

# *Read a Bead*

Adam and Eve

By

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## Mardi Gras Publishing, LLC

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## *Adam and Eve*

Eve felt as though her entire world had just stopped. Her breath caught in her throat, as the rose petals floated down upon her in a delicate shower of pink and red. She marvelled that she actually had time to examine each piece which floated gently by. Swirling and twirling, she drank in their heady perfume, as each petal mesmerized her with its silken touch. They landed upon her hands, her feet and caressed her bare arms as they softly whispered to the floor. She looked away from the petals and her eyes met Adam's for the first time in several minutes. How could she fight this feeling any longer? Moving toward each other wordlessly, Adam pulled her into his arms and kissed her for the very first time. Whilst the petals continued to dance serenely about them, Eve recalled the first moment that Adam had entered The Garden of Eden and how even then, she had known that her heart could belong to no other man.

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Fridays meant late night shopping in The Cannery, even for Eve's small florist shop, The Garden of Eden. One never knew when an errant husband needed to stop off for a gift for his wife, or a romantic tourist needed to make an impromptu purchase. Besides which, being a single and a somewhat date shy young woman, Eve needed every excuse she could think of not to get fixed up with yet another blind date. Since she and Gary had parted company six months earlier, her friends had felt honor bound to provide her with a new date for practically every night of the week. At first, Eve had smiled politely and gone along with the idea, thinking that it would perhaps provide a pleasant distraction from her now quiet and empty apartment. However, all the dates

did was to demonstrate to Eve the lack of spontaneity in each situation; the feeling of simply going through the motions without really experiencing the passion and spark that she longed for in a relationship.

"I'm run off my feet here," Eve heard herself lie to her friend Lizzie, as she ducked out of yet another night of bar hopping. Fortunately for her, Lizzie was on the other end of the telephone and unable to see just how empty the shop was this evening. "I can't leave early now and by the time I've shut the shop I'll be too tired to hang out with anyone. Maybe next week." Replacing the telephone, she looked about the shop and tried to find something to occupy her for the next few hours.

Whilst rearranging a display of lilies for the second time that evening, she suddenly became aware of a pair of eyes intently watching her from the walkway in front of her shop. *Now there was passion*, a brief glance at the young man on the other side of the glass had shockingly given Eve the spark of excitement that she felt she had been seeking her whole adult life. Never would she have described herself as a superficial woman, but she had to admit that this man was beautiful. His dark brown hair had a dishevelled look about it, *as if he had just emerged from bed*, her inner vixen suggested. With chocolate colored eyes, sculpted cheekbones and golden tanned skin, Eve thought that she had died and gone to heaven. It was such a pity that he was staring back at her since she would most certainly have liked to gaze longer at him. Unobserved, of course. However, good manners had been instilled into Eve from an early age and though the stranger before her was looking back, she felt obliged to turn away and continue with the flower arranging.

Minutes passed, yet even though Eve tried hard to concentrate upon her work, she could still feel those beautifully deep eyes, boring intensely into her very marrow. Normally such an overt act of rudeness would have made Eve uneasy. Perhaps she would have turned away from the display or returned to the back of the shop, if it had been anyone but him observing her movements, but this evening she did neither of those things. She had to admit that she enjoyed the feel of the stranger's eyes upon her skin, along with the sensations and sudden awareness that she could feel simmering

beneath her surface. Whilst she busied herself with some silver thread, she stole a brief glimpse at the stranger again, to see if indeed he was observing her, or if it was just a trick of the light. No, it was no trick. His gaze was not directed at the flowers, or the vase or even her breasts. He was gazing admiringly at her face, as though he were observing a piece of fine art. The smooth brown eyes did not leer, or ogle, they merely studied. And in that split second, Eve felt herself empowered, beautiful and capable of reaching for the moon.

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It had been exactly one month since Adam McGinty had officially opened his bistro on the ground floor of The Cannery. With some cash assistance from his parents and his own unique talent for cooking, he felt sure that he was onto a winner with the small but intimate eatery. Almost as soon as Adam had been to view the unit that had miraculously become available, he had fallen in love with it. The interior was cosy without being too small and the walled courtyard area opened up a completely new aspect that Adam felt certain would appeal to both tourists and residents alike. With the paperwork signed, Adam had quickly begun renovations on the one time antique shop, with the help of his brother, Sam. It was not long before Adam had been able to set to work in the custom-built kitchen. By day, he would source ingredients and by night, he would cook and prepare the menus. And it had been on one of those long lonely nights of planning that Adam had somehow stumbled upon the perfect woman.

