

The Pharaoh's Curse

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

A lanky, middle-aged, Egyptian woman is moving gracefully through the busy streets of Ancient Cairo. Her perfect eye-liner surrounds a pair of black, determined eyes. Her long, curly, grey hair is mostly covered by the woman's dark red hood, matching her cape. The woman is wearing a long and flowy white dress that while simple, is definitely not plain. This woman wasn't a commoner. Passing by countless merchants and buyers, she is heading towards the Temple of Qetesh, the main place of worship of the titular Goddess Qetesh. It only makes sense, since the woman is the High Priestess of this temple.

The middle-aged priestess ascends the steps leading up to the temple's entrance. As soon as she enters, multiple priests bow with reverence. "Good afternoon, High-Priestess Sharifa" she hears a version of these words from everyone. She greets them with a silent, tiny nod, barely making eye-contact, and certainly without pausing her stride. She has much more important business to attend.

There's no ceremony currently performed, just a few dozen citizens paying their tributes in front of a giant statue of the Goddess of fertility and sex. The 15 feet high sculpture presents the goddess Qetesh fully naked as tradition, standing on top of a lioness with her arms spread wide in an offering gesture. Lotus flowers lay on her open palms, a classic symbol of the Goddess and her relationship with fertility and nature.

Sharifa walks past the statue, towards the back rooms of the temple, only reserved for priests, out of the public's boundaries. The robed woman walks towards the room's corner, where a doorway leads to a descending staircase. The stairs lead to the temple's catacombs. The High-Priestess descends them with an urgency that is rare for her.

The woman reaches the other side of the dark, semicircular, stone staircase, into a corridor lit with torches on the light brown, pyramid-stone walls. No sunlight reaches this place. Sharifa moves through

the low-ceilinged but very wide corridor, passing by sarcophagi on either side. Despite the dusty surroundings, these ceremonial coffins are very shiny and pristinely preserved. Some of them belong to past religious leaders of the church of Qetesh, evident by the carved plaques displayed on the stone base of each sarcophagus. But some plaques appear mysteriously blank, nothing written on them. Sharifa reaches the end of the catacomb corridor and finally, enters a larger room, with a taller ceiling than the corridor.

“Let me go, THIS INSTANT!” a youthful, petite woman, only 19 years of age, is struggling in two, beefy men’s grip. The much stronger topless guards are holding her by each skinny arm, clearly overpowering her. Two more armed guards stand on either side of the entrance, and about a dozen priests and priestesses, all in modest, dark-red robes that matched Sharifa’s cape, are present in the room. The lighting coming from a sea of surrounding candles is dim and atmospheric. This tall, circular room has an intense ritualistic feel to it.

“Glad to have you in our company, Princess Oni” the mature woman speaks, getting the attention of everyone in the room. She walks in front of the captured girl. Princess Oni might not have dressed as royally as possible, but her appearance is still distinct from any peasant, and not just for her infamous beauty.

Oni is wearing a pristine, cream-colored, sleeveless dress, which reaches down to her calves, complimenting her darker complexion. A long waist darker scarf is wrapped around the girl’s shapely hips, its end flowing down in front of her, between her legs. Her long, wavy dark hair is decorated with a golden tiara. Rows of long necklaces, made of precious stones, adorn her slender neck and alluring chest. Lavish bracelets dangle from her wrists and golden arm-bands coil around her slim arms. A light blue, silk veil, matching the girl’s gorgeous, ocean-like eyes, is attached by small hoops on her wrists and upper arms.

“She had ventured outside of the palace to town. When she separated from her friends and the royal guards, we took the opportunity to strike” one of the two, muscly, temple guards, addresses his superior.

“What is the meaning of this indecency?” the Princess growls at the High-Priestess, still half-fighting against the vice-like grips of the two guards. The senior woman calmly pulls off the hood of her cape, not rushing to respond to her Highness’ words.

“This proud Nation has been plagued...” she spoke with the rhetoric and bombast of a leader. “Plagued by the Pharaoh’s sins, which have crumbled this place into ruins” she continues, literally preaching to her choir.

Her claim is not unfounded. The kingdom is in a dreadful spot; the low classes are starving and lost wars have ravaged the nation’s economy and sovereignty. To make matters worse, nature’s elements have also not been too kind to the area, since droughts are at an all-time high, destroying the crops.

“We need the mercy of the Gods, in order for this destructive tide to subside” Sharifa exclaims in the same clear, passionate tone as before. “What are you talking about? Get me back to the palace at once! THIS IS AN ORDER!” The young Princess commands furiously.

