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Pharaoh's Touch

By

Monica M. Martin

Dedication~

I dedicate this work to the lovely, exceptionally talented Amorous Authors. Rayne Forrest, Brenda Williamson, Ann Cory, and Twyla Dawn McNight, I wish you a spectacularly wonderful and successful 2007. You ladies have added verve to my creative world. Thank you!

Thanks ~

My thanks to God for my colorful imagination, and to Betty Vos for her superb editing skills.

Lastly, thank you my faithful readers.

Enjoy!
M.

Chapter 1

Khan el-Khalili

Sienna Robertson had felt royally screwed from the first day she landed in Cairo. Pity it hadn't been in the physical sense, since she had a penchant for Egyptian men. Cairo was indeed a fascinating place, though not what she'd romanticized. Even so, she'd determined she could live with the rip-off vendors and taxi drivers, the lung deflating smog—equivalent to smoking three packs of cigarettes a day—and dressing like a nun for twenty-eight days, in exchange for the privilege of viewing the city's decaying splendors.

Her fascination with the last standing wonder of the ancient world and Khufu, the enigmatic pharaoh responsible for its existence, went back as far as she could remember. Sienna had dreamed she was Khufu's third wife, Henutsen. These visions had become predominantly erotic when she matured into a woman. No lover had ever shagged her so thoroughly or so utterly enticed her to the point of obsession. She longed to find such a passionate pairing in reality; unfortunately, all her real life partners lacked in every way conceivable.

Her parents were very open and had never judged her or insisted she see a shrink. They lovingly accepted her just as she was; in turn, she loved them more dearly. They even encouraged her obsession with all things Egyptian, since her heritage receded far back on her mother's side. Her friends, on the other hand, found her fascination amusing and even blamed her eccentricities for her lack of male company, adding she

was far too particular for her own good.

If a potential partner couldn't accept her for who she was, then he wasn't worth knowing. She did not expect her dream man to come to life—far from it; she simply wanted equality and partnership, and this included respect. What she needed to discover was some *fine* male company, and then everything would fall into place for her romantically. Perhaps then she could give up her flights of fancy.

Sienna had boarded a plane at Heathrow and landed on Egyptian soil eight days previously. At the ripe age of twenty-six, she was having the holiday of her dreams...almost.

Mindful of the tourist traps, she'd promised extra to the taxi driver at the airport if he would deliver her to her hotel in Giza without any dramas. The cabbie had graciously agreed and then proceeded to give her a one-hour tour of Heliopolis. Subsequently, he'd expected her to stay in a hotel where the owners paid him backhanders. Naturally, she was livid. After she explained she wasn't paying if he didn't take her to Giza, as agreed, and further added that she'd report him to the tourist police, he grudgingly delivered her to her destination. He promised to provide her good rates if she chose to use his services again, because he admired her style. Since she had no desire to go through a similar experience with the next driver, they struck up an agreement.

The driver's name was Abdul. He was her designated driver while holidaying in Cairo. Abdul had dropped her off at the marketplace over three hours ago. He'd given her a spare mobile phone that called his number only. She paid a deposit for it, of course. Abdul was a wily little man. She rather admired his drive.

The summer sun beat down with unrelenting ferocity. Sienna was thankful she'd adhered to the local religious custom of covering her skin and hair, or she'd have had dreadfully burnt skin, scalp included. She thanked God she wasn't a fair-skinned redhead like her friend Trisha.

Heat rose up from the bricked pavement and permeated the soles of her sandals, causing her feet to sweat. She mopped perspiration from her forehead with the cuff of

her cotton shirtsleeve. "Well," she muttered to herself, "you wanted a bargain. This is what you get for visiting Cairo in July."

At least you'll lose those unwanted pounds off your fat ass!

The *Khan el-Khalili bazaar*, better known as The Khan, was so named because *Emir Djaharks el-Khalili* had built a large caravanserai in the original location in 1382. The caravanserai remained to the present day. Dilapidated and renovated buildings, mostly of brown, reddish-brown, gray, white and cream stonework, shared colorful awnings along the narrow labyrinth of streets. Shop fronts and stalls displayed a profusion of eye-catching wares, such as gold and silver jewelry, brass water pipes, fabrics, spices, carpets and the like.