Even now, two months later, Adam could still recall how the sweet sound of her singing had drifted down from her shop and out into the little courtyard where he had been sitting. After catching a brief glimpse of her long blonde hair, which rested just above her waist, and seeing her hands work carefully upon the flowers that were out on her balcony, he had most distinctly heard her telling the plants how their company was infinitely preferable to that of George Sanderson from Ubicell Electronics.

"I'd much rather be here with you," He recalled hearing her murmur. "No doubt George has a degree in charm and a bucket full of charisma. But I'd much rather be with you, watering you and pruning you back."

Intrigued by what kind of a woman would share her inner most thoughts with plants, Adam had taken the time to sit in the courtyard each evening and listen to her talking and singing. He knew all about Gruesome Garry, Boring Brian and Lizzie, who he had ascertained was friend, rather than foe. After all this time, he felt that he knew the woman from the upstairs unit, almost as well as he knew himself. However, to his mind, his interest had become a little voyeuristic and now it seemed that perhaps he should introduce himself to the lady in question. And so, on this particularly quiet Friday evening, Adam had left the bistro in the capable hands of his assistant chef and had come upstairs to finally see the woman with the lilting voice.

To say that he was speechless was putting it mildly. There she stood a total vision of loveliness, surrounded by flowers in a shop named The Garden of Eden. He noticed that her hands were slim and her fingers long, as she worked a thread of silver around the stems of some lilies. He ran his tongue along his lips and imagined her fingers working their way over his body and through his hair. Damn, she had seen him looking. Who was he kidding? He had been positively drooling at the woman. Feeling like some kind of peeping tom, Adam decided to pluck up his courage and go into the shop. After all, he told himself, who could resist the irony of a guy named Adam going into The Garden of Eden, to be tempted by a beautiful woman.

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Eve noted the handsome stranger enter the shop and felt her fingers begin to tremble. What on earth did one do when faced with such a man, she asked herself. She knew what she would like to do, but felt certain that leaping upon unassuming customers and making passionate love to them broke several rules of floristry, not to mention a few human rights. She felt like a nervous schoolgirl, as again she caught his eye and felt a giddy fluttering somewhere in the pit of her stomach.

"Can I help you?" She asked him. It was always a good idea to find out the customer's needs, she told herself. Although right now, all she could think about were her own needs. And they certainly did not include flowers.

The stranger smiled and Eve steadied herself against the tabletop. A smile like that should have some sort of restriction imposed upon it, she thought. Danger, do not use this smile on unsuspecting women aged between eighteen and sixty-five. He had one of those amazing smiles that somehow succeeded in making a handsome man even more gorgeous. *And it reached his eyes too.* He was sincere and good-looking. How often did a man like that walk right into her shop?

"Er...yes..." he paused, seeming to think for a second, before speaking. "I'd love some advice on what kind of plant to purchase for my brother. He's new in town and well..., his apartment could do with something to brighten it up."

Eve smiled with relief. *Familiar territory at last.* This stranger's sudden, yet most welcome appearance had momentarily knocked her for a loop. At least when she was talking plants and foliage, she would be able to keep her mind from wandering. "A houseplant is a great way to welcome someone to a new home," she told him, smiling. "Over here is my selection of stock," she said, walking towards the rear of the shop, "but if there's a specific plant that you had in mind, then I'd be more than happy to order it in for you."

She had reached the stock of houseplants and turned around, still expecting her gorgeous customer to be standing at the front of the shop. However, he was not. He was, much to her surprise, very close to her indeed. So much for turning her attention to plants. Of course, the whole situation was not helped by the fact that he was up close and personal in a tight white t-shirt and faded blue jeans. *If only he wasn't wearing it,* she heard her mind prompt. Instantly she could feel a blush creep along her cheeks. She closed her eyes and tried to imagine him wearing an ugly old sweatshirt, rather than the half-naked image of him that she now had in her mind. No, it didn't work. He was half-naked now and that particular image was refusing to remove itself from her mind.

"Are you ok?" She heard him ask.

