and light leading him to believe the seriousness of the situation may be lost on her so he reinforced it, "As long as you are here, by my side, come what may, I have everything I need and far more than I could ever want. But, all of the power in the universe dancing in the palm of my hand means anything without you. You're all I ever wanted and more than I ever dreamed of having."

"Is that true? Because I do believe they're playing our song."

For a second, Ares' keen ears pricked up to take in the music behind him and let the sweet memories of their first night together wash over him.

*If I have to beg, plead, for your sympathy
I don't mind 'cause you mean that much to me*

"Yes, I see they are. But, you know, I consider this one to be our song." Ares replied taking in the growing glimmer in her stormy eyes as he let the cooing sound in her voice wash over him. He snapped his fingers and the CD player let out another tune.

*I've been really tryin', baby
Tryin' to hold back these feelings
For so long now*

"And it is true." Ares muttered as he pulled her in closer to dance with her again.

With her own memories of that time-stopping first night together, Alena bit down on her bottom lip as she raised one eyebrow, "Actions speak louder than words, don't you think?"

Taking in a deep breath and slowly letting it out, Ares pursed his lips and cocked his head to the side as the palms of his strong hands landed on her warm shoulder to pluck the straps of her nightgown, "Oh, you know me I'm nothing if not a man of action." With deliberation so slowly carried out that goose bumps arose on her alabaster skin before the straps under his hand were released and the nightgown fell to the bedroom floor. In the light of the moon she stood before him in all of her angelic glory. "It's always like Christmas morning when I gaze upon you."

"The same old gift over and over again," she taunted as she took a step toward him.

"What more could a boy ask for?" Ares gave over to the passion rising within him pushing away all doubt and worry. He picked her up and reveled in the sound of her titter as he carried her to the bed they'd shared for all of these short years. A thousand lifetimes with her would never be enough but, as always, one single night could be. Laying her out before him, Ares stepped back to pull the black t-shirt over his head and to admire his prize for a moment. "After all, you do come with all the bells and whistles."

Alena laughed as she rose up on her knees to unbutton the well-worn jeans around his firm waist, "You're still overdressed." As always, there were no boxers or briefs below the denim just the hardening cock nestled in its deep patch of course hair. In the briefest of lingering moments, she nuzzled her nose to its tip and blew a breath over the tender flesh watching it bob and grow as it readied itself for her. Crawling backward on the bed she gave him a heated stare as she whispered, "Come here you."

"As you wish," he replied in a husky tone as he climbed up on the bed to join her on his knees and lace his fingers through hers. "What can I do for you, my woman? My Wife. My Queen."

Running her thumbs over the backs of his hands she cooed, "Let's start with what I can do for you, my Lord."

Long ago, Ares forbid her from saying those two words; My Lord, outside of the bedroom where she seemed to need to say it on occasion. On those occasions it always signaled the most powerful of pleasures were lying in wait ahead of him with the intent of spreading themselves out over the course of an entire night. If she were of such a mind, as she so obviously was, then that was never a bad place to start. Before Ares knew it the tip of his quivering cock was wet, her tongue was lapping around it making his eyes roll back in his head as his brawny body let out a long shiver. In less than instant all of the Ichor in him raced down to the hungry, greedy, creature between his legs rose to full wakefulness to become harder than granite. So exquisitely exsanguinated his strength failed him as Ares fell back upon the bed lightheaded. Alena followed him down she didn't miss a single rhythmic lick lapping around the pulsing

shaft in her mouth. She didn't miss a single tender motion of the way her hand cupped his full balls. Instead she settled between his splayed legs, her soft auburn hair with its strands of pure silver cascading over the flat of his stomach in the most decadent of blankets as it ebbed and flowed with all of the force of the raging sea echoing the skillfulness of her tongue and hands worshipping the part of him that had filled her with life once more.

