

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

MARISA
CHENERY

Goddess
Revealed

HIS *Sea*
GODDESS

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*®

His Sea Goddess

Marisa Chenery

Book four in the Goddess Revealed series.

After a near miss with a shark while diving in the Red Sea in Egypt, Jarrett is rescued by a dolphin and unwillingly dragged to an underwater chamber. But it isn't just any dolphin. Wounded and unsure of his surroundings, Jarrett watches in awe as the dolphin shifts into a beautiful woman he is unable to resist.

Hatmehyt, an Egyptian goddess, was drawn to the man swimming near the reef while in her dolphin form, but soon realizes Jarrett is her mate. Unable to thrive on land, she has to make the painful choice to either keep him with her or let him go to the surface when the shark bite he received threatens his life.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

His Sea Goddess

ISBN 9781419924927

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

His Sea Goddess Copyright 2010 Marisa Chenery

Edited by Grace Bradley

Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book publication April 2010

The terms Romantica® and Quickies® are registered trademarks of Ellora's Cave Publishing.

With the exception of quotes used in reviews, this book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.® 1056 Home Avenue, Akron OH 44310-3502.

Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. No part of this book may be scanned, uploaded or distributed via the Internet or any other means, electronic or print, without the publisher's permission. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000. (<http://www.fbi.gov/ipr/>). Please purchase only authorized electronic or print editions and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted material. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the author's imagination and used fictitiously.

HIS SEA GODDESS

Marisa Chenery

Chapter One

Jarrett Calder yanked open the curtains in his room at the Stella Grand Hotel in Ain Soukhna, Egypt and looked out at the blue waters of the Red Sea. It looked to be a perfect day to get some diving in. Already a licensed diver, it was something he planned to do a lot of while on his vacation.

As he pulled on his swimsuit, Jarrett felt more of the tension, mostly caused by stress at work, leave his body. Getting away for a week's vacation alone was just what he needed. His job as a stockbroker at a large brokerage firm in Toronto, Canada came with a lot of stress, especially now when the market had taken a turn for the worse. It had been an ideal opportunity to get away. With no wife or girlfriend to take into consideration, it hadn't been too hard for Jarrett to take time off work and book one of those last minute vacation deals.

Having already checked where to find the dive center at the hotel the evening before when he had arrived, Jarrett knew exactly where to go to rent diving equipment. He had his day all planned. He would swim out to the coral reef then explore the sunken ships in the area for an hour, about as long as an A180 tank of compressed air would last. After that he would lay out on the beach to work on his tan, and maybe hit the hotel's pool.

All geared up with scuba equipment, Jarrett waded into the sea. Once the water became deep enough, he pulled down his diving mask and stuck the regulator's mouthpiece into his mouth and dove under the surface of the water. Since the Red Sea was crystal clear, Jarrett had no problem seeing the multicolored fish and coral when he started to swim toward the reef.

Following the reef, Jarrett swam farther away from the shore. The water grew deeper until he swam at a depth of almost thirty feet. With flicks of his flippers, he glided through the clear blue water, watching the fish swim in and out of the coral.

He spent the next fifteen minutes swimming around the reef before deciding to go and look for the sunken ships. He hadn't gotten very far when a bull shark suddenly came out of nowhere. The shark swam by, butting Jarrett with his nose. Jarrett felt his heart jump into his throat as the large fish turned to make another pass. It had to be at least thirteen feet long. Not wanting to turn his back on it, he swam backward while he tried to put some distance between him and the shark, but it did little good. The shark rushed him with its jaws wide open. Jarrett in no way wanted to become a meal for this predator so when it came in reach, he punched it in the nose. He didn't get bit, but the shark's razor-sharp teeth grazed Jarrett's lower leg at the calf when it swam past.

Looking down at his leg, Jarrett saw a tear in his wetsuit, as well as the blood that seeped from it into the water. He clamped his hand over the wound. He looked up to find the shark already circling back to make another run. Jarrett knew he was screwed since he was too far from shore to call for help. He doubted anyone would be able to hear his yells even if he managed to make it up to the surface in time, he was a good fifteen-minute swim from shore.

Before the shark could get in range for a third time, a streak of grey shot between him and it. Jarrett watched in amazement as a bottlenose dolphin rammed its nose into the shark's side. The dolphin continued to plow into the shark until it drove the predator away. In a different situation he would have liked to stay and swim with the dolphin, but he knew he was far from being out of danger. Knowing that other sharks would soon pick up the scent of his blood in the water, he turned his back on the dolphin and headed back for shore.

* * * * *

In her dolphin form, Hatmehyt turned back from the bull shark that she'd chased away to find the mortal she had saved trying to swim back to shore. Out for a swim

around the coral reef, one of her favorite things to do, she'd spotted the man. She'd then followed him at a discreet distance. Something about him had drawn her to him. Hatmehyt knew it had nothing to do with his looks, because she had no idea what he really looked like covered up the way he was. He just appealed to her, making her want to be close to him. He intrigued her enough to have her doing what she normally avoided—interacting with a mortal.

She quickly swam after him. Even though his wound didn't seem to be bleeding too badly, she knew it would be enough to draw every shark in the area. She swam around in front of him and blocked his path. Hatmehyt knew the only way he would survive without being attacked by another shark was for her to take him to her underwater home. It would be a much shorter swim than the one to the shore.

Once he stopped swimming, she swam up beside him and let her dorsal fin brush up against his hand. As soon as he took hold, she towed him through the water in the opposite direction. No surprise, he let go once he realized they weren't headed for shore. Hatmehyt swam back to him and once again positioned her dorsal fin under his hand. This time he didn't take it. She debated whether or not to shift into her human form to show him she wasn't like the wild dolphins that lived in the area, but in the end she decided against it. It would only use up what little time they had left. So instead of offering her fin again she gently took his wrist in her jaws and pulled him through the water.

Putting on a burst of speed, Hatmehyt didn't give the mortal a chance to resist. Determined to get him to her underwater home before anything else happened to him, she shot through the water. When the underwater tunnel entrance came in sight, she let go of his wrist and used her nose to force him to swim through it.

She gave him another quick shove to keep him moving before she turned back to drive away another shark that had come up behind them. This one seemed more determined than the other as it came back for another pass. After a quick glance at the entrance to reassure herself that the mortal hadn't decided to come back out, she

focused her attention on the shark. It was time to teach this one what happened when you incurred the wrath of an Egyptian fish-goddess.

* * * * *

Jarrett followed the long narrow tunnel that the dolphin had shoved him into and soon noticed that up ahead it appeared to widen. Hoping it would give him enough room to turn around so he could swim back out, he swam faster. He had no idea why the dolphin had taken him here, but he did know he couldn't stay. His air supply wouldn't last forever, and he had to get his leg looked at.

When he reached the end of the tunnel, he saw he had been right in his thinking. He found himself in what appeared to be an underwater cave. Looking above him, Jarrett saw the cave's ceiling hung high above the water. As he broke the surface of the small pool the cave had created, Jarrett removed his mouthpiece and sucked in a breath of fresh air. He treaded water, turning in place. What he saw made his mouth drop open.

This one could in no way be described as your typical underwater cave. The part that held the small pool was bare natural rock, but beyond that it gave way to a luxurious chamber. The walls had been painted in jewel tones with what appeared to be Egyptian hieroglyphs painted on top of that. Lit torches were interspersed along the walls, providing the only light. A large bed sat in the middle of the chamber with a canopy of sheer material that hung from the ceiling and down around the sides of the bed. Off to one side, a pile of thick pillows lay on the floor next to an unlit brazier. Shocked to find something such as this under the Red Sea, Jarrett slowly swam to the pool's edge.

