



Fallen Angels

The Tome of
Unnatural Desires

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The Tome of Unnatural Desires (book 3)

Chapter One

Camay Stilman stood at the entrance to the weekend swap meet giving out parking passes and directions to the seller's stall area. It was still early on Sunday morning with the cover of night still blanketing the sky. Even the moon's glow gave way, casting moving shadows on the pavement and cars as they filed in one by one.

If she didn't need the extra money so badly, she wouldn't have her ass out of bed before 8:00 a.m., and especially not at fucking 4:30 a.m., like now. The line of cars waiting to sell at the swap meet wrapped around the block like a jointed metal snake curled along the street leading into the meet.

It always amazed Camay the kind of junk people would buy and sell here. If she was one of the buyers wandering around on a lazy day it might be different, but standing out in the brisk morning air and with the darkness hindering her ability to get warm, she was freezing her ass off. Sometimes a girl's got to do, what a girl's got to do. *It's a shitty job, but it's a job that pays*, she smirked at the thought.

She'd moved away from a dangerous and abusive boyfriend, landing hundreds of miles away in the small town of Hyde. Without the help of parents or friends, it was up to her to make ends meet. Her day job at the dry cleaners just didn't pay enough for a dog to live, much less a grown adult. But, it did give her a roof over her head and some money to live on. She lived above the dry cleaners in a studio apartment the size of a large walk-in closet. It was small, yet it served its purpose. Camay only needed a place to sleep and eat and the utilities were included, which made it a doable arrangement.

Nevertheless, it wasn't enough to live on, not when she needed insulin on a daily basis to regulate her blood sugar levels.

Camay was a survivor and too proud to get help from the local churches or welfare, so weekends were spent working the swap meet at the drive-in called Hyde and Seek. *Go figure*, she rolled her eyes as she blew warm breaths into her cupped hands trying to get the feeling back into her numb fingers.

Her car had taken a dump last week and she couldn't afford to have it fixed. Thank goodness she was within walking distance of the drive-in. If she thought about it, she could've been much worse off.

As the very last car filtered into the parking lot to set up, it was time for a break. Camay would spend the next fifteen minutes talking to other employees taking their breaks and nibbling on the apple she brought with her this morning. Another good point to this job, they did feed her lunch. The drawback was she had to be careful what she ate. The food at this swap meet was a calorie counter's nightmare. Nonetheless, she again managed to balance the negative with the positive.

With the break over, she spent the rest of her workday walking the swap meet parameters to make sure everyone was in their correct stall, answer questions and to make sure things ran smoothly.

Every weekend it was the same routine and the same old smelly crap was spread out on tables, blanket covered asphalt and the tailgates of trucks. The smells from the food vendors collided with the unclaimed treasures piled and tousled about aisle after aisle by the Crap-Carters, as Camay so charmingly named them.

As she ambled down the different aisles, she saw the regulars that were there each and every weekend. The swap meet, a home away from home for them on weekends. She stopped and spoke with them and listened intently to their stories or gossip. Some seemed to have the same sad tale. And she thought she had frigging problems. She could write a book with the things people told her. Did she look like she gave a shit...*No!* But that didn't stop them from spilling their guts to her.

It was her last relationship that had landed her in Hyde in the first place. She'd left behind everything to escape a boyfriend and all that was water under the bridge now as far as she was concerned. She'd been in Hyde for about six months and Camay kept pretty much to herself and did what she had to, to pay the rent and eat.

"Hello there Camay," Mr. Stone called out to her as she walked by.

Hello to you too, Mr. Never Brushes His Teeth or Takes a Bath. "Mr. Stone. How is business today?" Not that she really gave a flying fig, but being helpful and nice *was* her job. If she could just stay about ten feet from him, she'd be okay.

Thankfully, someone walked up at the same moment as he called out to her and wanted to dicker on an item he had for sale. Okay, maybe someone was looking out for her today. Camay smiled to herself and whistled as she walked away without feeling guilty. Another smelly crisis averted.

The remainder of the day went about as well, nothing too hard to deal with and it was just about time to go home. *Thank you, Jesus!* Her dogs were barking and her back ached from pounding the pavement all day.

All that was left before she could go home, put her feet up and make something to eat, was to clean up the trash the people selling left behind after packing up. Each employee was assigned rows to pick up and she was on her last one. There were only a couple of odds and ends and a small box for her to toss. This really was her favorite part of her job. She could keep anything left after the swap meet closed and was not claimed. Most of Camay's clothing, furniture and household items came directly from stuff left behind. Really, it was a perk.