It had been more than a week since he'd been able to partake in such delights, to Ares that was nearly a lifetime. Other than that frustrating fact the good news was that, as gratifying as this was, it was just a warm-up, a little prelude of what was to come on the rest of this joyous night. In other words, it was far from the main attraction. It was just a little test fire to help ensure the success of the even more decadent pleasures ahead. When, with sudden urgency, the churching steam in his belly ignited to a full fire he didn't even try to hold back. Resisting the strong desire to grab up handfuls of her hair between his fingers, to yank on it, pull on it, and work his way down to the head bobbing so expertly between his legs, Ares' big hands landed on either side of him with a heavy thud that shook the bed as he gripped the white satin eyelet comforter below his stiffening frame. Every muscle in his toned body went rigid from the curling of his toes to the unnaturally high rise in his eyebrows. His back arched, his hands tightened around the material below them as his arms bulged and pulled his body into a half-sitting position. That was when he felt the undeniable command of Alena's hand land between his sweat soaked pecs pushing him down again with much conviction. Helpless to do anything more than her bidding, his head hit the pillow even as he threw it back as far as he could. His frame continued tightened until it verged on the tinges of pain. Still his strong back continued its' arching stuffing the swollen throbbing creature between his toned legs further down her slender throat greedily taking it down until it exploded so forcefully that his closed eyes flew open as he let out a throaty howl of release.

The orgasm seemed to take hours to complete wracked him from his curled toes to the midnight hairs high atop his head. For a long moment Ares feared he would die this way locked in the grip of the explosion he couldn't contain. His heart stopped. The very breath in his big lungs froze. Everything he ever known washed away.

In reality, it was no more than a few moments out of a five thousand year life time that he was helplessly lost in the throes of the pleasures his Wife so freely gave him. Soon, the taut muscles in his body relaxed making every fiber tingle, his heart sped up long before it began to slow and Ares struggled to catch his breath which seemed to have run off to parts unknown along with his heart. "How do you do that so quickly?"

"Is that a complaint?"

"No." His eyes cast downward to see her smiling up at him as she licked the last of his from her lip. "What?"

"There's such a strong flavor of dark red cherries, tonight, my Lord." Alena ran her tongue along her bottom lip again and cooed, "Delicious."

"Glad you like it," he looked at her closer, "What are you thinking?"

"I still got it," she grinned as she blew on her fingernails and shined them against the bare skin of her breast.

Holding up one finger, Ares nodded, "You're gonna get it, just give me a minute."

At his words, Alena laughed a little harder while she sidled up to him stretching her naked body out against his sweaty side. "It's nice to know I can still leave you breathless."

Wrapping a temporarily limp arm around her to pull Alena closer to him, Ares returned, "You never need do such a thing for me because you leave me breathless every time I look at you."

Nuzzling her face into his chest, the smile never faded from her lips, not even as she gave him a light slap, "Flatterer," she accused without malice.

Kissing the top of her head as his breath and strength began to return he smiled, "Not flattery only the truth." He held her close for a few more moments as the negative thoughts surrounding the impending arrival of their new Sons threatened to ruin the rest of the night for both of them. With the aid of the ever-comforting sensation of her naked body pressed to his, Ares pushed those thoughts away vowing nothing would disrupt this wonderful night. But he was blocked by the words that next fell from her inviting mouth.

"Who would ever thought that a lowly Fey such as I could ever leave an Olympian such as you breathless?"

"What did you say?"

"Have I displeased you, my Lord?"

This time Ares heard the playfulness in her voice or at least he hoped he did. "You? Displease me? Never. My turn," in a sudden motion he rolled Alena over onto her back to straddle her like the fine thorough bred she was. "Now, where shall I start?" Looking down at her he sucked on his lip appearing to appraise the situation ahead of him until he raised his finger in the air signaling he had an idea, "I know I'll start here." Scooping up her hair with one hand to cast it off to one side he grabbed her wrist with the other and pinned it high over her head. Taking a single instant to enjoy the glint in her eyes, Ares dove in with desire kissing and sucking that sweet spot just below her left ear preparing it for the moment his sharp teeth bit down and it was her back that arched as the heady moan escaped her lips.

