

\mathbf{BY}

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Dedication:

The biggest sin in life would be not to follow your dreams and look toward the stars with imagination and excitement. I want to thank all my readers that helped me see my dream come true. This book is dedicated to you, the readers.

Chapter One

Hiring new employees for the upcoming fall and winter season at Fallon's Department Store wasn't Shana's idea of fun. Having that done and out of the way this afternoon was going to make her day.

Dressed in a smart cream colored, two-piece jacket and skirt, accented with a skyblue silk blouse, Shana Willis looked the part of the assistant to the store manager. Even her long blond hair was left loose, neatly trimmed to swing just below her slender shoulders gave an elegant air of simplicity to complete her proficient ensemble.

She had applied her makeup light and professional; using muted tones of brown to play up her big blue eyes and petal pink lipstick for her cupid bowed lips.

Maybe I need to change jobs, I am beginning to really hate this one, she thought again for the hundredth time, always scolding herself afterward.

Every year for the last six years had been the same, namely without a man to share it with. Twenty-nine years old and with thirty just around the corner, left Shana in a total funk—*crap!*

Now, to top it off, the fall shopping season was almost in full swing and her life just was not getting any better. *Kiss my butt, could it get any worse?*

"Quit bitching and get back to work," Shana spoke quietly to herself under her breath, as she headed back out onto the sales floor to do some last minute price checking before closing.

When the store closed and most of the lights turned off, Shana made her way to the employee lockers.

"First thing first, I am going to get these damn heels off my aching feet and put on my Uggs. God, now those will be sexy," she muttered, half-ass limping toward her locker.

Drawing off the locker key suspended from her wrist, she jammed it into the lock still muttering under her breath, as she pulled out her purse from the locker.

Just as the purse cleared the locker door, Shana heard a metallic clinkering, clank sound close to her feet, much like that of a coin that had been dropped, and tittering side to side before it came to a complete rest.

As she looked down, she saw something shiny by the left toe of her shoe. Bending over carefully, she retrieved a golden skeleton key. It had an elaborately scrolled area, which one held onto when inserting the key, and was similar in size to a very small house key.

Shana held it in the palm of her hand, turning it over and over to see if she could identify it, but it looked like nothing she had ever seen before.

It seemed to have a glow all its own, giving off energies of what, she could not tell. It was almost like it was alive. *Shit, I have been working way too much*, she rolled her eyes up toward the ceiling.

When she looked back down again, there was now a small slip of paper on the floor in the exact place she had just found the key. With fancy, olden style writing on it, it said, "This is the key that will unlock my heart. Find the home and the hearth that will be just to start. When the key is inserted and turned by your hand, I shall be right before you, your love, your man."

She kept flipping the paper from front to back, like something more might materialize if she'd kept scrutinizing it. She was completely dumbfounded.

"Is this someone's ideal of a practical joke? If those guys in sporting goods are messing with me, I will make sure all their overtime pay miraculously disappears." Shana declared with a humorless tone clearly evident in her voice. Too tired to do any more than stash the key and slip of paper in her purse, she changed her shoes and headed home.

* * *

Looking into the translucent crystal sphere suspended between his long tapered thumb and index finger, held there by magic pulsating amid his fingers, he used it as a watching-crystal, focusing within its clearness. He wanted to observe Shana as she found the key and note he had left in her locker.

His body hardened and throbbed as Shana bent over to retrieve the key from the floor, and then the note. Each time her ass dipped and spread, he groaned, licking the front of his teeth.

"Oh yes, you are almost mine," he reflected in a sensuous growl. "I have waited forever and I will wait no longer."

With that, he let the crystal sphere drop into the palm of his hand, wrapped his fingers around it, and then it was gone...

* * *

Shana strolled into to work the next day, having forgotten about the incident the night before. Freshly dressed and ready for a new day, she was immediately confronted with a problem, by her boss, Mr. Hodges.

"Shana, I need for you to go downstairs to the Gift and Glass Department and see what the heck is happening with all the orders that just arrived. I want you to make sure everything gets unpacked and on display by the end of this day. Now get going!"

After issuing that order to her, he promptly turned on his heels and walked back toward his office.

She walked off grumbling under her breath. "What an asshole. A big thank you, have a nice day to you, too."

Taking the escalator gingerly brought her down to her appointed job for the day, Shana continued to talk to herself, hands and head bobbing and weaving in an exaggerated manner, she was having an animated conversation with no one in particular.

"Hello, Katherine," Shana said as she entered the Gift and Glass Department, which had boxes piled every which way, filling up much of the department's floor space. "I see we have our work cut out for us, so let's get the show on the road. Do you want me to unpack or set up the displays?"

"Since merchandising use to be your specialty, why don't I unpack and you set up the displays, okay?" Katherine replied in her singsong voice. Shana always admired her for her sunny disposition and outgoing personality.

As the day progressed they had made it through almost all of the boxes and had the majority of the displays set up, with little effort thanks to their teamwork.