Bending down to toss what she already picked up into a box thought empty, she noticed what looked like an old beat up leather book lying at the bottom. A non-descript smooth leather binding without any lettering or title that she could make out, gave any indication of what lie between its covers.

Anxious to get home, Camay reached down, pulled the book out of the box and tucked it under her arm. "Well old book, you are now all mine. Finders keeper, losers

weepers." She finished picking up and throwing away what she needed to and headed home. Camay felt like she'd been rode hard and put up wet. She ached all over.

After a nice warm shower and her stomach full, Camay couldn't wait to look over her new find. Sitting at her small 50's style metal dinning room table and its one matching chair, she lovingly ran her hands along the leather binding of the book.

Ever since she picked it up out of the box, she'd had this feeling of expectancy. Almost like an unnatural high, really. It was as if the book was special, but if that were the case, someone wouldn't have left it to be tossed in the dumpster. Yet, her heartbeat sped up against her breasts, beating a hard rhythm and she had trouble swallowing the last bit of milk she had with her sandwich as she looked down at the book on the table.

Camay sat staring down at it, letting the moment take control of her emotions. A tingling sensation started at her toes and worked up her nerve endings causing her fingertips to tingle, like a spark of energy, igniting her senses. She squirmed in her seat as the tingle reached her pussy, feeling wetness dampen her panties. Holy hell, if she got this kind of feeling just looking at the book, what would happen when she opened it? Now she couldn't wait to crack the spine on this baby! Sadly, thinking back, it had been a long time since she'd last gotten laid. The indications were obvious by her reaction to an old fucking book. Sick, just sick...

* * * *

Zeke's body hardened to forged steel, his cock lengthening, filling with blood, snaking up the front of his white leather pants and his senses went to full alert. Holy tweaking angels, their time had arrived. His hands were even trembling. The curse of the Tome of Unnatural Desires was about to be broken. "Damn, it took long enough," he swore under his breath.. God, Zeke felt his body shake with small quakes of arousal. Pussy! Finally, warm, wet pussy, something Zeke only dreamed about, yet no more. He'd had those other two lovebirds, to slake his urges, but pussy was a whole different ball game.

He looked over at Yandell and Timlow huddled together as if they were each other's last supper. Listening to them fucking like dogs irritated the shit out of him.

Other times, they just plain got on his last nerve, but they were all he had since God cursed and banished them into this version of purgatory. To be honest, this purgatory realm was much like Earth when they were mortals, during the time of the Roman Empire. Only here, the three of them couldn't get into any trouble. God really didn't have a good sense of humor when it came to breaking his commandments. But the damn no pussy part of this curse fried Zeke's ass. And a fallen angel without his pussy might as well be a man without his dick. He didn't realize God could really do that to the ones he loved. Man, God did have a devilish side to his personality. Who would've known?

Zeke pinched the bridge of his nose in quiet frustration as he thought about their damnation and the stupidity that was their undoing.

The three of them, Yandell, Timlow and himself, were cursed into *The Tome of Unnatural Desires* by God Almighty Himself. Their demented sins stricken from all records, but they knew. Oh. Yes. They knew the crimes against their Father and the angels in heaven. A wicked smile twisted Zeke's face. Shit, who would've thought the damn devil would tattle on them to God and run his mouth about them visiting Hell for some extracurricular sexual activity with his demons. Those two hadn't spoken in thousands of years and suddenly they were Chatty Cathy's, swapping torrid tales like two old ladies. A shudder ran through him thinking back on the day God brought them before the Altar of Truth—God's version of a lie detector test—all three crumbled like leaves in the wind, spilling their guts.

What did God expect with only those damn goody-two-shoes angels to hang with and no sex in heaven? The only things allowed: singing, praising God and—Zeke's lip curled every time he thought of this one—arts and crafts days. Not the type of life he'd envisioned for himself. This was all fine for everyone else in heaven, but he needed a piece of ass once in a while to keep his head on straight. Timlow and Yandell felt the same way. Who could have blamed them for slipping into Hell for a little action now and again?

Zeke's hand wandered down to his stiff prick caged within the confines of his leather pants. Without thought, his hips undulated and rolled under the palm of his hand. His body seemed to be in anticipating what would soon be coming to pass. The mere thought of sinking his cock into a scalding hot pussy had him almost coming in his leathers like a green boy with his first piece of ass.

