



*Seducing  
Damian*

ALIYAH BURKE

Seducing Damian  
*by Aliyah Burke*

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Seducing Damian  
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## **CONTENTS**

### [SEDUCING DAMIAN](#)

[Dedication](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Total-E-Bound Publishing](#)

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Seducing Damian

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Seducing Damian  
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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

Seducing Damian  
*by Aliyah Burke*

## **SEDUCING DAMIAN**

Aliyah Burke

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## **Dedication**

To my readers. Thanks for believing in me.

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[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## Prologue

"What possible reason could you have for meddling in the affairs of mortals, Daughter?"

"I am not meddling, Father. I am observing," the female declared with an airy wave of one hand.

"Humph. You are thinking about meddling. Why? What they do is of no concern to us." The response was full of scorn.

That captured the woman's awareness and she tore her eyes from the familiar view that had, as of late, imprisoned her attention. She stared at the male beside her, who stood tall and proud with strong arms crossed. His shoulder was occupied by his ever-present companion, a falcon. Her eyes narrowed as one full, lush lip lifted in a silent warning snarl.

"How come when you are down there ... fornicating, it's okay? But the moment I watch them, they are classified to be 'of no concern to us'?"

One jet black eyebrow rose as he tossed his head, his thick hair flowing about him. The male rolled his massive shoulders; his bird rode the movement with calm ease before looking down at her with its intelligent gaze. Seconds later, the one she called Father put his eyes on her.

Looking down at his child, the male took stock of what he saw. She stood haughty and confident, like the warrior she was. When the Amazon women had been discovered, men marvelled at them, but he knew his daughter put all of them to shame. Her skin was the colour of dark, rich maple sugar



Seducing Damian  
by Aliyah Burke

with a hint of sandalwood in it. Onyx black hair fell in waves down to her shoulders. She wore leather; black pants and a scarlet red vest that barely contained her full breasts. On many the outfit would be sluttish, but on her it was elegant and tantalising.

At her side was a pair of lionesses with whom she was never without. One golden and one solid black, both completely at ease lying on the floor. Waiting with utmost patience for their mistress to decide it was time to move on.

A muscle seized in his jaw, as it did whenever anyone questioned his authority. "What I do is not anyone's business except my own," he admonished.

"The same can be said of me, Father," she retorted. "I am perfectly capable of tending my own affairs."

Grumbling about the lack of respect he was getting, he nodded. "Right you are. Now, answer me this. Are you planning on interfering down there?"

One shoulder lifted with a laconic motion. "Perhaps. I grow weary up here. I long for something different, something new."

His eyes locked onto the goddess beside him. "Don't think I don't see the man you keep watching. Out of all the types to pick, why his kind? Why not a warrior, or someone strong?"

"He intrigues me," she answered as her eyes softened momentarily. He knew she meant each word she uttered.

"Of course he would," her father muttered. "And what will you do down there?"

"I haven't said I was going yet."

"And if I refuse this request?"

Seducing Damian  
*by Aliyah Burke*

A short bark of humourless laughter escaped her. "That is a moot point, for you won't. And it wasn't a request." Her eyes met his and challenged his very being.

"Don't think you can push me around, Daughter," the male cautioned.

"That warning goes both ways, Father." The edge in her tone brought up both lionesses' heads and they stared at the one with the bird almost as if realise they would both make an extremely nice meal. A half-smile crossed the goddess' face and she waved her companions up and they left the Pool of View.

He sighed, knowing she had the right of it. "Tell me before you go." That was all he said before he disappeared from the Pool of View. What good was it being the King of Gods if your own child wouldn't respect you?

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## Chapter One

That feeling was back ... again. Barely containing the shiver—although not entirely unpleasant—that coursed through his body and made him weak in the knees, the man cleared his throat and swallowed before continuing with his lecture.

"Are you okay, Professor?" a student asked from the front row.

The man nodded his dark head and flashed the students in his class one of his winning smiles. The women longed to have that smile mean more than it ever would. His classes were always full. Both men and women wanted to take his class. He taught with vigour most people didn't see anymore. He taught about ancient Egypt. Although, truth be told, Egyptian mythology was his true passion.

"I'm fine, thank you." His voice was deep and soothing; the sort of voice that could offer comfort or bring immense pleasure, depending on how he wanted it to be heard. Blinking, he put his eyes back on his class. "Now, where was I?"

"Just about to tell us about the Valley of the Kings," the same student spoke.

He grinned and responded, "So I was. Okay." He swept his gaze across the smaller group study he was doing today. There were only about fifty in this class. *Damn, Damian, you have got it made.* Then he continued with his lecture. In spite of everything, his love of teaching and his love of the very

subject, Damian Memphis Keith still felt that unknown presence.

As the students were filing out of the lecture hall, Damian began to tuck his own papers in his satchel. A warm breeze blew over him, causing him to look up in suspicion. On the air, the faint scent of lotus blossom lingered, tantalising his nose like no smell ever had, at least not while he was awake. The hair on his body seemed to stand on end as if filled with an electrical current.

What the hell? Damian shook his head and tried to focus on what he was doing. Instead his gaze was drawn to the far corner of the room. He could barely make out the image of a woman bathed in the sunlight from the large windows. At her side were two lionesses, at least he thought they were, for they were also hard to discern.

Dropping his papers, Damian rubbed his eyes because he knew there was no way what he was seeing was real. For one, he didn't know anyone who carried themselves with such presence. And two, he positively didn't know anyone who had big cats as pets.

"Professor?" A voice shattered through his haze.

Inhaling deeply, Damian opened his eyes to see Kathryn Harrison standing before him. She was one of his best students. The only downfall ... she wanted much more than a professor-student relationship.

"Yes, Ms. Harrison? Something I can do for you?" Damian shoved the rest of his papers away.

"I was just checking to make sure you were okay," she admitted. "You looked a bit dizzy earlier and just now you

were staring off into the corner at something only you could see."

Risking another glance to the corner, all he saw was the sunlight filtering in the window. No woman, no cats, nothing. He frowned briefly before he turned his attention back to the woman before him. "I'm okay. Thanks for the concern. I guess I am coming down with something."

Damian picked up his briefcase and tossed his leather jacket over his arm. "I will see you tomorrow, Ms. Harrison. Again, thanks for the concern." Long strides took him up the steps in the lecture hall and through the door.

\* \* \* \*

"Touch me," she commanded. The voice was sultry and hypnotic. "Touch me, Damian."

If he had half a mind to think of refusing that would have fled under the compulsion he heard in her tone. "Yes," he murmured and reached through the dark.

Skin softer than velvet lay beneath his hand. He groaned in pleasure. Sliding across the silk sheets, Damian pressed the length of his body against the one beside him as his fingers sank into the wet folds at the juncture of her thighs. His other hand delved into the thick hair that fell about her head.

The scent of her sweat and arousal filled his nose and the room. Combined with the smell of his sweat, it added to his increasing pleasure. "Why can't I ever see you?" he asked as his grip on her body turned possessive in the lightless room.

Seducing Damian  
*by Aliyah Burke*

A smooth hand reached around his head, teased the hair at the base of his neck, her touch driving him crazy. She tugged his lips to her full ones, her tongue slipping into his mouth to mingle with his. "Why do you want to see me?" Her other hand ran over the expanse of his muscled back.

"Why wouldn't I? You are beautiful." He nuzzled her neck and traced his tongue along the beating pulse of her throat. The woman beside him remained mute and he felt her supple form shift, her strong thigh pressing against him as her other leg moved up across his hip, an act that brought his throbbing dick closer to her heated core.

Damian couldn't wait another second and climbed on top of her, groaning as her fingers closed around his rampant cock and guided it into her wet heat. Immediately her muscles closed about him, cradling him, loving him, embracing him as a lover would. Biting back his groan, Damian allowed his eyes to close as he began to move within her.

In the dark of the room, he learned her body by smell and taste. Her taste was unique, exotic and something he couldn't place. He laved along her collarbone, alternating with sharp bites of his teeth, only to lick the sting away. Her fingers dug into his back as he continued to pleasure her.

It didn't take Damian long to reach the peak of his pleasure. As her muscles tightened around him, he knew she was near her release as well. His speed and depth increased with each pounding thrust. One final plunge and he erupted within her body, coating her womb with his semen as his yell filled the room.

Seducing Damian  
by Aliyah Burke

Exhausted, both emotionally and physically, Damian was careful as he withdrew from her body and spooned them together. His lips touched her temple as he kissed her tenderly. "Don't leave me this time," he muttered as he sank into the plush mattress beside her, holding her as tightly as he could without hurting her.

*Beep. Beep. Beep.*

His fingers slammed on the alarm, shutting off the intrusive sound. "Damn it," he swore as he opened his eyes. Alone. It had been nothing but a dream. Rolling into a damp spot on his bed, he realised it'd apparently been a very vivid dream. "What the hell is going on with me?"

Swinging his feet over to the floor, Damian ran a hand over his stubble-covered face before he stumbled, exhausted, into the shower. Many more nights like this and he was going to be absolutely useless.

For the past two months, the dreams had been becoming more frequent and intense, making it hard for him to remember it was just a dream, and not real. This mysterious woman had become an obsession to him. He had no idea what she looked like, who she was or anything like that. All he knew was her smell, touch and voice. That alone was enough to turn him into a randy college student as opposed to the mature thirty-eight year old professor of the small yet respected college. As he stood under the spray of his showerhead, he wondered if maybe he was losing his grip on reality.

"Maybe all I need to do is go out and get laid," he spoke to the emptiness of his shower. Either way, he was doing way

too many loads of laundry to keep his sheets clean. Still, the memory of his dream filled him and began to lengthen his cock. Without hesitation, he soaped his hand and began stroking himself. Longing for her touch, he allowed his mind to create the feel he had experienced with her. His hand moved faster and faster until he spurted his come all over the shower wall.

Damian scrubbed his body until he was content there was no lingering sign of sex on him. Climbing out, he wrapped a towel around his waist and used another to dry his thick, black hair. He stripped his bed and remade it quickly. *Well, I am learning how to make a bed in seconds, that's for sure.*

Moving through his apartment, Damian looked over the artefacts he had collected over the years. As his gaze touched each one, he noticed that a few of them seemed to be in better condition than he recalled.

Draping the extra towel over one shoulder, he moved towards the statue that currently held his attention. Picking it up carefully, he knew something was different. When he had acquired the small sculpture, it had been missing the left hand and the Ankh—or Egyptian cross as it was also known, which had a loop at the top—it was rumoured to hold. The one he held now was complete. There was an Ankh in the left hand and the chipped-off black varnish that had covered the wood was refurbished and shone with an illustriousness that amazed him.

Sekhmet was complete.

Setting the figurine of the goddess down, Damian backed away with a mixture of disbelief and extreme hope it wasn't



just his imagination and returned to his room to dress. "I'm seeing things. I know that now, because there is no way a statue from around 2600 BC could restore itself."

Rushing, Damian got ready for his day and left his apartment without looking at the statue again. He climbed into his Jeep Wrangler and drove off to work.

\* \* \* \*

"I'm going, Father," she declared.

Sighing, he turned his dark head to look at his child. While he had many children, this one was special to him. One of his favourites, perhaps *the* favourite. His own protector.

Sitting on his throne accompanied by his falcon, he nodded. "Very well. I would ask but one thing of you before you go."

Golden eyes narrowed suspiciously. "And that would be?"

"Allow me to mark your shoulder so you don't forget." The black eyes were straightforward as they held hers.

Without hesitation, she nodded. "Agreed."

While he knew she was not going to let him stop her from going, he was aware she was immensely fond of him. They were close, considering how many siblings, and half-siblings, she had. There were times it seemed only she understood him.

He rose and moved towards her. Halting in front of her, he reached out and touched her left shoulder with his hand. The entire hand resting against her smooth, dark skin. A flare of blinding light exploded from beneath his palm and when it had faded, he removed his hand.

His gaze moved over the mark on her shoulder. "Very well, it is done."

Eyes which had long been known to spew fire were gentle as they looked upon him "I will return. Especially if you have need of me." Her words were soft but sincere.

"I know. Just as I know I will be checking in with you. I am sending along a falcon with you." An elegant flourish of his strong hand and another bird had appeared, this one landing on her own shoulder, the left one.

"As you command." She accepted his decision with a nod. Looking down at her clothes, she shrugged and waved her hand. Leathers vanished and she was redressed in blue jeans and a red three-quarter sleeve tee with black hiking boots on her feet. The thick black hair she possessed was captured into a high ponytail.

"Goodbye, Daughter. Until we meet again," he said.

Smiling, the goddess inclined her head in a rare show of respect for the King of the Gods. A minuscule gesture brought her two lionesses to heel and she walked away with the falcon on her shoulder. Before they reached the wall, they disappeared, leaving the throne room empty except for Ra and his companion.

Walking back to his throne, he took his seat and glanced up at his falcon. "Things are sure going to be different without her around." Ra wondered exactly what was going to happen with his child, Sekhmet, back on Earth. Especially considering the last time she'd been there all of mankind had very nearly been wiped out of existence, courtesy of her vengeful nature.

