

Ancient Pleasures: Forbidden Fruit

Alecia Monaco

All rights reserved.

Copyright ©2006 Alecia Monaco

No part of this e-book may be reproduced or shared by any electronic or mechanical means, including but not limited to printing, file sharing, and email, without prior written permission from Changeling Press LLC.

ISBN (10) 1-59596-241-2

ISBN (13) 978-1-59596-241-6

Formats Available:

HTML, Adobe PDF,

MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader

Publisher:

Changeling Press LLC

PO Box 1561

Shepherdstown, WV 25443-1561

www.ChangelingPress.com

Editor: Crystal Esau

Cover Artist: SkyeWolf



This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Chapter 1

She was the first woman ever created, and she was lying beneath him, every inch of her bare skin touching his.

The world was a new creation, and his entire life of a few brief days had been spent in the Garden, with only the plants and animals as his companions.

Until *she* had come along.

The mists rose from the ground as they did every afternoon, surrounding him and the woman with a cocoon of blessed coolness. A good thing, since his body had long since overheated.

Adam looked down at her, feeling the same rush of need he'd been riding since the second she flew into the Garden on wings shaped and feathered like those of an owl, a gift from the Mother and the Father.

"Lilith." He whispered her name, stroking long spirals of ebony hair back from her face.

Everything about her fascinated him -- surprising, since he'd seen all the wonders of creation in the past few days. He'd named each creature that crawled on the ground, swam through the deep waters or flew through the skies.

But none of them could compare to her. *Her*.

His Lilith.

She shifted beneath him, a smile forming at the corners of her lips. "Touch me." She took his hand in hers and placed it on her breast, the ripe fruits that seemed to beg for his attention.

He palmed the warm globe in his hand and sighed. She arched against him, a throaty moan falling from her lips. Her nipple, several shades darker than the rest of

her skin, hardened beneath his hand. The sight filled him with a vast feeling of heat and desire.

Of all creations, she was the most beautiful. With her dusky complexion, so different from his own lightly tanned skin, and eyes that flashed silver in the sunlight, he couldn't tear his gaze away.

And her body... round where he was flat, soft where he was hard, as if she'd been formed for his pleasure alone.

Speaking of hard...

"You're ready to be joined with me." Lilith's voice was like the purr of the little creature he'd named *cat*. She reached a hand down and wrapped it around the hard staff between his legs, and Adam groaned with a rapture he'd never experienced before.

"Yes... yes." He put his hand over hers with the intention of showing her how he'd like to be stroked, but she was one step ahead of him. Her smooth palm glided up and down the length of his hardness, as if she knew every secret of his body.

Suddenly a sensation tore through him, a torrent of bliss that rivaled a glimpse of heaven, and he spent himself on the soft skin of her belly.

"Oh, Lilith." He sighed and collapsed on his side, taking her in his arms. "Bless you for what you've given me."

Within seconds, the first man ever created fell asleep.

* * *

Lilith looked at Adam's arm draped over her midsection and barely suppressed a groan. Rolling her eyes, she threw the offending limb off her body and struggled to sit up.

Adam responded with a deep snore.

Swearing in the tongue known only to fallen Angels, she leaned back on the heels of her hands to glance at the sky above. A peerless, perfect blue expanse stretched as far as the eye could see.

She closed her eyes and inhaled as a warm breeze whished past, catching the scent of the fragrant fruit trees that dotted the lush landscape of the Garden of Eden. The heady essence of pomegranate, apple, and orange blossoms hung in the air like an invisible presence, their perfume a constant allure to the senses. Other trees bore fruit, as the Garden had trees in every stage of development. She could almost taste it, gently warmed by the sun and begging to be eaten. An appreciative smile formed at the corners of her mouth. A juicy piece of fruit was just what she needed to take the edge off her frustration.

Lilith stood up and stretched, basking in the feel of sunlight on her skin. Her newborn companion might not be a ball of fire in the lovemaking department, but the Garden certainly wasn't a bad place to live.

She strolled away from Adam, the emerald-colored grass like a velvet carpet beneath her bare feet. A grove of fruit-laden trees beckoned in the distance, and her mouth watered in anticipation.

"Going somewhere, oh goddess of the night?"

She turned slowly in the direction of the smooth male voice. Eyes the color of blue mountain ice met her gaze, set in a face of such sculpted perfection that the Mother and the Father must have wept at the beauty of this creation.

"You again?" Lilith shook her dark curls and kept walking.

"You can't dismiss me so easily." He kept pace with her effortlessly.

"Oh, but I can." She didn't try to stop her hips from swaying provocatively as she walked ahead of him. "And I will."

"Ah, Lilith, no time for an old friend?" He stepped in front of her, his face arranged in an expression of mock sadness.

"What are you doing here in the Garden? I thought the Mother and the Father banished you from the material sphere." She'd known the Serpent since her own creation. He'd been the highest Angel in the heavens, until he and a band of his followers overestimated their own powers and challenged the Mother and the Father for control of the heavens.

The Serpent and his crew of Angels were banned from Heaven, destined to exist in their own nether world, the outskirts of the spirit realm.

Lilith had never been given a choice. She'd been created from the dust of the earth on the day of its birth -- long before Adam, who was the final masterpiece of creation. The creators had intended her to reign over the dark hours as goddess of the night. But when the Mother and the Father caught her engaging in various sexual escapades with the fallen, they'd sentenced her to becoming Adam's mate, to live in the material sphere, this planet Earth, forever. No longer a ruling goddess, she'd witnessed the creation of the first man, from the same red dust of which she herself was made.

Why, oh why then couldn't they be compatible?

"I serve a purpose here in the Garden, make no mistake of that." The Serpent tossed his head, pride inflating his every word. "I thought I'd see if this new... *arrangement* is agreeing with you."

Being caught consorting with the Serpent would displease the Mother and the Father. She hurried along toward the grove of trees. "Be gone, I'm busy with other tasks and have no time for you."

"You don't mean that." The Serpent caught her by the arm. "Not when I alone hold the key to curing your woes."

She stopped, whirling around to face him. "How would you know anything about my woes?"

He crooked an eyebrow at her, his mane of pale gold hair gleaming in the sun. "I've eaten from the Tree of Knowledge." A smile spread across his face. "I know everything. I can provide solutions to questions the Mother and the Father would rather leave unanswered."

Even though the Serpent was arrogant and cunning enough to try something as risky as eating from the forbidden tree, she had her doubts about his latest claim. "No creature can eat of that tree and live. The Mother and the Father have made it so."

He grinned, flashing his blinding white teeth. "Do I look dead to you? Admittedly, I'm not your run of the mill creature, but..."

"No, but you're fallen, and sometimes that's just as bad." She longed to be free of Adam, to return to the days when she had the freedom to roam all the spheres of creation, from the highest heavens to the earth below her. But she was shackled with the human, and his pleasure was her only reason for existing.

Lilith sighed and glanced back over her shoulder at the sleeping mortal whose mate she'd become. His long, muscular form and lightly tanned skin were appealing. His brown eyes and chestnut hair were pleasing to the eye. But...

She sighed again.

"What troubles you, my beautiful dark queen?" The Serpent crossed thickly muscled arms over his broad chest.

"Let's say that I'm not happy in my relationship, and change the subject." She wandered toward the grove of trees, and the one in the center caught her attention. Taller than the rest, laden with fruit the color of garnets, it was the one tree they were forbidden to eat from. She'd never considered it, figuring that she had one last chance with the Mother and the Father and had best not ruin it.

"What do you expect from the human male?" The Serpent trailed after her. "He learned to mate from watching the beasts of the earth and the birds of the air." His lower half shapeshifted into a serpent's tail to emphasize his point. "He has no idea how to pleasure a woman of higher intelligence."

That was an understatement. "Maybe you could drop by after he walks in the Garden with the Father and school him in the arts of pleasure." She looked up at the Serpent hopefully.

He threw his head back and laughed. "Me, lord of the fallen Angels, talk to the Mother and the Father's golden boy?" He shook his head. "Somehow, I don't think that would bring you good favor." He shifted back to human form, his long, lean legs more tempting to her than the delicious fruit dangling from the tree behind her.

She wrapped a tight spiral curl around her index finger, letting her gaze take in every inch of the Serpent's body. No wonder he'd provoked the envy of every other Angel in the celestial sphere. He was gorgeous beyond compare. Every inch of his

golden skin gleamed, exposed except for a loincloth made of hide hanging loosely from his narrow hips. An enchanted loincloth, she reminded herself, magically empowered to vanish and reappear whenever he shifted to Serpent form.

Too bad it couldn't conveniently vanish right now, she thought, wondering what the loincloth concealed and feeling herself growing wet at the thought. The Serpent was the one conquest she'd failed to make before being given to Adam.

What she wouldn't give to taste his forbidden fruit...

"You're probably right." She turned and made her way to a peach tree. After picking one of the sweet fruits, she bit deeply into its juicy flesh. "I suppose it's hopeless." She'd be stuck with Adam's inept lovemaking -- if it could be called that -- for all eternity. "The goddess of the night should belong to *no* man, much less one as ignorant as Adam."

"You *could* instruct him yourself." The Serpent shot her an appraising glance.

Lilith leaned back against the trunk of the peach tree. "Isn't it against the natural order of the Mother and the Father for a woman to teach a man about pleasure?"

"Not when the woman is as skilled in the art as you." He traced a fingertip down her bare shoulder, igniting chills down her spine.

He had a point. Lilith had existed among the ranks of the fallen for eons. She'd reveled in ecstasy with fallen Angels of both sexes. Who better than she to teach her inexperienced new mate how to find the peak of pleasure?

