

EROTIC TALES FROM THE LUST BASTION

WISH UPON A PRINCE

MICHELE
BARDSLEY

Loose Id

EROTIC TALES FROM THE LUST BASTION 2: WISH UPON A PRINCE

Michele Bardsley

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This book contains explicit sexual content, graphic language, and situations that some readers may find objectionable (anal sex).

Erotic Tales from the Lust Bastion 2: Wish Upon a Prince

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Dear Reader

In creating my hero, Smenkare, I used creative license with the facts of his birth and the circumstances of his disappearance from Egyptian history. Not much is known about Smenkare. Speculation about his relationship to Akhenaten, the Heretic King, is much in debate. Some scholars believe he was Akhenaten's brother or nephew, others that he was the half-brother of Tutenkhamen. A few have gone so far as to suggest Smenkare, who served as co-regent for a couple of years before his death, was really Nerfertiti disguising herself as a man to share the throne with her husband. Yet another theory is that Smenkare was Akhenaten's beloved male lover.

I chose to make Smenkare the half-brother of Tutenkhamen, the older brother destined to rule Egypt. In my story, Smenkare does not die, but succumbs to another fate. I've made him the son of Kiya, who was, in reality, the second wife of Akhenaten and the mother of Tutenkhamen. I've made Nerfertiti, the king's Great Wife, the mother of Tutenkhamen, but in truth, she birthed six daughters for the king, but no sons.

During the reign of Akhenaten, his son's name was Tutenkhaten, which means "living image of the Aten." After Akhenaten died and Tutenkhaten was made king, he returned to the old gods and changed his name to Tutenkhamen, which means "living image of the Amen." In Smenkare's time, he would have known his half-brother as Tutenkhaten.

Thank you for your indulgence. I hope you enjoy the story of Smenkare and Kira Maxwell. I welcome your comments and invite you to drop me a line at michelebardsley@yahoo.com.

With love and laughter,

Michele Bardsley

Chapter One

Kira Maxwell wanted a vibrator.

Not just any vibrator.

An ultraorgasmic won't-leave-after-it's-over, long, thick, take-me-to-heaven vibrator.

She wanted a Pharaoh 3000.

Kira pulled into the parking lot of The Lust Bastion Erotica Emporium and parked her Saturn in the one available space. She turned off the engine, tucked her keys into her coat pocket, and took a deep breath. A fresh pine scent assaulted her, stinging her nose, and she sneezed.

Stupid air freshener. When would her mother stop putting the darn things in her car? She tugged off the tiny foul-smelling paper tree and threw it into the backseat. Kira looked into the rearview mirror and faced her scared reflection. "Go in, make the purchase, leave."

She opened the door.

And shut it.

She hugged the steering wheel.

HOOONNNNKKK.

“Shit!” Heart pounding, Kira released the wheel and the horn ceased its whiny protest. Geesh. Even her car didn’t want affection.

It must be male.

Hands trembling, she dug her lipstick out of her purse and dropped it on the floor. “Oh for heaven’s -- ow!” Her head smacked the dashboard and she straightened, rubbing the sore spot on her forehead. Giving up on the lipstick, she checked her reflection again. Naked lips. Damn. She fluffed her hair and checked her earrings.

I can’t believe I’m primping for a vibrator. It’s not like I have to date it.

Kira opened the door.

And shut it.

The only time she’d ever been in a porn shop was in college when she and some girlfriends went to buy gag gifts for a bachelorette party. She’d been too embarrassed to look at the weird contraptions, blow-up dolls, and assorted body gels. When she moved to Las Vegas two years ago to take the job at Marketing for Morons, she’d noticed the adult bookstores were almost as numerous as the casinos. Now, here she was, contemplating a trip into Naughty Naughty Land because she wanted a pleasure tool all her own.

God, she was tired of lousy sex. And lousy fuck-me-once men.

Kira opened the door.

And rammed the large rear end of a woman trying to get into the car next to her.

“Oh! I’m so sorry! Are you okay?” Kira couldn’t get out of the car because the woman took up most of the space between the two cars. She closed the door, the woman scuttled past, and Kira dashed out of the car, managing to push the lock in before shutting the door.

“Margaret, honey, are you okay?”

Another portly woman rounded the car and grabbed the arm of Large Rear End. Kira grimaced at her uncharitable thoughts. “I’m truly sorry.”

“It’s okay, honey. Plenty of padding there. No bumps or bruises.”

To Kira's shock, Margaret's friend grabbed her ample rear and massaged it. "You're sure it's all right? Maybe I should check it out."

Margaret giggled. "Thelma, you are so ornery."

Thelma grinned. They turned to look at Kira, who couldn't stop staring at them with an open mouth.

"First lesbian sighting, dearie?"

"Uh, no. Well, yes."

"Don't worry. You can't catch it."

"Catch it?"

"Lesbianism."

"Oh."

Margaret tapped Thelma's arm. "Don't tease her. We'll just get out of your way. Headed to the Emporium?"

"Uh ..." Kira looked behind her at the building, made to look like an Egyptian palace. "I was just going to --"

"There's no shame in sex, no shame at all. Go on in, find some fun." Margaret winked at her. Then she kissed Thelma. They pulled apart, sloppy grins on their grandmotherly faces. "Let's go, sweetheart."

The older women went to their car, leaving Kira to go into the store or jump in her car and forget about buying a Pharaoh 3000 vibrator.

She took a deep breath and, before she could change her mind, walked to the building. She grabbed the ornate gold handle and paused, studying the huge wood doors. Carved in individual squares were images of people having sex. All kinds of people in all kinds of positions. Men and women. Women and women. Men and men. She leaned closer. Was that a *goat*?

“In or out, lady. Ain’t got all day.”

Kira yelped and released the handle. She looked over her shoulder at the scruffy little man behind her. She moved aside, allowed him to open the door, and followed him into The Lust Bastion.

Kira gaped at the inside of the Emporium. She felt like she’d been transported to an Egyptian temple. Beautiful pillars carved with hieroglyphics and painted with bright reds, blues, and yellows reached from floor to ceiling. She felt excessively respectful ... until she noticed the blow-up dolls in a glass case near the door. The blow-up girl was bent over, her round plastic ass arched toward the blow-up boy, who’d put his “realistic” penis into her “realistic” pussy. Kira read the display sign: “Mighty Mike and Pussy Galore in Dogs Rutting Position.”

“How romantic,” muttered Kira. She looked at Mighty Mike and wondered about the possibility of taking him home. A man she could deflate, fold, and put away in a drawer until she needed him appealed to her. No broken promises. No insincere lies. No fake feelings.

Across from the “Dogs Rutting” display was another glass case with another pair of blow-up dolls. The woman doll lay on a zillion rose petals, one leg up on the guy’s shoulder. Her hand covered her clit. The guy had one plastic arm behind him, another in front of the woman’s prostrate leg, and his penis inserted in her vagina. “Big Ben and Grace Slick in Sideways Fuck Position” said the sign above the dolls.

Who the hell came up with these names? Drunk frat guys watching pornos? Sheesh. Kira stopped gawking at the displays and walked into the main part of the store. An electric zing pinioned her between the pillars. The odd feeling lasted only seconds, but she felt strange, as if she’d been momentarily examined and judged. She shook her head. Of course, she would feel like she was being judged. She felt guilty about being in a porn shop. She felt guilty about seeking an instrument for her own pleasure. She felt guilty that she couldn’t attract a single decent guy into her life.

“There’s no reason to feel guilty,” purred a low feminine voice.

Kira turned and found herself under the scrutiny of a beautiful woman. Dark eyes assessed Kira. She was dressed like an Egyptian, from flowing white garments, to multicolored jewelry, from the thin sandals on her slender feet, to the band of gold surrounding her dark hair. Dark kohl lined her eyes, but that seemed to be the only concession to Egyptian makeup. Her skin was so flawless, she didn’t need the war paint most women needed just to look halfway decent. Her features were almost cat-like, and her feline smile only solidified Kira’s impression of a prowling kitty.

“You read minds here at the ol’ Emporium?” asked Kira, wondering if this exotic woman was as psychic as she was gorgeous.

“I read expressions.” The woman’s smile twitched. “A young woman alone in my store of erotic wonders ... You have been mistreated by men. You seek to fulfill your own pleasure.”

“Someone told me about the Pharaoh 3000,” said Kira, before she lost her nerve. No way was she going to peruse the shelves. From the size of the vibrator section, she’d be in here for three days trying to find the one she wanted.

“I am Bast,” said the woman, holding out her hand.

Kira took it, wondering at the unusual name. The woman gripped her hand a few seconds longer than necessary, her gaze so intense Kira blushed.

“You are the one,” announced Bast.

“Uh ... what?”

“The vibrator you asked for, it is not for you. I have something special; something you will like better.”

While she wasn’t an expert on vibrators, Kira was damned sure about the product she wanted to buy. She’d kept the ad she’d clipped from her brother’s porn magazine in her

purse for the last two weeks. It had taken her that long to gather enough courage to drive to The Lust Bastion.

“Look, I know what I want. Just sell me the Pharaoh 3000 and I’ll be on my way.”

Bast did not reply. Instead she led Kira behind the cashier’s counter, through a dark purple curtain, and into a small room. Unease crept up Kira’s spine. It shouldn’t be this difficult to purchase one stinkin’ sex toy!

The woman gestured for Kira to stay put then she continued through a second purple curtain. She debated about leaving the room, running out the door, and never returning. Wasn’t her hand just as good a tool as a vibrator? An orgasm was an orgasm, right?

“For you,” said Bast as she re-entered the room. She held up a white box with symbols carved on the top of it. “Sit.”

Kira looked down at the small, exquisitely carved wood table and its matching chairs. She hadn’t noticed them before. Curiosity piqued, she scooted onto a chair and waited to see what was in the white box.

Bast opened the box, unfolded layers of tissue paper, and removed a large gold vibrator. *Gold*. Long, with a thick head and realistic balls, it was lust-inspiring.

“Why is it gold?”

“It is the appropriate color for a gift.”

She handed it to Kira and she took it, amazed at how real it felt -- almost as warm and soft as a man’s flesh.

“You push the button on the bottom to turn it on.”

Kira flipped it over and saw a tiny black button. She pointed to it. “How do I control the speed?”

“The vibrator knows what you need,” replied Bast. “It’s intuitive.”

“How is that possible?”

“Computer chips with emotional sensors.”

“Oh.” Kira wasn’t sure she believed such technology existed.

“What’s this one called?”

“The Great Smenkare.”

“The Great *Smenkare*? That’s a sucky name for a vibrator.”

Bast’s smile suggested a private joke. “It fits for this one. You may take it with you for two hundred and fifty dollars.”

The vibrator thunked to the table. “Are you nuts? That’s enough for a gourmet lunch and a spa treatment. And maybe some new eye shadow from Mac.”

“You don’t need those things. You need this.” Bast plucked the golden dick from the table and placed it in the box. “You won’t regret the purchase. I guarantee it.”

“Is that a money-back guarantee?”

An elegant shoulder lifted. “If you like.”

Kira frowned. That sure didn’t sound like a guarantee. She looked at the Great Smenkare nestled in the tissue paper. Truth was, she could afford it. She tended to be a penny pincher, which a former therapist had pointed out was due to her growing up in a poor family who had survived on government welfare and charity. Kira had already figured out that much and that’s why Captain Obvious was now her *former* therapist.

She wasn’t sure why she wanted the vibrator, but the need to own it crept inside her like a thief sneaking into a museum. Desire overtook her in an odd sweeping rush. She wanted to feel it rub her clit, stroke her pussy, sensitize her nipples. Images of her and the golden cock consumed her thoughts. Her lips parted and her breath exited in a pleasurable gasp. She stared at Bast with glazed eyes. “I’ll take it.”

“Somehow, I knew you would.”

Bast’s cat-like grin unnerved Kira. There was something weird about the woman. Something ... mystical. And creepy.

“In order to use the vibrator, you must say the incantation.” One glossy gold nail tapped the symbols on the box’s lid.

“I thought I turned on the button.”

“Incantation first. You only have to speak it once. After that, you merely press the button.”

Kira peered at the squiggles, dots, and lines. “I can’t read whatever this is.”

“The English translation is inside the box.”

“Should I light some incense and wear a white robe?”

“If you wish.”

“I wasn’t serious.”

Bast’s brows rose, but her gaze was steady, intent, and *serious*.

Yep. This chick was a ten on the creep-o-meter scale. Kira cleared her throat. “So what does it take to buy this thing? Firstborns? Or do you take credit cards?”

“I haven’t taken a firstborn for payment since the twelfth century. A credit card will do nicely.”

Kira took the box and followed Bast to the cash register. She paid for the Great Smenkare with her never-used Visa.

Bast handed her a black plastic bag with The Lust Bastion emblazoned in gold swirls across it. “Be sure and tell your friends about us.”

“Yeah. I’ll do that.” When it snows in hell.

* * * * *

When Kira arrived at her apartment, she found her coworker Todd Groman standing next to her door. So much for the security entrance and announcement buzzer visitors were supposed to use to enter the building. Todd handed her a rose.

“I’ve been thinking about you.”

Surprised by the gesture, she put down her bag and accepted the rose.

“I know we didn’t part on the best of terms last weekend.”

“You mean when you fucked me and left five minutes after it was over? I didn’t even get dinner.”

“I brought wine.”

“Yeah, the screw cap was a nice touch.” She stuck the rose in her Emporium sack, then turned and unlocked her door. Like a chastised puppy, Todd followed her inside.

“I want to make it up to you.” He glanced at her bag. “You go shopping?”

“No, I collect logo bags from stores.”

Todd sighed, his handsome face looking woeful. “How about a movie? Or coffee?”

She paused, her heart picking up its pace. Could it be that Todd hadn’t used her for sex last Saturday? Sure, he got her plowed with cheap wine, then he *really* plowed her, but she’d been willing enough. He’d been a jerk to leave so soon after they finished and a bigger jerk at work where he ignored her every time they passed in the hallways. Rumor was that he was seeing Nanette, the receptionist. She had big boobs and a tiny brain and a full social calendar through the year 2029.

“You want to go on a date?” she clarified. “Movies, popcorn, and Junior Mints?”

“You want snacks, too?”

“Cheapskate.”

Todd laughed, but the sound rang false. “I was just kidding. Of course you can have some popcorn.”

Kira thought about the evening she’d planned on the way home from The Lust Bastion. She was going to order Chinese food, light every candle in her home, run a hot bath, and initiate her new toy. Just thinking about putting the Great Smenkare between her thighs made her wet.

Damn, she was horny.

She looked at Todd. He was a nice-looking guy. He worked out so he didn't have an ounce of beer belly. He was tall, tanned, and when he smiled, a single dimple graced the corner of his mouth. It hadn't been so bad between them. He had a nice-sized cock and she sure could use one of those right now. She tucked the bag under her coffee table and put her purse on top of it. Her keys jangled as she tossed them down too.

"Why don't we skip the movies?" She removed her light jacket and unbuttoned her blouse.

Todd's grin lit a fire in her belly. He followed her into the bedroom then shucked his shoes and sat on the bed to take off his socks. By the time she'd taken off her blouse and pants, Todd was completely naked, his cock already half-hard.

She crooked her finger. Her body tingled with anticipation as Todd walked to her.

"Let's go, stud."

Ten minutes later, Kira was having really lousy sex.

Stuck on her hands and knees while Todd thrust into her pussy and occasionally slapped her ass, she pressed her face into the pillow and prayed for suffocation. Her knees and palms felt rubbed raw against the cheap cotton sheets. She needed new sheets. Silk ones. Maybe she'd get a whole new bed, too.

"Oh, baby. Oh ... oh!"

Todd reached around and clumsily rubbed her clit. She gritted her teeth at the ineffective effort. If only he'd come and get off her.

She bit her lip, feeling guilty. It was a miracle her good-looking coworker had even noticed her. She should feel grateful Todd was in her bed instead of that vapid Nanette's. She needed to relax. Get into the groove and try to enjoy herself.