The place was very medieval in appearance and no doubt fascinating for tourists. Sienna naturally assumed it wasn't quite so for the local inhabitants. She ascended the steps and walked through an ornate archway that led to a covered arcade beyond. She eyed the selection of brand-name sports shoes ahead of her. *Are they real?*

A vendor approached her dressed in a white *galabiyya*, the traditional garment for Egyptian men. She didn't have time to speculate. He waved a pair of *Nike* cross trainers in her face. "I will let you have them for only three hundred Egyptian pounds." He flashed a perfect set of white teeth. "What do you say, eh?" His English was surprisingly comprehensible.

She deliberately coughed. "No. Thank you."

"It's a good deal. I can't afford to go lower than that."

"Sure you can." She sighed. Hagglng was such a chore, and it took away the joy of buying goods.

"I don't understand." His brows drew together.

"You must think me mad." Seeing his confused expression, she rephrased her words. "They're imitations." He continued to look puzzled—a ruse, she was certain. "They are *fakes*, sir."

"Nooo. Noooo!" He shook his head vigorously, placing a chocolate-brown hand on his chest, his dark eyes widening in mock surprise. "They are originals. I would never

steal from a beautiful lady.”

She rolled her eyes. “One hundred twenty pounds.”

He sighed mournfully. “Your cruelty is staggering. How am I expected to feed my family?” She shrugged, not falling for that one. “All right, one hundred forty pounds.”

“No.”

“No?” His bushy brows rose.

“Correct.”

“One hundred forty pounds. I can’t go lower.”

“No.” She shook her head for emphasis this time.

“They *are* genuine. Don’t you believe me?”

“Sure, and *Khufu* wasn’t a megalomaniac. At his confused look, she amended her words. “He was a power-hungry freak.”

“You like the Fourth Dynasty?” he asked, a new gleam in his eyes.

“Yes, indeed.” She didn’t try to hide her smile.

“Oh, this is your lucky day then.” His excitement grew along with the gleam in his eyes. “You can buy *genuine* artifacts here, too.”

If they were indeed real, Zahi Hawass would have a fit! Her smile widened at the thought. Any man who dedicated his life to preserving his country’s artifacts was surely a man among men.

“Come. Come!”

What now? She stifled a sigh.

A very expressive fellow, the vendor waved his hands about with gusto. He reminded her of cackling chickens she’d seen once as a child on her friend’s farm. “I have something, ah...how do I say it in English? One moment, please.” He rubbed his jaw, his look thoughtful. “Ah, yes!” He flapped. “Remarkable! That’s the word. I have something *remarkable* to show you.” He turned and motioned inside the little shop.

“I am not interested, sir.” Again, she shook her head.

“Just one moment of your time, please.” He waved at the doorway once more.

“No, thank you.” She pushed past him.

"My wife, she is inside also, you have nothing to be afraid of. Although, a woman should not venture outside alone." He paused. "Your honor is safe with me, I swear to *Allah*. Come, you must see with your own eyes."

"No. Thank you." She began to walk away.

"What about the shoes?"

"You can keep them, sir!" she called out as she turned away, causing a few brows to rise. It certainly was a male dominated world, one she couldn't imagine living in permanently.

"I have the most impressive carving of Khufu!" he shouted after her.

Here we go again! I should have stayed at the hotel! She let out a resigned sigh and turned to face him.

"Khufu?"

"The 4th Dynasty king, who declared himself a god."

"Khufu?" she repeated, forcing herself to stay calm.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, Khufu, or Cheops, if you prefer that." He waved his hands about, flapping like a beheaded chicken. "Builder of the *Great Pyramid*."

"It is illegal to sell genuine artifacts."

He shrugged and presented upturned palms in answer.

She retraced her steps. *It won't hurt to look, and besides, it couldn't possibly be real! One more memento won't make much difference to my already outrageous collection of replicas.*

"It is made of diorite and is one hundred percent genuine."