It was close to closing time and both women had not taken any breaks or a lunch. Shana looked over and noticed only a couple of boxes still needing up packing.

She looked up and regarded Katherine. "Why don't you call it a day and I'll stay and finish the rest of these last couple of boxes?"

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah. You have worked your butt off and I appreciate all your hard work. So go home and enjoy the rest of the evening with your family."

After Katherine left, Shana started thinking about not having a family to go home to. Stop feeling sorry for yourself and get these last few boxes emptied, you nitwit. She continually gave herself the same speech more than once while she busily finished opening the remaining boxes.

Shana looked at the very last box to be opened; boy this baby is heavy, as she tried to maneuver it into an open area of the department floor. Out of breath and feeling the effects of all her hard work, she pressed on. When she opened the container, all her tiredness evaporated, for inside was a large Victorian dollhouse. It reminded her of one she had seen when she was a little girl and had always wanted.

Her face broke out in a large smile and tears welled up in her eyes. It was even painted pink, her favorite color, with all the fancy gingerbread trim done in different shades of green. But, it was the door that seized her attention. It had the exact same elaborate design as the base of the key had that had fallen out of her locker last night.

Having forgotten all about it, she raced up the escalator—which had been turned off like most of the lighting in the store—to retrieve the key from her purse.

Standing in front of the dollhouse with key in hand, she again examined the lock on the door of the dollhouse, holding the key up against it to verify that they did indeed match.

"Well I'll be dammed, they are identical designs." Shana spoke with amazement and excitement heightening her voice.

With shaky hands, she inserted the key into the lock. Taking a deep breath, she turned the key.

All at once, Shana was engulfed in darkness and the next thing she knew, she found herself standing in a magnificent room, with walls of stone, breathtaking scenic tapestries graced some of the wall, and high vaulted ceiling with painted murals like that of the castles one saw in Europe. All the furnishings were heavily carved wood, large and impressive. The opulence of it was breathtaking. It was like stepping back in time—Medieval times that is.

She strained to hear what sound like the song of the sea drifting in through the open window next to her, waves crashing over rocks and then withdrawing with whatever happened to be within its watery fingers.

When Shana finally stopped gawking and turning around taking in all of her surroundings, she noticed the very large man seated in a massive gold throne, with red velvet cushions, staring directly at her.

Oh--my--God. I must have passed out and I am having some type of sex-mare. No man could be that damn good looking in the world I live in, she mentally finger-flicked herself upside the head.

"You are right, Little One, I am not from your world," the big hunk on the throne answered her unspoken words.

The sound of his deep, slightly sinister voice sent shivers down her spine. Every cell in her body screamed "sexual predator ahead", but at the same time, she could feel her sex dampen and her pussy clench in arousal. Jungle fucking came straight to her mind. Oh, yeah, this man was pure eye candy. He could wear my ass as a hat.

An unbelievable expression came over Shana's face as she addressed the man in a shaky voice. "What the hell...did you just read my mind?" Then switching thoughts in mid-stream asked, "Wait a minute, did you just call me 'Little One'?"

At five feet nine inches tall, she was not what anyone would call little. But, when he stood up from his throne, brushing his waist-length, silvery white hair back off his shoulders, and walked down the two steps to reach her, Shana backed up, taking a deep-throated gulp and tilted her head back trying to look into his eyes.

Holy Mother of God, he has to be close to seven feet tall.

She couldn't tell what his true shape or form was, with a full-length black fur cape covering him up from his *very* wide shoulders, down to the tops of his shiny black leather boots.

She backed up until she bumped into one of the walls, smacking the back of her head. "Ouch!" She closed her eyes and reached up, rubbing hard at the back of her head where it had connected with the wall. "Well that proved I'm not dreaming," she said mainly for her own benefit, rubbing on the sore spot on the back of her head.

When she again opened her eyes, she could see nothing beyond the incredibly large chest that was just about touching her nose.

Taking a deep breath, Shana inhaled his wonderful scent, a fresh clean woodsy smell plus something else; she could not quite put her finger on. *Man he smells delicious*.

He moved his body in even closer, leaning forward at the waist, and then bending his head down toward hers, getting his lips within a hair's breath of her left ear, whispering in a voice tinted with an accent she had never heard before. "You like the smell of pure magic and man, Little One?"

"Wow...now wait a damn minute." Shana placed her hands, palm side down on his massive chest muscles, pushing him back. Well, trying to push him back, it's like trying to move the Empire State Building with my bare hands. Not happening. My god, he is a giant! What the hell do you have to feed someone to get them to grow this big? God, I hope it's not me. She shook her head vigorously, needing to clear her head of all naughty thoughts.

He laughed deeply; she could feel the rumbling of it down to her toes. "You are close, Little One."

"W--wha--what do you mean close? Close to what?" Shana stammered in very unlady-like fashion.

"You can call me God, but my real title is King Sindale. But please, just call me 'Sin' for short."