\* \* \* \*

*Seducing Damian*  
*by Aliyah Burke*

The last lingering fog of the morning that surrounded the mirror-surfaced lake parted, leaving in its wake a still figure. Sekhmet took a deep breath and smiled as the sun shone down upon her dark beauty. On each side of her was a lioness and, as she nodded, they ran through the tall, lush grass, acting childish. Simultaneously, the falcon on her shoulder took to the sky, eager to get an aerial view of its new domain.

With surefooted motions down the path of crushed rocks, the silent woman walked up to the door of the large house that sat on the property. It was immense, easily over forty rooms in the "M" shaped mansion. She stopped in front of the huge ornate door and a grin almost crossed her face as the door swung silently open.

"Welcome home, Goddess." A deep voice came from inside.

She surveyed the interior of the home. Very plush, wealthy. It would work for her. "Thank you," she said sincerely.

The man who stood in the shadows was massive. He looked as if he were carved from teakwood. After all the years with him she could easily pick up on the slight strain that hovered around the corners of his full mouth. He wasn't fond of her newest whim.

"Don't worry so much, Talios. And while we are here, you must not call me that. If there are people here, call me Mistress."

He nodded. "It will be as you wish it ... Mistress."

Seducing Damian  
by Aliyah Burke

This time a smile did cross her face. "Relax, Talios. We are here to have some fun." She winked at him and walked off; her cats suddenly back at her side as she flowed up the polished stairs. After ensuring everything on the upper floors was to her satisfaction, she headed back down.

Entering her room back on the first floor, Sekhmet found everything to her approval. Talios had never let her down, he knew what she liked. The large bed was on its raised dais and covered in silks and the softest Egyptian cottons known. The golden carpet beneath her feet was plush and she sank into it. There was a small pool of water off her room. If one ventured beyond the crystalline water, there was a large meadow full of lush grasses. She knew her lionesses would be pleased with that. In fact, they all would. This was perfect for her. She loved the desert, but thrived at an oasis, which was exactly how she would describe this setup.

\* \* \* \*

Damian sat behind his desk as his students took their mid-term exams. Occasionally he looked up at them but for the most part he kept his attention on the papers in front of him. He wasn't worried about cheaters.

*"Damian."*

His eyes flew up at the sound of his name. No one was in front of his desk. He swept the room quickly and found nothing aside from students shifting in their desks as they took the exam. Mentally chastising himself, Damian looked back to the papers before him, struggling to ignore the hard

ridge pressed against the zipper of his jeans that the voice caused.

*"Damian!"*

Body trembling, he lay his pen down on the desktop. Rubbing his hands over weary eyes, he fought for sanity. "What is happening to me?" His tortured whisper fell from his lips.

*"Nothing is happening to you."* The smooth tones filled his head. A light caress stroked along the bulge in his jeans, causing it to jump. He could feel her touch on his cock as if he wore no clothes. The touch of each finger as it curved around his shaft, the different tensions she used as she stroked him. The combination of touch and her voice almost made him forget he was in a classroom.

Her voice was the voice of the woman who tormented him in his dreams. The one who wouldn't show herself to him, and yet she helped him find the most exquisite pleasure ever known to man when she spoke to him in the land of Morpheus. Damian felt the sweat building as his body tightened. This was neither the time nor the place for his mind to be enticing him like this.

Lifting his eyes, Damian scanned the room again, searching for the person who belonged to the voice. *"Leave me alone!"* He screamed in his mind.

*"Is that what you really want? Me to leave you?"* The voice was taunting. Her touch moved faster, bringing his release closer.

"Yes!" he hissed, barely keeping it quiet. Who knew if the yes was to her question or her touch? Something had to stop or he was going to embarrass himself in front of his class.

*"As you wish."* Just like that, the sensation disappeared. The presence he had been aware of for the past two months ... gone. And he was left feeling empty, bereft, and totally alone. Not to mention, unfulfilled and sexually frustrated.

Blinking slowly, Damian watched as Kathryn approached with her completed exam. He could feel his penis softening as she approached. Grinding his teeth, he accepted her paper in silence. She sent him an inviting smile before walking off with a noticeable swish to her hips.

Soon all the exams were finished and he was alone in his small office. Groaning, he leaned back in his chair and laced his fingers behind his head. Still a bit lost without that feeling he'd had, Damian wasn't sure what to do. Go to the doctor? Let them tell him he was loony?

"I just don't get it. Maybe it is because of all my extra research into the mythology that my mind has made something up." He tried to logically go through what could be occurring to him. "Although, that doesn't explain the statue in my place."

A knock on the door startled him. "Come," he announced as he sat back up in his chair.

It was another professor in the history department, Professor Angela Ryder. She dealt with Greek history.

"Afternoon, Professor Ryder. What can I do for you?"

"Damian," she said with an easy smile as she closed the door behind her. "I was wondering if you could help me with

some research. It branches into Egypt and I would love to get your expertise." Her rich green gaze moved languidly over his body.

"Of course," he said immediately, observing the woman before him. She was close to six feet in her heels. Blonde hair and a body many would kill for. Then there were her eyes—they told of her intelligence and yet smacked of untold passion. "I would love to help."

"Great." She sat across from him. "We could meet for dinner and I could give you the overlay of what I am looking for, if that works for you."

"Tonight?"

"Oh, yes," she cooed. "Tonight would be perfect."

"Great. Tell me where to meet you and at what time," Damian responded, recognising the lust in her stare. This could just be what he needed to rid himself of his mind's tricks. A real person, not a figment of his imagination.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## Chapter Two

Sitting in the restaurant, Damian looked across the table at Angela. She was wearing a beautiful purple dress, which showed off her bosom to her advantage. Lifting his glass of wine, Damian waited for Angela to speak. She ate slowly, apparently not in any rush to get to the point of the dinner and what she needed from him. Instead, Angela spoke of neutral things and asked personal questions.

Close to nine, he leaned forward over his remaining dessert and interrupted her. "I really need to get home. I have mid-terms to grade. While I love spending time with you, I really do need to get going," Damian spoke in a gentle voice, yet urging her to get to the point.

"Of course." Angela blushed slightly. "I am trying to figure out a bit more of when and what happened to Egyptian mythology under the Greek influence, most especially with the introduction of the Zodiac."

Damian gestured for the check before saying, "I have some books that would help you with that. I can bring them to work tomorrow and you can look at them or make some copies."

"That would be wonderful," she gushed. Angela stood and allowed him to help her into her jacket. They walked arm in arm out into the cool night.

At her car, Angela turned and smiled up at him. "Thank you for a wonderful evening." Her voice turned seductive as her hands made their way up his solid chest.



"You're welcome," he replied, staring in her eyes. Damian didn't stop her from closing the distance between them. He wanted to feel something other than a dream.

"It doesn't have to end," she offered seconds before their lips met.

Taking control of the kiss, Damian explored the warm, willing recess of her mouth. Her body shivered at the contact, but for him, it was merely nice.

Truth be told, he could take it or leave it. Gently pulling away, he ran a hand down the side of her face. "I really have to go," he said by way of apology and excuse.

Angela sighed, and he knew while disappointed she understood. "Maybe this weekend?"

He nodded. "It's a date." Damian opened her door for her and helped her into her car. "Goodnight, Angela," he said, closing the door.

Entering his apartment, Damian sighed. The evening, while nice, wasn't what he had desired. Unconsciously he stopped in front of the figurine he had held earlier that morning. It was as he remembered, missing a hand and with varnish chipping.

"Figures, just my imagination teasing me," he muttered. Kicking off his shoes, he went to his library and pulled off some books he thought would help Angela. Shivering, Damian turned up the heat before sitting at his desk with a cup of coffee to read and grade the stack of essays before him.

Halfway through the second essay, Damian dropped his pen. His concentration was nil; all he could think about was the emptiness he felt within his soul.

Seducing Damian  
*by Aliyah Burke*

Draining his coffee, he left his office and headed for bed, anxious at least to be able to touch her in his dreams. Sliding naked between the cold sheets, Damian had a grin on his face as he shut off the light. Soon he would be enjoying her gentle caresses, intoxicating taste and a night of incredible pleasure.

The next morning, Damian's face was drawn and pinched. There was no joy present at all. There had been no dream woman, no touches, and no caresses. No anything. "It's bad when I wish I had sheets that needed to be changed."

Damian felt more alone than ever. Empty. Lost. His feelings remained the same all week. Nothing seemed able to penetrate through the cloud those feelings produced.

On Friday, Damian stood in front of his mirror fixing his shirt. "I don't want to go out with Angela," he complained as he adjusted the double-Windsor knot on his tie. "I have books on Egyptian mythology that all week I have been itching to lose myself in."

All week, Angela had turned up the intensity of her flirting. Damian wanted to stay home and delve deeper into Egyptian mythology. A wry smile filled his features. "Get a grip, Damian. If you don't start going out, you'll be no different than an old cat lady who all the children are afraid of."

But a date was a date. Slipping on his black three-quarter length leather jacket, he pocketed his keys and headed out the door. He was determined to have a good time and not let the absence of that odd presence bother him.

\* \* \* \*

The silk pillows were numerous beneath her, cradling her luscious body with their lavishness. Sekhmet lounged upon them, one hand trailing lazily in the cool water. She was clad in a gauzy, flowing red dress that enhanced her body in every possible way. The setting sun sprinkled its remaining light down upon them.

Across the pool from her, Talios sat cross-legged and ramrod straight as he meditated. The lionesses were sprawled upon the cool marble, and the falcon preened upon his perch.

The day was idyllic and peaceful.

"What troubles you, Goddess?" Talios asked, without moving anything aside from his mouth.

"Why do you assume anything troubles me?" She rolled onto one side to look at the man who was with her. A move that exposed more of her cleavage to the day, if anyone chose to look.

"Centuries, Goddess," Talios said. He still sat motionless with his eyes closed.

With an overly dramatic sigh, Sekhmet sat up fully and formed a fireball in her hand. Mischief sparkled within the depths of her eyes. Drawing back, she threw it across the water at Talios.

It bounced off a blue shield that suddenly appeared and shimmered around the huge man. As the projectile dissolved in a hiss, one black eye opened to stare at her. His full lips turned up into a mocking smile as he shook his head. "I did say, centuries." Then he closed that eye.

Sekhmet lifted a lip and snarled silently at him. "I want to go out."

This time, he opened both eyes and watched her. "And where would we be going?" There was no asking if he could come along, he assumed he would be at her side.

"It's time to move this along. I grow weary of waiting for him to ask me to come back. The time has come for him to see me in flesh and blood."

Talios smiled knowingly. Sekhmet knew his many adventures at her side had taught him that she despised being ignored. "Very well. There is an artefact display at the museum that I am sure he would go to." His voice was husky and deep.

"Wonderful. Just like I know we will be welcomed with open arms." She rose effortlessly and moved to the doorway of her open room. "I will be ready to leave in an hour."

Talios remained motionless where he sat beside the pool. She had no doubt he would be ready at the designated time, but for the time being, she understood his wish to meditate more.

Propping a shoulder against the sliding glass door, Sekhmet watched him. He meant so much to her. He was friend, consul, lover, protector, and at times her conscience.

Maybe it was time to let him out of his bond to her. Her eyes gentled as she studied him. That was an idea that deserved further thought. With a sigh, she headed indoors to bathe and prepare for the evenings activity.

The two immortals met at the front door. Talios was dressed perfectly in a black tuxedo with red accents. Sekhmet wore a red silk dress. The bateau neckline was very modest

and the dress fell to just above her knees. The fit was tight and generously showed off her figure.

Around her neck was a golden chain with a matching Egyptian cartouche. The cartouche was an oblong enclosure with a horizontal line at one end, and usually indicated that the text enclosed is a royal name. She wore a pair of gold briolette drop-lever earrings with rubies as the pendants. Upon the very top of her right ear sat an earring with a lioness-shaped pendant, on her left was one of an Ankh. She knew her lips were plump and inviting, her eyes appearing even more golden than usual as they were framed by her thick, sooty lashes.

Her gaze skimmed over Talios. He looked so handsome. "Ready?"

"As always, Goddess." He opened the door and took her arm, escorting her to the waiting limo.

The ride was done in silence, Sekhmet acclimating herself with these kinds of things. It would hardly be fitting for her to just appear at the steps of the museum as she would prefer to do. So she settled back for the ride. When the limo stopped, she composed her features into a polite yet bland expression and allowed Talios to help her out.

Side by side, they walked up the steps to the museum. There were many important people mingling around as well as reporters. She and Talios walked right in after he gave his name to the man at the door.

She was introduced to the mayor, the chief of police and many other city officials. Accepting a tall flute of champagne, Sekhmet allowed her gaze to move around the room, taking

Seducing Damian  
by Aliyah Burke

in the many displays of artefacts. Leaving Talios to mingle on his own, she wandered off. As she walked around a display of artefacts from King Tut's tomb, her gaze landed upon the man she wanted to see. Damian Keith.

\* \* \* \*

Damian stood by the edge of Angela's platform bed and tugged his black pants over his narrow hips and secured them. Bending down, he picked up his tie, slipped it under the collar and draped it around his neck.

