



Chapter 39



Amen's fingers tighten on my waist as if he's battling himself, resisting something primal, something inevitable. But resistance is futile—I see it in the way his pupils dilate, the way his chest rises and falls too fast, as if he's drowning in the same desire that is consuming me.

He leans over me, his lips finding my throat, grazing, nipping, setting every nerve in my body alight. I arch beneath him, gasping when his tongue flicks over the sensitive skin just below my ear. He chuckles low at my reaction, the sound deep and wicked.

"Are you trembling for me already?" His voice is a husky whisper against my skin.

Yes. Gods, yes.

His hands move lower, sliding over the silk that clings to my body. With agonizing slowness, he pushes the fabric away, revealing me to the candlelight, to him. The way he looks at me—like I am the first woman he has ever truly seen—makes the heat coil low in my belly.

"You are breathtaking." His voice is reverent, his touch softer now as his lips trail a path down my collarbone, lower, lower still.

I don't get a chance to respond. His mouth is on me again, trailing hot, open-mouthed kisses down my throat, over my collarbone, his teeth grazing my skin just enough to make me arch into him. My breath stutters when he moves lower, his lips brushing the swell of my breast before his tongue flicks over the peak.

A gasp escapes me, my body trembling beneath his touch. His hands grip my thighs, spreading them wider as he kneels

between them, his mouth working its way down my stomach, each kiss sending sparks of pleasure straight to my core.

My fingers twist in his hair, my breath coming in shallow pants as I realize where he's headed.

"Amen—" My voice is barely a whisper, half a plea, half a warning.

He glances up at me, a wicked smirk curving his lips, locking eyes with me as he places a lingering kiss on the inside of my thigh.

"Would you be that nice to hold my hair for me while I'm busy right here?" He leads my palm to his hair. "Let me worship you properly, my sweet lotus flower."

And then he does.

His mouth is hot, devastating, a torment I never want to end. My body arches, my breath shatters, my fingers tangle in his dark hair as he drags me closer and closer to the edge of oblivion.

The brush of his tongue sends a sharp jolt of pleasure through me, my back arching off the table as a cry escapes my lips. He doesn't relent. He licks, sucks, teases, his fingers pressing into my thighs, holding me open as he devours me.

Every stroke of his tongue is calculated, purposeful, sending wave after wave of pleasure crashing over me.

My fingers tighten in his hair, my hips moving against him instinctively, chasing the intoxicating sensation that builds higher and higher. He groans against me, the sound vibrating through my core, and it's almost too much, almost

unbearable.

"Amen, please—"

But he's not finished with me yet.

He slides two fingers inside me, curling them in a way that makes me see stars. My entire body tenses, fire pooling low in my belly as I hover on the edge of bliss.

He feels it, senses it, and instead of slowing down, he doubles his efforts, his tongue and fingers working in perfect, devastating harmony.

I shatter.

My cries fill the chamber, the sounds of my pleasure echoing off the stone walls. He doesn't stop, doesn't let me breathe, doesn't let me escape the pleasure that consumes me whole.

He demands more, drinking in every reaction, every tremor, until I break apart beneath him, my body shattering, my name falling from his lips like a prayer.

I barely have time to recover before he's rising to his feet, his hands gripping my hips, dragging me to the very edge of the table. My limbs are weak, my breath ragged, but I can feel the thick, hard evidence of his own need pressing against me.

His eyes are wild, his chest heaving as he looks down at me, his restraint hanging by a thread.

"You're trembling," he murmurs, his voice rough with desire.
"Does that mean you're too spent to handle more?"

The challenge in his tone sends a fresh wave of heat through

me. I meet his gaze, breathless but resolute.

"I can handle anything you give me."

Something dark flashes in his eyes. His hands grip my thighs, pulling me forward as he positions himself between them. He leans down, his lips brushing mine in a slow, teasing kiss.

"Good," he whispers. "Because there is so much pleasure left that is meant for you."

His hands find my wrists, pinning them above my head as he positions himself between my legs, his body taut with restraint, with aching, unbearable need.

Then, with one fluid motion, he thrusts inside me.

I gasp, my fingers digging into his shoulders as he fills me completely, stretching me in a way that is both overwhelming and exquisite. He stays still for a moment, his forehead pressing against mine, his breath uneven.

"Neferet," he groans, his breath warm, unsteady. "You—Gods, you feel like you were made for me."

He starts moving, slow at first, each deliberate thrust sending a fresh burst of pleasure spiraling through me. But it isn't enough—not for either of us.

The need, the hunger, the ache is too great.

Soon, his pace quickens, his control slipping. He grips my hips, pulling me against him with every deep, punishing stroke. The table beneath us creaks, maps and scrolls scattering across the floor, but neither of us cares.

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stroke. The table beneath us creaks, maps and scrolls scattering across the floor, but neither of us cares.

I hold onto him, my nails biting into his back as he drives me closer to the edge once more. His mouth finds mine in a searing kiss, his teeth catching my lower lip as he growls against me.

"Let me hear you," he demands, his voice rough, commanding. "Tell me who you belong to."

A shiver runs through me, the raw intensity of his words tightening something deep inside me.

I meet his gaze, breathless, burning.

"You, Amen," I whisper, my voice trembling with pleasure. "Only you."

End *of* *The* **Chapter**

A Chance Meeting



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