"Strange, I remember there being only one statuette of Khufu in existence."

"That is because they had not discovered the rest...a cousin of mine acquired it." At her look, he clamped his mouth shut and motioned inside.

"You go first, sir."

"Oh." He nodded, apparently unruffled by the fact she didn't trust him. "Very well."

She followed him down the stone steps and into the darkened, claustrophobic interior of the shop. Soft yellow light bounced off rows of reproductions that at least

closely resembled Ancient Egyptian artifacts. A large woman in black sat on a chair in the corner, beading fabric. She looked up, smiled politely at Sienna, and nodded her cloth-covered head in greeting.

Sienna returned a smile. "Hello."

The woman gave another nod and re-directed her focus to the task at hand.

"One moment please," the vendor said, drawing her attention back to him. Half expecting him to grab an item on display, Sienna was surprised when he uncovered a wooden trunk and rummaged around inside. The chinking sounds coming from within made her cringe. She couldn't see what he was doing from her vantage point and moved closer for a better view.

He suddenly leapt up and thrust a greenish-gray and black statuette at her, startling her. After taking several deep breaths to calm her nerves, she took hold of the statue with shaky hands and studied it closely.

"I see the look on your face," he said. "This *is* the great pharaoh himself and not his son, *Khafre*."

Sienna fingered the smooth lines on the delicately carved god-king, whose features looked remarkably like the image that so haunted her dreams. The hieroglyphs at the base attested to the fact this was indeed *Khufu*. Flashes of distant dreams exploded inside her head. A chill ran through her.

Get a grip! It's only a coincidence, nothing to lose your head about!

Sienna pushed the feelings of unease aside. "The sculptor is without a doubt a master, pity he didn't pay more attention to the original."

"This is not a fake. I risk a great deal selling it to you."

Sienna purposely arched a brow. "And you need to be compensated for that, too?"

"You can have it for five hundred pounds." At her laughter, he added, "This is a good deal, eh?"

"No."

"The price is not negotiable."

"Well," she leveled him a look, "I don't have five hundred pounds."

"Then, you were not meant to have it." He held out his hands. "I can sell it to someone else."

Once one held an item, it was almost impossible to give it back. Sienna was expecting a heated haggling session and the vendor's manner took her by surprise. She looked the figurine over again before handing it back to him. "In Cairo, everything's negotiable, sir."

"Not everything, exotic flower." The determined look in his eyes said it all, dashing her hopes. He knelt and returned the figurine to the trunk.

Her aloofness slipped away as the insatiable desire to own the beautiful replica took hold. "I-I don't have five hundred pounds. I have to pay my taxi fare back to my hotel in Giza. I only have..." she fished through her handbag and counted her money, "four hundred eighty pounds to spare." She tried not to show the desperation she felt. "Are you willing to sell it to me for that amount?"

He sighed, bent, and retrieved the figurine. He held out his hand and she dumped the bundle of cash in his upturned palm. "A fortunate thing I am a generous man."

"Indeed." She placed the small treasure in her handbag and collected her phone. Hastily closing her handbag, she swung it over her shoulder and turned to him.

"A pleasure doing business with you. Peace and blessings upon your family," he said quietly, a strange expression in his eyes.

"You, too." She turned to leave, wanting out of there right away.

"If the authorities discover this, don't point the finger at me. I will deny ever seeing you. I hope you understand my position. Eh?"

She nodded. Guilt and relief settled over her. *Damn it, it's not real, so enough with the dramatics!* She couldn't stop the nagging voice inside from chastising. *Oh, God! When did I become so uptight!*

She keyed Abdul's number into the phone and placed it against her ear. It rang twice before he picked up.

Chapter 2

The Hotel

Sienna climbed from the tub and dried off on a fluffy white towel. She caught her reflection in the mirror opposite, stopped, and stared. She had olive skin that she considered a little too leathery. Her best features were her high cheekbones, big brown eyes and lengthy black curls. She didn't hate her appearance—far from it; sometimes she just wished for the complexion of an English rose instead. She sighed.