He couldn't wait to see the look on Timlow and Yandell's faces when their new possession arrived. Those two might not be interested in female flesh, but they sure as hell related better to women.

Zeke's eyes slit into hooded half moons of desire and he bit the side of his mouth to stop the groan of pleasure that threatened to worm its way out and alert the others. He had surprise on his side and he wanted to keep it that way until that special moment arrived, or should he say until she arrives...

He slowly pulled his hand way from his hard cock, and took a big gulp of air to calm his excited, racing heart. Zeke didn't remember ever being this tightly wound before, the feeling heady and exhilarating. Gathering himself up, he once again slipped his usual look of boredom on his face, cocking a hip, shifting his weight onto one bare foot. He ran his hand back through his dark straight hair, pulling it off his face. The muscles along his forearms bulged as he crossed his arms in front of his chest and his mighty black wings fluttered at his back as his pleasure mounted. Oh...yeah...this was going to be good. One finely arched brow rose a little higher than the other as he let his carnal thoughts etch across his mind. A lecherous smirk creased his face. Life was truly looking up.

Chapter Two

Rubbing her hands together, Camay eased the front cover of the old leather book open. It opened with a resoundingly loud creaking sound, amplified by the silence of her tiny living space.

Her fingertips grazed down the first page constructed of cloth, not paper like other books she owned. The texture of it felt tightly woven and as white as a newly starched shirt. The gold leaf edging shone brilliant and crisp along the sharp lined edges of the pages. Even the leather of the book smelled new, as if it just came from one of those leather goods stores that specialize in only the finest high quality leather goods.

A frown drifted across Camay's face. Man, she swore the book looked old when she'd first picked it up. Maybe she needed to check her blood sugar, 'cause she definitely must be seeing things now that weren't there before. *Quit analyzing this and get on with it*, she told herself. Flipping to the next page, titled in fancy gold lettering the words: The Tome of Unnatural Desires: Caleb and Lana. The lettering pressed deeply into the cloth-like material. So deep in fact, that when Camay shut her eyes and let her fingertips flow over the indentions of the words, she got a clear visual in her mind of what the words were. Someone had gone to great expense and care making this unusual leather book.

The next page revealed a breathtaking beautiful couple together. In Camay's opinion they were postured in a way that the man stood facing forward with a devilish gleam lighting his eyes and a smirk like he knew he was every women's desire, big, bad and a real beefcake. He had long curly blue-black hair that on any other man would've

been feminine looking. On him, it was a curtain of sinful curls framing and accenting his already roguish look.

The woman sat in adoration at his feet. Her long vibrant red hair trailed down her back as she looked lovingly up at the man. Yes, there wouldn't be any mistaking her feeling for him, not with her hands wrapped around his legs the way they were in complete submissive admiration. The way her long slender fingers were entangled around his legs reminded Camay of a snake slithering up a tree branch, almost as one with the branch. They made a striking couple.

When she tried to turn to the next page however, they were stuck together as if the pages had been glued to one another. Damn and double damn, she really wanted to know more about this intriguing couple.

Camay flipped to the next section that would open up. This page had the same gold leaf lettering but different names after the main title. This one read: The Tome of Unnatural Desires: Shadow and Klein.

A low thrum seemed to vibrate off the pages as she quickly turned to the next page. There were two men pictured this time, and what a handsome pair they made. One the color of night with a moon not quite full, but still radiated its glow from above, casting shadows of darkness in its wake. He was lusciously mysterious.

The man in his full embrace more petite and fine-boned compared to him and obviously his lover. Stylishly cut blond hair framed his sweet features and a serene smile played upon his face showed his love for his beautiful cocoa-skinned lover.

The drawing of the two men an arousing imagery drawn to perfection Camay always harbored a secret desire to have sex with multiple sex partners, though she never has. Her secret desire for multiple and same sex partners always lurked in the back of her mind.

Whoever had made the picture captured the two men's profound love for one another. It was like a homing beacon to her own unfound dreams of finding a true love making Camay teary-eyed.

Chapter Three

The night closed in fast. Without realizing it, the time had come to turn on the shabby exposed light bulb suspended over the kitchen table and head to bed. Camay also went and got a Kleenex while she was up to wipe the lone tear that managed to escape down her cheek. She was a sucker for true love. She didn't care if they were evil, gay, straight or whatever, just that they were madly in love. That intense emotion always eluded her. "Gees, it must be time for my period, I am a tear bucket away from a waterfall," Camay mumbled as she wiped the Kleenex across her eyes and blew her nose.