She thrust up her hips and matched his rhythm, adding a deep moan for effect.

"Yeah. You like that, don't you, honey?"

I need to balance my checkbook.

His thrusts were harder, faster.

When's the last time I washed my car?

"Oh God, Nanette. I'm coming!"

Kira grimaced as Todd grabbed her hips and rammed into her as he came. His fingers bit into her skin, his cock throbbed inside her. Seconds later, he pulled out, removed the condom, and slipped off the bed. Kira collapsed onto the pillow, angry tears wetting her face.

"That was great, Kira."

She rolled over and stared in disbelief as Todd put on his Dockers and knit shirt.

"Where are you going?"

"I can't stay, babe." His regretful smile didn't quite reach his eyes. "I'll call you."

She sat up, pulling the pillow across her chest. "You yelled Nanette's name."

"Did I?" Todd tucked his socks into his pockets and slipped his feet inside his loafers. "Look, Kira, I'm not looking for a serious relationship. I thought you realized that this was just some ... entertainment."

"Really? Shouldn't I get a tip?"

He grinned. "I gave you more than just the tip, sweetheart." He tucked his wallet into his back pocket and smoothed his hair with his hands. "I'll see you at the office. Thanks." He winked and left the bedroom.

She listened to him walk through her living room, then heard him open and close her apartment door.

That prick.

Kira felt like the stupidest woman alive. He'd come over to get screwed and had dangled the offer of a movie like a carrot to a starving bunny. She fell against the bed and

rubbed the hot tears from her face. Todd was a prick in a long line of pricks. Men wanted women for one reason -- to fuck. Before Todd, there'd been Hank.

Hank was the water guy who serviced her building. And, apparently, the women in the building. One day, he'd delivered more than her water bottles. He hadn't cared that she wore her cucumber mask or that her hair was in curlers or that she was wearing her oldest terry cloth robe. She'd let him take her against the wall. She'd halfway enjoyed that encounter. At least Hank had given her an orgasm before leaving. When he didn't call ... when he didn't even bring her fuckin' water the next week, she cancelled the service and threw away that stupid robe.

Before Hank, she'd dated the computer geek from down the hall. A month after they'd started going out, he invited her to his apartment and attempted a clumsy seduction. At the time, she'd thought his efforts cute. He'd been a rotten lay, too, but he cuddled with her until dawn. He moved out the next week without leaving a forwarding address.

Kira dragged herself from the bed and into her bathroom. Her body felt sore and cranky. Todd had gotten his release, but she hadn't. She wasn't sure she had the energy to finish the job herself. She looked in the mirror at her smeared makeup and red, puffy eyes. "You're pathetic."

Maybe she'd have better luck with women. Kira considered the idea of becoming a lesbian as she turned on the hot water and drew a bath. The two ladies she'd met in The Lust Bastion's parking lot seemed happy. She lit the candles around the tub's rim, then opened a bottle of rose water. The sweet scent tickled her nose. She poured it into the tub. After capping the bottle and returning it to the shelf, she picked up some bubble beads and tossed them in the churning water.

Hmmm. A woman probably wouldn't screw over another woman, would she? Kira imagined herself suckling another woman's tits, touching another woman's pussy ... how would it feel?

Nah.

She grabbed her bath pillow, slid into the tub, and sighed as the water covered her body with soft heat. She leaned against her pillow and thought about the perfect man. The perfect sex slave. A man who would do whatever she said, whenever she wanted, and however she desired. He wouldn't lie to her. He wouldn't call out another woman's name when they made love. And he would never, ever break her heart.

She shifted in the tub. The water lapped over her breasts, slipped between her thighs, and tickled her sensitive neck. It felt almost like a lover's touch. She slid her hands along her rib cage and cupped her own breasts. They tingled with the need to be touched, to be suckled. The ache of desire lodged between her thighs, her throbbing clit a reminder that Todd hadn't given her an orgasm. She pinched her own nipples and gasped with the pleasure that zapped her to the core.

Her hand slid through her pubic hair and covered her mound; she slipped a finger into her pussy, then two, all the while using her other hand to pinch one nipple then the other. She writhed against her hand, the water surrounding her, sensitizing her skin with its movement. She slipped a third finger into her slick wet heat, and stroked faster, deeper.

She pressed her palm against her clit as she felt the pulsing of her vagina around her fingers, but though the attention felt good, her body hypersensitive to the sensations of the water and her hands, she didn't feel too orgasmic yet.

Then she remembered her toy.

The Great Smenkare.

She got out of the tub so fast, half the water splashed out. She took a moment to dry herself because, knowing her luck, she'd electrocute herself with the vibrator and die wet and naked on her couch.

Throbbing, aching, and horny as hell, she hurried to the living room and tore through the bag she'd tucked under the coffee table. With trembling hands, she opened the box and

took out the gold vibrator. She lay down on the couch, pushed the vibrator's little black button, and spread her legs.

Nothing happened.

Kira opened her eyes and sat up. She pushed the button again.

Nada.

She shook it, jiggled it, then gave it a hand job.

"What the hell is --" Then she remembered the incantation.

She dug through the box until she found a small piece of paper wrapped like a tiny parchment scroll. She untied it, rolled it open on her thigh, and read the words.

Chapter Two

“Fuck me.”

Smenkare did as his mistress bade him, slipping between her thighs and entering her wet heat with a rough, penetrating stroke. The leather strap around his neck chafed his skin, but the rattle of the chains that kept him a prisoner of the four-poster bed chafed his pride. Sweat dripped from his brow, his lips and tongue were sore from suckling the bitch’s nipples and pussy. He wished for her death.

A thousand times he wished for her death.

“Harder, slave,” she hissed, smacking him on the ass.

He complied.

She slapped his ass again then kneaded his buttocks with hard fingers, her long nails digging into his flesh.

He hated this woman. She’d been a cruel mistress, a soulless creature with insatiable appetites for sex and humiliation. But even as his hatred coursed through him, he felt the building of his own pleasure, the rising crest of orgasm.

“Faster, my darling. Faster. Oh God! Fuck me, baby.”

Her hands slid to his hips and she urged him deeper into her pussy. She bucked against him, her whispered words of pleasure turning to a scream as she came, her body arching against his. As her orgasm faded, he pulled out, knowing the action would anger her, and emptied his hot seed between her breasts. He watched with satisfaction as come dripped down her neck.

“Goddamn it! You prick!” His mistress struggled out from beneath him, rolling off the bed, and stomping into the bathroom. “You’ll pay for that, slave.”

Smenkare collapsed against the silk sheets and grinned. This small rebellion was worth the whipping he’d receive. It wasn’t that his mistress cared about being sprayed with his seed. No, she hated when he did anything without her express permission. She made him beg for his food, for his sleep, for his own pleasure.

Him! A prince of Egypt forced to degrade and humiliate himself for this common woman. He watched the bathroom door, seething at his helplessness. Finally his mistress appeared, a cat-o’-nine-tails in her hand.

“You’ve been naughty.” Her slow smile was malicious.

He turned away from her, preparing his body for another battering. His mistress loved to hurt him, loved it when he bled, sweated, raged. This was no game between lovers. They did not love each other. They did not even like each other. He hated her with every breath in his being. But his choice had long ago been taken away. Women chose him. And he obeyed their whims because three millennia ago he’d dared to defy a goddess.

“Watch me,” she commanded.

Reluctantly, he turned his head and watched her sashay across the room. She rubbed her breasts with the whip and let it drop between her legs as she approached the bed.

Bright light assailed the room, bathing the torture chamber bedroom in an almost angelic glow. Smenkare felt the familiar tingling pull, the sense of rushing through space and time as he faded from the bed.

The last sound he heard was the bitch's frustrated scream.

* * * * *

"Okay." Kira tossed the scroll onto the coffee table. She peered at the vibrator and gave its tip a kiss for good luck. Wow. It felt just like human flesh, warm and soft and almost pulsing with life. "Now make me happy, damn it, or it's back to the store for you!"

This time when she pushed the button, the vibrator worked. Closing her eyes, she settled onto the couch again and allowed a fantasy to unfold as she slid the vibrator down her pussy and rubbed it along her clit.

A man appeared between her legs. He was tall and well-muscled, with caramel skin and dark-as-sin eyes. His hair was black, soft as a raven's wing, tied behind his neck with a leather thong. He was gloriously naked, his big cock hard and ready.

He bent close to her and whispered, "What do you wish of me, Mistress?"

"Love me," she commanded.

"But how?" His smile was sly. "There are so many ways to love a woman as beautiful as you are."

She blushed at the compliment. No one had ever called her beautiful before.

"Tell me what you want, my Mistress."

"I want ..." She hesitated. What did she want? "I want tenderness."

"As you wish."

His head dipped down and he took her mouth in a gentle caress, his breath skirting her lips. Only when her mouth was pliant, willing, did he deepen the kiss, thrusting his tongue inside to mate with hers. His hand slipped through her hair then lowered to cup her jaw. She reveled in each tender gesture, each slow sensation caused by his patient tending of her. Too soon, he released her mouth.

His lips moved down her throat, lingering at the base. He trailed a path to her breasts, raining tiny kisses over each of them, cupping them in his hands to bring them closer to his mouth. His warm lips closed over one turgid nipple. She cried out at the contact. He suckled, licked, nipped. Her hands fisted against the couch's fabric as she moaned. He turned his attention to her other nipple, giving it the same torturous attention, suckling in a way that made her pussy wet and aching.

"Please, I need..."

His hand coasted down her stomach and found the nest of curls at the apex of her thighs. He gently pinched her clit between his thumb and forefinger, released the tiny nub, and pinched again.

Kira moaned.

God, this was the best fantasy she'd ever had.

Her dream lover laved her nipples and slipped two fingers inside her pussy. She moved in rhythm with his strokes, and pressed his head against her breast, wanting more from him. He bit her nipple, the rough edge of his teeth sending waves of pleasure cresting through her.

"I want you inside me," she said.

"As you wish, Mistress."

He moved on top of her, parted her thighs, and entered her in one swift stroke. With one hand, he captured her wrists and raised her arms above her head. With the other hand, he steadied himself over her. His cock filled her, his motions slow, steady, and tender. Oh so tender.

"Faster."

He increased his pace. His obsidian gaze captured hers. "Faster?"

"Yes. Please ...oh yes."

He pounded into her now, his strokes deep and sure. Still he held her wrists, his thumb pressing against the erratic pulse. She bucked against him, her clit throbbing. "Mistress ..." he breathed. A moan escaped his lips and he bent to kiss her neck. "Please, Mistress."

Kira wasn't sure what he wanted, what he asked. Her body was awash in need, desire. A buzzing climbed her spine then zipped down again; sensation after sensation vibrated from her core.

The orgasm burst inside her, so brilliant, so pure, she screamed, caught in a web of pleasure that crisscrossed her entire being.

Her dream lover stilled, his expression unreadable. "What does my Mistress wish now?"

Kira stared at him. "Isn't it your turn?"

"My turn?"

"To ...uh ...come."

"You wish me to come?"

"Yes. I wish you as much pleasure as you've given to me."

His eyes darkened. "Will you allow me to choose my pleasure?"

What an odd fantasy lover she'd chosen.

Kira nodded. "Of course."

Her lover's expression turned hungry, feral. "Hold your breasts together, Mistress."

She did so without question. He removed his cock from her pussy then scooted forward until his knees were even with her arms. He inserted his cock into the tight space created by her breasts squeezed together.

Kira gasped. The intimacy of having his cock so close to her face was unnerving. His penis was so wet from her it was slick against her skin. He increased his pace, groaning. Kira closed her eyes, feeling her body rev up again. She liked this man thrusting between her

breasts; her fingers curled around her nipples and tugged. She moaned, her eyes opening and finding the man's gaze on her.

"Mistress, I'm going to come," he said in a pant. "Will you drink from me?"

"Yes," she said, though she'd never done such a thing in her life. He stopped his thrusts and pushed the tip of his round thick head against her lips; a drop of pre-come lingered there and she licked it. It tasted salty and not unpleasant.

"Open your mouth," he said. "Take me."

She opened her mouth, and allowed him to slide between her lips. She cupped his balls with one hand and curled the other around his cock. Her tongue lapped and suckled his head while her hands stroked the hard flesh of his penis and the round softness of his balls.

"Mistress!" he cried out.

He pushed his cock into her mouth and she clamped her lips around it. He jerked once, twice ...and warm salty come filled her mouth. She swallowed it with surprising ease, drinking from him until he was dry. She slid her tongue along the slit then swirled around the head. After a moment, her lover eased away from her mouth and settled beside her on the couch.

"You have given me more pleasure than any woman I've known," he said. "What do you wish of me now?"

She warmed at his compliment, though it probably wasn't true. But dream lovers were supposed to say such wonderful things, weren't they? Exhaustion poured through her as she snuggled next to him. "I wish to be held and to sleep," she answered. Before she closed her eyes, she added, "And I wish you'd really be here tomorrow when I wake up from this dream."

* * * * *

Kira woke on Sunday morning, but she didn't open her eyes. Not yet. The fantasy she'd created last night still held her enthralled. In fact, she swore she felt a male body pressed against her back, his arm draped against her stomach, his steady breath fanning her neck. She even felt his cock nestled against her buttocks.

She had one hell of an imagination.

Exhaling a contented sigh, she opened her eyes.

She was in her bedroom, tucked into the ugly flower comforter like a burrito. Her orgasm last night must have made her black out because she sure didn't remember moving from the couch to her bed. She grinned. "Use the Great Smenkare with caution," she said. "May cause amnesia."

"You flatter me, Mistress," said a sleepy male voice.

Kira screamed and tried to wrestle herself out of the tight covers. The male arm she'd imagined draped across her stomach tightened to keep her still, then pressed her against the imaginary male body.

She screamed louder.

"Ssshhh, Mistress," commanded the same voice. "It is too early for womanly hysterics."

That shut her up.

Her imaginary man was chastising her.

Goddamn it. She couldn't even create the perfect fantasy man. She had to create one that accused her of being hysterical.

Taking a deep breath, she squeezed her eyes shut. Maybe she was still dreaming. Yeah. One of those dreams within a dream people talked about. She steadied her breath, trying to ignore the feel of the man behind her.

He didn't exist. He was the imaginary manifestation of a vibrator. He was just --

Wait a minute.

Did his penis just twitch against her ass?

Her eyes flew open and she struggled out of the covers. She couldn't extract herself so she wiggled off the bed until she landed in a floral blanket lump on the floor. The covers clung to her legs like a begging boyfriend, but she managed to kick off the damn thing with lots of flailing and cursing. Blanket-free, she scooted against the nearest wall, and covered her eyes. Through her fingers, she looked up.

Her handsome fantasy man's face appeared at the edge of the bed. He stared at her quizzically. "Is this your normal way of waking up, Mistress?"

Kira screamed and scrambled to stand. She backed against the wall and glanced at the bedroom door. It looked like it was a zillion miles away. Her bathroom was located on the other side of the bed so she couldn't lock herself in it and yell until neighbors heard her pleas for help.

Her heart pounded furiously. She'd never been so scared in her life. How the hell had this guy gotten in her apartment? And what kind of sicko pervert crawled into a woman's bed naked just to hold her like she was some kind of precious treasure?

She inched toward the bedroom door and smacked her hip into the dresser. "Ow!" She glanced at the man and found him stretching leisurely across the bed, his gaze assessing her in a way that made her whole body blush.

"You have firm breasts," he said. "And round hips. Your legs are long, like a colt's. But I especially like your mouth." His grin was sexy, knowing.

"Th-that wasn't real," she said, moving along the dresser. The drawer knobs poked her in the rear end. "You're not here. I created a fantasy and I'm trapped in it. I went crazy and I'm really in a padded room living out a sexual lie."

"You are here. This room is not padded. But it's possible you are crazy."

"Gee thanks," she managed.

"Where are you going, Mistress?"