So what I'm a little narcissistic. A healthy dose of vanity never killed anyone! She massaged scented lotion into her skin, then donned a silk wrap and proceeded to the bedroom, where she blow-dried her hair.

The bedroom was fitted with French doors, separating it from the living room. Soft yellow walls blended beautifully with rich timber. Gold, brown and white embellishments created a warm ambience. The sumptuous king-sized bed begged her to grace it, but dinner wasn't far away. She unplugged her hair dryer, a wistful sigh escaping her. How long had she been without a man's touch? She couldn't remember.

Sienna made her way through the luxuriously appointed living room, poured a glass of iced tea, collected the overpriced figurine of Khufu and went outdoors. She placed the knockoff on the low-set table and gazed about in awed wonder. The view from her hotel balcony was magnificent and she never tired of it. Gardens stretched out as far as she could see, appearing to meet the pyramids on the Giza Plateau. She pressed against the cream balustrades, straightened an index finger and made to touch The

Great Pyramid with her fingertip. Tomorrow she would be touring the immense monument. Excitement filled her at the notion.

“King Khufu, so close and yet so far. I’m utterly insane.”

She seated herself on a padded deckchair and sipped her tea. When dinner arrived, she ate it there, the view too beautiful to resist. She watched the sun slowly sink into the horizon, a wonder to behold. God had waved his gigantic brush and slashed a medley of colors across the heavens. The evening brought with it a cool and balmy breeze. Romance was the only thing missing from the picture.

She stared at the small figurine, knowing she’d have bonked the vendor to get it. Heck, she’d have shagged his wife, too!

Sienna smiled as she drifted into relaxed contemplation, her eyelids drooping. *Khufu, why do you haunt me so? Why must I delude myself with romantic notions of you?* Sleep pulled her down into its warm haven.

A humming sound jarred her back to awareness. Her gaze locked on the figurine and gooseflesh crept up her skin. A brilliant light emanated from the statue, increasing in intensity by the second. The droning sound rose until it was almost deafening.

Sienna tried to move but her mind and limbs wouldn’t comply. Helpless, she watched a myriad of colors arc from within the figurine and extend outward. A being materialized from its iridescent center and then the light died away. The being was the one from her dreams.

Khufu!

Just as in the days of the ancients, when gods showed themselves to temple priests through effigies, he’d materialized from his statuette to show himself to her. The only difference was that it was sunset, not dawn. She’d read the gods loved dawn more than sunset. Obviously, it didn’t apply to all.

Her heart hammered painfully in her chest and the lump in her throat rose up and threatened to choke her.

“My beloved one,” he whispered, in an ancient language she understood perfectly.

“No, it cannot be!” fell from her parched lips.

His magnificently honed ebony flesh glowed in the moonlight. He wore a striped headdress, the lappets resting on his broad shoulders and smoothly sculpted pectorals. A golden *uraeus* rested against his forehead, completing the ensemble.

Dark exotic kohl-lined eyes gazed back at her, seducing her with their radiance. His nostrils flared and his full lips curled into a dazzling smile. She wanted to reach out, to caress the dark contours of his cheeks and powerful jaw line. She longed to run her lips over his wiry neck and down his smooth, rippling torso.

God, you're beautiful!

Moisture seeped between her thighs and she squeezed them together, the throb of her sex almost unbearable. Her eyes moved down his sculpted frame as she gulped for air.

So beautiful!

A white kilt that pleated at the front hugged his lean hips and brushed his muscular thighs. Knowing what was beneath and unable to resist, she reached out and touched their sleekness. The muscles beneath contracted and he released a laden breath.

"Khufu." The word fell from her mouth in the language he had used, further startling her. She moved her hand up his smooth planed quadriceps. Their heat permeated her fingers and his ragged breathing her ears. His long fingers closed over hers, stilling her erotic foray.

"We can be together, Henutsen, but not now..."

Although she'd heard him use the name many times in her dreams, it jarred her. "My name is Sienna."

"Henutsen, Mother of Khafre, I will call you Sienna on this plane. However, when you return to your rightful place, you will answer only to Henutsen."

"Return?"

