

## Cold Dark Earth

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by [hissatanicmajesty\\_\(steelneena\)](#).

Summary

Drabble length Zed/Jim fic

She went home with him that night. They kissed, and John saw, and Jim was going to die and She went home with him. They made tender love, and that was enough for her, that it was gentle, and precious. And Jim was going to die.

Every time she touched him, she knew, closer, harder, more certainly, that was his fate. Every time they came together, bodies twining, breaths hitching in synchronicity, hands trailing and caressing, Zed felt his death. Each moment was a blessing and a curse. Each moment was the penultimate, holding life and death in it's time, simultaneously.

She felt him try to lose himself in her, in the moments, his foreknowledge eating him alive. She felt his slipping control, felt their tears mingle on her skin as he worshiped her tenderly, and she him, alternately.

In the night, while he dreamed, she twirled her fingers aimlessly on his chest, just below where her head was pillowed, listening to his heart beating, remembering John's face as he watched them kiss in the bar. A mask without emotion, with a screen of cigarette smoke. She could see the green aura around Jim in the darkness, but when she closed her eyes, there was nothing. Nothing but the grave.

Zed lay awake.

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