She took another bite from her peach and allowed herself to smile. She would awaken Adam to bliss, and he'd be her indebted lover forever.

Chapter 2

Adam's moan shattered the normal quiet of the Garden, causing a nearby family of birds to squawk and fly away.

Lilith could barely suppress a smile of triumph. Adam was as hard as the olive trees that flanked the gates of the Garden. The ministrations of her mouth had primed and prepared him to satisfy the perpetual ache of frustration throbbing between her legs. Wetness pooled, her sex silently begging to feel his hard length.

"Lilith, please." He panted, his firm chest rising and falling at a frightening speed. "Release me from this torture." The wild need in his eyes told her she had him exactly where she wanted him.

She drew deeply on the head of his cock. She knew the sight of her with his cock in her mouth would be almost more than he could take.

He swelled inside her mouth. She'd been right.

Dragging her lips over the tip of his cock one last time, she released him from her mouth. "Lay down on the grass with me." She tugged at his hand, ready for him to stop standing. She needed only to get him in the right position, and pleasure was as good as hers. Her core tightened at the thought of finally finding release, and every muscle tensed with anticipation.

He obliged, dropping to his knees before her. "Will we mate, Lilith? Like the beasts of the earth?" His brown eyes widened at her, and she found herself smiling with affection at the combination of raw desire and innocence on his face.

She braced her hands on his shoulders. "Yes, we will. I will put you inside me..." She pushed against him, urging him to recline on his back. Her clitoris pulsed, a silent demand for satisfaction pouring through her like the waterfall where she and Adam bathed.

He almost complied, then resisted. "No, this isn't the way. You belong on your hands and knees, and I behind you, like the four-legged creatures that mate here in the Garden."

Lilith blinked. Who knew where he'd try to put his cock, without face to face instruction. "No, Adam, that's how *animals* mate. We're higher beings. We mate face to face." She tried to push him onto the grass again, and again he held himself strong against her.

"You must be below me when we mate." He reached out to grab her breasts. "I'm the male, and you're the female. You're lower in the order of creation. I must be in the superior position."

A river of hot rage rushed through her. "You know nothing of mating, nothing of pleasure, yet you dare to tell *me* how we'll mate?"

He tried to turn her onto her hands and knees. "I am your master. You will submit to me, Lilith. Nature has decreed it."

Like hell I will. "I don't think so." She rose to her feet. "We were made from the same dust of the earth. Just because you claim it's the natural order doesn't mean you're superior to me."

"I am the man." He shrugged, as if the matter could be resolved with those few words.

"You're going to have to do better than that, Adam." She crossed her arms over her chest, shielding her breasts from him. "You need to be taught the art of making love from someone with experience."

He furrowed his brow. "What do you mean by the art of making love? I must spill my seed into you. Nothing else matters but that."

Lilith narrowed her gaze. She had some affection for her poor, clueless mate, but this was more than anyone could be expected to take. Her own sexuality had brought unparalleled bliss to herself and others. The thought of wasting it on this hapless human was more than she could bear.

"Lilith." He stood up, his erection still prominent. "You must submit to me, my beautiful one. How else can we be fruitful and multiply, as the Mother and the Father commanded us?"

She saw her future laid out before her, endless years of submitting to this man's clumsy sexual advances, bearing his children, existing for only him and his spawn... a lifetime of servitude.

That might do for some creatures, but not Lilith, goddess of the night.

"I don't know." She fluttered the small owl wings that extended from her shoulder blades, the wings that gave her such a drastically different appearance from the human male. "I guess you, the Mother, and the Father will have to figure that out for yourselves."

With that, she fluttered higher into the air, and flew over the gate, past the Cherubim with their flaming swords standing guard at the entrance, leaving the Garden of Eden behind her.

* * *

Adam watched her fly away, pain in his heart and an uncomfortable ache in his sacs. She'd been happy to bring him to completion before, to let him spill his seed onto her warm skin. Why, then, would she be so hostile about mating with him? Did she not want to join together and create new life?

He slumped down on a smooth stone and rested his head in his hands. He'd cared for his Lilith very much. She was the only being in the Garden to speak in his human tongue. They'd laughed together, shared the lush fruits of the Garden at every meal, bathed together underneath the crystal water of the falls, and slept in each other's arms every night.

A butterfly landed on his shoulder, offering her own brand of comfort. Adam gave the tiny creature a weak smile. He loved the animals and insects and fish and fowl, but he needed one of his own kind.

He needed a companion. And now, she was gone.

A tear rolled down his cheek when he contemplated the long vista of lonely years ahead of him. Lilith was difficult at times, but she'd been his one companion.

Without her, he would be lost and alone.

"Adam?"

He raised his head to the low-hovering silver cloud that shrouded the forms of the Mother and the Father. It was the loving voice of the Mother speaking to him from somewhere within the cloud.

"Yes, Mother?"

"My son, where is the woman we gave you?" The Mother paused. "Where is Lilith?"

His heart twisted in a painful knot. "She's left me, Mother. I do not know where she's gone."

"It is just as well, my son." The Mother sighed. "Lilith is a rebellious spirit, not one to be easily tamed."

"That may be so." Adam's voice broke. "But she is gone and now I am alone."

The Mother was silent for a moment. "You wish for a creature of your own kind to be your mate and companion."

He nodded slowly. "I had that in Lilith."

"Not truly, my son." The cloud drifted lower. "Lilith was created from the same red earth as you, but she was a different kind of creature entirely, not fully human yet not fully divine. Perhaps we were unwise to give her to you for a wife."

"Wife?" Adam's brow wrinkled. "What is this wife you speak of?"

"A wife is your mate and consort, your love and your companion, the mother of your children, for as long as you shall live," the Mother explained in a gentle tone.

"Was Lilith my wife, then?" Adam gazed out at the gates where Lilith had flown away to freedom.

"Perhaps, but perhaps not." The Mother sent a cooling breeze to whisk across his skin. "But your relationship with her is over now, completely and forever. I shall give

you a second chance, Adam. You will fall into a deep sleep, and when you awaken, a new wife will be waiting for you.”

“But...” Adam began.

“Trust me. Your Mother does this for you out of love.” A perfumed wind, bearing a fragrance like no other scent in the Garden, began to whirl around Adam.

“Breathe deeply, my son, and sleep.” The Mother’s voice was growing dimmer and more distant. “Be not afraid to dream.”

Adam’s eyelids became heavier by the second, until he finally curled up on the warm grass and fell into a sleep so deep that he didn’t feel his own rib being removed.

* * *

“Better a dinner of herbs in my own cave than being the sexual servant of a man who learned about pleasure from watching raccoons mate.” Lilith took a bite of the greens she’d traveled far and wide to find growing on a distant hillside.

They weren’t exactly a feast for the senses, she admitted to herself, but if poor food was the price of freedom, it was a cost she was willing to pay.

She looked past the small fire crackling on the sandy floor of her cave, through the round entrance of her stone dwelling, to the sea not far away. Coming to the banks of the Red Sea had been the right decision. She felt at home here, near the waters that gently lapped along the shore. The owls clustered in the trees behind her cave seemed like her kin. Admittedly, it wasn’t the Garden of Eden, but her little stone home by the sea had its own spare charm.

Besides, she was a free woman once again.

She finished the small salad of greens and set aside the shell she’d used as a dish with a sigh of contentment. She’d try her hand at coaxing some anemone to the surface tomorrow. Hopefully she hadn’t lost *all* of her goddess powers when the Mother and the Father gave her to Adam.

A burst of pink and gold in the sky signaled that the sun was due to set soon. The sea below reflected the colors, looking like molten amber. Her skin suddenly

parched with thirst, she fled from the cave and took flight, plunging into the warm depths of the water until she was completely submerged.

She opened her eyes under the water, catching sight of a school of angel fish gliding past. Cautiously, she released all the breath from her lungs.

So she *hadn't* lost all of her non-human attributes. She could still breathe underwater. With a satisfied smile, she followed in the wake of the angel fish, letting the soothing coolness of the water take control.

The tide carried her along, past clusters of coral shaped like flower blossoms in a plethora of shades, past waving sea grasses and seaweed that danced with every undulation of the water.

Weightless and unfettered, she submitted to the sea in a way that she could never submit to a man -- without hesitation or regret, in joy rather than dread.

Perhaps the sea had been her true mate all along.

Kicking her feet, she soared upward and broke the surface, emerging with water clinging to her hair and skin like a dew-drenched rose. She'd never known such rapture, not when drifting through the dazzling mists of newborn stars or floating through the highest sphere of the heavens. She'd finally found her bliss, her home... the Red Sea.

"Well, well, Lilith. We meet again."

She almost feared to open her eyes. The voice was well known to her, and the last person she wanted to see was its owner.

Reluctantly, she pried one eyelid up. Sure enough, it was Senoi, suspended in mid-air above her by the massive golden wings attached at his shoulders.

As if that wasn't bad enough, the powerful Angel had brought along his two lieutenants, Sansenoi and Sammangelof. Between the three of them, their wings generated enough wind power to make the water around her churn.

Her stomach wasn't far behind.

Chapter 3

"Why are you three here?" Lilith propelled herself out of the water with her wings, skirting the three Angels neatly and heading through the air to the sandy beach.

"As if you don't know." Senoi's deep voice held a note of mockery.

Lilith tossed him a withering glare over her shoulder. "On orders from the heavenly court?"

Sansenoi nodded his chestnut head. "We've come to bring you to appear before the court."

"You've been summoned," Sammangelof added, his emerald eyes flashing judgment upon her.

Hmmph. None of them had been in a hurry to judge her when they'd watched her in a tryst with two of the fallen. No, they'd heartily enjoyed themselves, if memory served her correctly.

