



Chapter 38



The weakness from his kiss lingers in my limbs, a deep, aching pull that settles in my very bones. It is real—undeniable proof that Amen was telling the truth.

His touch doesn't just consume; it drains, pulling the life from those he desires most. And yet, I cannot bring myself to care.

I don't want to stop.

His lips still hover above mine, his breath ragged, his body rigid as if he's forcing himself to hold back.

But I can feel him trembling with restraint, his muscles taut, his fingers twitching at my sides on the table. His self-control is crumbling, slipping like sand through his fingers, yet he still tries.

"Neferet," his voice is thick with warning, husky with a desperate plea. "This is dangerous. I might hurt you—"

I silence him with another kiss, my lips pressing insistently against his, my body arching into him as I reach for him again.

A growl rumbles in his throat, primal and raw, as he grabs my wrists, tearing them from around his neck and pinning them above my head. I gasp at the sudden movement, my back hitting the cool wood of the map-covered table. His grip is firm, unyielding, pressing me down beneath him.

For a moment, neither of us move. We just breathe.

Heavy. Erratic.

Our chests rise and fall in time with one another, our eyes locked in an unspoken battle of wills.

His gaze is ablaze with need, but his jaw tightens with hesitation.

"We have to stop," he rasps, his forehead pressing lightly against mine. "Before this goes too far. Before you suffer because of me."

But I remember the words from my dream. The voice that whispered to me about the priestesses of Isis—their magic, their blood.

I draw in a slow breath, forcing myself to focus despite the fire in my veins.

"You don't understand," I whisper. "The priestesses of Isis—they don't just serve the goddess. Their magic alters them. It changes their blood."

Amen stiffens slightly. I see the flicker of confusion in his eyes, the slight parting of his lips as he searches my face for the meaning behind my words.

"What are you saying?"

"Our blood is not ordinary." I swallow, my voice steady with certainty. "It is infused with divine energy, shaped by power, meant to be a conduit. It's why the rituals exist. Why the Pharaoh must find the one blessed by Isis."

Amen's grip on my wrists tightens slightly, his breath uneven. "No matter how much energy you possess," he says slowly, "my power can consume it all."

I smirk. Bold. Reckless.

"Then take me."

His entire body tenses.

"All of me. Test your power, my almighty Pharaoh," I continue, my voice a seductive challenge. "Try to drain me to the very last drop."

Before he can react, before he can stop me, I tilt my head slightly and bite down—hard—on my lower lip.

A sharp sting, then warmth. A single bead of blood blossoms against my skin, dark and rich beneath the flickering light.

Amen's breath hitches. His eyes darken, pupils expanding as he watches, his focus solely on the crimson drop lingering at the corner of my mouth.

I see it then—the way something breaks inside him.

A strangled, almost tortured sound escapes him, and before I can blink, his lips crash against mine.

This time, there is no restraint. No hesitation. No caution. Only need.

His grip on my wrists remains firm, keeping me pinned beneath him as he devours my mouth with a desperation I have never felt before. His tongue sweeps against mine, tasting the blood, and the moment it touches his lips—the air around us shifts.

Heavy. Unnatural.

The atmosphere vibrates with something unseen, something immense and raw, as if the very fabric of the world bends around us.

It steals my breath.

The very air refuses to sustain us, suffocating us in a cocoon of pure energy. A force so great that it feels as though it could consume us whole.

And with that the weakness in my limbs is gone. I feel... strong. More alive than I have ever felt.

Amen pulls back, his breathing ragged, his eyes wide with something close to disbelief. His fingers brush my cheek, his touch hesitant, testing.

"How do you feel?" he asks, voice barely above a whisper.

I smile. "Perfect."

Relief flashes in his expression, chased quickly by something darker—something more primal.

He doesn't hold back anymore.

His grip tightens, his restraint snapping completely. With a growl, he lowers his mouth to mine once more, but this time, it is different. Deeper. Fiercer.

His hands move from my wrists, trailing down my arms, my sides, until they grip my thighs, pulling me closer. My fingers tangle in his long silky hair, nails grazing his scalp as I arch against him, needing more, needing everything.

The maps beneath us crinkle and shift, scrolls tumbling from the table onto the stone floor, forgotten.

A table meant for war and strategy—now the battlefield for our surrender.

Commented [Ma1]:

Our bodies move together, consumed by desire, by fate. By the inescapable pull of something far greater than either of us.

His body is fire, his skin burning against mine, the heat of him seeping through the thin silk of my dress.

"Amen—" My voice is already breathless, a plea wrapped in need, but he silences me with another kiss, harder this time, his tongue sweeping against mine in a way that makes my body tremble beneath him.

"You're intoxicating," he rasps against my lips, his hands roaming down my sides, gripping my thighs as he parts them around him. "Every time I try to stay away, every time I convince myself I must not touch you—"

His voice drops lower, a rough whisper against my skin as he trails his lips down the column of my throat. "You make me forget every reason."

His confession sends a shudder through me, pleasure rippling down my spine as his hands explore me, claiming every inch he can reach.

My nails press into his shoulders as I arch into him, my breath hitching when his lips reach the hollow of my collarbone.

"I never wanted you to stay away," I admit, my fingers tugging at the linen of his robe, pushing it off his shoulders, desperate to feel his bare skin against mine. "I never want you to stop."

A deep, guttural sound escapes him as he grips the fabric of my dress, tugging it over my shoulder, exposing more of me to the candlelight. His gaze darkens as he drinks me in, his fingers tracing the delicate curve of my hip.

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"You don't know what you do to me," he murmurs, almost to himself, his voice raw with hunger.

"Then show me," I challenge, lifting my chin, meeting his gaze with steady defiance. "Show me what happens when you stop holding back."

End of *The* Chapter

A Chance Meeting



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