"Oh shit, I have died and gone to hell," Shana exclaimed as her eyes rolled up and back into her head, before her knees gave way to a full fledged faint.

Sin caught her effortlessly, picking her up and cradling her in his bulging arms. Looking down into her unaware and angelic face, he whispered, "You are finally home, Little One."

Chapter Two

Shana's eyes opened very slowly. Wow, what a wild dream I had, ran quickly through her mind but then was dashed when her vision cleared and she realized she was lying in a strange bed, and in an even stranger room.

"Oh crap, I am in deep shit." Shana pushed herself up onto her elbows, her head falling forward with her chin resting on her chest in a defeatist manner. She felt movement on the right side of the gigantic, round bed.

Shana very slowly turned her head, without moving her eyes, toward the movement. Before she could utter a sound, she was flat on her back looking up to the icy blue eyes of Sin.

He used his body to cover and keep her pressed down to the mattress. He utilized his elbows and forearms—positioned them on either side of Shana's head—to keep most of his massive weight from crushing her small frame. He caged her in with his huge, muscled arms; his long white hair fell forward, acting like a curtain, to enclose them in blanket of total intimacy. He then leaned just his head down to bury his nose in her throat. He ran his tongue and lips up her neck to her jaw line.

Shana finally found her voice. "What is going on here?"

"Little One, did not my note explain my intentions? And for what is going on right now, I am enjoying the feel of your luscious body under mine," Sin growled near her ear. He gave his hips a slight roll to each side, grinding his ramrod hard cock into Shana's stomach. Her eyes opened wide, and her mouth formed into an open circle. Sin could not help himself, quickly capturing her lips, thrusting his tongue within her parted lips. Her soft, full lips making Sin groan with pleasure.

Shana closed her eyes, and moaned loudly. He tasted of rich berries sweetened on the vine. He again ground his hips into her softly rounded tummy. His thick and hardened cock reached halfway up her stomach. *Holy shit, he must be packing a piece of timber down there*, Shana's mind screamed.

Good thing I am lying down or I might faint all over again if I caught a glimpse of it. She'd never felt anything as decadent as this large stranger and for some odd reason it felt right. What's up with that?

Sin ran his finger up and into her hair, grasping her head, holding it in place as he deepened their kiss, working his tongue in and out of her mouth, making love to it. It finally dawned on Shana that they both were completely nude. Reality struck firmly into her conscience. Placing her palms flat against his chest, she managed to get her lips away from his.

"Wait a minute, what the hell is going on here? One second I am at work doing my job, and the next I am in some strange place backed into a wall by a giant. Now, I am in bed without my clothes on, about to be molested by the devil."

"Little One, you can not molest the willing," Sin chuckled as he spoke. "I am not the devil, but I am the ruler of this time and space. I rule everything and everyone here. I am the purest of magic and, I am now your ruler, lover, and as your kind say, 'your man'."

With a look of total astonishment upon her face, Shana replied. "Where the hell is here, if I may so boldly ask?" She let his other comment slide for now; she really needed to get her bearings first.

Sin closed his eyes, and bowed his head, resting it upon hers.

"Think of it this way, Little One. Like where you come from, with your God and Devil that you so often mention, I am the ruler here, of this island or isle if you prefer. I am both God and Devil, I control and rule all that resides upon it."

"Does *here* have a name?"

"It is called the Isle of Ametheysea and I rule everything upon land. My brother, Seadale, rules all the waters that surround it, Little One. Your kind refers to this place as the Bermuda Triangle.

"You have a brother, oh goodness. Is he anything like you?"

"No." was his only reply.

She could tell that was all that would be forthcoming from him.

All of a sudden Shana's expression took on a saddened appeal. "Am I stuck here forever?"

Sin looked directly into Shana's eyes, which had turned to moist laden green pools. "Why would you want to go back, when all your dreams and desires can come true right here with me—your everything? And, who would miss you? Your parents are gone

and you have no brothers or sisters. You don't even have any close relatives you could claim.

Sadly enough he was right, who would miss me, she unconsciously pondered.

Voicing her concerns aloud she asked, "Hey, how do you know all that personal stuff about me?" Rolling her eyes sideways and then up and around, smacking her opened palm against her forehead. "Oh that's right, you are full of magic." *More like shit really*, keeping that thought solely to herself. After everything she'd gone through, one needed to be careful when addressing an entity with powers like Sin. The sneaky bastard.

He barked a deep laugh knowing exactly what Shana had just mentally bashed him with. Loving her spunk and spirit he told her, "I have looked after you since you were conceived. You were mine then, and you're mine now. You are my completeness-my Mate-of-souls."

Sin's intense gaze and savage good looks made her squirm beneath him. He seemed to be pondering something. "I have ruled here since my father banished me long ago." His words were low and deep like a lover's caress. "The key came with my reign here and from that moment, it was my duty to watch over you and keep you safe. You have been mine from the beginning. I could do not but wait until the moment was right to claim what was mine, so here you are."

