



## Chapter 94



"Send water for bathing, and see that we are not disturbed until morning," I snapped to the nearest attendant, as soon as we reached the palace.

A hasty bow, and the servant fled.

The palace corridors blurred into indistinct shapes around me as I carried Neferet through them. We were both filthy with batter debris, blood, and sweat, yet neither of us cared.

Not for appearances, not for dignity. Only for the desperate need hammering in our chests – to feel each other, to confirm that we were alive, *together*.

Servants scrambled to clear a path before us, heads bowed, faces averted from the intensity radiating between Pharaoh and his chosen one.

They knew better than to speak, better than to question.

I kicked the heavy doors to my chambers open without slowing, carrying Neferet inside. As soon as the wood slammed behind us, the fragile self-control we had clung to on the battlefield shattered.

We crashed into each other. Mouths colliding, hands everywhere, bodies pressed flush without preamble, clothes tearing like they were the final enemy.

It was violent with need, but not cruel – *never cruel*. Just urgent. Raw. Desperate.

The relief, the terror, the overwhelming gratitude of still having each other... it roared between us, drowning rational thought.

Neferet clung to me with bruising force, her fingers raking over my shoulders, desperate to touch, to anchor. My own hands were no gentler, tearing away the barriers that kept her skin from mine.

Armor and linen hit the stone floor with careless abandon, strewn like the debris of a vanquished army.

There would be time for tenderness later. Time for worship.

But not now. Now we need *this*.

Now we needed to feel life thundering beneath each other's skin, to brand ourselves into one another's memory in case fate tore us apart again.

"I thought I would lose you..." I murmured against the curve of her throat, feeling her pulse hammering against my tongue and teeth.

The terror of seeing her atop the wall, facing death without hesitation, twisted anew inside my chest.

"But you didn't," she whispered fiercely, threading her fingers through my hair to force my gaze up to hers. "We are stronger together, Amen." Her eyes – green, luminous, defiant – burned into me. "Today proved that."

My heart twisted painfully at her words, the truth of them too vast, too beautiful, to contain.

Still locked in a bruising kiss, I led her toward the bathing pool prepared by the servants.

Without ceremony, we slipped into the water. She turned, her back to me, hair dark and wet down her spine. I moved behind her, ran my hands over her waist, her hips, her breasts.

Just to feel her again.

There, surrounded by warmth, we finally slowed. Fingers gentled, lips softened.

I cupped water in my palms and poured it over her hair, washing away the blood and dust tangled in her black locks. She returned the favor, carefully wiping the grime from my chest, my arms, my face with reverent touch.

Every brush of her fingers against my skin stole my breath.

Every flicker of her lashes when our eyes met scared itself into my soul.

As we cleansed each other, lust simmered beneath the tenderness. A kiss against my jaw turned urgent. A hand trailing down my stomach ignited sparks beneath my skin.

I slid my hands beneath her thighs and lifted her, feeling the slickness of her body against mine, the way her breath caught as I pressed her closer.

She wrapped herself around me as if trying to imprint herself into my flesh. When she leaned into me, breath hitching, I couldn't wait and slid into her in one fluid, reverent thrust.

We both cried out.

She clenched around me – hot, tight, already pulsing – and her legs wrapped around my waist like she'd never let me go again.

"Amen," she gasped, head falling back, exposing the delicate column of her throat. "How I needed this... needed *you*."

"I know," I groaned, thrusting deeper, slower, letting her feel every inch. "You'll *always* have me."

She moaned, eyes fluttering as I ground deeper, my grip tightening at her thighs.

"You belong with me," I breathed against her skin. "My beloved bride. My queen."

Her fingers slid into my hair, tugging until our mouths crashed again.

I thrust harder, slower, savoring every desperate sound she made as she clung to me.

"I will bring the world to your feet," I murmured against her lips. "I'll raise temples in your name – just say the word."

Neferet trembled in my arms, panting, her voice breaking around her moans.

"I don't want the world," she whispered, kissing me between words. "I just want *you*. Like this. Always like this."

Ra above, I could've broken apart just from those words alone.

Neferet's nails bit into my shoulders, her cries growing louder with every roll of my hips. Her body fit around me like it was made to take me.

And I gave her everything.

We moved together in a rhythm that felt older than time. The sound of water lapping against the marble, the soft slap of skin against skin, our panting breaths – all of it blurred into a prayer written in flesh.

My mouth found hers in a kiss that shook, and I kissed her like I would never get another chance.

Because even now, some part of me didn't believe this was real.

Neferet arched beneath me, body slick and radiant, her breath coming in soft, broken sobs as I thrust into her deeper, faster, grinding into the spot that made her cry out every time.

Her lips found my jaw, then my ear, and she began to whisper.

Ancient words slid across my skin, soft and sacred and soaked with heat. Her voice trembled through the water, prayer and passion tangled as one.

"What are you saying?" I rasped, cradling her face.

"Prayers," she whispered, eyes fluttering open, pupils blown wide. "To Isis. They keep me grounded... when Seth claws at the edges of my mind. This—"

She shivered and gasped as I rolled my hips again "—I found this helps me to stay just *me*."

It made sense.

Two divine forces – Isis and Seth – locked in opposition within her soul. And between them, Neferet had carved a space where her own will could survive, even thrive.

My heart filled with awe and boundless love.

Gods, I wanted to fall to my knees. But instead, I pressed her back against the smooth marble, lifted her hips again, and thrust back inside with a sound that was all need.

A low sound escaped me as Neferet's lips found mine again, and I kissed her like a drowning man clutching salvation.

She gripped my shoulders, nails biting in. Her beautiful eyes wide, almost shocked by the depth of it.

"Don't stop," she whispered.

"Never."

Her lips met mine again, wet and open, and I kissed her through her moans, through her gasps, through her whispered ancient verses to Isis that trembled against my mouth.

Held her through them. Drove into her with everything I was, letting her feel just how wholly she belonged here.

In my arms. In my kingdom. In my *life*.

Her body bowed under mine as her climax crested, her cry tearing through the air like a spell.

"Amen!" she sobbed. "Amen—!"

As my name tore from her throat like a prayer answered, I saw a vision behind my closed eyes: Neferet and I, standing in the endless fields of Aaru, the Field of Reeds.

Free. No gods binding us. No curses darkening our steps. Only sunlight, only eternity.

Commented [Ma1]:

Commented [Ma2R1]:

Free. No gods binding us. No curses darkening our steps. Only sunlight, only eternity.

Our souls entwined.

I followed her, hips stuttering, vision blurring, spilling into her with a groan so raw it didn't sound human.

When we finally collapsed together, spent and shaking, I stayed buried inside her as we trembled, locked together in the heat, the water.

The weight of everything we'd survived.

I lay on my back in the warm pool, cradling Neferet against my chest as she drifted into a boneless sleep. Her breathing slowed, even and steady, her body pliant in my arms.

Perhaps love truly *was* stronger than divine will.

Perhaps we could carve our own fate, even amid the games of gods.

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

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