Her feet touched down on the sun-soaked shore and she stretched languidly, letting her naked form speak for itself. She felt their gazes on her and smothered a smile. Beneath the skimpy loincloths they wore, she bet each Angel sported a hard staff, and not the kind fashioned from gold.

She peeked through her eyelashes and saw the three Angels watching her, their flawlessly muscled bodies glistening with salt spray from the sea.

Her nipples tightened and her sex melted at the thought of those bodies pressed against hers. The persistent frustration she'd experienced since being given to Adam roared back to the forefront, demanding relief at any cost.

And maintaining her freedom would be worth seducing these Angels in exchange for their silence. She wet her lips and looked at Senoi's broad shoulders.

It would be the sweetest payment she'd ever made.

She lowered herself to her knees, and then onto her back, propped up on her elbows... the better to display her charms. "Surely we can resolve this amongst ourselves without getting the court involved."

The three exchanged glances, from blond Senoi to chestnut-haired Sansenoi to Sammangelof with his raven mane. "What are you proposing, goddess?"

That's more like it. Sammangelof's use of her title boded well for the outcome of this... exchange. "Have you met my *mate*, Adam?" She injected the word "mate" with as much scorn as possible.

Senoi dropped to his feet on the shore. "The human male?"

She nodded, crossing one leg over the other in a gesture that didn't fail to catch the attention of the men. "That's the one." She examined her fingernails nonchalantly. "I refuse to return to him."

Sansenoi joined Senoi on the shore. "Why is that?"

She arched her eyebrows at him. "Would you return to a mate so inept that he didn't know that women can be on top during the act of love?"

Sammangelof swallowed hard. "Women can bring intense delight to both herself and her mate in that position."

"So I tried to tell him." She let one hand drift lazily across her breasts. "He would hear nothing of it."

Sammangelof flew close to her and then fell to his knees in the sand beside her. "The human male is a newborn fool."

Sansenoi was at her other side in an instant. "He's unwise in the ways of pleasing women."

"Unlike you, I'm sure." She extended her hand and traced her finger over the hard lines of his abdominal muscles, reveling in the feel of a male body.

Senoi had himself at her feet within a split second. "No one could bring you the kind of gratification I would give you, Lilith." He rearranged her legs until both feet were planted firmly in the sand, with her knees bent and spread apart.

Torrid wetness dampened her sex. Oh, she had no doubts about his ability to give her an exceptionally good time. Her body hummed in agreement.

Sammangelof cupped one breast, his thumb circling the already hard nipple. Sansenoi followed suit, taking the other breast and teasing the nipple to an even more sensitive peak.

Lilith moaned with abandon, giving herself over to their capable hands. She'd earned this pleasure and intended to savor it.

Senoi eased himself lower until his lips brushed against her mound. Butterflies traipsed through her belly. Lilith knew what he intended to do and almost came at the prospect.

He held her folds with his fingers, exposing her completely. Her hips rotated involuntarily toward him, and he rewarded her by circling her clit with his thumb.

Sammangelof and Sansenoi each took a nipple into their mouths, sucking the taut points until she cried out. Senoi ducked his head lower and plied his tongue to her slick folds.

He braced her legs apart, and with the other two men working on her breasts, she was effectively pinned between three hard male bodies. She surrendered to the onslaught of pleasure they provided, which increased with each second.

Senoi licked every hidden spot of her sex, flicking his tongue into her core and tempting her to scream. But he avoided her clitoris, driving the torture to an unbearable level.

Sansenoi released her nipple with a wet pop and moved down to join Senoi between her legs. Each of the male Angels straddled one of her legs, and before she knew it, Sansenoi's tongue followed behind Senoi's, trailing from her core to the hood of her clitoris. She closed her eyes, her breath coming sharply. When both of their tongues touched her clit, her body's response overpowered her ability to think or reason. There had never been such an exquisite sensation in her life. Never had she been so aroused, the need to come dancing along the line between pleasure and pain.

Sammangelof licked a trail from her nipple, over her belly and across her hips before moving to take his place with the other two. She managed to open her eyes long enough to see him fling his loincloth aside, revealing a thick erection.

She groaned, rolling her hips in invitation. She wanted that cock inside her more than she wanted her next breath.

Senoi and Sansenoi moved aside, placing her legs around Sammangelof's waist. She reached for his cock, grasping his hard length with an unsteady hand.

"Take me." Her words were almost a sob.

He didn't make her beg any longer. Replacing her hand with his own, he placed the head of his cock at her passion-soaked entrance.

Impatient to feel the fullness of his erection inside her, she slid forward, taking more of him into her core. Beads of sweat broke out on his forehead, and he rocked toward her slowly, giving her another tempting inch of penetration.

Senoi and Sansenoi's hands roamed her body, caressing her naked skin, kneading her breasts, their erections barely concealed behind their loincloths. When their lips sought her neck, she whimpered, desperate to find her release and knowing she would come soon whether Sammangelof finished taking her or not.

But she didn't have to wait long. Sammangelof hoisted her legs higher around his waist and plunged the entire thick length of his cock into her, filling her so deeply that it almost made her weep.

He withdrew and thrust back again, her slick core allowing him to pump into her with intense force. The hands of the other two men drifted lower, stroking her outer thighs in time with Sammangelof's plunging hips.

A murmured exchange took place among the men, and she found Sammangelof withdrawing from her. Her cry of protest was short-lived, as Senoi rolled her over onto her side and joined her on the beach, draping her leg over his hip.

He'd shed his loincloth and had a cock even more impressive than Sammangelof's. And unlike his predecessor, he didn't tease her with an inch-by-inch

style of penetration. Senoi drove into her so hard that she shattered into a powerful orgasm with his first thrust.

Her inner walls contracted around Senoi's cock, and her entire sex pulsed with release. The relief was so strong that she was only half-aware of Sammangelof entering her from behind.

He cupped her backside, stroking it lovingly. His cock, still wet from being inside her, sought the tight ring of muscle so close to her core. She willed herself to relax, which wasn't difficult in the aftermath of coming. The head of his cock probed her other entrance, then slid smoothly into her. He let out a curse in the Angelic tongue over the tightness of her backside.

The two men's cocks were both buried inside her, separated only by the thinnest of internal walls. She'd experienced this before, but not with the skill displayed by the two Angels. The feeling of fullness made her heart race and her clit pound with the need to come again. She had a feeling she wouldn't be denied a second release for long.

Their hands stroked her back, her breasts, her hips and thighs, and the scent of their warm skin tantalized her senses to the point of frenzy. Then they began to move, thrusting together as if they shared a single mind, overwhelming her body with the feeling of being taken.

Sansenoi dropped to his knees near her face, his loincloth also a thing of the past. Reading the mute lust burning in his eyes, she reached for his cock and opened her mouth to him.

He dragged the tip of his cock across her bottom lip, then placed it in her mouth almost shyly, as if embarrassed to take his share of ecstasy. But the salty taste of his cock whet her appetite, and she took him gladly into her mouth, sucking the head of his cock in tandem with the thrusts of the other two men.

Sammangelof reached around from behind her, finding her clit with his fingers and rubbing it furiously as Senoi pounded into her core. Sammangelof continued his agonizingly slow thrusts into her other entrance, igniting a set of pleasure nerves she hadn't been aware of possessing. Being sandwiched between the two of them and made

love to by both sets of hands and lips proved to be too much for her. She came again, this time with a scorching intensity that carried Sansenoi over the edge with her, causing him to spill his seed into her waiting mouth.

Sammangelof continued his strokes on her clit, bringing her almost instantly to a third orgasm, and this time he followed her. He withdrew his cock from her slowly and rolled onto his back, panting.

Senoi flipped her over, assuming the position on top of her. Like a man possessed, he spread her thighs as widely as possible with his hands, then bent her legs deeply at the knee, allowing himself to thrust into her with a delirium of intensity.

She rocked her hips up and down, meeting him thrust for thrust, and slipped one hand down to rub her clit. The expert touch of her own hand on the quivering bud combined with the blinding friction of Senoi's cock inside her brought her to a convulsing orgasm, and he fell off the cliff of sensation right along with her.

Somehow, they all managed to return to solid ground, four sweaty bodies twisted together, casualties of sexual abandon. Lilith dragged her eyes open, glanced from one slack male face to another and smiled.

"Will you three be forcing me back to the heavenly court now?" Her voice wavered, drugged with spent passion.

"We never found you," Senoi offered, seemingly unable to move.

"We were never here," Sansenoi added, wiping his brow with the back of one limp hand.

"And you never saw us." Sarmangelof had the final word.

Lilith rolled over onto her stomach, hid her face in the crook of her arm, and indulged in a triumphant grin.

Adam didn't know what he was missing.

Chapter 4

The soft mist of late afternoon woke Adam, enveloping him like an embrace. How long had he slept?

"Two days," the Mother's voice answered from the sanctuary of her cloud.

Adam sat up from his earthen bed, shocked. "How could I have slept for two days without waking?" He shook his head, trying to clear the fog from his mind. By the cool violet of the sky, he could tell that it was almost eventide.

"You needed time to heal." The Mother's voice soothed him. "We removed a significant part of you while you slept."

Adam jumped to his feet, wincing at the slight pain in his side. "But... why?"

"To make a companion for you." The Mother's cloud floated to the east. "You'll find her in the grove of fruit trees."

Adam turned to gaze at the grove and took a step toward it before bursting into a full-blown run. He could see a shadow of someone moving among the trees... could it be *her*? The woman created just for him?

He reached the grove in an instant and stopped in his tracks, beholding the gift he found there.

