

Divinitas



Laura
Tolomei

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By

Laura Colomei

Chapter One

Before time and space, everything was simply the One. Strewn together and compressed into a tiny fiery ball, all the elements already existed. Without boundaries, they possessed neither form nor shape, until Thought emerged. Like a gentle breeze, it blew over all existing matter, causing ripples of Awareness and Consciousness. As the new knowledge spread, elements became aware of their uniqueness and strained for individuality, upsetting the initial Balance. Chaos ensued as pieces attempted to break away, blindly pulling apart the original core. The pressure increased, separatism running like revolutionary fever through the rupturing mass. But Chaos was only destructive, so before damage became too extensive, Awareness gave shape to the Word.

The new powerful force infested Chaos, connecting the sum of all single Thoughts to each other and to the collectiveness. Its unconventional message taught that individuality was not in contrast with the One, *as no picture exists without*

the many colors blending into it. The message slowly seeped in absorbed only at a superficial level at first, then reaching the bare essence. But rebellion refused to be silenced. After a brief stasis, it resumed its run for freedom, fiercely battling against anything opposing the change. And as the Word stood in its way, it turned the same force shaped to unify into a new element of tension, increasing pressure until the final explosion physically shattered the One into the Many.

Free at last, they flew away, thrown into the empty void without boundaries, filling it with Time, Space and Life. Yet, the core essence did not disintegrate, rather transformed into new Light shining tiny traces of Awareness on all creation. Thus the wondrous journey began, each element provided with all the necessary tools to fulfill its special destiny. On equal footing at first, the individual journeys soon changed perceptions and Awareness reached higher levels only through evolution as all matter eventually rejoined the One before starting the process over and over again.

Journey, re-union, break-off marked the endless cycle, which repeated through Time, Space and Life. From creation, each piece struggled through Life until Death returned it to the One before setting it free once more. The consecutive passages increased not only individual Awareness, but that of the One as well, amplifying Its Thought, which

in turn shaped the Word to suit the new knowledge. Yet in spite of all, the One lacked essential information to reach full Awareness.

The physical world held the dangerous and unknown challenge of sensuality. Taste, smell, hearing, vision and touch were part of a mysterious reality that only corporeal beings experienced. Attraction or repulsion of the flesh was incomprehensible to the cold rational Logos because it escaped logical definition. And the One could not grow or be complete without the unexplainable experience.

The Word took its own journey through Life.

And the Word said, *I became human to teach men that their Spirit is part of the One just as the One is made up of the sum of their Spirits.*

Chapter Two

He became the ruler when his father stepped down from the throne. First-born, the title rightfully belonged to him and no one dared challenge it, his father least of all. At first, the boy had seemed too young for the heavy responsibility connected with an extensive territory such as Kemet, and it worried his father.

"Times will become harder and the land poorer," Geb had patiently explained to his young, looking deeply into soft brown eyes. "But, no matter what, our people need a strong Leader because it's always the king's responsibility to look after them and assure prosperity even in the face of hardships."

"Don't worry, Father," the somber boy reassured. "I promise I'll do my best for the people and for Kemet."

That's the best anyone can hope for, Geb thought, catching a glimpse of his son's earnest intentions. To be fair, he hardly looked the part. Tall and dark

skinned, the boy would have been more at ease in a Temple rather than a palace.

"He looks so...out of this world," Geb complained to Nut. "I'm not sure he's ready to take Leadership," he continued, worried about Kemet's future.

"You're overreacting," the boy's mother told him. "Your son's a born leader," she continued, expressing also the counselor's opinions, which Geb tended to ignore most of the times. "Haven't you seen how people react to him?"

As a matter of fact, Geb had noticed. The boy attracted people like magnets drew metal. They naturally turned to him, barely suppressing desire and longing. Undoubtedly, Us-Yri possessed sensuality beyond definition, though his father could not recognize it. What Geb understood was its unconscious power. *Charisma*, he preferred to call it, *and the boy seems to have more than his share.*

This had finally convinced Geb. He was getting too old anyway, so he retired, yielding to his counselor's advice for the first time. *Rest will do me good*, he reasoned to convince himself more, thinking of the hard years spent building a strong Kemet out of what was a simple agricultural settlement.

