

A movie poster featuring a woman in a white bikini top and a man's muscular back and arm. The woman is smiling and looking down. The man is holding her waist. They are standing on a red towel on a beach. In the background, there is a large full moon and a sunset over the ocean.

HORSEMEN OF
APOCALYPSE ISLAND

Sin

LAYNE BLACQUE &
TAIGE CRENSHAW

A Total-e-bound Publication



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Horsemen of Apocalypse Island: Sin

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Warning:

Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*

Horsemen of Apocalypse Island

SIN

**Layne Blacque &
Taige Crenshaw**

Dedication
Layne Blacque

To those who love living in sin...

Dedication
Taige Crenshaw

To my mother who has always been my number one fan although you are no longer with me
I know you are smiling down at my getting published.

Prologue

The End of Divine Sex

In the days before Evil came, all levels of beastly creatures walked the earth. These beasts were born of the illicit coupling of men and the divine creatures who'd left the home of the Great Father to mingle with, and cause trouble for, all mankind.

As time went on, these divine beings brought the human needs, desires and frailties to light. With this image of themselves, mankind saw who they truly were. Fear ran rampant in man, and they came together to rid the earth of these half-breed creatures.

The wise men of that time knew spells and herbal concoctions to keep these mighty creatures at bay. They understood how to maim, kill and entrap them. Men of renown, the giants who lived in those days, used strength to mangle and slay these terrible abominations. And for a while, the carnage ended, and the women who had been restricted were now able to move about freely.

But the pure-bred creatures, not born of man, could not be easily captured nor killed. These rebel swordsmen were known for their ability to enchant any woman who dared cross their path, making her swoon from pleasures no human man could ever create. For centuries, these beings roamed freely, pillaging the lands and granting sexual pleasures to every woman within their sight.

The Horsemen were revered for their sexual prowess. They were also known as shape-shifters, tricksters and magicians. Their every thought had power to grow and materialise anything they desired. If they willed something to exist, it existed.

These beings, in their true form, were a terribly beautiful sight. Men trembled in their presence. Even the most chaste of women succumbed to pleasures of the flesh. Animals cowered and ran away as fast as their hooves would carry them.

But the Horsemen had the ability to mesmerise all who came before them. And when they desired to do so, unsurpassed pleasures were to be had.

And this was how it was until one day, four great and holy men came together at the centre of the island to discuss these fearsome, beautiful beings. One of these priests held

great anger toward the Horsemen. His sister's daughter had been carried away by one of the beings. At her return, the man prayed over the young woman, only to have her laugh decadently and raise her robes to expose her femininity to him. No longer an innocent, she became a known harlot, bedding any man who would have her, copulating with all comers in her futile attempt to re-experience the most pleasurable night of her life.

After days of talks, the holy men concluded the beasts could not be slain nor captured in the usual ways. Many sleepless nights later, the harlot's uncle called upon his fraternity, and together, the men convened on the edge of the island. They stopped before a Cyprus sapling. A purposeful place, to be sure, for the young tree sprouted in the very place where a Horsemen had ravaged his sister's beautiful daughter.

On a piece of blessed parchment, they inscribed a spell to bind, hold and torture the sensual warriors:

*Beastly acts which thee elicit
For all thee has wrought
Fleshly torments made exquisite
Bind thee to this tree of pain
Know thy anguish of unrequited pleasure
Carnal lust no longer reigns!*

The men burned the parchment and scattered the ashes within the tree's soil. Soon thereafter, the Horsemen's anguished cries were heard throughout the island as the curse robbed the once mighty creatures of physical form—carrying them as dark clouds into the centre of the tree.

All at once, life seemed good, at least for the men of Apocalypse Island. As generations came of age and centuries passed, their women lost the memory of these virile whom beings many had secretly prayed would capture them. Only the more magical and superstitious among the people relayed tales of the mighty men said to conquer and stir the passions of the fairer sex. Yet, as time progressed, even these tales were relegated to legend, and few modern people would believe.

But the stories of these great beings would once again be told.

At the dawn of the twenty-first century, when the land was sold off from the estate of a Greek billionaire, the enchanted island changed hands several times. The most recent buyer, a wealthy American woman, built a resort on this prime real estate, and unknowingly unlocked treasures as seductive and exotic as the warm, blue waters.

The ancient Cyprus tree crashed down and the spirits of the mighty Horsemen fled the astral realm to materialise again on earth. Now free, they sought another release, the kind that would require them to resume their physical forms. But these sexual demons needn't have worried for long. If the human spirit can triumph over the worst of circumstances, the spirits of the divine could more than triumph—they could thrive.

And so it began with the tears and loneliness of a frustrated woman that the first Horseman of Apocalypse Island reclaimed his corporeal form.

His name was Sin. And Sin was *good*...

Chapter One

The Awakening of Beastly Desires

Alana Dorchester's raven-black hair caught the wind, lifting off her shoulders. Teeth bared, she shook her cell phone, desperate to find a signal. "Damn it! Why won't anything in this place work?"

For the sixth time that morning, she questioned her decision to buy the island paradise that had caught her eye the previous year. Perhaps the name of the stunning stretch of land – Apocalypse Island – should have made her move with caution. But when she'd visited the ancient isle and walked upon the white sand beaches, gazing out at the unkempt, but stunning olive, palm and even pistachio trees, she'd been hooked. Only a few thousand residents lived on the island full-time, and most of them were descendants of the original settlers who, some claimed, had arrived thousands of years ago. While many people left to start lives elsewhere, very few new families ever took residence. Hence, the depressed main street area and small, privately-owned businesses that barely broke even.

Alana felt confident the Artemis Beach Resort and Spa – her massive hotel complex and luxury playground – would infuse money and fun into the flailing island.

She and her father, millionaire, real estate tycoon Stanley Dorchester, had flown over the tiny Greek isle during a helicopter ride to Crete last year. Several months and millions of dollars later, Alana, with help from her father, bought the twelve-mile long strip of land, and immediately relocated from her New York City condo to the island.

Every morning, she climbed the stairs of her four-story, Mediterranean-style beach house and used binoculars to watch the progress of her two hundred-man team. She grinned at the sight of the budding, hotel complex, with its one hundred twenty-four suites, five dining venues, four Olympic-sized pools and two golf courses. Only a couple of days ago, she and the architect had finally, after many arguments, been able to agree on designs for the sports and fitness centre, tennis club and golf course.

The complex would sit only yards from the ocean's warm, blue waters.

Usually, she looked to her father for assistance—but not this time. If Stanley had agreed to help her more, she might not have battled insecurity. As it was, his phone calls, faxes and emails usually served to make her feel powerless and incompetent. As far as Stanley Dorchester was concerned, his very generous financial donation would be enough to help his daughter's latest business scheme get off the ground. The rest, of course, would be left up to Alana.

Four months had passed since construction on the resort commenced, but things weren't moving fast enough for her. The cell phone tower *still* wouldn't hold her signal!

Not that it mattered. Michael Kirkland, her sometimes boyfriend, hadn't returned her calls in days. His emails were noncommittal and dry. Her stomach dropped when she realised she'd probably lost him for good. He'd been unwilling to leave his cushy Wall Street position for what he disparagingly called "beach bum fun" and hadn't even visited to see what she was doing.

This lack of support wasn't new in their relationship. Alana sighed. Sadly she had gotten used to it. All her friends marvelled at her relationship with Michael, believing they were a power pair. Little did they know how untrue that was. He was drop dead sexy but a tad self-absorbed. Everything was always about Michael. Since coming to the island she'd discovered how little she actually got from the relationship—especially in sexual part of the relationship.

Michael made love the same way he did everything. Cold and by the numbers. She could have read a book while he fucked her, and he wouldn't have even noticed. Usually she'd gone into the bathroom to finish the job after he'd finished and rolled over to fall asleep.

Two years was a long time to put up with lack lustre sex, Alana decided. *He just doesn't love me. And, now, I don't think I love him, either...*

Alana blew out a breath and shifted. She accepted the little Michael gave her because of her need for companionship. She wanted someone who she could share things with. Someone who'd actually listen to her when she spoke and not just act like they were listening.

Picking up her cell phone, Alana tried for a signal. Finally getting one, she hooted and dialled.

It rang then was picked up. "Hello."

Alana was so startled to get Michael on the phone it took a moment for her to answer.

"Hello."

His impatient voice snapped him out of her daze. "Michael, it's Alana."

"Alana." He sounded cold. He was making her decision much easier.

"We're through," Alana said.

As far as she was concerned, this was a formality. The four months they'd been apart had ended their relationship.

"That's for the best." His voice was still cool.

His lack of emotion had always been the problem in their relationship. Alana listened as he started to talk about finding someone else but not wanting to cheat on her. She had heard the lie in his voice. Cutting the conversation short, she hung up on him. A sense of freedom and sadness filled her.

Bringing her thoughts back to the present, Alana saw the men moving around the construction site. She often took the ferry across Athena Bay for lunch and light shopping, but other than polite nods and helpful salespeople, she had little communication with any of her neighbours. Sometimes, she thought about putting on her red bikini and sauntering down to the work site. She'd pick up any hard-bodied workman who caught her attention, bring him back to her house and fuck him senseless.

Yeah, right!

