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WICKED

Morgan Sierra

The Fallen 2 Dominance



The Fallen 2:

Dominance

By

Morgan Sierra

Dominance by Morgan Sierra

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Dominance

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Dedication

To May. I love you.
To Rubi Jayne. Write on.

Chapter One

“You’ve been thinking about me, Bailey.”

She bit down on her bottom lip until the pain reminded her to breathe. She wouldn’t answer him. He already knew that she couldn’t get him out of her mind. One week of waiting for him to show up whenever he wanted. One week of wrestling with the consequence of having sex with him. One week of wanting him to take her again, despite it all.

The soft cotton of her panties slid down her thighs as he dragged them over her heated flesh with agonizing slowness. Over her knees. Past her toes. With each inch they traveled, her heartbeat thundered a hundred times in the moonlit room.

In a brief moment of panic, she wished she knew how to pray. She wanted to pray for guidance on how to deny this demon—this angel—whose possessive touch drove her to distraction.

He nudged her thighs apart with cool fingers, and she forgot the need to pray.

“So sweet,” Caleb whispered. The heat from his icy blue eyes made her stomach tighten. He glanced at her face, freezing her in place with his intensity before looking down on her naked sex again.

Her breath caught in her chest the moment his finger dragged over her dark curls. There was a long, tortuous stroke over the soft inside of her thigh before he cupped her warmth. He kept his hand there as if encouraging patience for what was to come. Then his palm flattened against her, and the pressure made her hips jerk.

"Ah, the female gender... Adam never had a chance." He chuckled to himself before he stood to loosen the ties on his linen pants.

To watch as his large hands nimbly tugged on the tie, then pushed impatiently at the waistband hugging the hard cut of his abdomen. To run her tongue hungrily over her parched lips when his proud cock was uncovered. To moan with anticipation when at last he stood before her, his muscles vibrating with tension, wings spread in majesty, wild abandon in his eyes. To do all of these things spoke volumes of her addiction to him. She should have wanted to look away, but his beauty kept her mesmerized.

The muscles of his biceps flexed when he crawled onto the foot of the bed. In the dim room, he seemed to capture all of the light, his spread wings shining. Starting at her feet, he visually traced over her body, pausing only when their eyes met. The iridescent glow from his stare snapped her mind back to reality.

"Stop!" Bailey cried. This was insane. She knew this creature. Knew his wicked intentions, and she'd almost given in. *Again.*

Caleb's eyes narrowed, his upper lip curled. "Stop?" The light, mocking echo belied the anger simmering beneath his surface.

Feeling less brazen, she tried again. "Stop." This time, she spoke softly, as if she was less sure of herself. She was sickened by it.

"What is it that I should stop doing?" His voice hardened. "This?" Before she could react, he reached between her spread thighs and slid a finger over her hardened clit. With the delicious bark of sensation, she clutched the bed sheets, gripping them until her hands hurt. The cry she wanted to voice caught in her throat.

"Or is it this?" His mouth came down on the peak of her breast, pulling at the nipple with an urgency that made her back arch. Teeth that shone brilliantly the few times he'd smiled at her, scraped over the sensitive area. His cock grazed her thigh, its heaviness teasing her.

Then he was at her mouth, breathing over her as if she were his very air. With a gentleness she'd never before seen from him, he whispered, "Or, my sweet daughter of Eve, is it this?"

Their mouths met in the most tender moment of passion Bailey had

ever experienced. His lips upon hers were like the butterfly kisses she once innocently shared with her cousins. He gave her soft, sweeping brushes that slowed her heartbeat, making her ache with the need to touch him more, harder. By the time he pulled away, she'd elevated herself on her elbows. She arched her back, thrusting her breasts out to him, yearning to feel him pressed against her.

The realization of what she was doing struck her, and a chill swept down her spine. Despite her best intentions, Caleb was ever the seducer.

His lips curved into a smile as he peered down on her with hooded eyes. He asked, "Do you still want me to stop?"

Never before did a simple nod feel as foreign or hated as in this moment. She did it though. Dipping her chin, she kept her gaze locked on his.

His wings flapped gently behind him. Lazily, they stirred the air, perfuming the room with the headiness of her sex. He sat back on his haunches, positioned between her thighs, his gaze lingering on her moist pussy still on display.