The first of his race had been proud hunters, traveling the land to follow the herds. When the weather shifted and animals moved further away,

people feared for their future. Settling on the banks of the Great River Hapi and trusting on the abundance of natural resources surrounding it had saved them from certain extinction. A lush jungle-like served as hunting ground, while the banks' fertile soil provided for agricultural sustenance. The gamble had paid off in the end. The settlement had thrived, even grown over time to reach farther than expected, although it required changes in the social structure.

Geb was in fact Kemet's first official ruler. Feeling the responsibility of carrying his land into a new order, he had worked hard to assure justice and prosperity to all. He had created a military force, built boats and favored trade with neighboring populations. All his work though, now hung on young shoulders, maybe too young to carry the heavy load.

* * * *

Serious minded from the start, Us-Yri had learned to read and write at a very early age, applying his knowledge to practical matters. He had also insisted on studying his land and its needs, quickly getting a clear grasp of the general situation. Now Us-Yri felt more than ready to pick up where his father left off, promising to follow the paths Geb had traced.

Unlike people his age, the new ruler was not superstitious nor did he trust divine intervention to solve human problems. Of course, he believed in the gods, but man had to help himself in order to survive. So, he strengthened the army, gave a firm impulse to urban development and focused on the agricultural issues. These last ones were particularly dear to his people, very much shaken lately by the rapidly changing nature around them.

The lush jungle seemed to be dwindling in certain parts, the lower regions alone for now, as if something wasted its resources and turned the once abundant life into arid desert. Studying the phenomenon, Us-Yri had reached the conclusion that the best way to contrast it was to improve his people's agricultural techniques. Thus he devoted time and effort to increase harvests. Luckily, the Great River, with its floods twice a year if not more, kept the land always fertile and ready to give man the fruits he needed to survive. But the danger remained, so just to be on the safe side, Us-Yri increased prayers as well, *in the remote event the gods cared to listen*, while searching for more productive solutions.

"Can I disturb our great Leader for a quick welcome back hug?" a voice interrupted his study.

Us-Yri raised his head and his heart skipped a beat. "Sethi!" he exclaimed as his heart jumped to

his throat only to plunge miserably down to the pit of his stomach.

A strikingly handsome man lit the dark chamber with his dazzling smile and Us-Yri's stomach tightened even more. Ever since childhood, Set had that effect on him, the power to cause an intense physical reaction that Us-Yri could never quite control. His reaction had nagged the new ruler ever since discovering his own magnetic power over people. With Set though, roles reversed and he felt the weaker party, his feelings overwhelmed by the younger man's blatant beauty. To be honest, it was not just a matter of physical attraction, even if Set had more than his share of good looks. Unlike Us-Yri, his skin took the color of amber, reddish hair hanging on his shoulders, while brilliantly green eyes bespoke of an unquenched fire inside.

Born and raised at the palace, he had acquired an official status thanks to Geb's policy to treat all children as his sons or daughters, making no difference between his own and his servant's offspring. In fact, he insisted every child call him father, regardless of blood relations, and Set was no exception. One of the youngest members of the palace, he had been the most unruly of the bunch, eagerly jumping into any danger just for the fun of it. He climbed trees, swam the river, chased animals and people with a passion that Geb for

one, had found disturbing. Us-Yri, instead, found him fascinating.

Maybe his mother shares the blame. Or could it be his father? the new ruler wondered, unable to recall who either parent was. He had gone along with Geb's request and acknowledged everyone as a sibling, even if with Set the mere idea seemed absurd. *He's so different from Father and me, I know there's no blood connection*, he reasoned, staring at the lithe body moving forward like a stealthy lion. Felines—cats in particular—were Us-Yri's favorite animals, so maybe that explained his fascination. Or perhaps, it was connected to something else entirely.

For Us-Yri, Eros so far had held no challenge. People fell into his bed, whether he wanted them or not, blinded by the new ruler's sensuality. Since he had no need to entice attention, his yearning to touch Set's vibrant body seemed even more baffling. Before Set had left, Us-Yri had caught himself more than once fantasizing about him, open-eyed dreams that seemed quite innocent at the time. Then his three days' initiation changed everything.

* * * *

Closing his eyes, the new ruler could still recall the exquisitely pleasurable sensations of those three

magical nights. Slaves had washed him, then anointed his body with perfumed oils and dressed him with a precious robe, brilliantly colored. Their duties accomplished, they had left the young man in ardent anticipation of whatever would follow.