She laughed aloud, quickly dismissing the thought. She had enough trouble with the crew, already. The architect and the foreman believed because she was a woman, she didn't know what she wanted. If she began fucking the help, construction probably wouldn't be finished in a timely manner. She'd probably become a laughing stock—one of those rich, lonely old broads who preyed on blue-collar dick.

Except at twenty-seven, Alana wasn't old. But the other part—the preying part—could fit. She was *this* close to giving up on love. *Why not get my body worked on by a guy who makes his living with his hands?*

A bitter tear slid down her cheekbone. She swept a shaky hand across it, obliterating the unacceptable sign of weakness.

Satisfied with the work she saw, she stood up and cinched her robe under her small, but high-perched breasts. She hadn't eaten breakfast, yet and was having a hard time deciding between yoghurt and grapefruit or plain cereal with skimmed milk.

That's when she saw him.

He strode down the beach confidently. His bronzed chest glistened beneath the sun's rays. His wavy, white-blond hair stopped just above his broad shoulders, tresses so beautiful and well-behaved Alana didn't know whether to admire him or be jealous. Though she knew she was staring, try as she might, she couldn't take her eyes off of him. Not only was he impossibly gorgeous, but he barely had on a stitch! The white loincloth he wore did little to detract from his obvious bulge.

Suddenly, the man stopped. He turned from the water and looked up at Alana's house. Her heart sped up while her nipples pebbled as her gaze connected with him. Impossibly blue-violet eyes shone out of his beautiful face and seemed to grow more lovely as he stared at her. Even from where she stood, she could see his sharply carved cheeks, full pouty lips and firm chin.

The man spoke quietly, but his voice carried all the way up to her attic window, making her stomach feel heavy. "Woman, why do you cry?"

Chapter Two

The Reclaiming of Divine Love

Alana backed away from the window quickly, so quickly in fact, that she stumbled over her own feet. When she tried to pull herself up, a strong, masculine hand encircled her waist.

How had he gotten into the house? How had he gotten into the attic so damn *fast*?

The big man leaned down and smiled. "Do not be discouraged. Whatever your troubles, you should not allow it to make you sad."

Something isn't right.

Any normal woman, a woman who valued her life and safety, would be yelling for help or running by now. But this strangely beautiful man, though powerfully built, didn't threaten her. She wanted to reach out to touch him. Her pussy creamed at his nearness. She stood dumbfounded, staring into his magnificent eyes, daring herself not to drown in them...

Her voice shook as she questioned him. "Who are you? You're not..."

Oh my God. I'm in the middle of a nervous breakdown. Or something.

He bent his tanned, powerful knees and reached out, caressing a gentle hand over her thigh. Alana surprised herself by *not* pulling away. "What if I told you I'm just a man?"

Despite the eighty-degree heat, she shivered. "I wouldn't believe you."

"What would you believe, Alana?"

"How the hell do you know my name?"

He shrugged and licked his lips. "I know many things, lovely one. I carry memories and secrets going back to antiquity. But most importantly, Alana, I know a lot about making women feel better."

He reached for her hand. She accepted it. They stood together, saying nothing, each openly appraising the other. Alana's thoughts turned to images of hard, toned flesh and a ramrod, stiff cock. His smell, both spicy and sweet, assaulted her senses. She imagined that his lips must be as sweet as his scent—that his cum would be like liquid sugar as it flowed down her throat.

"I can't take my eyes off you," she admitted. "This is the best dream I've had in ...well, ever."

He stepped forward, closing the distance between them. "I am no dream, sad, pretty girl. I am Sin."

"Yes, you are," Alana chuckled. She looked down at her hand and realised that it still rested within his. "Some sweet sin."

"No, you don't understand. I *am* Sin. My *name* is Sin."

"Yeah? Sin? Really?" She pulled her hand free and looked up into the big man's lusty, blue eyes. *Lord! Those things are like glaciers. Sexy-ass glaciers!* "Why on earth would your mother name you something like Sin?"

He shrugged and moved closer "There was a time, long ago, when my name did not conjure images of lawlessness and transgression."

Alana's lips trembled as he bent toward her face.

When the sinfully delicious man spoke again, his warm breath brushed against her lips. "I don't have a mother—at least not in the traditional sense. The Great Father breathed life into me before the dawn of man." He cast his eyes to his perfectly formed feet. "Unfortunately, Father and I had a falling-out. I left home early on and set out on my own."

"What did you and your father argue about?"

"What do fathers and children usually argue about, pretty girl? I wanted to live my life in a certain way. Father did not agree with me. So I left." His lovely blue eyes dimmed, losing a bit of their amazing sparkle and flash. Alana could *feel* the pain that tortured him. "I never meant to stay away as long as I have. I always thought Father and I would have reconciled by now. But that was not to be."

Her heart went out to him. Alana of all people knew what it was like to have a perpetually displeased father. "You can still make up with him. Right?"

"Soon, I hope," he whispered. "But there is so much for me to make up for." He took her hand. "Let's not talk about that. I am here for you."

"You're an angel, right?" she said. "You have to be."

Sin's sensual mouth parted into a big smile. "Well, I've certainly been called worse. Demon. Incubus. Monster..."

She felt dizzy. “No. This has got to be a joke. I—” She stopped speaking when he pulled her into his arms and pressed kiss after kiss along her throat. Alana shivered at the feel of his lips against her pulse. Sin’s kisses left a trail of fire in its wake. A lush wetness flooded her already soaked pussy. Trying to still a shudder, Alana tried to breathe.

“Does that feel like a joke to you, Alana?”

How did this happen? How had she wound up in his arms, clinging to him as if her life depended upon it? All Alana knew for sure was that she had never been so enamoured with a man in her life. Never had she experienced such attraction, affection and kinship with anyone. Or any *thing*.

When Sin’s lips glided hungrily across the curve of her throat, she responded enthusiastically, moving against him as if she’d known him for years. The roughness of his clothing rubbed against her as she undulated her hips and her robe parted. She closed her eyes and leaned on him, into him, and totally giving herself over to the intense sensations of... Of what exactly? She grew more anxious by the minute, because every minute with this man felt like a sweet eternity. Every breath quivered with anticipation. In her heart, she was already experiencing a love for him that should be impossible, a love that should have taken years to cultivate and nurture.

The best *and* worst part? She could actually feel the same sort of love emanating from him. It wrapped her in a warm glow that only years of love would impart. Sighing, she sank deeper into his arms and held on wanting to be as close to him as possible.

She was also falling. His lips scorched hers, and suddenly, she was complete. Alana kissed back—hungrily, savagely—and wallowed in the almost demoniacal intensity of his touch. Entwining her tongue with his, she sucked in the sweet and spicy taste from his lips. Already, sweat drenched her. Her body flushed and opened, aching and throbbing to feel him inside her.

I’m about to be seduced by something not of this world. On the floor of my attic.

This thought did not frighten her, as it might have frightened other women. In fact, a powerful thrill—an insanely sensual buzz—made her dizzy and breathless with desire.

She moaned into the sweetness of his throat, clinging to him as the kiss deepened. Greedy with passion, she opened herself to him. She laced her hands through his wavy, sun-stained hair and pulled him closer.

Time stopped. The world stopped. Everything she ever thought, felt and desired before that moment stopped. All concerns melted away as their kisses deepened, pushing her farther into an ecstatic abyss.

His hands cupped her ass, moulding her round cheeks—palming, massaging, kneading the naked flesh just beneath her robe. Suddenly, her legs left the floor, and she wrapped them around his muscular midsection. His hands dug into her flesh, inching the ivory robe up her long, brown legs. When he dipped his thumb into the opening of her vagina, she clutched at it, milking the digit without shame. His thumb pierced her with a precision that drew a wild moan from her lips. He swallowed the sound, continuing to press into her. She pumped against it and moaned as a finger joined the thumb. His fingers were hot against her clenching pussy. In and out, he stroked then swirled his finger inside of her. He plucked at her hard clit.

Seconds later, she climaxed the way she might have after a good fucking.

"Oh. My. God."

Sin chuckled and ran his lovely, pink tongue along her cheek. "You make the most beautiful face when you come."

Alana couldn't bring herself to speak. She was suspended in this odd, beautiful moment, as suspended in time and spirit as she was in his massive arms. But something more stunning than she'd just experienced that morning brought her out of her numb acquiescence. Something hot. And powerful. And huge.

It swayed insistently against her wet pussy lips, a monstrous, heat-seeking missile of epic proportions. It twitched at her entrance stretching her. Scared, Alana began to wiggle against him, pushing at his enormous chest, fighting to get away.

She was sure that he meant to hurt her—impale her on his otherworldly weapon, wound her, break her apart. She liked a good, deep fuck as much as the next woman, but she wasn't enough of a size queen to risk internal injuries. The sensation of his cock made fear lick the back of her throat, dousing the sweet glow she had been experiencing. Frightened, she looked into Sin's eyes. There was only warmth in them and understanding.

"Touch it again, Alana." His voice washed over her like a decadent promise.

She gulped, swallowing hard. Still encased in his arms, she slipped her hand from his neck, placed it between her thighs and touched his penis. His hot cock against her hand

made her body quicken with desire. Although her body screamed for him, her mind replied *hell no*. The size of his penis was a fearsome thing. Even as she started to withdraw, it changed and became sleeker against her fingers. Shrinking!

His cock remained large and powerful, a perfectly wonderful phallus, but now, it was like the stuff of Alana's dreams – not her nightmares.

"How... How'd you do that?"