"You've been thinking about me, Bailey," he said after a moment.

"I'm pregnant with your child. You haven't given me much choice." He was the one to tell her she was pregnant. She had no reason to doubt him, so she thought about him often. Thought about the seduction into his arms. The decision he had forced on her.

He chuckled softly. *Sweet heaven.* Even his laugh was suggestive. "That isn't what I meant. You've been thinking...About. Me." He tapped on her mons twice to emphasize the point.

She should have known. He said he would watch over her. Watch over the mother of his unborn child. He was sure to be watching a few days later when she got over her initial shock and caught herself reliving their moments together. Last night, when she'd given in to the raging storm of emotions living under her skin, he would have been watching too.

Well, to hell with him. She was pregnant. Not dead.

"Since *I* must stop, by all means, why don't *you* finish what was started?" he continued.

Bailey looked into his intoxicating eyes. They were part of the reason she was in this mess to begin with. Combined with flawless skin, an aquiline nose, and lips that begged to be licked, she'd met trouble. The sweep of dark hair curled by his neck made her want to run her fingers through it. When it draped over his shoulders just *so*, all she could envision were her fingers threading through it as he pumped into her.

With a bit of skepticism, she asked, "And you won't touch me?"

"No, daughter of Eve. I'm content to just watch for now. I won't force myself on you. I don't need to."

No, he didn't need to. She was like a moth to his flame. But could she elicit the same reaction from him? Could she make him want *her* so badly he lost all restraint? The very fact that he was back in her bed hinted that she could.

That stronghold would elicit just the tiniest bit of justice for her. And damn it, it was her justice to obtain.

"Then, Caleb, by all means, sit back and watch."

Chapter Two

A blush traveled from her scalp to end probably somewhere near her toes. The way he looked down on her encouraged her through the timidity though. He might have considered himself above humans, but right now, the hungry look said he was *all man*.

Bailey swung her legs across his lap and to the side of the bed. She glanced around. "We need some ambiance. Can you change the room? Like you did before?"

Before she could react, she found herself sitting on a rock's ledge, the salty tang of the ocean tickling the back of her throat. Her toes pressed against cool, wet sand. Without looking too closely at her surroundings, she recognized the cavern from before.

"No." She shook her head. "Something simpler. A dark room, some mood lighting, and a nice, big bed."

The cavern disappeared as quickly as it had appeared. She sat now on a plush bed covered in a soft, filmy material. The light blue of it reminded her of sea foam. Fringed pillows, their pale color again reminding her of the ocean, decorated one end of the bed. She had a feeling that if she luxuriated in the sensual feel of the fabric, she would be able to imagine herself floating on waves.

"And you have to sit over there."

With an indulgent glint in his eyes, Caleb stood and walked to the chair that suddenly appeared and faced the bed. When he sat, he perched on the very edge like a tiger about to pounce on its prey.

Something about him was different this time, but she couldn't put her finger on what. Last time, he seemed more unknowledgeable about women and sex. This time, something in his manner proclaimed him the master and her the student. Still, curiosity colored his confidence, and she wanted to take advantage of that.

Gathering her courage, Bailey climbed down and stood in front of the bed. She closed her eyes and let her imagination run loose.

In her mind, it was his hand that slid across her breast. She cupped its roundness, smoothing over the soft skin. With her eyes closed, she traced over the dusky areola. Her mouth parted as she circled it, her nipple coming to life in response to the light stimulation.

A timeless song played for her as she imagined Caleb doing these things to her. It was to this tune that she danced for him. Moved her body in a sensual rhythm to match the soundless beat.

She crossed to the other breast, teasing over the sensitive areas expertly. Her back arched under her touches. Using both hands now, she pulled harder, allowing the delicate bites of pain to send tingles of anticipation down her belly. Her pebbled nipples ached, her breasts growing heavier. The dusky tips called to her. If they could do that to her while she caressed them, the thought of what they looked like and therefore, might be doing to Caleb, inspired her further.

Widening her stance, she rocked her hips from side to side. Slick moisture coated the insides of her thighs, indicating the trail that led straight to her core. While fingers on one hand rolled a nipple, the others snaked down, across her belly.

