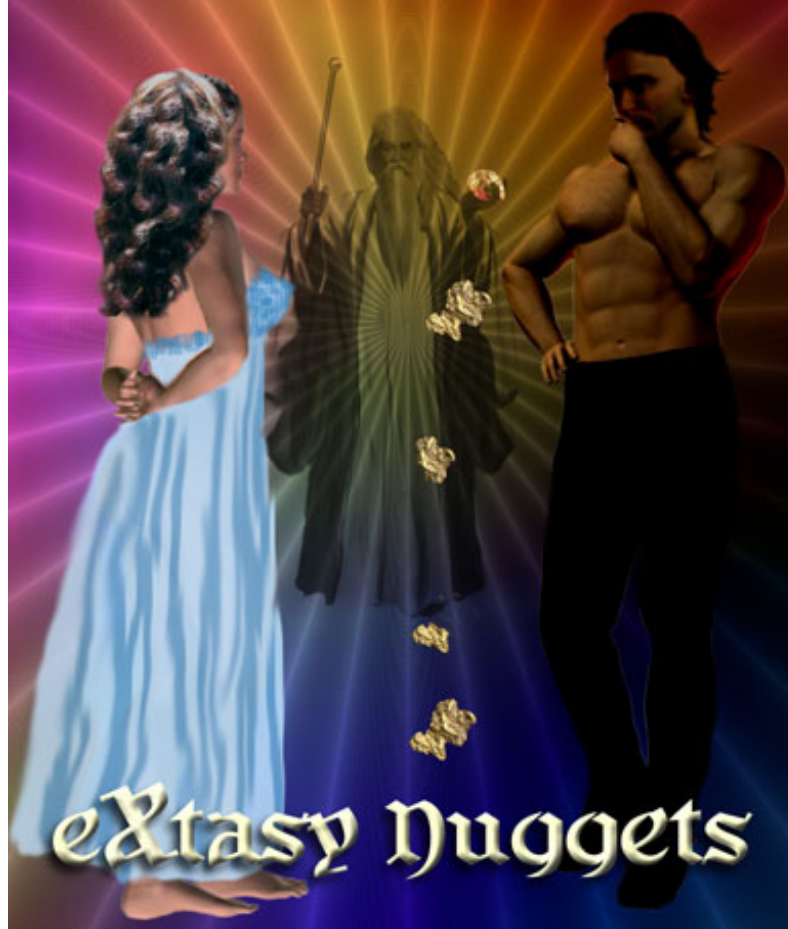


Garden of Eden

Aurora Rose Lynn



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GARDEN OF EDEN

“Do you love me, Jake?” Maria asked, pulling her long ginger-colored hair back into a ponytail. She watched his strong hands on the steering wheel and wished he would stop at one of the rest areas and make love. She was certain he was her soul mate but she sensed he wasn’t quite sure about their relationship. But then he also had Beth McTavish on his mind nowadays. Maria wanted to change that. She wanted Jake to dream only about her.

She licked her dry lips and wiped her damp palms along the cotton of her sapphire blue pants. Why couldn’t she be the only woman Jake looked at?

The day was sunny and the road, flanked by coniferous trees, was one Maria had never traveled on before. Maria sighed. Jake kept his eyes on the road and said nothing. He normally wasn’t a talkative man but the silence was usually companionable, not filled with barbed-wire-like tension.

For no apparent reason, thick fog suddenly shrouded the car. It was as if wisps of curling gray smoke enveloped them, making the road in front of the car invisible.

“What the hell?” Jake muttered, slamming on the brakes. The tires screeched on the asphalt. The car

came to an abrupt halt. He glanced nervously in the rearview mirror. "Hope some idiot doesn't smash into us."

Maria scanned the area around them. The fog that should have stayed outside the car, filtered in. She started coughing.

"Let's get out of here," Jake prompted, his voice hoarse from the suffocating air.

Maria thought he would start the car and inch forward until they cleared the fog patch. Instead he got out and simply disappeared.

"Jake?" she cried out. Uttering just one sound made her start coughing harder. On her side of the car, the door handle creaked and the door swung open.

"Jake?" she asked, looking up. Shocked, she looked into the jade green eyes of a stranger as he grabbed her arm. She shrieked but the man whipped her in front of him and marched her through the fog as if he knew exactly where he was going. Maria saw his chiseled face clearly only for a moment. She sensed he was tall and very naked and then she could no longer see him. His hand held tenaciously onto her own.

Maria struggled, but the man had his hand too tight around her arm. Her struggles caused him to halt for a moment and she aimed a knee at his groin, but the ground gave way beneath her feet. She screamed, thinking he had dropped her in a well and now she was about to meet her death. The stifling fog followed her. And without Jake. Her heart thudded in her chest and her screams echoed in her ears.