The second he showed up at her door, he knew he had no resistance against the touch of a willing, flesh-and-blood woman. Angela had been waiting in nothing but a robe.

Longing for, perhaps even desperate for, the touch of a real woman, Damian had followed her lead. A lead which led to the bedroom. He still didn't feel fulfilled. In fact, he felt emptier, if possible. The sex had been a respite from his longings but it wasn't enough. All he had was a momentary fix.

Walking into her granite bathroom, he stood in front of the wall-to-wall mirror and remade the knot in his tie. "I was all over her like a horny frat boy," he muttered as his fingers moved deftly.

"Hey, lover," Angela purred as she gazed at him from under her lashes in the mirror's reflection. She had since showered and dressed and now wore a very sleek black cocktail dress.

"You look very nice, Angela," Damian said as he slid his black suit coat over his pristine white shirt.

She smiled at his compliment. "I got us some tickets to the museum tonight. I know how much you love Egyptian artefacts and I thought you might appreciate going to the opening night."

Eyes wide, Damian turned and looked at her directly instead of via the mirror. He had planned on going, but didn't count on opening night. "How did you manage to get that?"

"I have my ways," she teased. Her gaze raked his body before she made sure her dress was immaculate. "Ready?"

"Definitely." Damian smiled boyishly. He couldn't wait to see some of the priceless items.

"Let's get going then. We can take my car."

He agreed without realising what going in her car may mean. His mind was on the artefacts he was going to see.

\* \* \* \*

They entered the museum, and immediately, Damian felt underdressed. The room was full of men in tuxedos and women in beautiful dresses. He was in semi-formal; nice, but he still felt out of place. *I wish that I had worn something more formal, but we had just been going on a date.* His joy at being there quickly overtook his embarrassment at feeling underdressed.

He bit back a grimace as Angela dug her fingers into his arm as if staking her claim. *I am with a woman who could very well ruin this night for me.* Even still, the shiver of anticipation at being so close to these items filled him.

Finally when she saw some people she knew, Damian got a break from her increasingly annoying presence. He wandered

around and found himself in front of a display of pieces taken from an excavated tomb.

"Professor Keith," a voice intruded.

Turning his head, Damian found himself looking at a Greg Henry, a collector of rare items. Grave robber, if one wanted to be a bit more honest in their description of Mr. Henry. Forcing a smile, he said, "Mr. Henry. Good to see you."

The portly man laughed. "I was just wondering if you had a chance to look at the coffin text yet?"

"No, I just arrived. I'm sure I will get to it before the night is over." Damian turned his attention back to the display before him.

"There is also a mask made out of that ... that..."

"Cartonnage," Damian supplied, not even bothering to hide the contempt in his voice. "That is what they used to make mummy masks and coffins."

"Right, that's it." The man nodded as if he had known the word the whole time. "I would love to get a look at your collection of things," he hinted.

When hell freezes over. "My collection is not for public viewing."

"I'm sure you have some incredible items," the man pressed.

"Not that you will ever see. Excuse me." Damian walked away, hands clenched into fists. He didn't hate people, but Greg Henry was one he would be willing to change that motto for.

Moving around, he halted beside a sphinx. It was carved out of gold. It was priceless. There were tall obelisks, black



ones, beside the creature. A young couple was standing beside him, looking at the display.

"What is that thing called, honey?" the woman asked.

"I don't know. It doesn't say. I wonder what it's made of." The man shrugged.

Damian provided the answer, knowing full well his appreciation and love of the subject would be clear with the passion and strength of his words and tone. "Today we call them obelisks, but they are associated with an ancient stone called benben. They are representative of the sun's rays. If I were to hazard a guess, I would say they were most likely made out of basalt."

The couple looked at him and smiled. "Thank you."

"My pleasure," he said. Then he headed off towards the corner, picking up a flute of champagne along the way.

As he stood there, the faint scent of the lotus blossom reached his nose. His body reacted instantaneously and almost violently. She was back. Looking around the room, Damian glanced quickly over Angela and the group she was in and found his attention drawn to a woman near him.

He couldn't help it. She was beautiful. Her skin was the most perfect shade of brown he had ever seen. A red dress clung lovingly to her curves. Her hair, unlike most women there, was unrestrained and landed past her shoulders.

Clasped in one feminine hand was a drink that appeared to be untouched. Damian moved toward her.

Sekhmet saw him approaching, felt his perusal, and she deliberately kept her eyes on the display before her. For once she was hesitant. She had visited this man in his dreams,

watched him from afar, and now, she couldn't begin to formulate a sentence. *"Talios, I need you."*

Regardless of where it appeared she was staring, Sekhmet was well aware of the man striding towards her. Everything about him. The assured steps that carried him across the marbled floor told everyone there of his confidence.

The cut of the fabric of his suit coat, and pants didn't escape her notice, especially the way they accented his lean hips and broad shoulders. How his white shirt stretched across the broad chest. Her golden gaze didn't miss a bit of it.

Indigo eyes had honed in on her while the black hair on his head fell in a stylish yet somewhat unkempt manner. His direction was evident, straight at her. Each powerful step his over six-foot body made created a pool of wetness in her, a feat no man had ever been able to do before. Sex had just been sex, nothing more, nothing less.

*"Goddess?"* Talios' voice entered her head.

Sekhmet knew he was nearing as well, but all her focus was on the mortal, Damian Memphis Keith. *"I don't get it, Talios. I don't understand these feelings he creates within me. I'm a far cry from a virgin. I've been with multitudes of men during my lifetime. I've killed more without hesitation, but ... this man ... this mortal man, has the power to make me sweat."*

Talios' deep laughter filled her head.

*"Are you mocking me, Talios?"* She turned the crystal stem in her fingers, refraining from drinking any of the bubbly liquid.

More of his laughter rang inside her head, helping to put her at ease. "*Never, Goddess.*" His response was fast and laced with humour.

Of all her bed partners, Talios included, none had the ability to affect her like this man did. If mortals went through this all the time, it was no wonder they were miserable.

"Good evening," Damian said. Everything about this woman called out to him. He wanted to touch her smooth skin, kiss her full lips and make love to her until they both passed out from exhaustion. His drink-free hand clenched into a fist to keep from reaching out and caressing her.

Seconds before she responded, a large man appeared at her side. Damian felt dwarfed by him and his stomach churned over the loving and familiar smile she sent the man. He had to swallow back the bile that rose in his throat.

Finally, her attention fell to him. She met his gaze and smiled at him this time. "Hello."

Damian became as hard as stone at the mere sound of her voice. It was the same voice from his dreams. Only this time ... she was real.

"I'm Damian. Professor Damian Keith." He offered his hand while taking in her beauty.

"My name is Amenitré Seini." She placed her soft hand into his. The feeling of abandonment he had felt when his mysterious presence left him vanished at her touch. "And this is Talios."

It was so hard for Damian to tear his gaze away from his dream woman. Her beauty was so powerful it actually hurt. Placing his gaze on the man beside her, he nodded. "Nice to

meet you." His hand stayed clasped with hers, the softness of her skin evoking a maelstrom of emotions within him.

Coal black eyes assessed him. "Professor Keith," was the reply that the giant emitted.

Indigo met tawny as Damian focused back on the woman who held his gaze directly. She did pull her hand free of his grasp, but her eyes stayed upon him. "I have to tell you, I love your name. It is very beautiful," he admitted, even while he admired how her dress embraced her figure.

"Thank you." One dark hand gestured around the room. "A lover of artefacts, I see."

"Definitely. I love all antiquities, but mostly ones from Egypt." He boldly raked his gaze up and down her body, ignoring the tall man beside her. Damian couldn't help it. Finally he was able to put a face to the lover he'd had in his dreams. He wasn't about to pass on the opportunity. For the first time in his life, museums of Egyptian artefacts weren't the most important thing for him to see.

Sekhmet smiled. She turned her gaze to the man beside her. *"Thank you, Talios. I'm fine now."*

Talios nodded. *"As you wish, Goddess. I will be near".*

"Nice to meet you, Professor Keith."

"And you," Damian said, barely glancing at the man. The moment her tall protector left, he reached out with one hand and stopped inches from touching her face. "I feel like I know you."

She arched a brow. "You do." Her eyes never left his face.

Before he could say anything in response, a hand grabbed his arm and Angela inserted herself beside him. "You do, what?" she asked.

Amenitré's eyes grew harder and Damian noticed as she looked at the blonde woman hanging on him. "I was just telling Professor Keith that he had an open invitation to come to my house and view my personal collection of Egyptian artefacts."

Angela tilted her head to the side, "And who are you?"

"Amenitré Seini." she gazed between the two people before landing back upon Damian.

Angela gasped. "I've heard of you. Your father is Amon Seini, the famous Egyptologist."

"That's the rumour."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

### Chapter Three

Damian couldn't believe it. He almost reached up to his face just to make sure he wasn't standing there with his mouth hanging open. She was, after all, the daughter of *the* most respected man on Egyptian artefacts and mythology. To say he was shocked was the understatement of the year. Was it possible to be standing before the daughter of a man he idolized so much?

"Amon Seini? I am honoured to meet his daughter." Damian nodded in a show of respect. He knew that name very well and longed for the day he got to meet him. He was surprised he hadn't made the connection when they were first introduced. "That would explain your name."

"What do you mean, Damian?" Angela asked.

"Her name is a form of Amon," Damian explained, simultaneously wishing that Angela would disappear.

*"Be careful what you wish for, Damian."* The sultry voice intruded into his head.

Eyes wide, he glanced over at Amenitré. She watched him intently but there were no telltale signs that she had said anything to him. "I would love to see your collection of artefacts," he blurted.

"Wonderful," Amenitré purred. She held out her hand, and clasped in her fingertips was a card. "Here is my number, call it and we will set up a time. If you will excuse me, I need a word with the mayor before I take my leave." A polite smile left her face for Angela and her eyes warmed considerably

when she glanced back to Damian. "I look forward to hearing from you."

"Nice to meet you," Angela said.

"I will call soon," Damian promised.

"Good. Have a wonderful evening, both of you." She turned and walked off.

"*You'd better, Damian.*" Those words rang in his head as he watched the seductive sway of her red-clad hips. He swallowed. His body was so coiled right now; it was all he could do to stop himself from following her and kissing her.

"She seemed pretty interested in you," Angela observed.

Damian looked down at Amenitré's card. His eyes narrowed as he looked at the hieroglyphics on the small rectangular paper. He may be horny as hell because of the woman who just left his presence, but he still knew how to read hieroglyphs. And what was on this card was identical to what was on her necklace. *Sekhmet.*

"Damian." Angela pulled on his arm.

"Huh?"

"Do you find her attractive?"

"Yes," he blurted out.

Her green eyes narrowed. "I'm ready to go now, Damian." He watched as she shot an evil glare at the back of the woman who snared his attention.

Mentally groaning at the memory of them riding in the same vehicle, Damian sighed. "Okay. Just let me say goodbye to the curator."

Angela nodded. The longstanding friendship between Damian and the curator of the museum was well known to all.

"I'll be by the door. Don't be long, lover." Her hands trailed familiarly over the body she had loved earlier that evening.

His skin crawled at her words. "I'll be right back," he agreed.

Quick movements took him over to where Jonas Bottomley stood speaking to a group of people. The small, rotund old man never failed to bring a smile to Damian's face. Jonas had a huge handlebar moustache that was as white as the hair on his head.

"Damian," the man cackled as the others wandered away. "Good to see you here, son. I called you earlier this evening to see if you wanted to get in here tonight, but you didn't pick up. Then, when I saw the woman you walked in with, I understood." He laughed robustly at his joke.

Damian shook the withered hand, not even attempting to stop the grin from crossing his face. "Jonas, good to see you. Truth be told, I would rather have come with you than who I did. She is ready to leave and there is so much more I want to see."

The thinning white hair moved as he nodded. "I understand. A woman like that would get bored especially once the attention was off her. What is her interest in?"

"Greek history. I thought ... hoped this would interest her more." Damian shrugged. It was her damn decision to come here anyway.

"There is a Greek display, downstairs. Perhaps she would like to see that."

"I'll tell her. Thanks, Jonas."



"Well, it wouldn't do for you to chase after Ms. Seini with another woman around." The old man had a calculated gleam in his watery eyes.

That stopped Damian. "What are you talking about?"

"Please, a woman here whose father is one of, if not *the* leading Egyptologist in the world. Why wouldn't you be interested in pursuing her? Not that her looks don't help your decision." Jonas slapped him on the back. "She walked upstairs. You follow her and I will tend to your date and take her to the Greek display." The man cackled again and walked off.

Damian watched in amazement as Jonas got Angela to follow him out of the room with only a glance at him before she waved and disappeared. After she was gone, he turned his attention to the wide marble stairs.

He noticed the numerous couples that walked them. With a shake of his head, he moved up them himself, completely focused on his destination.

At the top of the stairs, Damian found her instantly. She stood beside that giant of a man, their affection for one another obvious. Still, he prowled towards them. "Excuse me," he interrupted.

Those tawny eyes roamed languidly over his body as a seductive smile filled her face. "Hello again, Professor."

