

Khufu stroked her genital folds. They eased to his touch. “I will not remove the folds from your skin or the magic from your mind.”

Theormi felt her womb offer a fine oil. Her fragrance darkened like that of singed figs. It merged into his scent of hemp and juniper.

The two probed and soothed with breath and caress. Their salt waters glided between them, their blood rushed through them.

His phallus burned in Theormi’s hand. “I snare the red fish.” She bent to its heat. “It leaps into the air glistening. I swoop like a hawk.”