Abruptly, her fall stopped. She stood on nothing, yet she stood upright. Or did she? It was hard to tell in the thick fog.

"So you want me?" a quiet male voice asked. The voice sounded gratingly arrogant.

"Where am I?" Maria demanded.

"Take a step forward and you'll see."

Strong fingers interlaced her own and pulled her forward. She gasped as they stepped from the blanketing fog and into blinding sunlight. Trilling their song, birds perched on branches of towering pine trees and the scent of flowers perfumed the air. The world was a virtual paradise! And the man standing beside her was, as she had caught a glimpse of before, naked!

She gasped and backed away. Not that she had ever been prudish because she enjoyed being naked with Jake and having hot mind-boggling sex with him. But now she stood with a complete stranger. She glared at him, examining him from head to toe. Gosh, he looked so much like the Greek gods she had always envisioned.

He had broad shoulders, and his arms and thighs were hard-packed tight muscle and his cock, dear heavens, was larger than she had ever seen.

She continued to back away but something niggled the back of her brain. Maria looked down and horror flooded through her. She was as naked as he was. She swallowed hard and placed a hand over her mound, trying to hide the fine dark hairs but knowing she was failing miserably.

He smiled a fond and loving smile. "You needn't

hide your nakedness, my love. You are more beautiful than anything I've ever seen. Your eyes are the color of chestnuts, your breasts as full and perfect as any fantasy of mine ever envisioned. "

"Who are you?" she managed from a parched throat.

He tilted his head and spoke to something invisible in the sky. "You see? She can't remember a thing." He shook his head as if he was slightly annoyed. "I'm Adamis."

"Where is this place?" Maria wanted to ask more questions but was afraid her brain would only process one answer at a time because she was so shocked.

"You, my lovely bride, are in the Garden of Eden."

Garden of Eden? Lovely bride? No, that couldn't be possible. Despite her nudity, she looked around with a wary eye. Delicate flowers waved to and fro and fronds of what looked like small palm trees waved in the gentle warm breeze. Everything looked so perfect and peaceful. There were no weeds and not even a fly or mosquito.

"You're amazed," Adamis said softly.

"How did I get here?"

He shrugged. "Only Galeran, the maker, knows," he said casting an eye heavenwards.

"You mean this Galeran's watching too?" She waved her hand in the air above her head, forgetting the need to cover her naked mound.

"Probably. I can't say for sure. Yeah, he's got lots of other things to do."

"I can't imagine what." It was strange but she felt

very attracted to this man. Before, she had been in love with... A blankness seized her mind. She had a past, she knew, but she couldn't remember it.

"He does lots of things. Keeps the temperature about right for life on earth, makes sure the sun is just at the right temperature, and the last I heard, he was creating some stars for the night sky."

Maria took in a deep breath and slowly let it out. This just wasn't happening.

Adamis approached her. "I watched as Galeran made you. He thinks he put me to sleep but I was awake the whole time while he took a rib from my chest and created you."

"I don't believe that."

He shrugged. "I've got no reason to lie to you."

"But I had a past," she protested. "A past I now can't remember." She made the mistake of looking down at his hairy legs. Gosh, hairy legs had always turned her on, along with long, luxurious pubic hair. His balls hung heavy under the straining muscle of his cock.

"There's nothing to remember. You're newly made."

"From your rib?" She couldn't believe it.

He nodded. The strands of his golden hair waved in the light breeze. He was so tall and handsome. Hadn't she always wanted a man like this?

"Why don't you?" he asked.

"Do what?" she replied perplexed.

"Make love to me."

"You can read minds!"

"You're part of me. I don't see why I shouldn't be

able to."

Maria moaned. The man was having an effect on her with his stiffening cock and his broad shoulders. She couldn't wait for him to nestle his muscled thighs on top of hers. Her pussy was wet. She could feel the cream running down the inside of her legs.

He strolled towards her and looked deep into her eyes.

She gazed into those glistening dark brown orbs. Wasn't he all she had ever wanted? "Why are you doing this?" she whispered.

His sigh reverberated around them. "Galeran gave you as my mate. I can't do anything other than want you. The same way I believe you want me."

"But I thought the Garden of Eden was a place in mythology, that it never really existed." She took little panting breaths. He smelled of fresh flowers and of the earthy smell of pine trees. He really was so very attractive and handsome in a way that went beyond her most euphoric dreams. No man she had ever met could possibly have been so dashing. His skin was a golden brown hue and he glowed with health. Every movement bespoke of agility and grace, like that of a panther.