Mistress. She remembered her fantasy man had called her that, too. Was it possible this was real? That she had somehow conjured this guy from her fantasy life?

He sighed. “She did it again, didn’t she? When she doesn’t explain, it sometimes takes a day or two to convince my new mistress that I am real.”

She’d reached the end of the dresser. Just a few steps and she’d be at the door, but she hesitated. “Whom are you talking about?”

“Bast.”

“The woman who owns the adult bookstore sent you to my house?”

“No,” said the man. “You did.”

“I did not.”

“You bought the vibrator.” He sat up. “How much did you pay?”

“You’re saying you’re the vibrator?”

“It is my prison.”

She wasn’t crazy. He was. She lunged for the door, scooted through it, and shut it. Heart pounding, she grabbed a chair from the dining table and shoved it under the knob. The man’s size and strength would surely smash the thin door to pieces. But for an intruder, he sure was lazy. He’d watched her leave, apparently unconcerned about what she planned to do.

She reached for the phone and hesitated. Call the police? How would she explain his presence? He looked like her lover, lying around in her bed as if he belonged there. Bast. She should call Bast and ask her what the hell was going on.

The air conditioning kicked on and a cool blast hit her from the vent above her head. Her nipples hardened and goose bumps pimpled her skin.

Shit.

She was naked.

And all her clothes were in the bedroom with Mr. Macho.

* * * * *

Smenkare stretched on the bed, enjoying the soft feel of the mattress. Bast had not given him a rest period. Though she had yet to forgive him in three thousand years for his terrible deed, she had softened toward him. Sometimes she waited centuries before giving him to another woman, but other times she moved him from woman to woman for years with no time for recovery. His last mistress had been the worst of his captors. It was possible Bast did not know how mentally sick the woman had been, but then again, she might have known and wished his suffering for the thirty days he'd been bound to the bitch.

His first vessel had been a marble dildo given to one of Amun's godswives. He was sure the irony pleased Bast to no end. As the centuries passed and technology changed, he found himself trapped in a vibrator -- and this one was truly a part of him. Bast used his own cock and balls to create his latest prison. Turn on the button and he formed around it. As he thought of last night, a smile creased his lips. Using what little powers he was allowed, he'd encouraged his mistress to believe she was creating the fantasy, not enjoying a real encounter. He found it was less of a shock for his mistresses if he began this way. Most women, no matter how badly they sought companionship, did not appreciate a man with a hard-on suddenly appearing between their legs with an offer to satisfy their every whim.

Grabbing a pillow and tucking it under his head, Smenkare studied the bedroom. The white bed with its matching dresser and nightstands overwhelmed the tiny space. The bedcovers, covered in little purple flowers were scratchy -- and ugly. His gaze took in the knickknacks on the dresser, the clothing draped over a purple chair in the corner, and the few framed pictures adorning the walls. He saw two doors on either side of the room. His mistress had gone out the one on the right. He suspected the rest of her home was through it. That meant the other door probably led to the bathroom. It appeared that his mistress lived in an apartment, the smallest of all domiciles. Each time he manifested for a woman, Bast

infused the knowledge of the era into his mind so he knew the words, the customs, and the culture. He knew the modern era well, too well. Its noise, its pollution, its lack of soul were terrible for him to endure.

Despite the passage of time, he never lost the ache in his heart for his homeland. In the palaces he'd known, rooms were spacious and beautiful, painted in fine colors, kept in prime condition by servants. He remembered the cool breezes of early spring days filtering through open windows, the succulent fruit and crusty bread served at breakfast. How he missed his Egypt! Would he never forget the chariot races with Tutenkhaten? The shy smiles of his sisters as they asked for stories about Thebes? The daily walks in the garden sanctuary of the Aten?

Kiya, his mother, had been a lesser wife, but had given the king a son. For ten years, he knew he was destined to rule Egypt. Then Nerfertiti, the Great Wife, offered his father the son he'd always wanted from her. Despite Tutenkhaten's frailties and the fact he was the youngest boy, he was the favored son. Akhenaten had loved Nerfertiti more than his own life. To gain a son from her was a prayer answered, he said, from the great Aten. And deep in his heart, Smenkare had known Nerfertiti would not tolerate anyone but Tutenkhaten ascending the throne. But he never imagined the lengths to which she would go to attain her goal.

Tired of reliving memories and attacked by hunger, Smenkare rose from the bed and walked to the door his mistress had exited. He twisted the knob and pushed, but the door would not open, obviously blocked on the other side. He knocked.

"Mistress? Do you wish me to stay in the bedroom? Or may I join you for breakfast?"

He swallowed his pride for the thousandth time as he asked a woman for permission to do things that should be done freely.

She did not answer and he wondered if she'd left and if she expected him to stay in the room until she returned. He knocked on the door again. "Mistress?"

“Stop calling me that!”

“What should I call you then?”

“A cab.”

He paused. “Acab, may I have breakfast with you?”

He heard a short bark of laughter. “As a fantasy guy, your sense of humor of sucks. Look, I really want you to stay in there until I figure out what to do about you.”

“As you wish, mist -- Acab.”

“Oh, for the love of Pete! My name is Kira, okay?” He heard a rattling sound and looked down. Near his feet, a foiled wrapper was being tucked under the inch gap at the bottom of the door. Another one appeared, then a third. He picked up the first one. *Nutri-Grain Bar*. He tore it open and took a bite. Not a bad taste. He scooped up the other two then took them to bed where he settled in to wait until his mistress -- his *Kira* -- wanted him.

* * * * *

Kira plucked the green curtain from the front window in the living room and tucked it around herself toga-style. Then she picked up the phone to call Selena. Her best friend answered on the first ring.

“I have a very handsome, very crazy, very naked man trapped in my bedroom. He claims he’s been imprisoned in a vibrator that I bought at The Lust Bastion yesterday and I released him from it when I used it.”

“Sweetie, did you forget to take your meds?”

“I’m not on meds unless you count my multivitamin.”

“Did you inhale Liquid Paper again? Remember the last time? You hallucinated Keanu Reeves in your cubicle.”

“Selena! Focus! Handsome, crazy, naked man in my bedroom.”

“And you bought a magical vibrator. I heard you.” She paused. “You really bought a vibrator?”

“Yes.”

“Congratulations, honey, it’s about time.”

Kira rolled her eyes. Selena didn’t believe her and why should she? Kira wouldn’t believe it if Selena had called *her* with the same outrageous tale.

“I’ll prove it. Can you come over?”

“I have to take Natalie to her grandmother’s and I have to paint my kitchen cabinets today. Can you bring him over here?”

“No, I cannot. I’m dressed in a curtain that used to hang in my living room. I have a naked man who calls me mistress in my bedroom eating Nutri-Grain bars. Do you think you could spare a moment of your time to drop by and help your insane friend?”

“Will you help me paint my kitchen cabinets?”

“Yes, because when I kill you, the blood spatter will ruin the woodwork.”

“Don’t get dramatic,” said Selena. “I’ll be there in half an hour.”

It was the longest thirty minutes of Kira’s life. The scratchy curtain rubbed her skin raw, but damned if she was going to take it off. She sat on the couch and tried to watch TV, but she was too restless.

Was he still in there?

Had she imagined the whole incident?

Was she a loon?

Maybe she should call her therapist and make an appointment. Admitting that she had somehow manifested a man from a vibrator would make a shrink ecstatic just thinking of the billable hours.

Her intercom buzzed. She ran to the door and pushed the “In” button that opened the building’s security door. Selena must have taken her time walking up the one flight of stairs, but after an eternity, she knocked on the apartment’s front door.

Kira opened it and dragged her friend inside. “What took you so long?”

“I decided to drop by Keanu’s house and see if he’d join us.” Selena appraised her with raised brows. “Nice toga. Where’s your imaginary friend?”

“In the bedroom.”

Selena dropped her purse on the coffee table and walked toward the bedroom. “Let’s go have a look.”

Kira trailed her friend across the living room. “Are you nuts?”

“No, you are.” Selena removed the dining room chair from doorway and put her hand on the knob. “C’mon, Kira. We’ll open the door and you’ll see that your bed is as empty as your wallet after a three-day sale at Macy’s.”

“Fine. But you go first.” Kira’s heart pounded and her palms felt slick with sweat, but she reluctantly followed Selena into her bedroom. Her gaze zeroed in on the bed.

It was empty.

“B-but ... he was there! Right there! He was holding me in his arms. Hey! His penis twitched against my ass. Who in their right mind imagines a penis twitching?”

“Apparently, you do.” Selena approached the bed and whistled at the mangled covers on the floor. “Looks like you had a helluva night with your vibrator.”

“The woman who sold it to me didn’t say anything about it causing hallucinations. I’m returning it and getting my two hundred and fifty dollars back.”

“Two hundred and fifty dollars for a vibrator? You are nuts.”

“I feel so stupid.” Kira sat on the bed and sniffled. “I can’t even pick out a decent vibrator. I not only wear some kind of weird relationship repellent, I am a sex moron.”

“I think there’s a twelve-step program for that.”

“Ha, ha.”

Selena plopped down next to Kira and put an arm around her shoulders. “There’s nothing wrong with you, sweetie. You’re going through a rough spell, that’s all. What do you say we go shopping today? We could stop at Cold Stone Creamery for ice cream on the way to the Fashion Show Mall.”

Slightly cheered, Kira smiled. “All right. I’ll take a quick shower and get dressed.”

She stood and headed toward the bathroom, but before she reached the door, she heard the toilet flush. She turned and looked at Selena, who scrambled from the bed and hurried to stand next to Kira. Together, they stared at the door.

It opened.

The gorgeous, naked, and aroused man who was supposed to be a fantasy lover leaned against the doorjamb. His gaze traveled from one woman to the other, then a smile curved his sensuous lips. “Do you wish a threesome, Mistress?”

Kira glanced at Selena. Her mouth had dropped open. For a moment, Kira enjoyed the fact that her normally unshakable, down-to-earth friend was speechless. She tapped Selena under the chin. “You’re drooling.”

Her mouth snapped shut. “Oh. My. God.”

The man walked to Kira and cupped her cheek. “What does my Mistress wish?”

Stunned at his familiarity, at the teeny tiny flame that leapt in anticipation of his touch, Kira stood rooted to the floor. Her fantasy lover bent and kissed her, his mouth moving across her lips in such a gentle way, she almost swooned. “I want you again,” he said. “I ache for my Mistress.” He pushed closer, his rock-hard penis pressing against the vee of her thighs. He glanced at Selena, who looked like a Technicolor statue as she stood and stared at them.

“Selena?” Kira waved her hand in front of her friend’s eyes. She didn’t even blink.

“She is ...” the man paused as if to search for a word, “frozen.”

“No shit, Sherlock.”

“Smenkare.”

“What?”

“I am Smenkare.” He drew Kira away from Selena. “She is unharmed, Mistress. I will release her from the spell, if you wish. Did you want her to participate?”

Her mind clouded with confusion. “Participate?”

“In our lovemaking.”

“Hell, no.”

Smenkare removed the curtain from her body and Kira let him. She couldn’t shake herself out of the sensual fog surrounding her. All she seemed to want was Smenkare’s hands on her breasts, his tongue in her mouth, and his cock in her pussy. It seemed the most important thing in the world to have sex with him. Right now.

“I-I can’t do it in front of her,” she said, gesturing at her friend.

Smenkare led her to the bathroom and shut the door. Her closet was to the left, the tub straight ahead, and the sink and toilet on the right. Smenkare took up most of the space, making her small bathroom seem tiny. She shook her head, trying to clear her mind. This wasn’t a fantasy. This was real.

Wasn’t it?

“Sssshhh, Kira. Do not think. Feel.”

Smenkare lowered his head to one plump breast and suckled the nipple. It hardened against his warm, wet mouth; Kira moaned as his tongue laved the sensitive flesh. The moan turned to a cry of outrage when he raised his head.

Her fantasy man chuckled. “Worry not, Kira. I merely seek to give the other attention, too.”

He cupped the breast still throbbing from his attention and gently twisted the nipple. Kira gasped at the pleasure-pain invoked. God, this guy was *good*. As he pinched the still-wet nipple with his thumb and forefinger, he wrapped his lips around the taut peak of the neglected breast and sucked hard, nipping the end with his teeth.

She pressed closer to him, suddenly ravenous, needy. Her hands glided over his smooth chest. She felt the ridges of his stomach muscles, the firm skin of his thighs, and the roundness of his ass. One hand cupped his buttock, the other touched his cock pressed against her stomach. With one finger, she stroked it from base to tip. She encircled the head then slid her hand down its firm length.

If there was ever such a thing as a perfect penis, Smenkare owned it.

He released her breasts and looked at her. His gaze was so dark, it seemed like she was looking into a starless sky. “I like your hand on my cock,” he whispered. “I want your touch everywhere, my Kira.”

She swallowed at the rush of emotion clogging her throat. *My Kira.*

As if she belonged to him.

As if he were claiming her.

As if she would never be alone again because Smenkare deigned it to be so.

His hands drifted down her rib cage to her hips. She slid her hand up and down his cock, reveling in the smooth hard feel of it, grinning when, every time she reached the tip, it jerked against her palm.

“My Kira.”

She looked up. His expression was pained and his gaze held a shame that belied the confident strength he displayed. She didn’t understand the shame, but the pained expression was universally male and had one interpretation.

“What do you want?”

“Your mouth on my cock.”

Bingo. "I want your mouth on my pussy," she said. "Whatever will we do?"

He lifted her to the countertop and got to his knees. Kira scooted to the edge of the counter. She held on to the edge with one hand while using the other to thread through Smenkare's hair. His tongue flicked against her clit and slid along the inner folds until he found the entrance to her pussy.

"Oh yes. Please. Right there." She pressed him against her pussy, reeling from the intensity of the emotions ricocheting through her. No one had ever shown her the tenderness, the caring for her pleasure, the way this man did. She no longer cared if he was real; she wanted him to stay with her always and make her feel this way all the time.

Smenkare's tongue darted in and out of her, the strokes rough and fast. Without warning, his mouth moved to her clit and closed over it, sucking deep and hard. Just as an orgasm threatened to overwhelm her, he stopped.

She cried out in protest.

"When you come, my Mistress, say my name."

"Smenkare," she whispered as the ache of unfulfillment settled between her thighs.

His head lowered and once again his mouth found her clit. He inserted two fingers into her pussy; the thrust of his fingers matched the thrusts of his tongue. The orgasm ripped through her, shattering every sense. "Smenkare!" she screamed. He didn't stop the thrusts of his fingers or his tongue and seconds later, another orgasm built, released, and made her see the stars in the heavens.

Before she had fully recovered, Smenkare rose and placed himself between her legs. His gaze was all heat; never had she seen such fire in a man's gaze. She glanced down. His cock was as hard and thick and luscious as she remembered. He cupped her breasts, pinching the turgid nipples. She felt zapped to the core. "Oh God. Do it again."

He pinched them again and again and again until she was writhing toward him, ready and willing to take his cock inside her.

“Mistress,” he whispered, “may I choose my pleasure?”

“Yes. Yes. Yes.”

“Do you have lubricant and a condom?”

Kira blinked, the fog of sexual satisfaction temporarily lifting. She fumbled for one of the drawers next to the sink and extracted a new tube of KY gel, purchased for use with her new vibrator. The box of condoms had never been opened. Smenkare prevented her from closing the drawer. He reached inside and pulled out an object that looked like an oversized bullet.

“What is this?” he asked with a wicked grin.

“I don’t know.” She’d never seen it before. The Great Smenkare was the only vibrator she’d ever owned. What was a teeny tiny one doing in her bathroom drawer?

“This,” said Smenkare, showing her the glossy white nub with symbols etched on it, “is pussy therapy.”

The symbols looked like the ones on Smenkare’s box. She reached for the bullet, but her lover put it aside. “Not yet.”

After Smenkare put on a rubber, he took the tube of KY, opened it, and squeezed the gel onto his penis. He rubbed it on with his hand, his eyes momentarily closing at his own touch. After he wiped his hand on the towel hanging on the wall nearest the bathtub, he took Kira from the counter and instructed her to lower to her knees, bend over, and hold onto the edge of the tub.