She opened her eyes to see Caleb lean forward in his chair, as if hypnotized by the slow twirl she made through the curls of her mons. His eyes darkened, the amazing blue replaced by the hue of his true nature. Still, it excited her. To see the lust so evident in the slow, shuddering breaths he took, and the way his cock hung heavy and glistening. He probably didn't even realize he held the chair with a white knuckled grip that threatened to bend the metal.

All of it fascinated her. Encouraged her.

She slid her hand between her thighs, curling two fingers into

herself. Caleb huffed a quick breath each time they plunged into her depths. The pleasure of it shocked her. Not the physical act, but the sense of power she wielded over him. He probably imagined his fingers replacing hers, to be followed by his cock impaling her. The dark angel was intoxicated by her, by sex.

Not breaking rhythm, she strode toward him, stopping only when she was close enough to feel the heat radiating from his body. He said he wouldn't touch her, but his body language suggested he'd been plucked taut. A frayed thread of control could snap at any moment and he'd attack.

She couldn't wait.

She brought her face within inches of his. No time like the present to taunt him. Her fingers glistened when she removed them from her sopping pussy. Looking deep into his eyes, she sucked her fingers into her mouth. He ran his tongue over his lips as she used hers to lick every drop of her essence. Then she pulled them out with a soft sound.

Her finger traced a lazy circle over her nipple, leaving behind a wet trail, before she reached for her pussy again. This time when she pulled them out, she placed her fingers on his lips. Caleb's head rolled from side to side, her moisture smearing over his mouth. His pink tongue traced over his lips, tasting the sweet tanginess of her body.

"You tease me to what end?" His husky words betrayed the proud and measured control flaring in his eyes.

She didn't respond. Straddling his thighs, she hovered above him. Her breasts raked against his bare chest, her sensitive nipples screaming in pleasure. In a flash of remembrance, she reached for the place where his wings met his back and stroked gently. This time, he arched toward her, a slow hiss escaping from between his clenched teeth.

When he clasped her hip and pulled her toward his waiting erection, it was her turn to moan. She gasped, "You said you wouldn't..."

"I said I wouldn't force myself on you." He pulled her down until his cock nudged against her tight opening. She sank onto him, taking the dusky head into her body. "Should I stop?"

For Christ's sake. How the hell did she end up here again? She

wanted him inside her, needed him there. He knew it. It was why her body shuddered in uncontrolled jerks that pulled him in deeper. Each inch that slid inside was an agonizing, yet ecstatic reminder that she gave in to him. Burned for him as much as he yearned for her. By the time she caught her breath and sorted her thoughts, she'd taken in all of him.

Like a moth to his fucking flame.

A blush crept over her cheeks. She murmured, "No."

Chapter Three

She wrapped her legs around his waist as he stood. He carried her, impaled on his cock, with ease. After only a few long strides, he stopped. His mouth found hers for a heart-wrenching kiss that made her breath catch. So filled with lust, yet gentle.

Her pulse thundered when he lowered her to the posh bed. He followed her in a graceful movement that kept their bodies connected. When he began to slide in and out, her eyes rolled back. He felt so damned good inside of her...so heavenly. The thought reminded her of what he'd shown her before. The true Caleb.

"Ch-change for me." She stuttered the words without trepidation, but more so with curiosity coursing through her. He'd shown her his true form before. She fucked him now knowing the celestial façade above her hid something akin to a nightmare. Still, she wanted to see him.

Caleb searched her eyes. She tilted her chin toward him, encouraging him to find the reason for her request in the way she held him, looked upon him. The child growing within her connected them now. She would know its father in his fundamental form.

He dropped his head and muttered against her hair, "Are you sure, Bailey?"

Grasping his shoulders tightly as a wave of pleasure washed over her, she nodded. He slid his hand between their bodies and stroked over her clit. Her hips vaulted from the bed at the electricity he sparked. Still, he did not relent. As he drove into her with increasing speed, his fingers

danced over her, manipulating her into grinding against him, taking even more of him.

“Oh, God, Caleb!”

He slammed into her now with vicious accuracy, as if the sweet place inside of her demanded all of his attention.

“Not God, Bailey.... Not God.”

She grasped him by the sensitive area beneath his wing, and he groaned. His wings spread behind him and the sight was awe-inspiring. She realized vaguely it was the image he wanted her to have of him. The one she would never forget. His blue eyes radiating, his black hair falling over his shoulders, and his wings shadowing both of their writhing bodies.