As she glanced down at the table, her mouth dropped open. The page of the book no longer opened to the two delicious men but showing three angels, not ordinary angels, either. These three male angels had pitch-black wings that extended from about the height of their heads to almost touching the ground, cloaking their backs. The only problem with these gorgeous, drop-dead, good-looking men was that Camay knew she hadn't turned the page before she got up.

She might be a lot of things, but completely dim-witted wasn't one of them. Something strange was going on here. From the moment she'd sat down with this book, she'd felt cravings and feelings she'd hadn't experience in a long time. And, she knew this book had more to it, special beyond anything she'd ever known. She didn't know how she knew it, but her gut instincts screamed, "Watch out, danger ahead."

These three hedonistic hotties had the same gold leaf lettering that proclaimed who they were. The Tome of Unnatural Desires: Timlow, Yandell and Zeke – Fallen Angels.

Another thing she was—yet she always tried to hide—was what the other kids she had spent growing up with called, ‘a sensitive’. Someone who knew things, like when the phone would ring before it did or could predict something before it occurred.

She didn’t know how it worked, it just did, much like now. The warning bells were going off like crazy in her head, her stomach rumbled and rolled with unease, but she couldn’t stop her fixation on exploring the book. It had an ungodly hold on her, a fascination that had locked onto her with both hands.

She settled back down and pulled the book closer to her and bent her head nearer to let the drawing of the three black winged men fully envelope her vision. They were carnal creations holding her spellbound with their male beauty and strong distinct features. Yet, all three were different like night and day from each other, and she desired them like bees to honey. Completely and totally held fixed on their images.

Camay felt her sex contract and loosen with each breath she took. Sweat had even started to gather on her upper lip. Her insides heated up, hot and smoldering and ready to combust at any moment. Something was going to happen and she could feel it in the air, thick and heavy.

Peering intently at the drawing, two of the fallen angels were profiled as ornate lovers, the blackness of their wings outlining them in feathery contrast. The two magnificent males complimented and enhanced one another. They stood apart from the third male, with their arms entwined together. One had short blond hair. His fairness lent a measure of softness and frailty to his male features, more so than the other two. Sparkling blue eyes spoke of a man that had a mischievous side to him, as if he looked for trouble without really trying.

His male counterpart had shoulder length flaming red hair, the color of the burning sun shining down on it and his hair veiled him in red tones of blazing brilliance. His skin was almost too fair in coloring for such a manly façade that he wore. With a sprinkling of freckles across the bridge of his nose, it gave him a more youthful appearance. Green eyes shone from his face like faceted emeralds. His full lips curved in a sensuous smile while his hand rested on the blond man’s rippled stomach in a

gesture of possessiveness. They seemed to be of the same height and muscled build. They both reminded her of beautiful contrasting bookends of carnality that she wouldn't mind being sandwiched between.

Camay's eyes wandered in a sensuous haze to the last, lone, fallen angel. This one had a real "I don't give a damn" look about him. He wore his cocky attitude like a mantel of assuredness. He had one hip cocked in an arrogant stance. His arms were massively muscled and crossed in front of his chest, which was just as muscled and brawny. One thick dark eyebrow peaked up. His hair wasn't quite black and reminded Camay of thick bitter sweet chocolate. It cascaded down about his shoulders and back, completing his image—wild and primal. Shivers coursed down her spine, as if spectral fingers brushed along it. The sharp angles of his face only reinforced his wicked appeal. His twisted smirk finished off his arrogant look. Nevertheless, Camay found him alluring and sexy.

Another thing that set him apart from the other two winged angels, the dark chest hair furrowing a thick trail from each nipple, thinning and snaking beneath the waistband of his pants, Camay loved a man with chest hair. She imagined running her fingers through it, letting her nails flick across taunt brown nipples. A small dose of pain mixed into the ultimate expression of pleasure, she smiled to herself. The other two had smooth, sleek muscled chests with just a small happy trail that lead to their nicely packaged cocks below. This whole time, her finger followed her eye's every move, caressing them not only with her eyes, but her fingertip as well.

She wasn't sure what color his eyes were, only that they appeared dark and fathomless, slightly flat and dangerous. His skin had a sheen to it, as if he coated himself with oil. All three men wore white pants of some type, stark contrast to their skin tones and black wings. Kind of like heaven and hell all rolled up into three gorgeous male packages.