Then it all became clear to Shana. "You're the reason I've had such bad luck with the men in my life? Thanks for letting me think I was a big loser in the male department, you oversized jerk." She'd forgotten all her fears, as her anger started to well to the surface. "You're lucky I don't have some type of complex."

"Little One, you have too much self worth to ever have a complex over mere mortal men," Sin sneered, with clear disdain toward the men of her world. "Enough talk, you are here now in my bed. From the moment you turned the key in the lock and opened the portal to my world, you sealed our connection and opened your heart to me."

With that said, Sin leaned down putting more of his heavy weight onto Shana's upper body, forcing her to lie back, sinking her head into the thick rich pillows. With a desire-shrouded kiss, he devoured her lips, commanding total surrender.

Moving down to her neck, he bit lightly; sucking at the skin captured between his teeth, licking at the sight redness left behind from the resulting love bite—his male mark of ownership.

Shana moaned loudly, arching up against his hard, muscled frame.

Sin let his long, white hair fall forward and down upon her breast and stomach. Dragging it behind his lips and tongue that was already wreaking havoc on her

overflowing arousal. Suckling on her erect and love hardened nipple, while palming the other breast with his large capable hand. He missed not one nock or cranny on her body, loving every square inch of her exposed skin.

Working his way down to her dewy and needy pussy, Sin growled as he got a whiff of her feminine excitement. He wedged his massive frame between her legs, sitting back on his thick haunches spreading her wide, giving him a clear path to his desire; the desirable pussy only he from now on would be eating-fucking.

She was meant for him, and only him. Sin's eyes were now half-lidded, his facial features hard-edged with fierce sexual savagery he had never experienced before with another soul. The need to bury his cock deep within her wet channel, taking her, making her completely his own was warring with his hardened and sexually aroused body. The magic from the land that powered his kingdom was growing stronger and stronger, as their mutual passions sparked between them, accelerating their need to consummate their mating.

He couldn't stop himself from running his hands down his cock, cupping his hefty balls. He grabbed her ankles, pushing her heels closer to her ass, bending her knees up and then out and down.

He looked downward at her face, "Little One, you better get used to this position, if you are going to be ridden by me that, or you will have to wrap your legs around my waist."

Shana's eyes opened wider and her mouth gapped just as wide at his statement.

"But right now I need to taste you." He quickly buried his lips in her pussy and licked at her engorged clit peeking out from between her nether lips. Her stomach muscles knotted from the sexual pleasuring of his mouth and tongue.

Her head began to thrash from side to side upon the pillows as his tongue reamed her tight hole and licked her from the top and then down to the very bottom of her slit, close to her tight, pink rosebud. Sin's oral stimulation became too much for her as the emotional frenzy worked over and along every nerve of her body.

She began to wriggle upward on the pillows, pulling her sex away from Sin's mouth, trying to relieve the over stimulation his tongue and lips were causing her swollen clit.

He finally had to place his big hand, palm side down on her taunt stomach amid her hipbones to hold her in place and against his open mouth, so he could continue to feed from the juices between her legs. Using his lips he devastated her overly sensitive clit, throwing her into an intense orgasm.

She locked her legs around his head, holding his lips firmly against her pussy as she rode out her pleasure. With her head thrown back as far as it would go, she screamed silently, withering upon the sweat dampened sheets.

"You are beautiful when you come into your passion," Sin said, as he watched her convulse beneath his fixed gaze. Her body was still shaking with orgasmic aftershocks when she felt him work the large tip of his cock into the small opening of her channel.

Shana clamped down hard on what little he had gotten inside of her, afraid it was not going to fit.

"Easy Little One, I will be gentle. You need to relax your tightened muscles, widening your small entrance, it will fit, you just need to adjust to my size." With her sheath lubricated by arousal and from his gifted tonguing he'd given her, he was able to work his massive cock up inside of her, one inch at a time. Slowly, pulling out, then working it back in. Because of his size, he awakened nerve endings that she never knew existed or the sexual euphoria spreading like wild fire through her entire body.

The only words that passed Shana's lips were, "Oh my god, oh my god."

Sin kept stroking down the sides of her body trying to reassure her as another inch of his mass entered her. Once fully embedded deep within her, he rode her gently at first, stretching her, and then filling her balls deep. He slowly lengthened the rhythm of his thrusting, working her harder. He picked up the pace, pistoning in and out of her opening and rotating his hips against her already sensitive clit. He could feel her inner muscle grip and tighten along the length of his throbbing cock. He sped up the tempo, driving into her harder, deeper.

With a mighty roar he came, his legs locked and his back bowed, causing his head to rock backward, exposing the tense line of muscles that ran along his defined neck.

Shana could see the tension running up the length of his neck muscles, straining into his clenched jaw. He grimaced in what only could be called the ultimate release, flooding Shana with his warm cum.

She reached forward and nipped at his right nipple, he groaned and flinched back from the sensual bite. Chuckling at his ferocious little mate. Both exhausted and sexually satisfied they fell asleep wrapped within each other arms.