Swallowing to get some moisture in his mouth, Damian saw the man beside her look him over and walk away, leaving them alone. Well, as alone as people can be during a gala gathering at a museum.

"Something on your mind?" Her tone was as alluring as it was in his dreams. Perhaps more so.

*You in my bed, accepting my cock as I make love to you.*

"I wanted to ask you about your cartouche and the hieroglyphics on your card."

One black eyebrow arched. "Really? And here I thought you wanted me in your bed, accepting your cock as you made love to me."

Damian's eyes grew wide as his erection throbbed painfully within the confines of his pants. When her tongue snuck out to lick her lips, his legs quivered.

With a casual shrug, she smiled. "What was your question?"

"Um ... um ... um ... I was just wondering why you wore the name Sekhmet. She isn't very well known today."

A scowl crossed her beautiful face. "Don't I know it," she grumbled. Then her expression lightened. "I like her." Lion-like eyes grew impressed. "I don't often find a mort ... man who can read Egyptian."

Damian tipped his head and looked at her, wondering about her slip up. She appeared to have a glow around her body, giving her an even more amazing appearance. With a shrug, he looked around the room full of displays. "I love Egyptian mythology."

Stepping close to him, she slid her arm through his. Both trembled from the contact. "And by mythology, I am assuming you mean it isn't real." Her eyes flickered with the beginning flames of rage.

"Well, come on. With a father like yours, you should know that it was called mythology for a reason. They prayed to gods that didn't exist."

"Why would you say that? Just because you believe in one God doesn't mean that they were imagining things."

"You believe they existed?"

"Definitely." Her response was instantaneous and unquestionably positive.

"Just Egyptian or did all the gods and goddesses exist? The Greek gods? Roman? Mayan? Norse?"

"All, of course." She smiled fondly at something Damian didn't know, but he didn't care. He got to see a smile on her face.

"What does your father believe?" Damian was amazed this woman would believe that.

She chuckled. "He agrees with me. Or rather, I agree with him."

"So where are they now?"

Tilting her head so she could see his face, she answered with a question of her own. "So just because you don't see hundreds of people worshiping them, suddenly they are not real?"

Damian escorted her into a small room that had an intricate layout of ancient Egypt. They were the only ones in there. Stopping beside the display, he looked down. "I don't want to get into this with you, not here. Tell me about your name. Your last name means doctor, right?"

The fond memories she had with other gods and goddesses fled. *Silly mortal ... if you only knew.* Forcing down

her automatic anger at disbelief in her legacy, Sekhmet struggled to remain calm. She looked at the man she wanted more than she had ever wanted anyone before.

"It means 'physician' actually. My first name, Amenitré, is the feminine form of AmenRe. My middle name, Kemisi, means Black Isis."

"Black Isis. Amenitré Kemisi Seini." Damian sent her a sexy grin. "I love that name."

Feeling the flood of wetness to her thighs, she trembled. "I want you."

Damian blinked. "I want you, too." She could tell from his wide-eyed look, he had surprised himself at that vocal admission.

*"You know me, Damian. And you have loved me in your dreams. But now I want you for real."*

"Are you doing that? Talking to me in my head?"

The goddess stepped closer to the man beside her. "Yes. I want you to make love to me." Her hand trailed down his side, slipping past his waist to cup the hard erection between his legs. "Now," she ordered. "Take me over this table. Fill me with your thick cock as we look over ancient Egypt."

Damian moved his hands up to cup her breasts through the thin material of her dress. "Yes," he groaned. He moved his touch to her face. "You are so beautiful. I have wanted to see your face for so long now."

"Kiss me, Damian." Her command rang throughout the room.

Leaning closer, he placed his firm lips on her softer ones. It was as if they were transported into the middle of the

Kalahari, the heat between them grew so intense. His tongue ran along her lips before slipping into her mouth.

Her mouth opened willingly for his searching tongue. Her moan echoed through the room. Damian sank his hands deep into her thick hair and held her there while his mouth plundered hers.

Sekhmet didn't stop his quest. This was the only man, mortal or immortal, that she had allowed control over her body. With the arms of Damian Keith around her, she felt delicate, serene and at the mercy of his wicked touch. She felt his erection throbbing as her hands loosened his belt.

"Amenitré," he groaned as his hips pressed his penis closer to her waiting touch.

Her body was wet for this man ... this mortal man. She opened her eyes and drew her mouth away from his, keeping his lower lip in her mouth until it was stretched before releasing it. Her nails scored his flesh through the boxer-briefs he wore. "Damian," she answered him with a low growl.

Their gazes met and she was looking into two pools of purple-blue fire. Her teeth snuck out and captured her lower lip as she watched him stare back at her. Her fingers wrapped themselves around his swollen member as his white underwear sank to the floor along with his suit pants.

"Yessss," he hissed in pleasure.

Up and down, her hand stroked his rigid penis. Her body thrummed with passion and dripped with desire. Touching his cock was a torturous pleasure. The feel of him was spine-tingling and yet she wanted more. So much more.

Her free hand ran down his chest, raking her nails along his skin through his shirt. Sekhmet was oblivious to the flames that cut through the material, following the touch of her fingers. She could feel the moisture dripping down onto her thighs as her hands caressed him.

*"Goddess, the one he came with is approaching."* The voice echoed in her head. Pure fire raged in her eyes before she calmed herself. Now was not the time. So, with barely a blink, she was gone.

"Damian? Damian." A hand on his shoulder brought him back to the museum with Angela standing there shaking him. "Are you okay? You look like you were dreaming or something."

Glancing down his body, Damian was relieved to see he was fully dressed. And yet, very disappointed. He had been so close. He struggled to get his breathing back under control and was amazed his cock was no longer hard and searching for relief. After a few seconds he mumbled, "I'm fine, Angela, thanks for asking. Just lost in this display. Imagining what it truly looked like in ancient Egypt."

She sidled closer to him. "I was worried you would be with Ms. Seini. I don't like the way she watches you."

Damian tried not to choke over the thick smell of her perfume. "Angela, I can 'be with' anyone I like. You have no claims on me."

"But I thought we were dating," she whined.

"I think we should go." His body was hard still and he wanted to leave before he embarrassed himself with another dream and actually did remove his clothing.

"We are alone in a darkened room, Damian," she purred, moving her hands up his chest. "Surely there is something else you can think of doing."

*There is, but she left.* "I don't think so. I am not about to screw you in a room in the museum." His penis softened at the mere touch of Angela's hand.

"*What about me, Damian?*" That seductive voice was back in his head. "*Would you fuck me in a museum?*"

"Yes," he groaned as his erection became full-blown again.

"Yes, what?" Angela asked as she put a smile on her face.

*I have got to learn to stop carrying on more than one conversation at a time.* "Just yes, I think we should be going. I have a lot to do before Monday."

Damian noticed the anger in Angela's gaze every time Amenitré was mentioned. Anger transformed his companion into an ugly woman. The walk back to Angela's car was done in silence, each of them lost in their own thoughts.

\* \* \* \*

Expelling a huge sigh of relief, Damian shut the door to his apartment behind him. "Damn that woman," he muttered as he kicked off his shoes. Angela had renewed her efforts all the way back to her place to get him to sleep there with her. To have a repeat of this afternoon. But every time she touched him, he fought not to pull away, repulsed. *Like I want anyone after having been touched by perfection.*

Leaning against the cool wood of the door, he ran his mind over the events of the evening. "I could have sworn that she

had really touched me in that room." He voiced his belief to the quiet of his apartment.

"I did."

Damian felt his heart triple in speed. Her voice was everywhere. "Great, now I am hearing her voice outside my head," he cursed as he pulled off his tie and marched to his bedroom. He sent the tie sailing towards a chair before sitting to tug off his socks as well.

"That's because I am here, Damian. All you need to do is open your eyes and look." There was mild censure in the tone.

Glancing around his room, Damian groaned in desperation. *I'm going crazy.* There was nothing to be seen. "I have officially lost it."

"Come back into the living room," she ordered.

Unbuttoning the top three buttons of his dress shirt, he did as commanded. There, leaning up against the wall by his artefact display, stood none other than Amenitré. "How ... you ... here ... how..."

Her golden eyes ran over his body, and the dirty feel of Angela's touch vanished as the warmth of her gaze caressed him. "I'm here because for some reason, I can't get you out of my head. And we began something in that museum that needs to be finished."

He took in the fact that she wore a loose fitting red garment. It flowed about her and tantalised him the more he looked at it. There was a diamond of material missing, allowing him to see her belly button and the smooth skin



immediately around it. Her hair was still free and settled about her like a cloud.

"How did you know where I live?" he asked. When she raised a jet black brow, he continued, "What happened at the museum? I don't understand what is going on here." He was getting frustrated. Fighting the urge to go to her was getting harder and harder.

Pushing away from the wall, she expelled a breath, showing off her annoyance. "Fine. You really want to know? I'll tell you."

Damian bit his lip as he saw the deep v-neck of her dress showed off tattoos on her breasts. There was another mark on her arm, but the sleeve concealed the majority of it from him.

"I want you," were the only words out of his mouth.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## Chapter Four

Slow, even and measured steps brought Amenitré closer to him. Her eyes never left him as she stopped before him. One hand reached out to touch his chin and bottom lip. "Which do you want more? Answers ... or me?"

"You," he admitted in a guttural tone.

"Then you shall have me," she vowed.

Damian swept her up in his arms at her words. "Yes, I shall."

He carried her back into his bedroom, pausing to shut the door behind him with his foot. With tenderness, he placed her on the bed and stood looking at her.

"I want to undress you," she said, coming up to her knees.

Without giving him time to answer, she settled her hands on the hard planes of his chest. His gaze held hers as she slowly undid the buttons that kept his torso from her gaze.

His golden skin was exposed little by little to her unwavering stare. "Beautiful," she purred in ecstasy as her nails scored lightly across the firm pectorals. Sliding his shirt back off his strong shoulders, she nibbled on his skin.

A warm swipe of her tongue across one pebbled nipple and she could feel the corresponding shivers in his body. As his shirt fell to the floor, her hands trailed up his arms only to head back down his muscled upper body. Down until they reached the waist of his black slacks.

She drew back and watched as she undid the clasp. Slowly and carefully, she moved down the zipper. Pulling the slacks

over his lean hips, she allowed them to fall, leaving her facing his white boxer-briefs.

A frustrated groan slipped from him as she stopped touching him. She stood and moved around him, his body followed. Then she licked her lips once as she settled on her knees before him.

As she pulled his boxers down, his erection sprung from the thick dark nest of hair. Her mouth watered with the prospect of enjoying this man more than she had in his dreams. His cock throbbed with a life of its own, the head already covered with a sheen of moisture.

She reached out and wrapped her hand around it, revelling in the beautiful colour contrast of their skin. Her warm breath landed on the tip of his swollen head. Her second hand joined the first as she caressed the velvet feel of him.

"Amenitré," he moaned as his hips bucked.

Her tongue snuck out and swiped across the tip, absorbing his precum and learning his taste. His legs trembled. Again and again, she lapped at him like a cat enjoying a bowl of cream.

One hand moved to cup his balls. Her nails moved along the sensitive skin, eliciting more intense reactions from him. With one swoop, she took in his whole hard length in her mouth.

Sucking, licking, and bobbing, she brought him to the edge of an explosive orgasm in no time at all.

"Please," he cried to the room.

She worked his thick cock with her hand as her tongue laved it, her nose teased by the coarse strands of hair he had.

The balls in her hand tightened and he began moving his hips and cock deeper and more powerfully into her mouth.

"I'm about there," he uttered in a gravelly voice.

She drew on him faster, her saliva keeping him wet. Centuries of knowledge allowed her to be confident she knew the perfect combination of pressure to apply for him to find maximum pleasure. Still, she remained silent.

With a grunt followed by a harsh shout, Damian came deep within her throat. Her hands were on his hips, holding him in place as she continued to drink what he offered her willing mouth. His hands stayed buried deep in her thick hair, telling her she was where he wanted her.

Damian pulled her up. His body still felt electrified as he touched her face. "My turn to undress you," he promised.

Licking her lips again, Amenitré blinked slowly. Her gaze followed his hands as they reached for the ties of her dress. First the right one fell open, then he moved to the left. When he undid that one, the dress pooled at her feet. She was bare before him.

Damian felt his penis swell instantly. The woman before him took his breath away. There was no way he could have imagined this in his dreams. Her skin was that same shade of perfect brown all over. In fact, her body was perfect. His eyes lingered on her full, pert breasts and took in the pattern that was over them.

"Rosettes?" he mumbled to himself as he reached out to touch the globes that called to his hands. Lifting them, he found they fit his hands like a glove tailored just for him. The nipples were dark chocolate in colour and he leaned in to

taste one. Her skin tasted exotic. Damian couldn't identify it, all he knew was he craved more.

Each tug he gave her tight nipple was echoed by a moan of appreciation. She quivered beneath his touch. His tongue laved a path between her breasts before he sucked on the other one, administering to it lovingly. Her skin had a sweet taste to it and he knew he could feast on her for days and be totally content.

