



## Chapter 58



I watched as a young Amen crouched over a boy's motionless body—his small hands gripping the boy's shoulders, shaking him desperately, begging him to wake up.

But the boy did not move.

His skin was ashen, his lips blue. His lifeless eyes stared blankly at the ceiling. And then, the realization dawned on the young prince.

His hands—his touch—had done this.

In a single moment, without intent, without meaning to, he had stolen the boy's life. A cry tore from his throat—raw, devastated.

The scene changed. He was older now, but still so young.

Haunted.

His hands trembled as he wrapped them around himself, his breath ragged as whispers—distant, ghostly, unrelenting—filled the air.

They slithered into his ears, twisting around him like unseen specters.

"Cursed boy."

"Murderer."

"Tainted by the dead."

"You are nothing but a vessel for Osiris."

"Not a Pharaoh. Not a man. Just a husk."

I watched as Amen clenched his jaw, his hands pressed to his ears, his body shaking violently. But the whispers did not stop.

The more he resisted, the louder they became—an endless chorus of torment that only he could hear.

Then—everything around him withered.

The vibrant green plants that once lined the chamber shriveled in an instant, turning to ash. The air grew cold, heavy, filled with the scent of decay.

The pain inside him had leaked into the world.

And I felt it. I felt his suffering. His torment. His unbearable solitude.

I tried to reach out, to touch his shoulder, to tell him he wasn't alone—But then—The world shattered.

I woke with a gasp, my chest rising and falling rapidly, the sensation of Amen's pain still thick in my lungs.

And then I realized—I was not alone. Amen's breathing was just as uneven as mine. His body, tense. His bronze skin, damp with sweat. His dark eyes—wide, alert—locked onto mine.

A single moment passed.

Silence. Understanding. Realization.

We had seen the same dream.

No. Not a dream. A memory.

Amen let out a slow breath, running a hand over his face. "You were there," he murmured, his voice hoarse. "Inside my dream."

I swallowed, my throat dry. "It wasn't just a dream. It was real, wasn't it? That was your past."

He nodded once, solemnly.

Something stirred in my chest—a deep ache, a sorrow that did not belong to me, yet felt as though it were my own.

I reached out, my fingers brushing against his jaw, tracing the sharp planes of his face.

"I'm sorry," I whispered. "For everything you had to endure. For all the pain."

But Amen shook his head. His voice was quiet, but firm.

"Since you first shared your blood with me," he confessed, "since you practiced oneiromancy for the first time—everything has changed."

I swallowed, my pulse quickening.

"The curse no longer torments me as it once did." His voice was calm, measured. "There have been no violent episodes. My strength has grown. My life energy has stabilized."

He exhaled softly, shaking his head, almost as if he could not believe his own words.

"For the first time..." His eyes met mine, something raw and vulnerable in his gaze. "There has been no need for another ritual."

I froze. The realization crashed into me. No more rituals. No more desperate attempts to keep his power from consuming him.

Because of me.

A slow, shuddering breath escaped my lips. Then—his fingers tightened around mine.

Our energies—our souls—were bound by something far greater than fate. And soon—we would be free.

Amen exhaled slowly, his gaze searching mine. Then, with a sudden shift of concern, he asked, "And you? How do you feel?"

I took a slow breath, running through every sensation, every inch of my body.

"No weakness," I murmured. "No pain. No negative effects from your touch."

The silence stretched between us, heavy with understanding. The relief in Amen's expression was immeasurable.

And then—he kissed me. Not with hesitation, not with restraint, but with certainty.

His lips pressed against mine, warm and desperate, as if trying to seal this moment between us. I melted into him, my hands sliding up his arms, over the firm muscles of his shoulders, tracing the lines of his strength.

His body radiated heat beneath me, and when his fingers drifted down to my waist, gripping just tightly enough to make my breath hitch, I felt utterly consumed.

I pressed myself against him, feeling every inch of his body beneath me, the way his muscles tensed when I shifted, the way his breath grew heavier when my fingers tangled in his

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beneath me, the way his muscles tensed when I shifted, the way his breath grew heavier when my fingers tangled in his hair.

"Neferet," he murmured against my lips, his voice thick with longing.

I didn't answer. I didn't need to.

Instead, I rolled my hips against him, a slow, deliberate motion that had his fingers tightening on my waist. His groan was deep, guttural, vibrating against my skin.

"You drive me insane," he rasped, his forehead pressing against mine as he fought for control.

"Then lose yourself in me," I whispered.

I reached between us, guiding him where I needed him most. His breath hitched, and when I slowly lowered myself onto him, I gasped—the exquisite stretch, the feeling of him filling me completely, made my whole body shudder.

Amen's hands shot to my hips, gripping tightly, holding me in place as if he needed a moment to gather himself. His head tipped back, eyes fluttering closed, his chest rising and falling with deep, controlled breaths. But I didn't want control.

I wanted ruin.

I began to move, rolling my hips in slow, tantalizing circles, savoring every inch of friction between us. His grip tightened, his fingers digging into my skin as his breath turned ragged. The power of it, the rawness, the intimacy—it was intoxicating.

I leaned down, my lips brushing against his jaw, then lower,

I leaned down, my lips brushing against his jaw, then lower, tracing the pulse that thrummed wildly in his throat.

"Does this feel real enough for you?" I whispered, dragging my nails lightly down his chest.

His response was a growl, his hands sliding up my back, pulling me closer until my breasts pressed against his chest. His mouth found the curve of my neck, teeth grazing, lips soothing, tongue teasing, sending shivers down my spine.

I moved faster now, grinding against him, each movement sending waves of pleasure rippling through my body.

His hands roamed, palms skimming my thighs, my waist, gripping my backside as he thrust up to meet me, drawing a moan from my lips that echoed through the chamber.

"Amen—" My voice was breathless, trembling, my fingers digging into his shoulders as I rode him with abandon, lost in the rhythm, lost in him.

He groaned my name, his voice raw, filled with something dangerous and reverent all at once. His hands guided my movements, urging me faster, deeper, his body meeting mine with a desperate, unrelenting need.

My body burned, pleasure coiling tight inside me, threatening to break me apart. He felt it too—I could see it in his dark, hooded gaze, the way his jaw clenched, the way his body tensed beneath mine.

He sat up suddenly, arms wrapping around me, pressing me flush against his chest.

The new angle sent a sharp, breathtaking pleasure crashing through me, and I cried out, clutching at his shoulders as he took over, thrusting into me with slow, deliberate force.

"Neferet," he murmured, his lips brushing against mine. "Look at me."

I did. And in his eyes, I saw everything.

Devotion. Worship. Love.

I shattered in his arms, my climax stealing the breath from my lungs. Pleasure rippled through me like a storm, violent and unrelenting, sending me spiraling into oblivion.

Amen wasn't far behind. He buried his face in my neck, his body trembling beneath mine as he found his own release, groaning my name like it was the only thing keeping him tethered to this world.

For a long moment, neither of us moved, our bodies entwined, our breaths mingling, still caught in the remnants of pleasure.

And then—Amen cupped my face, pressing the softest, most reverent kiss against my lips.

"You are mine," he whispered.

I smiled, brushing my fingers against his cheek. "And you are mine."

**End** *of*