It was a woman, like Lilith... but not much like Lilith, he observed, taking in every detail of her. She shared Lilith's soft curves and shape, but everything else differed.

Her hair fell in flowing waves like a waterfall to her waist. The color was unlike anything he'd ever seen, something between fire and the hue of a sunset. Her skin was pale like the flesh of a sweet apple, tinted with pink, deepening to a rich rose at her nipples.

The sight of her nipples made him hard. He wanted to touch them, to bury his face between her round breasts.

She looked up suddenly, as if she'd become aware of his presence. Her eyes were the color of grass. Adam wanted to fall at her feet, to offer her his love and protection forever. But he hesitated, remembering his failure with Lilith. He couldn't lose this woman. Not ever.

"Adam." She extended her hand to him, walking toward him with small steps. "I've been waiting for you."

A lump formed in his throat. This woman was a part of him -- not just of his body, but his soul. Lilith may have shared his origins in the red dust of the earth, but this one had come from *him*.

He took her small hand in his. "Who..." His voice cracked, and he cleared his throat. "Who are you?"

Her full lips turned up in a smile. "I'm the one called *wife*. The Mother and the Father made me for you."

"Wife." He breathed the word like a prayer. He fell to his knees in supplication. "Please accept my love, my heart, all I have to give. I am yours, forever."

She cupped his face, stroking it with her hand. "I have been walking in the Garden for so many hours, waiting for you to come for me." She gazed into his eyes. "My happiness is complete, now that you're here."

He struggled to his feet and wrapped his arms around her, reveling in the feel of her body against his. "Let me feed you with every ripe fruit of the Garden." He pulled her closer, growing harder instantly. "Let me wash you in my bathing pool."

The cloud of the Mother and the Father hung in the sky above them. "Be fruitful, like the trees and the flowers." The Father's voice broke forth with a ray of light. "Multiply and fill the Garden with your young."

Adam brushed his lips against those of his beloved. It would not be too difficult a task. "I shall call you Eve," he whispered, "for you came to me at eventide, like the first star rising in the east."

With a kiss, their love was sealed for eternity.

* * *

"So you're not planning to return to the Garden?" The Serpent wrapped his tail around the trunk of the palm tree and peered down at Lilith.

"No." She glanced up at him from her perch in the shady sand beneath the tree. "I'd rather be torn limb from limb by a lion than submit to Adam's bumbling ways."

"You may not be missed as much as you'd originally feared." The Serpent slithered down the tree and shifted back to human form.

Lilith's eyes narrowed with suspicion. "What do you know of it?"

The Serpent leaned his tall form against the palm tree. "It seems the Mother may have already replaced you." He feigned indifference, but Lilith knew he was baiting her.

She held herself in check. "Did they fashion another woman from the dust of the earth, like me?"

He shook his head. "This one was crafted from Adam's own rib."

Lilith's heart stung. "She is flesh of his flesh."

"Bone of his bone," the Serpent agreed.

Jealousy scorched her blood. "I suppose the dolt is already besotted with his new mate?" She fought to keep her voice even.

"He gives all appearances of being so." The Serpent slunk down into the sand beside her. "I could make you forget all about Adam and his new plaything."

Her skin erupted into chills at the thought of being pleased into mental oblivion by the Serpent, but she had other more pressing matters to attend. "Who is watching the happy pair, if you're here with me?"

The Serpent yawned. "Samael is more than capable of doing a little espionage for the fallen." He gave her a cocky grin. "Can't let the little darlings escape temptation, now can we?"

An idea formed in Lilith's mind. "No." She allowed herself a smile. "No, we can't."

* * *

"Oh! Oh! Ouch!" Eve's face, contorted with pain, glared at Adam over her shoulder. "Adam, stop!"

He couldn't stop... couldn't. Not with her tight, warm channel closing around him. He pushed further, forcing his cock against the barrier preventing him from fully entering her.

"Adam, please!" Her voice was almost a sob. "This hurts too much. Something must be wrong!"

With a growl of frustration, he withdrew his aching erection from his wife's sex. He'd fed her well with ripe strawberries, bathed her in the clear waters of the pool, and then turned her onto her hands and knees to mate.

What could be wrong? He'd seen all the animals doing it the exact same way more times than he could count. His cock got hard just thinking of entering Eve that way. Why did it feel so good to him, but so bad to her?

She sat up and edged away from him, curling into a tight ball. Adam watched her retreat from him, stricken. He wanted so much to be with her, to be the father of her children... why couldn't he make it work?

"We will try again, when you're feeling better." He reached out to touch her, and thought better of it. His touch seemed to bring her pain, not the hot, searing bliss that she brought to him.

Had Lilith been right? Was he ignorant in the ways of pleasure?

* * *

Eve tried to hide the tears rolling down her flushed cheeks, not wanting her husband to see her shame.

She'd failed him as a wife. She'd failed as a woman.

The Mother had made her to be a companion to Adam, to be his wife and to bear his children. While Adam slept that first day of her newborn life, the Mother had explained the mysteries of sexual union to her. It sounded strange, comical even, until the first time Adam's eyes met hers.

Then she knew, without having to be told anything more, why she'd want to have this man inside her. When he touched her, shivers of anticipation rippled over every inch of her body. She wanted to be completely one with him.

But how, when it caused so much pain?

Something had been missing from the act. Adam had held her briefly, and then just as her body seemed on the verge of growing warm, he directed her to get down on all fours. Before she had time to think, he'd pressed his hard length into her, causing pain like she'd never felt in her short, happy life.

Now, she could sense his unrest, his conflicted need to comfort her, and she felt helpless to solve their problem.

Could she endure the pain for the sake of the man she loved? Her heart thumped in a sad, painful beat and she lay down on the grass to sleep.

Chapter 5

Lilith waited until nightfall to make her way back to the Garden. She pushed her way through the thick underbrush until the massive gates were in sight. The flaming swords and glowing golden wings of the Cherubim guards illuminated the darkness, and she was certain she'd be able to get a glimpse of Adam and his new wife if she could only manage to get close enough.

But doing so, while remaining undetected, might prove to be a challenge.

She inched closer to the gate, darting from tree to tree. From her vantage point, she could make out two figures on the grassy hilltop near the grove of fruit trees, but that was all her limited vision could make out.

She whispered a curse and fought the urge to take flight. While being airborne above the Garden would allow her to see exactly what was going on in there, it would also make her a prime target for a flaming sword attack -- not something she cared to fend off just then.

If she could just move in a little closer... just a few more feet...

"Don't bother." A snide female voice cut through the air. "The guards will see you the minute you hit their airspace."

Lilith didn't have to turn around to know the origin of that voice.

"Makhlath." She faced the amethyst-haired female demon. "Since when do you bother with giving me life-saving advice?"

Makhlath shrugged her shoulders, her deep purple eyes narrowing. "Since Samael is unaccountably fond of you." Her full lips formed a sneer. "He has an attachment to lost causes."

Samael, the brooding fallen Angel, had been one of Lilith's companions in the early days of the earth's formation. "What is Samael to you?" She didn't have to wait

for an answer. With his dark good looks, it would be easy to understand Makhloth's interest in him.

"We're friends." She averted her gaze from Lilith. "Nothing more."

"I understand he was watching the Garden earlier, while the Serpent was away."

Makhloth nodded. "He's still here, keeping vigil in a palm tree."

So, the Serpent hadn't returned yet. "How did he manage to get past the guards?"

"He has access to the tunnels where my kin have made their homes." Makhloth referred to the belly of the earth, far beneath the ground where demons and some of the fallen had taken up residence after their banishment. "He simply projects from the tunnels upward through the ground and into the Garden."

Not being exactly a fallen Angel or a demon, Lilith had never seen their subterranean abode, and had no idea how to access it.

"So, you're just waiting around out here until Samael is no longer needed in there?" Lilith gestured toward the Garden. She might not be able to access it herself, but maybe her arch nemesis could prove to be of some use. Makhloth had to have seen *something*.

Makhloth nodded, her white skin gleaming in the moonlight. "Adam has a new wife." She giggled. "Things aren't going so well between them."

Why am I not surprised? Lilith sighed. "Don't tell me..."

"He tried to take his wife, and caused her so much pain that the union was..." Makhloth giggled again. "Incomplete."

Lilith groaned. "Adam needs guidance. He has no idea how to make love to a woman." *Or a possum, or his right hand, or...*

Makhloth stretched her lithe form. "But who could do such a thing for him? He has no contact with any living creatures but his wife and the animals."

An idea popped into Lilith's head. Who, indeed?

* * *

"Adam..." Eve stretched out on the grass beside her husband. "Don't you ever get..." she twisted a strand of her hair around her finger, searching for the correct words, "... a little bored here?"

Adam's brown-eyed gaze met hers. "No, why would I be bored? I study the plants and animals, and I talk with the Father about tending the land..." He reached out and took her hand. "I spend time with you."

She watched a family of squirrels frolicking in a nearby tree. "I don't know. Sometimes I wonder if we're missing something." Avoiding his eyes, she plucked the petals from a flower that had fallen from her wreath. "It's so safe here."

"Is there something wrong with being safe?" His hand tightened around hers.

"It feels as if we're only half alive at times." She shrugged. "Perhaps, if we weren't confined to the Garden..."

"That's ridiculous." He dropped her hand. "How can you think of this as confinement? You've been given everything a woman could want!"

"I don't even *know* what I want." She crossed her arms over her chest. "How could I, when I haven't had the chance to find out?" She sighed. "Maybe that's enough for you, but I want more."

"Adam?" the Father's booming voice called from beyond.

"It's time for my walk." Adam rose to his feet. "We'll resolve this when I return."