"You will return to the palace with me. I wish it. The other Gods wish it."

"To the palace? I-I don't understand."

"It is where you belong."

"I am dreaming."

"I assure you, I am not some fanciful dream. Flesh and blood, I am here with you at last — that's all that matters."

Warmth filled her. "Yes, you're here with me. Finally."

Khufu answered her words with a smile as he removed his headdress. His head was clean-shaven, just the way she remembered. Every detail was the same, leading her to wonder whether this was indeed another fantastic dream. However, she dared not voice her thoughts.

He bent forward and pressed a gentle kiss on her forehead. The warmth of his breath fanned her skin. His lips glided down softly. Tender butterfly kisses landed on one eyelid and then the other. The familiar smell of lotus oil drifted over her and engulfed her.

This can't be a dream — it's too real!

He made to pull away but she clasped her hands around his neck, preventing him. She fixed her mouth to his. He didn't kiss her back. She released her hold on him. "What is the matter?"

"You doubt my word, that's what is the matter." His dark eyes hardened and a muscle in his jaw twitched.

"It's all too much to comprehend."

His look softened. "You must have trust."

"I...I do, I simply need time to adjust to you existing outside of my dreams."

"Deep down you always knew I was part of your life."

She shrugged. "Perhaps I did."

"Come." He drew away.

"No."

He gave her an incredulous look. "No?"

"I don't want to go anywhere with you until you explain yourself. I want you to tell me why you're here now. Tell me everything now."

"You dare to give me orders, woman?" The words, though spoken softly, had a steely edge. He was an authoritarian, clearly not accustomed to taking orders from

anyone.

"Yes, I dare. Point of fact, I more than dare, exalted one." She knew that wasn't the answer he wanted, but secretly she thrilled at the notion of his form of punishment.

"You were always the spirited one." He sighed. "My favorite wife."

How could she have forgotten that he had several wives! "I don't like to share."

He laughed. "You have always been greedy."

"And you?"

"Look deeply, you will remember..." He appeared ill at ease.

"Oh."

"Why am I here you ask?"

She nodded, not bothering to press him on the other matter, at least not at that moment.

"Simply to bring you back through the gate you departed from all those summers ago. We leave upon the twelfth hour — that's when the gate opens."

"What would have happened if I hadn't chosen to visit Egypt at this point in time? What would have happened if I hadn't gone to the markets today? Furthermore, what would have happened if I hadn't bought your statuette?"

"Ah, what if? You're full of what ifs, wife. You did come to Egypt. You did go to the market today. You did buy my statuette. The gods preordained this event because it's time for you to come home to me."

"Why don't I remember?"

"You do remember. Only you see your memories as dreams and dress them as such. When you passed through the gate, you became an infant again." He sighed, a troubled look crossing his exotic features. "You were not prepared for such a journey."

"Not prepared? I don't comprehend what you mean." She tried not to frown, but failed miserably.

"The gods punished you for not asking permission to leave." She opened her mouth to speak and he placed an index finger to her lips. "It is the price one must pay to travel to another place in time without permission. Your, ah...Isis sent your parents here to

protect you on this plane. Your parents have had the ability to communicate with us from the moment they stepped through the porthole.”

“Oh!” was all she could manage. No wonder they had been so supportive of her.

“Will this happen when you take me back?”

“No. You now have permission to return, and you have my protection. I too am a god, remember.”

“Yes, I remember.”

He smiled, his gaze soft. “We will return precisely upon the twelfth hour, when everything is in alignment, and you’ll be the exact age you were when you left.”

“Oh, that is amazing.” She swallowed. “No one will notice my absence.”

“Precisely. And all this,” he motioned about him, “will be a pleasant fancy, my beloved one.”

“Why did I leave?”

He looked exceedingly uncomfortable. “We will discuss this upon your return.”

“I want to know now.”

“You will know soon enough.” He cupped her face and lowered his mouth to hers. “I’m never letting you go again,” he whispered.