"I am a creature of pleasure, Alana, not pain. When I touched you before –" he dipped his thumb into her vagina again, ripping a guttural moan from her. Her pussy clutched at his finger greedily. "–I measured your proportions. When we come together, we will fit perfectly."

Wow.

Relief, quickly followed by a blast of sensual fire, washed over her. Sin smiled, and using only one hand, anchored her pulsating cunt against his shape-shifting cock.

Alana gurgled as he speared her. He sank into her firm and hard without the tentativeness of a first brush of sex. He demanded entrance into her with a surety as if they had been fucking forever. His hips pumped into her hard and fast, making her see stars. The head of his cock bumped against her womb. The pleasurable pain caused wetness to flood from her, coating them both. He slid smoothly in and out and as he thrust, a wet slurping sound filled the air tantalising Alana's ears.

Sin murmured against her cheek, kissing along her face. His hard hands pulled her up and down on his shaft. Wrapping her legs tighter around his hips, Alana held onto him, clutching his shoulders. Her nails sank deep into his flesh. Sin hissed, and his hold tightened painfully. Alana moaned, throwing her head back. Sin's lips burned a heated path down her chin then down her neck. He bit down hard sending her body over into an intense orgasm. Alana bucked and shivered as it rode her in a vicious grip.

Sin murmured incoherent phrases against her skin. His teeth scraped against the pulse in her throat. She stiffened at the sharpness of his teeth.

"Fu...me...Ah...s...hh...i.t.t." It was as if her soul was ripped out of her body, and he continued to take her with a delicious greediness that made her quicken even more.

As Alana committed her body to the deliciousness of Sin, she knew she would no longer – could no longer – remain the same. While a part of her – the howling, cursing,

scratching part — had come to life, there was another part — the scared, human and oh-so self-absorbed part — was dangerously near death. A death she welcomed.

Now that she was in the arms of Sin, she finally knew what heaven felt like.



During the eternity he'd spent trapped within the astral realms, Sin had spent much of his time dreaming, hoping and fantasising. Alas, the men who had cursed him and his brothers into their dark netherworld had the foresight to bind their powers for manifestation. Because of this, they became tortured, sorry souls, roaming archetypes of consciousness. None could build up enough power to make their wishes reality. Over time, they learned to forget the pleasures of human flesh — they'd learned to exist within the fabric of the human psyche.

But on this day, finally free to cavort and prey, Sin wanted to make up for lost time.

The pleasures of her flesh flowed like warm honey, enfolding him in her sweetest embrace.

Sin stood, tall, thick and mighty like the tree that once harboured him and took his fill. Alana closed her eyes and exhaled something awful — something beautiful, something animal. Now that their flesh was synched, she'd come alive around him, using her thighs to grip and thrust furiously against him. Her small, upturned breasts bounced and trembled, teasing him, calling out to his lips.

Leaning down, he took her nipple between his lips and sucked strongly. Alana screamed and ground down against his cock, her pussy squeezing him in a vice. Lazily he rolled her nipple along his tongue. Running his tongue down her breast he nuzzled just below it then he bit her. Alana's pussy undulated wildly on his cock. Smiling darkly, he raised his head and watched the harsh pleasure on her face.

He gently ran his hands against the hot, smooth flesh of her ass, delighting in the juices that spilled against his fingers. Sin growled and lunged up, meeting her thrusts with vigour. His abdomen jerked and tightened every time Alana slid down the length of his cock. The healthy earth-vixen took him balls-deep, mewling in loud, beautiful yelps.

Flesh slapped together — sweaty, nasty, dirty. He smelled her cunt as it worked against him, a rich, womanly scent that tantalised and aroused him even more.

Finally, the moment arrived. Holding her against him with his powers, he put one hand low on her stomach. Alana's cunt pulsed along with her erratic heartbeat. Sin sensed her muscles quivering inside and reached out with his powers lengthening the pleasure. He held it in the palm of his hand. The pleasure of a woman against his power senses was the one thing he missed most in that place in between. It washed over him bathing him in a pale purple light. Sin opened his mouth and drank it down. His cock hardened even more as she tightened around him. Her pleasure poured out, coating his cock and his mystical being. She heaved against him, ripping at his hair, wiping triumphant tears against him when her face fell against his throat.

The exhausted woman's legs shook violently, quaked so much, that she could no longer control them. Sin, feeling a little playful—and a lot sadistic—spread her thighs until she resembled a wishbone. Having positioned her thusly, he thrust his throbbing phallus into the heart of her—into her core. Redirecting the sensual power, he poured it back into her.

Alana jerked against him. Her eyes flew open. Then she convulsed in a fit of *inhuman* ecstasy. Pushing it into her, Sin watched her grimace in a look that bordered on pain. Sharing it with her, he roared as his cock released thick semen inside of her. Alana screamed and gripped at him while he pulsed inside of her. Throwing his head back, he roared his release. Her pussy sucked him in as her heart sputtered. She went limp. Breathing harshly, Sin watched this woman who had given him such pleasure. He leaned down and put a soft kiss on her lips.

Afterward, Sin carried the twitching, unconscious woman to her bedroom. He watched anxiously while her body trembled on the silk bed linens and chastised himself for not being able to hold back his passion.

After all, had Alana died within his arms, she certainly would not have been the first...

Chapter Three

The Desire for Eternal Union

Sin never grew tired. In the two hours following their initial coupling, he and Alana bonded feverishly, merging their bodies into one, pulsing, climaxing unit.

Now, sitting in her bed, Alana saw his cock stir to life, again. She watched as he placed his hand around the thickening, purplish phallus and stroked himself. He moaned softly, taking unselfconscious pleasure from his hand against his penis.

Feeling aggressive, she climbed to her knees and pushed his hand aside. Her skin flushed when Sin's eyes twinkled. He settled against the silky black pillows. She ran the underside of her tongue over the cock's thick throbbing head and wallowed in the velvety sensation of it.

The blond stud shifted and growled under her ministrations, thrusting his powerful thighs, urging her to go further, to take more of him. She was mesmerised by the massive, healthy cock in her hands, its perfection beyond anything she ever would have imagined. Though subconsciously she worried about her ability to do so, she wanted to make this man—this divine being—come harder and better than he ever had before.

Suddenly, his hand cupped at the nape of her neck. She looked up, disappointment shining from her dark eyes. "Did I do something wrong?"

"That would be impossible, Alana. Never worry. This is not a competition." His smile rivalled the sun. "You have already pleased me very much."

Never before had she felt like this—so free, at ease and utterly desired. She wanted so badly to give him pleasure, the same kind of pleasure she'd experienced merely by being in his presence. When she worked his penis into her mouth, she did so with his fulfilment in mind. She'd suck down as much of this horse-hung demigod as she could handle, even if she choked to death!

Sinning has never felt so good. Never tasted so good, either...

Alana tossed back her mass of dark curls and concentrated on his sweetness, on his smell, working the fantastic cock deep into her throat.

Her pussy clenched and released, begging to be filled—her stomach was full, swollen with a need that would only be satisfied by one hard cock. She worked her mouth wider cupping his balls, snuggling into the white-blond hairs along his crotch. Just as she had picked up her rhythm to a more confident pace, Sin caressed his hand over her head again.

“I know what you want. Climb upon it.”

“Sin, I—”

“Why make yourself crazy just to prove a point, Alana? You’re hot and dying to feel me inside you again. I want to feel your pussy surround me. Mount it and ride until you are sated.”

She could not argue. He was already reaching down and grabbing her waist pulling her to him. A raw gasp tore out of her throat as her body was pulled along the length of him. “Oh my God!” she moaned.



Though his spirit and body had been bound for eons, Sin along with his brothers had watched the evolution of humanity—especially its evolving sexuality. Despite the invention of unimaginable technology, sexual morays had changed very little. Great leaps would often be made right before suppressive forces drove natural hunger back underground.

Now this beautiful woman thought herself unworthy. She came from a time where the quest for perfection outweighed any notion of pure enjoyment of earthly pleasures. Instead of simply fucking him, opening herself to him like the goddess she so obviously was, Alana worried about the size of her breasts and the small stretch marks beneath her navel. Sin’s shaft nearly wilted when he looked into the woman’s eyes. Instead of passion, he saw only fear.

Yet Alana was not afraid of his size. She feared disappointing him.

The depth of the woman’s emotions inspired him. He wanted to reassure her; he wanted to make her feel divine love. And since, contrary to legend, Sin was no mere sexual creature, he stopped the willing woman atop him, just before her sweet pussy enfolded him.

“What’s wrong?” Her trepidation shone through her sexy put-on. “Do you want me to do it another way?”

Sin, the most sensual Horseman, the master-warrior cocksman, willed down his pulsing phallus, allowing it to curve lazily against one, powerful thigh. "What I want Alana is *you*. Not some sexy act you put on. Not the mask you wear to protect your feelings." When she pouted, he raised his hand to her chin, forcing her to look at him. "I want your everything because I am prepared to give all that I have to you."

Suspicious eyes stared back at him. Alana snapped her head back, shaking off his hand. "I'm prepared to give you my *entire* body, Sin. *Everything. Every inch.* What I'm *not* prepared to do is pretend that this day is about anything more than your long fat dick."

His laughter, deep, hard and seemingly issued forth from his toes, echoed throughout the bedroom. "Your kind never ceases to amaze me. I swear, you are all like children, with your bullshit expectations and wrong-headed notions!"

