

## Song of Songs

by Lady Rachelle Langourious and Margravine Alisondra von Saxe-Kahler

They were in her vineyard, full of blossoming fruit. Their naked bodies spooned together, apples and raisins scattered by their side, carelessly strewn about in their passionate haste. She was enclosed in his strong arms, stroking his long, hard, muscular, hair-covered wrists, his left hand under her head, his right hand embracing her.

This was a dream, this has to be a dream, he would never look at her in such a way, not now that he had been restored to his rightful place as King of Israel. And yet, what a sweet dream it was, and how dare the waking life intrude....

She must still be dreaming, for she could hear his voice outside her window. "Kiss me with the kisses of your mouth; for your love is better than wine."

"Solomon?" she murmured as she cast aside her light coverings, hoping it was him but keenly aware of the pain she would feel when it turned out to be just the wind. She had fallen asleep without her usual shift on, clad only in the simple necklace Solomon had given her, but she allowed the moonlight to caress her curves as she walked to the window. Moonbeams peered in through the window, catching on the facets of the jewel nestled between her breasts. Her thick, lustrous hair gleamed in the faint glow emanating from the sky above as it tumbled down her body in loose, sleep-tousled waves. Her large, amber eyes widened delicately in surprise and delight as she once again heard his voice, deep and clear and wholly out of place in the humble surroundings.

"Rise up, my love, my beautiful one, and come away. For, behold, the winter is past. The rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth. The time of the singing has come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land." He was singing, singing to her, he must be.

Her breath caught as she felt an involuntary fluttering in her chest. Could it really be? No, it was impossible. He would be back in his palace right now, reclining on cushions of silk and feasting on delicacies she could never even imagine. And surely, with the hundreds of beautiful women all sworn to pleasure him, how could she even begin to hope that he would spare her a single thought? What could she -- a simple shepherdess, her skin raw and scorched from the hours she spent toiling in the sun -- offer him that could compete with the wonders he must enjoy every day as king?

And yet he was here. Behind the lattice, he smiled down at her. "Who is she who looks forth as the morning, beautiful as the moon, clear as the sun, and awesome as an army with banners?"

"Armies again?" Rivka couldn't help but tease. "Am I a wall to be stormed?"

"If you are a wall, I will build on you turrets of silver," he promised.

Solomon thrust his hand in through the latch opening, catching on the lock. Rivka rose up to open the door, aware of his eyes lingering on her naked body. She had been ashamed when he saw her naked before -- how immodest she had been! -- but now she welcomed his gaze, admiring his bushy black hair and neatly-trimmed beard.

"I sought you, but I couldn't find you," she confessed to him, feeling naked in front of him in an entirely new way.

His arms enfolded her. She was so tiny in his arms -- her head barely reaching his chest -- and yet she felt as though she were floating up with the stars. "I have been waiting for you, whom my soul loves."

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Rivka had never dreamed of a night like this.

"You are beautiful, my love," Solomon whispered in her ear as his fingers roamed her body, caressing every inch of her body, stroking her hair, tracing her lips with a moistened finger. "Behold, you are beautiful. Your eyes are doves behind your veil." As he named each part of her body, his fingers brushed and stroked and his lips kissed her earlobe, his warm breath lingering with promises

of more. "Your hair is as a flock of goats, that descend from Mount Gilead. Your teeth are like a newly shorn flock, which have come up from the washing, where every one of them has twins." The words had barely left his lips when his fingers brushed her areolae, and then his hand descended to squeeze. Rivka gasped as he twisted her nipples gently, then bent down to suck on them, grazing them slightly with his teeth.

Rivka let out a moan, and suddenly Solomon's face was once again by hers. He gazed into her eyes, a faint smile playing upon his lips and a look she had never before seen in his eyes. It terrified her, but she knew that deep within herself she felt that nameless emotion too, filling her with a hot urge she knew to be desire overlying the deepest love one could feel for another soul.

"Your lips are like scarlet thread," he murmured, moving his lips closer and closer to hers, but not allowing the gesture to come to fruition in. "Your mouth is lovely," he teased. His fingers continued to play, maddeningly, with every part of her body, until she felt as if she could take no more of this intense - whatever it was. She let out an impassioned "Please!" and only then did he finally bend his head down, with all the grace of a gazelle, to press his lips to hers.