Slipping one strong arm behind her, Damian lowered her to his bed. "You are so beautiful, Aménitré. Just like a goddess," he murmured into her neck.

"Damian," she whimpered.

"Yes, my goddess. I'm right here."

His mouth teased her skin as it moved down her shoulder and over to the toned muscle of her upper arm. He pulled back and looked at the mark on her skin. If it was a tattoo, it was unlike any he had seen before. It seemed almost like it was branded into her skin. The detail was intricate and he wanted to spend more time looking at it, but right now, he had other things on his mind. So he passed the falcon's head surrounded by a sun disk.

His lips trailed kisses down the outside of her left arm and back up the inside. "Your skin is like silk." Then the same attention was paid to her right side. She trembled under his evocative touch.

Sitting up, Damian stared at the woman lying beneath him. She was naked except for her jewellery and exotic tattoos; he knew he would never find anyone more perfect in

his lifetime. Thick lashes opened and her golden gaze was on him, entreating him to continue with his quest.

Reaching out, he traced the shape of her hourglass body, memorising it, committing the real thing to memory. Moving up to lay beside her, he kissed her. His mouth covering hers masterfully as he expressed his feelings to her.

She put his hand on her hip as she turned into his body. Damian got the message and slid his hand around to cover the mound at the juncture of her thighs. Her hair was neatly trimmed and soft as angora.

While his tongue danced with hers, he slipped two fingers into her wetness. So easily they entered her heat only to be gripped tightly by her body. Amenitré arched her hips to allow him deeper access. Rolling her onto her back, Damian allowed his fingers to pleasure her as his mouth latched onto one of her full breasts.

"Damian," she moaned as her body moved in time with his plunging fingers.

His cock twitched painfully as her muscles clenched at his fingers, hugging them, milking them. "Come for me, baby," he ordered as he increased the speed of his hand.

Her hands dug into his hair, holding him closer to her breast as she obeyed his order with a scream. Strong legs tightened around his wrist as she rose off the bed with the force of her orgasm.

Damian almost came at the sound of her release, but he forced it back under control and focused back on the beauty beside him. Kissing a path down her flat stomach, he pulled his fingers out, only to replace them with his mouth. His

tongue drove home inside her, as deep as it could, lapping up her succulent taste.

He put his knees on the floor and dragged her down the bed so her thighs were over his shoulders. Then he began to feast upon the bounty before him.

Licking. Nibbling. Sucking.

Damian soon had her writhing on the bed, crying his name. He wanted to enter her, but first he wanted to taste her release. Capturing the little nub in his mouth, he rolled it around with his tongue. Growling low in the back of his throat, he vibrated it and as he felt her legs tightening around his ears, he knew it was almost time. One more pull and he released it, drove his tongue deep within her and sent her over the edge.

She came hard and he was there to take it all.

Before she could come down from her high plane, Damian moved up her body and slipped his erection deep into her with one stroke. Both of them hissed at the contact.

He looked down upon her. "Okay?" he asked. Her gaze slowly rose to meet his and she nodded. "You are so tight around me," he admitted with a groan.

"Please," she begged as her hips began to move, withdrawing him from her heat.

"Wait a sec; let me get some control back. I don't want this to end as quickly as it did in my dreams."

"Damian?"

"What, Amenitré?" He surged forward, driving back into her.

Damian looked down at her face. Her eyes were closed and she had her lower lip caught in her perfect white teeth. She appeared almost ethereal as she lay beneath him. Slowly her lids opened and he saw it took a moment for her eyes to come into focus on him; they had been flickering like flames. He wanted to ask her about it but none of it mattered as she stared at him, her gaze making him feel like she covered him with a warm velvet blanket.

"Was there something you wanted to ask me?" His hips moved again.

Wordlessly she shook her head. Instead she lifted her legs and latched them behind his back. Damian understood. He moved within her until he felt her tighten around his penis.

The second his swollen cock entered her, she had to bite her tongue to control her emotions. No other lover had come close to making her lose control. Even so, Sekhmet had to reach out with her mind and douse the fire that had begun.

*Tell him!* her mind yelled.

"Damian?" She knew it came out as a question.

"What, Amenitré?" His deep voice was by her ear as he ploughed forward until he could go no farther. Her eyes closed with pleasure and when she opened them, she was speechless.

The raw emotion on Damian's face struck her silent. She didn't need to use power to understand or read the depth of his feelings for what they were sharing.

"Was there something you wanted to ask me?" His gaze moved like warm velvet over her face as he moved within her



again. She shook her head as her strong legs lifted around his back.

In. Out. In. Out.

Damian moved within her like the sweetest music. The need to cry overwhelmed her. Each stroke sent currents through her body. Her nipples were tight; if she could feel pain, she would say they were painfully so.

His chest hair teased her sensitive breasts. He wrapped a hand deep into her hair as the speed of his hips increased. His face, covered in a light dusting of stubble, abraded her skin as he nibbled on her neck and shoulder.

Her body clenched around him as he guided her along the path to euphoria. As his teeth bit lightly on one earlobe, he muttered words of love.

Legs tightened every time he pulled back. Deep inside her, connected to her was how she wanted to keep him. Forever. As her fingers raked across his shoulders, she licked the sweat from the side of his neck. It heightened her pleasure as his taste was imprinted on her soul. Her hips lifted more to bring him in even deeper.

Everywhere his callused hands touched showed her a wealth of emotion she hadn't ever experienced before.

"That's right, baby." His voice was liqueur smooth. "Let me hear your screams of pleasure."

Biting her lip, Sekhmet was shocked. She hadn't realized she was doing that.

"Let it go, baby," he coaxed. His fist tightened in her hair as his tongue swiped across her jugular. "Don't hold back from me. I want all of you."

Seducing Damian  
by Aliyah Burke

She felt the shockwaves rock through her as his teeth replaced his tongue. "Give it to me, my goddess."

Fire licked her body as she felt herself launch off the edge into an endless open plane of pleasure. Sekhmet tightened her muscles and came with a rush that momentarily blinded her. So far gone in her lust she never heard or recognized her own cry.

She exploded around him moments after that and took him with her as she milked him. With a shout to the room, Damian drove deep within her one last time and exploded, covering her womb with his seed as his loud yell echoed hers.

Extremely well rested, Damian rolled over with every intention of picking up where he left off, exploring the treasures his dream goddess offered. The bed next to him was empty.

"It couldn't have been a dream," he complained as he climbed out of bed and slid on a pair of sweats.

He walked through his whole apartment. There was no sign of her. Letting loose a string of curses, Damian walked over to his coffee pot. There was a small card sitting beside it and he picked it up, recognizing it as the one Amenitré handed him at the museum. Flipping it over, he read: *Don't forget I'm expecting you.*

Walking to the phone, he picked it up to dial her number when his doorbell rang. Eagerly, Damian went and opened the door. Barely stopping the groan of disappointment, he found himself face to face with Angela.

"Morning, Damian," she purred.

"What are you doing here, Angela?" Damian asked, uncomfortable with the way she was eyeing up his naked chest.

"You said I could come and look at some books." She batted her eyes playfully. "Are you busy?"

He could tell she was a bit cold from the way her teeth were chattering. Sighing, he opened the door fully. "Sure, let me show you where they are at." He turned, but swung back around as she grabbed the card from his hand. "What are you doing?" he demanded.

"Are you calling her?" Angela questioned him as she shut the door behind her.

"I was, not that it's any of your business. Give me the card." Damian held out his hand.

Instead, Angela flipped it over and looked at the back. "What does this mean?"

Damian muttered softly, he didn't want to explain the message to Angela. "What does what mean, Angela?"

"Well, these markings on the back. The hieroglyphics."

Damian took the card and looked; sure enough, her message was in hieroglyphs. Odd he hadn't noticed it before, but interesting how his mind automatically translated it for him.

"Just a saying. Nothing that would interest you," he lied. "The books are through here."

He showed her the way to the books before heading to his bedroom to put on a t-shirt. Damian didn't want to send Angela any signals. Dressed, he walked out of his room and saw Angela looking over his collection of books.

"You have an amazing collection, Damian." She turned her gaze towards him and smiled sweetly.

"Did you find any that would help you?"

Angela faced him completely and walked toward him, slowly unzipping her jacket. An act that showed Damian she wore nothing beneath it.

"I want you again, lover," she said, dropping the jacket to the floor and taking his hands to place them on her bare breasts.

"Stop it," he hissed, jerking away from her.

Fury filled her gaze for a moment before she moved closer. "All this is for you, Damian. You had me yesterday, don't you want me again?" Grabbing his hand, she placed it over her smooth pussy. "Feel how wet I am for you."

"Jesus, Angela," he snapped, removing his hand. "Put your damn coat back on."

The blonde woman stood there in nothing but her high heels, glaring at him. "What is wrong with you? You wanted this bad enough yesterday, why not now?"

"I'm not in the mood."

She scoffed. "You're a man; you're always in the mood." Her eyes hardened. "Did you fuck that chick from the museum? That Ms. Seini?" Disgust laced her tone.

His eyes narrowed as they focused on the woman in his apartment. "That would be none of your business."

"Says you." Angela curled her lip in censure. "You went from my bed to hers and it's none of my business?"

The phone rang before he could say another word. Stopping to pick up her jacket and toss it at her, Damian went and answered the phone. "Hello?"

A deep masculine voice reached him, "Good day, Professor Keith."

"Good day. Who is this?" Damian was aware of Angela's gaze upon him.

"I am Ms. Seini's assistant, Talios. She said that you had begun to call her and set up an appointment to come see her items. And that your conversation got interrupted."

"Right, my appointment to see her artefact collection." He wondered how the hell she was aware of any of it; he hadn't even begun to dial yet.

"Anyway, she says you are most welcome to come tomorrow, anytime." He delivered the message.

"Tomorrow?" Damian asked. "That would be wonderful."

Looking at Angela, he saw her mouth open and heard her yell, "Ask if I can come as well, Damian."

Before he had a chance to say anything, Talios said, "Ms. Ryder is welcome to accompany you. We will see you tomorrow then." He hung up with a click.

Damian set the phone back down and glared hard at Angela. "I don't get what is going on with you, Angela."

"What do you mean?" she questioned.

"You are acting like we are a couple. We aren't." He shook his head.

"What we had was amazing, you can't deny it." She moved closer to him. "I like you, Damian. You have to know that. I've been sending you signals since we met. And now that

I've had a taste of what you are like in bed, I'll be damned if I am going to lose you to a spoiled brat of a woman. Especially a black woman."

The amount of venom he heard surprised him. "One, Ms. Seini is exceptionally beautiful. I don't see her as black, but a damn gorgeous woman. Two, you need to lose that kind of talk in my presence. We aren't a couple. What happened between us was a mistake. We work together, and shouldn't be sleeping together." His eyes narrowed as he watched her face. "Am I making myself clear enough for you?"

Angela's normally serene face grew mottled with anger. Damian didn't care, just turned her towards the door and helped her out of his apartment. He had things to do, and dealing with Angela was not on the list.

"He will be gone tomorrow. You can get the stuff then." Angela's voice was hushed as she walked through the cold day.

"You'd better hope he won't be there," the nasally voice warned in her ear.

"He won't. We'll be together. And that ends my debt, right?"

"Depends on what I get." An evil laugh moved through the phone. "I'll call you later and let you know." A brief pause before the man continued, "You know, if you just let me get a taste of what is between them long legs of yours and we could call it even."

She shivered and not from the chill in the air. "Not a chance!" she hissed.

"Your decision." Click.

Seducing Damian  
by Aliyah Burke

He was gone and she hung up, casting a brief look around before continuing on her way. She felt bad for doing this, but the only man she wanted between her legs was the professor. All had been progressing well until the museum gala.

Her eyes narrowed as she recalled how fast it seemed that Damian had forgotten about her and focused all his attention on that ... that ... other one. Just because her father was famous didn't mean she was better than everyone else.

*And I'll be damned if I lose one hell of a good fuck to a black woman!* "Get your own damn man, Ms. Seini, he's mine." The words were like shards of ice that hung in the cold air.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## Chapter Five

Damian drove up the paved drive to the massive home. Even Angela, who had been chatting non-stop on the two-and-a-half hour drive, fell silent as the mansion loomed before them.

"Damn," he muttered under his breath.

"Look at this place," Angela moaned. "It's huge, and gorgeous." Shutting off his Jeep Wrangler, Damian got out, suddenly feeling like a bum at a black-tie affair. He wore jeans and a sweatshirt and he felt way underdressed. Angela climbed out and took in the surrounding view; she was dressed similarly to Damian.

Together they moved up the marble steps to the door. It swung open before they could even press the bell.

Angela gasped and moved closer to Damian. Talios stood before them, as imposing as he had been at the museum. He wore black slacks and a sweater that was dark grey.

"Welcome," he said in cultured tones with an accent Damian couldn't pinpoint.

Stepping back, Talios used one massive brown hand to wave them into the ornate interior. "Come in, please."

They walked across the floor, also marble from the look, and waited while Talios shut the door behind them.

"This is a beautiful place," Damian said as he searched vainly for Amenitré and some artefacts. Mostly Amenitré.