Firm and velvety, his mouth played over hers, their breaths mingling as his hard form pressed against hers. He drew her lower lip inside his mouth and tongued it. She cupped his face and groaned as his tongue entered her mouth. She slid her tongue over his and oscillated in rhythm to his stroke. His hand slid between their bodies and parted her gown. They both gasped when bare skin met. His fingers squeezed her nipples into throbbing points of pleasure. So hot—she wanted to melt into him and fuse completely. His teeth played over her breasts while his fingers worked excitedly.

A gasping, moaning mess, she fumbled with the fastening of his linen kilt, until at last she held the heated treasure she sought. His cock pulsed against her kneading fingers. She curled her fingers around the thick shaft and stroked. He groaned against her mouth and thrust smoothly in her grip. His cockhead pushed against her belly with each stroke. His hands slipped down over her ass and his fingers sank into the cheeks.

She pulled her hand away when he crushed her against his pounding need. Her pussy pulsed and her nipples throbbed unbearably. If he didn't shag her she'd go mad with desire.

His mouth slanted harshly across hers and forced her head back into the deckchair. She tasted blood on her lip. Pressing her hands against the solid wall of his chest, she pushed. His mouth softened with awareness as he continued to drink from hers. It wasn't long before his mouth slipped off, his heated breath continuing over her jaw.

"I can't bear it. Make love to me now," she whispered against his cheek.

"It's been so long, my love." His reply was ragged, his breathing heavy.

"Take me *now*." His firm lips slid over hers and he released a strangled groan; his tongue dipped inside to caress and mate with hers. She raised her legs and wrapped them around his ass, her pussy dancing against his steely erection. She ached with hunger, with the throbbing between her thighs. He pinned her hips and impaled her. The root of his cock and his balls slammed against her tender flesh as he gave her everything he had. She cried out, helpless to do otherwise.

"Your insides are tight." He slowly withdrew and impaled her again. "Arrhh! I'll not last long."

She raised her hips as he filled her, her nails biting into his ass. "*More*."

He rose up and drove into her more forcefully. "Is that what you want?"

She nodded.

He slammed into her, his hands moving through her hair. He pulled until her head snapped back. "Answer me appropriately." His dark eyes were cold as they assessed her. Their way of loving came back to her in that instant. It was hard, it was wild, and it was tender when she needed it to be. He instinctively knew what she needed when she needed it. Fear and excitement ripped through her at the knowledge she was his to command.

"Answer me." His breath fanned her neck.

"Y-yes, exalted one."

He smiled in approval and then plunged into her again, his eyes boring into hers.

"Arrgh, yessss!"

She moved to his rhythm, her nails raking down his back. "*Harder.*"

His hands twisted in her hair and he pulled; hot tears streamed down her cheeks. He bent and licked them up. "You want my cock spearing deep inside your silky flesh?"

She nodded. "Yes, exalted one." Her tone sounded husky in her ears.

"I'll take you so hard, you'll *beg* me to cease." His mouth moved over her neck and his teeth sank into her flesh.

Icy pain shot through her. His tongue caressed the bite. His heated breath fanned it. His groin slammed rapidly against hers and she arched to take his generous proportions deep. Her body shook from the onslaught and her flesh tightened around his plundering cock. His movements slowed and he ground his groin against hers. Her clit throbbed to his mouthwatering thrusts.

"Let go." The ragged words were whispered against her throat. His hot shaft glided past her gripping muscles, spearing deeply. "Soar, my lotus flower."

"Oooh!" Her pussy clamped around his cock, the relentless onslaught taking her over the edge. Still he rode on, his magnificent body dominating hers completely, wringing cries of surrender from her again and again.

"Please..." Sienna couldn't take any more. Her body arched and strained against his—she'd lost count of how many times. She felt about to burst. "Please!"

"Please, what?"

"Please stop, exalted one."

"Don't you want to mate?"

"Oh, I do, but I ache."

A triumphant gleam filled his eyes as he slowed his movements. "You have surrendered yourself to me." He pushed deep. "Now you're mine again." He drew back and slid his steely length inside her again. "Mind, body and soul."

"Yes, I'm all yours." The reply fell from her lips without hesitation.