She doubted it. Watching his retreating back, she knew that he would probably never understand her feelings. He'd been given meaningful work to do in the Garden, whereas she was nothing more than his companion.

No wonder she longed for a taste of freedom.

* * *

"But *why* would you want to help Eve?" The Serpent lounged on the floor of Lilith's cave, breathtakingly handsome in the firelight. "If anything, I'd think you'd be jealous of her."

Lilith nodded, helping herself to one of the ripe strawberries he'd procured for her from the Garden. "I am, a little bit."

The Serpent bit into a berry, slurping its juice. "She's your replacement."

Lilith added another stick from the pile of driftwood she'd placed near the fire. "True enough."

"Then why should you care if she and the inept human male ever have satisfying relations?"

"More than anything else, she's another woman." Lilith gazed into the fire. "I think all women deserve pleasure. And unless someone teaches Adam how to make love to his wife --"

The Serpent interrupted her. "But you and I both know that Adam would sooner cut out his own heart than take advice from the Lord of the Fallen."

Lilith peered at him from beneath her lashes. "So don't give the advice to Adam." She edged slyly toward him.

His face broke into an expression of comprehension. "I think I understand what you're trying to say."

She reached out and placed her hand on his firm shoulder. "Who better to school in the art of pleasure than the student who would most benefit from your instruction?"

Something akin to admiration filled his eyes. "Lilith, my goddess, you never fail to surprise me."

She stroked her hand down his chest. "I take it you like surprises?"

"Oh, yes, I like them." He took a strawberry from the hide pouch on the floor and bit the end off. "I like them very, very much."

He spread the strawberry juice around her nipple. Her breath escaped in a hiss and she closed her eyes, already intoxicated with the promise of passion.

"I like you very, very much as well." He circled her nipple with his tongue, lapping the juice. "Very much."

He drenched her other nipple with strawberry juice, and Lilith let out a sigh of sweet release.

Doing a good deed for Eve hadn't been so painful, after all.

In fact, she thought, gasping as he began to suck the sensitive peak, quite the opposite.

* * *

Eve exhaled, letting relief flood her entire being. With Adam off taking his late afternoon walk with the Father, she had time alone with her own thoughts. She was never invited to join them on their walk, nor did she want to be. She relished the time alone, away from the endless pressure brought on by the problems in her relationship with Adam.

She found herself wandering the Garden during those times, studying the staggering variety of plant life, cataloging them all in her memory, even though she hadn't been tasked with the duty to do so, like Adam had. Sometimes she gathered flowers for her hair wreaths. Other times she selected the most appealing fruits and brought them back to share with Adam when he returned. That usually seemed to please him, although he enjoyed the flowers in her hair, too, and always made a point of smelling the fragrant blossoms before kissing her.

She finished weaving a wreath of purple irises and settled it among the heavy waves of her hair. The grass where she sat was cool and dampened from the mists that rose late each afternoon to water everything that grew from the ground, and she lay back on it, stretching luxuriously, feeling almost newborn again.

She watched a flock of birds flying in a V across the sky and sighed, envying their ability to take flight. Maybe Adam never wondered about the world beyond the gates, but curiosity tugged at her relentlessly. There had to be more to life than what she'd been given as a resident of the Garden. She knew it would be impossible to leave. And maybe Adam was right -- why would she, when her every need had been provided for by the Mother and the Father? But the harder she fought her restlessness, the stronger the impulse to wander out of the Garden and into the world beyond became.

She stood up and yawned, putting those thoughts out of her mind and concentrating instead on the marvelous feeling of the cool breeze blowing over her dew-covered skin.

Enough sitting around, wondering about things that can never be. She'd gather a supper of fruits for Adam, and take joy in his delight over her gathering skills.

Butterflies of every shade and variety fluttered through the air, and fireflies danced through the grass like wayward sparks from a fire. The smell of freshly watered grass and a thousand different flowers wrapped around her, soothing her senses and easing her mind. With such beauty all around her, how could she ask for more?

There is more to life than just beauty, the small voice inside her mind said, determined to tempt her.

She silenced the mental intruder before it could speak again, and followed the butterflies to the grove.

She stopped first at the fig tree, gathering some of its plump fruits and putting it in the hide pouch Adam had given her for such purposes. Next she came to the apple tree, with its red globes hanging thick from every branch. Picking two of the ripest, she moved onward to the tree beside it.

She reached up to grab one of its fruits and stopped herself just in time, realizing with shock what she'd almost done.

Towering above her like a sentinel was the Tree of Knowledge.

They had been forbidden to take fruit from it. Any other tree or plant that grew in the Garden was theirs to enjoy, but of this one tree they couldn't eat.

Eve drew back in awe, staring at the fruit as if it would develop the power of speech and reprimand her for what she'd almost done. What would Adam have said if she'd committed such a transgression? What would the Mother have said?

Eve shuddered. What would the *Father* have said?

She shot a surreptitious glance around her, making sure she hadn't been seen, and prepared to turn and walk away.

A thumping sound stopped her.

Halting, she turned around slowly, as if she expected to see the Father himself standing behind her, ready to condemn her actions. But instead, she only saw a single fruit from the forbidden tree sitting on the grass where it had fallen.

It rolled down the slight incline at the base of the tree and came to a trembling stop. Eve studied it, taking in its ruby red skin and shiny, ripe appearance. Her mouth watered, imagining how it would taste.

Surely it wouldn't hurt to pick it up and get a closer look. After all, they hadn't been forbidden to *touch* the fruit, only to *eat* it. She was being perfectly reasonable. Of course she was.

She crossed the few steps from where she stood over to the spot where the fruit had landed. With a hand that shook from reverence, she picked up the round red treat and held it close to her face.

It was the most tempting shade of red she'd ever seen, a color more rich and intense than apples or strawberries or any of the flowers that grew all around her.

And the smell. She inhaled deeply, imbibing a perfume so sweet that it seemed almost hypnotic. How would such a delectable smelling fruit taste?

"Why don't you take a bite and find out?"

Eve jumped, experiencing the first fright of her short life. A pair of cool blue eyes regarded her from beneath the shade of the forbidden tree, eyes almost as entrancing as the fruit in her hand.

"We have been forbidden to eat of this tree." She took a cautious step closer to him, curious about the only other living being she'd ever seen besides Adam, the Angelic guards, and the animals.

He looked like nothing she'd ever beheld. His hair was long and as golden as a daffodil, and his skin was deeply tanned, making his eyes appear even lighter. His upper body was thick with muscle, like Adam's, but his lower body was like that of a serpent, with glittering scales tapering from his waist into a thick tail, which he had wrapped around the trunk of the tree.

"Are you a man?" She felt herself being drawn to him, with some inexplicable heat spreading across her skin. "My husband Adam is a man."

"I can be a man." He slithered lower on the tree, until they were at eye level with each other. "I can be anything you want me to be."

Something about this was wrong. He'd suggested she eat the fruit, and the mere sight of him filled her with a strange longing. "I must go." She backed away. "Adam will be looking for me."

"Adam is busy with the Father. And the Mother is tending to other affairs. No one is looking for you, Eve." His warm laugh seemed to brush over her body like a caress. "No one... except me."

She heard a crow cawing in the distance. Maybe he was right. Adam's walks with the Father usually lasted until well after nightfall. And the Mother looked after all the Angels and other beings of light. Everyone was busy.

With no time for me, she added to herself. Why shouldn't she enjoy the company of this serpent? What harm could possibly come from it?

"Now." He grinned at her. "About that fruit."

Chapter 6

"What about it?" Eve swayed closer to the Serpent, drawn to him as if by a force stronger than she.

"Don't you want a taste?" He plucked a piece of fruit from the tree, much to her shock. "Why do you look so surprised? I've eaten from this tree before."

"But..." She shook her head, trying to sort the first conflicting versions of any story she'd ever heard. "The Mother and the Father said anyone who ate of this tree would die."

"Yet I live." He closed his eyes and inhaled the fruit's scent in a way that stirred something deep inside Eve, arousing a part of her Adam's kisses hadn't even begun to reach.

"How..." She watched, mesmerized, as he dragged his fingertips over the glossy red skin of the forbidden food. "How did you cheat death?"

"Perhaps you were told a falsehood." His gaze drifted down her body, and her nipples grew painfully sensitive. What had he done to her? With a single glance from his blue eyes, her body caught fire.

"The Mother and the Father would never tell us an untruth." She tried to sound sincere, but already doubt had crept into her mind. If the Serpent had eaten from the tree and lived, there *must* be more to the story than what she'd been told.

"They know if you eat from this tree, you'll gain knowledge." His eyes darkened. "Carnal knowledge."

"Carnal?" His beautiful upper body distracted her, made her thoughts tumble like leaves in a strong breeze. "What does that mean?"

"Knowledge --" he leaned in to emphasize his words, "-- of the flesh."

Heat climbed her thighs, settling at the juncture of her legs. She wanted to know the secrets of the flesh, to unravel the mysteries of sexual pleasure that had so far eluded both her and her husband. If she had knowledge, she could learn to please Adam and maybe even teach him to please *her*. Their physical joining could be just as blissful as everything else they shared as husband and wife.

"Come." He held the fruit out to her, letting its fragrance intoxicate her. "Taste." His voice was a seduction, coaxing her to give in to her desires.

"You want this, Eve." He took a bite from the fruit, letting her see its succulent flesh. "Don't deny yourself any longer."

She tried to think, to wonder what Adam would want her to do. But the Serpent held the fruit out to her mouth, letting a few drops of its juice fall on her lips. She quivered, wanting so much to taste the nectar, but hesitant to break the only law she'd ever known.