Another thing about them that caught her roving eye—they all seemed well endowed. Their white pants—the only piece of clothing they had on—accented more than hid. Camay found all three sexually stimulating and arresting to look at. With their

bare chests and feet, they could have been a magazine ad for Angel Clothing, which was a line of very hip apparel for young men. Their combinations of darkness and purity packaged as unadulterated sexual eye candy. One she'd buy into in a heartbeat if it were for sale.

Camay had never reacted to any man the way she was to the drawing of these three men. They were intriguing and hypnotic to gaze upon. Her respiration became harsh and shallow. Something about them seemed familiar, but she couldn't put her finger on why that was.

Her brows knit together in deep thought. Why would these three winged men seem familiar to her? There really weren't creatures like this, right? *This is just a work of fiction, some one's fantastical imagination at work*, she told herself over and over again.

What she would not give to have three men to pleasure and please her. Camay had very little sexual experience other than straight sex. She had always hungered for more provocative sexual stimulation. Anal sex, threesomes, BDSM and voyeurism were things she had yet to experience but wished to someday delve into. Living in the small community of Hyde didn't lend itself to those aspirations. The people of this town were as straight laced as them came. With only one bar in town and, churches seemingly on every corner, she'd never held out much hope for her secret fantasies coming to life any time soon. But that didn't stop Camay from daydreaming of someday experiencing those dark sexual fantasies.

As she ran her fingertips down the image of Zeke's body, in a quiet voice she spoke her thoughts, echoing with more sorrow than she meant, aloud, "I wish for once in my sorry life I could have more, like the three of you handsome devils. If I could truly have a wish it would be you, Zeke, Timlow and Yandell. I would give over my life for a moment spent with all three of you."

Camay's world bled away like turpentine splashed on an oil canvas, only to be repainted with one she had never seen before, and this world had the three delicious fallen angels standing right in the middle of it.

Chapter Four

She materialized into their realm with a look of bewilderment stamped on her face, what a sweet little thing she was, too, Zeke mused. With her young features, they gave her a child-like innocence. A short cap of brown hair framed her impish face and light brown eyes that were expressive and naive. Her aura captivated him. It glowed and flickered around her like a living flame of blue, purple and touches of green, gleaming in intense vibrancy. He hadn't seen one like it since...well; it'd been a while since one of that intensity had snared his attention.

"Well, hello..." Zeke's growling voice mirrored the sexual hunger that vibrated throughout his body, deep and dangerously savage with need. His cock and balls ached to the point he thought he might pass out and his mouth had gone terribly dry. He licked his lips, wishing they had been moistened from her pussy instead of his tongue. It would've helped to quench his overpowering desire growing with each moment he wasn't buried deep inside her juicy pussy. "What's your name, little girl?" He purred, sauntering towards her. His wings twitching along with his straining prick.

A squeal from Camay alerted the other two men of her presence. "Fuck'en-A, a woman," Timlow's stupidly expressed remark was Zeke's undoing.

"Ya think?" He rolled his eyes. "I know it has been a while since you've had, much less seen pussy, but really Timlow...knock, knock...gay-dar needs to be lowered."

Timlow shot him the bird. "Up yours, Zeke."

Zeke tapped his crotch. "You wish."

"Sweety, ya might want to close that gapping mouth of yours before you find that deliciously pink cavity stuffed with cock." Timlow gestured with his hand like he was grasping a large prick and sucking it deep into his mouth, using his tongue to expand one side of his cheek.

"M...my ...my name is Camay." She stumbled over her words. Stunned silence trailed behind her reply.

All three men looked at each other, and smiles broke their faces. "Well, I'll be damned." This from Zeke.

The two lovebirds spoke in unison, "You know it brother, Damned should have been our middle names."

Zeke walked up and ran the back of his knuckles down the soft swell of Camay's cheek. He bent down and whispered close to her face, "Welcome home, Cambear." With gallant ease, he picked Camay up into his hard-armed embrace, pulling her close into his chest.

Camay too stunned to have time to protest. "Did you just say, welcome home Cambear?" She said disbelievingly, awkwardly slipped her arms around his neck. "How did you know my special name?" Camay's voice sounded small and childlike, even her face showed her unassurance as she buried it into the fur that lined his upper chest and breathed in his male scent.