He rode her through another climax and then withdrew without coming. He knelt

over her. She reached out, took his wonderful appendage in her hand, and tugged on it. "Suck your juices from me, my love." She sat up, kissed the purple, mushroom-like tip and licked at it. He growled, thrusting forward and tugging on her hair at the same time. His cock slid down her throat, almost choking her. He withdrew until only the tip was in her mouth and then thrust deeply, her lips flush with his groin. "That's it, take it all."

She knew his eyes were on his disappearing cock, watching her bruised mouth take it entirely. Her pussy throbbed at the notion, drenching her thighs. He pumped into her greedy orifice with measured strokes. She flicked her tongue over the end and tasted his pre-come.

"Oooh!" His groan filled her with triumph. He sank deep, his body shaking, his fingers tensing in her hair. Suddenly he pulled out, depriving her of his come, leaving her bereft. His panted breathing washed over her. Had she somehow displeased him?

"Why d..."

He bent and kissed her tender lips, cutting off her words. "This time is for both of us."

She nodded. "I see."

"Now stand."

He took her hand and led her into the bedroom. He halted in front of the mirror, stood behind her, and watched as he caressed and pinched her throbbing nipples and clit. "Beautiful." He sank two fingers inside her sex and stroked, all the while strumming her clit with his thumb. Her muscles greedily clenched his fingers and her juices spilled over them. He withdrew his fingers, placed them in his mouth and sucked on them. The erotic gesture warmed her.

He pushed her against the dresser and pressed her thighs apart, entering her pussy from behind. "Look at me."

"I-I don't..."

"*Look* at me." His gaze met hers in the mirror.

"Yes, exalted one." Those cold, exquisite eyes spoke volumes as he filled her.

She braced herself and watched him watch her in the mirror, the act heightening her arousal. He stroked back and forth, stretching her taut flesh, accommodating his need. Ebony and brown, their bodies heaved and thrust, creating an arousing display.

“Oh, I’ve missed you.” His eyes fell to their joined sexes and he pumped faster, his panted breathing mixing with hers. Suddenly he jerked, shuddered, and spilled his hot sperm deep inside her vagina. He leaned over her and continued to pump, his fingers sliding over her pulsing clit until she came.

He took her hand again and they lay on the bed together.

“I’m exhausted.” She stretched and yawned. He pulled her into her arms. “I love you, Khufu.” The words were out and she didn’t want to retract them—she’d always loved him, as long as she could remember. She laid her head on his chest, at home there.

“And I love you, Henutsen. I would not have come all this way, had I not. I would not have given up sharing my bed just to please you.”

“Oh, *that’s* why I left.”

“Yes. That is the answer to your question.”

“Thank you.” She smiled triumphantly into his chest, feeling herself drifting off to sleep.

Chapter 3

Ancient Egypt

A sharp clapping sound pulled Sienna from the welcoming arms of sleep. She opened her eyes and blinked in surprise. It was still dark.

“’Tis time for you to attend the temple. The Gods will not smile upon you if you’re late, My Queen.”

“W-where am I?” She sat up.

A young servant woman drew open the sheer drapes surrounding the ornate bed. Several young men wearing loincloths waved finely woven fans at her, circulating the air. “You are in your bed, My Queen,” the woman replied.

“It’s not possible.” The fan bearers and the maiden suddenly bowed low, their faces touching the floor.

Dressed in all his regalia, Khufu looked divine. Her eyes feasted on his ebony splendor as he walked toward her. “You are in my harem, where you’re meant to be, Henutsen.” His beautiful voice sent waves of pleasure washing over her and moisture dampened between her thighs. She groaned inwardly at her weakness.

“I’m dreaming again. This isn’t real.”

“I will not let you leave this time.” Oblivious to the servants, Khufu bent over her and suckled her bare breasts. “You’re my beautiful lotus flower. I can’t live without you.”

“Oh, such strong words indeed.”

He kissed his way up to her neck. "My adored, favored wife, I *love* you."

"And I love you, exalted one."

"*Forever* is your promise to me, My Queen."

She nodded vigorously. "Forever and a day." His mouth found hers.

The End.