Before he reached it he felt something brush up against his leg. Thinking it could be another shark he stiffened, but then relaxed when the dolphin broke the surface of the water and made a series of clicks before it moved to swim at his side. Once he reached the edge of the pool, Jarrett reached up and hauled himself out of the water. As soon as he sat on the ledge, he turned back just in time to see the dolphin's head appear on the surface. He then blinked in surprise when the dolphin's body started to shift and blur.

Open-mouthed, he silently watched the dolphin disappear and a woman take its place. A beautiful naked woman who took his breath away.

Unable to look away, Jarrett ran his gaze over her while she swam toward him. Her long black hair fanned out behind her in the water when she glided nearer. Her brown-eyed gaze locked with his when she reached the side of the pool and pulled herself out of the water to sit next to him. Jarrett gulped and pulled off his diving mask after she rose to stand. Starting at her feet, he skimmed her body with his eyes. She had long legs, curvy hips and full breasts. Jarrett lingered there while he took in her rose-colored nipples that had tightened into buds. His cock started to harden beneath his wetsuit. Moving his gaze higher, he stopped briefly on her full lips, which looked as if they had been made for a man to kiss before he moved on to the rest of her face.

She was drop-dead gorgeous. He tried to talk, but found his mouth had suddenly gone dry. Jarrett swallowed. "Who are you?"

She sank to her knees in front of him, totally at ease in her nakedness. "I am Hatmehyt. And who are you?"

Jarrett noted that Hatmehyt spoke in the same Egyptian accented English as the workers at his hotel. She obviously had to be Egyptian, but that didn't explain how she was able to do the things she did. Right about now, he was starting to think all the stress at work had finally gotten to him. He looked from her to the pool and back again. "I'm...I'm Jarrett. How is it possible you were a dolphin one minute then a woman the next? I don't think I've lost that much blood to cause me to hallucinate."

Hatmehyt gave him a small smile and shook her head. "You aren't hallucinating. I'm an Egyptian fish-goddess. I'm able to take on my dolphin form whenever I wish."

"You're an Egyptian goddess?" Jarrett asked with no small amount of incredulity as she reached for his injured leg. Could he be dreaming? The Egyptian gods did not exist. Could they? Maybe he wasn't really here. Maybe the shark had ended up doing more damage and even now he was lying washed up on the beach slowly bleeding to death

from a shark bite. But when he felt the sting of his wound on his leg when Hatmehyt touched it, he knew he wasn't dreaming. She also felt all too real.

"I can tell from your voice you don't believe I am what I say I am." She scowled and poked at his wetsuit-clad leg. "If I'm to tend your wound properly I need this strange outer skin you wear removed."

Jarrett pulled off his flippers, then reached behind his back. He unzipped his wetsuit before he shrugged it off his shoulders and down his arms. He lifted his hips off the floor so he could push it the rest of the way off his body leaving him to sit in his swimsuit. He bit back a groan when he looked down at his lap. Now there would be no hiding the erection he had going on.

"Of course I find it hard to believe," he said. "It isn't as if I thought Egyptian gods actually existed."

She picked up his leg and placed his foot on her bare thigh while she bent over it to get a closer look at his wound. Jarrett had to bite the inside of his cheek to stop the moan that threatened to break free when the tip of Hatmehyt's breast brushed against his shin. He couldn't stop his body from reacting to her. Here he should be questioning his sanity, and instead, all he could think about was if he had a chance of getting Hatmehyt under him while he sank his cock inside her.

"Well, as you can see we are real," she said as she poked at his leg.

Jarrett drew in a sharp breath between his teeth when Hatmehyt used her fingers to squeeze the sides of his wound. "I would very much appreciate it if you didn't do that again."

She looked up and gave him an apologetic look. "Sorry. I really do need to clean it though. You're lucky she didn't sink her teeth into you."

"She?"

"The shark. It was a female."

"Oh."

Jarrett really didn't care whether the shark that had almost taken a chunk out of him was male or female. To be honest, he didn't care too much about anything at the moment except for the woman who knelt in front of him. The sight of her naked body made his blood heat. He had to fist his hands at his sides to stop himself from reaching for her. His cock throbbed in time with his heartbeat. All he could think about was how gorgeous Hatmehyt looked in all her naked glory, and how he wanted to explore every inch of her. His eyes drifted down to her pussy. He licked his lips, wondering how she would taste.

He gave himself a mental shake. Here he sat bleeding from a shark bite while a supposed mythical Egyptian goddess tended it and all he could think about was how soon he could have sex with her. He had to be losing it.

A bowl of water and a cloth appeared out of thin air next to Hatmehyt. She dipped the cloth into the water then proceeded to clean his wound. Even though it stung, the small amount of pain did nothing to cool the heat of his body. If anything, the feel of her hands against his skin set his body on fire. As arousal pounded through him, Jarrett couldn't deny the fact that he wanted Hatmehyt. He didn't care if she was a real Egyptian goddess or not. None of that seemed to matter. The fact that she aroused him to the point of pain just by being near him made it all seem irrelevant whether he believed her or not. He wanted her. No, he *needed* to have her.

With lust pounding through his veins, Jarrett reached out and circled her nipple with his fingertip. Hatmehyt's hands stilled, her gaze colliding with his. When she didn't push his finger away, he used his other hand to cup the back of her head. Slowly, to give her the chance to pull away, Jarrett brought her lips to his. When she sighed against his mouth, he knew he'd found bliss.

Chapter Two

Hatmehyt felt his mouth slant over hers as Jarrett increased the pressure of his kiss. She let her eyes drift shut on a sigh. Mindful of his wound, she braced her hands on his knee and leaned into the kiss. When his tongue came out and swept the seam of her lips, she opened her mouth. His tongue twined with hers, which caused the ache deep in her pussy to increase and wetness to pool between her legs. He sucked her tongue into his mouth while he cupped her breast and rubbed his thumb against her nipple. Waves of pleasure shot from her nipple down to her core.

Hatmehyt moved to kneel between Jarrett's legs, placing her hands on his shoulders and leaning closer. His scent filled her head—a mixture of sea water and the musky scent of an aroused male. The smell of him excited her even more. It had been so long since she'd let a man inside her body. It craved his touch. She'd never slept with a mortal before, mostly because she hadn't found herself attracted to any, but that wasn't the case with Jarrett. Her body burned for him. The thought of his hard cock pumping inside her pussy made her heart race.

Pulling away, she looked at Jarrett and swept her hands down his shoulders to his well muscled chest. His hazel eyes stared back. He was an exceptionally good-looking man with his longish, sandy blond hair and chiseled looks. She let her eyes drop while her gaze ran over his muscled arms and stomach. She took her bottom lip between her teeth when she reached his erection. The short leg coverings he wore did nothing to hide the large bulge beneath them.

Hatmehyt stood up and offered her hand to Jarrett. He took it, letting her help him stand. She wrapped her arm around his waist for support as she walked him over to her bed. Her head just reached his shoulder in height. Jarrett was a tall man, he stood well over six feet, as well as a muscular one.

Once they reached her bed, Hatmehyt helped him sit. Knowing where this would lead, she thought to offer to bandage his leg first, but that thought soon flew out of her head. Jarrett reached for her, positioning her so she stood between his spread thighs. With his hands on her hips, he swirled his tongue around one of her nipples. Her breath caught when he flicked it with the tip of his tongue before he sucked it inside his mouth. As he suckled at her breast, she threaded her fingers through his hair and pressed closer.