When his father's choice, Emui, had walked in the room, Us-Yri could not contain the stomach tightening he usually felt just looking at Set. Excitement rose as he faced the perfumed woman, wearing veils that partially revealed her ample curves. They had stared at each other for a moment, Us-Yri unsure about how to get what his body already craved. The experienced Emui had taken hold of the situation, her body sensually moving to the distant sound of a flute. Hips gently swaying, she circled around him, her arms sometimes brushing his shoulders. The veils floated lightly, showing more flesh as her seductive dance tightened the circles around him.

He had watched mesmerized for a second, the swaying hips capturing his gaze and holding it, while his cock expressed its full appreciation. Without waiting any further, he grabbed Emui, crushing her soft curves to his body. She arched her back and he ripped off the flimsy veils, then pushed her on the bed. His robe coming off magically, his hands fumbled at her slippery slit, determining the exact position before plunging hard inside her. He moved frantically as new

pleasure filled his senses like nothing he had ever experienced before. Then it reached a peak and exploded inside, sending wave after delicious wave through his greedy body.

Amazed at his reaction, Us-Yri almost had no time to appreciate it fully as his cock, now half-out the warm nest, demanded more satisfaction. He would have plunged forward once again, but his eyes caught sight of the pointed breasts, defenseless mounds waiting to be conquered. With a hungry growl, his mouth closed around one inviting tip, sucking loudly at the hardened nipple. His tongue licked lavishly, his teeth grazing the tender skin, while his thick cock pressed against her stomach. Moving to dip it inside again, Us-Yri raised his frame, but she stopped him.

"Wait, my Prince," she said huskily, "let me show you some of my art." Without waiting for an answer, she slid down the bed as he pushed up to make way, until her mouth inevitably found his hard wet cock. Her hands were already working on the throbbing shaft, sliding the skin up and down, but when she swallowed it, he gasped in pleasure, his head thrown back to savor the exquisite sensations from the warm wet cavity encircling his avid master. Emui's tongue moved skillfully on the long shaft, from the balls up to the bulging head, she marked a fiery trail that Us-Yri

found hard to resist. When she swallowed him again, edging the tip down her throat, he choked her with his hot fluid as the pleasure waves coursed hot and intense through his body one more time.

Not at all surprised, Emui did not stop lavishing attentions to his now limp cock. Instead, her mouth, tongue and hands nursed it back to vibrant life, hardening it for the next round. But wanting more of their first game, Us-Yri dragged her up the bed. Emui complied and lay on her back, stroking the soft flesh between her legs, prompting him to do the same. Inexperienced, he fumbled, slipping on the wetness until she took his hand and guided him on a tour of female mysteries, pushing his fingers inside the hot opening, then sliding up to the throbbing clit. He played for a while, but soon became impatient.

So, Emui turned on her knees and hands, pushing her ass at him. Mesmerized by the tight hole offered to him, he did not need further instructions. With a groan of pleasure, he shoved forcefully through the narrow opening, pausing just a second to savor the feeling before plunging frantically in a new dance. Pumping harder, thrusting inside, then out in frenzied rhythm, he did not last very long. With a groan of pleasure, again he flooded her with hot semen.

And it did not stop. As the three blissful days

melted into one another, he drowned in scorching pleasure, each time more intense than the one before. Emui proved to be a talented teacher, her passion enflaming his senses until he lost touch with reality, his only wish to learn about the art of loving and satisfaction.

* * * *

To Us-Yri's intense shame, the unsettling yearning for Set and his reactions to it had only increased since he had become more aware of sex. The redhead's elegant body moving around the palace had been pure torture as Us-Yri's need to possess his feline-like sibling became unbearable. The attraction did not have any justification, especially considering society's conventions.

Women were acceptable mates, while men...well, Us-Yri had his reservations. Men possessed no racy curves or hidden wetness. The prospect of having sex with one did not particularly excite Us-Yri's imagination. *But with Set, who knows?* Dreams sometimes allowed the intimate touches he rationally suppressed during wake time. Thankfully, his father's decision to train his youngest puppy in a military camp had partially solved Us-Yri's problem. But now, Set was back.

* * * *

"Sethi," Us-Yri repeated, using his affectionate nickname. Getting up, he reached him. "How good it is to see you." He embraced Set, carefully keeping his body in check, then quickly pulled away. "Is it just a temporary visit or —"

"No, Ausir, I'm back for good," Set's green eyes sparkled in amusement, as if he understood perfectly Us-Yri's embarrassment.

"Well, I'm glad," the ruler said, a part of him dismayed at the thought of having the tempting body around once more. "So, how was military life?" he asked, leading the young man to the fireplace.