“You want me to do *what?*”

“I would never hurt you, Mistress. It is my job to show you the ways of pleasure.” His gaze was dark, feral. Kira felt her pulse leap at the raw desire he showed to her. She did as he asked, holding onto the tub and offering him her ass. His arm snaked under her stomach and pulled her close to his penis.

“Relax,” he whispered.

A feeling of total relaxation washed over her. It was almost supernatural the way her body responded to his gentle command. She felt limp as a wet noodle, but Smenkare's cock sure didn't. He inserted the tip of his penis into her anus and moaned.

"So tight, my Mistress."

Kira clenched the edge of the tub. The pressure was intense and the feeling strange as he penetrated her ass. She sucked in a breath at the burning sensation caused by his invading cock.

"Relax," he murmured. "And push back as I push in."

When he withdrew and entered again, she pushed back. Each time he re-entered her, his penis inched deeper still, until he was sheathed to his balls.

When he seated himself fully within her, she felt tingling pleasure shudder through her. Kira breathed hard, her knuckles white from gripping the tub. Her enjoyment of the sensations he created surprised her. Never in a million years would she have agreed to be taken this way, but this man, this beautiful man could have her any way he wanted.

Smenkare moved slowly, his gentle insertions causing little discomfort. His gasps and moans sent arrows of desire through her. Her pussy was wet and aching and demanding some action. As if he could read her thoughts, Smenkare paused, reached around, and placed the white bullet against her clit. He whispered some words she didn't understand and the thing pulsed to life. He slid it down and into her pussy. Smenkare whispered more mysterious words and it felt like the thing elongated inside her.

"Oh God." She shuddered at the feel of double penetration. Nothing had ever felt so fucking good.

"Take it, Kira. Fulfill your pleasure."

With a trembling hand, Kira reached underneath and took the vibrator. She was so wet it glided in and out of her pussy with ease. The vibrations were low, gentle, teasing.

As she found a rhythm, Smenkare started moving again, too. He grasped her hips and fucked her, moving a little faster each time, until he pounded into her. The sound of his hips smacking her ass turned her on even more.

She moaned at the building pleasure. "Smenkare ..." She screamed when the orgasm rocked her to the core. She spasmed hard against the vibrator, warm come dripped down her thighs, and still she felt the orgasm shuddering through her. The vibrator fell from her hand and she clutched the tub for dear life.

Before she had taken another breath, Smenkare pressed the vibrator against her clit.

"No, I can't --"

But she could. Another orgasm rolled over her almost immediately, then she heard Smenkare's ragged cry of release. He pressed so far into her she felt his balls against her pussy and the pulsing of his cock.

Smenkare kissed the center of her spine, withdrew, disposed of the condom, and knelt down to help her rise. Her hands felt cramped from clenching the tub, her body sore from Smenkare's attentions, and her ass was feeling kinda weird, too. Her lover turned on the shower and stepped inside with her.

They didn't speak. He washed her from head to foot, leaving no skin untouched, no tender spot unsoothed. Then he shampooed her hair, rinsed it, and, after a quick wash himself, led her out of the tub and towel-dried her.

She'd never felt this way before. Never felt so worshipped. So ... loved. No. This wasn't love. It couldn't be. But she could pretend making love with Smenkare was a forever thing instead of I'm-gonna-wake-up-in-an-institution-tomorrow thing.

Chapter Three

Sometime later, Kira awoke in her bed, tucked into her covers. A glance at the digital clock revealed it was noon. She felt a little sore and a lot relaxed, and really confused. What had happened last night? This morning? Her memories were like a puzzle missing some pieces. Nothing quite fit together.

Her fantasy lover. *Smenkare*. She felt all warm and toasty just thinking about him, the gorgeous man who'd given her such pleasure.

Wait.

The Great Smenkare. *Her vibrator*. Blinking, she sat up and felt around the covers until her hands touch something long and hard. Digging under the blanket, she withdrew her two hundred and fifty dollar sex toy. She just knew there was something she needed to remember, but for the life of her, she couldn't. Her body felt great, but her mind was frazzled. Maybe she just needed a cup of coffee and attacking some mundane tasks, like cleaning the oven, to feel normal again.

She hugged the vibrator then kissed its tip. "Thank you," she whispered, somehow knowing she should be grateful to it.

* * * * *

“Why did you make her forget?” asked Bast. She stood in her office at The Lust Bastion and peered into her looking glass. She watched Kira leave her bedroom to take a shower.

“She was frightened. And she will remember soon enough. I scrambled her memories, not erased them.”

“You have never used the powers I gave you to help your mistresses forget. You took pleasure in their fright and you enjoyed coaxing them into sex.”

“She is different.”

“How?”

Smenkare shrugged. “I do not know how, only that she is.”

Bast didn’t allow Smenkare to see her smile of satisfaction. Finally, he had found what she meant for him to find. It had only taken three thousand years to get the message through his thick skull.

“And what did you think of your last mistress?”

“She was a bitch.”

“Indeed, she was,” said Bast. “And if you think to attempt to escape my punishment again, as you did with that virgin who begged for your life, I will only send you to women whose pleasure is derived from the pain they inflict on you.”

“Have I not been punished enough?”

“No.” Bast moved from the looking glass to the chaise and stretched out on it. As always when he was in her presence, Smenkare stood in the manner of a military man at attention, his gaze never meeting hers directly. Even though his physical form was attached to the vibrator, Bast was able to separate him from it whenever she chose. “Mentari took her life because of your selfishness, your mistreatment of her. She was a vessel to you, a way to power. Women are not vessels, but this lesson you never learned. And now you are the vessel and will remain so.” Bast gestured to the looking glass where Kira was now dressed

and lacing up a pair of sneakers. “You must fulfill the thirty days. How do you plan to return to her?”

“I beg a favor. When I unscramble her memories, take away her fear and help her to accept me.”

Bast considered his request, then nodded. “It will be done.”

* * * * *

Kira entered The Lust Bastion, clutching her white box with the Great Smenkare inside. Bast had called her and asked her to bring it. She worried there was something wrong with the vibrator. She couldn’t imagine any circumstance where a porn shop, even a classy one like Bast’s, would recall its sex toys. Maybe men everywhere had banded together to protest its orgasm-inducing abilities.

Disheartened at the prospect of losing her vibrator, she entered the store and went straight to the cash register. The same little scruffy man she’d seen on her first visit here sat behind the counter looking at a magazine called *Humping Hooter Honeys*.

Before she could ask for Bast, he jerked a thumb toward the purple curtain. “She’s waiting for you in there.”

“Thanks.” Kira pushed through the curtain and entered the same little room. Bast sat in one of the intricately carved chairs. On the table, Kira saw a squat clay pot, painted with Egyptian figures, and two matching clay mugs. Bast poured a fragrant liquid from the pot into both mugs, then added honey to each before stirring them with what looked like a reed.

“Sit, Kira Maxwell. Have some tea.” It was not a gracious invitation, but a gentle command.

Kira sat, put the white box on her lap, and grasped the nearest mug. The warm liquid tasted exotic, its tartness softened by the honey.

“The Great Smenkare is more than a vibrator,” said Bast. She sipped from her tea, her intense gaze on Kira. “It is the key to your innermost fantasies.”

“I figured that out already.”

A catlike smile creased Bast’s mouth. “Three thousand years ago, I took the soul of an Egyptian prince named Smenkare. Because he used women without a thought for their needs, their feelings, I cursed him to the life of a sex slave. He is bound to service the women I send him to in whatever way they desire. But I am not without mercy. He is only bound to one woman at a time and only for thirty days at a time.”

Kira blinked and in the nanosecond it took for her eyes to close and open again, the memories of her weekend flooded through her. *On the couch, experiencing the best straight-on fuck of her life. Drinking from his penis like a cat sipping cream. In the bathroom, her pussy pressed against his hot mouth. On her knees, clutching the tub, allowing liberties she’d allowed no other.* Her cheeks heated at the images of her sexual encounters with her fantasy man, the things she allowed him to do to her because it wasn’t real, because it *couldn’t* be real.

“I don’t believe you.” But she did. Smenkare was a flesh and blood man trapped in a vibrator, *her* vibrator, and the truth of it settled into her memory as if she’d always known. Somewhere in a fuzzy corner of her mind, she knew she should leave Bast’s emporium of insanity and drive straight to her therapist’s office, but she wasn’t afraid. In fact, everything Bast said made perfect sense except for one issue. “How can you trap a man in a sex toy?”

“I am the goddess Ubasatyia.” She pronounced it oo-bahst-ee-yaht. “I am the protector of women and relationships and sex.”

Her head morphed and Kira watched the transformation as if she’d seen the same thing every day of her life. Ears sprouted through Bast’s luxurious black hair, whiskers unfolded from the sides of a nose that shrank into a triangle, and her eyes narrowed more, the pupils lengthening. Her face resembled a furless cat, yet the rest of her body remained pure human

femme fatale. Kira's gaze was drawn to the gold ankh necklace that dangled between Bast's breasts; the goddess's hand closed around it.

"You're a goddess." She held up the white box. "And this is a man trapped in a vibrator."

"What other proof do you need?" Bast gestured toward the box. "Press the black button and see what happens."

Kira pulled out the vibrator, flipped it over, and touched the black button. She held it out, the penis pointing toward her, the balls pointing down, and waited.

A few golden wisps drifted from the dick, hovering in the air, slowly solidifying. Before ten seconds had passed, Smenkare stood before her, his hard cock held captive in her hands. His gaze was as she remembered, dark with desire, as if he could fuck her right now without a single regret.

Kira turned to Bast, who had resumed her full human form. "He's mine for the next month?"

Bast nodded.

Kira gazed up at Smenkare, resisted the urge to suck his cock like a lollipop, and turned to Bast again. "How do I get him back in the box?"

* * * * *

"You're distracting me," said Kira as she slanted another look at the naked man in her passenger seat. "I almost hit the car in front of me three times."

"I am sorry, Mistress," said Smenkare, not sounding sorry at all. He sounded smug. He adjusted the seatbelt across his broad, muscled chest. Her gaze dipped down to his big, hard cock. She swallowed. How could she still want him? She was hornier than she'd ever been in her entire sexually active life.

She pulled up to another stoplight, glad for the respite. It'd been a long drive from The Lust Bastion and it was still five miles to her apartment. She couldn't help another peek at his equipment. He knew she was looking, too, because his penis twitched as if he were intentionally making the organ pulse.

"Doesn't that thing ever go down?"

"I am always ready for my Mistress."

"Look, the whole mistress thing is creepy. I feel like I should wear black leather and snap a whip while yelling, 'Who's your momma!'"

He tensed in the seat, a muscle ticking in his jaw. "If you wish."

Kira pursed her lips. "I could do anything I wanted to you, couldn't I? That's part of your curse, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"What the hell did you do to piss her off?"

His answer was his silence. The light turned green and Kira punched the gas, cursing the slow Las Vegas traffic. She needed to get her naked man home and figure out some way to dress him.

"What happened to Selena? She came over ... then you and Bast messed with my head. Does she remember, too?"

"She went home. She does not remember coming to your home or meeting me. It is better that way."

"Yeah. Probably."

Her gaze slid toward his crotch again. "Aren't you allowed to wear clothes?"

"Most of my mistresses did not want me to wear clothes."

She knew why, too. He was tall, muscular, beautiful, and always ready to perform. In a way, she appreciated the idea of a gorgeous naked man at her beck and call, but in another,

she felt sad about his circumstances. Maybe he deserved Bast's punishment, but three thousand years of sex slavery? What crime could a man commit that deserved three millennia of retribution?

"You didn't rape anyone, did you?"

"No."

Relief swept through Kira. Other than murder, rape was the worst crime against a woman she could think of ... wait a minute. Murder? Her throat dried. "Did you kill someone?"

"No." He turned toward her. "Wouldn't you rather fuck me than ask all these questions?"

"Well, yes, but we're in a moving car and I have to use the car's gear shift, not yours, to get us home." She sighed when they had to stop again. "I prefer not to treat you like a piece of ass, Smenkare. I know too well what it feels like to be used."

"Mistr -- Kira, can you find a secluded place for us?"

"Why do you --" She caught the glance of a woman driver in the lane next to them. Since she was in an SUV, she had a prime view of Smenkare's luscious nude body. Kira saw her pick up a cell phone. Either she planned to call her girlfriend to brag about what she'd just seen, or more likely, she was dialing the police to report indecent exposure.

The minute the light changed, Kira gunned the engine, racing ahead and switching lanes. She could only hope the lady was too befuddled to write down her license plate number. She turned at the next street and took back streets to the next major crossroad. Instead of turning toward the direction of her apartment, she went the opposite way. If Smenkare wanted secluded, she'd show him secluded.

In fifteen minutes, they were cruising along a lonely paved road into the desert. In another ten, she turned onto a dirt road and drove until she reached a thicket of trees. She

stopped the car and looked at Smenkare. He stared at the lush foliage, an anomaly in the desert, and at the small pool of water just visible through the trees.

“What is this place?”

“The oasis. When Selena and I were in high school, this is where everyone came to make out.”

“They still do this?”

“Apparently, it was an eighties thing,” said Kira. “Most teenagers these days don’t want to go too far from the Strip.”

“We are alone?”

“Even if someone wanted to come out here, they wouldn’t be here at this time of day.”

Smenkare undid his seatbelt. “Come, Mistress.”

“Smenkare --”

His smile was apologetic. “It is difficult to be treated as an equal. I am not used to it anymore. Long ago, I was ...”

Kira waited for him to finish, but his gaze sought the oasis, a far-off look in his eyes. Was he thinking of Egypt? Of his life there? Everyone he’d known had been dead for centuries, every place he’d lived reclaimed by the sand. She touched his shoulder in empathy, once again tainted by the sadness she felt for him.

“Let’s go,” she said, unbuckling her seatbelt.

They slid out of the car and walked to the tree line. Beyond, the small pond shimmered in the dying light, the setting sun turning the water purple.

“It is beautiful,” he whispered. He turned to her and grasped her hands to pull her close. “You are beautiful, too.”

“Please, Smenkare. You don’t have to lie to me. I want honesty between us. I know what I look like in the mirror.”

“You are blind if you do not see the beauty of your own face.” He stroked her cheek. “Soft as a flower’s petal.” He touched her lips with his. “Succulent, talented mouth.”

His grin made her blush.

“Eyes like the Nile on the first day of spring. Never have I seen such a shade of green, my princess.” He picked up a strand of hair and rubbed it between his fingers. “Hair as fine and soft as a bird’s wing.”

She trembled at his words.

He kissed her neck, the hollow of her throat, the thin line of her collarbone. Through the thin T-shirt and silk bra, she felt the warmth of his mouth as he sought her nipples through the material. They hardened, tingled.

She didn’t stop him from unsnapping her jeans, from dipping his hand inside, from finding her pussy wet and ready. He scooped her into his arms and walked to the Saturn. When he put her down, she shed her jeans and panties. He sat on the hood of the car and scooted backwards until he rested against the windshield. She didn’t need a map to know the destination. She crawled onto the hood and lowered herself on his cock, shuddering at the contact.

His hands crept under her T-shirt and unsnapped her bra. When it loosened, he wasted no time cupping the tender mounds, kneading them before finding and tugging her nipples. She moaned low in her throat and increased her movements. He felt so good inside her, so hard, so right.

“Kira,” he murmured, his eyes closed, his hips matching her movements. “My Kira.”

One of his hands traveled from her breast to her clit. While one hand cupped her breast, played with the nipple, the other stroked her clit, murmuring words she didn’t understand. His voice had changed, an accent thickening his tone. Pleasure vibrated through her body, centering on the magic created by Smenkare’s finger and their movements together.

“Oh God,” she moaned, “I’m going to come.”