With each pull of his mouth her pussy rippled with pleasure. "That feels good," she murmured on a scant breath.

A moan escaped her lips when Jarrett cupped her bottom in his hands and kneaded the twin globes of flesh. Wetness gathered between her legs to leak down the inside of her thighs as he switched his attention to her other breast. One of his hands left her bottom and came around to rest on her hip before he trailed his fingers down to her pussy. She tightened her grip on his hair while Jarrett's fingers delved between the folds of her sex. As he stroked her clit, Hatmehyt moaned and her hips jerked.

Jarrett released her breast and looked at her when he pushed one finger inside her core. "You're so wet. I want to be inside you, but I want to taste you first."

He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her down onto the bed. Jarrett rolled her to her back and urged her to the middle of it. His lips claimed hers in a heated kiss while one of his thighs came to rest between her legs. Hatmehyt ground her pussy against it, moaning into his mouth.

Jarrett trailed kisses along her jaw and down to the side of her neck, licking and sucking the delicate flesh there before moving downward. Kissing the top of her shoulder, he undid the tie on his short leg coverings then pushed them down past his hips and off. Hatmehyt reached down and wrapped her hand around his engorged cock, finding him thick and hard. She pumped her hand up and down his length as her hips rocked against him. She couldn't wait to have it buried deep inside her.

With a groan, Jarrett pulled her hand off his cock. "That feels too good. If you keep that up I'll come before I'm inside you."

Continuing his downward path, Jarrett made his way down to her breasts. He took the time to suck each of her nipples into his mouth before he left them to trace his tongue down her ribs to her stomach. His tongue flicked inside her bellybutton as he shifted and settled between her legs. Jarrett's breath tickled the inside of her thigh when he moved even lower.

Her fingers dug into the mattress at the first swipe of his tongue along her sex. Hatmehyt lifted her hips as he stroked her with his tongue from bottom to top, then swirled it around her clit. He lapped at her pussy while her moans filled the chamber. They increased in volume when Jarrett pushed one finger then a second inside her and pumped them in and out. He sucked on her clit, causing her body to coil even tighter. With her hands fisted in his hair, she pulled, trying to urge him back up.

Jarrett gave her pussy one last lick before he climbed up her body. Hatmehyt took hold of his cock and brushed the head of it against her. As he rocked his hips between her legs, she positioned his cock at her entrance and pushed down. Jarrett surged inside her with one thrust, filling her to capacity. With his weight rested on his bent arms, he pulled back until he was almost free of her body only to push back inside. His cock hardened even more while he pumped his hips between her legs. The feel of his thick shaft stroking her clit with each thrust sent shockwaves of pleasure through her pussy.

Hatmehyt wrapped her legs around Jarrett's waist as he pumped into her harder, faster. The sound of their heavy breathing filled the chamber. With her strong inner walls clenched around his cock, she angled her hips, meeting each of his strokes. Going up on his hands, Jarrett lifted his upper body off her. He pounded into her while her climax inched closer, then she was there. She clutched at his biceps as her body spasmed around his cock, squeezing him in a tight fist. Jarrett threw back his head in a groan and stiffened above her, his cock pulsing deep inside her as he came.

Jarrett collapsed on top of her while they both fought to regain their breath. Hatmehyt held him tight. With her emotions in turmoil, she stroked his back. He was the one. He was her mate. As they had made love she'd felt the mating bond form between them. His being her mate explained why her body burst into flames with the first brush of his hand, and why she'd been drawn to him in the first place. They had been fated to be together.

Hatmehyt was thrilled that she had finally found him, but taking Jarrett to be her mate would more than complicate her life. As a fish-goddess, she had never felt comfortable living on the surface, be it in the mortal or immortal realm. She felt more at home living in her undersea chamber, able to shape shift to her dolphin form and swim with the other animals of the sea. She didn't do well on land for any length of time.

Lifting some of his weight off her, Jarrett brushed her lips with his. "That was amazing. You even managed to make me forget about my sore leg."

"Your leg," she exclaimed. "It needs to be bandaged."

She pushed at Jarrett's shoulder until he rolled onto his back. Hatmehyt gently turned his wounded leg toward her. It had started to bleed again. What kind of mate would she be if she couldn't even remember to take care of him when injured? She also had to remember he was mortal.

Her brows drew together as she thought of his mortality. Only a minor goddess, she didn't have the power to make him immortal. How could Jarrett be her true mate if she couldn't grant him immortality? The answer was simple—it would never be possible. Even though it hurt to think about it, she knew she would have to give him up. They may have been destined to be mates, but she couldn't see how it could work. He couldn't survive under the water and she could never thrive on land.

Jarrett cupped her cheek in his hand. "Hatmehyt? Is something the matter? You look kind of sad."

She shook her head. "It's nothing. Come. I have to clean your wound again. I'll do it over by the brazier."

When they slipped off her bed and moved to the mound of pillows on the floor next to the brazier, she waved her hand toward it to light it. She also willed another bowl of warm fresh water, a clean cloth and a long strip of linen to use as a bandage. Jarrett limped noticeably when he walked. Hatmehyt got him to lay on the pillows while she dipped the cloth in the water and squeezed out the excess. She wiped the wound and examined it closely. It didn't look as if it had started to become infected, at least not yet. Jarrett winced when she cleaned it and then wrapped the bandage around his leg.

"How did it look?" Jarrett asked as she secured the bandage by tying the ends into a knot.

"It's fairly deep. You'll probably end up with a scar."

He smiled. "I don't mind. Whenever I look at it I'll be reminded of you."

Climbing onto the pillows next to him, she didn't say anything in response to his comment. The thought of him needing to be reminded of her didn't sit too well. When he left her, she wanted him to always remember their time spent together. To do that, she knew she would have to convince him to stay with her, at least for a little while. The more they made love the closer their bond would become. It would hurt her to let him go, but she wanted the memories they would make here. She needed them since they would have to last her through the long lonely centuries she would have to face without Jarrett.

She moved to lay against his side with her head pillowed on his chest. Hatmehyt placed her hand over his heart, which beat strong and steady. "Stay with me, Jarrett."

"You want me to stay here with you?"

"Yes."

"I don't know if that would be such a good idea," Jarrett said slowly. "I don't live in Egypt. I'm only here on vacation, Hatmehyt. If I don't return to the hotel, the place where I'm staying, they're bound to notice I've gone missing. I'm sure the people at the dive center where I rented the diving equipment will be the first to mark my disappearance when I don't return it on time."

"I thought you would want to spend more time with me."

"I do." Jarrett put his hand under her chin and forced her to look up. "I do want to spend time with you. I've never been as attracted to a woman as I am to you. How about a compromise?" He gave her a sexy grin. "Why don't we go spend the rest of the day, and the night, in my hotel room? I had planned to spend most of my vacation diving, but the idea of spending it in my room with you appeals to me more."

If only she could, but Hatmehyt knew she wouldn't last an hour on land before she started to become anxious to return to the water. "I can't, Jarrett. I would never survive being on land for that long."

"The beach is just outside my hotel room. You could always take a quick dip in the sea then come back inside," he coaxed.

"You don't understand. It isn't that I *need* to be in the water to survive. I can't stay on the land. I just can't." Her last words came out sounding a bit desperate.

Jarrett moved her so she lay sprawled on top of him. He cupped her face in his hands. "It's okay, Hatmehyt. I understand. It's more a mental thing than a physical. I get it."

"Then you know why I can't be with you at your hotel room."