"Mostly strict, sweaty, annoying, boring." He yawned loudly to stress the point. "Lucky for me, I made quite a few friends, which I suppose is the best achievement possible in that place." Set settled in front of the fire. "Discipline is terrible, food is even worse, but I enjoyed the training. It did me good, don't you think, Ausir?" He turned, pushing out his chest.

Avoiding a direct stare, Us-Yri allowed himself only a casual glance. "Sure," he admitted uncomfortably.

Set suppressed a grin, then turned back to the fire. "And how have you been, Ausir?"

"Since Father stepped down, I keep quite busy

with state affairs, but — ”

“Too busy even to go fishing?” Set challenged.

It had been their special pastime as kids. They would walk for miles, carrying rudimentary rods, talking about everything under the scorching sun. Once they reached their favorite spot, they spent hours inside the water, splashing around, swimming, sometimes even fishing. If he closed his eyes, Us-Yri felt the exact sensations of cold water and hot sun fueling the fiery desire already tensing every muscle.

“Of course not, Sethi,” he was quick to respond. “I’ve been working too hard lately and I’m in sore need of a break. When you’re fully settled in, we’ll go fishing.”

* * * *

In the large palace, people often disappeared, swallowed by the many rooms Geb had insisted on building. Oddly though, this was not Set’s case. Wherever he turned, Us-Yri had the impression Set was right there, so close that if he extended one arm, he could touch the golden skin. And he had grown only more desirable over time, perhaps because he moved more sensually, his long legs striding confidently on the stone pavements while his green eyes called for a subtly erotic reaction. Us-Yri tried not to look at him, an impossible task

in itself. But even when he succeeded, his mind was quick to remind him just how attractive the young man was. Hoping to avoid the unavoidable, the new ruler buried himself even deeper in official duties...at least until destiny came calling anyways.

"Are you ready for that fishing trip, Ausir?" Set popped his head around the threshold.

Us-Yri's main advisor on state affairs had just left. Now the ruler was wondering whether to check firsthand on some disturbing news, but—"Sure, Sethi, I believe it's the best offer today."

"Then, let's go. I have a chariot waiting outside."

The day was hot despite the sun leaving the Bull constellation signaled summer's end. Fall was only a month away, so Us-Yri expected the cool air to banish the stifling heat. Instead, fiery sunrays tingled on his dark skin.

"Yeah, I know it's hot today," Set agreed, seeing the ruler's expression, "but I'm sure it's only temporary."

"I hope so, otherwise we won't be able to finish our construction plans," Us-Yri commented, taking the bridles, while climbing to the chariot's front.

Holding the fishing rods, Set jumped behind him. "All right, let's go," he said, his body leaning forward and pressing very close.

Trying his best to ignore him, the ruler nudged the horses forward and left the palace behind. Going to the river, they passed the building site where slaves busily worked at the Great Lion. Construction had begun under Geb to celebrate the summer equinox and invoke the gods' protection on his family. After years of hard labor, the giant paws stretched out in the huge empty plain, but the body was only half-done.

"Father really believed in this project," Set observed, watching the workers pushing stones over tilted wooden boards.

"Yes, he believed that felines protected and brought prosperity to our family."

"He was right, wasn't he, Ausir?"

"He made Kemet grow and prosper like no one before him," the darker man agreed.

"And his son is doing even better," Set said softly.

Us-Yri heard him even over the chariot's rumble. "I'm nothing special, Sethi. I just try to follow in his footsteps."

"You're too modest, Ausir," Set argued. "I've heard people refer to you as a god. They say your touch makes plants sprout where no living thing dared exist."

Us-Yri smiled wistfully. "I wish, Sethi. As a matter of fact," he gestured at the land around them, "nature is changing so rapidly, I'm not sure

we can keep up with it. You see over there?" He fingered in the distance. "We run the risk of losing our beautiful jungle to lifeless sand."

"What are you talking about, Ausir?"

Us-Yri sighed. "That soon, we won't have any fertile land left, only a great big desert choking us on every side."

Set focused on the landscape. "I don't see any difference from the past," he admitted at last. "Is that why you want to hold the Spring Feast?"

Us-Yri nodded. "To renew our bond with the gods and ask for fertility."

"A ritual mating with...the Queen?" Seth asked tentatively.

I'd rather have you, the thought flashed unbidden in Us-Yri's mind, quickly repressed by his rational side. "Of course, Sethi," he said instead. "Who else could play as Goddess?"