Alena's free arm rose up to wrap around him only to be met by his own, larger, free hand. When he pinned it next to the one he already held captive and grasped both of her wrists firmly in one of his hands, it was hard to hold back the squeal of delight. Still, she gave him a little resistance until she felt his teeth bit down a bit harder and heard him order in a coarse whisper:

"Don't make me tie you up."

That was no threat. It was a promise. One that brought with it images of its' own delights, "Me? No, of course not," she teased and felt him smile as his teeth eased a bit.

"Never," Ares agreed in a mocking whisper and shook his head against the nape of her neck. Alena had no aversions to a strand of silk wrapped around her wrists in a slipknot secured to the headboard or to the firm grip of his hand pinning down the same; in fact he thought she liked it a little more than most women should. She didn't like it when he held her down with the power of his mind. She loved the idea of him bending her to his will but never the act itself. He learned long ago which buttons were safe to push, which ones brought her higher, and which ones brought her fear. A little fear was good, just a tad, a smattering, no more, it made her give over to him and open to him like a rose at sunrise. More than that she closed up tighter than a clam withholding not just the physical rush of her pleasure but the spiritual connection he always felt when he was deep inside of her.

Tonight was an occasion, if not for celebration on his part, for reaffirming their love and his desire for her. With that in mind, his free hand explored the sensitive places between the top of her head, the side of her face, her neck, and down to those perfect breasts. There she flinched below him and he understood they were already tender as they prepared to suckle and nurse his new Sons. For the last time that night, he shoved away the thoughts that threatened to anger him, fill him with fear, and take this magickal time away from them.

Resuming his work with his teeth and tongue, he let the exploring hand wander away from her sore mounds with their pert pink nipples standing hard as little seashells to find that the racy curve from her waist down her hips and thighs was still very much open for business. A few long caresses up and down that racecourse with growing intensity as they slowly reached ever closer (and occasionally purposefully went right past) the moistening place snuggled between those goose bump covered thighs and her legs parted like The Red Sea. Once opened, the musky scent dripping in tiny droplets of liquid bliss rose hot and heavy in the air below his keen nose. Like her very presence in his life, that was a heavenly aroma of which he could never get enough. The deeper he breathed of it with all of the greed of a Wall Street Broker the more he wanted and the more it replaced the oxygen in his lungs filling them instead with something akin to helium laced with Spanish Fly.

Lost in the moment, he settled between her legs and brushed his whiskers over the reddening outer lips glistening with promise. She shuddered and shook, those long lean legs slammed closed on the sides of his head even as her hips involuntarily began to rise in greeting. The very tip of his tongue flicked out from his full lips to get its first taste of the warm champagne that awaited him. "Open for me," he commanded in an even tone, "Give to me what is mine."

The desire to fight was nearly non-existent but Alena liked to play a few games as much as he did, "If I don't?"

Longer and stronger than her, Ares tightened his grip on the slender wrists in the hold of one of his hands. He picked them up, stretched them high, and slammed back to the pillow with purpose. "Clear enough?"

"Crystal," she cooed and surrendered with the closing of her eyes and the parting of her thighs below him. When the soft moistness of his tongue met those swollen outer lips again all she could do was gasp for air. Yes, when a woman shared her bed with the God of War a sexless week could seem like eternity. "Oh, God."

"Yes," Ares chimed between her legs, "What can I, a lowly Olympian, do for a Goddess such as you?" The next thing he knew she'd broken free of his hold to land her hands on the sides of his head and begin pulling at his midnight hair as her thighs began to rise in greeting of the flat of his tongue. Small droplets of heaven started landing on his taste buds bringing with them that heady scent of musk making the softening tool between his legs start roaring to life once more.