"Yes." His gaze ran over her face. "But I'm not ready to leave you. I can't explain it, but for some reason I *need* to be with you. I know we just met, and I really don't understand much about you, but I can't for the life of me walk away."

Hatmehyt closed her eyes. Jarrett was feeling their mating bond as well. She wanted to tell him exactly why he felt the things he did, but she knew she wouldn't. It would be better if he never learned they were mates. She opened her eyes and gave him a small smile. "Then will you stay here with me?"

Jarrett brushed his thumb along Hatmehyt's full bottom lip. Should he stay? His body yelled *hell yes*, but his mind still hadn't decided. If not for the fact that he was

booked into a hotel that would notice his absence, and the fact that he'd gotten a chunk taken out of his leg by a shark, Jarrett would have had no reservations about staying. Even now his leg throbbed, but he didn't know if that was from infection setting in or from Hatymehyt cleaning it.

He looked up at her and sighed. He couldn't leave. The thought of never seeing her again caused an ache in his chest. He wanted her, God how he wanted her. With her on top of him like this, his cock had already started to rise to the occasion between them. Then there was the very real need he felt to be near Hatymehyt. He found it wasn't something he could so easily ignore.

"Fine, I'll stay. I'll probably have a lot to answer for when I do eventually go back to the hotel, but right now, I don't care."

Hatmehyt placed a kiss on his chin. "I'll take care of you." She placed a light kiss on his lips. "I promise." She kissed him again. "I can already feel you have need of me." With a little wiggle she brushed against his cock.

"Mmmm, I do need you. I have an ache only you can take away, the sooner the better." Jarrett brought his hands down to her ass and held her tight as he ground his erection against her.

"I think that can be arranged."

Their lips came together in a hard open-mouthed kiss. Jarrett pushed his tongue inside as he tasted her. The feel of her naked skin pressed against his pushed his arousal even higher. God, how he wanted this woman, this goddess. He couldn't seem to get enough of her. The more he kissed her, touched her, made love to her, the closer he felt to Hatmehyt. It was almost as if another part of them came together when they joined their bodies, bringing them closer.

While Hatmehyt sucked on his tongue, Jarrett urged her to straddle his thighs. Once she did, he reached between them until he found her pussy. Still wet from their earlier lovemaking, he drew some of the wetness out of her core with his finger and swirled it around her clit. Her hips jerked as he plucked at the center of her pleasure.

When she moaned into his mouth, he slipped two fingers inside her wet passage. He groaned at the feel of her strong inner walls squeezing down around them.

Jarrett released her mouth and urged her to move up higher. "You make me ache for you, Hatmehyt," he said with a moan.

Her hands came to rest on the pillows on either side of his head, supporting her upper body above him. With his fingers still buried deep inside her, he cupped a breast in his other hand. He took her nipple between his teeth and lightly tugged before he sucked it inside his mouth. Hatmehyt cried out when he pumped his fingers in and out while he drew hard on her nipple.

His cock hardened even more when she started to ride his fingers, matching his strokes. He let his head settle deeper into the pillows so he could watch Hatmehyt's face. She had her eyes closed with her lips slightly parted while she moved up and down. When he pulled his fingers out of her pussy, she opened her eyes and watched as he ran them along the length of his shaft, coating himself with her wetness. With her gaze locked on his hand, Jarrett fisted his cock and pumped it up and down. He sucked in a breath when her tongue came out and licked her lips.

Going up on her knees, Hatmehyt positioned herself above his cock. Jarrett kept his hand fisted on the base of his erection while she slowly took the head of his shaft inside her pussy. He gritted his teeth as an intense wave of pleasure washed through him when she moved her hips in a circular motion. He arched his back off the pillows for her to take more of him, but she kept her legs locked only allowing the head of his cock to move in and out.

Jarrett panted, fighting the need to sheath himself to the hilt inside her. When he thought he couldn't take any more, Hatmehyt pulled his hand away from his cock and pushed down until she'd impaled herself on his full length. They both moaned as she arched her back to take him even deeper. Knowing he wouldn't last very long, he took hold of her hips and pushed up into her, matching her strokes. She kept the pace slow and steady, drawing groans of pleasure from them both.

On the verge of exploding, Jarrett reached between them where their bodies were joined. He stroked her clit. The sight of his cock moving in and out of her pussy almost made him come then and there. Determined to make her reach her pleasure first, he continued to stroke her as she rode him faster. Then, her inner walls fluttering, clamping down around his cock, she started to come. Jarrett lifted up into her one final time and bellowed as he started to climax. He arched his back, almost lifting Hatmehyt off the pillows, filling her with his cum.

When the last waves of pleasure receded, Jarrett pulled Hatmehyt down onto his chest, wrapping his arms around her. His eyes started to flutter shut. Satiated and tired, he started to drift off to sleep. Before he completely succumbed, a single word echoed inside his head—mine. Hatmehyt was his. Somehow he would have to find a way to keep her, because he didn't think he could ever give her up.

Chapter Three

Hatmehyt stood beside the bed and watched Jarrett sleep. After he'd taken a short nap, they had made love again on the pillows. Before they had moved back to the bed, she'd willed some food to her chamber. As a goddess her body did not require food as Jarrett's did. She hadn't known how arousing it could be to feed a mortal, especially when that mortal happened to be her mate. Having Jarrett eat from her hand while he licked any food that remained behind off her fingers turned out to be the most erotic thing she had ever done. And it wasn't that he just ate the food she had given him. He purposely allowed some of it to fall on her body, which he then licked away. He'd soon had her flat on her back with his head between her legs eating her instead of the food she offered.

Just thinking about it made her legs quiver and her pussy ache. Jarrett stirred in his sleep. He grimaced and moved his injured leg under the sheet. Hatmehyt lifted the sheet away to look at it. The bandage still covered the wound, but when she placed her hand over it, it felt warm. Too warm. It could only mean one thing—his wound was becoming infected. Not wanting to poke and prod at him while he slept, she moved the sheet back. She'd have to look at his wound again once he woke up.

She let her gaze run over his body and up to his handsome face. She'd originally thought she could easily send him on his way even though they had bonded, but now she wasn't so certain. Her feelings for him were too strong. She didn't think she could go back to living alone in her chamber as she had. Despite knowing she risked falling in love with Jarrett because he was her mate, the one destined to be hers, Hatmehyt had foolishly thought she'd be able to keep her heart safe. She'd underestimated the mating bond. When Jarrett left he would take her heart with him.

Her head awhirl with thoughts of what she should do about Jarrett, Hatmehyt climbed into the bed next to him. She cuddled up against his side and lay down. Inside her head she ran through all the possibilities of how she could keep Jarrett as hers. The first thing she had to do was to somehow convince one of the other gods to grant him immortality since she could not. The name of one god came to mind—Ra. Hatmehyt had shunned the other gods and goddesses for so long she doubted any but Ra would listen to her plea.

She then thought about her inability to handle living on land. She would be willing to try to adjust for Jarrett if it meant they could be together, but she couldn't leave the sea completely. She couldn't give up her beloved Red Sea. Jarrett had said he'd come to Egypt on vacation, she wasn't sure exactly what that word meant, but she had no idea where his home was.

Feeling more confused about what she wanted to do than not, Hatmehyt closed her eyes. Jarrett groaned in his sleep and a sense of unease shot down her spine. She had a feeling Jarrett's leg would get much worse the longer he stayed in her underwater home. It made her wish she had the ability to heal wounds like some goddesses did. Unable to do anything for her mate, she snuggled closer and drifted off into a fitful sleep.