But before Sin gave way to slumber, he leaned his head forward, eyes closed tightly and kissed Shana on the forehead, whispering to her sleeping form, "I cannot live without you, Little One, please, stay with me, I need you more than you will ever know."

* * *

Shana woke up alone in Sin's bed. She reached up, stretching her aching and tired muscles, flinching at the burning soreness between her legs. On a pink satin upholstered bench, someone had draped a bright, teal blue pantsuit with matching slippers. There was even teal blue lingerie to complete the ensemble. She hurriedly gathered the clothes to her and dressed. After dressing, Shana became aware of the opulence and grandeur of her surroundings. The entire room seemed to be decorated with fine antique furniture and the walls are painted with beautiful murals depicting sexual positions with both men and women. Some even had men with men and women with women. And yet, an artist painted them all with a keen eye for detail and authenticity.

Sin stood inside his bedroom, just watching Shana, invisible to her. What a truly lovely woman I have, he smiled to himself. Waving his left hand nonchalantly down the front of his body, from the top of his head to his waist, made his presence visible to her now.

"You like the murals, Little One?" Sin asked her as he materialized out of thin air into the room.

Shana spun around, almost falling over, startled by his deep voice and sudden appearance. She felt like a kid whom had gotten caught with their hand in the preverbal cookie jar, and she could not stop blushing from the intimacy of what the different couples were doing in the paintings. Shana took a good long look at Sin. My...my, he looked just like an action figure come to life with his height and huge muscled physique.

He was wearing all black today. The shirt was a mesh type of material, which outlined every curve and fold of his muscled triceps and biceps and wide expansive chest. His black denim pants clung to his thick muscular thighs and calves. The bulge between his legs was what really grabbed Shana's attention, as she licked her suddenly dry lips thinking about the night before, and how his long, thick cock felt inside of her.

She finally ripped her eyes from his crotch, looking further down to see shiny, black leather boots. *Man, even his feet are huge*. Dressed in the color of night, dark and dangerous just increased his sex appeal and only enhancing his already massive physique; he's looked exactly as his name implied—like Sin.

"Okay, Little One, come over here and I will gladly kiss anything you would like."

"Now wait a freaking minute, you have to stop reading my mind, and a girl has to have her privacy you know," Shana replied grumpily.

Sin threw back his head and laughed at her words. "Little One I am at your command, whatever you desire, I will but do. What would you like to do today? Anything and everything is at your disposal, just wish it and it shall be."

"I would like to know exactly where I am at now, this world you command and the people who live in it," Shana said without hesitating.

He took her hand within his large one and looked down at her. "I will take you for a tour of the royal palace and the grounds surrounding it. Come Little One."

Using his magic and snapping his long elegant fingers, in a blink of an eye, they were outside the walls of the palace. Shana's jaw dropped at the sight before her. As far as the eye could see to the front of her, there were lush green rolling hills and beautiful blooming trees, colorful plants, and animals of every kind grazing within her field of vision. Some she had never even imagined before. Behind her, in the distance, she could hear the faint roar of the ocean and smell the tinges of salty brine.

"What the heck kind of animal is that?" Shana pointed her finger over toward an animal grazing off to her right, what might have been a horse if not for its strange lavender coat, white mane and tail, hooves that looked like shiny bars of gold, and an unusually shaped head, which reminded her of a dolphin's.

"That my Little One is a Falontic. They have been here since time out of mind, and are the gentlest of creatures. If you would like, I could take you riding some time."

"Really? I would love that. I rode horses when I was a little girl and I really miss it," Shana said in awe, while staring in fixed fascination at the wondrous horse-like creature. The Falontic's whinny even sounded like music to her ears. God, she really could get use to this magical realm. It was like a land that time forgot.

Sin watched her as her head swiveled this way and that, trying to take everything in at once. Her facial expressions were childlike filled with wonder and admiration, as she took in her new surroundings. Everywhere she looked something new caught her eye and Sin would elaborate with loving patience, all the while touching the soft skin along her arm or holding her hand, never wanting to lose contact with her effervescent lifeforce.

They walked for what seemed like hours, taking in the different sights.

Sin took Shana to a small village were people of his island lived and worked near his palace. Everyone was kind and thoughtful toward her. They all addressed her as your highness, which made her feel uncomfortable. Hell, she worked at a department store for goodness sake and drove an old Honda. This was more like she stepped into Cinderella's shoes and, anytime now, she would turn back into plain old Shana.

What she didn't like were the sly and hungry looks some of the women gave Sin as he walked by and greeted them. This made her want to snatch their heads bald. Jealousy was not an emotion she was used to dealing with. It was uncomfortable to feel this way toward him. Her body screamed that he was hers. Shana couldn't let Sin know that she was starting to fall for him. She didn't want to give his big ego any more ammo that it already had regarding her and the strong sexual attraction between them.

She realized what a sincere and gentle man Sin truly was, even with his great size and aggressiveness, the children loved him, running up and begging him for treats. Shana smiled as she watched him frolic with the children of the village. He would pick them up, causing them to giggle and squirm within his massive hands.