The younger man did not reply.

"I have to do it," Us-Yri justified, uncomfortable at Set's silence. "Can't you see how the land suffers?"

Waiting for Set to peer in the distance, the ruler felt his warm body pressing closer. To ignore the unsettling sensation, he kept his attention focused on driving the chariot.

"Actually," Set observed at last, "it doesn't seem much different from what I remember."

"Sethi, you're not looking in the right

direction," Us-Yri said impatiently. "Look over there." He gestured in the far distance again.

"Well, maybe you're right," the young man admitted after the new examination. "There are a few places that look balding, as if they lost their vegetation. But everything considered," he concluded, "it looks more like an isolated phenomenon than a real threat. I think you're exaggerating, Ausir."

Just then, a bump on the road unbalanced both driver and passenger, throwing one against the other. To keep his balance, Set grabbed Us-Yri's waist.

Painfully As the sharp muscles dug in his back, the lithe body adhering perfectly to his frame, Us-Yri's attention wavered to an unwanted erotic tension building in his own body. Painfully aware of the dangers involved in Set's sensual pull, the ruler pretended to ignore the arm around his waist, trying to concentrate on the road ahead. "I hope so," he mumbled, ending the conversation.

After a few more miles, they reached their destination, a hidden lake that branched out from the river. Green vegetation surrounded its tiny shores, tall trees shading it from the biting sun. Us-Yri climbed down first, but as he was about to turn, the horse moved abruptly, throwing Set back. Without even thinking, Us-Yri grabbed him, only to relive an already familiar experience. Like

before, their frames fitted snugly into one another, though their positions reversed as Set's shoulders dug into the ruler's chest. Time seemed to stop and for an endless moment, all Us-Yri felt was hot flesh pressing on every part, including the most intimate ones.

This time, Us-Yri's physical philosophy," Us-Yri **said**, wishing reaction was inevitable. Embarrassed, he felt his cock stir into life, so he quickly disengaged from Set's pliant body before it was too late.

Pretending nothing had happened, the younger man ran to the shores with a childish whoop, stretching out on the soft green grass at the water's edge.

Us-Yri shook his head, smiling at Set's excitement. *I'm making too much fuss over nothing*, he scolded, sitting down beside him.

"Ah, Ausir, I've never forgotten our fishing trips. In fact, sometimes they were the only things that kept my sanity in that hellish place."

"Was it that bad, Sethi?"

"Sometimes it was terrible and I'm just glad I'm out of active duty now. I can finally enjoy life." He rolled on a side, looking up at Us-Yri sitting next to him and staring at the lake. "And its pleasures," he ended huskily.

A shiver ran down Us-Yri's back. "Like women?" he teased, though the words caught in

his throat.

"Women?" Set's face did not express a particular interest. "I have a confession to make, Ausir. Ever since my initiation, I haven't had many dealings with the female gender."

Us-Yri turned to look inside the green eyes. "You don't like them or —"

"To be honest, women are not such a turn-on for me. They fret too much, displaying their bodies, encumbered by annoying and redundant curves." He turned, put his arms behind his head and stared at the sky. "No, I can't say I like them much."

"But —"

Set came up. "Oh, I know that customs dictate otherwise and you'll want me to mate Nebet-het, though I can't understand why Father did not insist that Heru-Ur take her."

"Our brother wants to be a priest, Sethi, you know that. He believes his duty will be best fulfilled alone, so his spirit will win the battle against carnal desires."

"What a fool!" Set shook his head. "If you take those away, what's left?"

"Well, there's a lot to be said for his philosophy," Us-Yri objected, wishing he could have Heru-Ur's resolve.

"What have you got to complain about?" Set asked bitterly. "You have Aset at your side."

Us-Yri closed his eyes, his mind flooded with memories of his beloved Asethi, his mate, his lover. Like Set, she felt like a sister, having grown inside the palace, though lineage was hesitant at best. As children, he had not felt a particular liking for the scrawny girl, which sometimes he allowed to be his playmate. Yet, after her sexual initiation, his feelings had changed and he had eventually chosen her as Kemet's Queen.

Perhaps, the name says it all, the ruler mused, his mind flashing images of both Set and Aset. Even more, he could not ignore the uncanny physical resemblance between the two, both golden skinned, with reddish hair on a triangular face like that of a cat. Only their eyes differed, Aset's possessing an intense hazel hue, a combination between green and brown. Oddly though, her body had not attracted his attention like Set's had, but when his duty to her became clear, he gladly accepted it.