He grinned down at her then stroked her clit again. She cried out as a downpour of heaven itself suddenly raced through her. In that moment, in the haze of pleasure, he shifted.

For the briefest moment, Caleb was replaced by the dark demon she'd seen only once before. It rode with her through an orgasm that kept going, that would not stop. It was all consuming and unending. A surge of adrenaline pushed her over yet another wave, and she thought she would die from the sheer exhaustive bliss of it.

Then Caleb, the angelic Caleb, was in her arms again.

He threw his head back, corded muscles straining as he went rigid. Bailey screamed hoarsely as his cock swelled and then emptied into her. He clutched her hips beneath him, holding her down as his essence jetted against her womb. She wrapped her legs tighter around him, moaning each time her pussy pulled even more from him. When at last she thought she could take no more, she fell back into the bed. He collapsed on top of her, his breath puffing against the crook of her neck. Finally, with a low groan, he extracted himself and rolled onto his side next to her.

For several minutes, the only sounds in the room were their panting breaths struggling to achieve normalcy. Although her limbs still felt too heavy to move, she turned to look at him. Something nagged at her.

Almost shyly, she said, “Tell me more about you, Caleb. I should

know more about you and why you are here."

"Why I'm here? Because I can be." He said it as if the response explained everything.

She released a slow, impatient breath. "You said what we're doing is forbidden. But you're here again. Heaven knows I'm thankful for it, but I really need to know...why?"

"Do you always do what you're told, Bailey?"

She noticed that he referred to her as *daughter of Eve* less and by her actual name more. "No, of course not. But surely there will be consequences. We're not talking about being sent to detention or having an allowance taken away for a month type consequences. We're talking, it don't get no bigger. I mean, what does that mean for me? For you?"

"Are you asking because you're concerned for you...or for me?"

Heat flooded her face because she really wasn't sure of the answer. She replied, "I just want to know."

"Any and all consequences are mine to bear. God would not harm you or our child. He doesn't have that type of punishment for His children in him. Not like He used to."

She propped herself on an elbow. "But what would happen to you?"

"Nothing that I'm not prepared to face. Now, enough questions that have no true answers. Lie next to me." He pulled her close until she was tucked almost under him. "I like the sound of your heart beating. It soothes me."

The ceiling fan of her room circled lazily above them. She hadn't noticed the shift back to her bedroom, but the familiar surroundings settled her. Caleb's arm draped across her midriff. He stroked his hand across her belly at intervals.

Should she be this content? It didn't seem right somehow. Yet, she curled against him in the satisfied glow that lovers shared.

"I know this is very girly and all, but now I really want to know what you're thinking about," she said a few minutes later.

"Nephilum."

She turned to him. "What?"

"Our child is called Nephilum. The offspring of a human and an angel. Ours is not the first and will probably not be the last."

Something *had* changed about him. Last week, he'd been punishing in his vehemence against humans. Now, he seemed almost...happy. It surprised her a great deal. "You really are looking forward to this, aren't you?"

He looked into her eyes. "Are you?"

He'd made no promises about her future. She was a single woman, living somewhat comfortably in her small home. News about passing her board exams hadn't yet arrived, but when it did, her income would increase. She had a sister she communicated with via email, only a handful of friends. To become a mother? The idea thrilled and terrified her at the same time.

"I don't know, Caleb." She chewed on her bottom lip.

He pressed his lips to her forehead. "Fair enough, Bailey."

Chapter Four

After a few minutes of silence, she rifled her fingers absently through some of his feathers. He trembled through each touch, his hands clenching.

"So sensitive," she murmured to herself. His reaction to the strokes encouraged her to continue. His eyelids fluttered. He inhaled great, big shuddering breaths only to release them with a slow hiss a moment later.

Feeling bold, she dipped her head and caught his nipple between her teeth. Nibbling on it, she maintained her contact with his feathers, which shifted and unfolded around her fingers. He grasped her free hand and brought it near his belly to his hardening cock. Their fingers entwined, together they stroked him to full rigidity.

She released his nipple and trailed moist kisses over his chest and along his abdomen. He sucked in his belly as her tongue trailed further down, flattening the fine wisps of hair pointing her to the object of her intent. His musky scent consumed and aroused her. She sucked him into her mouth, the tanginess of their previous coupling exploding on her tongue.