She shattered, her cry of release echoing through the desert night. Smenkare grasped her hips and pumped into her until he too, cried out, and arched against her, his cock throbbing its release.

Kira collapsed against his chest, smiling when his arms encircled her. His heart beat furiously under her ear, his breath harsh in his chest, and his still-hard cock filled her. He felt warm and solid and with his arms tight around her, she felt the affection she’d been missing for so long.

“Is it always like this?” she whispered.

“Like what, princess?”

“So ... out of this world ... so perfect.”

“No,” he said. “It has never been this way.”

His fingers combed through her hair; the repetitive motion made her feel drowsy, content. With hundreds of liaisons notched on his bedpost, she couldn’t imagine he was telling the truth about their coupling. But for this once, she didn’t care if he lied.

“Can I ask you a question?”

“You just did.”

“Ha, ha. Why are you circumcised?”

“I am not. Bast can create me any way she chooses. In the last century, most of my mistresses have been Americans. There is a peculiar tendency among American males to trim their penises. So I am the same.”

“That’s almost too much information.”

“You asked. Can I ask you a question -- after this one?”

Kira laughed. “What?”

“Why did you buy the vibrator?”

Her laughter subsided. She rubbed her palm across his flat nipple. "I'm not good at relationships. Men are just ... I don't know. They don't like me unless they're fucking me."

"You underestimate yourself, my Kira." He tipped her chin so that she was forced to look at him. "I will teach you the ways of love and you will find the man of your desires."

Her heart thudded in her chest. "What if -- what if I just want you?"

"It is not possible." His gaze softened.

"You're the only man I've ever known to treat me like a woman worthy of respect instead of a woman worthy of a cheap bottle of wine and quick sex."

"You get what you expect. Raise your expectations."

"Just like that?"

Smenkare kissed her and the gentle movement of his lips started her engine running all over again. Such a simple gesture and she was ready to attack him. How many times a day could she want a man?

His always-hard cock still filled her so she rose and offered her breasts to him. He cupped them and brought them close to his face. He suckled one nipple then the other. His movements were tender and unhurried. She placed her palms on his chest and moved forward and back as slow as she could. When his hands fell away from her breasts and his eyes closed tightly, she rose on her knees, keeping the tip of his penis just inside her pussy and squeezed her vaginal muscles around it. Then she slid sloooooowwwlllyyy down it.

Then she did it again.

And again.

Smenkare's whole body shuddered. When she lifted her pussy to torture him again, he grabbed her hips. "It is too pleasurable."

"I am your mistress."

He opened his eyes and stared at her, uncertainty in his gaze. "Yes."

“I will pleasure you how I wish.”

His eyes lowered. “Yes, Mistress.”

“Look at me, Smenkare.”

He did. A flare of resentment resided with the desire and she knew he wasn’t angry with her, but his circumstances. Her heart ached for him. If only there was a way for him to feel like a normal man. Or a normal Egyptian prince. Smenkare would never be a normal man.

Then it hit her.

Of course.

She lowered her head as if in obedience. “What do you wish of me?”

His eyes widened and she saw a flash of surprise. Then his jaw clenched. “It is not my place.”

She bent down and kissed the underside of his jaw. Her lips grazed his as she whispered, “What do you wish of me, my master?”

Kira waited, a knot lodged in her throat, as the silence stretched between them. Then Smenkare said, “I wish you to free me.”

Her sexual desire disappeared like smoke from a dying fire. She slid off him. This wasn’t how she imagined he would play the game. How was she supposed to free a mystical sex slave? She liked him -- a lot -- but what did he want from her?

Her soul?

No way. Not even for him would she sacrifice herself. She’d already given up pieces of her soul for other men.

She gathered her panties and jeans from the ground. She shook out the sand from the jeans and put them on, tucking the useless underwear into her pocket.

“You do not wish to free me, do you?”

“Of course I do,” she said, tears in her eyes, “but how do you propose I do that? Challenge a goddess? You did that and look what it got you.”

“I am sorry, my Mistress.” He got off the hood and gathered her in his arms. “I should have never asked you. You wanted sex, not truth.”

His statement hit her in the solar plexus and she sucked in a breath. He was right. She’d wanted to please him in a sexual way. She’d never considered he would ask for the one thing she had no power to give him.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered. “I wish I could free you.” She sniffled against his chest then looked up at him. “We could stop the sex for the rest of the time you’re with me and you could just go do what you wanted. You don’t have to stay with me.”

He kissed her brow. “I must stay with you.”

“Because of the curse?”

“Because I wish it.”

Kira blinked away her tears. “You want to stay with me? The only freedom I can give you is the next twenty-eight days. And you don’t want it?”

“I want you more.” He kissed her. “And I will not give up sex.”

“Thank God ... er, Goddess.”

* * * * *

Kira couldn’t find a decent pair of pantyhose. Every pair she pulled from the drawer was ripped. She threw the fourth pair onto the floor and muttered curses under her breath.

“Your legs are beautiful,” said Smenkare. “They do not require the vanity of pantyhose.”

“I can’t believe an Egyptian is counseling me on vanity.”

“It is not vanity when it is true.”

She looked at him over her shoulder. He lay on the bed, his head propped on his hand as he watched her. His gaze smoldered as he looked at her. She wore a plain cotton bra and underwear, her hair was in curlers, and she was at least five minutes away from finishing her makeup. But Smenkare's gaze made her feel like a supermodel. She was already running late because, after the alarm woke them, he had pinned her to the bed and fucked her senseless.

"I'm not vain. I work for a corporation that has a dress code."

"What do you do for this corporation?"

"I'm in public relations."

Smenkare didn't look too impressed. He rolled onto his back and stared at the ceiling. "I wish you could stay home with me."

"I can't," she said, digging under her socks. Didn't she buy some new stockings the other day? She grasped a small plastic bag and pulled it out, triumphant. "Yes! Hosiery prevails!"

"I do not wish you to cover your legs. I do not wish to stay in this claustrophobic domicile all day. I do not wish you to leave." He sounded petulant, like a spoiled boy whose favorite toy had been taken away.

"I'm sorry, Smenkare." She sat on the bed and ran her hand over his smooth chest. "I have to work so I can pay for this claustrophobic domicile."

His fingers curled around her hand. He brought her palm to his lips and kissed the center. Her hand tingled from the contact. "Stay with me, my princess."

Kira wanted nothing more than to stay with Smenkare all day, every day, for the rest of her life. But though she had a fantasy man -- at least for the next month -- she still had to live in reality. She didn't have many vacation days left and, due to a vile case of the flu earlier in the year, she'd used most of her sick days. Her heart ached knowing that Smenkare would be gone soon. Yet she couldn't chuck her normal life out the window to please him or to please herself.

He must have seen her decision in her eyes because he sighed and kissed her palm again. "I will miss you."

"I'll miss you, too," she said, and meant every word. Had there ever been a time a man had looked at her the way Smenkare looked at her now?

Never.

Her heart lurched. He really was going to miss her. So what if he only missed her because she was his only entertainment? She didn't care -- *no, not really* -- if it wasn't because he loved her so much he couldn't be out of her presence.

"Listen, you can spend the day doing whatever you want. Put on the sweats I bought you yesterday and lounge around. Watch TV and eat Twinkies."

"Twinkies?"

"You'll love them."

"When will you be home?"

"By five-thirty or six. I'll stop on the way home and get us dinner and movies."

"All right, Kira." His lips lifted in a half-smile and he cupped her breast. "Perhaps you could be a *little* late to work."

She smacked his hand. "No."

But already her body was responding to the swipe of his thumb across her nipple and the desire darkening his gaze. She slipped off the bed and headed to the bathroom. As she plucked the curlers from her hair, Smenkare entered the bathroom and knelt next to her. His strong warm hands coasted up her thighs then his fingers looped the edge of her panties and pulled them down.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing."

She unpinned more curlers and almost stabbed herself with one of the metal pins when she felt Smenkare's lips on her ass. He kissed her inner thighs and stroked the backs of her knees. She quivered ... and spread her legs apart to give him better access. He turned, sat, and scooted under her.

"You have a beautiful pussy."

The last curler fell into the sink. "Thank you."

She took her eye shadow from her makeup bag, but wasn't sure she'd be able to apply it. Her fingers trembled too much. Glancing down, she caught Smenkare examining her privates like an eager gynecologist.

"Yes, I like your pussy very much." His finger stroked her clit. "It is not too hairy."

"Gee, thanks."

He pressed his mouth against her, tasting her. When his tongue plunged inside her, she gasped and dropped the eye shadow brush.

"You should probably stop," she said. She pushed against his mouth, encouraging him to suck her clit. He took the hint. His hands crept around her ass and cupped her, bringing her closer.

"Really, Smenkare. This isn't a good time." Grabbing the edge of the sink, she bent her knees and moved slowly against his mouth. His tongue dipped into her vagina and she shuddered.

"Oh no," she moaned. "No. Definitely not ..."

He moved to her clit and suckled. Streamers of shocked pleasure shot through her. Then his tongue licked her, stroked her, his fingers digging into her ass as his strokes became more insistent. His mouth was hot and wet against her, so hot and so wet ... she came, clutching the sink's rim so hard she broke two nails. Violent shudders wracked her body. She didn't protest when Smenkare pulled her down onto his cock. Her still-sensitive clit rocked against him as she rode him, her knees scraping the vinyl of the floor.

“You taste sweet.” His eyes were dark, darker than midnight. He leaned close to her ear and whispered, “I like it when you ride me. When you fuck me. Fuck me, Kira. Harder.”

She increased her movements, sliding up and down his cock. His mouth found a nipple through the thin cotton of her bra and his finger slid over her clit. She moaned at the sensations rocketing through her. Another orgasm rose, crested, and shattered her.

She collapsed on top of him and smiled when his arms wrapped around her. “Smenkare,” she said against his smooth chest. “No means no.”

“Of course, my princess.”

He grasped her arms and tugged her off, then put her on the floor on her side. Kira propped herself on one elbow and watched him. She’d had two orgasms and she was still horny as hell.

Smenkare got on his knees and opened her legs like a pair of human scissors.

“Hey! I’m not a wishbone.”

His grin promised wicked delights so she shut up.

He placed one of her legs between his, and put the other on his shoulder. Holding her ankle with one hand, he scooted closer until she felt his penis slide achingly slow into her pussy. His eyes closed and his jaw clenched. Then he opened his eyes and looked at her. “Put your hand on your pussy.”

“I’m using it to hold up my head.”

He rolled his eyes. “The *other* one, my Kira.”

She slid her hand over her belly and into the soft nest of curls. Her finger rubbed her sensitive clit. *Whoa*.

“Stroke it,” demanded Smenkare.

She moved her finger against her clit, sliding it through the wetness, caressing the sensitive nub. Smenkare entered her, shuddering at the contact. The next strokes were fast, deep. As his pace increased, so did Kira’s pleasuring of her clit. She closed her eyes and

rubbed her whole hand along it, matching the rhythm of her lover's thrusts. Oh God. She was already close. So close ...

"I'm going to come," she moaned.

Smenkare's thrusts quickened. She heard his gasps, felt the grip of his hand on her leg, then she came, shattering against her own hand, her vagina pulsing around his penis.

"Kira!" he yelled. Then she felt the jerking of his cock inside her as he emptied his seed into her.

Kira collapsed to the floor, so sexually sated she could die happy.

Or at least go into a sex-induced coma.

Her arms ached; one from holding her head up and the other from its pussy-rubbing workout. Smenkare grabbed a hand towel from the cabinet and handed it to her. As she wiped herself off, she looked at the man who'd brought her so much joy in the last couple of days.

Her heart lodged in her throat.

She didn't want to waste a single second with him. She had less than a month. She'd make every day count. Every moment. Even if meant that she was doing the unthinkable: Falling in love with a man who would leave her.

"I have two things to say." She handed him the towel so he could clean himself. "First, you're coming with me to work."

He smiled. "And the second?"

"I gotta get a carpet for my bathroom floor."

Chapter Four

“Hello, Nanette,” said Kira as they breezed into the lobby of Web Marketing’s office building. “This is my friend, Kare.”

“Karey?” asked Big-Boobs-No-Brain.

“Kare. It’s pronounced like a car with an ‘e’ on the end of it,” corrected Kira. She glanced at “Kare.” He looked terrific in a caramel knit shirt, tan Dockers, and dark brown loafers that she’d bought for him. His hair was bound with a leather strap. He’d wanted to use her eyeliner and blue eye shadow -- to block the sun’s rays, he said -- but she didn’t want him looking like a drag queen and bought him a pair of sunglasses instead. He refused underwear, saying he did not like the way the box shorts bound him. He wanted unrestricted movement. She had to admit she liked the idea of him walking around without anything on under those Dockers.

Nanette rose from the receptionist desk and took Smenkare’s outstretched hand. “Sounds so exotic, Kare. You’re not from around here, are you?”

“I am Egyptian,” said Kare. He extracted his hand from her talons. “How do you do, Miss Nanette?”

The ninny giggled and blushed. Kira resisted the urge to poke out her eyes. She was so beautiful and so vapid and so goddamned annoying. “We gotta go. I’m going to make this a half day, Nanette, so please make a note of that.”

Nanette’s blue-eyed gaze reluctantly left Kare’s face to focus on Kira.

“Why?”

“In case I get messages.”

“What messages? No one ever calls you.”

“I meant *business* messages.”

The blonde blinked then tilted her head. “You don’t have any clients. You’re just an assistant.” She put a hand to her mouth as if she’d given away a secret and turned to Kare. “Oh, I’m sorry. Did you tell your friend you were a vice president or something? I didn’t mean to ruin your story.”

Yeah, right. Kira gritted her teeth. What she wouldn’t give to tell Nanette that Smenkare was her sex slave and that he had fucked her sideways on the bathroom floor this morning and that he was required to do anything she asked -- including bitch slapping nosy fake-blonde receptionists.

“Kira does not have to lie to impress me,” said Smenkare in a soft voice. “I do not like her because of what she does at work.” He threaded his fingers through Kira’s and kissed the tips. His gaze heated her to the core.

“We ran out of condoms this morning,” he whispered a little too loudly as he nuzzled her neck. “We should buy a bigger box, my love.”

“Who knew we could go through a six-pack in one night?” Kira smiled at Nanette, whose look of surprise was interrupted by a flash of envy. She kissed Smenkare on the cheek. “Wait for me by the elevators, okay?”

He nodded and left her alone with Nanette. Kira picked up a stapler and turned it around in her hands. “He’s exhausting, you know, but the best I’ve ever had.” Kira put down

the stapler on the wrong side of the desk and leaned forward until she had Nanette's complete attention. "*Much* better than Todd."

Nanette's gasp of outrage soothed Kira's pride, but not her guilty conscience. If the receptionist hadn't known about Todd sleeping his way around the office, she did now. Kira was glad Nanette knew the truth about the jerk, yet she shouldn't have told her in such a mean-spirited manner.

"Nanette, I'm so --"

"Just leave," she hissed, sitting at the desk and returning the stapler to its rightful place. "You don't have to lie about sleeping with Todd." Nanette's tight smile turned catty. "Or with *him*. What did you do, Kira? Hire a guy from a local strip club to impress your coworkers?"

Her mouth dropped open in shock. She couldn't find a single word to utter and she knew she looked like a gaping fish. Nanette's look of satisfaction stung, but not nearly as much as her words. Did the people she worked with really believe she'd hire someone to play her boyfriend? That she was so deficient in mind and body she couldn't find a decent, good-looking guy on her own?

It hurt to think that they were right. After all, hadn't she gone to The Lust Bastion because she'd been unable to find a man who not only wanted to satisfy her, but who wanted stick around longer than it took to get dressed?

"Everyone knows that male strippers are gay." Nanette took a tube from her desk drawer and refreshed her lipstick. It was deep, shiny red -- the color of blood. "And everyone around here knows that you're --" Nanette's pitying stare was ruined by the calculating look in her cold blue eyes. "-- well, sweetie, that you're a loser in the bedroom department." Her gaze dipped to Kira's clothes. "Not to mention fashion-challenged."