As it is often the case with royal offspring, Oni is entitled, arrogant and self-centered. She always acted like the whole world belonged to her, because in many regards, it did.

The grey-haired priestess is not at all intimidated by the girl’s barks, even though her much junior woman is still her superior. “Commence the sacrificial ceremony!” Sharifa orders her subordinates and soon, the helpless girl feels numerous hands tearing at her delicate clothing, reaping it all off.

In a few seconds, Princess Oni finds her youthful, attractive body, coveted by Princes all over the continent, completely naked. “Stop! I command you! My father will execute all of you!” the girl can only threat, whilst trying to cover her nudity.

None of her protests deter the silent clergy, who proceed to strip the young woman of her priceless jewellery, leaving her “free” of earthly belongings and symbols of any power. They lead the girl towards a 2-foot tall, rectangular, stone base, wide enough to comfortably fit one person.

Of course, the Princess is not being “offered” to any random deity. Sacrifices to the Goddess of sex require a specific ritual, one that is always respected.

The young, naked princess is pinned down on the cold stone, by her arms, torso and legs which are spread wide by multiple hands. Hugely overpowered, she can only writhe in place. Oni's sparkling blue eyes widen when she sees a priest approach her, holding an intricate phallic object, made of metal. The straight, generously-sized phallus' silver exterior is beautifully carved with ancient scripture praising the Goddess, which form dented lines that give it a crinkly, bumpy surface. It is resting on the priest's palms, with the reverence of a sacred artifact.

"I will chop off your heads one by one!" the girl's threats get angrier, a clear sign of her helplessness. The sacred penis is lubed ceremoniously with olive oil, before being forcefully inserted inside her young, virgin cunt. Oni groans; the penetration hurts not only her tender pussy, but also her huge ego. Regardless, she can do nothing to stop the violation.

The young woman's legs remain forcefully splayed, since there's a second part to this procedure. A second priest brings what looks like a small, tightly woven sack with a thin, funnel-like end. A loud buzzing sound can be heard from inside the sack. The lid of the metal member's base, currently nesting between the girl's sex-lips, is lifted through a hinge to reveal a hollow interior. With the girl's confusion leading to more fear and therefore more struggling, the sack's funnel is uncorked and placed in the entrance of this hollow penis.

Oni looks horrified as multiple wasps fly from the sack inside this ceremonial dildo! The inner walls of the phallus' are lined with nectar, immediately attracting the insects inside Oni's hole. Once about 8-10 of them are inside, the lid is safely closed, trapping the wasps inside. It doesn't take long for a furious buzzing to commence from the insects, which in turn causes the phallus to vibrate intensely, giving unwanted stimulation to the girl's sex-walls.

As soon as the girl's chaste cunt is "honored" with the ceremonial cock, the clerics on either side of the girl press her legs snugly together. This keeps the metal dick from being removed, as well as preparing the main stage of this ceremony.

The princess lifts her head up to see that a couple of more hooded women have already started wrapping her dainty feet in the traditional linen used for mummifications. Roughly immobilized by about 20 hands, the girl can only watch as she is slowly encased inside the fabric, first her feet, then the women work up to her ankles, soon reaching her calves.

Fighting her handlers, Oni's spews plenty of inappropriate curses, which sound doubly lewd coming from the lips of a graceful, young princess. The robed mob works diligently and meticulously, making sure that every coil of the wrapping is smooth and parallel to the previous one, despite the girl's angry kicking and fighting being a clear obstacle. Soon, they have completely covered the Princess from the

hips down, fusing her legs into a snug, tight leg-binder of sorts. The metal cock inside her was not going anywhere, now, making its presence known to Oni via both its girth and its constant buzzing.

“HEEEEEEEELP! SOMEBODYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!” the girl has shifted approach, though still very much animated and trying to fight off 10 people at once. Her desperate screams echo on the long ceiling of the wide, round room. But they have no chance of reaching the ground-level of the temple. No allies are around.

Meanwhile, outside of this “operative” circle around the stone altar, Sharifa is a few feet away, kneeling in front of a smaller statue of Goddess Qetesh. With her hands praying, she is mumbling some indecipherable hymns.

A sacrifice of this caliber ought to have a huge impact. Qetesh will be very pleased with this offering.

The wrapping has now enveloped the girl’s slim waist and tight belly and has reached above the petite girl’s navel, covering her tender, brown skin just below her breasts. Oni feels a slight moisture in the linen that surrounds and binds the bottom half of her body. The resin the fabric is coated in is used to keep the external humidity out of the “preserved” body. Overwhelmed and tired from fruitless struggling, the princess sees another priest approach her perky breasts and place one leech on each of her areolas! The wormy things lightly slither and turn, very much alive!