"Your temples are like a piece of a pomegranate behind your veil," he whispered, tracing her jawline with his mouth. "Your neck is like David's tower built for an armory, whereon a thousand shields hang, all the shields of the mighty men." As his lips pressed against her neck, he continued, "Your two breasts are like two fawns that are twins of a roe, which feed among the lilies." His fingers slid between her legs, finding her secret wetness and rejoicing within, and stroking. She barely had time to feel surprised before she began to feel waves of an almost musical pleasure, his fingers coaxing the wetness of her perfume to spread its fragrance, until her pleasure reached a crescendo she would have thought impossible if she had not just experienced it herself. Barely leaving her time to catch her breath, he buried his head between her legs, his lips and tongue probing and teasing until her whole body was once again overcome with that exquisite ecstasy.

Rivka lay panting on the verdant couch, her breasts heaving from this utterly new and wonderful sensation. As her eyes opened she noticed an intriguing hardness between his legs. Tentatively, she brushed it with her fingers. Encouraged by Solomon's response, she grasped it and began to stroke, then kissed down his muscled chest until she found herself in the shadow of his great tree. She placed her lips where her hand had been and found, to her delight, the fruit to be sweet to the taste. As she caressed Solomon's hardness with her mouth and tongue, his breathing became increasingly labored.

All of a sudden, he paused and withdrew. Rivka feared she had done something wrong, but he merely placed one of his fingers gently against her lips. "Beloved," he said with an easy smile, "do not stir up, nor awaken love, until it so desires."

It must be a kingly thing, Rivka decided, not to want to come until she was thoroughly satisfied. Again. She could live with that.

Solomon lifted a swath of silk from the couch. "Turn away your eyes from me, for they have overcome me," he said. Rivka obediently looked away, and suddenly felt the material against her eyes, wrapped several times until she could not see. She shivered in anticipation, feeling the cool fabric gently caress her face. "I would tie this, but it is forbidden to make a knot on the Sabbath."

Though her eyes saw nothing but darkness, she could now feel Solomon's fingers, now stroking the flower of her womanhood, now dipping deep into her wetness. She could see nothing, predict nothing, and each tantalizing touch was a surprise that left her quivering and wanting more. As she let out a pleading, desperate moan, he brushed his lips once again against her heaving breast as his fingers continued to roam the mountains and clefts between her legs.

"Solomon," she moaned. "Solomon, oh my Solomon, my beloved -- oh!" The waves of pleasure washed over her again as she climaxed. Solomon bent in for a long, lengthy, lusty kiss before unwrapping the silk from her face.

"The voice of my beloved," he said, and brought her fingers to his lips.

Rivka moved aside some of the coverings and motioned for him to lie beside her. He lay down,

covering her with his right hand, his left under her head, and closed his eyes, as though to sleep.

She stroked his hairy chest, full of wonder and awe that such an amazing man would love her, and that she could be pleased in such a way by his touch and lips alone. Though it did seem to be a little unfair, somehow, that she could be so satisfied, and he himself had not spent his seed inside her.

Could he really sleep so unsatisfied?

She kissed his lips urgently, pushing her tongue inside his warm mouth, feeling his own tongue entwine with hers. As they kissed she felt him grow hard against her thigh, and shifted easily, naturally, so that he was touching her cleft, rubbing herself against him until he was sure he could feel her wetness. He kissed her breasts, her neck, her earlobes, and then her lips again, all with the same sudden urgency that she herself felt. It became clear that he had only refrained from coming inside her because he feared he had lacked permission -- her own consent. Now, with her returning enthusiastic kisses, he seemed to want her even more.

"Open to me," he husked, looking directly into her eyes, "my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for my head is filled with dew, and my hair with the dampness of the night."

"Arise, my love, my beautiful one," she gasped, barely able to contain her pleasure, "and come away."

Then there was no more time for words, just an aching, exquisite cadenza, as she felt the song of Solomon fill her entirety.