* * * * *

Jarrett came awake with a start. At first he didn't remember where he was, but when he looked around and saw the brightly painted hieroglyphs on the walls the events of the day before came back to him in a rush. He turned to look at the spot next to him on the bed hoping to find Hatmehyt still asleep, but her side of the bed was empty. A quick scan of the chamber revealed it was empty as well.

Knowing the only other place Hatmehyt could be was in the pool, he sat up in bed. He sucked in a breath when a sharp pain shot through his wounded leg. He bent his knee and looked down at the cloth bandage Hatmehyt had wrapped around his calf. As

he untied the knot and started to unwind it, he felt the heat that came off his skin from around the wound. Warning bells started to go off. That couldn't be good.

With the bandage removed, Jarrett saw his worry hadn't been unfounded. The area around the wound was swollen. The torn edges were red and angry looking. When he lightly squeezed, pus seeped out confirming his leg had become infected.

Jarrett swung it over the side of the bed and stood. Seeing his swimsuit lay on the floor at his feet, he picked it up and carefully pulled it on. With most of his weight on his uninjured leg, he painfully limped over to the pool. Hatmehyt wasn't there either. He sat down on the edge while he thought over his options. He could either stay with her as he'd promised and think of a way to get rid of the infection himself, or he had to leave and have the doctor at the hotel look at it. Yes, the leg had become infected, but it didn't look too bad, at least he didn't think it did. He *could* give it another day and see how things went from there.

He dipped his other leg in the pool's water. Swirling the water around, he breathed in the sea salted air. Salt. Jarrett stilled as he thought about the salt water that filled the pool. Salt was known to disinfect wounds. Maybe if he gave his wounded leg a good soak in the sea water it would take some of the infection away. Jarrett knew it would hurt like a bugger, but if it kept it from getting further infected he figured it would be well worth the pain.

Jarrett held his injured leg over the water and sucked in a couple of deep breaths. He gripped the edge of the pool tightly with both hands and shoved his leg into the water before he could talk himself out of it. "Son of a bitch!" he yelled. It felt as if someone had taken a red-hot poker to his wound and held it there.

He continued to swear a blue streak while he forced himself to keep his leg submerged. So focused on his pain, he didn't at first notice Hatmehyt enter the pool in her dolphin form. She broke the surface of the water next to him and shifted back to human form.

"What are you doing, Jarrett? You look very pale."

Through gritted teeth, he said, "My leg is infected. I'm hoping the salt water will help get rid of it."

"But doesn't that hurt?"

"Yes. Very much."

Hatmehyt pulled herself out of the pool and sat beside him. "Then take it out of the water."

Unable to take the pain anymore, Jarrett yanked his leg out and placed it on the side of the pool. He then squeezed the wound. More pus came out along with a small amount of blood. Hatmehyt moved to hover over his leg. He noticed she now wore a tight fitting sea-blue linen sheath dress, which barely covered the tops of her breasts. If not for the searing pain in his leg, Jarrett would have pulled her to him to see how easy it would be to get her out of it.

He met Hatmehyt's worried gaze. "It's going to be okay."

She shook her head. "What if the infection gets worse?"

"Then I'll have to return to the hotel."

Hatmehyt stood and reached for his hand. "Let me help you back to bed. You're probably hungry, and I should put a clean bandage on your leg as well."

Jarrett let her help him up. When she wrapped her arm around his waist he put his around her slim shoulders. He couldn't help but notice how well she fit under his arm. He also couldn't help but notice how sad Hatmehyt had looked when he'd said he would have to return to the hotel if the infection worsened. Hoping to lighten her mood, he said, "I am hungry. Maybe you would like to hand-feed me again." He wiggled his eyebrows.

She gave him a half-smile as she led him over to the bed. "Not this time."

"Ah, you're no fun."

"Maybe later, after you have eaten and rested and I've taken care of your leg."

He grunted as he sat down and pulled himself onto the middle of the bed. "I'm not tired. Maybe you would like to kiss my leg better, as well as the rest of me."

A smile tugged at Hatmehyt's lips. Getting him to bend his knee, she placed his foot flat on the bed. "Would that take your pain away?"

"Most definitely."

"We shall see then."

While she worked on his leg, Jarrett asked, "Where were you?"

"I went for a swim near the reef."

He watched Hatmehyt meet his gaze before she quickly looked away. "And?"

She sighed. "There were other mortals swimming at the reef. They were dressed in the same strange outer skin you wore. They appeared to be looking for something."

So the hotel had already sent out a search party. Jarrett knew when they didn't find his body, which he presumed they were looking for, they would contact his next of kin back in Canada. Luckily for him, or not depending on how you wanted to look at it, his only next of kin was his older brother whom he hadn't spoken to in over eight years. The last time he'd seen his brother had been at their mother's funeral. As for his father, he'd taken off when Jarrett had been five and they hadn't heard from him since.

"They're looking for me," he said softly.

"I know."

Hatmehyt seemed to withdraw into herself. When she tied the last knot on his bandage, Jarrett pulled her up beside him. He tipped up her chin. "Look at me, Hatmehyt. I'm not going to leave just because they've already started to search for me. I promised I would stay. To be honest, I don't think I can leave you now. Ridiculous as this may sound, it would be like I left a piece of myself behind. I never thought of myself as the type of man able to fall in love so quickly, but I think I love you, Hatmehyt."

Having worked up the courage to make his declaration of love to Hatmehyt, Jarrett watched with dismay when she got off the bed and stood with her back toward him. He flopped back on the bed and threw an arm over his eyes. Now he'd gone and done it. He should have kept his mouth shut, but he had been so sure Hatmehyt felt the same way he did. He was an idiot. Did he really think an immortal Egyptian goddess could ever love a mortal? Not wanting Hatmehyt to kick him out when he wasn't yet ready to leave, he opened his mouth to do some backpedaling.

Before he could say anything Hatmehyt turned back around and whispered, "I love you, too."

Jarrett sat up. "What did you just say?"

"I said I love you."

For someone who had just professed her love, Hatmehyt didn't look overjoyed about it. "But?"

Hatmehyt shifted from one foot to the other. "How old are you, Jarrett?"

He blinked at the sudden change in the topic of conversation. "I'm thirty-two. What does that have to do with your loving me?"

She wrapped her arms across her stomach. "You're mortal."

"I'm very aware of that fact."

Hatmehyt took a deep breath and then said in a rush, "We are mates. That's why we fell in love with each other so quickly. But I can't give you immortality like some other goddesses. If I had that ability we could have the forever together that we're meant to have. I'm willing to try to live on the surface with you, but I won't leave the Red Sea. I won't leave Egypt. Even then I don't know if I'll be strong enough to stay on land."

Jarrett inched over to the edge of the bed and put his feet on the floor. He tugged Hatmehyt onto his lap. "Whoa, slow down. Let's take it one step at a time. Okay?" When she nodded, he asked, "So we're mates?"

"Yes. I knew it the first time we made love and the mating bond formed between us. That's why we don't want to be separated from each other."

Hearing her tell him they were mates sent a thrill through Jarrett. It also made him feel better to know he wasn't losing it, that what he felt for her was indeed real. If they were mates then he didn't have to give her up and Hatmehyt could be his. His thoughts then went to the second part of what she had said. "Now what is this about some goddesses being able to give mortals immortality?"

"They have the power to turn their mortal mates immortal. I'm only a minor goddess so my powers aren't as strong as others'. My powers have more to do with the creatures of the sea. If I had such a power I would have asked you right from the start to be my mate."