"Make love to me," he whispered. Leaves blowing gently in the wind seemed to echo his words.

"I can't." Her body demanded that he caress her taut nipples, that he touch her and turn her inside out with his delectable cock inside her. But her mind rebelled. How could she make love to a total stranger?

"I only appear to be a stranger."



"How can you read my thoughts?"

He smiled slightly. "Remember, you're a part of me. I know what you want before you do." His gaze fell on her breasts. Where she had been embarrassed a few minutes before, she was more comfortable with him looking at her with admiring eyes. Her skin prickled at the thought of his wide hands caressing her.

Had he read her mind again? Stepping forward to close the distance between them, he pressed his hard cock into the cleft between her legs. "I want you. Now," he murmured. His eyes had become narrow and sleepy-looking but she knew it had something to do with the great drive within him. The same heat raged within her, demanding release.

He clasped her hand in his and drew her hesitant fingers to his cock. "Touch me." His voice was as soft as rain water splashing on her skin.

Lightly, she touched the tip of his cock, stroking the firm skin. Her thumb met with the wetness of his pre-come and she ended up looking into his eyes in wonder. "Am I the first woman for you?"

He nodded reassuringly. "We are the first for each other. And we have an eternity to experiment."

Her hand circled his engorged cock and brushed against the hairs on his pelvis. "Forever?"

He nodded.

"That's a very long time." Why was she here? How had she gotten here? Would she be able to return to that place she so dimly remembered? If she made love to Adamis, would she spend the rest of her life, or as he claimed eternity, regretting it?

"Don't think like that, precious. We have been given all this beauty. Why not enjoy it and each other?"

Yes, why not?

Gently, he edged her back against the trunk of a tree and lifted his knee to spread her legs apart. Oddly, the sensation of her back rubbing against the bark didn't hurt.

"Wrap your knees around my waist."

"What?"

"Just do it. I promise it won't hurt."

Maria couldn't get over the fact that someone was watching them. Was he using them like a scientist used guinea pigs? That thought turned her on. She brushed her lips against Adamis' chest and up his throat, stroking her tongue along his skin, along the corded muscles of his neck. Leaning back, she watched the moist swath dry on his golden skin.

He heaved a sigh. "That feels so good. I've been alone for so long."

Incredibly, she saw tears well in his eyes. "Why didn't he make me sooner?"

"I don't know. All I can say is that it is wonderful to have your company, to feel your body against mine."

She lifted her legs and wrapped them around his waist, feeling his cock at the tip of her entrance. Her arms automatically found a place around his neck. Bending his head and blocking her view, he stroked the tip of his penis against her clit, moistness against demanding wetness.

Burying her chin on his shoulder, she gazed at the

peaceful scene beyond, the blue sky and she welcomed the stroking of her sheath. "Please. Make love to me," she pleaded, unable to wait for him to slip his long rod into her.

His fingers trailed down to her pussy. He opened her wide with his fingers, and slipped his glans against her opening, rigid skin meeting pliant welcoming skin. Little by little, he filled her with his warmth. Her arms tightened around his neck and she pressed her breasts against his. Her hair rippled over her shoulders. He buried his face in it and moaned.

He thrust in and out, fully withdrawing and reinserting himself and brought her to the brink of climax. "When I'm like this inside you, what do you feel?"

"Like I was born for you. As if we're one."

He chuckled at that. "We *are* one. We share everything, including the depth of our bodies." He pushed as far as he could go, touching her cervix, and held himself steady.

"Please. Finish," she pleaded as her eyes met his. They narrowed and filled with latent sexuality.

Dipping in and out of her, she felt as if she were the only woman who had ever been. A woman to pleasure his eyes, to torment his body in those few seconds before the climax rushed upon them. He thrust harder and more powerfully until she thought her sheath would rip open. It was pleasurable pain. She screamed in release.

Moments later, he cried out her name. She wrinkled her brow at the mention of her name. Hadn't she had a different one before? But how could

she have if there was nothing before this time?

He released his heated seed inside her. His sweaty cheek fell against hers. "There were no others before us," he said simply. His chest felt clammy against her breasts.

"We are the first humans?" she asked.

Puzzled, he looked down into her eyes. "Humans? What is that?"

"I thought we were on earth."

"Earth?"

"A planet that revolves around the sun, two planets from the sun."

His brow wrinkled. "Two planets from the sun? We are six planets from the sun."

It was her turn to feel puzzled. "Six planets? That can't be right." She shook her head, trying to regain her memory.

"Precious, what does it matter where we are now? We have eternity to figure out that little puzzle." He sank onto his knees and kissed her budded nipples. "An eternity to figure out we live on Alpha Numera."