A rush of protectiveness raced down to grip Zeke right in the balls. Feelings he hadn't encountered in thousands of years, now came back in full clarity to slap him in the face. Timlow and Yandell gathered around Camay and Zeke, curling into the mix to give over added comfort.

Tears glistened in Camay's eyes and her voice broke as she spoke, "I remember now. When I was first diagnosed as a child with diabetes and almost died, scared and alone in the hospital, you three came to me in my dreams. You told me I would be all right and that I would never be alone because you were my guardian angels. Am I in heaven now?"

"No deary, not heaven, closer to Hell would be more like it." Yandell covered his mouth to contain his snicker. "Here, you are immortal and will never be bothered by that illness or aging for that matter, sweet Cambear."

Zeke, along with the other two close on his heels, carried her to a large bed centered in the remains of what looked like an old Rome ruin. Tall partially broken columns cornered the opened structure. The bed draped in yards and yards of lush, white shiny fabric, puddled around it like melted icing on a cake. Zeke gently laid Camay down, his body covering hers, pressing her into the softness of the mattress with his hard frame.

* * * *

Camay felt the light dusting of feathers as Zeke's black wings unfurled as they covered and caged her in. Oddly romantic. Reaching up, she carefully ran one hand, using her fingertips only, along his dark plumage. She let the feeling of complete contentment wash down through her soul. Yes, she finally felt safe, and the emotional turmoil that had been her life fell away, like discarded ashes from a long ago fire that had burnt out. Contentment settled into her heart.

Zeke purred like a kitten and his wings lightly ruffled. Camay looked up into his eyes, eyes that now were the shade of light, golden maple syrup, rich and molten. His pupils expanded in avid sexual arousal. She felt the bed dip as added weight came down upon it. Then she heard passionate sounds of deep, wet kissing close by.

Her fascination with Timlow and Yandell's lewd and sexually arousing sounds they made brought Zeke's eyes to hers. A slight rustling had Camay turning her head. Zeke lifted up and folded back his right wing to give her a clear view of what the two men were doing. What she got was an erotic eyeful, one that took her breath away. One that caused her pussy to clench and dampen with desire.

The real shocker, before she'd seen the two men, she thought they were kissing. In reality Yandell was deep throating Timlow. The moans and sloppy noises were the suckling and slurping of Yandell's mouth and lips working Timlow's healthy sized cock now disappearing in intervals between Yandell's puffy and pink lips. Timlow withered

and bucked into Yandell's face. Loud sounds emanating from Yandell proved he thoroughly enjoyed tormenting and sucking his lover's cock.

Lips brushed along the curve of her neck and back up to her ear. "Do you like watching them? Does Yandell taking his lover's cock between his lips and orally pleasuring him, fascinate you, arouse you?"

"Yes."

"Does it make you wet?" Zeke reached down with one hand between their bodies and cupped her pussy. "You are burning up and your pants are soaked through."

He nipped and sucked at the flushed skin of her neck. Delicate whimpers filled Camay's ears; she had never known herself to sound so desperately passionate and hungry. The sounds she made, mewling and whimpering were more arousing than anything she experienced before. She reveled in the sexual freedoms she could finally delve in, drown in if she so desired.

Timlow's black wings pooled around his back and body like spilt ink. His hands grasped and pulled at the sheets as Yandell's cheeks hollowed and worked up and down his veined and hardened cock. The looks of rapture so obvious on Timlow's face caused her pussy to spasm acknowledging his overt passion. She could almost get off watching the blowjob between the two men. The way Yandell buried his face in Timlow's groin. Timlow, withering atop the sheets and his legs spread, thrown over Yandell's impressive shoulders. Damn that was so hot!

"Would you like me to love you the same way Yandell is Timlow?"

Camay turned back and looked up into Zeke's dark eyes. "Oh, yes, I would. I want to feel that kind of passion."

Zeke pushed away from her and stood up. Reaching back down, he pulled her into a sitting position and quickly drew off her top, leaving her naked from the waist up. With a gentle push to her shoulders, Camay laid back down flat upon the bed. With nimble fingers, he unbuttoned and unzipped her pants, slithering both them and her tiny sting bikini underwear down and off her body.

Through sex drowsed eyes, she watched Zeke work his pants slowly down over his lean hips and stop before he exposed his cock. He was tempting and taunting her with his body. She liked that. With a predatory grin parting his lips, the whiteness of his teeth gleaned against the tan tone of his face. Camay let out a growl to show her frustration at his unhurried striptease. She wanted to see him in all his aroused glory, nude and bared to her.