"What? What the fuck did you say?" Her eyes raged at him. "My 'kind,' Sin?" She rolled to her side and sat up.

Sin grimaced. Her breasts swayed so prettily against her body—perfect, nutmeg-coloured flesh. Immediately, his penis flexed against his inner thigh. *Down, boy.* "Your anger is unnecessary, Alana. When I speak of your kind, I mean human beings." He watched her soften immediately. Had his chest contained a beating heart it might have thudded. "I feel badly. You are all so sensitive. No one likes each other. You do not trust. But the worst thing of all, lovely one, is how your world is ruled by fear.

"You fear my racism more than you fear my divinity. You fear losing money, friends and social standing. You fear death—especially a lonely death after never knowing true love..." Again, he reached for her, wishing to pull his silent hostess into his arms.

But her explosion—raw, guttural and driven by deep rage—pushed him away.

"What? You think you have the right to judge my life just because you're...magical?" Alana flinched away from him, strode across the room and retrieved her robe. "I've heard about *your* kind, too, you know. Of course, I never believed a word of those crazy mythological texts. Until now. Wasn't it *perversion* that got you and your buddies exiled? Wasn't it your *lack* of morals that got you banished in the first place?"

Even divine patience wore thin. Sin glared at his angry hostess and shrugged. "I know nothing of perversion other than the vile sludge among you who use children and animals

for evil purposes. All I know is that I offer pleasure freely and that I never forced it upon anyone.

"You on the other hand, know mostly shame, judgment and condemnation. You know about what the women of your world are *expected* to do, feel and behave. You know anger and pity and gossip from those who disagree with your deepest desires. You and your people fear being mocked, persecuted and abandoned. You fear this so much that you hide anything special and unique about yourselves. You hide your core, your edge, your Kundalini – all the things that make you truly great."

Alana glared at him with enough venom to put down a king cobra. "Must be great being you. Knowing that no matter what you, you'll never die. That you can do anything, anywhere, to anyone, and that it won't matter." She moved forward until only a whisper separated them. "I don't care *what* you are or where you come from, Sin. You're still as big of a jerk as any human man!"

"And you are silly and spoiled!"

He watched her recoil from the harsh words. It pained him that he'd stung her so badly. After an eternity among others like himself, he'd nearly forgotten how sensitive human women could be. "I'm sorry, Alana."

She lowered her head until her hair covered her eyes. "You're as bad as my father."

"How so?" he demanded.

"Well, that's his answer for everything when he and I don't agree on something. Spoiled. He always calls me spoiled!"

Sin smiled at her outburst. "Maybe he's always saying you're spoiled because...you are?"

"I am so –"

"For God's sake!" Sin pulled the furious young woman into his arms and held her wiggling form against his body. Immediately his cock stretched and grew, poking her in the belly. "You *are* spoiled! And *badly*. Terribly so. You're so bad, in fact that I'm going to have to give you a spanking."

Alana stuck her tongue out, threw herself across his powerful legs and accepted her spanking, the way every *truly* bad girl should.

Chapter Four

On Angelic Rebellion and Human Bondage

On days such as this, when the divine and the mundane collided and merged, time seemed like a great magician—speeding up or slowing down on a whim.

Alana Dorchester's perception of time told her nine glorious hours had passed since she'd first been touched by such a magnificent angel. But for Sin, who knew time to be an irrelevant construct, every moment he passed with Alana felt like the first—endless, infinite, everlasting.

He'd finally exhausted the hot-blooded human, stroking her out to a bone-tingling climax that left her whimpering and begging for rest. Now, as she reclined in his arms and slept the sleep of the truly satiated, he thought of his past and pondered his future. Before he thought too much, Alana murmured against him.

She shifted and looked at him. "What's wrong?"

He was shocked that she had sensed his uneasiness. "Nothing. Go back to sleep."

Confusion touched her eyes, and Sin knew he'd hurt her feelings. Leaning over, he kissed her sweet lips. He drew back and saw the warmth and understanding in her gaze. Something about this woman compelled him to want more than a quick fuck. Sin did something he hadn't ever before. He shared what he'd experienced with a woman who he now viewed as more than a mere conquest.

Touching her forehead, he whispered. "See through my eyes."

Alana gasped. White light filled her eyes before they became glassy. Sin could feel her inside his mind reading all he had been before.

Although he was eternal and could never die, Sin had never felt so powerless. Of all the Horsemen, he had been the only one to accept his fate—his banishment to the astral realms. For an eon he'd listened to his brothers carry on about the injustice of it all. He'd listened to them complain about how unfairly they had been treated.

But how could that be so? Had they not disobeyed their master, setting down upon the earth like hungry, feral children, taking and eating their fill, seducing all the women of the

land? Had they not listened to their rebellious cousin, Evil – that lovely demon, the beautiful and wily liar?

Go, he'd told them. Go out and take them all unto you – make them tremble before your unmatched beauty. Show them why they should bow down and worship you!

Sin had known of the coming war. He'd been told about the battle that would rip apart the heavens and spill out onto earth making it a battleground. He'd known of the plan to overthrow the Great King, but still he'd stood by and done nothing. Instead, he'd chosen to allow his jealousy of mankind and his wanton lusts to drive him to a most despicable act – turning his back on his race. He should have been there when the war began. He should have stood at his master's side battling the forces that sought to destroy his elder brother, the only Horseman who deigned to stand at their father's side: Love.

Gazing through Alana's eyes, Sin saw his eyes become overcast, cloudy dark blue mirrors into his wounded psyche. The memories tortured him, the screams and the blood and the smell of rampant fear.

When he and his brothers had first touched down on earth, they were mighty and terrible, displaying their great strength and power with an arrogance that even the Evil One had admired. They'd marched along the earth, making their way into villages and camps, forcing the men to hand over their wives and daughters. Oh, how the pretty girls had shaken and squealed in the faces of their husbands, begging to be let go, pleading to be allowed passage. Yet once their protectors were removed, all of these women had become like starving dogs – fighting over the Horsemen's powerful flesh, each demanding to be the first one chosen.

Before the famine and disease afflicted the land, Sin and his brothers had each chosen lovers from the various tribes. These warrior women gave birth to the giants, the first men of renown. These great men – some as tall as ten feet – had commanded the first earthly armies and built the lands – literally moving mountains, shifting oceans and destroying any enemy civilisation in their way. Many of these same men later attempted to capture and destroy the Horsemen.

The new creatures with their wispy hair, luminous skin and bright, empty eyes frightened their own mothers. In those days, it was not unusual for tribal elders to banish

these children into the wilderness or place them in the desert to starve. Others were killed outright as a safeguard against them growing up to declare war on their own villages.

Those of this strange, new hybrid who did survive became the fiercest of warriors. They were said to prefer fresh, hot blood to anything cooked, often ripping apart live deer and sheep for sustenance. Some were rumoured to be cannibals who stalked the tribes who had not yet scattered to safety. This race interbred and over time their offspring began to resemble humanity. Each generation grew shorter in stature and gained more human characteristics. Many of them were accepted into their ancestral villages though the wise men of the time watched their every move.

But these warriors retained one attribute—the thing that still identified them today. They lacked empathy. These amoral beings possessed no love. They had no understanding.

They became sociopaths and psychotics.

When Sin and his brothers realised what they had done, after they finally understood what their hunger had unleashed into the world, they tried to make amends to their master. But it had been much too late.

Angry that they would no longer be allowed to go back to their rightful home, the Horsemen ran roughshod over the earth. They purposefully seeded evil into communities, fathering terrible, soulless creatures. And for a while, at least, Sin felt justified. After all, he'd reasoned at the time, it isn't like they were the first to father tyrants onto mankind.

While the battle raged, Sin and the others watched—but did nothing to stop the destruction.

After several millennia, Sin grew bored. He had been everywhere that was anywhere and made love to more women than he cared to remember. Though still randy as ever, he still wanted to settle down a bit, perhaps find a permanent, earthly home. When he found Apocalypse Island with its comely women, unmarred nature and beautiful ocean, he and his brothers decided to settle there.

And there they remained—until four angry men devised a spell to cast the Horsemen into the heart of a Cyprus tree.

These holy men had not foreseen what the power of divine will could do. The Horsemen had been trapped, discarnate, with no way of getting free. Their master would not help them. Their evil cousin had only laughed at their predicament.

Yet over time they'd found they were only bound by the physical rules of the spell. Though they'd displeased their master, he'd allowed them to retain their free will—a tactic used to cause great suffering and a longing for home, even in the midst of earthly delights. Once they realised they could project their spirits anywhere around the world, the Horsemen marched onward again, unmatched in their mastery over the race that had enslaved them.

The entities sent forth energy to every inch of the globe, enslaving the people, whispering demands, and finally, possessing any and all who dared try to resist them.

But a war soon broke out among the brothers, joining the elder to the younger, pitting the middle siblings against the world.

Now, Sin and Lust—though amoral, insatiable beasts—stood together against Strife and Rage—for Strife and Rage schemed to do more than seduce the earthly populace. They meant to destroy it.

The only way to stop the destruction would be to return to their master's grace. Sin and his brothers would have to make amends.

Had they not suffered an eternity already for the mistakes of their youth?

Will our master ever allow us to return home?

Alana snapped back into her body. Tears streamed down her cheeks. He hadn't meant to make her cry. He was a being of pleasure, not pain.