Jarrett brought her lips down to his and gave her a light kiss. That Hatmehyt would have offered him immortality if she were able sent a warm feeling washing through him. "I would have said yes. And if it were possible, I would want forever with you too."

"There may still be a way to give us that."

"How?"

"I would have to contact Ra and ask him to grant you immortality."

"Ra is the ruler of the Egyptian gods?"

"Yes. I could ask some of the other gods or goddesses to help us, but I've kept to myself for so long I doubt any of them would except for Ra."

"Then ask him."

"And if he says he will do it? What then? You would have to give up everything to be with me. Your home. Your family."

He chuckled. "That wouldn't be much of a hardship, Hatmehyt. I wouldn't mind not going back to Canada. I know I won't miss the cold, snowy winters. I really don't have much in the way of family, just an older brother who hates my guts and whom I

never see. I have a good chunk of money saved. I think it would be enough to buy us a secluded place on the beach. I'm willing to do whatever it takes to keep you."

"And if it works out I can't stay on land?"

"Then we'll split our time between our house on the land and your underwater chamber. We can make this work."

"You would be willing to do all that for me?" she asked softly.

"Of course. That is what people in love do, isn't it? They willingly make changes in their lives so they can live with the one they love."

With a small cry, Hatmehyt leaned against him and brought her mouth down onto his. Jarrett fell back on the bed with her in his arms as she plunged her tongue past his lips. While her tongue swept the inside of his mouth, she shifted until she was on her hands and knees above him. Jarrett used his elbows to pull himself to the center of the bed. Hatmehyt followed keeping her lips locked with his. Now that they knew how they felt for each other, Jarrett's need for her pounded swiftly through him.

The pain in his leg forgotten, he kissed her back with all the love he felt. Angling his lips across hers, he increased the pressure of his mouth. Hatmehyt moaned as he sucked on her tongue, the sound causing his cock to grow hard inside his swimsuit. Jarrett knew she would always have this effect on him. No matter how many times he took her he would want more.

He ran his hands down the sides and back of her dress, searching for a zipper or some kind of fastener so he could undo it and slip it off. When he didn't find a fastener of any kind, he said against her lips, "Tell me how to get this off you."

She took his bottom lip between her teeth and tugged before she answered. "Like this."

A wave of her hand and Hatmehyt's dress disappeared. With another wave, Jarrett found himself equally naked. "That is one power I wish I had," he said before he claimed her lips once again.

Hatmehyt's mouth left his and trailed down to his chin. She nipped him there before she dragged her tongue down his throat to his chest. His cock jerked when she licked his nipple with the flat of her tongue before she took the small nub between her teeth. Jarrett couldn't hold back a moan of pleasure when she did the same to his other one.

He lifted his head off the mattress to watch her make her way down his abs. He groaned when she brought her mouth level with his fully erect cock. She licked her lips then used a finger to rub the bead of pre-cum that sat on the very tip into his skin. All the blood in his body seemed to rush to his erection when she wrapped her hand around his shaft and licked him from base to tip. The sight of her tongue swirling around the head of his cock made him lift his hips toward her. When she opened her mouth and finally took him inside, Jarrett let his head fall back. He closed his eyes and focused on the pleasurable sensations that swept through him while she sucked his cock.

The feel of her sucking, taking as much as she could manage inside her mouth made his cock harden painfully. Unable to control himself, Jarrett rocked his hips and pushed more of his length past her lips. It was almost too much. As if she sensed it wouldn't take much to send him into an orgasm, Hatmehyt gave him a last lick before she moved up his body. Jarrett grabbed her around the waist and flipped her to her back. He bit back a groan when he felt a painful pulling sensation on his wound. Pushing the pain away, he positioned himself between her legs and sheathed himself to the hilt with one hard thrust.

Cupping her ass in his hands, he lifted her hips as he pounded into her. Hatmehyt wrapped her legs around his waist, clamping her inner muscles around his shaft. Jarrett rode her hard and fast all the while his climax edged nearer. From the small sounds Hatmehyt made as he thrust, Jarrett knew it wouldn't be long before she too found her release. Increasing his pace, he slammed into her. Her legs tightened around his waist when he felt her fall over the edge. With a keening moan, her pussy squeezed his cock

in a tight fist while she came. Jarrett pushed into her one final time, his cock emptying itself deep inside her core.

Jarrett collapsed on top of Hatmehyt and kissed the side of her neck. His leg throbbed painfully, but he ignored it. He kept their bodies joined and rolled them to their sides with Hatmehyt's leg over his hip. Once he could breathe normally again he asked, "So when do you want to try to contact Ra?"

"You truly want to be my mate?"

He rolled his eyes. "Of course I do. I want to have forever with you as well. I love you." He flexed his hips. "Do I have to show you again how much you mean to me?"

She smiled. "Yes, but I don't think you're quite up to the job yet."

Jarrett cringed. "Now that's harsh. Give me a minute and I'll show you exactly how *up* I am for the job."

Hatmehyt squeezed her inner muscles around his semi-hard cock. "I can feel there is potential, but I think I'll get you something to eat first. You'll need to keep your strength up, along with other things."

He kissed the tip of her nose. "We definitely don't want me to get weak and food is exactly what I need. I'm thinking seafood this time. Some lobster, fresh fish and most definitely some oysters to keep my stamina going."

She kissed his cheek before she leapt out of bed. "That can be arranged. And I won't have to use my powers to get them. I'll catch them for you myself."

Before Jarrett could say anything more Hatmehyt ran to the pool and dove in. When she surfaced, she'd already shifted into her dolphin form. With a flick of her tail, she dove under the water once more and disappeared.

Jarrett smiled and shook his head. It was a good thing he liked the water as much as Hatmehyt. Now alone, he pulled his injured leg closer and looked down at the bandage. A fair-sized patch of blood discolored it. He knew he probably had reopened the wound while he'd made love to Hatmehyt. The blood proved it. Pulling the sheet up to

cover his injured leg and hips, Jarrett knew he couldn't let Hatmehyt see the blood. It would only make her worry even more. He would just have to keep her mind on more pleasurable things to distract her.

Chapter Four

Hatmehyt returned to her chamber to find Jarrett snoozing. She woke him up with a kiss then proudly showed him the large lobster she'd managed to catch. Along with the lobster she had also found six oysters. Jarrett had given her a kiss for each one of her catches.

The oysters and lobster, which she had cooked over the brazier, Jarrett ate with relish. After his meal she decided to give him a bath since going into the pool with his wound would only cause him more pain. Willing a large bowl of fresh warm water, a scented bar of soap and a cloth at the side of the bed, she proceeded to bathe him. She had planned to wash his hair as well, but they never made it that far. She'd barely finished washing his body before Jarrett had her on the bed under him as he joined their bodies.

They ended up making love for most of the day. In between bouts of mind-blowing sex they talked. Jarrett spoke of his life back in Canada, and about his mother who had died. His brother, Hatmehyt couldn't blame Jarrett for not wanting anything to do with him. As Jarrett said, his brother seemed to be no big loss. She told him stories about Egypt of old, and about how the gods used to walk among the mortals who had once worshipped them.

Once night fell, she'd snuggled up beside Jarrett and slept. She'd only been asleep for an hour when she was awoken by Jarrett's moans. With a wave of her hand she relit the torches on the wall closest to the bed. Hatmehyt lifted herself up on one elbow and stared down at her mate. His cheeks were unnaturally flushed. Waves of heat rolled off his body even though his teeth chattered while he shivered. Placing her palm on his forehead, she found it hot to the touch. A chill ran down her spine. She'd once seen a mortal die from such a fever after being wounded in battle.