A deep male chuckle followed. "Impatient are we, little one?"

Camay's eyes mimicked the movement of Zeke's strong capable hands as they inched his pants over the massive bulge that strained the metal zipper. His cock sprang free and bobbed, thumping against his rippled abs. With a sexy wiggle of his hips and without the impediment of shoes, he easily kicked his pants off and away. She marveled at the beautiful toned lines of his body and his proud dick and large purple head that wept with his desire. The pearly liquid dripped from the slit, down over the sides. The smell of sex, sweat and male testosterone cloaked the air, in these otherwise surreal surroundings with its heady aroma.

Swatches of her skin, nipples and weeping slit tingled in excitement for what would come next, with Zeke perched between her splayed legs.

Crouching down on bent knees, he spread her legs further, opening up her pussy, parting her pink folds, growling loudly. His look of a man caught-up in the throngs of animalistic hungers caused her stomach muscles to tighten down and push against her pelvic floor. Wetness ran down the crack of her ass. She'd couldn't have imagined being this turned on, this wet.

"Slip your legs over my shoulders." Zeke told her.

"What about your wings, won't I hurt them? I don't want to injure you."

As he gracefully expanded his wings to their fullest wingspan, her breath hitched within her chest. Holy heavens he was magnificent in all his dark, wickedly spread glory.

"You won't. Now slide those long legs of yours over my shoulders, so I can eat you." He said, licking his lips, staring at her sex the entire time.

With Zeke's help, Camay slipped her legs along side his wings and down along his back. He grasped her by her ass cheeks pulling her pussy onto his face and waiting tongue.

He licked between her folds, sliding first one finger and then another inside her wet sex. His groans of pleasure reached her ears and caressed her senses. Before long, she was writhing and pushing back onto his face. All inhibitions gone and in its place a goddess of sexual greed bloomed beneath his avidly working mouth. Camay wanted her pleasure—desired it! Then he did something no one had before. Using one of his fingers slicked by her cream, he worked it into her puckered ass. A zenith of pain/pleasure shot through her body, jolting her senseless, from the onslaught of the intensity. She never realized how sensitive that part of her body was, or that she could almost come by the thrust of a finger inserted into her asshole. It felt so good, so decadent and she wanted it harder and faster. Her inhibitions flew to the wind and she yelled her demands, “fuck my ass harder!”

Zeke pulled away from between her spread legs. “You like this type of pleasure, my finger driving in and out of your tight rosebud. Now you have a taste of what Timlow will feel when Yandell fucks his ass, pounding him into total sexual submission.” He lowered his head back between the apex of her legs to worked her swollen hood and lick her with the back of his tongue, while mercilessly working a second finger deep within her tight ass. Her screams had him working his fingers harder and biting down gently with his teeth to balance the pain between her clit and anus.

Her breathing grew heavy and sensually mournful. It spoke of her heighten arousal and unbelievable wantonness.

As Camay's excitement raced in a path of colliding force to her over sensitive and thoroughly worshipped clit, she felt a large warm hand reach over and grasp hers. It was Timlow who threaded his fingers into hers, sharing his passionate moments with her. She squeezed his hand and let the tide wash her away, wave after blistering hot wave, until her vision blurred and her body pushed past the point of no return and she shrieked her pleasure to the blue sky above.

When Timlow flew over the edge, he made not a sound, but gripped Camay's hand with pulsing tugs, with each spurt of cum that shot from his trembling body and down his lover's throat.

As her body cooled down, she looked over to see that Timlow and Yandell had traded places on the bed, with Timlow now face down and ass end draped obscenely over the edge of the bed, legs spread wide open. From somewhere, Yandell had gotten a hold of a bottle of golden colored oil. He uncorked it, slowly pouring the shiny liquid into the cleft of Timlow's ass. Deftly, he re-corked the bottle and set it beside the bed. He grabbed his cock at the base and rubbed his head up and down the oiled cease of the other man's ass. Yandell's cock was enormous and she didn't think it would fit in such a tight place, and yet, the large mushroom head disappeared between Timlow's ass cheeks and a look of overwhelming ecstasy hardened the lines of Timlow's face. She knew the moment his anus was pierced, when he shouted and ripped at the sheets with his fingernails. His mouth gritted in a hard line drawn up over his teeth in agony if she had not known better. It didn't take long for Yandell to bury his cock in Timlow's ass, while he pushed back the entire time Yandell worked in agonizing shallow thrusts to tunnel to the base of his cock.

