

Pinned by Divine Worship

## Description



The temple was silent, Shiva lay supine upon the stone, a different kind of stillness prevailed—a stillness charged with anticipation, a vacuum waiting to be filled by fury and ecstasy.

Kali Ma stood over him.

The devourer of time, the dancer of the end. Her skin was the blue of a storm-charged sky. The garland of skulls around her neck swayed gently as she breathed, a macabre pendulum counting down the seconds of eternity.

And Shiva's eyes were open, watching her, pools of infinite calm in a face carved from darkest stone. He knew what was coming.

“Why didn’t you get the bin out?” She said

She didn’t.

She said nothing

Her first arm—long, slender, tipped with nails like obsidian blades—descended. They scratched his right wrist, then pinned it to the cold stone. He felt her cool, unyielding strength that could crush mountains.

Her second arm mirrored the first, claiming his left wrist. Now his arms were spread, a god offered upon an altar of his own making.

She leaned over him, her breasts, full and heavy, her scent; musk, jasmine and gunpowder.

Her third arm came down, a hand broad and powerful, wrapping around his throat. She did not choke but she applied pressure. Her thumb pressed into the pulse point at the side of his neck, as her fingers curled around the back of his neck.

“The bin. It’s still not out. Do I have to do everything myself?” she said.

She didn’t.

Instead she said

“You invite the storm,” her voice the rumble of an earthquake through bedrock. “You lie in stillness, waiting for my chaos.”

Her fourth and fifth arms moved together, a symphony of deliberate control. They took his hips, her grip firm and unrelenting as she stood balanced on his thighs. Her bare feet weighing down on his thighs.

He was pinned now—wrists, legs, throat.

The power radiating from her was intoxicating, a dense, heat that threatened to annihilate him.







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