Scared at what she would find, Hatmehyt pulled the sheet away from Jarrett's injured leg. She swallowed when she saw the large patch of blood that marred the bandage's pristine whiteness. Quickly undoing the knots, she tried to unwind it, but the bandage had dried to the wound. Hatmehyt knew she'd do more damage if she just pulled it off. Slipping off the bed, she willed a dress on her body. She then moved to Jarrett's side and gently shook his shoulder.

"Jarrett, wake up."

He blinked at her with fever bright eyes. "I'm cold."

"I know. I have to soak the bandage off your leg. It may hurt. I think you have wound fever, but I don't know what to do to help you."

His teeth chattered together when he spoke. "We...need to bring...the fever down. Cold...water."

Hatmehyt pulled the sheets up to Jarrett's chin and willed a large bowl of cold water to her side. When a cloth appeared in her hand, she dipped it into the water and wrung it out before she folded it and placed it on his forehead. With another cloth she soaked the bandage from his leg. Jarrett moaned with pain when she was able to pull it free. Her heart dropped at the sight of the festering wound. Pus ran from it when she gently probed.

For the remainder of the night she bathed Jarrett's forehead with cold water hoping it would bring down his fever. It didn't work. While dawn broke on the surface, Jarrett started to thrash on the bed as his fever spiked even higher.

Knowing if she didn't do something soon he would die, Hatmehyt couldn't hold off contacting Ra any longer. With Jarrett's hand held in hers, she focused inside herself and called out to the ruler of the Egyptian gods. "Ra, hear me," she said out loud. "I have need of you. My mate is very ill. I ask that you grant him immortality. He already gave his consent before falling ill. Please do for him what I can't."

She fell silent and waited to hear Ra's response, but no answer came.

With tears streaming down her face, Hatmehyt tried one more time. "I beg of you, Ra. Please save my mate."

When she still didn't get a response, she closed her eyes and sank to the floor next to the bed. Ra hadn't listened to her plea. A sob rose in her throat. For some reason Ra had forsaken her. If he wouldn't help her in her time of need, what were the chances that he would listen to her at all?

Jarrett said something unintelligible as he thrashed on the bed again. Wiping her tears away, Hatmehyt knew she only had one option left if she were to save his life. She pulled the sheet off him and willed his short leg coverings back on his body. She then willed on the strange outer skin he'd worn out in the water. That done she somehow managed to get him out of the bed and into her pool. Next she willed the heavy metal tank onto his back along with the mask he'd worn on his face and the fins on his feet. Before she shifted to her dolphin form, she gave Jarrett one last kiss before she put the tank's mouthpiece into his mouth.

With Jarrett's wrist in her jaws, Hatmehyt towed him through the underwater entrance and out into the open sea. As she swam toward shore, she hoped she picked the right beach, and that someone would find Jarrett quickly. When the water became too shallow for her to swim in as a dolphin, Hatmehyt shifted to her human form and dragged Jarrett up onto the beach. She looked toward the large building that sat not too far from the water. There appeared to be a few people milling about in the distance. Someone would spot Jarrett here, she hoped.

Not wanting to be seen, Hatmehyt quickly pulled the tank off Jarrett's back and took the mouthpiece out of his mouth before she rolled him onto his back on the sand. She kissed him again, then whispered, "I love you. I'll never forget you." Telling herself this was the only way, she ran back into the sea.

* * * * *

Jarrett came slowly awake with someone shaking his shoulder. He fought to open his eyes when all he wanted to do was go back to sleep.

"Wake up now, Mr. Calder. I need you to wake up."

He blinked several times until the face of a man came into focus. "Where am I?"

The man smiled. "You're in the hospital."

Jarrett had no recollection of ending up in a hospital. The last thing he remembered was being with... "Hatmehyt," he said out loud.

"No," the man said. "I'm Dr. Hassan. You are one lucky man, Mr. Calder. The shark bite you received was a nasty one. I'm happy to say we were able to save your leg and surgically remove the infection."

He listened to the doctor with half an ear. Hatmehyt must have taken him to the surface when his fever had worsened. But why hadn't she stayed? He needed to get back to her, to let her know he would be all right. He tried to sit up, but the doctor easily pushed him back down. "I need to leave."

The doctor shook his head. "You're not going anywhere for the next couple of days. You still need to be given antibiotics to ensure the infection does not come back. What do you remember about what happened? You were missing for two days."

Jarrett looked down at his arm where a thin tube ran from the top of his hand to an IV drip. He shook his head. "A bull shark attacked me, but a dolphin came and drove it away. After that..." He let his words fall away. He wasn't about to tell the doctor anything about his time spent with Hatmehyt. For one thing the doctor would think he'd lost his mind if he started talking about the Egyptian goddess who lived in a nearby undersea chamber who had saved him. "How was I found?"

The doctor smiled. "It is normal when a person goes through a traumatic experience to have their mind block some of it. One of the staff at your hotel found you unconscious on the beach just after dawn."

So Hatmehyt had to have taken him to the beach. She must have thought returning him to the surface would be the only way to save him. She also must be worried sick about him. It made the need to return to her that much stronger. "How long have I been here?"

"Three days."

"Three days?" he asked with disbelief.

"You have been very sick, Mr. Calder. I know you are anxious to leave the hospital, and that you are scheduled to return to Canada in a few days. I strongly suggest you use the remainder of your stay here to rest and recuperate. I'll come by later this evening to check in on you before I leave for the day."

Jarrett nodded absentmindedly. Three days. He'd been in the hospital for three days already with at least another two to go. Did Hatmehyt think he was dead? She could since he'd yet to return to her. It chafed being stuck in the hospital when all he wanted was to be with her. Knowing he couldn't do anything about it, Jarrett relaxed against the pillows on the bed. Right now he felt as weak as a kitten. Determined to change that as fast as he possibly could, he closed his eyes and let the lethargy he suddenly felt overtake him.

* * * * *

Jarrett put his last two days in the hospital to good use. In between sleeping and eating, he set plans into motion for his immigration to Egypt. The first thing he did was call his work to tell them he had been injured and that he would return to Canada when he could. He didn't want to resign from his job over the phone.

His leg though sore, slowly started to heal. Even though he'd been ordered by the doctor to keep off his leg as much as possible, Jarrett took every opportunity he could to exercise it. He limped around his hospital room until his leg started to throb. He needed it to be stronger to make the swim back to Hatmehyt's underwater chamber.

On the morning he was to be released, Jarrett sat on his bed impatiently waiting for his doctor to come see him one last time. After the doctor okayed him to leave he would head back to his hotel, which he'd arranged to stay at for another week.

Dr. Hassan didn't keep him waiting long. He changed the dressing on Jarrett's leg before he gave him some last-minute instructions. "Keep the wound covered for the next couple of days then you can remove the bandage. And be sure to keep it dry, even in the shower."

"So going swimming in the sea is out?" Jarrett asked.

"I wouldn't recommend it," the doctor said with a smile. "I've already signed the forms for your release so you can leave any time. Come back to the hospital if it looks as if the infection has returned. Other than that, I hope you enjoy the rest of your vacation."

Jarrett couldn't get out of the hospital fast enough. The taxi ride back to his hotel seemed to take forever. Thoughts of Hatmehyt bounced around inside his head. He couldn't wait to see her again. She'd never strayed far from his thoughts the whole time he'd been stuck in the hospital. He'd even dreamed about her at night, of taking her into his arms as he made love to her. Each morning he woke up with his cock hard and achy.