Red-hot fury flashed through Kira, but it fizzled into blind hurt. She felt as though as someone had stabbed her through the chest and twisted the knife. Straightening her new and

fashionable -- *thank you very much* -- black jacket that matched her flared-at-the-knee skirt, she turned away from the desk and marched toward the elevators. Nanette's laughter followed her, clawing her insides until she thought she'd scream.

Or cry.

"What is wrong?"

Kira shook her head and swallowed the tears of humiliation that threatened to fall. She blinked them back, willing them to disappear. She wasn't a loser in the bedroom department. Just ask ... Todd? The water guy? The computer nerd? *The sex slave*? She choked back ashamed laughter.

"I'm not good in bed, am I?" she asked Smenkare. "I command you to answer honestly."

His brows rose. "What did Nanette say to you?"

"Nothing. I'm just -- I'm just being insecure. Never mind."

The elevator doors swished open. They entered the empty car. She pushed the number 5 button then readjusted her purse strap on her shoulder. Maybe she should have smacked Nanette in the head with her fashion-challenged Wal-Mart special and knocked that nasty little smile right off the blonde's perfect face. Smenkare slanted her a concerned look, but she knew he just felt obligated to look concerned.

The elevators were notoriously snail-paced. It took forever just to reach the second floor. She tapped her foot impatiently at the car's slow rise and tried to ignore Smenkare's level stare.

"Oh for Pete's sake! What is it?" she asked in an exasperated voice.

"You are muttering."

"I am not."

"Why do you want to smack Nanette with your purse?"

Shit. She had been muttering. She sighed and turned toward him. "She said I have reputation for being a loser in the bedroom department. It's not like I've slept with every guy

in the place. I've only been with Todd and, believe me, he's not that great in the sack. Why is it the guys who are lousy lays tell everyone it's the girl's fault? Now I know why no one from work has ever asked me out. They think I'm bad in bed. You know, bad-bad, not bad-good. And that's not true." Kira took a deep breath. "Is it?"

"Who is Todd?"

"A guy who would have sex with anything that moves."

"And he works here?"

Did she detect a smidgen of jealousy in his voice? No. Why would he care who she slept with? But if he did ... Her heart stuttered. If only he could love her instead of just make love to her. She should have been more specific about what she really wanted -- a lifetime relationship with a good man instead of a short-term fuck with a goddess' play toy. She wanted to love Smenkare the way he deserved to be loved, but it would do no good to love a man who could not love her back. They would only hurt each other in the end.

"When did you last sleep with this Todd?"

"Smenkare, will you focus? I'm having self-esteem issues here. Where's the reassurance about my bedroom prowess?"

As the elevator inched toward the fourth floor, Smenkare smacked the big red emergency button. The car jerked to a stop and a loud, annoying bell clanged. He pinioned Kira to the wall, reached under her skirt, and jerked down her panties and hose. Loosened, they drifted past her knees. She wasted no time kicking off her heels and pushing the material from her legs. Smenkare unzipped his pants and placed his hard cock between her thighs.

Her purse thunked to the floor.

Her body trembled.

Her heart rejoiced.

"You are everything a man desires," he whispered. "And more than any man deserves."

His hands coasted around to her buttocks. He grasped them and pulled her closer. She swallowed the knot in her throat. His obsidian gaze was so filled with want and need she lost her breath.

“What do you want, my Mistress?”

His penis teased the edge of her vagina.

“You.” Her arms crept up his shoulders. “I want you.”

He lifted her and she wrapped her legs around his waist. When he entered her, she was wet and ready and aching, the way she always was with him. He pushed her against the elevator wall and plunged into her again and again. He teeth nipped her neck, his tongue traveled her neck, his lips found her earlobe. He whispered words only her heart understood.

She teetered on the edge of an orgasm when Smenkare cried her name; his cock emptying his seed into her sent her flying over the edge.

For a moment, they leaned against each other, panting and recovering. The bell rang shrilly and unceasingly, but Kira didn't mind. It was worth the ear-shattering noise to have elevator sex.

Smenkare slipped out of her. She silently handed him her torn panties to use as a wipe. After he was finished, he tucked his penis into his pants and her undies into his pocket. Then he helped her straighten her clothes.

She showed him the ruined hose. “My last good pair,” she lamented and shoved them into her purse.

Smenkare released the button and the elevator started moving again. The bell stopped shrieking and the sudden silence sounded weird. She rubbed her ears with her palms as if the gesture would somehow help the teeny ringing in her head.

The smell of sex permeated the small car, which smelled a helluva lot better than the perfume some companies put into the air to cover the stench of humans and their bad habits. She breathed it in and smiled. Oh yeah. They should bottle it and call it Sex of Smenkare.

“Kira?”

“Yes?”

He tipped her chin so that she looked him in the eyes. “I ask a favor.”

“Anything.”

“Do not ever speak the name of Todd again.”

She blinked at the fierceness of his tone. “Why?”

He slid his thumb along her jaw. He leaned close until his chocolate brown eyes were even with hers. “Because you are mine.”

Her pulse leapt. What was he saying? Was he telling her -- no. He didn’t have the right to claim her. To love her. Especially not after three days.

“I thought you were mine,” she teased, hoping to lighten his mood.

“I am.” He hesitated. “I have claimed no other as my own, Kira. Not in three millennia have I chosen a queen.”

“A queen?”

He placed her palm against his heart. She felt it beating, strong and fast. “If I were still a prince of Egypt, I would share my throne with you and only you, my Kira.” He turned her palm up and kissed its center. “I can offer you no other gift than this pledge. You are my queen.”

Before she could answer his unspoken question, the elevator doors opened.

A security guard, maintenance man, her supervisor, Todd, and several coworkers, mostly males, waited. Everyone broke out into fervent applause -- except for her boss, who looked pissed off, and for Todd, who looked like a pouting two-year-old.

“I’m guessing there’s nothing wrong with the elevator,” said the maintenance man, a sly grin on his face. “So I’ll be on my way.”

He slipped past them as they exited the car.

The guard's expression was part embarrassment, part admiration. He, too, entered the elevator. Before the doors closed, he gave Smenkare a big smile and two thumbs up.

"What's going on?" asked Kira.

"That's what I'd like to know, Miss Maxwell," answered Jerry, her boss. "Please come to my office."

Her heart thudded in her chest. Something was *so* wrong. Coworkers were thumping Smenkare on the shoulders and wiggling their eyebrows at Kira. One guy made a V with his fingers and stuck his tongue through it.

Then she knew.

She'd had sex in the elevator with Smenkare in front of a goddamned security camera. Every elevator had one.

"People, that's enough," barked Jerry. "Go back to work while you still have jobs."

Everyone but Todd dispersed. Jerry marched down the hall to his office and Kira turned to follow. Todd grabbed her arm. "What the hell, Kira? You act like a cold fish with me, but you'll fuck a gay stripper in the elevator?"

Gay stripper? Had Nanette called Todd and told him what Kira had said? Had she told him Kare was a gay stripper Kira had hired to pose as a boyfriend? Humiliation washed over her and she felt heat singe her cheeks. Her work place was nearly intolerable. She didn't have friendly chats at the water cooler or go to lunch with the girls. No one really socialized with her and she was beginning to suspect Todd and Nanette were why she'd always been treated as a pariah.

Todd squeezed her shoulder to gain her attention and she winced.

Smenkare plucked Todd's hand from her and crushed his puny white fingers within his dark, strong hand. "Touch her again and I will disembowel you."

Todd's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed. "Let go of me, you prick." The words would have had more force if his voice hadn't sounded like a door squeaking. He cleared his throat. "Please."

Smenkare released the coward's hand. "Do not talk to her again. Do not look at her again. Do not *touch* her again."

"You can't tell me what to do."

Kira rolled her eyes. Todd the toddler. What had she ever seen in him? He'd never be good for a long-term relationship. The only person he'd ever care about was himself. Too bad it had taken her two lousy fucks to figure it out. Loneliness and desperation had made her accept less than she deserved. And it had only taken three days with beautiful, tender Smenkare to figure *that* out.

"You may grovel to her. You may kiss the earth she walks upon. You may beg her forgiveness for being a worthless mongrel. But that is all."

"Fuck you." Todd's face turned red and his eyes bulged. "Kira and I are involved."

"No, you are not. She is mine."

Smenkare drew Kira away from the infant trapped in a man's body and down the hall to the boss's half-opened door. She asked Smenkare to wait outside. Given what her boss was about to tell her, she'd rather not have him threaten ancient Egyptian punishments to the man who signed her paychecks. She entered the office and closed the door behind her.

"You already know what this is about, Miss Maxwell." He scribbled on a piece of paper and slid it across the desk. "Here's your last check. Given the circumstances, I don't believe you'll want to give a two-week notice."

"Are you allowing me to resign?"

He nodded. "You're a good employee. Your work is exemplary even if your judgment is not. I'm sorry to lose you, but if you have sex in the elevator and I allow you to stay ..."

"Then you'd have to let everyone else have sex in the elevator."

His frown indicated he didn't appreciate her sense of humor. "What you did was illegal, Miss Maxwell, and if I so desired, I could fire you and press charges. As it is, I don't wish to besmirch your reputation or the company's."

Oh. Now she got it. Getting caught having sex in the elevator was about making Web Marketing look bad. Maybe even immoral. And worse, unworthy of their corporate accounts. "Men like Todd Groman can screw every woman in the office, but a little boink in the elevator puts me in the unemployment line."

"He screws them on his own time and not on company property."

Kira rose and took her check. "Maybe you should check security tapes again. The copy room, the conference room, the receptionist's desk, his cubicle --"

"Thank you, Miss Maxwell. Please clear your desk immediately."

So Jerry knew about Todd's sexual escapades and did nothing. She wanted to feel furious, violated, and self-righteous, but all she could work up was a good laugh. God, she hadn't wanted to admit it before, but she hated this job, this building, and these people. She wiped the tears from her eyes, leaned a hip on the desk, and stabbed at a button on Jerry's desk. The building's intercom system hummed to life.

"This is Kira Maxwell, lowly PR assistant. I am resigning today because I got caught fucking a gorgeous Egyptian prince in the elevator. I just wanted everyone to know it was worth it. And while I'm sharing my personal business with you, Todd Groman was the lousiest fuck I've ever had." She flicked off the button. Then flicked it on again. "And Nanette's boobs are as fake as her hair."

She looked at her boss, expecting him to be furious. He was shaking, all right, with laughter. "Go write your resignation, Miss Maxwell," he managed to gasp, "and consider yourself avenged."

Chapter Five

Smenkare watched in awe as they cruised the Strip. He knew about Las Vegas, but he had never visited it before. Most of the time, he never left the bedroom of his mistresses, unless they wanted to show him off. Sometimes he got to attend cocktail parties or luncheons. Most were boring affairs with watered-down drinks, bad food, and dull conversations.

They had passed a circus tent, a harbor with two ships, a palace fit for Caesar and the most amazing glittery, showy buildings he'd ever seen. They lacked the soul of Thebes, even of Amarna, but they were impressive all the same. It was slow going, but Kira didn't seem to mind the pace. She glanced at him. "Tourists. On the sidewalks and sky bridges, in cabs and rental cars, jaywalking like idiots. I don't usually go this way, but I thought you might like it."

"I do." He looked at the pedestrians crowding the sidewalks. "I am sorry you lost your job."

"Thanks." Kira smiled. "You know what? I don't really care."

"Didn't you like your job, Kira?"

“I like public relations, but I didn’t like Web Marketing. Any time you’re part of an office environment, there are politics and backstabbing and all kinds of crap unrelated to the work. That’s the part that sucks.”

Smenkare gazed out the window and thought about the royal intrigues he’d deflected and initiated. Perhaps running a palace was a lot like working in an office. Although, he suspected being a king of Egypt was a far better job than *public relations*. He imagined Kira in Egypt, dressed in royal robes, sitting across from him during breakfast. They would discuss the business of his kingdom, his people. She had a sweet disposition, but a core of strength. She was intelligent, too, yet not ambitious. She would have been a beautiful queen. A partner worthy of his love, his life, his kingdom.

He shook away the thoughts.

Never had he thought about one of his mistresses as his queen, much less claimed one as he had claimed Kira. None had deserved the title. He knew she did not understand the significance of his words.

He glanced at Kira. She was beautiful without knowing she was beautiful. It was an odd combination. Yet a woman who knew nothing about her own beauty was a woman who could not wield it as a weapon.

Men used women, yes. But women ... women knew how to use men, too. Nefertiti had used the love of her husband to dispose of his eldest son. She had manipulated his father with sweet lies and sexual conquests. If he had not been sent to the Hittites ... his brother would not have taken the throne. He and their sister would have lived. And Smenkare would have smite Ay, the murderous bastard.

He leaned back in the seat and closed his eyes against the memories, but they invaded his mind like soldiers swarming the land of a conquered enemy.

He had come to Thebes to find Mentari. Long ago, he’d met her in the village outside Amarna and initiated her in the ways of sex. She’d been frightened of him, not because of his

appetites, but because she and her family worshipped the old gods. Bast was the goddess of their village, though they pretended to worship the Aten as all Egyptians did. The truth was that his father had alienated the people of his kingdom and they reviled him.

This night, he entered Thebes under the cover of night, dressed as one who lives in the desert. Egyptians respected these wandering souls and believed they were gods in disguise.

He found Mentari near Amun's temple holding a dagger and food offerings.

They had met at the same temple two days ago. He'd taken her to Bast's temple, a ten-minute walk from here, and made love to her on the altar. She did not protest and after they were finished, he felt as if he'd given the goddess some kind of offering.

Mentari gave him her body willingly, but never her heart. That belonged to Bast. He disliked knowing Mentari served another, loved another more than him. When he was pharaoh, he would be a god and none would worship any but him. He would wipe Bast from every record, statue, and building.

He could see nothing but his own wish to be pharaoh. Nothing was more important than taking the throne from Ay. Before the Aten, Amun's godswives had the power of pharaohs. To marry one was to gain the kingdom. Now that his father and his religion were dead, Amun and the godswives would rule again.

And so would he.

"Mentari, you are Amun's godswife. Marry me and we will claim the throne together."

"I will marry you, Smenkare. If you love me."

"You know I do."

Her laugh was soft, disbelieving. "You use me for your own desires just as you did in Amarna."

"You did not complain."

"To a prince? No." She tweaked his ear as she used to do when he annoyed her. "I fell in love with you."

“And I, you. Did I not promise to make you my consort?”

“I did not see your ambitions then. I was a girl who only wanted to please you. Now, I am a woman and I see what you want from me. But I do not see what it is you can give me.”

“I will give you power, prestige, and wealth.” He clenched his fists in frustration. “You will be the Great Wife. Is that not enough?”

“You will tire of me, of your promises. I will bear your children, but you will seek others for your bed.”

“It is the way of the pharaoh.”

She cupped his cheek. “Does the ocean tire of the rain?”

“The ocean does not need the rain.”

Her smile was sad, knowing. “I must make a sacrifice to my goddess.”

“This place belongs to Amun.”

“All things belong to Amun, even Bast. And even you.” She shushed his protests with a finger against his lips. “Meet me at Bast’s altar in one hour. You will have my answer then.”

He stopped her, searched her gaze. She was seeking an answer from him that he did not have. Foreboding made his gut clench, but he could not figure why he suddenly felt afraid.

“Is it wrong to want what is mine?”

“No,” she whispered. “It is wrong to ask for the sacrifice of my heart when you know nothing of what such a thing costs.”

“Hey sleepyhead,” said Kira. “We’ve arrived.”

Smenkare opened his eyes and blinked. A huge bronze pyramid rose to the heavens, glimmering in the late morning sunlight. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. “It cannot be.”

"It's the Luxor." She opened her car door and got out. He did the same and followed her through the parking lot to the pyramid. They walked into the lobby and saw fountains. Children and parents sat on the wide flat edges and tossed coins into the pale blue water. The ching and chang of slot machines competed with the conversations of the people in the casino.