The Serpent solved her dilemma for her, breaching the gap between them to dart his tongue across her bottom lip, savoring the sweet juice himself.

"It's even better when mixed with the flavor of your lips." He dribbled more juice on her breasts. Without thinking, she arched forward, offering them to him.

He cupped one, then the other, devouring every drop of juice with his tongue. An instinct stronger than reason possessed her, and she threaded her fingers through his hair, guiding him back to her nipple.

"Yes, you want that." He traced the flat base of it with his tongue. "But I want *this*." He held the fruit to her lips. "Take it, Eve." With his other hand, he stroked her breast. "Take the power that is rightfully yours as a woman."

She couldn't deny him, not with something pulsing to life between her legs, a flame burning that only he could douse. She opened trembling lips to his offering.

"That's right." His voice dropped to a whisper that seemed to touch her like a set of skillful hands. "Go on."

She sank her teeth into the fruit, instantly overwhelmed by a flavor that defied description.

He licked the juice from her lips, letting the fruit fall to the ground. His hands found her breasts and held them, letting their weight rest in his palms until she'd swallowed the delicious mouthful.

"Wasn't that good?" he whispered in her ear, letting his tongue explore her neck.

Good wasn't the word for it. She felt as if scales had fallen from her eyes, opening the vaults to a store of truth that had always been inside her. "I feel... *alive* in a way I hadn't before, not until this moment."

He slithered down from the tree, and to her amazement, the lower half of his body shifted from a serpent's tail to the form of a human male.

A human male completely aroused, she noted, with a staff thicker and longer than even her husband possessed.

"Now, my little awakened innocent." He took a step toward her, sending her pulse into a rapid freefall. "Do you still desire knowledge of the flesh?"

Her sex, wet with desire, screamed its assent. "Yes." She could barely speak from arousal. "That is, if you are willing to teach me."

He took her hand in his, pulling her closer until her body was flush with his. "I am more than willing." He guided her hand lower, wrapping her fingers around his hard length. "And more than able."

Her heart felt as if it would push its way through her chest to land on the shady grass beside the discarded fruit. "Show me how to give you pleasure." She moved her hand slowly up his shaft, then down again, the feel of his erection making her more aroused than ever.

"I'll do better than that." He kissed her, sweeping his tongue into her mouth just long enough to tease her. "I'll teach you how to give yourself pleasure."

She had no doubt that he would.

"Lie back in the grass." He indicated a mossy patch behind her, soft enough to serve as a bed.

Wild with curiosity, she did as he asked. Her mind circled like the tiny fish in her favorite pond, wondering what was in store. If it brought pain, she would get through

it, secure in the certainty that she would emerge a complete woman, able to mate with her beloved Adam at last.

He joined her on the grass, gently parting her legs with his hands. She spread her thighs, baring her dripping sex to him. He seared her with his gaze, studying that part of her intensely.

Unlike Adam, who hadn't given it as much as a glance.

"You're wet." He stroked a finger over her and held it up for her to see. It glistened with her juices. "Do you know what that means?"

Her breasts heaved from her rapid breaths. "No. Tell me."

"It means that soon, you will be ready to make love." He lowered himself until he was facing her sex. She could feel his warm breath on her nest of curls. "Never let a man put his staff into you until you are very wet, even wetter than you are right now."

She propped herself up on her elbows and nodded. "But how do I make that happen?" A shiver of pleasure rippled over her as he parted her folds with his fingers. "The wetness, I mean."

"Did you like it when I used my mouth and hands on your breasts?"

"Yes." The word came out as a sigh, a memory of ecstasy.

"You have something between your legs that will bring you even more pleasure than your breasts and nipples." He bent his head, and she felt his tongue touch a part of her that sent a violent shock through her body.

"This tiny bud can bring you to the heights of delight." He flicked his tongue over it again, and then circled the area, which brought on a less powerful but just as wonderful set of sensations.

"Begin with kisses. Let your mate explore your body with his hands." He nuzzled her mound, and she moaned with anticipation. "Then, after he's brought you to greater arousal through your breasts, lead him here..." He touched her now swollen bud again with the tip of his tongue.

"What is it called?" The part of her that could make her entire body shake from the slightest contact must have a name.

"It's your clitoris." He explored the furrows of her sex with his agile tongue then returned to that pinnacle of bliss, her clitoris, to lick it steadily.

She thrashed on the ground, feeling her legs shake when he hit certain spots. She knew her hips were bucking wildly, but she was powerless to still them, helpless on this ride toward some unknown destination. Every movement of his tongue brought her closer and closer, to what she didn't know, but she was sure she wanted to get there.

He withdrew his mouth from her suddenly, leaving her to cry out in protest.

"Put your hands on your breasts." He stared at her, heat in his gaze. "Touch your nipples until you feel faint with pleasure." He pushed her legs further apart. "Let your hands be my hands."

She couldn't imagine that her own touch could affect her the way his had, but she followed his directions, smoothing her palms over the skin of her breasts. The nipples tightened expectantly, as if they couldn't tell the difference between her fingers and his. It was impossible to keep her thoughts from wandering to Adam. Would his touch ever send her senses spiraling? She couldn't help but wish for him to be there, sharing in her awakening.

"Eve..." The Serpent's voice interrupted her thoughts. "Focus. Stroke your nipples."

Forcing herself to stop thinking of Adam, she obediently rolled them between her fingers, feeling the sensitivity increase in each peak until it became a sweet pain. Sweat began to trickle between her breasts, and her breath came in ragged gasps.

Apparently satisfied by her efforts, the Serpent returned to her sex, this time letting his tongue flutter between her inner folds, delving into her core.

She continued to stimulate her breasts, groaning when his tongue returned to her clit, making it pulse with his precise strokes.

Something inside her seemed to tighten, growing tenser with each second. It would burst if they continued this dual assault on her clitoris and breasts. She wanted the dam to rupture, for this torment to end, yet she wanted it to continue forever.

Her legs tried to close involuntarily, but he clamped down on them, allowing her no escape from his ministrations. She was going to... going to...

"Eve!" Adam's voice broke into her mindless reverie. "What in the devil's name is going on here?"

Chapter 7

"Adam!" She gasped, lurching away from the Serpent. Potential explanations raced through her mind, but none reached her lips.

"What are you doing here?" He glared at her. "With *this* creature, of all beings?" He kicked a piece of turf toward the Serpent.

The Serpent looked up at Adam, barely concealed amusement playing across his features. "Your wife has eaten of the Tree of Knowledge and lives."

Adam's gaze shot from Eve's flushed, nude form to the tree and back. "How could you betray what the Mother and the Father asked of us?"

"I wanted knowledge. That's what happens when you eat of the tree." She sat up, trying to arrange her hair. "Carnal knowledge, not death." She had to find a way to solve this. She wasn't about to walk away now, not on the cusp of unlocking the secret of her own sexuality.

Maybe that's it. What good would it do for her to come into her own as a woman, if Adam remained ignorant as a man?

There was only one thing to do.

Adam had to eat the fruit.

* * *

Adam tried to ignore the rush of blood to his cock, but the sight of his wife's skin, rosy from the heat of arousal, made him instantly hard.

What had that damned Serpent gotten his innocent Eve into? He'd tempted her, and now she'd fallen, just like the Serpent himself.

"Adam." His wife's voice called to him, as alluring as the feel of her body against his. "You must eat of the tree."

Revulsion curdled inside him. "Are you mad? *You* may be willing to betray our creators, but *I* am not."

"But, husband." She rose to her feet in a graceful motion and made her way to him, her hips swaying with a provocative invitation. "Don't you want us to be equal in our knowledge of the flesh?" She curled her body against his, letting her hardened nipples graze his chest. "Don't you want to mate with me, as we were commanded to do?"

His cock affirmed her every word, but his mind wasn't quite convinced. "While we *were* commanded to mate, to multiply, I don't see how that justifies --"

She cut him off. "We know nothing about mating. How can we truly be husband and wife until we've learned how to please each other?" She snaked a hand down and cradled his tight sacs in her hand. "And the only way we can grow in knowledge is to eat the fruit." He groaned, feeling pre-ejaculate leak from his cock.

"Eat from the tree." She traced her tongue over the seam of his lips. "Then come eat me."

The Serpent handed Eve a fresh piece of the fruit, which she held to Adam's lips, all the while stroking his sacs, his cock, and thwarting any chance he had to conjure up a reasonable argument.

"Taste it, husband." She breathed her words against his neck, sending a shiver down his spine. "Then you can taste the pleasures of the flesh in ways you've never imagined."

As if his mouth had a mind of its own, he found his teeth sinking into the fruit, tearing off a bite, and swallowing it almost before its heavenly taste registered with his senses.

Adam dropped to his knees, overcome by the effects of the fruit. Eve was at his side in an instant, taking his hand and placing it between her legs.

"Feel, Adam." She guided his fingers over her wet entrance. "I'm ready to take you inside me now."

He stared at his wife's face, her dilated eyes, and her hair surrounding her like a wild flame. This was a new Eve, an Eve he'd never seen before.

An Eve consumed by passion.

"I want to." His voice was hoarse, his tongue thick, as if his powers of speech had fallen prisoner to his need to mate. "Let me be inside you."

The Serpent edged between them. "Let *me* show you the way." He shot Adam a glance. "You were meant to be part of this, you know. I've been waiting for you to arrive."

Adam gave him a blank stare. "Why?"

The Serpent grinned. "What good is it to teach her if you remain in the dark? Just watch... her pleasure will become your own."

With this new information to ponder, Adam didn't protest this other man intruding while he mated with his wife. There was some greater purpose at work here, a grand design destined to give them the knowledge they needed to be truly man and wife.