"Oh, Sin. I am sorry." She placed her hand over the place where his heart should be.

Her sorrow drenched his tongue like the bitterest wine. "Alana I do not mean for you to cry for me."

"I must since you would not do it for yourself." Alana's tears rained down her face, wetting her honeyed skin.

She was right. He'd lost the ability to cry a long time ago. It was taken from him as so much had been. Watching this beautiful woman cry for him humbled him. As her crying slowed and stopped, he wiped the remaining tears with his fingers. Raising them to his lips, he blew on them. Then he opened his palm and diamonds rained down on her chest.

The awe on Alana's face pleased him. Reaching for her, he kissed her. Alana murmured and fiercely returned his kiss.

Chapter Five

Unearthing the Soul

Alana drew back and rolled away from him, getting off the bed. She looked at him, a gentle smile on her face he found intoxicating.

"Let's take a walk outside."

Sin looked out the window. It would be sunset soon. He hadn't stopped to see what changes had been wrought on Apocalypse Island. All his attention had drawn him to this woman in need. Now, he wanted to see if it was as beautiful as he remembered.

Looking back at Alana, he replied. "Yes I would like that."

She smiled and turned away.

Standing, he asked. "Where are you going?"

She looked back at him, confused. "To get dressed."

Waving his hand he dressed her. Alana looked down at her clothes then back at him.

"I don't think this is appropriate to go outside."

Sin appraised the crimson scarves draping her body. They covered her and left glimpses of bare flesh that tantalised the eye. Alana walked to him, the scarves shifting over her body whispering seduction. She wrapped her hands around his bare waist, resting her fingers on the waistband of his loincloth. Sin lowered his head and kissed her. Stroking his tongue in and out, he gently mimicked the way he again wanted to have her. His cock sprang to attention. Alana gasped and stiffened.

Holding her tightly, he whispered. "Shh...hold me and you will be fine."

He waited until he was sure she understood, then he glanced around. He looked across the way at the structure that was being built. The workers he had seen earlier were gone. He turned back to Alana and saw the awe in her face as he shimmered them out of the house. It thrilled him that such a paltry thing could give her pleasure. She reached out, touching the glass of her bedroom window as they floated past the house. Alana glanced down and he followed her gaze, taking in the floor way below. Lazily he floated them further away from the house.

Alana laughed, a joyous captivating sound. Smiling down at her, he watched her take in everything as they floated above Apocalypse Island. He made them invisible and increased their speed. Alana gasped, then let out a rolling laugh as they whizzed around the island. Memories of the past filled him as he looked at the changes to the place he once called home.

Rolling hills of lush vegetation dotted the land. Quaint villages stood in a glimmering backdrop against oceanic views, and exotic animals crept in the shelters of trees. An eagle flew past, pausing to stare at them. Screeching, it nodded its head in acknowledgement.

Sin nodded and returned its greeting. "Sheeuuurrl."

Alana looked at him startled. "You speak 'eagle'?"

He chuckled. "Sort of. Say it with me. Sheeuuurrl."

Frowning, she repeated it with him. "Sheeuuurrl."

The eagle screeched again and flew away.

"That was fantastic." Alana laughed.

He lowered his head and kissed her. Alana's hands tightened around his waist. Kissing her lazily, his feet touched the earth. Raising his head, he looked into her slumberous eyes. Alana pulled away and ran laughing into the structure being built close to the water.

Turning to gaze out at the crystal, clear water, the deity raised his face to the sun. He closed his eyes briefly and gave thanks for his freedom. Opening his eyes, he turned and started forward, only to stop when he saw Alana watching him. There was an intensity in her gaze he found disconcerting. Walking to her, he took her hand and led her inside the partially built structure. They walked for a time before finally stopping by an open area close to the water. Standing behind her, he wrapped his arms around her. She nestled against him. Silently, they gazed at the waves lapping against the shoreline. Alana continued to look intense as she turned to stare up at him.

"I want to see you without all the power. I want to see the real Sin."

His soul clenched. His tongue coated with something he'd first tasted the day he'd been cursed into the tree. Fear.

She waited calmly for his decision. Trust was difficult for him. Trust had led him down the path he'd taken. It was that same trust that had imprisoned him and his brothers inside

the tree for millennia. This woman demanded a trust that he'd long ago vowed to never give again.

Still, staring into her eyes, Sin could not find a way to refuse her.

Slowly he tamped down his power. It scaled back like a soft breeze lowering until it was nothing but him. He watched her eyes and waited for her reaction. A feeling of vulnerability swamped him. It left a bitter taste in his mouth.

Holding up a hand, Alana stumbled backward. Horror shone in her eyes. "Oh god, I don't want you."

Sin's soul shuddered. He stood still as she walked back to him. Alana looked up at him. He waited for more of her condemnation. Suddenly, she laughed and hugged his waist.

"The look on your face was priceless. Did you believe that you would be any less beautiful without the power that makes you who you are?" She looked at him searchingly. "Oh you did." She reached up and cupped his cheek. "Sin what you are isn't about the power you wield. It's about what's in here." She put her hand over his heart.

A blast of heat filled him, warming his soul. Looking into Alana's eyes, he saw what she saw in him and again he was humbled. Alana stepped back and pushed on his chest.

"Lie down and let me show you what pleasure really is."

He sat on the wooden floor. With a thought, he draped the area with plush pillows and spreads.

Alana knelt beside him. Her hand pushed him down until he was lying on his back. Gently she pulled off his loincloth.

Sin raised his hips then resettled as she removed his loincloth. Alana stared at his flaccid cock. She licked her lips and his penis stirred and lengthened. She leaned over, allowing her hair to tickle his stomach and his erection. She looked up at him as her hot mouth sank onto his raging arousal. Sin's head fell back as she sucked him inside her mouth. She enveloped him barely halfway in before the tip of his cock hit the back of her throat. Alana hummed, setting off sensations that made his cock quake and his toes curl. He grabbed her head holding her against him. He had been with many women in his lifetime but none had taken him in the raw. None had ever stripped off his powers.

Alana murmured and sucked strongly on his cock. Her mouth created a sensual vacuum that pushed him toward fulfilment. His cock sank deeper between her lips. She

hummed. Sin groaned, clenching his hand in her hair. Bucking his hips, he heard her choking. He stilled, dropping his hands to his side—shivering, fighting for control.

Taking harsh breaths, he heard her let out a rolling purr. He arched off the floor, throwing his head back as harsh ecstasy filled him. Alana's strong suction coaxed the releases burning in the base of his cock. She slid her mouth off his cock, raking him with her teeth. Sin hissed. His hands scrambling for something to hold onto, he gripped the silken cloth below him as she continued her tortuous glide on and off of him.

Alana stopped, with only the head of his straining shaft in her mouth. She released it with a popping sound. A gust of hot breath scorched across the tip of his penis. Sin roared and bucked in fever. Her heated mouth covered him again in one greedy gulp. She took him deeper into her mouth and Alana purred again deep in her throat. Pleasure scorched him, sending him over the edge into a rip-roaring orgasm. The little power he'd used to keep his cock size maintained burst under the blast of heat. He shuddered as he heard her exclamation of surprise. Looking down through bleary eyes, he realised his tool had shifted back to its massive proportion.

Wrapped both hands around his tremendous cock, she sucked on part of the head. Her hot hands barely reached around its girth. Alana put her mouth over the eye of his penis and sucked down his thick cum—eating greedily. Guttural sounds tore out her throat as she worked.

He watched the fierce ecstasy in her chocolate gaze. A wicked smile curled her lips. Sin groaned as she gently bit his tip. He spurted again and threw back his head. His hands fell weakly to his sides as his body pulsed. Alana continued to suck, demanding more.

He collapsed against the silken sheets. She softly kissed his cock. Groaning, Sin tried to still the spasms still racking him. After sometime, he calmed. A cool cloth pressed against him and he jumped. Glancing down, he saw that Alana was washing him with his loincloth. The look of hunger on her face made him quicken again. With a thought he shrank his cock to her fit. Alana looked at him and shook her head.

"No, this is for you. Enjoy," she purred.

Sin refused to be denied. Raising to his knees, he took the cloth from her hand and threw it to the side. He lifted her and impaled her again on his erect penis. Alana released a wanton sigh. Sin watched her, marvelling at how this human woman had given him heaven.

Rolling his hips, he kissed her, swallowing her ragged gasp. Though she'd humbled him with her unselfishness, he was about to give her a thrill she would never forget.

Locking his hands in her hair, he pulled her head back. Leaning in, he put his lips against the pulse fluttering in her throat. Then, he ran his tongue over it. Biting down, he flicked his tongue and zapped her with his Sinner's Delight. Alana screamed, shuddering uncontrollably. Her pussy clenched, undulated and tightened around his cock. Smiling fiercely, Sin set out to brand his touch into her skin, embodying his soul inside hers.

Alana tried to think but pleasure bombarded her too fast for her to form coherent thought. At the feel of Sin's bite, she bucked. Suddenly, a sizzle licked from where he'd bitten her all the way to her clit. Alana gasped as her pussy contracted wildly around his shaft. The gorgeous god rolled his hips in a devastating motion that caused her heart to sputter. Alana screamed as pleasure such as she had never known hit her.

"Ohhh..." She closed her eyes gripping his shoulders.