"They have a replica of Tut's tomb here," she said, pointing up. "We could go see it if you like."

He had never seen his brother's resting place. A replica of a pharaoh's tomb would be the closest he'd gotten to Egypt or to his family since the early days of Bast's curse. He wanted to go. He did. But he could not bear it. His heart already ached too much for what he could not have. He cupped Kira's cheek and brushed his lips across hers. "Thank you, Kira. But this does not feel right. This is not Egypt." He turned to gaze at the fountains. "I am never going home again."

"Don't say that." Kira wrapped her arms around him. "I'll take you to Egypt. You can spend the rest of the month in your homeland."

Amazement made him speechless. He stared at her concerned face and felt joyous. No mistress had ever asked what he desired. No mistress had ever offered to give him up so that he might have temporary freedom. No mistress had looked at him that way Kira did now.

"You would do this for me?"

"Yes."

"Egypt is in my heart. It is as if I left yesterday, not three thousand years ago. To see it now would ..." He shrugged, unable to formulate his feelings into words.

"I understand." She grabbed his hand and led him outside. "We'll do the next best thing."

"What?"

"Get mind-blowing drunk."

“I was hoping we’d have sex.”

Kira stopped. “Here?”

“Anywhere you like.”

“It’s illegal to have sex in public.”

Smenkare grinned. “Only if you’re caught.”

They found the perfect spot -- right between the Sphinx’s paws. The fake Sphinx sat in the front of the Luxor much as the real Sphinx sat in front of the Great Pyramid in Egypt. They were tucked behind one extended paw, into a rounded groove under the beast’s chin. Usually the area swarmed with tourists taking pictures, but it had been cordoned off for repairs. The shuttle wasn’t running, either, so the chances of getting caught were slim -- unless a construction worker or rebellious teenager happened to walk by.

Kira had never in her life imagined having sex in a public area. And yet, here was she was, right next to the big ol’ paw of the Sphinx, unbuttoning her blouse so Smenkare could suck her tits.

He wasted no time undoing her front-snap bra. His warm mouth closed over one nipple and she gasped at the contact. His hands reached under her skirt, one cupped her ass, and the other stroked her clit.

He released her breast and rained kisses on her collarbone and neck before taking her mouth and thrusting his tongue inside. She returned the eager strokes of his tongue and moved against the finger tickling her clit. He was the only man who had ever given her this much pleasure. So what if he’d spent a hundred lifetimes making other women feel this way? She wanted him -- she wanted him forever.

“Turn around,” he whispered against her mouth.

She did as he asked. He put his hands on the sides of her breasts and gently pushed her distended nipples against the rough wall. Pleasure-pain zinged through her. She moaned,

excited by the rasp of the concrete on her flesh. Smenkare dropped his hands to lift her skirt and then she felt his penis push between her thighs.

“I can’t get enough of you,” he whispered as he slid his cock into her vagina. “You are my queen.”

Smenkare held onto her hips and thrust inside her. His movements made her nipples scrape the wall and she cried out at the sensations zapping her. She put one hand on the wall and the other under her skirt, touching her aching clitoris. She lowered her fingers so that the tips brushed against Smenkare’s penis as he entered her ... then she was through teasing herself. She rubbed her clit in rhythm with her lover’s thrusts and pushed her breasts closer to the wall.

Everything was feeling and sound and movement.

“I’m going to come inside you,” said Smenkare. “Oh Kira!”

Smenkare thrust one final time. He wrapped his arms around her waist and pushed deeper. She felt his ejaculation as intense pleasure washed over her again and again until she was limp and hugging the wall for dear life.

* * * * *

“He’s got a good voice, but his timing’s off,” said Selena.

Kira watched Smenkare on the tiny stage, butchering “I Heard It Through the Grapevine.” He kept putting his mouth too close to the microphone so he sounded thunderous. He was having a hard time reading the words scrolling on the side monitor -- probably because he’d downed three Jell-O shots, two Rattlesnakes, and a Long Island Tea. She’d stuck to tequila and was feeling really fuckin’ good.

“I’m glad you came to get wasted with me and Kare,” she said to Selena.

“See you get drunk? I wouldn’t miss it. The last time you had a cocktail --”

“I had a cock,” interrupted Kira, pointing to Smenkare. “And he had some tail.” She patted her own rear end.

Selena cracked up. In fact, she laughed so hard, she doubled over and smacked her head on the little black table. “That hurt.” She rubbed her forehead.

“Looked like it,” agreed Kira.

Smenkare finished his set and returned to the table.

“That was fun.” He looked at the women. “How did I do?”

Kira and Selena looked at each other then at him. “You rocked the mike, baby,” said Kira.

His lips twitched into a smile. “That bad?”

Selena nodded. “Wanna do another Jell-O shot, Kare?”

“Only if I wish to vomit.”

“I’ll take that as a yes.”

An hour later, they all piled into a cab and went to Kira’s apartment. They crept up the stairs even though it was only seven o’clock in the evening.

“I’ve never gotten stinkin’ drunk this early,” said Kira as she attempted to fit the key in the lock. The third try, the key went in and she turned the knob.

“You’ve never gotten stinkin’ drunk,” said Selena. “Tipsy. Buzzed. Giggly. Never stinkin’.”

“I resent being called giggly.”

“I call ’em as I see ’em.”

They entered the living room. Kira managed to shut the door, but her keys slid out of her hand onto the carpet. They stumbled toward the couch and sat down. Smenkare sat in the middle; Selena and Kira settled on either side. He looked at Kira, then Selena, then at his crotch. “I am horny.”

"I thought your name was Kare," said Selena.

"Smenkare," corrected Kira.

"What kind of name is that?"

"Egyptian."

"Oh." Selena scrutinized Smenkare. "Where did you guys meet again?"

"Magical vibrator," said Kira.

"Isn't that a club downtown?"

"Nope. I bought a magical vibrator. Turned it on." She jerked a thumb toward Smenkare. "He popped out."

"I do not pop," he said in an offended voice. "I form."

"He formed," echoed Kira making wavy motions with her hands, "then we had really great sex."

Selena nodded. Then she said, "You guys are so full of shit."

"How do you feel about a threesome?" asked Smenkare.

"I'm drunk enough to try it," said Selena, "but not drunk enough to black out and forget I tried it."

"I'm drunk enough to black out and forget," said Kira. "Do you think you could live with the embarrassment of screwing your best friend and her lover and keep it a secret from me?"

"No." Selena pursed her lips. "Why don't we play a game instead?"

"Does it involve sex?" asked Smenkare.

"No more alcohol for you," said Kira. "It makes your horny-o-meter rocket into the red zone."

"Truth or dare," said Selena.

"Okay." Kira patted Smenkare's knee. "You'll like this game."

“You first, bestest friend. Truth or dare.”

“Truth.”

“Chickenshit.” Selena grinned. “How did you meet Kare?”

“I bought a vibrator and he was in it. An Egyptian goddess cursed him to sexual slavery and since I own the vibrator, he has to do whatever I say.”

“I can’t believe you’re sticking to that story. Since you’re such a liar-liar-pants-on-fire, it’s still my turn.” She looked at Smenkare. “Truth or dare.”

“Dare.”

“I dare you to turn into the so-called magical vibrator.”

Without a word, Smenkare rose and shed his clothes. Selena’s mouth dropped open, but it snapped shut when he stood in front of her, his cock jutting inches from her face. “Wow.” She looked at Kira. “I gotta get me one of those.”

“Only Kira or Bast can return me to the vibrator.” He moved in front of Kira. “Put your hands on my cock, Mistress, and tell me to return.”

Kira did as he asked, resisting the drunken horny urge to stick his penis in her mouth and suck on it. He was so beautiful, so perfect. She cupped his balls and enclosed his penis with her free hand. “Return.”

Poof. He disappeared.

Selena stared at the golden dick in Kira’s hands then looked at her friend. “Holy shit.”

“Yeah.”

Kira pushed the black button. Smenkare formed almost immediately. He looked relieved and Kira wondered if he’d thought she would leave him in the vibrator. He got dressed then resumed his seat between the two women.

Silence settled as thick and heavy as a wool blanket.

After a few awkward seconds ticked by, Selena rose from the couch and entered the kitchen.

“What are you doing?” asked Kira.

“Making coffee. We’re getting undrunk. Either we were all hallucinating that your boyfriend is a part-time vibrator or there’s some very weird shit going on and I want to know what it is.”

Selena forced everyone to take some ibuprofen, down two glasses of water, and load up on coffee.

“I’m starting to feel sober, but my stomach feels like I ate a metal sandwich,” said Kira. “Tequila kills.”

“Nice epitaph. Keep drinking the java, honey.” She turned to Smenkare. “It’s time for you to spill your guts.”

“How would you propose I do that?”

“I don’t mean literally. Tell us about the curse. Why are you stuck in that damned thing?”

Smenkare looked at Kira. How would she feel about him if she knew his sins? She cared for him like no other had before, not even Mentari, who’d loved her goddess more than him. “Do you wish to know, Mistress?” he asked softly.

She nodded, her gaze compassionate.

“When I was a young prince at Amarna, I fell in love with a girl named Mentari. I wanted her to be my consort, but before I could bring her into the palace, Nefertiti had sent me on a diplomatic mission to the Hittites. She hoped they would kill me, but I made peace with our enemies and lived as a son to their king.

“Years passed. Then my sister’s letter arrived. Tutenkhamen had died and she needed me to come home. I left immediately and was ambushed before I could reach Thebes. I survived the attack, but arrived too late to save my sister.”

“I don’t understand,” said Selena. “What does this have to do with being cursed as a sex slave?”

“The only way for me to claim my rightful place was to marry a godswife of Amun and arrange a coup. I had the support of General Horemhep, but I needed more than my father’s blood in my veins to claim Egypt.”

“Mentari was a godswife,” said Kira.

“Yes. She loved Amun and Bast more than she loved me. She let me have her body, but her heart belonged to her gods. I wanted the throne and saw no other path but that which led to Ay’s death. I did not know what she asked of me ...

“She told me to meet her at Bast’s altar and there, she would give me her answer.” Smenkare bowed his head and took a deep breath. He could not face Kira. He did not want to see her revulsion at his shameful act. “When I arrived, I found her on the altar, the dagger she used for her ceremonies plunged into her heart.”

“She killed herself? *That* was her answer?” Kira sounded outraged. “Bast made you a sex slave because one of her priestesses committed suicide? That’s fucking insane.”

He dared to look at her and saw that she did not condemn him for his single-minded pursuit of power or selfish desire to wed Mentari to gain the throne. She was angry -- for *him*.

“You can’t condemn a man to three thousand years of sexual slavery because your priestess is a moron with a knife and death wish.”

“Kira, you must still your tongue,” warned Smenkare. “Bast watches us. She will not tolerate insults.”

“I wish I was still drunk,” said Selena, looking into her empty coffee mug. “This kind of shit is way beyond my ability to deal with it.”

* * * * *

Bast looked into the silvery glass and watched Smenkare tell his story. This was not the first time he'd told a mistress his tale of woe. In the beginning, he hoped his captor would free him or convince Bast to free him so that he could still claim Egypt.

She stopped sending him to women in his homeland, but he didn't lose hope.

No. It took centuries for him to lose hope. To stop thinking about power and wealth and becoming god-like.

She pursed her lips as she watched Smenkare caution his mistress not to insult her. She smiled. Smenkare felt differently about this mistress. They had been together a mere four days and he sought to protect her, to do as she wished not because he must, but because he wanted to please her.

Oh, there had been others he had liked. Many women treated him well and wanted him for marriage and fatherhood. Some had asked, others had begged, and yet others had let him go.

She wondered what Kira would choose to do.

The woman had done what so many before her had done.

She'd fallen in love with Smenkare.

Bast lounged in her chaise and watched the drama unfold. Smenkare did not understand his punishment was not just about Mentari's death. It was about his disrespect of the gods. Of losing his soul to ambition and greed. Of choosing the throne of Egypt over the love of his woman.

He did not understand sacrifice.

Smenkare's sexual slavery was not just about him, but he'd been unable to see it any other way. Had he thought about how much joy he'd brought into the lives of women who had nothing for themselves? They doubted their beauty, their sexuality, their dreams until Smenkare arrived and showed them how to open their minds and their hearts. He made them feel beautiful and special and worthy.

That was a gift, not a curse.

“Bes.”

The short scruffy man entered her chambers.

“I have a task for you. It must be done tomorrow morning.”

Bes nodded his compliance and left.

She looked at the glass and watched Kira tuck her friend onto the couch before retiring with Smenkare to her bedroom.

“Enjoy him while you can,” Bast whispered.

And smiled.

* * * * *

Smenkare woke Kira with a kiss. She blinked awake and looked at him.

“You are beautiful.”

“You are a liar.”

He laughed and tapped her nose. “I do not lie, Kira.” He drew down the sheet to her waist and gazed at her nipples. Just his glance made them pucker and he felt male pride at her response. He loved her body, her passion, her quick wit. She made him feel whole again. Like a man with his woman instead of a slave with his mistress.

He bent down and suckled one nipple. Then he suckled the other. He felt her hands slip through his hair and press him closer.

“I intend to worship you,” he said, cupping a breast. He kissed the areola with slow, wet attention then swirled his tongue around the taut peak. He moved to her other breast and repeated the loving gestures.

She wiggled impatiently beneath him.

He grinned.

His hand coasted down her thigh to her knee. His fingers traveled up again, stroking the outer lips of her pussy, her inner thigh, the sensitive area around her anus. He hovered over her clit then skipped touching it, pressing his palm against her quivering stomach.

She groaned her frustration and her hands fisted in the sheets. "I thought you said worship, not torture."

He bent to kiss her stomach and stopped as a familiar tingling sensation washed over him. His breath caught in his throat. He sat up and clenched the covers as if they could anchor him to the spot. "No! It is not time."

Kira sensed his panic and sat up. "What's wrong?"

"My Kira." He kissed her. Her lips felt soft, too soft. He was fading from her. But thirty days had not passed. What was Bast doing? She had never cut short his time with any woman.

Tears pricked his eyes. He was leaving and he did not want to go. He took Kira's hands and memorized the features of her lovely face. "The last words Mentari spoke to me were, 'It is wrong to ask for the sacrifice of my heart when you know nothing of what such a thing costs.' I did not know what she meant ... until now."

"Smenkare, your hands are --"

"You are my queen, Kira."

Then he was gone.

Chapter Six

“She will beg for you,” murmured Bast.

Smenkare stared at the silver glass and watched Kira tear up her bedroom looking for him. She was crying and screaming. She feared for him. Feared that Bast had done something cruel. It broke his heart to see her so afraid.

“Why did you take me?”

Bast lounged on her chaise in her cat form. She wore nothing over her slightly furred breasts, but a white silk skirt covered her lower half. Well-shaped furred calves peeked out from a side slit. She looked as she always did -- unconcerned and all-knowing.

“I offer you freedom, Smenkare.”

Freedom? To be his own man? His own master? To go where he wished and do as he pleased? His heart thudded in his chest. Bast had never offered him freedom. Never.

Bast smiled. “You merely have to make a choice.”

Foreboding lodged in his gut. He dared to look her in the eyes. “What choice?”

“If I were to tell you that Kira would meet a man tonight who would love her, marry her, and give her children, what would you say?”

NO! His heart cried. He could not bear the thought of another man touching her, wanting her ... loving her.

“Does your silence speak for you?”

“I wish her happiness.”

“Ah.” Bast rose and walked to him, her tail flicking under the skirt. “What if this man could give her happiness, Smenkare? I promise you that they would have a good life together. They will have a boy and a girl, a big house, and more than enough money.”

“She deserves such a life.”

“A choice then. I return you to Egypt to rule as pharaoh or I give Kira the life she deserves with a man who loves her.”

“I don’t understand. If I choose Egypt ... Kira will not have a happy life?”

“She will not have true love. She will not have a husband, family, or financial security.”