Out of nowhere-thin air, he'd produce a different sweet treat for each and every child, causing additional bouts of happy laughter.

Even though he did all these things and seemed to have a different side to him, she wasn't ready for someone to just take over her life. She needed to be her own person, right?

"Are you getting hungry, Little One?" Sin asked Shana, cupping her face between his hands—hands that were so big, his fingertips met at the top and back of her head.

"Yes, I am starved. What do we have to eat?" She replied smiling up into the eyes of the man she was falling head-over-heels in love with each moment she spent with him.

Again, with the snap of his fingers, a picnic fit for lovers appeared. Spread out along an even patch of the meadow they were standing in.

The blanket woven with different shades of green, blending into the lush background, beckoned for them to sit upon it.

An opened basket containing a variety of cheeses, crackers, assorted meats, a bottle of fine wine, and two beautiful wine glasses that looked to be made of stained glass completed the lavish picnic lunch for two.

"Do you have to snap your fingers to get the magic to work?" Shana asked with a curious smirk and one eyebrow elevated higher than the other.

Sin started to chuckle, a sound that was deep and rich in tone; he did not answer her question right away. He finally got a hold of himself and replied, "No Little One, I do it just for show. Did it impress you?"

She could not resist a chuckle, reaching up and socking him in the arm. "You big, overgrown kid. Just about anything would impress this small town girl."

After they finished eating, Sin stood up and pulled Shana onto her feet and then took hold of her hand and started walking back toward the palace. He rubbed his taunt

stomach. "That was perfect, I am ready for us to go home and--" He did not finish the sentence, he didn't need to she could tell by his eyes what he had in mind for them...her. His piercing blue eyes could melt her will to resist him.

She felt the sexual heat his stare evoked. It was as if she was the prey and he the hunter. She needed to watch herself or she'd just lie down and let him have at her.

"Yes, Sin, it has been a wonderfully venturesome day and, you are right, it is time to go home. I really would like to thank you again for spending your day with me, showing and telling me all the wonders of Ametheysea, but I really must be back to the real world. Maybe we can get together soon?"

Sin had stopping walking as soon as he realized where the conversation was going. She dare thought to leave him? No one could resist him, he the king of Ametheysea and all that dwell on it. He must be mistaken.

"Little One, you are not thinking of leaving here...me, now are you?"

"You cannot possibly mean for me to stay here? It has been nice, but get real. I have a job were people depend on me, and a home of my own. Basically, I have a life and right now it is all that I can handle. If you would like to date, we can try--"

Sin's temper exploded. "Date!"

Oh, boy, he was mad. Shana knew by his facial tick and the rigid stance of his posture. It was scary to see how angry he was, but even in this enraged state, he was still way too handsome for her liking. Shana wouldn't let her overactive libido call the shots for her, at least not this time. She'd let him do things to her like she'd know him her whole life—trusting him without thought and had the best sex of her life.

Shana never slept with a man right after meeting them. Yet with Sin, he was a craving she had trouble denying. And having sex with him gave her a feeling of completeness unlike anything she'd ever felt before. It was scary and exhilarating at the same time. Was she good enough, because he looked like something off the pages of a romance novel? Why would he be interested in plain old her? Could she handle someone like Sin that was larger than life?

"I would give you everything, put you on a pedestal, and make you my queen..." His voice trailed off, it was apparent to her he was trying to rein-in his anger. He also knew he could not keep her in his world without her desire to be here, which just frustrated him to no end. All this magic in the world, and he was unable to hold Shana—the woman who was his—didn't she realize that?

Her eyelids slated in feline calculation and her lush lips were pursed in catty malice Oh...yeah...he had pissed her off now. He had left out one important word: love.

That one word meant the world to her. She'd live without all the fancy trappings for the sake of someone who loved her beyond anything else.

"I want to go home, get it...now!"

With an angry snap of his fingers, Shana disappeared from sight, back to her world. Sin felt the loss of her presence immediately. His face fell and his shoulders slumped in despair.

Being a God just wasn't what it was all cracked up to be, he was finding out the hard way. Love no matter how one looked at it was the key to unlock the last barrier within his heart and now, she was gone...

Chapter Three

Shana blinked a few times to get her bearings. She was back standing in front of the pink Victorian doll at the department store. She was home. Why didn't the feeling of being back, not make her happy. *Hell*! She already was missing Sin. She couldn't help but muse about his big, delicious body and the things his hands and lips did to hers. *Snap out of it*, Shana thought fiercely to herself.

The next day at work, Shana had trouble not migrating toward the dollhouse whenever she was on the sales floor, needing to know it was still there, along with the golden key she'd put on a chain that now hung around her neck.

She could get through the days filled with work and demands of her job, but the nights were the hardest, she would toss and turn, her body, and yes, even her heart missed Sin.

