

Love's Legacy

by Angie

And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

- William Shakespeare

She stood watching the sun rise over the ocean, let its warmth run up her naked body like a benediction.

Soon, she would have to report to the hotel for the Beauty and the Beast Convention. If she had done her job, there would be little for her to do but sit back and enjoy the love that, every year, seemed to grow around its participants. The TV series had inspired and changed her life – as it had that of so many other women. More accurately, it had given her the courage to do so. Now, two decades later, it was an integral part of who she was. That inspiration reached across generations and touched women who had been only children when the show first aired. It had permeated a corner of the internet and allowed a community of artists and fans to flourish. Its light was passed on like the candles lit during Winterfest.

She stretched her arms over her head, basking in the kiss of the sun. She felt, rather than heard, his soft-footed approach behind her. He was the ultimate miracle of her B&B obsession.

She had bought this house because of its unobstructed view of the Pacific and the tiny private cove beneath it, where the sound of the breakers soothed her and let her mind soar unfettered to new heights of inspiration and imagination. She had found him down there, one late spring day.

Her brain had been filled with Convention details, anticipation of new stories from the ever-widening group of fans – and of course her own lascivious thoughts. She had thought herself peculiar, to be so obsessed with a fictitious character, until she had learned that millions of other women were equally – or more – infatuated. Somehow, walking in her private cove, naked in the sun, helped her come to terms with this unrequited, impossible love.

She had strolled around a tall rocky outcrop, watching her feet ooze water from the sand. Then she had looked ahead and stopped in amazement. He lay in a small bay of sand, sound asleep and as naked as herself – and more actually. Her heart had fluttered as she moved closer, drawn to him, even as she wondered how close she could get before he noticed her.

Then he had opened his eyes, turned to look at her and sat up. Realizing that running away was now pointless and would be very undignified, he waited for her.

She had approached him and, uncertain what to say, had said nothing, simply sat down beside him. She had looked at the ocean and its glitter of sun diamonds and wondered if she was in a dream – albeit the best one she had ever had. But no, the sand was warm and rough beneath her bare bottom, the breeze off the ocean like a kiss – and she could see the unusual feet of the man beside

her. She could see more in her peripheral vision, and that made her suddenly blush.

As if he had seen this last, he began to talk - about his life, why he came to this remote cove, about the cave and the long tunnel he used to reach it, where he lived and what he loved best. And his name.

She had talked in turn, without looking at him, about her own life, about the Conventions she organized, her love of the TV series – and its message of love which dissolved obstacles and transcended generations. Lastly, she had given him her name. It seemed suddenly appropriate.

He had put his arm around her then, and she had leaned to him, feeling a oneness she had never known before, as if some unknown, shattered pieces of her life had suddenly clicked into harmony. He began to stroke her neck and back. She had felt his lips under her ear and she had turned until she could face him and begin an exploration of her own. Their heat had built into a sun-like inferno and they had made fiery love on the sand, gasping like virgins released from bondage. Perhaps they were. It was as if two hearts had met and melted together. No previous encounters mattered at all.

Now in her solarium, she turned to him, caught the azure passion in his eyes, and closed the gap between them. He was warm and she ran her hands over his furry chest and then up his back as he drew her close to him. She looked up at his face and he bent to kiss her, his unique lips generating an electric charge that instantly aroused her. She felt his own response against her.

“How are you possible?” she whispered, when he released her lips, so they could breathe.

“Because of Love, *‘the voice of all the gods’*,” he replied in that deep silken rasp which sent a thrill up her spine and ignited her fire.

He bent to lift her to him, placed her gently on the thick rug in the sunshine. Then he demonstrated how, with love, heaven was made drowsy – and nothing was impossible.

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