Besides, he'd let Lilith herself join them if it got him inside Eve sooner.

The Serpent guided Eve onto her hands and knees. "I know this is how you prefer it," he said to Adam, a glint of laughter in his eyes.

Adam didn't care about the Serpent's private amusement. Not with his wife's luscious backside beckoning to him. He knelt behind her, positioning himself between her legs.

"See how wet she is?" The Serpent called his attention to Eve's sex, red and swollen, slick with her fluids. "Do not enter her until her sex looks like this. To do otherwise will cause her pain."

Adam nodded, remembering the clumsy attempts he'd made to enter her when she was dry and apparently unprepared.

"Now." The Serpent took Adam's cock and placed the head at Eve's entrance. "Enter her, but only the head."

Adam obeyed, a curse spewing from his lips when he felt the tight heat of Eve's core around his cock. It took every bit of his control not to slam into her, but the Serpent's hand on the base of his cock held him in check.

"You must rub her clitoris so she'll be aroused enough to take you in all the way." He took Adam's hand and guided it around Eve's hips, to the upper portion of her sex. Adam's fingers soon found a tight bud, and he stroked it eagerly. Eve's sex convulsed around his cock in response, as if he'd found the magic button that fueled her bliss.

"Yes, that's the way." The Serpent kept his hand on top of Adam's, showing him how to touch Eve's clit.

"Ease into her a little more," the Serpent told him. Adam hissed out a breath, letting his cock sink into Eve's waiting channel. She moaned and pushed her hips back against his, until he was buried in her to the hilt.

"Keep stroking her clit, and thrust in and out of her slowly." The Serpent moved around to face Eve. "How are you doing, my lovely?"

Eve panted out an answer that Adam couldn't understand, but he knew it to be positive. He did as the Serpent asked, moving slowly in and out of her tight core, feeling her inner walls stroke him, adjusting to his girth.

Then he saw his wife crane her neck to take the Serpent's cock into her mouth.

What should've angered him only aroused him more. He could hear the liquid sounds of his cock sliding in and out of her sex combined with the sounds of her mouth milking the Serpent's cock. The mere thought that she'd take *him*, Adam, like that someday made his cock swell inside her. He pumped into her harder, feeling his sacs slapping against her with each stroke.

She met him thrust for thrust, pushing her hips back to meet his each time he entered her. The Serpent fisted his hands in her hair, pumping his cock into her mouth in tandem with Adam's hips. They had her sandwiched between them, his formerly passive wife suddenly a temptress capable of pleasing two men even as she satisfied herself.

Suddenly the Serpent's body went stiff, and he pulled his cock from Eve's mouth. The Serpent came, even as Eve's inner walls seemed to grip Adam's cock like a vise. He rubbed her clit furiously, sending her over the edge.

That was all it took for him. Adam felt an eruption in his lower body, seed spilling from his cock in a series of contractions that were like nothing he'd had before. He clutched Eve's hips, filling her with his essence, knowing then why he'd been commanded to join with her and multiply.

Nothing else on earth could compare to what had just happened between him and his wife, even if another man was there.

Suddenly overcome with the need for sleep, Adam fell to the ground, dimly aware of Eve wrapping her warm body around his. Drowsiness overcame him, and he drifted off, never noticing that the Serpent had vanished like a puff of mist underneath the sun.

Chapter 8

"I come bearing good tidings."

Lilith stretched out on the sand, letting the tide lap at her toes. She regarded the Serpent, lazily sprawled out beside her. "Do tell."

"I did as you asked. Eve ate of the tree, and enticed Adam to do the same." The Serpent grinned. "And thanks to their *incredibly* skilled teacher, they're now experts in the area of lovemaking."

Lilith waited for the usual stab of jealousy to pierce her heart the way it did every time she thought of Adam preferring Eve to her, but it failed to materialize. Instead, she found every ounce of her being drawn to the man beside her.

Me, falling for the Serpent? It couldn't happen. It *wouldn't* happen.

But what if it already had?

Ridiculous, she told herself. She just needed some sexual attention. That was it, and nothing more. The idea of her having actual *feelings* for the Lord of the Fallen was insane.

"So..." She cast a flirty glance in his direction. "Care to show me any of those skills you've been boasting of?"

"Ah, Lilith." He raised his brows at her. "Wouldn't that be harmful to this friendship we've been building?"

There was the stab through her heart. It had taken the Serpent to twist the knife that Adam could no longer claim or touch. She strained to keep the bite out of her voice when she replied. "It certainly felt as if we were more than friends when you had my breasts in your mouth."

He shrugged his broad shoulders and winked. "What's a little foreplay between friends?"

She rose to her feet in a split-second. "I don't have time for this." She strode down the beach, away from him.

"Time for what?" He raced to catch up with her. "Time for me?"

"For your games." She refused to look at him, to reveal the hurt that must surely be evident on her face.

"This is no game, Lilith." He grabbed her elbow and steered her around to face him. "Only a fool would risk his sanity with you."

That stung. "I didn't ask for your sanity, or anything else."

"But if I had one night with you..." He reached up to caress the side of her face. "I'd never get it out of my mind."

She drew a shaky breath. Somehow, those were the words she'd been waiting for, only she hadn't known it until that very moment.

"You'd be in my blood." His hand moved to her hair, wrapping a curl around his fingers. "Under my skin." He moved in closer, until she could feel the heat of his desire radiating from his skin to hers. "You'd be in what's left of my soul, if I ever had one at all."

She shuddered from head to toe, overcome with a rush of feeling she'd never expected to taste. Her eyelids drifted shut, and she leaned in for the kiss that would surely follow his words.

"It's a risk I can't afford to take." He pulled his hands away from her. "The goddess of the night belongs to no man, remember?"

Had she said that? *How could I have been so blind?*

"I'll bring news of Adam and Eve as it happens." He took her hand and lifted it to his lips for a kiss that ignited every nerve ending she possessed. "Goodnight, my goddess."

And then he was gone, leaving her to sort through the storm-tossed wreckage of her emotions.

* * *

The body wrapped around his was as soft as a flower petal, as warm as sunshine, and Adam couldn't bear to let her go.

Eve stirred, letting out a mewling sigh in her sleep. Adam looked down at her, marveling at the change. She'd evolved into a love goddess, an earth mother, all in the course of one day.

She'd gone from being his wife to his wildest fantasy.

He became aware of the weight of her breasts pressing against him, and felt blood rush to his lower half. Glancing down, he could see himself becoming erect. He'd have to wake Eve up soon for another session of mindless euphoria.

Wait. If he could see himself unclothed, did that mean everyone else could, too?

He sat up abruptly, almost causing Eve to tumble off of him. She scrubbed her eyes with the backs of her hands and yawned. "What's wrong, husband?"

He stared at his wife's body, every glorious inch of her completely nude. "Eve, we must make coverings for ourselves."

She looked at him through sleepy eyes. "Coverings? Whatever do you mean?"

"Coverings." He threw his hands up in a gesture of frustration. "Garments." He took her hands and helped her to her feet. "We're both naked."

She looked down at her own body, then at his. "How did we not notice this before?"

He shook his head. They could analyze the whys and wherefores another time. Right then, he had one goal, and that was to get them some clothing.

He glanced around the grove of fruit trees, as if one of them would speak and offer him the solution. The apple tree, the pear tree, the fig tree...

The fig tree. Full of thick, shiny leaves.

"We'll make garments from fig leaves." He ran to the tree and began plucking leaves from it, keeping the stems intact. "We'll weave them together the same way we do when we make flower garlands for your hair."

Eve fell to work beside him, plucking leaves as fast as her nimble fingers could go. "I will need two garments, husband."

"Why is that?" He glanced at her before moving to another branch.

"You have only to make a loincloth for yourself." She sat down with a handful of leaves and began to weave them together by the stems. "I must cover my breasts, as well."

Adam nodded, full of a grim conviction that this all had something to do with eating from the forbidden tree.

* * *

"How do I look?" Eve twirled in a circle in front of him, now decently covered with two swaths of green leaves.

"Beautiful, as always." He pulled her closer for a kiss. The leaves were a little prickly, but now they wouldn't have to be embarrassed when the Mother and the Father came looking for them.

"Shall we celebrate by taking them off again?" Eve giggled, rubbing against him suggestively.

"Not unless you can think of something for us to do while we're naked."

"Oh, I'll think of something." She led him by the hand to the grassy plot where they usually slept.

Adam reached behind her to unfasten the apron of leaves that covered her breasts, already lost in the tide of rising passion. He didn't see the cloud descending until it was upon them.

"Which of you ate of the Tree of Knowledge?" the Father's voice boomed, startling both of them into jumping away from each other.

The cloud was dark, a threatening shade of gray. Adam had never heard that tone in the Father's voice before, and he silently prayed for the softening influence of the Mother to intervene.

Eve stepped forward, ready to accept the blame, but Adam stopped her. He stepped in front of her, as if to shield her. "It was I, my creator."

"And what of the woman?" The cloud shook and a rumbling sound broke forth from it.

"I ate of it as well." Eve wrangled around to stand at Adam's side.

"Did I not tell you that the tree was forbidden?" A shock of lightning zapped across the night sky.

"Yes, you did." Adam squeezed Eve's hand, mutely urging her to let him handle the situation. "Can you forgive us?"

"Forgive you, yes." The Father sounded sad. "But I cannot undo what has been done."

Adam's heart skipped a beat. What would be the consequence of their actions? Would their creator destroy them? He could not permit Eve's life to end. He would offer himself as a sacrifice, if need be, so she could be spared. He would rather end his life than continue it without her.

"You two are wearing garments," the Father observed.

An odd time to discuss clothing, but Adam nodded. "We made these ourselves."