"Don't stop," she whispered in return as her fingers grabbed up handfuls of his hair. "Take all you want and don't stop."

"As always, Mistress, your desire is my command." As his tongue lapped around Ares slipped a single finger inside the blessed space that brought not only pleasure to his body and hers but also his Children into this world. The thighs on either side of his head quivered as she let out a long low moan before her fingers relaxed and lay still at her sides. No restraints necessary.

One thick digit was joined by another and then another until Alena's hips were rising and falling beyond her control. Sweet honey flowed from her in steady droplets that soon became the torrent of a raging river cascading over his lips, soaking his beard, and rushing down his chin to soak the comforter below them. Greedily sucking down every drop that came his way, Ares didn't stop until all she had to give him was spent and those well-molded hips lay still on the bed as the shudders of desire wracked her slender body with the surrender and desire only he could bring her.

With the object of his longing breathless below him and the hungry creature between his legs swelled to its full potential, Ares threw one strong leg over her. For a moment he stared down at her from his mounted position and ran the flat of his hand between her newly engorging breasts. "Mine," he insisted, "say it."

Alena's eyes opened to gleam at him with anticipation, "Yours. Always yours, my Husband."

"Yes, mine," firmly planting both hands upon each hip bone he pushed her into the mattress with nothing more than the force she craved.

"Mine?" For the briefest of instants, Alena's eyes rolled open to meet his gaze before falling closed again.

"That's right, always mine, always yours. Never will I leave you. Never will I harm you. Always are you safe in my arms."

"Always?" she choked in a whisper as her hands rose from the mattress to wrap around the sweaty bulk of his firm torso. Just above her was the soft patch of the hair on covering his chiseled chest. She couldn't help but be tempted to take a taste, a lick, a nibble, and bite.

Alena's teeth were sharp, she bit hard enough to make him flinch sending his sweaty olive flesh into rippling mounds of goose bumps. "Lay still, woman." In one slow thrust he sent the entire shaft deep inside her welcoming body exploring every warm inch of the dewy walls around him. It seemed his command only brought with it the heat of defiance.

Her knees came off the bed to ride his flanks easily increasing her stride with that of rhythm building in hips. The hands on his back firmed their grip as the polished nails upon them sank into his skin.

For a moment he was torn between enforcing his will, grabbing those hands, and pinning them harshly above her head until his entire body stretched out over her bending it to his every command and giving in to the call of her flesh begging him to lay upon it and move with it as though it were part of his own body. He decided on the middle-of-the-road by pinning only one of her slender wrists to the pillow high above it instantly getting her full attention. With the other, he pushed her knees away from his waist before slowly caressing his way up the racy curves of her thigh all the way to her throat where it laid with purpose. "I said for you to lay still and give to me what is mine." Ares might as well have said 'abracadabra'.

Letting out a little squeal as she quivered, Alena laid still but kept her eyes locked to his as he began moving inside her again. It was so hard to not reach out and envelope him with all her being. And he knew it. Once she got past the need to touch him and allowed the thunder of his heart to be her guide the whole world fell away. There was Here. There was No Tomorrow or Yesterday. There was only Now. "I love you," she whispered before her eyes closed again signaling the last of the fight had been given up.

"I know," Ares whispered back with a smile as he kissed her lips, "But never as much as I love you." With his hand over her throat and his lips pressed to hers, Alena's ankles slithered over the backs of his calves adding a bit of pressure and leverage to his long slow thrusts. Ares gave no protest for now she was running at her his pace and not her own when her hips began gently, almost unnoticeably, rising and falling with his. Every inch of her was nothing but pure ecstasy from the walls around him swelling to suckle his hard cock to the hot breath steaming his face while she kept him locked in their kiss and to the hand that ignored his command and began pressing itself to his back for more pressure, more, leverage, and a better reach. The fire within him ignited but did not stay within his heaving frame instead it jumped about the bedroom to light the dozens of scented candles she kept in here. The moonlit room sprang to life with their flames.