Sin thrust upward and his hands tightened in her hair as he pulled her down. He murmured along the side of her neck, using words in a language she did not understand. He shifted, his hips moving in a faster motion. His cock scraped all her walls leaving nothing untouched. His hot breath wafted along her skin. He clenched his hands in her hair. There was slight pleasure-pain as her neck stretched. His tongue burned a path down her throat leaving liquid fire in its wake. Alana tried to understand the sensations bombarding her but they swept her under in a tidal wave. Sin rolled his hips again. Her pussy clutched at him, demanding more and more of his hard thrusts.

Sin continued his sensual mastery. His rolling purrs tingled along her skin. Moaning, Alana clenched her hands into his shoulders. Sin hissed then thrust hard. Pleasure coasted through her. Screaming, she bore down, taking him deeper. Sin pumped feverishly. Shuddering, she rode the orgasm as it continued to pulse through her. His thrusts continued as he rode her pleasure. Slumping forward, she tried to relearn how to breathe. Distantly, she sensed Sin standing and lifting her. Then the feel of silk was below her back. Relaxing, she dimly realised she was in her bedroom. She grazed a kiss on her forehead.

"Sleep, Alana," Sin said.

She was too drained to fight him. Sliding into sleep's comforting arms, Sin's body pressed along hers.



Alana jerked awake as Sin lifted her. Murmuring, she sighed. Sin lifted her, bringing her down, with a gentleness that was more devastating than if he had impaled her. Alana widened her legs sinking all the way to the base of his cock. Sin's hands gripped her hips holding her still.

"Don't move, Alana." His tone was urgent.

She remained still. Her eyes widened as Sin's cock twitched inside of her. Wetness flooded her, soaking them both. Still he did not move. Pressure built inside her. Along with it came the instinct to shift. Sin held her hips still.

Frustration ate at her. "Move."

"Tantric." His voice was intense.

Confused, she looked at him, almost not understanding. Tantric sex. She saw the sweat beading on his forehead. He took a deep breath and released it, holding his body absolutely still. Mimicking him, she breathed with him. Before long their breathing synchronised. The pressure built within her. Sin rested his head on hers. They gazed into each other's eyes. He breathed deeply, his hot breath stroking her lips. She breathed with him. Their breath intermingled while their souls synchronised.

Alana gasped as powerful orgasms flowed over her. His cock twitched inside of her pulsing with his release. Sin groaned a harsh rolling sound. Watching his eyes, she saw them go opaque and then blind as the pleasure pumped from him. Her pussy convulsed wildly over his cock. She closed her eyes letting the sensation of it fill her.

Sin opened bleary eyes and watched her face go slack with pleasure. Breathing deeply, he allowed the release to overtake him. Alana moaned and tried to move. Pressing her body to his, he held her still. Within a moment, her keening wail filled his ears. Her pussy contracted against him wildly. Then, she went still.

The amorous deity had never known a pleasure such as this. Being engulfed within this human who'd shown him so much in their short time together had shown him what true sin could be.

As he watched her sleep, a dark dread crept through him.

When he'd regained corporeal form that morning, he'd been so taken with Alana that he'd scarcely thought of what had become of his three brothers. If they, too, had resumed physical form, they were, doubtlessly, up to no good.

Where in the world are they?

Chapter Six

Secret Pleasures and Other Realms

Alana wriggled in his lap, grinning at the feel of his raging hard-on pressed against her ass. Sounding feeble, she'd begged for a time-out. "Please, Sin. Give me a little break. Tell me about heaven," she prodded. "Tell me about hell."

"All right. I'll allow you a brief rest." He squeezed her closer, and any hint of his erection disappeared. "In fact, while you rest, I'll take you behind the veil. I'll show you whatever you like."

"Really? How can you do that?"

"The power to travel the astral realms is within all of you. Even your house pets have the ability to explore the galaxies." He grazed a warm kiss upon her cheek before he continued. "The Father never intended for you to lose sight of Him. Early on your race was known for stepping out of your physical bodies to commune with the Creator."

The more Sin spoke, the more relaxed and peaceful she became. Though his erotic skills were indeed supreme, Alana found she enjoyed talking to him almost as much as she liked feeling him inside her. In fact, the two sensations were almost the same. Sin had a way of making her feel complete with a touch, or a word. "Tell me what happened. Why can't we see the master anymore?"

He sighed. "You may see Him whenever you choose. It's just that many of you have forgotten how to meet Him. So many of mankind's more spiritually attuned turn to drugs, alcohol and even sex addiction." He chuckled. "Yet none of these things will ever compare to meeting the source of all."

"How do we get there? How can we meet this source?"

"Oh! Well it's the simplest trick of all—and a stronger drug than anything your doctors or dealers could prescribe." Absently, he caressed her nipples. "The secret is breath. Breathing. Pranayama."

Alana rolled her eyes. "You mean like yoga?"

"From what I've seen, at least in the West, yoga has gone from a spiritual practice to an exercise regimen." He smirked. "But yes, extreme forms of bliss and wonderful out-of-body experiences can happen during yoga and meditation."

Alana stretched out on the bed and closed her eyes. "Will you show me how to do it?"

"Where you do you want go? What do you want to see?"

Several moments passed before she was prepared to give an answer. Finally, her voice shaking, she whispered, "I want to go everywhere. I want to see everything."

Sin leaned over Alana and kissed the very top of her head. Slowly, he traced his lips downward, administering the same kiss to her forehead.

She should be feeling very drowsy, now, but wholly relaxed.

Now that Alana's crown and third eye were activated, he continued the process, grazing steaming kisses onto every part of her body that enfolded the chakras: her throat, heart, solar plexus, navel and vagina.

When he administered the last kiss Sin pulled Alana's hand into his. Her breathing had become deep and rhythmic; a cloak of shimmering lavender now surrounded her naked body. Without warning, Alana's hand twitched, or rather, Alana's etheric hand moved and clung tightly to his. He stood pulling the hazy vessel from its shell sending telepathic words of encouragement.

"Sin?" Alana blinked twice, looked down at her body and began to cry. "What happened to me? Am I dead?"

Humans not used to astral travel usually reacted with great fear when first parted from their physical body.

"You're still very much alive."

She looked down at her spirit-body. What she saw made her eyes grow wide as saucers. "I was naked when I feel asleep. Now I'm fully dressed!" Her face seemed to jump between confusion, fright and excitement. "How did that happen?"

He drew her close and enfolded her hand into his. "Would you ever think of boarding a plane while naked?"

"Hell, no!"

"Then why ever would you assume that you'd travel through astral realms while nude? Most people imagine themselves wearing their favourite clothing—nice jeans, by the way," he laughed. "Others, those who like to think themselves more spiritually attuned, prefer to project wearing robes or gowns, usually bright robes in hues of gold, purple or blue."

"Oh."

"Oh," he teased. "I've seen quite a few of your people—I think you call this type exhibitionists—traipsing through the veil in all states of dress. Or undress."

"Yeah? Do you guys laugh at them? Not that you could get away with it, Mr. Loincloth."

"Ha, ha," Sin laughed. "I've never laughed at nude projectors. We usually ignore them. It's obvious they want to be seen. Some of my cousins, though—darker, nastier entities—have been known to mess with soul travellers."

Her voice was a whisper. "How?"

"Mostly practical jokes like transposing weird clothing or objects onto various body parts. But sometimes bad things happen. Just because you leave your body here on earth doesn't mean dangers can't find you. There have been a number of assaults, rapes and murders. Soul snatchings, too."

Alana paled and instinctively looked down at her vulnerable body. "Could I... Could I die up there?"

He caressed her cheek. "Nothing will ever happen to you when you're with me. I promise."

She reached out to touch him, and Sin could tell she was surprised when her hands didn't go through his body.

"I'm kinda scared. But I'm excited, too."

"You don't have to be scared. Just conduct yourself the way you would in life, and you should be fine. Be kind and polite to everyone we meet and ignore or avoid entities and travellers who give you bad vibes."

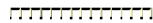
They embraced, and for a moment, they stared into each other's eyes.

Finally, Sin gave her one last tip.

"The only thing that may worry you, at first, is this: In the astral, all your thoughts, all your wishes, all your worst fears, can and often will take shape. But no matter what happens,

Alana remember that you have control over everything you face. You are not without defences. If someone, or something, attacks you, know that you can fight them off, sometimes with just a thought."

Something akin to mischief danced within Alana's dark eyes. "All right, all right. Enough with the lecture. Beam me up, Scotty!"



If your every idle thought could take form and come to life, would you try to stop thinking? Or would you go into thinking overdrive – wishing your will into action, conjuring up your favourite singer or re-imagining yourself as anyone or anything you wanted?

Perhaps you might take a walk on the moon, make love atop the Statue of Liberty, or pop into the Hollywood Hills to sneak a peek at your favourite movie star.

That night, Alana did all of these things.

In her entire life, she'd never experienced such calm, such complete, whole peace, as she did when they climbed – or flew – onto Mount Everest's apex.

Soon they flew higher, dancing among the stars, floating into the vast infinity of space.

Eventually, they came to stand before a magnificent door that seemed to materialise out of the ether of the galaxy. When Alana reached out to touch the crystalline door handle, Sin shook his head and urged her back to his side.

"We cannot enter, Alana."

"Why not?"

He looked upon the entrance with longing. "My father would not like it. I have not visited this place in a very long time and will not attempt to do so without permission."

Before she could make inquiries, the door disappeared, and once again, the soul travellers stood among the stars.