"Thank you," Talios responded. "Please take off your jackets and follow me. There are refreshments set up just through there."

They handed their jackets to the imposing man and followed his gesture to the next room, as he did something with their coats.

"This place is huge," Angela whispered to Damian as they walked into a room that displayed a table laden with refreshments.

"Help yourselves. Ms. Seini will be with you momentarily." Talios spoke from behind them.

"Thank you," Damian said, walking to the table of refreshments.

It was a huge spread. Cheeses, crackers, fruits and meats. Like she was expecting a bunch of people. He took a piece of fruit and bit into it, enjoying the sweet juice that dripped down his throat. It was an unknown fruit to him, but he loved it.

"Good day, Professors," a sultry voice broke in. "Sorry to keep you waiting, I was talking with my father."

Swallowing quickly, Damian turned and froze. Walking into the room was a vision. Correction—Amenitré didn't walk; she flowed as if she were above walking. Today his dream was clothed in black jeans and a tan sweater that fell to her knees. Red ribbons were threaded throughout her thick hair.

"Ms. Seini," he said, amazed at how deep his voice became.

The sharp look Angela sent him told him she was surprised as well. "Thank you for inviting me along. I am looking forward to seeing your collection."

"I believe you invited yourself along, Ms. Ryder, but now that you're here, we might as well get started." Her tone was full of censure, as if she were speaking to a petulant child.

Angela blushed and stayed quiet. Her green eyes hardened for a brief moment before softening again.

"Would you care for anything else to eat before we get started? Perhaps there are some questions I can answer for you?" their hostess offered. "Or we could look now and, if you have questions, discuss them over, say, dinner."

"Dinner would be wonderful," Damian blurted out. Beside him, Angela huffed.

With a small nod, Amenitré gestured out the door she stood by. "Very well, let us begin."

Talios appeared and said to Angela who was first, "Follow me, please."

They walked straight through the foyer of the home and down another passageway. Silence reigned as they moved through the hallway. Angela was beside Talios and constantly looked back to see Damian, who was walking next to Amenitré. But he was taking in the expensive décor of the place.

Talios opened a pair of doublewide doors and stepped back. Both visitors inhaled sharply as they took in the sight before them.

A massive room, two ballrooms in size, was laid out with artefacts. It was impressive beyond words. Damian knew his

mouth was open as he gazed around the room. He felt like he had been transferred back in time to witness these creations at their birth. Their conditions were stellar. All of the glass was smudge-free. The marbled floors were spotless. The entire room was in impeccable condition.

"Feel free to look around, just please don't touch." Amenitré caressed Damian lightly on his ass as she moved away from him.

Hard as the statues he was in the room with, Damian adjusted his pants a bit to ease the pressure. "Unbelievable," he said as he moved off to explore.

"Talios will be here to answer any questions you may have. Please excuse me. I have some matters to attend to." Her voice trailed over his skin as he walked away. When he turned around, she was gone.

\* \* \* \*

"Is everything okay, Daughter?" Ra asked as he sat on his throne. "You look distressed."

"I love him." Her admission was blunt and totally unexpected.

"What?" the god roared.

"I said I loved him." She stood tall, refusing to budge from his fury.

"A mortal? You love a mortal?" As if she were committing a heinous crime, he lashed out with his voice.

"Yes." Sekhmet moved towards the throne and the imposing one in it. "I want you to meet him; he is a huge fan of yours, well, Amon Seini."

Black eyes narrowed. "I play for no mortal."

"Then do it for me," she stated quietly.

There was no noise in the great hall. Even his falcon was silent. "You know he will die, right?"

"He doesn't have to."

"Are you asking me to grant him immortality?" The tone was low and dangerous.

"I, too, can grant immortality. I know the rules; I have to explain everything to him first."

"He will know you were seducing him for your own pleasure."

This time it was the goddess who scoffed. "Like I didn't make sure he was pleased in return."

Ra's voice was gentle this time. "Mortal men are very egotistic. They don't like being taken advantage of."

"I know I may lose him with the truth, but I am taking the risk."

"Very well. When should I arrive?"

"You'll do it?"

"I'll do it. That way, I will be near when you tell him."

"I'll let you know." For the first time in ages, she hugged him. Before she disappeared before his eyes.

\* \* \* \*

Damian was in Heaven. He moved slowly from piece to piece, taking the time to enjoy each one. He could spend months here just in this room.

He stopped in front of a display of sphinxes. They showed all three variations. The Anrosphinx which had the head of a

man. The Criosphinx, the version with the head of a ram. And the Hieracosphinx, the one bearing the head of hawk. Each one was in such remarkable condition, it was unbelievable.

Glad just to be able to witness such items, he moved on. His next stop was a two-level pedestal. On the lower level sat two crowns that he took to represent Upper and Lower Egypt. The red one, Deshret, represented Lower Egypt, the northern part. The white one, Hedjet, the representation of Upper Egypt, the southern part. On the level above them sat the double-crown, or Pshent, for when the two parts were combined.

"I have the Kheprsh if you wish to see it as well." The low tones of seduction flowed over Damian.

He looked to his right and saw Amenitré standing beside him. Desire hit him so hard, it made his knees weak. But it was more; there was something about her that made him want to be near her. Crave her next to him, her touch, and her feel.

"I can't believe this collection you have. I would never have dreamed to see anything like this, short of going back to Egypt or London and seeing their museums." He touched her sweater.

"Well, my father has been collecting them for a long time. And he doesn't like what happens to the history when they are placed in a ... a museum owned by those who care little of the true history." She drew her finger into her mouth and sucked on it while her gaze held his. "I want to suck on your cock," she whispered to him as Angela approached.

"I have a question for you, Ms. Seini." The high tones of a challenge broke through, although it did little to quell Damian's passion.

"Yes, Ms. Ryder. What is your question?" She turned her leonine eyes to her guest.

"Well, it's two actually. One, I was wondering if you have a degree and if so, in what? And two, there is something wrong with your busts of some of the queens of Egypt. They look nothing like the ones we see in London's museum or in most pictures depicting them today."

One fine eyebrow arched. "No, I don't have a degree. But I know more than most people with one. As for your second question, can you explain that further?" Amenitré walked across the expanse of the room to halt in front of a glass case that housed the busts in question.

"Well," Angela answered in her snide professor tone as she, too, headed across to the display. "These must be fake, for they resemble nothing we see at the London Museum, or in the Egyptian Museum in Berlin."

Damian was aghast as Angela's audacity. The arousal he had at the sight of Amenitré sucking on her finger combined with her statement faded as embarrassment overtook him. He looked around and was mildly confused at the expression on Talios' face. Damian didn't know him very well but it looked like there was amusement in those black eyes as he watched his mistress.

"Of course they don't look like that. This is what they looked like, as opposed to the white or Anglo features many people tried to put on them. I mean really, Elizabeth Taylor as

Cleopatra, please. That is an inaccurate description of the Queen." There was disgust in Amenitré's tone.

"She wasn't of Egyptian descent," Angela protested.

Her eyes turned hard. "Do you know how many people raided those tombs? You are pretty arrogant to assume that nothing was taken before the white explorers invaded the tombs. Hitler disposed of the statues that alluded too much to a non-Caucasian as royalty and the rest of the world seemed to follow his lead. The few people that speak out today are accused of trying to incite racial riots and claiming history that isn't theirs."

The sepia-hued beauty took a deep breath. "But let me ask you something. Why would you assume that, after lines of black pharaohs and rulers, all of a sudden, the one that took up with two Romans had to be of fairer skin? Is that such a strange idea that a white man would find a black woman attractive? What about King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba?"

Angela opened her mouth, but shut it when Amenitré waved her hand.

"I'm not done. You dare to lecture to me about what is real. Let me tell you something, Ms. Ryder. There were times when the pharaohs of modern day Sudan were ruling Egypt; one of their pharaohs is even in your bible. Then there is the small fact that before the Greeks felt it necessary to rename the country, Egypt was known as Kemet. Kemet means 'Land of the Blacks.'" She tossed her head, sending her hair flying around her. "So before you dare insult my collection, that I know is real, I would suggest you do some more research. In

fact, let me help with that. You need to leave, your presence annoys me."

Shocked, Angela stuttered. "I ... I ... I came with Damian."

A challenging look filled Amenitré's eyes. "Talios," she bit out.

"Yes, Mistress?" Talios asked as he approached.

"Ms. Ryder needs a ride home. I grow weary of her presence." Her tone was haughty and every bit like that of royalty.

She waved her hand, and instantly, Talios had his hand around the woman's arm. Immediately, Angela began to scream. "You can't do this to me! Damian, help me."

His eyes moved to the flickering ones of his hostess. "Is she safe?"

"Talios only hurts to protect me or himself." She gave him her word. "He will see her safely home."

"That's all I care about." Damian turned away from the fading screams of Angela as she was removed from the home. He was sorry for her a little, but in truth, she brought it on herself.

The second Talios disappeared with Angela, Amenitré's demeanor softened. Her eyes lost the edge they had obtained as she faced off with Angela. With a deep breath, she met Damian's gaze.

"Shall we continue?"

Damian couldn't quite put his finger on what he had seen, but there was something totally chilling about how Amenitré looked. Dangerous, deadly, powerful. "Please," he got out.

"Something troubling you, Damian?"



He hesitated. How do you explain what you felt when it was less than flattering? "I'm fine. Just wondering about some things. Don't worry." His teeth flashed as he shot her a grin.

He knew her gaze saw more than he wished it to, but she nodded her head and dropped it. "Very well. You continue to look while I go check on some things. I will be back soon." Before he could say anything, her mouth had landed over his. She sucked his tongue in to her mouth and nipped it prior to releasing it. "Miss me," she mumbled and walked away.

"Jesus," he moaned as his cock twitched in his pants. "That woman is dangerous."

"You have no idea, Damian. You have no idea." Her words hung, almost ominously, in the air as she left his side. Sekhmet paused before the door and looked back at the man perusing her collection as if he had been handed the world. Uncertainty filled her as her gaze followed Damian's movements.

What if...?

The confidence and defiance she was renowned for, the boldness she displayed when confronting her father, Ra, King of the Gods was gone. Hesitation, doubt, and fear of rejection filled her features.

For a brief moment, she was no longer one of the most feared goddesses. No longer the one who would destroy on a whim. No, the being who watched the tall figure of Damian Memphis Keith was simply a woman. A woman scared of losing the man she was in love with.

Without thinking, Sekhmet vanished and rematerialized in her sanctuary where her fingers delved deep into the pelts of her feline companions. "Even his name fits with me," she said to them. "Memphis—a god's place to live. And I don't want to be without him."

"Then go to him, Goddess." Talios spoke from the doorway to her pool.

"Yes, Talios. I shall." Heading to her door, she stopped to look back at him. "The woman?"

"Home, believing she was struck ill."

Sekhmet nodded. "What would I do without you, Talios? Good work, thank you." Unconsciously she spoke in Egyptian.

"Ever your servant, Goddess." He bowed and walked away.

By the time she walked back into the ballroom, her features were schooled in a picture of serenity.

Damian continued to move throughout the room. He was in awe of the pieces Amenitre had in her collection. Some still looked to be in awesome condition and some were hard to tell exactly what they were.

However, beneath each piece sat a beautifully scripted piece of cardstock explaining each item. It must have taken so much money to accumulate this type of assortment. Damian paused in front of a large display of Sekhmet.

The goddess was represented the way he was used to seeing her, warlike, but also she was portrayed in a way that was rarely seen. The compassionate side of her. All of these artefacts were in stellar condition and he reached out to touch the glass when he felt Amenitre's presence behind him.

"This is a beautiful collection." He continued to face the display, although his hand dropped back to his side.

"Thank you."

"I don't often see this other side of her."

"Not many do," she mumbled.

Damian swallowed as the scent of the lotus blossom filled his nose. "You obviously care about her, for you wear her name around her neck."

"I do, and why not? We are one."

His gaze sliced to the side and landed upon her gorgeous face. "I'm sorry, what did you say? I could have sworn I heard you say 'we are one,' but that can't be." He looked over her body. "You don't strike me as the type who is lost in a fantasy world where they are the reincarnated form of a mythological god or goddess." His mouth quirked nervously.

Her eyes gleamed and turned even more golden. "You heard me right. And I am not the reincarnated form." The smooth tone never changed. "I am Sekhmet."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## Chapter Six

Damian was struck dumb for a moment. He had no immediate response to that. Every logical fibre of his being told him it was impossible, but the look in her eyes told him she was positive it was the truth.

"You can't be. Sekhmet is a mythological being. Not real. She was a figment of their imagination," Damian protested.

The gold eyes lost their softness. "She is real. Why else would there be over seven hundred statues of me along the west bank of the Nile, in front of the funerary temple of Amenhotep III? I don't care what you call her, 'Avenger of Wrongs', 'Scarlet Lady', 'One Before Whom Evil Trembles', 'Lady of Slaughter', 'Lady of Flame', or 'She Who Is Powerful'. And even 'Eye of Ra'. None of it matters. She was real, is real and we are one and the same." The tone was unyielding.