On the edge of no longer being able to hold back, Ares broke the kiss as he rose high over her, his knees planted on her thighs and his hand at her throat just resting there ever so heavily. "Give me your hands," he held up his free one for receiving them when they moved into his grip. With the force and purpose that matched his thrust, Ares held them down over her head once more and nodded as he looked down into those eyes raging like an approaching hurricane that would soon overtake both of them.

But not just yet.

The hand at her throat gave a little squeeze and he watched the lightning in those eyes flash on the near horizon. Keeping a very firm grip on her wrists, he descended to cover that delicate throat with kisses feeling her pulse quicken along with her breath. Inside of her those wet welcoming walls grew tight until it began to feel as though he were caught in the clutches of a boa one that would devour him whole in the most pleasurable of manners. "Cum for me and no other," the God of War demanded as he found the sweet spot below her ear. When his breath wafted over it he watched the artery nestled there rise up for the wanton sensation of his teeth. Alena's writhing body lay perfectly still as each outer muscle tightened to match those around his throbbing cock and the air in her lungs stopped wisping along the side of his head. "Give or I'll take. Now."

He might as well have put a small electric shock to her skin for that's how hard she shuddered as she caught deep in the grip of the fruits of desire. Ares held back his own orgasm as he thrust harder, deeper, into her. The walls around him now swelling and ebbing as they ushered forth another river in the rich exotic oil of her very essence. Thrust for increasing thrust, with no air left to her, she rode with him until she could run no more. When she began trying to pull her wrists free, Ares let his own climax release as he held just a moment longer before letting her go only to feel those arms wrap around him with the last of their strength, pull him down, hold him tight to her, while her hips milked him for every drop and her lungs drew in gasps of air. The dozens of candles roared with him their flames lighting up the dark room like the Dawn. With the last strokes of his emptying member, Ares rolled her over to lie atop of him where he could press her close to him without crushing her any further.

Alena's face nestled to the sweaty crevice that led to his swiftly beating heart and then laid her cheek upon it to listen to its thundering melody. "Only you can do that to me."

"I know the feeling," he held her a little tighter as he brought the comforter over her while he softened inside her. "Rest now," he laid his hand on the softness of her hair to stroke the top of her head as he commanded the candles in the room to go out for the night leaving the room once again bathed in the light of the moon streaming through the windows.

"Have you had enough already?"

"I'm getting older," he crooned and kissed her head, "it's late. Morning will come soon."

"Alright," Alena began moving off him but he held her in place.

"No, stay where you are, I will keep you warm. Tonight you use me for your bed." He pulled the covers from the other side of the bed over them until they were wrapped up in a big burrito in the middle of their bed.

Alena laid head down again and settled in for the night on the soft mat of fur covering his toned chest letting the beat of his heart and the patter of his breathing lull her off to sleep.

Ares stayed awake the rest of the night holding her tight in his arms and thinking.

And feeling.

With her pressed to him this way he couldn't help but feel the Sons growing inside of her and that was to be expected. However, he could almost swear he heard them talking to each other and, when they noticed he was listening, they spoke to him. It wasn't a voice; not really, it was more of an impression, perhaps nothing more than a brief tinge of fear using the power of a passionate moment to rear its head.

Ares found his lips uttering words they'd once spoken to an unborn Raven; "You won't take her from me."

In the darkness, the God of War could swear that somewhere deep within her sleeping body he heard laughter.

The End

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About Lisa Beth Darling

Lisa Beth Darling is 50 years-old, lives in her hometown of New London, CT with her husband of 30 years, Roy. She is the author of more than fifteen novels along with several short stories and non-fiction books. For more information and to download several free stories please visit <http://www.lisabethdarling.com> Lisa's books are also available on Kindle, Nook, iBooks, Kobo and other e-book retailers. Paperbacks are available through Amazon.com and other retailers. Signed paperbacks may be purchased on Lisa's website.

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