“And if I choose Kira’s happiness?”

Bast’s eyes filled with empathy. She placed a paw on his shoulder. “Your curse will be at an end -- forever.”

* * * * *

Panic clawed at Kira. Smenkare was gone and so was the vibrator. She still had the box and the parchment, but those items did her little good. She didn’t understand the symbols. After she searched the bedroom, she threw on a robe and ran into the living room. She saw Selena sprawled on the couch and shook her awake.

Selena opened one eye. “What the hell do you want?”

“Smenkare is gone.”

“I’m sorry to hear that.” She cradled her head. “I feel like someone tap-danced on my skull.”

“Smenkare!” yelled Kira. “The man who sang bad Karaoke last night. The man who lives in a vibrator. The man I --” She froze.

She loved him.

It shouldn’t be possible to love a man she’d only known four days.

No, not possible. But true. She felt it all the way through, from her skin to her bones.

She loved him.

“God. I thought I dreamed that whole genie-in-a-vibrator thing.” Selena sat up and rubbed the sleep from her eyes.

“Bast took him. We have to get dressed and go to The Lust Bastion.”

“Whoa, Kira. You can’t charge into a porn shop and demand your sex slave. Especially if this chick, Bast, really is a mystical being.” Selena frowned. “I can’t believe I said ‘mystical being.’ I mean, if I hadn’t seen what I saw last night, I wouldn’t be saying what I’m saying.”

“How about you zip those lips and get your ass moving?” Kira marched toward the bedroom. “We’ve gotta save Smenkare.”

She’d gone three strides when someone knocked on the door. Smenkare! Maybe she’d imagined his fading away, maybe he went for donuts or coffee or condoms. She whirled around and rushed to the door, flinging it open.

The scruffy little man she’d seen at The Lust Bastion stood there. He bowed. “Bast requests the return of her box and its contents,” he said in a deep, formal voice.

“That’s *my* box,” said Kira. “And my vibrator and my Smenkare. Go tell Bast to return my property.” She slammed the door, turned around, and screamed. The little man stood in front of her, his expression wavering on friendly.

“I understand your distress,” he said. “But Bast will not be denied.”

Selena got up and rounded the couch. “Look, short stuff, we’re not giving Bast a damned thing.” She poked him in the chest. “Got it?”

His eyes blazed with interest and he drew closer to Selena. "I would not need to get on my knees to lick your pussy."

"That's true. And I just have to extend my leg to kick your little balls."

"I want to see Bast," said Kira. "Now."

The man grinned. "As you wish."

One eyeblink later, Kira found herself in Bast's purple-draped office, sitting at the little wooden table. In her hands, she held the white box.

"Right on time."

Bast sat across from her drinking tea. She'd discarded her human face and wore the cat features of the Egyptian deity.

"The box, please."

"No." Kira clutched it.

The goddess sighed. She put down her cup and snapped her fingers. The box disappeared. The sudden loss of her only connection to Smenkare drove spikes of fear into her heart. "Why didn't you do that at my house?"

"I needed you here."

"Why?"

Bast's smile was secretive, but she didn't answer. She merely sipped her tea. Her gaze assessed Kira's robe and tousled hair. "You enjoyed him."

"It hasn't been thirty days."

"He fulfilled your every desire."

"I want him back."

She waved a furry paw over the table. Two \$100 bills and one \$50 bill appeared next to Kira's elbow. "Money-back guarantee."

Kira flung the money onto the floor. "I don't want the money. I want Smenkare."

“You and the hundreds of women before you.” Bast sighed. “I am sorry he was unable to fulfill the full month.”

“Did he finally win his freedom?”

“In a way.”

She swallowed the sudden lump in her throat. “You would let him die?”

Bast shrugged. “He is a slave. Nothing more.”

“He is pharaoh!” said Kira, tears gathering in her eyes, an ache crowding her heart. “He is the man who holds my heart, who rules my life.”

“You love him.”

“Yes, damn it. How did you free him? By letting him die?”

“No,” said Bast. “I would not kill him. He would die because he should have died more than three thousand years ago.”

“B-but you prolonged his life! Made him a slave in that damned vibrator.”

Bast pursed her lips, her cat eyes uncharacteristically sympathetic. “The gods cannot change the cycle of life. We can twist the rules, of course, but life begins and ends for all mortals. Always.”

“Make him immortal.”

“That is a rare privilege, Kira, and requires the agreement from a council of gods. We have not granted such a thing since Cupid begged for the life of Psyche.”

“I will beg for Smenkare.”

Bast shook her head. “Only a god may plead the case.”

“Then you --”

She laughed. “I imprisoned him for three millennia because he took the life of my priestess. I cannot forgive him for that.”

“She committed suicide,” said Kira, a tremor in her voice.

“He might as well have pierced her breast with his own sword. It would have been kinder.”

“Please, Bast!”

“No.” Bast turned from the counter. “I am glad Smenkare has learned to love. That he regrets the life that led to his punishment. That he found you. But I will not advocate his immortality.”

Tears coursed down Kira’s cheeks. “Then what can I do?”

“If I free him, his life will end, but if he stays a sex slave ...”

Understanding flooded Kira. “He will live forever.”

Bast stroked her hair, tucking an errant strand behind Kira’s ear. “If you want him to live, you must let him go.”

* * * * *

“Todd Groman?”

“Who wants to know?”

The beautiful woman sat next to him on the bar stool. He’d been drinking steadily since noon. After Kira’s little stunt yesterday, he’d been fired and Nanette had dumped him. He felt like cold shit on a hot day. His gaze skittered over the buxom brunette’s curves. She wore a body-hugging white halter top dress. Gold hoops dangled in her ears. She had a heart-shaped face with big green eyes and suck-my-dick lips.

Maybe his luck was changing.

“How’d you know my name?”

“The bartender.” Her smile was soft. “You’re a handsome man.” Her fingers stroked his arm. “And I’m a lonely girl.”

Todd straightened. If he knew anything, it was the fuck-me glance perfected by horny women. This sweet little bitch wanted him. “What’s your name?”

“Mentari.”

“That’s unusual. I like it.”

“Wanna get a table in the corner?”

The bar was dark, seedy, and empty other than a few losers swilling beer at the bar and watching CNN. In the far corner, past the pool tables and dart stations were a few ratty booths. The farthest one away was darker than the rest because the overhead light had burned out. Todd led Mentari to the table and scooted in after her. He’d used this table before. He made sure, every so often, that the bulb remained broken.

“So Mentari --”

She kissed him, her hand trailing across his crotch. Man, she wasted no time. He untucked her breasts from the halter top dress and played with them while she unzipped his jeans and pulled out his penis. She encircled it and stroked it until he went from half-mast to full hard-on. She released his mouth, slithered on top of him, and inserted his cock into her vagina.

He shuddered from the contact. God, she was aggressive.

He grasped her hips, attempting to control her movements, but she refused his direction. She held onto his shoulders and moved up and down at a pace that kept him hard, but brought him no closer to orgasm.

“C’mon,” he said through gritted teeth. “Move that ass.”

Her breathy moans in his ear annoyed him. She increased the pace, her knees squeaking across the cracked vinyl seat. “Squeeze my breasts,” she commanded.

“Fuck you.” But he found himself grasping her boobs and squeezing them.

“Suck my nipples.”

He didn’t want to, but his mouth captured one taut peak, then the other.

“Make me come, slave.”

Todd adjusted his position and bucked beneath her, not wanting to do the movements, yet unable to stop his body from doing as she asked.

“You will learn what it means to please a woman,” she murmured. “You will do as she commands.”

She moaned low in her throat. It almost sounded like a purr. Then she threw back and her head and meowed.

Meowed?

Her strong vaginal pulsations milked his cock and he came, too, the orgasm ripping through him until he shuddered and collapsed against the booth.

“I didn’t tell Kira there was a third option.”

He looked at her, feeling dazed. “Kira? What third option?”

“Curse replacement.”

She knew how to fuck, but she was crazy.

He felt uncomfortable, hot, and dizzy. “Get off me.”

She shook a finger at him and tsked. “You will have to learn who is the slave and who is the master. Let us hope it does not take *you* three thousand years to learn.”

Chapter Seven

“I’m sorry,” said Selena, patting Kira’s back. She handed her another tissue. “He was a nice guy.”

“Is. He *is* a nice guy. He’s just someone else’s nice guy.” Kira blew her nose. “This sucks so much. Death or sex slavery. What a choice.”

“You did the right thing.” Selena rose from the couch and retrieved a couple of Cokes from the refrigerator. “You can’t sit around all day moping. Why don’t we go out?”

“Uh ... no.”

“I don’t want to leave you.”

Kira took the Coke, opened the tab, and sipped it. “I’d like to be alone for a while.” She glanced at her friend. “You got a hot date or something?”

Selena’s face turned the color of a ripe tomato. “Remember short and scruffy?”

“Yeah.”

“He really can lick my pussy standing up.”

Kira laughed. “You’re kidding.”

“Nope. And for a little guy, he has one helluva package.”

Kira laughed harder, even though her heart still hurt and the tears wouldn't stop falling. How could someone feel joy and pain at the same time? "Go. Enjoy yourself. Check on me later, though. I might need Ben & Jerry's and *While You Were Sleeping*."

"You got it."

After Selena left, Kira wandered around the apartment. She still wore the same robe, her hair needed a brush, and a hot bath sounded almost as good as a long nap. The nap won out. She took off the robe and climbed into bed naked, hating that Smenkare wasn't in it with her.

How could she love a man she'd only known a few days?

How could she mourn a life without him?

How could she ever love again?

She turned to face the pillow and let the tears fall. Exhaustion poured through her and she soon relaxed enough to turn off the water works, but not her mind. With her eyes closed, she thought of him, as if she could simply imagine hard enough, it would break the curse and bring him to her.

Smenkare appeared between her legs. He was tall and well-muscled, with caramel skin and dark-as-sin eyes. His hair was black, soft as a raven's wing, tied behind his neck with a leather thong. He was gloriously naked, his big cock hard and ready.

He bent close to her and whispered, "What do you wish of me?"

"Love me," she commanded.

"I do." His smile was sly. "Tell me what you want, my Kira."

"I want you. Forever."

"As you wish."

His head dipped down and he took her mouth in a gentle caress, his breath skirting her lips. Only when her mouth was pliant, willing, did he deepen the kiss, thrusting his tongue inside to mate with hers. His hand slipped through her hair then lowered to cup her jaw. His

lips moved down her throat, lingering at the base. He trailed a path to her breasts, raining tiny kisses over each of them, cupping them in his hands to bring them closer to his mouth. His warm lips closed over one turgid nipple, swirling around the nub, suckling it. He turned his attention to her other nipple, giving it the same torturous attention.

Tears gathered in her eyes; she choked back a sob.

Smenkare lifted his head. "What's wrong?"

"This isn't real."

"Sssshhh."

His hand coasted down her stomach and found the nest of curls at the apex of her thighs. Before he could touch her aching clit, she sat up and pushed him onto his back.

"This is my fantasy," she said. "The only thing I have left with you."

She got on top of him so that her pussy hovered inches above his face. His hands crept around her buttocks and brought her vulva close enough for him to lick. His tongue's strokes were long, tortuous, perfect.

He'd taught her that fantasies were sometimes real and this, like all the other times, felt real.

She sucked the tip of his cock, running her tongue over the slit, then around the edge, before taking it all into her mouth. His penis was long, not too thick, with a beautiful round head. It felt so warm and hard.

So real.

Tears fell again.

"Stop. Just stop."

She rolled off him and lay on her side. "It's too painful to remember. To imagine."

Smenkare kissed the inner dimple behind her knee and stroked her thigh. "Open your eyes, Kira."

"No. Then you'll be gone forever."

"Open your eyes, my queen."

Kira sniffled. "I like queen much better than mistress."

He laughed and patted her ass. "Open your eyes and see me."

Her eyes popped open. She still felt his hand on her butt, the wet heat of his kiss on the sensitive flesh behind her knee. She took a deep breath and looked over her shoulder.

Smenkare lounged on his side, as naked as the day she'd met him. "I admire your ass very much," he said, rubbing it. "It is not too big."

"Smenkare!" She sat up and stared at him. "How? Who? Why!"

"You're crushing my hand."

"Oh. Sorry." She lifted her butt and he moved his hand.

"You are too far away." He tugged on her leg. "Come here."

Kira threw herself on him and hugged him so hard he begged for breath. "Does this mean Bast gave us the rest of the month?"

"No."

Kira felt her joy die a new death. "How long?"

"Forever." A smile hovered on Smenkare's lips. "If you want me for that long."

"Yes!" She rained kisses on his face, neck, and shoulders. "But -- but what about Egypt? What about ... Bast said you would die if she released you from the curse."

"I want you more than Egypt," he said. "As for dying -- I do not know. Bast released me and I came here. You are my heart, Kira."

She stretched over him, aligning her legs to his, arms-to-arms, stomach-to-stomach, thigh-to-thigh. His cock was hard and ready and nestled between her pussy lips. "You can have all of me. Every day. As much as you like."

He nuzzled her neck, kissing the underside of her jaw. "This is good news."

“You are my king, Smenkare.”

He kissed her, his lips warm and soft and real. His fingers threaded through hers and he flipped her on her side. She lifted her thigh and allowed him to enter her wet pussy with one long stroke. She put her leg over his, drawing him deeper. He stilled, releasing their joined hands.

“This feels good.” He kissed her, his tongue darting along her lips before plunging into her mouth. He twitched his cock inside her and she gasped. He released her mouth and grinned.

“This feels right,” she agreed, kissing him again and contracting her vaginal muscles around his cock.

He moaned. One of his hands went under her head to serve as a pillow and the other fluttered to her hip. His movements were slow, tantalizing. His gaze never left hers. She saw love reflected in his eyes. Pleasure. Desire.

And forever.

Just like the starless night.

Epilogue

“Is this really necessary?” asked Todd.

The short, ugly she-troll nodded and bounced on top of him, her flat breasts flapping like cold pancakes against her rolls of fat.

His permanent hard-on offered her a target on which to sit. And sit she did. Her jerky movements made him clench his teeth.

“Do it,” she said in a squeaky voice. He heard the passion in her voice, yet he felt none. But he’d learned that passion or boredom, he could come anyway. Orgasms were easy.

Fucking was not.

This little piece of nightmare owned him for thirty days and he had to obey her every sexual whim.

He sighed.

“Double cheese hamburger with bacon.”

“Oh yeah, baby,” said the woman, bouncing on him; her chunky thighs squeezed him.

“Lettuce. Tomatoes --”

She stopped and slapped his chest. “What are the rules?”

“No fresh veggies.”

She started moving again. “You were saying?”

“Side order of apple pie with vanilla ice cream.”

She closed her eyes and moaned, her movements smoothing out. The clutching of her vaginal muscles brought him reluctant pleasure. “French fries with extra salt. Deep-fried onions with ketchup.”

“Oh yeah. Oh yeah. More. Give me more!”

“Hot dog with chili, cheese, and mustard.” He grabbed her fleshy hips and pumped into her. “Corn dogs. Candy bars. Donuts.”

“More,” she cried. “I’m so close --”

“Ben and Jerry’s New York Super Chunk Fudge.”

She screamed and came, pulsating so hard, his cock slipped out. She wiggled down him and put her mouth on his penis, sucking it until orgasm claimed him. She swallowed his come and licked every drop from his cock. Her beady eyes looked at him. “Tastes like ... Krispy Kremes.”

 THE END 

Michele Bardsley

Multi-published in several genres, award-winning author Michele Bardsley spends her days creating fictional worlds because, let's face it, reality sucks. A prime example is that no one has yet to figure out how to make calorie-free chocolate. What's up with THAT?

Michele lives in Oklahoma where she is held hostage by her two children, her husband, two cats, and a guinea pig named Wiggles. Occasionally her family remembers to feed her, but mostly she's forced to nibble on copy paper while eking out her next story. The manacles make it difficult to type, but she manages.

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