He removed her hand from his to wind his fingers through her hair. His hips rolled, forcing more of his length down her throat. She slid over him, relishing his fragile restraint as he pushed on her head, his pelvis thrusting upwards at the same time.

They'd played push and pull with control all evening. Until now, he always won. He could keep her teetering on an edge until she couldn't

stand it anymore and broke down. Now, as she held him in her mouth, the balance of power shifted. His low moans and frantic breathing reminded them both of who teetered now.

With a delicate touch, she rolled his balls in her fingers, and his stomach clenched at the sensation. His hips continued to undulate, his thrusts becoming more animated. She maintained her rhythm, flattening her tongue against him, savoring the salty evidence of his arousal.

“Bailey...” he gasped.

Relaxing her throat, she pulled him deeper. With her hand still resting on his tight sac, she pressed a finger into the space that would trigger his release. When it came a moment later, he cried out. She swallowed his spend as he exploded in her mouth. He shivered violently as she worked over him, his hips elevated, his cock as far inside as she could take him. By the time he released his hold on her hair, she bobbed in a slow, gentle rhythm over him. His hips descended as if exhausted, and she followed him down until he trembled no more.

When she pulled away with a soft popping noise, the smile she wore could have lit a city block. She fell onto her back next to him and chuckled.

He glanced at her. “Enjoyed that, did you?”

“You did,” she shot back.

Caleb said nothing, and that should have triggered her suspicion.

In the space of a blink, she lay in the dark room and on the bed he previously provided for her. Only this time, she lay spread, her arms and legs bound to the corners. Caleb crawled over her, stopping when his face hovered inches above hers. His eyes changed to the color of midnight again.

“You will scream for me, daughter of Eve.” He slanted his mouth over hers, devouring her in a kiss that made her toes curl. By the time he pulled away, her breath caught in her chest. His lips curved into a wicked grin. “You will scream my name when you come. Scream until you can’t...”

An exhilarating thrill spread over her like wildfire. *Heaven above*, if the look on Caleb’s face didn’t testify to his salacious intent.

He bent to lick the dip at the base of her neck. The tip of his tongue toyed with the hollow, exploring it fully. His mouth followed some invisible line, his tongue leading the way straight to her breasts. He sucked on one and then the other, alternating detailed attention to them both. Loving them both.

She wrapped her hands in the cloth ties because the exquisite torture drove her to distraction. To be bound, bare and available to him turned her on more than she thought possible. A secret fantasy realized.

He nibbled further down her stomach and used his fingers to roll the nipples of her abandoned breasts. Her breathing picked up in speed, catching when he pinched her hardened peaks. His tongue dipped into her belly button. It was as if he found a concealed connection to her pussy. Her hips shot off the bed from the contact, surprising them both, it seemed.

By the time his mouth finally traveled lower, she knew with absolute certainty she wouldn't survive him. Not this time. He had her wound so tight her muscles trembled along her length.

His hands abandoned her breasts to spread her lips open before him. He looked down on her exposed sex as if seeing it for the first time. He stroked down one swollen lip, and she shivered.

Caleb leaned in closer. "Mine," he muttered.

Her eyebrows knitted together at what she couldn't have possibly heard, but all thoughts of replaying his statement in her mind fled when his mouth closed over her. Caleb clamped down on her clit, sucking and pulling on it with fierce determination. Her hips twisted beneath him, spurring him on, yet shying from him at the same time. In those moments when he didn't focus on her hardened nub, his tongue dipped into the core of her body before sliding over her clit again.

If not held by the ties, she would have climbed the walls from the sheer pleasure of it. He worked his mouth over her pussy until he knew every crevice, every secret place. The mounting pressure started to bubble in her belly. It spread at an uncontrolled rate, racing over her limbs and head until it had nowhere else to go. Then her body tightened as the contained electricity fought its way to the surface. In a starburst of a

million lights, she exploded.

Bailey screamed as her body sang. Over the roaring in her ears, Caleb's satisfied growl reverberated in the room. He didn't relent though. He worked his jaw over her until she could no longer breathe, until her muscles strained from the tension, until the ties bit into her delicate flesh.

"Please!" she sobbed.

Darkness edged the periphery of her vision. Finally, when she thought it would close in and consume her, he pulled away.