On the way up to his hotel room, he stopped at the gift shop and asked for some of their plastic bags. He also bought a roll of thick clear packing tape. Once up in his room he didn't waste any time changing into his swimsuit. He cut up one of the plastic bags and wrapped it around his leg before he used the packing tape to secure it to his skin. Satisfied it should keep his wound dry under a wetsuit, he headed out to the dive center.

It took more than a little convincing on his part to get the guy to allow him to rent the equipment he wanted, but in the end Jarrett prevailed. Suited up and ready to go, he headed for the beach and out into the water.

Jarrett swam to the coral reef. This time he kept his eye out for any sharks that might be in the area. When he arrived at the reef, he headed in what he thought was the direction of the underwater entrance to Hatmehyt's chamber. After twenty minutes of searching and he still hadn't found it, Jarrett realized he didn't really know where it was. He'd gotten pretty turned around the day the shark had attacked him, and then he'd been too worried about where the dolphin was taking him to pay too much attention to his surroundings.

Not daunted in the least, Jarrett continued to search for the tunnel. He knew it had to be near here somewhere. He also kept an eye out for any dolphins, hoping Hatmehyt would find him while she swam in her dolphin form.

When minutes turned into an hour, he began to question whether he would be able to find the entrance at all. Still unable to give up the search, Jarrett swam in and around the coral reef until he could hardly move his wounded leg and he'd almost run out of air. He limped back to the dive center and arranged to go back out after he'd had some food and water.

As Jarrett ate his lunch inside his hotel room, he tried not to think about what he would do if he couldn't find Hatmehyt. He shook his head. He wouldn't allow thoughts like that to get the better of him. He *would* find her. If only there was something or someone who could point him in the right direction. For some reason that thought brought Ra's name to mind. Jarrett, not one for turning to a higher power in his time of need, wondered if he called Ra would he get an answer in return. At this point he was willing to try anything.

He cleared his throat before he talked to the room at large. "Ra, I don't know if you can hear me, I really do need your help. Help me find Hatmehyt. Help me to return to my mate. I don't care if you grant me immortality or not. I just want to share what I have left of my life with Hatmehyt."

Jarrett fell silent. As he expected, no godly voice answered his plea. He snorted. Of course Ra wouldn't answer. Why would he? Mortals didn't believe he even existed so why would Ra take the time to listen to one such as him.

After he gave his food some time to digest, Jarrett headed back out to the beach. His injured leg ached abominably, but he wouldn't give up in his search for Hatmehyt's chamber. They were mates, and he wasn't going to let a little thing like his not knowing where to find it keep them apart.

Clad in a wetsuit, Jarrett carried his air tank over one shoulder and his fins in one hand as he limped his way to a less used part of the beach. He had enough daylight left that if he didn't find the cave with this tank of air he could try again. It would wear him out and have him risking the chance of the infection returning, but he would count it as well worth it if the pain paid off in the end.

Deep in thought, thinking about where he would start his search once he reached the reef, Jarrett at first didn't hear the small splashing sounds of someone coming out of the surf. Hearing a feminine gasp, he looked up to find Hatmehyt standing at the water's edge dressed in her sheath dress staring at him with a sheen of unshed tears in her eyes. Dropping the fins and letting the tank slide off his shoulder to the sand, he opened his arms.

With a small cry, Hatmehyt threw herself into his embrace. "Jarrett, you're alive."

"You didn't think you would get rid of me that easily, did you?" He then said in a shocked voice, "You're on land."

Hatmehyt gave him a watery smile. "When I returned you to the surface I thought I would be able to give you up, but I couldn't do it. The not knowing if you lived or not was a constant ache inside me. I planned to go to the hotel and search for you, stay on land for as long it would take for me to find you."

"But you said you couldn't thrive on land."

"It would have been hard. It was also something I was willing to endure for you."

Jarrett took her mouth in a heated kiss. That Hatmehyt would go through that for him meant the world. It also meant she truly loved him. Lifting his head, he said, "I missed you, Hatmehyt. Returning to you was all I could think about while I was stuck in the hospital. That you would come to the surface tells me more than words ever could that you love me as much as I love you. But now that we've found each other, there isn't any reason for you to suffer. We'll work you gradually into spending more time on land with me. How about we go to your underwater chamber?"

She smiled sweetly at him. "Are you sure?"

"Yes. Let's get out of here."

Jarrett donned his flippers and put the air tank on his back. With his mask pulled over his eyes and nose, the regulator in his mouth, he followed Hatmehyt into the water. Holding onto her dorsal fin, she towed him to her underwater home. Once they reached the pool, she shifted to her human form while Jarrett pulled himself up onto the ledge. It didn't take him very long to take off his diving gear. By the time he'd removed it all Hatmehyt had joined him to stand at his side. Needing to be close to her, he pulled her into his embrace.

Before either of them could say anything a loud male voice filled the chamber. "Hatmehyt."

Hatmehyt stiffened in Jarrett's arms. "Yes, Ra."

"I have returned your mate. He is worthy as the mate of a goddess. He did not give up his search for you. You proved yourself as well by being willing to endure something you weren't comfortable with for him. Is there something you would ask of me?"

"Yes." Hatmehyt swallowed. "I would ask that you give Jarrett, my mate, immortality so we may be together always."

"It shall be as you ask."

Jarrett sucked in a breath when a surge of power shot through his body. It seemed to only last seconds, but it felt as if it had surged through every cell in his body. The

throbbing in his wounded leg disappeared, and he felt as if he could run a marathon. He locked gazes with Hatmehyt as it receded as suddenly as it had come. "I feel different. Stronger, better." He smiled. "My leg doesn't hurt anymore."

He sat down on the bed, and when he tried to pull the packing tape off his leg, Hatmehyt went down on her knees and pushed his hand away. In a blink of an eye the plastic and bandage beneath it disappeared. Jarrett ran his hand up and down his leg. His wound was gone. Not even a scar marred his skin. No sign of the stitches that had been there seconds before showed. His leg looked as if the wound had never been.

He looked at Hatmehyt. "I'm immortal now."

She launched herself at him again. The momentum caused them both to fall back onto the bed. Her mouth landed on his a second later. As he pushed his tongue inside her mouth, Jarrett felt his cock harden between them. He groaned when his swimsuit and Hatmehyt's dress disappeared.

Knowing they were now truly mates, Jarrett kissed Hatmehyt with all the love he felt. As she rose above him and sheathed his cock inside her body, he knew nothing would ever separate them again. He was home. No matter where they lived, on the land or inside this underwater chamber, as long as he had Hatmehyt at his side it didn't matter. All that mattered was that they had each other, for now and the eternity to come.

The End

About the Author

Marisa Chenery was always a lover of books, but after reading her first historical romance novel she found herself hooked. Having inherited a love for the written word, she soon started writing her own novels.

After trying her hand at writing historicals, she now writes paranormals.

Marisa lives in Ontario, Canada, with her husband and four children. She would love to hear from you, so drop her an email.

Marisa welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

Tell Us What You Think

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at Comments@EllorasCave.com.

Also by Marisa Chenery

Goddess Revealed 1: Bast's Perfume

Goddess Revealed 2: Love's Fiery Arrow

Goddess Revealed 3: The Goddess' Girdle



Discover for yourself why readers can't get enough of the multiple award-winning publisher Ellora's Cave. Whether you prefer ebooks or paperbacks, be sure to visit EC on the web at www.ellorascave.com for an erotic reading experience that will leave you breathless.

www.ellorascave.com