Shaking his head in denial, Damian refused to accept it. "No. I don't believe it."

Rolling her eyes in obviously growing exasperation, Sekhmet demanded, "What will it take to prove it to you?"

"It's impossible," he muttered as his gaze moved over her body. *No way can she be who she claims.*

In a flash of light, Damian found himself looking at the woman he believed himself in love with. Gone were her tan sweater and jeans. His beautiful woman was dressed in leather, muted black leather pants and a vivid scarlet-red vest, which forced her breasts up until they seemed like they were about to fall out of their confinement.

Her hair was free of the ribbons and she stood proud before him. It looked like there was a fiery glow around her. His gaze moved down and he almost panicked when he saw two lionesses standing at her sides. One tawny and one solid black. Sitting on her left shoulder was a stunning falcon.

"Come with me, Damian Keith, and I will show you just what I am capable of." Sekhmet flowed past him and he followed her as she had ordered.

She left the ballroom and walked to her bedroom. Damian barely had time to take in the luxuriousness of her room before she waved open the sliding doors that led out to the pool area.

Her motions were unhesitant as long, sure strides took her to the steps of the pool and she began to walk into the water. Damian stood at the edge and watched her.

"Pay attention, Damian," she commanded in a hushed voice. She reached out and, with one finger, swirled the surface of the clear water in the pool.

Dark clouds formed in the water and as Damian looked on, amazed, as water cleared and he found himself looking at an Egyptian city. *I must be having a dream.*

"This is not a dream, Damian. I am going to show you one of my favourite places in Egypt. This is a dromos. I am sure you know what it means."

And he did. It was a straight, paved avenue flanked by sphinxes. "But where is it? When?"

"This is the Avenue of Sphinxes in Ancient Thebes, Egypt. Today it is known as Luxor. Come with me." She reached her

hand out towards him as he stood on the side of the pool.  
"Take my hand, Damian."

He did and immediately he felt as if he were covered by clouds; it was hard to decipher anything. Damian tightened his hold on her hand.

When the clouds were gone and he could see, Damian just about fainted. He was standing right in front of one of the sphinxes. Yet, this one looked freshly made, not like it had sat exposed to the elements for centuries. These were pristine, untouched and unbeaten by the corrosion of time.

Reaching out to touch the work of art, he noticed that there were no cars anywhere. In fact, there were no tourists. Damian leaned against the magnificent statute, wobbly and out of breath.

"This can't be happening."

"I can take you anywhere you wish, whatever time you wish. I have never met anyone like you before, Damian." Sekhmet seemed oblivious to the people who were milling around, working. Noticing him watching them, she said, "They can't see us."

"Why me?" he asked as he began to watch her.

"I don't know. You are different than anyone I know. I wanted to know more about you."

Anger filled him at the thought of being used. He clenched a hand at his side into a fist. "So, what? You can manipulate my mind?"

"I can compel you to do something, if I wished to do so."

"And you actually thought that would be the basis for a relationship?" Shoving away from the sphinx, he glared at

her. Unmindful of the fact of whom and what she truly was, for he still wasn't sure it wasn't all a dream.

"I never forced you into anything."

"How the hell can I believe that? Jesus, you can manipulate people, travel through time and if history is correct, you have one hell of a temper. Why should I believe one damn thing that comes out of your mouth?"

The lionesses at her side rose and growled a warning. "Are you mad because I entered into your mind and seduced you that way? Or because you don't like what you realise I truly am?"

He took a step towards her, only to stop at the forward movement of her companions. "You took advantage of me. I never had a chance to get to know you. You took my dream fantasy and took away my own will to make my own decision. I don't want to be with someone who doesn't respect my privacy." Damian shook with anger.

Sekhmet bit back her instinctive response, which would have been rage. She had been warned this would happen. But she was still unprepared for the feeling that lanced her body at the thought of losing this mortal who had come to mean so much to her. *What is this feeling moving through me? It hurts.* She would have had to have been blind not to witness his gorgeous eyes overflow with the betrayal he felt.

"Be very careful with what you say next. You are in my favour now, but that doesn't mean it will last if you continue to hurl insults." Her words were hard as the sphinx behind him.

"Don't you get it, Amenitré or Sekhmet, whichever you want to be called right now? I don't want to be in your favour. I want you to send me home and leave me the fuck alone!"

This was what her father had warned her about. The fragile male ego. So now she could let him go and nurse her wounds ... or force his love.

Her body flowed effortlessly toward him. She watched as he unintentionally shrank back from the large felines pacing beside her and the blankness in her stare. Sekhmet knew the image she portrayed when angry.

"It will be as you wish it." Her tone was deadpan. One hand reached out and touched him on the shoulder and she knew that was all he remembered.

It felt like her heart had been ripped her from chest the second his physique disappeared from sight. Sekhmet opted to remain in the past. She was furious and hurt. Instinctively she knew if she didn't get a handle on her emotions, she could hurt him. And despite how she felt at this moment, she didn't want to harm him.

\* \* \* \*

*Honk! Honk!*

The blaring of the horns behind him snapped him alert. "Sorry, damn," Damian muttered as he shifted and drove on.

"How'd I get here?" He had a huge headache. Flashes of being next to a sphinx in Egypt, yelling at Amenitré and finding out she was the goddess, Sekhmet. Shaking his head, he laughed without amusement; it must have been one hell of a dream.



As he drove home, Damian recognized the feeling of emptiness that filled his soul. Parking, he still didn't remember leaving her place. All he remembered was the shouting.

Damian was so lost in his thoughts he neglected to realise his door swung open without him unlocking it. The sound of breaking glass alerted him, but it was too late as a figure dressed in black shoved him into his table. With a loud crack, it broke under their combined weight.

Stars flashed before his eyes as something hard cracked against his arm and the side of his head. Two more blows rained down upon him before the pain-free world of unconsciousness welcomed him with open arms.

Opening his eyes, Damian noticed he was in the hospital. A nurse stood over him with a chart.

"What happened?" he asked in a low voice. "What am I doing here?"

Her dark eyes moved to his face. "You were attacked in your home. You've been here for a few hours. How are you feeling?"

Attacked? Damian frowned. None of that sounded familiar. "I want to know what happened."

She smiled. "There is an officer waiting to talk to you, I'll send him in." A friendly pat on his arm and she was out through the curtain and replaced by a tall officer.

The man towered over the bed. "I need to ask you some questions," he said in a gravelly voice.

"Look, I don't remember anything. I want you to tell me what you know," Damian countered.

"I don't know what happened. That's what I am here to find out." He remained standing.

"Ask your questions. But I don't know if I'll be able to help you." Damian shut his eyes as the officer pulled out his notepad.

"What do you remember about the attack?"

Damian released a frustrated groan. His head was killing him, his right arm was in a cast and this man was annoying him. 'Nothing. I told you, I don't remember anything.'

"What about before? Where were you for the day? Maybe someone got mad at you and followed you home for retribution."

Retribution—something Sekhmet was famous for. "I spent the day..." He fell silent. *I can't tell him I went to ancient Egypt; I'll be committed to a place that has 'hug-me' jackets.* He opened his eyes.

"Doing?" the tall officer prompted.

"I was ... I was at Ms. Seini's home looking at her artefact collection."

"And afterwards?" The man had leaned forward, almost appearing excited. "And I will need more information about Ms. Seini."

Damian's eyes narrowed. It didn't matter who this man was, he didn't want him anywhere near Amenitré ... No, that wasn't right, her name was Sekhmet. Damian didn't want any male around her, except him. Despite what happened between them, he still felt something for her.

"Something wrong?" the officer questioned.

"Nope," Damian snapped, barely managing not to growl at the man. "Not other than I was attacked in my home."

"Ms. Seini, what is her first name and where does she live?"

Fighting back waves of jealousy, Damian told him. After a moment he insisted, "I need to go home." He struggled out of the hospital bed.

"I'll give you a lift and you can tell me if anything is missing. And after, I will check out this Ms. Amenitré Seini."

"Sure," he muttered as he put his shoes on.

Sitting in the front seat of the patrol car, Damian could see nothing past the look of pain on her beautiful brown face as he lashed out at her. And now, he felt so empty inside. Alone. Hollow. Everything she said was a lie ... wasn't it? Myth has the foundation of truth to it.

Damian entered his apartment with the officer behind him. The only sound he could emit was a ragged gasp. His place was in shambles. Furniture overturned, broken dishes, chairs, and table, books scattered everywhere, and worst of all, only a few artefacts remained.

"Almost all of my artefacts are gone," he lamented as the room began to spin.

"Do you have documented photos of them?" the man asked as he righted a chair.

"Of course, I do. They are ancient artefacts. I'm not stupid!" Damian lashed out. The cop looked at him and Damian raised his good arm. "I'm sorry. I'm just so pissed." Getting up, he grabbed his album and handed it to the officer and then took his seat again.

"Can you think of anyone who would want your collection?" The question came as the officer thumbed through the photo album of Damian's collection. "What about this other collector, Ms. Seini?"

"No!" he said forcefully. "She wouldn't do this."

He made some notes on his pad. "Anyone else?"

There was only one Damian could think of. Mr. Greg Henry. And so he told the cop everything he could about Mr. Henry. Even how he had approached him at the gala asking about his collection.

The officer left a bit later, leaving Damian alone. Head pounding, he took some medication and climbed into bed. He slept for the rest of the weekend, waking only to re-medicate and go to the bathroom. The mess was totally ignored.

\* \* \* \*

It was hard driving a stick shift with a broken arm. Damian heaved a sigh of relief as he finally pulled into his parking spot at work. His face was still battered but at least the gauze was not wrapped around his skull anymore. Grabbing his briefcase, he made his way to his office.

Angela was in the hall as he walked in. Her facial expressions ranged from anger to astonishment to shame.

"Morning, Damian," she said as she moved toward him.

"What the hell happened to you?"

"I got attacked in my home," he stated bluntly, holding her green gaze. "And whoever did it stole all my artefacts."

Angela couldn't hide her flinch. "Oh my God! That is terrible. Is there anything I can do for you?" She paused as if

a thought just occurred to her. "You don't suppose it was Ms. Seini, do you?" Her dainty hand fluttered around her breasts.

"No. I know it wasn't her. It was a man that hit me, like a coward and from behind."

"Well, she does have that huge guy with her." Angela slipped that bit in.

Would she? Damian shook his head. "No, I doubt it was her."

"Well, I'm here for you if you need anything. I have to get to class. Thanks for taking me with you to see her collection. I'm sorry I got so sick and had to leave." With a wave, she disappeared down the fluorescent-lit hallway.

Damian stood there in amazement. She didn't remember being tossed out of the house? But she knew that he was attracted to Sekhmet. *Great, now I'm calling her that.* Blinking away his confusion and frustration, Damian headed off to his office.

His good hand was on the phone and getting ready to dial before he caught himself. "Shit," he muttered. "I can't get her out of my head. I feel so empty without her."

Forcing back the emptiness, Damian went to his lecture hall and, after answering questions about his attack, got to teaching.

The rest of the week passed the same way. There was no contact from his Egyptian goddess and he felt himself spiralling deeper and deeper into a pit of darkness. Regardless of who she had claimed to truly be, there had been a completeness or absolution in his soul when she had been a part of his mind and life.

"Was what she did that bad?" he asked himself one morning as he stood in front of his mirror, looking at the fading bruises. His face still looked thin and gaunt, in spite of being on the mend.

As he walked to his office that morning, there was a tall man sitting beside his door. All the women were staring at him and moving extremely slow past him. Damian shook his head in mild amusement; he remembered when they had done that to him.

The figure stood as Damian approached. Damian stutter-stepped and he almost tripped over his own feet. The man was huge, almost a head taller than Damian was at six-five. Not an ounce of fat was on his body. He was dressed in black that was interwoven with golden threads.

His skin was dark brown, like ... Sekhmet, and he was incredibly handsome. Thick black hair gleamed, even indoors. His eyes were the colour of the sun, and as Damian met his gaze, he felt like his whole being had been stripped and assessed.

"Mr. Keith." It was a statement not a question.

"Yes, that's me." Damian cleared his throat, more than a little nervous.

"I need a moment of your time." Those yellow eyes ran over the injuries he had. "What happened to you?"

Unlocking his door, Damian answered, "I was attacked in my home, and my artefacts were stolen." *Why did I tell him that?* He swung open the door. "Come on in and take a seat."

The door closed with a decided thump and Damian looked over his shoulder to see the imposing man standing in front of

the door. Blocking the only way out. *Well, the window is an option*, Damian's head told him.

Swallowing hard, Damian fought for composure as he took his seat. "What can I do for you, Mr...?" He waited for the name to be supplied.

The person braced his body, legs spread shoulder width apart and huge arms crossed across that massive chest. The eyes seemed to flicker with flames as he stared at Damian.

With an ease he far from felt, Damian arched a brow but remained silent. To tell the truth, he wasn't sure he could formulate a sentence with the stare he was receiving.

"My daughter said you would like to meet me. I don't usually do things like this, but she swore you were worth it."

Damian's eyes grew large as he realized who he was looking at. "You ... you ... you're..."