Her chest heaved as she fought to catch her breath. She unfurled her clenched hands, noting idly that perspiration soaked the cloth ties. She ached all over. Thankfully, every cell of her body eased into a state of relaxed bliss.

Caleb wiped her moisture from his face with the back of his hand. He sat back on his haunches, tracking her movements with lasciviousness glinting in his eyes. She couldn't watch the angel who turned sin into an art form anymore. Her head lolled to the side, her thoughts scrambling for supremacy in her mind.

She ended up deciding that he could release her bindings now. Satisfaction achieved.

"Bailey?"

Her throat was parched. She didn't have the energy to turn to him. "Hmm?"

"Again."

Chapter Five

He didn't release her the second time. Not the third time either. It wasn't until she hoarsely screamed his name after a fourth earth-shattering orgasm, until she begged him to stop, that he took pity on her.

A short while later, Caleb pressed a cool, moistened cloth against her swollen pussy lips. She could only groan in response as he tended to her. If she wasn't walking funny in the morning, *nothing* would ever get her that way.

Now, they recovered on the bed beneath a canopy of stars. A cool breeze caressed their naked bodies. Somewhere in the distance, insects called to them. Closer to where they lay, the ocean crashed against a sandy shore. She sighed in contentment because the setting was the stuff fantasies were made from.

He caressed over her arms in long, luxurious strokes. Goosebumps peppered her skin, and she snuggled tighter against him.

"I would have you again, sweet Bailey," he murmured.

She fought back a rush of panic. "Tomorrow's another day, you know."

He chuckled.

Lying in his arms, she wondered how they ended up here. From dubious beginnings to *this*. Behaving as lovers on the road to a long future together. There was more behind their behavior than just sex. With him, she met comfort.

The thought terrified her.

Caleb nuzzled against her neck as another shiver overtook her. She didn't have to think about it now. She could just lie here. Enjoy this moment. Celebrate in the feel of him. Exalt in the way he wanted her.

Like the song said, if this was wrong, she didn't want to be right.

* * * * *

Later, Caleb looked down on her sleeping form for a few minutes before realizing with something akin to horror of what he was doing. God's creation actually called to him. Made his preternatural heart clench with tightness. His loins rouse with anticipation.

Such a foreign feeling to actually want to watch over her, keep her...maybe one day...maybe some day in the distant future, *maybe* even love her?

No.

Impossible.

He evaporated into the air before the question and its consequences or his emotions could take root.

Still...

Something slammed into his ethereal form, sending his mind on more important matters to consider. He cried out against it, his body wracked with pain. A second jolt tore out all memories of his tryst with the human to bring back instant recollection of who—*what*—he truly was.

By the time the energy dissipated, he knelt on a rocky surface, his muscles fighting off fading shards of agony. Outstretched by his sides, his arms were manacled by thick chains ratcheted so tightly to the ground, his shoulders screamed. In this position, he had no choice but to prostrate himself.

Besides God, only a few had the power to do this to him. Only those few would try and force obedience from a rebel.

With beads of sweat and blood beginning to pepper his brow, with little more than contempt in his eyes, he brazenly looked upon the beings who could extinguish his life like a candle. For him to be summoned here

spoke of how much shit he had to be in.

No matter.

He would die on his terms. Not theirs.

A sickeningly sweet voice echoed around him. The sibilance scraped across his spine with the sharpness of a razor. His eyes dulled at the sound of his fate being sealed.

It said, "Did you think we would not find out what you have done?"

In that moment, Caleb felt the first faint trickle of fear for Bailey and their child. What if he'd been wrong? What if the punishment wasn't his alone to bear?

He ground his teeth together.

For them, he would survive this. Nothing in heaven or hell would harm either of them. He would make certain of it.

The End

Author Bio

Morgan Sierra—who holds nothing back—is the pen name for Dee Carney. Dee began writing short stories in middle school, but did not attempt completion of a novel until almost ten years later—which, despite good intentions, was never finished. Almost ten additional years later, she challenged herself to begin writing again, and the love for storytelling was rekindled. Dee lives at home in Georgia with her husband, two dogs, and a cat. When not writing, Dee is usually curled up on the couch with a good book!

To learn more about Morgan's books, visit her on the Web, <http://www.morgansierra.com>