Eve opened her eyes feeling immediately foolish. Now was not the time to be having sexy thoughts about her customer. However, it was a thought that she intended

to return to much later, in the comfort of her own bedroom. The guy was gorgeous. Why waste a good visual?

"I'm fine," she assured him. "It's just been a long week."

Mr. Gorgeous smiled again and Eve felt her knees literally go weak. "I know just what you mean," he agreed. "I can't wait to get to my bed tonight."

*Oh o, another visual.* And this time it was hot. She needed a spray with her water bottle and quick.

"Hmm, well, why don't you tell me a little bit about your brother?" She asked him.

"Excuse me?"

Eve blushed again. "What I mean to say is, tell me a little bit about his house keeping skills. There's really no point in giving him a plant that needs a lot of attention, if he's hardly ever at home to take care of it."

The stranger laughed. "Wow, I'd never even thought of that. I'd have just grabbed the first thing that I got my hands on."

Eve really did need that water spray. She took a quick glance at the afore mentioned hands all the same though and was pleasantly surprised. He had large, clean hands. Hands, that seemed firm and strong, yet they carried the air and grace of an artist. Hands that bore no rings either. Eve bit her bottom lip. What was the matter with her tonight? The man had simply come by to purchase a plant and she was already assessing his eligibility. She really did need to get some rest this weekend.

He smiled again, as if he could read her thoughts. "He works construction, so I'll guess he needs something low maintenance."

"Then I've got a great selection here." She turned to the shelf behind her. "Here we have Vera, Polly and Joseph. They all love the sun, but no direct light for Polly and not much water too, so they're all ideal for the single guy who likes to stay out once in while. But don't let Joseph get too dry in the summer."

"Are you on such friendly terms with all your plants?" Mr. Gorgeous asked her.

Eve laughed. "That's just their common names. I don't name them myself. I could go all technical on you and refer to them as *Alocasia Amazonica* and *Codiaeum*



“Excellent”, if you like, but their common names are much easier to say and remember.”

“Ok you’ve got a point there.” She felt almost breathless as he continued to stare thoughtfully at her for a few moments. “And would you mind telling me what the name of this one is called?” He asked, lightly touching her hand. She swallowed deeply. She had been right. His hands were strong yet graceful. She felt as though a delicate feather had whispered along her skin. All too quickly, he had removed his touch, yet she instantly felt keen to relive the moment. “She is Evelyn Marshall, commonly known as Eve.”

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If it hadn’t been for the fact that he was so turned on, Adam would have laughed. There had to be a certain irony to the whole situation. And perhaps on another day he would look back at this moment and smile at the thought of being caught in The Garden of Eden, with the very beautiful Eve. But all he really wanted to do at this moment was touch her sweet skin again and for much longer than the brief moment that he had allowed himself, just a few short seconds ago.

“What would you say if I told you that my name was Adam?” He asked her.

She raised one eyebrow and smiled, lighting her hazel eyes as she did so. “I’d say that was one hell of a line.”

He shrugged his shoulders at her. “Maybe, but it is the truth. You can check me out with The Cannery management if you like. I just opened Sweet Steaks Bistro last month.”

He watched Eve’s eyes grow wide with surprise. “That’s you? I think I’ve put on five pounds just from the cooking smells alone.”

Adam grinned. He certainly liked her sense of humor. “Thanks. Perhaps you’d like to try out the menu yourself some time.” He knew even without thinking about it that cooking for Eve would be an absolute pleasure. “I have to admit that I’ve been kind of curious about you Eve. I hear you talking to the plants and singing when you think no

one else is around. I thought I'd take a chance on introducing myself to you tonight. You know, while it was quiet."

"So the houseplant story is just for kicks?" She asked.

Adam shook his head. "Not kicks, my brother could do with taking on the responsibility of a houseplant. He's somewhat remiss in that department. In fact, I think I'll take Vera, Polly and Joseph off your hands. It'll give him something to think about besides himself."

Eve laughed again and Adam was pleased to see that she hadn't taken offence at his semi lie about the plants. He realized then, that he had found a sound even more appealing than Eve's singing and that was her laughter. For so many evenings, he had heard her talk and sing, but never laugh. He had even, on occasion, wondered what kind of a man would make a woman like her smile and giggle. Now he knew. Except now, he began to wonder what sort of man could make her whisper his name, or even cry it out as she came from the ecstasy of making love. Looking into her angelic face, he dared to wonder if indeed he might be the man for that job too.