The girl shrieks in disgust as the leeches quickly latch on to the sensitive flesh of her nipples. No one reacts to her clear misery. A pair of small, metal, round plates, slightly larger than your typical areola and slightly concave, are placed over the woman’s breasts, capping over the leeches. More tightly wound wrapping over the girl’s breasts keeps the plates (and the leeches) in place.

Oni can only watch everything unfold, with each of her skinny, weak arms being held by four people. For the goddess of fertility, the ritual of the leeches feeding from the subject’s nipples is a clear parallel to the life-giving breastfeeding.

With the linen wraps coiled up to her armpits, it is time for Oni’s arms to follow. After being roughly placed over her already wrapped breasts in a crossing shape, more tight fabric envelopes them, keeping them pinned on Oni’s chest in that position and making a seamless connection with the rest of her

wraps. Each wrap is made with considerable tension, so that each coil not only covers but also presses firmly against the woman's skin.

As the winding coils of soft, but very durable linens reach the girl's slender neck, Oni's spirit is cracked. Fatigue from her continuous struggling has not put the brakes on her attempts, as she twists and turns, panting inside her cocoon, her bondage unyielding. Her powerful overlord persona has failed her.

Looking up, the girl sees multiple hooded figures looking down at her. Even though their faces are mostly obscured by the hoods and the faint light, she can sense their complete apathy for her. Their laser sharp focus on her bondage, on this ritual, is driven by their deep faith.

A couple of priests break the circle around the Princess, and High Priestess Sharifa joins the wrapped-up girl, standing by the side of her head. Most of Oni's dark, long and wavy locks are caught underneath the wraps. Only the girl's head remains uncovered. This will change very soon.

As per tradition, the High Priestess will handle the last portion of the girl's "preparation". A second silver phallus is produced by the aged woman. Unlike the one currently nesting inside her pussy, this one is bent like a banana and its surface is perfectly smooth. It's also smaller than the first one, though similarly to it, it is hollow. On its tip is a tiny hole, very much resembling a pee-hole.

"Please... I beg you... have mercy!" the princess implores Sharifa, any semblance of pride she had, now tossed out the window. Oni is on the verge of tears, terrified and shattered. Her face is held tightly upright from turning by the clergy, unable to turn.

As a retort, the High Priestess lets out the faintest smirk, before moving her hands determinedly, gracefully down the Princess' face. She shoves the silver cock past Oni's lips, pushing it further down until the girl has "swallowed" all of its length. "NoooMMMGgghhhH!" the Princess moans, unable to stop the phallus from traveling past her tongue, its curve guiding it to tickle her gag-reflex. The girl tries

to turn away from the invasion, but multiple hands trap her temples and cheeks. Just like with the first phallus, the object's round base rests just between the girl's lips.

Its lid is then flipped open, for a different female priestess to approach and pour a thick, white liquid from a small, metal vase. It is milk and honey, meant to metaphorically simulate a man's seed.

"GGGgnnhhhh, Guhh!" the girl lightly chokes, mostly from her own panic than the actual oral prodding. Her mouth-plug's artificial urethra lets a drop of the milky nectar escape down her throat, every couple of seconds or so.

Once it's filled almost to the brim, the lid between the Princess' lips is closed and Sharifa's monks work at once, wrapping tightly the over the woman's chin and mouth, keeping the phallus lodged in Oni's mouth. "It's ok, breathe and swallow normally" Sharifa offers the first acknowledgment to the cocooned girl, caressing the distressed girl's wrapped cheek with the outside of her fingers. It does nothing to reassure the mummified girl.

Sharifa is then handed two small, oval-shaped, flat, stones, only half an inch thick. On each one, the image of a lotus flower is craftily carved. The main symbol of Goddess Qetesh. The skinny, white-robed woman looks down at the girl's teary eyes, her body wrapped from the nose down.

"MMMMMmmgffff!" the wrapped up girl writhes in place on the cold stone altar, her eyes pleading the Priestess for one last time, before Sharifa gently places the stone perfectly over her eyes, taking her sight. More mummifying coils over Oni's eyes keep the stones in place, as the clergy finish encasing the moaning, struggling girl's head. The linen is fully wrapped around her nose, eyes, forehead, rendering her another faceless sacrificial lamb, before more coils are passed from under her chin and the top of her head.