The onyx black brow rose a fraction as a quirk of his lips made Damian almost relax a millimetre. "Yes, I am Ra."

Damian swallowed. The mere fact he introduced himself as Ra, instead of Amon Seini, made him wonder. Wonder about the amount of his meds. Or was it possible Amenitré truly was the goddess Sekhmet?

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## Chapter Seven

Sekhmet fumed as Talios stood by silently and watched. Her lionesses even sought cover from her rage. Fire poured from her fingertips as she destroyed acres of land.

"Goddess, perhaps you should repair the land now." Talios spoke in his soothing voice.

"Why?" she demanded. "What do I care what happens to this land of mortals?" Despite her attempts, she hadn't been able to quell her rage.

"You do not need to care, but you do care about the animals, and it is their habitat that you are destroying."

Rolling her eyes in exasperation, Sekhmet stopped and, with a flick of one hand, restored the land to its lush beauty. "Better now?" she asked sarcastically.

"It is not my place to tell you how to behave, Goddess. You know that. I am here at your order." That time there was a hint of disgust in his tone.

A tinge of emotion stopped Sekhmet cold. Before Damian, she knew that the emotional state of Talios would not have concerned her in the least, but now ... now she was attuned to his feelings as well.

Immediately her rage was in check. Her gaze turned to look upon the dark skinned man who had been by her side for centuries. With a wave of her hand, a couch appeared out in the middle of the woods they were in. She sank down gracefully.



"Come sit with me a moment, Talios." She patted the red velvet cushion beside her.

His enormous bulk sank gracefully down onto the plush seat. "Yes, Goddess."

Sekhmet paused for a moment as the skies opened up and began to rain everywhere except upon them and her cats, which lay in front of the couch, and of course her falcon which was on her shoulder. She sat cross-legged on her pillow, her back ramrod straight.

"We have been together a long time, Talios." Her hands created images of fire in the air as she spoke. Lions. Birds. Horses. And more.

"Yes, Goddess. We have." He agreed, while she looked off into the distance, witnessing something only her sharp eyes could see.

"I think, I think it's time I grant you your freedom, Talios. You have served me well all these years. Lover, companion, guardian, and conscience. I will never forget it, but you do deserve to find happiness for yourself."

The large man stared at the woman beside him. "I am bound to you, for life."

"Did you ever just look around at this world of mortals? It truly is beautiful. But I am still untouched by it. For a brief moment in time, I felt like I belonged." A sad smile crossed her face. "But without him, I don't wish to stay here. I did, however, learn that I need to allow you your own life."

Sekhmet stood in one fluid motion. The second Talios followed her action, the couch disappeared. She glanced over her shoulder at the man behind her. "Wherever you desire to

go, whatever you decide to do—as long as it's not evil—I give you my blessing."

"Goddess..."

"No," she interrupted. Her movement brought her to stand in front of the ebony man. One hand reached out into the slit in his vest to rest upon his chest. "I, Sekhmet, One Who Is Powerful, release this honourable man of his sacred duty to serve me. By the word of the one who hath bound him to me, I release him of his vow."

A blinding flash of light exploded from underneath her palm, before wrapping around her wrist and moving up her arm. The light stopped when it reached her shoulder, spinning in a circle on her skin. It faded, leaving behind the tattoo of a male lion with a huge black mane.

"I have left you as you were, immortal and a shifter, Talios, for I don't know what you wish to do. Should you decide you don't want to be, all you need is to call my name. Any time, anywhere if you need me, just call my name, and I will be there for you. There is an account in your name with plenty of money for you to travel. You retain all of your powers that you were granted upon protecting me."

Those obsidian eyes began to shine with the glimmer of tears. "This is more than I ever could have hoped for."

"Be well, Talios ... my friend." In another flash of light, she and her lionesses were gone.

Talios put his hand to his neck and touched the necklace that had appeared there. The cartouche had but one word in it, "friend".

Seducing Damian  
by Aliyah Burke

With a solemn wave to a being that was no longer there, Talios whispered, "Goodbye, my friend."

For the first time in centuries he stood in the middle of a field and felt the cool rain upon his skin and it mixed with tears of both happiness and sorrow.

\* \* \* \*

Damian sat heavily in his chair as his "guest" left his office. Amon Seini, or Ra, had answered all the questions he had put to him. He had even done a guest lecture for Damian's class.

But it was the parting words that stuck with him. *All you need to do is call her name, and she will return to you.* Ra had been very protective of his daughter but understood Damian's point of view. Or at least he claimed to.

*I can't believe I was sitting here talking to Ra. I must be losing my mind.* Damian rubbed his eyes as he shook his head. A knock on his door made him jump.

"Come," he announced.

Angela stood in the doorway. "Hey. Can I give you a hand getting out to your vehicle?"

He looked over the blonde in his doorway. Somehow he didn't want her around him. "That's okay. I got it."

"I feel really bad how I acted. I was stupid and jealous of your attraction to that ... to Ms. Seini. I am sorry for that." Angela walked farther into his office, bringing with her the overwhelming scent of her sweet perfume.

"I hate to be rude, Angela, but I really have to get going."

"Are you sure you don't want to grab a bite to eat or anything like that before you go home?" Her voice sounded strained and desperate.

"No!" he said forcefully. "I want to go home." Damian stood, shoved his papers in his bag and grabbed it, heading out the door. "Time for you to leave, Angela."

She dragged her feet, but eventually got out the door. All the way to his car, she tried to stall him until, out of patience, Damian snapped at her. "Angela, get out of my way. I need to get home."

As he walked up the path to his apartment, he noticed the door was ajar. His heart plummeted. Not again. Not thinking clearly, he burst in through the door and saw a man in black rifling through his few remaining items.

"Get the hell out of my house!" Damian yelled as he headed towards the intruder, forgetting his arm was still in a cast and his face still bore the remains of his last attack.

The man reached behind his back and pulled out a gun. Damian screeched to a halt.

"Hey. There is no need for that."

The man squeezed the trigger and the last thing Damian remembered was yelling.

"Sekhmet!"

*Sekhmet!* Damian's cry reverberated through her entire being. She could taste his fear and desperation in that single word.

The second his husky voice called for her, she was there. In between him and the bullet destined to take him from her forever. She stopped time with a snap and turned her head to

look down at the human, the mortal man who had captured her love.

"Why do you call for me, Damian Keith? I thought you didn't need nor want anything else to do with me." Her stare moved over the remnants of bruising on his face as well as the cast.

Sekhmet had secluded herself after he had told her to leave him alone. She refused to look in on him at all. For her, a week passed like an eye blink.

After releasing Talios, Sekhmet had every intention of leaving this mortal world for good. Until he called her name. *Sekhmet.*

Her sharp gaze picked up on the pain he was trying to keep at bay. He wore khaki slacks and a white turtleneck. As she stared at him, she realised her body was beginning to respond sexually to his mere presence.

She knew that if he died, her wrath would be unforgivable. In that moment, Sekhmet acknowledged that she needed him in her life. If it meant giving up her immortality to accomplish ... she would do so.

The image of the falcon on her skin glowed once before fading, and she realized her father supported her decision, whatever it may be. He understood her place in life was by this man's side.

Damian looked up at her from his position on the floor where he'd cringed at the sound of the gunshot. She knew she floated over the floor but she didn't care about that. One thing was important right now. Damian Memphis Keith. Her eyes held his as she waited for him to speak.

"I just wanted to tell you, before I die, that I love you," he spoke from his heart. "I didn't mean those things I said. I was angry."

"So you think to gain my favour by telling me you love me?" she asked, crossing her arms, showing him the newest lion tattoo on her right arm.

"No, I wanted to admit it to you and myself." He gestured around her where the man was frozen with the gun in his hand. "I am about to die, I wanted to tell you."

"Is that it?"

Sadness filled his handsome features. "I'm sorry for what I said to you. I didn't take your announcement very well."

"And these words of love, what do you want for telling me them?" She raised an eyebrow.

Damian shook his head. "Nothing. I just wanted to tell you to your face. Your father said you would come if I called you. I guess, faced with death, you were the most important thing to me."

"I have been alive for centuries; do you really think I would let you die?"

"Why would you save me, after the way I treated you?" Damian asked and she knew he needed to hear the words.

"Because I love you, Damian Memphis Keith." Sekhmet held his gaze with her own as she told him that.

Turning from his astonished gaze, Sekhmet unfroze time and faced down the incoming bullet. She could feel the adrenaline pouring off the masked man. It smelt foul and reminded her of days long past when destruction was on her mind.

A wave of her hand caused the bullet to disappear and her voice filled the room. "Who are you and why are you here?"

Damian stood beside her. "Are you the one who broke in before?" he demanded.

Sekhmet arched a brow at that. "What are you talking about? Is that why you are injured?" Her tone turned deadly.

"Hey! I have a gun, here," the intruder interrupted, waving the .38 special in front of their eyes.

"Hush, human," she hissed at the man in the mask. "Explain, Damian." Her words were spoken in a command.

Damian hesitated too long. With a low growl, she touched his head and got the whole thing in an instant. Rage filled her in seconds as she witnessed the destructive attack on Damian and his items. The fact someone dared hurt what she considered hers made her long to kill again. Her eyes blazed with rising fury.

Placing all her attention on the masked man, she ordered, "Take off your mask."

He waved the firearm. "Shut up, bitch. Both of you, back against the wall."

"Bitch?" She walked closer to the weapon-wielding man. The second her leather-clad feet hit the floor, she was flanked by her lionesses while the falcon landed on Damian's shoulder.

The gun waved menacingly in her direction. "Stay there ... I'll shoot you." He blanched at the sight of the animals with her.

"You are annoying me, mortal. Do as I tell you, remove your mask."

"You are crazy, lady. Which one of us has the gun?" He pointed it at her chest.

"Enough!" she thundered, the room and everything within it reverberating with the force of her voice. Her entire body began to glow and the man with the gun was frozen and his mask was ripped off his face, by some unseen force.

"Do you know him?" she asked Damian.

"Yes." He shook with disgust. "It is Angela's brother. I met him at the college once." The falcon on his shoulder shifted, stilling him.

"I see." There was a flash of light and when it faded, the man was gone.

"What did you do to him?"

"I placed him in one of your jails. He is giving a full confession to the officer you spoke with." She turned towards him. "He was a cohort of Greg Henry and Angela. She helped Henry get his hands on your collection to pay off some debts she owed him."

She moved until there was barely space between them. "The cops will be returning your things to you soon, and this will all be over."

"Angela helped? I never expected that from her."

Sekhmet shrugged. "She was doing what she needed to do to survive."

Damian reached out to touch her, loving how the glow that surrounded her body flowed across his own skin, almost like another entity. It caressed his skin and breathed new life into him. "Sekhmet?"



"Yes, Damian?" Her tone had a different sound to it than he had ever heard before. Magnified. It echoed through his entire being.

"What happens now?"

"That remains up to you." She touched his arm; healing him and making his cast vanish.

"I don't want to lose you. I love you." Damian met her gaze with his.

"Make sure you know what you are saying. It is forever. In my world, there is no 'until death.' We are immortal, I offer that to you."

"And I would get to be by your side?" The falcon left to sit elsewhere.

She chuckled, a throaty and seductive sound. "I wouldn't bring you into my world to let someone else get a hold of you."

"I love you. I want to be with you." His words were as sure as anything he had ever said before.

Sekhmet nodded. "Very well. In that case, welcome to your new life." She stepped flush to his body, cupped his head in her hands and kissed him.

The glow that surrounded her body flared up and seemed to integrate with her skin and move beneath it as if an entity of its own, before flowing to their joined mouths. From her body to his, it moved until both of them glowed with the same intensity.

Damian pulled back, his body totally healed and feeling stronger than ever. It was like the sights, sounds, and smells

of the world were amplified just for him. Colours seemed brighter, and everything was tons clearer.

"What happened?"

A beautiful smile crossed her face. "You are immortal."

"That's it?"

"What did you expect? I would take your blood? It would be painful?" Her sparkling teeth shone brilliantly against her dark skin.

"To tell you the truth, I didn't know what to expect." He looked around the room. "So what happens now?"

Instantly the room transformed into a room full of silks, velvets, and items for romance. His apartment was unrecognizable to him, and all she did was wink as her clothes melted away, leaving her brown body exposed to his gaze.

"Well, I can think of one thing," she purred as her lionesses made themselves at home in a corner.

Damian felt his body respond violently. He imagined himself naked and looked down at his body to find it that way. With an arch of a brow, he held out his hand to her. Sekhmet placed her soft hand in his and eagerly went into his embrace.

Brushing his lips along her jaw line, he mumbled in a velvet-toned voice, "Well, we started this by being in bed."

She chuckled. "By all means, let me get back to what I love doing."

"And what that would be?" he asked before he sucked on the skin of her neck, enjoying her shiver.

"What else ... seducing Damian."

Seducing Damian  
*by Aliyah Burke*

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## **About the Author**

Aliyah Burke loves to read and write. She is married to a career military man, they have a German Shepherd, Borzoi, and a DSH cat. Her days are spent sharing her time between work, writing, and dog training.

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[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

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