Eve picked three of the pots off the shelf and carried them towards the back of the shop. "I'll gift wrap the plants if you like," she called, wandering into her workroom. Adam followed. There was no way that he was going to let her out of his sight now. In fact, he was already busily cursing himself for not coming up to her shop sooner. "Gift wrap would be great," he agreed. Anything was preferable to her kicking him out of her shop. In addition, if presenting Sam with gift wrapped plants meant spending extra time with this beautiful woman, then that was something Adam was most certainly willing to do. He mentally made a note to see if any other relatives had birthdays or occasions that would warrant a gift from The Garden of Eden.

Eve set the plants on her large wooden table and Adam stood watching, leaning his frame against the side of the door. She worked a few moments in comfortable silence before again looking a little flushed, as she had done so earlier. "Do you mind if I open the windows," she asked him.

"This is your workspace Eve. You do whatever you feel most comfortable with."

She looked relieved and wandered over to the French windows, affording Adam an excellent view of her shapely rear. She wore a red colored vest top, with long white skirt, that if Adam looked close enough at, he could see her legs move as she walked by the light of the window. *Imagine, all this beauty and sexiness just one floor above him.* Moving to The Cannery had been more than a good business move. Eve returned to the table, with Adam watching mesmerized as her fingers picked and plucked at paper, ribbons and gift card. She even sought out some advice tags for each of the plants and some sachets of plant food. With a despondent heart, Adam realized that soon she would be finished with the task and he would have to leave. Watching her package up the last plant, a sudden and strong gust of air rushed through the windows, swirling Eve's hair and long skirt about her body.

"Oh my goodness," she cried, completely taken by surprise.

She held down several of the gift bags that lay on the worktable, but was unable to secure a basket of rose petals that were precariously balancing on a nearby shelf. The rustle of the basket caused both his and Eve's eyes to lift upwards as they watched the cloud of deep red and rosy pink petals fall slowly and mesmerizingly about her small frame. It was in that brief, beautiful moment that Adam discovered he had lost his heart in The Garden of Eden.

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Eve felt so safe and secure in those amazingly strong arms of his. He held her with just the right amount of wanting and needing, that a first embrace warranted. But those lips of his told a different story. Adam kissed her with a passion that she had never before experienced. It sent shivers down her spine and caused her to lose all sense of what was right and wrong. Yes, it may be wrong to throw herself into the arms of a man she hardly knew, but on the other hand, it sure felt good. Within that simple kiss and embrace, Adam had given her everything that she had ever yearned for. She sank deeper into the moment as both the passion and the spark caught her by surprise.

Cocooned in the warmth and security of Adam's strong embrace, Eve felt her whole body relax against his muscular frame. She was placing herself literally and figuratively into his hands. Suddenly, everything that she had looked for in a man was right here before her, holding her and wanting her. His kisses were vibrant and filled with longing, melting her body and her mind all in one fleeting movement. Eve knew that she was succumbing to something wonderful and life changing, but right at this precise moment she could find no words to express it. All she could think about was the firm movement of Adam's mouth against hers, taking possession and taking her heart.

As his lips slid against hers, she felt her mouth open responsively. She wanted so much more from this man than just his kisses. She wanted to feel him deep within her body and her soul, requiring him to take possession of her in the only way that a man like him could. Becoming the master of her fate; the master of her. Her lips parted of their own volition and Eve felt Adam's tongue slide gently and welcomingly into her eager mouth. He explored her mouth hungrily as she had known he would, taking everything that she had to offer.

Both breathing heavily, they finally pulled away, Eve feeling her cheeks flush with desire. Never had she acted so responsively to a man's kisses before. How was it possible that simply by kissing her, this man was able to provoke all sorts of responses from her body that she had only previously dreamt of? She hardly knew him and yet she felt so ready to share her body with him. If this was what working late could do for a single girl, then she was more than happy to do this every week. How often did a

chance or a man like this come her way? Whatever Adam was offering, Eve was willing to take. Standing there before him, she was eagerly hoping that he too wanted to share a lot more than just his kisses.