"Because you were suddenly aware of your nakedness." The cloud grew darker. "You are now able to experience shame." A boom of thunder shook the ground. "You have gained knowledge but lost your innocence forever."

"Father, if you will spare my wife, I will accept any punishment you might mete out to me." Adam wrapped his hand around Eve's arm in a grip that left marks on her skin.

"I don't intend to take your lives." The Father sighed. "But the Garden of Eden is a place for innocents. That is why you must leave tonight."

Adam was sure he'd misunderstood. Leave the Garden? "But... but where will we go?"

"Beyond the gates and into the world, where you both must make your home until the end of your natural lives." The cloud went black. "You will earn your food through hard labor. You will be fruitful and fill the earth with your descendants. But you may never return here again." The cloud began to rise into the night sky. "You will hear my voice in your prayers." Rain began to fall, pelting their skin like pellets of rock.

“Fare thee well, my beloved children.” The cloud drifted out of sight, vanishing into a horizon suddenly ablaze with lightning.

A multitude of Cherubim armed with flaming swords descended into the Garden. The flapping of their wings stirred up the winds, which whipped around Adam and Eve without mercy.

Thunder boomed, and the earth shook as if it would split open beneath them. Adam took Eve’s hand and began to run toward the massive gates.

The ground turned to mud, causing them to slip and fall. Each time they struggled back to their feet and continued their frenzied race to the gates. Lightning illuminated the Garden, making the trees appear like clawed demons in the distance. Birds cawed and owls screeched. Somewhere, a pack of wolves howled.

Their paradise had become a nightmare.

They reached the gates just as the guards flung them open. Adam and Eve ran through them, the Angelic Army at their heels, and they continued to run through the cold, dark rain until the Garden was so far behind them that it seemed like the memory of a dream.

Chapter 9

The rain continued, dripping from the trees, soaking the ground, and filling the air with a numbing chill. Eve huddled against Adam for warmth, watching the fire dance on the floor of the cave where they'd taken shelter.

He sighed, a deep exhale of disappointment. She angled around to look at him.

"I think that it's better this way." She held her hands out to the fire for warmth.

"How can you believe that?" His voice was flat.

"We can manage on our own out here." She shrugged. "We have the chance to forge our own paths now. We can live in the real world. We're free."

He was silent for a moment. "We weren't really free in the Garden," he said finally.

"No, we weren't." She snuggled into his embrace.

"I suppose it's possible to be a prisoner in paradise." His face showed a glimmer of hope for the first time that night.

"But now, our future will be whatever we make it." She felt a new excitement, the promise of their lives truly beginning. "We can make it *together*."

"I love you, sweet wife." Adam planted a kiss on her forehead.

"And I love you." She returned his kiss. "Just think... someday, there will be three of us, then four. We'll be a family."

"You'll be the mother of all the living." He looked at her with a wonder in his eyes that made her heart race.

"Why not get started right now?" She disentangled herself from his arms to lie back on the cave floor.

"I can't think of a better way to keep warm." He grinned and rolled on top of her, ready to please his wife in every way imaginable.

The fig leaf garments were hastily cast aside, leaving them exposed to the cold air inside the cave. But Eve felt warm, as if a fire burned from within heating her skin.

Adam's kisses were no longer the affectionate pecks of their previous encounters. His lips pressed against hers with a newfound urgency. His teeth nipped at her bottom lip, and when she moaned in protest, his tongue slid into her mouth.

She returned his kisses with fervor, her tongue circling his, her hands skimming his shoulders.

He moved down, leaving a path of kisses that burned along her neck until he reached her breasts. He explored them with his hands, memorizing her body with his fingers. She let her eyelids fall shut, wanting to blot out everything from her consciousness but her husband's skin against hers.

When he made his way lower, coming to rest between her legs, she bit her bottom lip to keep from crying out in anticipation.

He showered kisses on her mound and along her outer folds, stroking her inner thighs in a way designed to send her desire soaring. She threaded her fingers through his hair and held on for dear life.

"Eve..." He swept his tongue from her clit to her core. "If I'd known you tasted so sweet, I'd have done this a long time ago."

Her heart filled to the brim with love for this man, her husband, who'd been willing to part with paradise so they could share this experience.

He wasted no time in driving her to the brink, searching out every sensitive spot with his tongue, gliding it over her clitoris until she shook with the need for release.

But not yet. Not until she'd returned the favor.

Wordlessly, she pulled away from his mouth and rose to her feet, pulling him up with her.

"Let me give to you what you gave so freely to me." She ran her hands over his chest, possessive of the body about to join with hers. Before he had time to ask questions, she dropped to her knees in front of him.

A groan sounded from deep inside him, and it spurred her on to drive him mad with bliss. She wrapped her hand around his shaft and opened her mouth to take him in.

He tasted warm and salty, but familiar, as if she'd done this a thousand times before. She lapped away the pearl of moisture at the tip of his cock then closed her lips around him, sucking him like a ripe piece of fruit.

His muscles tensed, and she could feel his body tighten where her hands rested against his thighs. Cradling his sacs in her hand, she drew a breath and took him deeper, until she could feel him pulsing against her throat.

Despite the chill weather, sweat trickled in a river down his sculpted chest. Ready to bring him to his release with her mouth, she increased the friction of her tongue against the underside of his shaft. But he stopped her, pulling out of her mouth with a pop.

"I want to finish this the right way," he panted, "with me inside you."

Emotion competed with physical sensation for her attention. "I want that, too."

He led her to the cave floor, until she rested on her back with him nestled between her legs. His chest grazed hers, and he looked down into her eyes with an intensity that startled her.

"We started out as one, and now we'll be one again." He kissed her, and after checking to make sure she was wet enough, slid himself into her.

She could feel her core stretching around him and reveled in the way he filled her, completing her. She locked her legs around him, savoring his kisses as he began to thrust in and out of her.

The sound of their mingled breathing mixed with the sounds of the rainfall outside, and Eve could hear her own voice as if from a distance, crying out when Adam's pelvis ground against her, creating ecstatic friction against her sensitive bud.

Pinning her with his gaze, he balanced himself on his elbows and laced his fingers through hers, making her feel connected to him in every way. The overwhelming feeling of being one with him combined with his shaft moving in and

out of her pushed her out of her body, out of her mind. She came, calling his name in a broken voice while spasms rocked her body from head to toe.

He followed, his body stiffening as he pumped into her at a frenzied pace. She could feel the warmth of his seed filling her, and said a prayer that such a perfect moment would create a new life.

Adam rested his head on her shoulder as they floated back down to earth. He traced circles on the damp skin of her breasts, waiting until he recovered the power of speech.

"Wife... I think you may have been onto something when you offered me that fruit." He gave her a warm smile, his eyes hazy with the afterglow of passion.

And as Eve held the man she loved in her arms, still reeling from the intensity of pleasure and intimacy, she had a feeling he was right.

* * *

"I can't believe they were banished from the Garden!" Lilith shook her head in astonishment.

"I saw it with my own eyes." The Serpent tossed another stick of wood on the fire. "They won't be allowed to return."

Lilith frowned, wrapping her arms around her knees for warmth. "I feel guilty about this. If we hadn't led them into temptation..."

"Don't." The Serpent cut her off. "You were merely an instrument in the larger plan."

Her gaze shot up to his face. "What do you mean?"

He flashed her a cocky smile. "Why do you think I was permitted to prowl around the Garden in the first place? Those two were destined to fall to temptation, to learn the pleasures of the flesh, and to carry on the human race in the newborn world."

"You mean..." She stopped, at a loss for words.

He nodded. "The Mother and the Father had it planned all along." He peered out the cave entrance at the rain pelting the dark sea outside. "They knew that making the Tree of Knowledge forbidden would also make it irresistible."

Butterflies tumbled through Lilith's stomach. "We always crave what we can't have."

He turned his blue gaze on her. "The way I crave you."

She couldn't hold back any longer. "Who says..." she paused, trying to banish the quivering from her voice, "... you can't have me?"

"The goddess of the night..." he began.

She stopped him with a hand. "I know what I said. But you aren't just any man." She drew a deep breath. Could she really bare her heart to him? "You're the man I want," she finished.

"Lilith..." He reached for her.

Words were no longer necessary between them. His body spoke to hers, conveying his need for her. His mouth sought hers, his tongue stroking hers as his hands found her breasts.

"This show of your foreplay skills is nice, but not needed this time." She reached down to stroke his erection. "I'm more than ready."

"If you're sure..." He caressed her sex, sending her arousal through the roof.

"I'm sure." She prepared to lie down on the cave floor, but to her surprise, it was the Serpent who sank down onto his back.

"I want you on top, of course." He raised a questioning brow at her. "If it's all right with you?"

Was it all right with her? Did Cherubim have swords?

She knelt over him, sinking down onto his cock until it was seated deep inside her. Nothing had ever felt better.

Nothing had ever felt more right.

He put his hands on her backside, directing her to rub against him in the way that would bring her the most pleasure.

"I could make a habit out of this," he ground out between breaths.

"That's the idea." Lilith felt a climax building in her, and knew the edge was just moments away. "Now that I've found you, I plan to keep you around."

“How does eternity sound, for starters?” He reached up to cup her breasts.

Lilith couldn’t answer. A flood of emotion mixed with physical release rendered her speechless. But eternity sounded better than fine.

It sounded like the beginning of paradise.

Alecia Monaco

Alecia Monaco has been writing since she dictated her first story at the age of three. Now she happily writes paranormal and erotic romance while living in Houston with her family and pets. She loves to hear from readers and they can email her at AleciaMonaco@aol.com, or visit her site at www.aleciamonaco.com.