In a blink of an eye, they went around the world and other places in between. Though Sin had tried to explain how time worked – or didn't – in the astral, Alana couldn't grasp his meaning until she found herself standing in Disney World one moment and ogling the Eiffel Tower within the next.

Often when they passed other travellers, she tried to reach out to them, to converse about this outstanding experience. "Why won't she talk to us, Sin? I said 'hi' like five times, but she won't talk to me."

"She's a sleepwalker, Alana. She probably doesn't realise where she is." Sin took her hand, and together, they approached the woman with the sleepy eyes. "See how slack her face is? She doesn't even know she's here."

Moments later, she experienced something even more troublesome than the sleeping projector. For whatever reason, her subconscious had gone into overdrive, getting the better of her, taking her to a place she wouldn't ordinarily visit.

Her mother's gravesite.

"I didn't want to come here," she whispered.

Sin touched her arm. "Some part of you did."

"No!" She flinched away and wrapped her arms around herself. She needed protection against the memories and pain.

Alana looked around the cemetery and saw that not everything was as it appeared to be. Somehow, all of the other plots had disappeared, almost as if they had vanished into the soil. When she looked back at her mother's gravestone she saw that it had grown up and out, taking on epic proportions, morphing into more of a monument than a tombstone.

An anguished howl lurched from her throat, and she fell to her knees. Slowly, she ran trembling fingers over the words etched into the stone.

Here lies Mariel Lindquist Dorchester

Beloved Wife and Mother

Born July 28, 1952

Died January 10, 1984

Though Sin stood only a few inches behind her, a hollow loneliness seeped into her heart. "This is only the second time I've visited her grave."

"Why?"

She closed her eyes, stilling herself before answering. Otherwise she would have choked upon the violent, unshed tears that threatened to erupt from the depths of her aching

soul. "My father wouldn't let me. Mommy... My mother died when I was five. She killed herself."

"I'm sorry, Alana."

"Yeah, me too." Feeling steadier, she opened her eyes again and looked at the grave. It seemed to be shrinking as she spoke, returning to its true dimensions. "My mother killed herself on my fifth birthday because her German father refused to come to my birthday party."

Sin approached. He reached out to comfort her.

But she reeled back. "No. I'm all right. It's her. It's her fault. She wasn't all right. She hated the fact her family would never accept her black husband and child." She laughed, a nasty, maniacal giggle that kept her tears at bay. "Silly woman. She got mad because her daddy was finally visiting the States and wouldn't come to see her. She had a breakdown in front of me, my friends and most of the neighbourhood. Then, she locked herself in her bedroom with a gun."

This time, when Sin reached for her, she didn't push him away. She stood and buried her face into his broad chest. "She didn't love me enough to stay alive. She didn't love my father at all," she growled. "And my father still doesn't love me. He gives me everything I ask for, but he's never loved me. He can barely bring himself to look at me."

"Alana—"

"Don't try to console me, Sin. Please." She pulled her head back and looked into his eyes. Her stomach bunched into knots when she saw the pure love shining in them. *Every time he looks at me like that, I feel like I could die happy.*

Already, she loved him. And for once in her life, she didn't fear any repercussion or loss.

Sin brought her palm to his lips. "Let's go home."

"Sounds good to me."

When Alana blinked again, she found herself lying atop her bed. Sin wrapped his arms around her, and she drifted into unconsciousness.

Chapter Seven

Astral Role-play and Sexual Delights

Alana woke just after midnight.

She snuggled her backside against the body behind her, but a difference of form and shape alarmed her. When she turned to see why Sin's body felt so different, she saw she'd been spooning with a woman!

Alana stared at her, sure this was the same woman she'd bumped into during her trip through the astral realms. But something was different about her now. Something had changed.

And where the hell is Sin?

The woman opened her eyes and spoke. But the voice she used sounded deeper than Alana ever would have imagined. And, it sounded familiar.

Sin?

"You're a woman, now?"

"Well, I saw —"

Alana shook her head. "If you're gonna wear a woman's body, then you'd better wear her voice, too. Otherwise, it's too weird."

Sin laughed. When he spoke again, his voice sounded light, feminine and possessed a decidedly Californian accent.

"I saw the way you looked at her during our brief tour of L.A."

Alana blushed. "I don't know what you're talking about!"

"Liar!" Sin, who wore the body of a five-foot-ten-inch supermodel, hefted a pillow at her. "I can read your thoughts, remember? And your thoughts definitely had some ideas about Miss Top Model."

"Oh, Lord!" She sat beside him—*her*—and stared at the face of the model whose rounded curves and girlish beauty had obsessed her for years. "Damn. You look just like her."

"Thank you."

"You didn't possess her body or anything, did you? Are we breaking some kind of rule, here?"

Sin tossed back his newly acquired red-brown hair and batted green, cat-like eyes. "Nope. She's fine. Halfway around the world filming her talk show as we speak."

Feeling a little shy, Alana reached out to touch a supple cheek; then one, large, delectable breast. "I've always thought her skin would feel like satin. Turns out, I was right," she giggled.

The Sinful Supermodel pouted. "Don't you want to explore a little more deeply?"

"I've never been with a woman before," she admitted. "I wouldn't know how to begin."

"Come closer, Alana. I'm sure the rest will come to you..."

Every part of Alana's body screamed for Sin's touch, and she melted completely when Sin began peeling off the red bikini that covered her beautiful, borrowed, sienna flesh. She reached out, caressing the other woman's hair and neck, whispering words both wicked and kind to spur her on.

"Wow. I just like looking at you. I like touching you. I can't find anything wrong with you." Her pupils dilated. The desire in her voice dripped freely. "You're so beautiful, that I just want to look at you."

Sin pouted. "You're not going to leave me for a woman, are you?"

Alana laughed. "Why leave you for a woman when you can become one?" She jumped upon her man-woman and pressed a kiss onto its perfect, supermodel mouth.

This is exactly what Sin had wanted, how he'd imagined it. Even though he'd willed this action into place, he had no control over it but instead was swept away in the building storm.

Alana became open and playful, peppering him with kisses that delighted every part of his body. He welcomed the intensity of her touch, thrilled at her curiosity and child-like exploration of another woman's body. Though he'd lost count of how many women he'd watch make love to one another, the experience was always a revelation to him. And on the few occasions he'd stepped inside a woman's flesh, as he had on this night, he'd always been amazed by the gentle but no less passionate ardour he experienced when being made love to in female form.

He straddled Alana, using his tongue to move down the length of her wet open pussy. Her hot pink cunt flowered open, suckling his mouth, giving and receiving moist kisses of the most intimate kind.

He revelled in his human's taste and smell, rubbing his nose against her trembling thighs and using his whole tongue to lick her aching lips from top to bottom. He'd bring the squirming woman beneath him to the brink many times before finally allowing her to let go.

Chapter Eight

Love and Other Things Left Unfinished

"Happy Anniversary, Alana. Twenty-four hours ago we first met."

She opened her eyes, groaned and shoved her head beneath a pillow. "Close the blinds, please. My head feels like it's about to explode and my body aches. I feel like I was hit by a truck. Or a six-foot-tall sex demon."

"Want me to hit you, again?"

"Do you even have to ask?" She smiled into the pillow. Rolling over, she propped herself up on an elbow. "I'll need some breakfast, first."

"What do you have to eat? Would you like me to whip up something?"

Her mouth fell open. "You can cook too? You eat?" Was there anything this superman couldn't do? Her stomach grumbled her assent. "You're too good to be true."

He stood, stretched and ran his hands through his long, blonde hair. "Why does my ability to cook surprise you? Who do you think it was who taught the first men to make the first pans and utensils? I'm no mere sexual being, Alana." His eyes hardened appearing to her like bitter chips of ice. "My brother Lust showed your people how to make fire. It was he—greedy, hungry, horny little bastard that he is—who taught the first men what plants to use to spice your foods. He forged the first iron skillets and woks."

Damn, she thought. He thinks I just like him for his doggy-style...

Sin stood at the foot of her bed, flexing adorably and looking a lot like a wounded child. Alana had to stop herself from laughing out loud. Apparently being immortal and divine was not enough to make this being feel secure. His ego, like every other part of him, was huge and needed stroking.

Suddenly, she began to see him as a suitable replacement for the meal she wanted. "You're not mad, are ya, baby?"

Though he made a show of pouting, his gorgeous eyes mirrored his good humour. "Only a little."

"Well, I'm going to have to make it up to you then."

“And how are you going to do that, Alana?”

“How do you want me to?” She scooted down the length of the bed, positioning herself in the middle. She lifted her legs over her body parting them in a perfect V-shape. She grew wet from just the sight of his perfectly structured body, so much so that her hot juices trickled onto the sheets.

“Damn, baby girl. That’s hot!”

A very tall, very built, very handsome man stood in Alana’s doorway, watching the action. His wide, expressive face was so chiselled, so defined, that each feature appeared to have been sculpted out of bronze marble. His close-cropped hair stood up in careless spikes along his perfectly proportioned head, almost as if he’d used his fingers instead of a comb to style it. He was bigger than Sin—taller, wider, more muscular but seemed younger and less mature. He wore a snug, green military-inspired tee shirt and loose-fitting camouflage pants.

Alana screamed, dove beneath her sheets and hefted a pillow at the intruder. “Who the hell are you?”