The short time she'd spent with him had totally changed her life and now a void had started in her soul. She felt adrift and unsure how she was going to keep from thinking about him every moment of the day without losing her sanity. He'd worked his way under her skin, invading her life, touching her heart. Nothing would be the same again. What was she going to do now? She needed to think long and hard about what she truly desired in life. Damn, life really wasn't fair sometimes. It was messy and unpleasant and yet, it could be wondrous and exciting. *Crap dammit...*men!

* * *

Sin sat on his throne brooding, one leg slung arrogantly over the arm of throne, his chin rested in a curled up palm of one hand, while the other hand held the watching-crystal suspending in midair between his fingertips.

He watched Shana constantly. She was a drug that had invaded his blood. His heart as well as his damn cock, were leading him around like a dog on a short leash. Sin growled at the thought. He was consumed with everything about her. At night, he'd smell the fragrance of her sex upon his bedding; he would touch his hard and needy cock, masturbating to the memories of their bodies locked together in carnal passions. She was

a perfect fit and he was not giving up on getting her back, but how would he lure her back was the question? For once in his life he felt powerless and it rubbed him the wrong way.

A moment later while still staring intently into the crystal, it all became clear to him. A devious glow lit up his eyes and a wicked smile parted his full lips.

"I may not be able to come into your world, Little One, but every night in your dreams, I will own you. Your body is mine and you are mine. I will make sure you know this."

* * *

Shana felt the gentle glide of lips moving slowly down the column of her neck, she arched her head back, purring in feminine delight, extending her limbs in a lazy sexy stretch of approval. Her skin was sensitive as the lips left her neck to only have moved a short ways away to her peaked nipples, the feeling of those lips upon her were heavenly, working and worrying her stiffened nubs, her beasts full and achy. The lips went from one breast to the other, lavishing them equally, finally working their way down her taunt stomach that was quivering in anticipation of them moving further South to her wet sex. In her dream, she opened her eyes staring straight into Sin's.

Predatory cravings were fully exposed within his heated gaze. His blue eyes had turned almost black and sexually deadly, his intent was clear, he was going to eat her alive!

Still staring intently into her eyes, he parted his lips and his tongue flicked out, licking at the top crease of her pussy lips, working its way between the folds, until he found her clit.

Shana pressed her head back into her pillow and worked it side to side as he did the same to her clit. God, he had a wicked tongue, using it without mercy on her drenched sex and swollen clit. He did this trick with his tongue that he used over and over again on her. He'd suck her clit deep into his mouth then using his tongue, he pushed back on the skin that draped over the hood of her clit, then barring down on the sensitive nerve ending left exposed, he applied pressure and worried it with the backside of this tongue.

Sin's talented mouth built an orgasm of major proportions that started deep within Shana's sex and exploded out into her body, even her toenails felt it. She could have sworn fireworks shot off from behind her eyelids. It hit her so hard and so fast she didn't even have time to work up a scream.

Shana awoke with a start. Holy crap it was all a dream. But what a ride Sin's mouth had taken her on.

* * *

Every night for the last two weeks, Sin would come into her dreams, pleasuring her with him mouth or cock, sometimes both. Every time she would experience an earth shattering orgasm that left her weak and sated...that was until she woke up. He would never say a word to her, using only his body, hands and mouth to communicate his growing hunger for her. Loving her nightly, over and over.

Her sleepless nights were starting to affect her performance at work. She would drag her tired butt to work, but it was more than just Sin's nightly visits that were bothering her, she daydreamed and missed him during her waking hours. Didn't every woman dream of being swept off their feet by a big, strong handsome man? If only he wasn't such an arrogant ass.

Again she found herself at work down in the Gift and Glass Department gazing upon the lovely pink Victorian dollhouse. Did she make a mistake? Could she really be happy in the land that time seemed to have forgotten, peaceful, lovely and whatever her heart desired?

Katherine saw Shana gazing longingly at the dollhouse for what seemed like the hundredth time in the last couple of weeks. She walked over to her, touching Shana's arm. "Hey, are you all right? Do you want to talk about it? I was just getting ready to go to lunch. Would you like to share our crappy half hour with me?"

Shana smiled without it reaching her eyes. "Sure, I could use someone to talk to right now."

Together they walked off the sales floor and rode up the escalator to the employee lunchroom.

Once they had their food all laid out and comfortable, Shana started bearing her soul to her only friend at work, she did leave out the part that Sin was from another world and that everything there was magical. Tears streamed down her face and hiccups muddled her words as she neared the end of her tale.

Katherine held her hand, lightly stroking the back of it, telling her it would be all right and things always seemed to work themselves out. "When Rob and I first met, I thought he was a jerk. He was cocky and thought I would just fall right into bed with him. Boy was he in for a rude awakening. I told him off, leaving him standing in the middle of a party. He managed to find out where I worked and begged me for a second chance. And, am I glad I took that chance. We have three wonderful children and ten blissful years of marriage. Now do not get me wrong, we have our share of dips in the road, but it

is a give and take. Sometimes you have to take a chance on love, sweetie, especially when there is that special magic between you, that you have been telling is there.

