

He lay on the forest green apolistered couch in my office, while I stood over him. I placed my hands over his shoulder and closed my eyes, preparing to push my own magnetism into him.

James grabbed my wrist. "Look at me."

Taking a shaky breath, I complied. I willed the power flowing through my veins through my hands and into his skin, gaze never wavering from his. The heat flowed through me and pooled around his wounds, but instead of dissipating into his body, it began to flow back up toward me. I flinched and pulled my hands away. This had never happened before; surely it meant something was wrong.

James twined his fingers in mine. "Let me." His voice was husky. "Let me return it to you." He guided my hands over his thigh, where beneath layers of carefully pressed fabric, two scarred over bullet holes pulsed and pulsed in time with his heartbeat.

I licked my lips, returning my eyes to his, and pushing the silvery energy through my palms into this sensitive skin. Once it had done its healing work, James squeezed my hand and I felt it fill the air between us, before reaching up into my fingertips and returning to my body. I inhaled sharply, expecting it feel heavy, laden down with the pain and infection it carried from his system, but it was as light and effervescent as when I sent it into him. Somehow, he had transformed it, purified it, before sending it back to me.

Hesitantly, I took his other hand. I pushed my energy into him, this time not directing it to any location in particular, giving only for the pleasure of it. My knees weakened and shook as he pushed back, flooding my veins with his own energy. He guided me on top of him, so that one of my knees was on either side of his hips, my body hovering over his. We touched only at our hands, arms shaking as we pushed and pulled, reveling in the warmth passing between us. The

longer we held each other's gaze, the deeper into the realm of the spirit I fell, until I lost all sense of my body, tumbling, twirling in the liquid heat in my veins, the two strands of energy twined in a dance within us.

Finally, I could take no more and I broke the exchange, collapsing on top of him.

James was breathing hard, as if we had just made love, which in essence we had, but only in spirit rather than in body.