* * * *

Like men, women had their own sexual initiation with an experienced man, but not only. Since Aset had caught Geb's attention in view of a possible match with his son, Us-Yri seemed the logical choice for the delicate task. By then, he had acquired knowledge with women, so he gladly

accepted the challenge, especially since he would not be the only one involved. Customs dictated that the initiate be provided with an experienced guide to help the journey to true physical pleasure and the prince was never one to defy any accepted convention.

Slaves had brought Aset to his room, hair loose to her ass, perfumed oil lavishly anointed on her body, a tight fitting robe clinging to her curves. Despite the darkness of the room, her new attire had made Us-Yri realize for the first time she had become a woman...and a very tempting one at that. Even more disturbing, yet exciting at the same time, he also noticed how similar she looked to Set, which made him more impatient to take what he already considered his. But the woman next to him motioned to be patient.

Nefaris was the chosen guide to help Aset find pleasure in what many women considered an ordeal. Knowing the hardships of the first time, Kemet had devised a ritual by which an experienced woman would teach the initiate how to take her pleasure from men, imparting a knowledge that would help the woman enjoy sex from the start. The guide became an integral part of the game, directing both partners. She ordered the man's movements and actions in an erotic orchestration designed to drive the initiate crazy with desire. Thus Us-Yri waited Nefaris's

command.

Aset had stopped, too, and stood trembling in the dark room evidently scared of what would follow. Us-Yri clearly smelt her fear of defying the ritual's precise instructions, which kept her gaze glued to the floor and her body unnaturally still. Beneath the flimsy covering, he also perceived her muscle's aching tenseness from the effort of not moving.

Nefaris reached her and gently stroked her long reddish hair. "Don't be afraid, Aset," she whispered in the young woman's ear. "Tonight you'll feel a new pleasure, the likes of which you've never known before in your life." Her hand caressed Aset's back. "I'll teach you about men." The hand curved on her ass. "How to give and receive pleasure." She nodded in Us-Yri's direction.

He reached the women. Standing behind Aset, his hands replaced Nefaris's and continued the gentle stroking she had started. He felt her curves, pressing on each delicious slope, before untying every bit of clothing and letting it fall to her feet.

Naked, Aset had trembled even more, her flesh racing with heavy goose bumps that creased the delicate skin. Us-Yri increased the pressure, cupping the small breasts while his thumb and forefinger brushed a nipple, teasing until it hardened. She arched her back, throwing her head

against his chest. Us-Yri pulled her closer, fitting her curves to his body, his already rigid cock pressing on her soft, rounded ass. When the pressure increased, Aset shifted uncomfortably, moving imperceptibly forward to detach their bodies.

"He doesn't want to hurt you," Nefaris assured, clearly interpreting Aset's slight hesitation, "just give you pleasure."

He continued his slow, sensual travel on the soft skin until Nefaris ordered him to stop. With a firm hold, she grabbed his hand and brought him forward.

Us-Yri now stood in front of the trembling girl.

"Look at him," Nefaris ordered Aset.

The young woman raised her head.

Nefaris took her hands and put them on the prince's bare chest. "Here, feel him." She guided her hand across the broad chest, making her linger on the muscles rippling beneath the skin. Then she pulled them further down, edging dangerously on the erection, barely covered by a tight fitting cloth.

* * * *

Aset's eyes grew huge at the sight, her hands wanting to explore the novelty. But before she could reach it, he tilted her head back and gazed into the deep hazel eyes. The next moment, his

About the Author

Born 1965 in Rome Italy, I grew up in Lagos Nigeria then moved to Atlanta GA, to complete my studies. In Rome, I graduated in Political Science and now work in the import/export business.

I have always liked writing and started in the USA by working with Emory University's magazine The Phoenix. Since then, I have been writing and publishing in both Italian and English.

In English I write erotica in various genres, mostly fantasy, sci-fi and paranormal, sometimes trespassing into contemporary. Recently I published by eXtasy Books:

Trespassing All Hallow's Eve, novel – dark fantasy, paranormal, adventure, gay/lesbian, Halloween.

Hunted, short story in eXtasy's Anthology Sanguinary Seductions.

The Moon Priestess, short story in eXtasy's Anthology Atlantis Allure.

Coming soon: Virtus, Divine Blood.