### madness after the fall (untitled - an excerpt)

by rainonherwindow

#### Summary

It is a strange kind of contradiction to be loved by him, this man who is madness.

#### Notes

i'm embarrassed to even be posting this honestly, but hey - it was definitely breaking out of my comfort zone as a writer. It's technically a teeny fragment of a book i'm writing, and i wrote it as a sort of study of ariadne at a particular point in her character growth. i'm actually surprisingly proud of how it came out? There's a few lines in here that I amazingly... don't hate? pushin the border between prose and poetry is my jam.

Dionysus is passion, I think as his breath ghosts over my thighs. Passion and madness and thrill. Sin trapped in the skin of a god. His entire being is the energy of life, the hum of adrenalin alive in the ichor in his veins. It is a strange kind of contradiction to be loved by him. This man who is madness — feared by so many among us for the stories of insanity, murderous trances, uncontrolled debauchery — yet who is so unspeakably adoring.

His touch is almost reverent. The caresses of his fingers feel like worship, and under his hands it is impossible to believe I am anything less than a goddess. He grips the curve of my hip and I am brighter than the dawn's golden bloom as it spills across the night-inked sea beside us. The sun
kisses my face, bathes his back in warm orange and he *glows*. Looking down at him now it is easy to see him as the god he is: dark skin lit up gold, wine-rich eyes heavy with desire.

He meets my gaze, my heart still caught in my chest at the image of him, and I almost weep. His stare is worried. It is safe and loving and *wonderful* with worry and I feel tears prickle my waterline.

"Adne?" he asks, voice like a velvet embrace, "are you okay? Is this okay?"

I nod frantically, a lump in my throat and a smile pulling irrepressible over my lips.

"Yes." I reach down and cup his face, tug him up towards me, whisper against his mouth like a prayer. "Yes, yes."

I feel his grin and taste the grapes on his breath as he cradles my back. "I love you. Gods, I love you."

This is what it is to love — to *live*. I could laugh, remembering how I once hoped an Athenian prince could hold me, could *love* me. With Dionysus I am incandescent. I am ecstasy itself, under the touch of madness.

I lay back on the sand, still bathed in the golden fire of dawn, and pull him down over me.

"Show me?"

He laughs, deep and husky with promise, then kisses me again. It's tender and perfect and all I can think is *gods, this is love* — before his lips are moving and I'm *gasp*ing —

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