Sin rolled his eyes and crossed rippling arms across his massive chest. “Lust! I swear I mention your name once, and you appear like I summoned you, or something.”

“Great to see ya, man.” The second Horsemen walked into the bedroom and embraced his older brother. “I woulda knocked, but—”

“But you like nothing better than walking in at the worst possible time,” Sin grunted.

“You two are brothers?” Alana stopped shivering long enough to ask the question. “You’re like Sin?” Her heartbeat quickened, and for a brief moment, guilt crept into her belly. Immediately, an irresistible attraction toward this deeply tanned redhead with the devilish smile consumed her. *But should I feel guilty?*

“Am I like Sin?” he echoed. “I think I’m a lot better than Sin. Lust is better; ask anyone. After all, the wages of Sin is Death!”

Alana stifled a giggle at what she witnessed next. Sin, the annoyed, elder brother, smacked Lust—hard—on the back of his pretty, rust-coloured head.

“Hey!”

“Why are you here, Lust? And where are the others?”

The younger entity rolled his deep, green eyes and looked to the floor. “Well, if you’d keep your giant mitts to yourself I’d tell you.”

"Just tell me."

"Fine," he huffed. "Well, it seems that Strife is on the prowl again."

"I was afraid you were going to tell me that."

"There's more."

Sin sank onto the bed and dropped his head into his hands. "What is it?"

"He's causing a lot of trouble, as you might imagine." Lust shrugged. "He's found himself a real hottie somewhere in the United States. Anyway, like yourself, that dude wastes no time. Since yesterday, they've met, fallen in lust and are presently shacking up."

"So?"

"Soooo, he and his girl have gone all Bonnie and Clyde. They've already killed her boyfriend and one of her uncles." Lust shook his head. "You know how he works, dude. Once he's done alienating and killing this chick's family and friends, she'll be..."

"Next," Sin finished. "I really, really thought Strife had gotten over that...fetish. Where is he staying?"

"Some place called Brooklyn. I would go try to stop him, but—"

"But you have other things to attend to. Right, brother?"

Alana feeling ignored and forgotten watched the exchange from her corner of the bed. She expected embarrassment or shame to show up on the younger creature's face, but she saw none of these there. Instead a kind of smug defiance asserted itself making him seem all the more amoral.

Lust laughed and turned to her. Purposefully, he scanned every inch of her body.

She shivered. Though a sheet covered her, she was certain he'd seen everything she had to offer. And if his sexy smile as any indicator, he'd liked what he saw. A lot.

"I gotta go, bro." The uninvited entity patted his brother on the back. "Take care of yourself, and your new lady friend."

"Where are you going?" Sin demanded. His voice had grown thick with anger. He clenched and unclenched his meaty fists at his sides.

Lust winked at his brother before disappearing into a torrent of bright red light.

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Ten agonising minutes passed before Alana and Sin could speak.

Alana's chest tightened as she fought to find words that could express her feelings. Her life had changed so radically, so magically in the span of a day and it was all because of Sin.

"I know you have to leave," she whispered. "And I understand."

"I don't want to go, Alana."

She sat at the top of the bed with her head against the black marble headboard. From her position, she had a clear view of the muscles in Sin's back—bunching and knotting, flexing and crunching.

She wanted so much to reach out to him, to hold him against her body and beg him not to go. But she was determined to not allow her selfish needs to come before Sin's duties—whatever those duties might be.

She pulled her knees up to her chest and hugged herself trying to rock away her panic. "How long will you be gone?"

He was by her side in an instant pulling her into his arms. He kissed her eyelids, her nose and her waiting, moist mouth.

She straddled him locking her legs around his rock-hard midsection and latched clawed fingers into his thick shimmering hair.

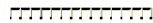
Desperation filled his touch. He rested her against the bed. He pushed forward sinking deep within her. She moaned.

Sin pumped into her, his thrusts insistent. Wrapping her legs around his hips, Alana clamped her hands on his ass. He turned his head, his lips searching for hers. Shifting to meet him, Alana relinquished her whole being to him.

Groaning, she rotated her hips countering his motion. Tears burned her eyes, and she closed them knowing this was goodbye. Sinking deeper into his kiss, her tears rained down her cheeks, mingling with their kiss. Undulating her hips, she pushed down on him. The soft fall of tears hit her face. Opening her eyes Alana met Sin's and realised he was crying. Watching the sorrow on his face she moved with him as their tears mingled. Pleasure burst out of her. Arching her back, she clenched her legs tighter around him. Sin murmured against her lips, continuing to kiss her as his release took him over the edge.

She held him as he shuddered. Sin collapsed, sliding down her body until his head lay on her breast. Alana's hand cupped his head. The hot wash of his tears drenched her skin.

He went slack in her arms. Looking at him she saw that he'd fallen asleep. The tear streaks on his face made her heart clench. Pushing at him gently, she stilled as he murmured and rolled off her. Sin curled away, continuing to sleep. Alana rose from the bed. Grabbing her robe she shrugged into it and looked back at him once more. Turning, she walked to the door and left the room.



Sin woke, fear pounding in his throat. He kept his eyes closed afraid of what he'd see. He couldn't take it if he was still in the tree and the interlude with Alana hadn't been real.

It couldn't have been a dream. Feeling the bed below him, Sin relaxed. Slowly, he opened his eyes. Chocolate brown eyes gazed down at him calmly. Sitting up, he rested his back against the headboard. His throat thickened with what he must say. He watched her eyes as he spoke.

"I don't know when I'll return, Alana. But I'll make this vow to you. When you see me again, take comfort in the knowledge that I will have rid the world of Strife. If I should not return, take comfort in the knowledge that I love you."

"If you think I'll stay behind like some meek little woman then you're delusional." Alana raised an eyebrow.

He was surprised. He started to shake his head when he looked at her realising she was dressed. Glancing behind her, he saw the suitcases by the window. Looking at her, he saw the stubborn tilt of her chin.

"I can't take you with me, Alana. Strife is dangerous," he warned.

"I didn't ask your permission, Sin."

She collected a slip of paper from her nightstand. Dropping it on his chest, she stepped back. When he saw that it was a flight confirmation, his lips thinned. Reading the destination, he laughed.

"You really are a handful."

"Yes. I don't appreciate you thinking you would leave me here, Sin."

Knowing the way of women, the powerful being rolled off the bed and stood. He clothed himself with a thought and reached for her. Alana slapped at his hands. He refused

to be dissuaded. Grabbing her, he pulled her into him. He kissed her thoroughly. Alana went limp. Smiling, Sin kissed the pulse in her throat. Alana jerked from him slapping her hand on her neck.

Narrowing her eyes, she turned and looked at the mirror across the room. "What the heck is this?" She pointed to the mark on her neck.

Sin studied the ancient glyph now branding her flesh. Rocking back on his heels, he grinned.

"Since you want to come with me, it's only appropriate for you wear my mark." He shrugged, fighting a laugh.

Alana's eyes blazed at him. "What about a mark for you?"

Touching her hand he gave her a ball of power. She looked at him in confusion.

"What do you want it to say?" Looking deep in her eyes, he saw a devilish sparkle.

Alana lashed out, slapping the pulse in his neck. He winced as the mark fused into his skin. She grinned and turned, grabbing her bag on the way to the door. Looking at the mirror, he laughed.

*Hands off unless you want an ass whipping.*

Alana was watching him. "That's so those women in New York know they can look but not touch. Bring my bag."

The glyph fused to his flesh was in the ancient language. Leaving her bags, he followed her. Alana waited by the front door. Her look clearly said 'where are my bags'. Walking toward her, Sin saw her eyes drop to the mark.

"I feel it's more appropriate," he chuckled, wrapping his arms around her waist. He kissed her nose.

She placed her hand over the mark, looking at him with shining eyes. "Yes it is. I love you my Alana's Sin."

He laughed and kissed her. Raising his head he opened the door and stepped outside. He brought her close to him. "Hold on."

A wind whipped around them as their journey began.

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And so Alana joined Sin as he blazed forth upon the earth, seeking Strife, his errant and bloodthirsty brother.

Rage, the fourth Horsemen, remained in hiding. He stayed out of sight, simmering with anger — plotting and planning.

Lust, the youngest Horsemen, did not seek a fight. Nor did he wish for reunion with the master. What he desired most was good food and a great woman. He found both. But in finding his woman, Lust found something he had not been seeking.

Trouble.

About the Authors

Layne Blacque grew up in Brooklyn, NY. She's a freelance writer whose articles on relationships, pop culture and the paranormal appear in popular magazines and web sites.

Blending contemporary issues with high-voltage drama, Layne is best known for writing about blue-collar heroes and the sassy women who love them. When feeling whimsical, she plots escapist fantasies showcasing gods and monsters that rule and rampage through our world and other realities. A keen observer of pop culture, she can often be seen balancing her laptop upon her knees in front of her television set. To learn more about Layne, visit her website.

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Taige Crenshaw has been enthralled with the written word from the time she picked up her first book. It wasn't long before she started to make up her own tales of romance.

Her novels are set in the modern day between people who know what they want and how to get it. Taige also sets her stories in the future with vast universes between beautiful, strange and unique beings with lots of spice and sensuality added to her work.

Always hard at work creating new and exciting places Taige can be found curled up with a hot novel with exciting characters when she is not creating her own. Join her in the fun and frolic, with interesting people and far reaches of the world in her novels.

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