"I'm sorry Eve; I don't know what came over me. The petals fell and you, well, you looked so beautiful. I couldn't resist, just reaching out to... to touch you." Adam seemed more than a little abashed by the kiss and suddenly it occurred to Eve that maybe he was regretting the moment that had meant so much to her. Her heart grew heavy, but she could still feel the passion of his kisses upon her lips. No one could kiss like that and not mean it. She summoned her deepest courage and smiled into his eyes.

"Don't apologize Adam. It was a beautiful moment. I...I enjoyed it very much." There, she had said it, laid her feelings right out there for him to see. What happened next would be down to him, she thought nervously. She held his gaze and noted how his eyes flickered over her body. He brought his hand up to caress her cheek and smiled as he did so.

"I'm not apologizing for kissing you Eve. I'm just sorry I didn't do it sooner. A hell of a lot sooner."

Eve tilted her mouth towards his again and smiled. This man had to be heaven sent, she told herself. Either that or she was experiencing her best daydream ever. Ever so slowly, she felt his lips touch hers again and it was then she knew that this was no dream. His lips might be soft, but as he leaned in closer to her, Eve could feel the obvious presence of his desire. He wanted to love her just as much as she wanted to be loved. Leaning back against the large worktable, Eve gave herself over to the moment and the man. Adam deepened his kiss and Eve arched her back, finding herself surrendering to him completely. Her guarded and lonely heart was now well on its way to belonging to this amazing man, whom she had known only for a matter of minutes. She felt Adam lift her and place her gently up onto the table, before ending the kiss and resting his hands upon her shoulders.

"Tell me to stop and I will, Eve," he instructed her. "You're in control here. I want you to know that."

Eve felt the rush of adrenalin glide through her body, sensing that a much-anticipated moment was due to be realized. Why on earth would she want him to stop? Hell, if he made love like he kissed, there was no way she was ever going to tell him to stop. She kicked off her shoes and leant back on her elbows. Adam grinned back and she knew then that she had given him his answer.

She watched eagerly whilst Adam removed his own shoes and socks, followed swiftly by white boxer shorts. She was getting her own private strip show here and she intended to drink in every hot delicious moment of it. Her eyes feasted upon his body as he removed his t-shirt, leaving him now very naked before her.

"Are you sure you own a bistro Adam? You don't moonlight as a stripper do you?" She heard herself purr contentedly.

Adam grinned and moved towards her. "How about I get a job as your private stripper? Think you could stand to look at me on a regular basis?"

"Oh yes," she heard herself breathe. "I could spend a lifetime looking at you, Adam."

She sat up and allowed him to remove first her vest top and then her bra, feeling beautiful and adored all at the same time, as his hot hungry gaze roved over her exposed breasts. She smiled contentedly and soon felt his mouth follow suit. With each kiss and moist caress that Adam adorned upon her, Eve began to feel more and more cherished. This man was igniting a fire within her body that she never wanted to be extinguished. Slowly and painstakingly, he moved his teasing mouth down towards her stomach and began to push down her skirt and panties. She lay there before him, naked and surrounded by the debris of rose petals, feeling sexy and wanton, a goddess in her own empire.

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"You are the most beautiful woman I've ever laid eyes on, Eve." Adam felt powerless to hide the admiration and emotion from his voice. "How come you've hidden yourself away in this shop for so long?"

He noted how her adorable blush had once again returned. "I guess that I've been waiting for the right man," she whispered. "Every woman needs to be tempted by the right kind of man. And you, Adam, are definitely, the right kind of man."

Adam grinned and parted her legs, noting just how slim and delicate she actually was. A true flower in The Garden of Eden, if ever he had seen one. Holding her hair aside to kiss softly at her neck, he could already feel the damp hotness of her sex pressing up against him. A woman like Eve should be savored slowly and deliciously, but Adam seriously doubted that he could resist her body for too much longer. Watching her lay back down against the petals and the wood, Adam knew that waiting would no longer be an option.

Entering her sweet body felt like coming home. A home filled with love, warmth and a mesmerizing allure that was fast becoming an addiction to him. As he began to move, so too did Eve. They became one in perfect unison with each other, bonding their love on a rich carpet of rose petals and deep within The Garden of Eden. With each stroke that he took, he could feel Eve's body shudder with excitement. Her muscles clenched around him, gripping him and holding him in the very core of her body. Arching her back, he could sense her climax and felt his own knees tremble as he thrust again and again into her. Coming together, he heard her cry his name and he knew then that he had reached the Promised Land and had no intention of ever leaving.