In the end, not an inch of the pretty girl's naked, brown body is visible. The ceremonial cocks that penetrate her mouth and sex are secret to an outsider's eyes, just like the hungry leeches sucking at her tender lips, their little enclosing cups kept in place by the tight linen, as well as the girl's wrapped, folded arms.

Goddess Qetesh' penises keep "ejaculating" and stimulating Oni, whose terrified screams for mercy come out very stifled and unintelligible. With her sight now also removed, the girl is fully panicking, twisting and turning at the minimum amount that her encasement allows. Her crossed arms squirm in place; her fused legs can only bend at the knee and aimlessly kick the air as one. Her head turns wildly from side to side, up and down, but her new orientation does not change her blackened vision.

Most of Sharifa's clergy rises up and begins chanting in a medium volume in praise of Goddess Qetesh, while the princess' mummified body is kept from veering of the center of the altar by the surrounding hands of a few monks. Precious jewellery are brought forth to decorate the offering. A golden, wide collar that reaches to the woman's collar bone is placed around Oni's neck, with a lotus flower engraved in the front. Four rows of golden waist chains surround Oni's waist and dangling from them are red and white silk scarves. Oni's desperate moans are almost covered by the chanting crowd.

"It is time" Sharifa orders and the two guards approach and lift the mummified young woman from the stone altar, holding her from her feet and her back. "MMMMMMMMMMMMFfff, MMMNnnngg!" Oni's struggling, writhing body is ritualistically carried outside the round altar room, escorted by the red-robed crowd, which keeps its religious humming around her.

The Pharaoh's daughter is led to the catacombs, where an open, empty sarcophagus is waiting for her. Just like with every "assisted" sacrifice to the Goddess of sex, the tomb's plaque is blank, only a smooth, stone surface.

"MMMMnnngg! NNGNngghh!" the Princess' cocooned body is slowly lowered inside the human-shaped sarcophagus. There are only 2-3 inches of room on either direction, so Oni's eternal bedding feels very "cozy". Three strong guards are needed to carry the last items that the princess will take with her to eternity. A beautiful golden mask of a female face is propped over Oni's wrapped head. The dense metal mask depicts a serene, almost content young woman with a gorgeous, scaly headdress, which majestically fans out on either side of her face. On the front base of this headdress is sculpted a small snake, coiling around a scepter.

The blinded, muted, bound princess cannot foresee nor prevent the heavy mask from being carefully lowered over her bandaged face, encasing it completely in metal. There is no way for Oni to lift or even turn her head trapped under the mask's overbearing weight.

Similarly, a golden C-shaped weight is placed over her fused ankles, rendering her feet immobile and pinning the woman's two ends securely against the sarcophagus base.

The ritual is almost complete. The grey-haired High Priestess climbs the single step to stand in front of the open sarcophagus; its mummified occupant's muffled cries ignored. Her right hand is grasping on a live, medium sized, green snake, another symbol of the Goddess she serves.

“Oh, great Qetesh...” Sharifa lifts the very alive snake in the air. Its body is thin but its length is almost two feet! “...Mistress of all the Gods...Lady of the stars of heaven...Eye of Ra, without equal...accept this humble offering and purge this land from sin!” she exclaims, tossing the serpent on Oni’s linen-coiled body. It will keep her company in her eternal trip to the underworld.

Despite her blinded state, Oni immediately senses the snake’s presence, as it is slithering all over the girl’s mummified body. The snake is not poisoned, though Oni has no way of knowing that. The only reason that her struggles do not appear any more frantic is that her bonds are too restricting to reflect her true state of mind.

With Sharifa’s live “deposit” concluded, the top of the sarcophagus is lifted by all the male participants until its outline lines up over the identical outline on Oni’s “bedding”. The sculpted full-bodied traditional image of a female Pharaoh on the sarcophagus’ lid looks majestic, beautiful, the detail and color on it a thing of awe.

The lid is lowered over the wailing, mummified princess, sealing her inside her sarcophagus. As soon as the two halves of the sarcophagus form together shut, the girl’s desperate moans stop filling the catacombs, encased inside with her and her new “pet”. An inner locking mechanism is activated upon contact, sealing the unfortunate royalty inside her cozy tomb beyond any shadow of a doubt.

Forever.

The Princess’ struggles are now unseen by all. She will pay her dividends to the Goddess of sex, writhing inside a human-shaped cast, tormented by a forced arousal from the holy cock in her loins. Fellating the Goddess’ ever-climaxing cock and taking the divine semen down her throat. “Nursing” life itself with her arm-wrapped breasts.

High Priestess Sharifa makes a small, reverent bow in front of the recently occupied sarcophagus. “May Qetesh find this offering worthy” she speaks softly.