Man, if she only knew how magical, Shana thought. It was even hard for her to believe it at times, but for some odd reason she did believe like a trusting child. There was much in life that was unexplainable. So, to her, anything could be possible, if you opened your heart and let go.

Katherine gripped Shana's hand as she emphasized her next words. "You need to understand something most women don't realize about men, they have fragile egos and are just as scared of having their hearts broken. They overcompensate by being overbearing and arrogant to try and cover up this unmanly flaw. If you truly love this man, do not let love pass you by. Grab hold of it—cherish it, because it might not ever come again. Trying is half the battle, but being loved is the greatest gift God created." The loving smile upon Katherine's face enforced her heartfelt words to Shana.

She reached up and wiped her face. "You are right, I do love him. Thank you so much for sharing your feelings and thoughts with me, Katherine. You are a true friend and I cannot thank you enough."

"Then go get him girlfriend! What do you have to lose but your heart to him?"

Just then, Mr. Hodges chose that exact moment to walk up to their lunch table. "Ms. Willis, I hope your personal problems will not be spilling over into your work time? This store doesn't have time for weepy women."

That was the last straw for Shana. She had taken enough shit off that man to last her a lifetime. It was time to take a stance. "Mr. Hodges, I would like to thank you giving me this job, but I quit. Please send my last paycheck to my address."

The look upon his face was priceless. He thought she was going to thank him and kiss his ass...yeah right. It was as if a window had been opened and fresh air filled her lungs, giving clarity to her thoughts and feelings. For the very first time in her life, she was going to take a chance, trust in someone else for a change and it feel damn good!

Shana stood up strong and tall and walked straight to her employee locker, grabbing her purse and walking out of the job for the very last time. She couldn't wait to get down to the dollhouse and back to Sin.

As she approached the area it had sat in for the last two weeks, her heart fell. It was gone. Oh, no, it can't be. Where did it go? Then it hit her—he gave up on her, tired of wasting his time on her, or maybe he had found someone else?

That night, she curled up in bed, alone. The tears soaked her pillow as she cried herself to sleep. The key still around her neck, clutched tightly within one small hand.

She'd no idea the lingering affects of his lips and hands would haunt her so vividly. Nor the feeling of his sex and body as it possessed hers. She was in trouble and now she'd lost him forever. What a mess she had made of her life. Those were her last thoughts before exhaustion overtook her body.

* * *

A puff of warm air moved the hairs at the side of Shana's neck and a big, even warmer body was pressed up against her back. She was dreaming again she thought, until a sexy, deep growl sounded close to her ear. "Welcome home, Little One. I have a surprise for you." Sin ran his tongue along the curve of her neck to reinforce his meaning, nudging his large hard cock into the crack of her ass.

Oh could it be real, was she back with Sin? Shana untangled herself from his arms and rolled over to face him. It was and he was-real. She squealed, throwing her arms around his neck, crying softly into the croak of his throat.

"Little One, I was never far from you, but the only way back to me, was the free will to *want* to return. I kept an eye on you the whole time you were gone. Never doubt my feelings for you."

Shana pulled back and looked him in the eye. "What are your feelings for me, Sin?" Her eyes moved rapidly over his features, trying to gage his feelings.

"I love you with every fiber of my being, Little One. I will work on my demanding ways, making everyday with you special and very much *loved*." He kissed her with all his pent up passion, letting her know through, just not words but deeds also. He was going to make love her nice and slow, devastating her with every trick and maybe a touch of magic.

She could feel him smile against her lips. "What is the smile for?" She asked without losing contact with his full lips.

"I have a present for you," he said still smiling.

She laughed, pulling him closer and then whispering in his ear, "Let me guess, is it bigger than a large Tiffany jewelry box?"

Sin ground his hips against her stomach and mound. Shana rolled her eyes toward what would be considered their heavens, "Oh, yeah, it is bigger, much bigger."

Rolling her under him, he worked his cock between her thighs, until it was butted up to her wet opening. He would find his peace again with her, inside of her. As he worked his hardness inch by stretching inch, he whispered words of love and how he would make every one of her dreams come true, starting now. Seated all the way inside

of her tight, velvety sheath, he slowly built the tempo of his thrusts, while rolling his hips side to side to simulate her distended clit just the way he knew would drive her wild

At the end, Shana begged Sin for release, pounding into her, making the bed shake from the force of his thrust. He swallowed her screams as she came, then and only then did he find his satisfaction, releasing his seed deep within her womb.

Sin would love her until the end of time...

About the Author

Skylar Sinclair is a native resident of sunny California. Skylar is a product of great parents who always told her she could do or be anything in life, and writing is just one facet of her persona. Living through the storytelling of other authors, gave her many hours of enjoyment and she hopes to do the same thing for her readers.

Also available from Skylar Sinclair and Venus Press...

Faeful: Sexual Magic

All Hallow's Eve: "Purr For Me"