Camay could hear the hedonistic melody of balls slapping oil slick against bare ass skin. Damn, it looked sexy to her.

Prowling up her body in a graceful glide, Zeke leaned down on bent elbows and licked at her lips. This time he left his dark plumage tucked close to his body, as if in this gesture, he was giving her opportunity to drink in the carnality all around them.

Camay could taste her own juices and they were exotic and ripe as she ran her tongue across her lips. Reaching up she pulled his head down to hers and ran her tongue along the seam of his full sensuous lips. They gave over, opening up and then closing over hers. The open mouth, tongue-twisting kiss sent a hum straight down to Camay's toes. This was exactly the kind of kiss she had been hungering for, desiring to share with another. The man kissed like a god.

Zeke arched his hips up, to move his cock down between her wet legs. Camay canted her hips up to give him full excess to her opening. Her wet and sloppy pussy gave easily, parting to swallow the full length of Zeke's weeping cock. It reached further up inside her, touching nerves never touched before. She pushed her hips up to meet every down thrust he gave her, relishing the feeling of being filled and stretched over and over again. "Zeke this feels so good. Fuck me harder. Make me come."

And he did, with hard-pounding thrusts combined with the two other men fucking, felt like an earthquake, moving and jarring the bed.

They were like beasts warring to the finish line, hips pumping and slapping, flesh indenting from the pressure of savage taking. Teeth gritted in sheer determination to bring their sexual partner to orgasm. The sexual rhythm picked up and the hedonistic song of grunts and low moans whipped throughout the air, piercing the silent and filling it with glorious raptures of carnal tunes of old, exciting and heady. Their violent mating was savagely beautiful to Camay, enthralling almost.

Yandell and Timlow were the first to reach their lusty end as cries of fulfillment echoed their mutual orgasms. They lay motionless in a puddle of male flesh, tangled legs and sweat drenched bodies that professed their passionate endeavor to satisfy one another.

The erotic image of the two male lovers set off a chain of tremors in Camay. Her inner muscles clamped down on Zeke's tunneling cock, squeezing and nursing it in short quick spasms. She couldn't stop the raging fires that sparked and fizzled down the pathways of her body, exploding in blinding light behind her closed eyelids. A scream tore from her lips and she bit down hard on Zeke's shoulder to stop the sobs threatening to tear from her body, leaving her mindless and emotionally drained.

Zeke's body pressed her down into the mattress and he stiffened as his orgasm hit and he sunk as far as he could get inside her clenching cunt. His warm seed flowed from his cock and filled Camay with its evading thickness. The scent of their mingled juices blanketed her with sexual fragrances that were permanently branded into her senses. He rolled onto his side pulling her with him. Zeke held her close, and in a

hushed breath he whispered his endearments to her, yet his face had a sad expression she didn't understand, but didn't question. "Welcome home, our little Cambear."

There was no denying it; this was everything she had wished for, experiencing things she only dreamt of doing and she was sure there was much more these three fallen angels could and would teach her. Camay looked forward to it. There wasn't a moment of hesitation or a doubt in her mind, she was meant to be with them, loved by them.

"Yes, it is true, I have finally come home." Camay hugged him around his waist, and snuggled into the warmth of his male hardness. Life hadn't turned on her; she had turned her back on life. And now, she faced a whole new future with the three handsome fallen angels...

Epilogue

A coworker found Camay Stilman's body the next day when she didn't show up for work Monday morning and went up to her little apartment above the dry cleaners.

She had passed away after going into a diabetic coma. Sadly, no one claimed her precious body and Camay was buried in a pauper's grave. The only memorable thing about Camay's death that struck the coworker that found her oddly, the angelic smile on Camay's face and an old leather book clenched tightly in her two small hands.

A word of caution: Nothing is ever what it seems and some things just will not stay buried. Never underestimate the unholy desires poured into the pages of a book, for it was made in a dimension of an erotic realm to be read and savored if one dared. The wicked leather tome has been lost, along with all of Camay's possessions that were discarded, much like her life on this Earth. One has to wonder, does the real adventure start at death, and is life just a moment in time before the next phase of our lives?

Who next will possess the Tome of Unnatural Desires? What unholy entity of sexual proclivities will be waiting to be unleashed upon another unsuspecting owner? Maybe it could be you?

The End