

Tempt Me



M E L I S S A M C T E R N A N

An Erotic Adam and Eve Retelling

Tempt Me
An Erotic Adam and Eve Retelling

By Melissa McTernan

Chapter 1:

“We named that one yesterday,” Eve said, reclining in the long grass beside Adam.

He wrinkled his brow, still studying the enormous animal in the distance. The creature lowered its bulk into the murky water that wound its way through the Garden. “Are you sure?”

“Yes, quite. I remember because it was so ridiculous. Hippopotamus.”

Adam laughed. “Oh right. That was a good one.”

Eve glanced at him from the corner of her eye and caught his dazzling smile. He sat tall, scanning the land in front of him, his strong arms resting on his raised knees. Relaxed and purposeful at the same time. Adam was pleased with himself and she supposed he should be. He was very good at this game, this naming of all of God’s creatures.

She turned to look at him more closely and found herself once again startled by his beauty. His skin was bronze and glistening in the warm afternoon sun; his hair contained streaks of gold. He was sun-kissed, gods-blessed, beloved. It seemed even the animals of the sky sang of his achievements. He smiled with the confidence of a man who was secure in who and what he was. God’s chosen one, his first son, his pet project.

And what was Eve? She rolled onto her back and gazed at the blue sky above her. It still wasn’t entirely clear what God intended for her down here in His new playground. To be Adam’s helpmate? His equal? Another creature to name and govern? She didn’t know. In fact, she became less sure by the day and her companion seemed in no rush to iron it out.

A creature Adam had named Cat just the day before lolled beside her in the grass. This cat was large, nearly as big as she was when fully stretched out, and as black as the night.

“Panther,” Eve whispered to it and the animal purred. She ran her fingers over its silky coat, and the cat closed its eyes in pleasure. *Pleasure*. That was a word worth exploring.

“Did you say something?” Adam asked, peering down at her, golden hair flopping over one eye in a way that made Eve want to push it back.

“No, nothing.”

He smiled and then turned to continue his survey of the land sprawled out before him. She didn’t know what he thought about when he looked at it all. Was he overwhelmed with the task they’d been given? She didn’t ask. His face was calm and peaceful, his gaze curious. Adam’s contentment was clear.

But Eve felt a growing restlessness inside her, an unhappiness she couldn’t tamp down anymore. She looked out past the panther beside her and through the tangle of trees to the boundary. The limit to their paradise. The Garden was surrounded by a gate she couldn’t cross and filled with fruit she couldn’t eat, and it felt like a test she was bound to fail. Could this truly be paradise? Sitting day after day beside this man she barely knew even when he was all she knew, naming and cataloging but never *doing* anything. Surely, this was not what God had in mind. Maybe he left before telling Adam the whole story. Maybe Adam had forgotten parts of it.

Eve wouldn’t know. She didn’t remember her own creation and God had hightailed it out of the Garden before she took her first breath. And now here she was stuck with the creator’s golden boy and no way out in sight.

She blew out a long sigh. Panther rolled over in the grass, exposing his long belly and Eve scratched it with her fingernails.

“Do you think this is all there is?” she asked, her face tilted back toward Adam.

“All the animals?” He shrugged his bronzed shoulders. “I think we probably missed some in the water. Do you want to go back to the lake today?”

“No.” Eve shook her head, her long hair rustling the grass around her. “No, I meant, do you think this is all there is for us?”

Adam’s forehead crinkled and his full lips tipped down in a frown. Guilt, one of Eve’s first emotions, resurfaced. Her constant companion. It settled into her gut, thick and heavy. She shouldn’t trouble him. Not when he seemed so happy.

“Forget it,” she said, waving away the question with her hand. “Nevermind.” She ran a hand along Adam’s bare arm the way she had along Panther’s fur and watched as the little golden hairs stood on end. Adam’s eyes darkened, a deep pink settling into his cheeks.

“I’m going to head to the water.” He stood abruptly and Eve saw further evidence of her touch’s effect on him, but she didn’t try to keep him. This was the way it always ended with Adam—him fleeing from her just when things got interesting.

Chapter 2:

Eve wandered through the trees, the dappled sunlight casting an emerald glow across her skin. She'd ditched Adam for the day, unable to take another idle afternoon of animal naming. The nagging conviction that there was more to this life wouldn't leave her. It clawed at her insides like an animal intent on escape.

She reached the iron fence that wove its way around the Garden and ran her fingertips along its bars. Adam said God had been explicit in his order to stay within its walls. Eve peered through the gaps to the other side and saw what she always saw. More trees, more animals, more sky. What was so different about life on that side of the gate? Would she be happier there?

Guilt hit her again as she pictured climbing the fence and running away from the Garden and Adam and the testing God that lived here. She couldn't do that. She wouldn't.

A rustle in the leaves startled her from her thoughts. She turned and found a man staring at her. A man who was not Adam. That was a first.

"Who are you?" she asked, an unfamiliar quickening in her chest making it hard to catch her breath.

The man leaned against the trunk of a nearby tree, his lips tipped up into a smile. A smile she had never seen before. Not the open, unabashed sunshine of a smile Adam had after he discovered a new animal. This smile hid secrets inside of it.

"I have many names," the man said, his voice not unlike the purr of Panther. He held a pomegranate in his hands and popped the seeds one by

one into his mouth. Eve's own mouth watered.

"So what should I call you?" she asked.

The stranger's gaze slid languidly over her body. She'd had no need to cover herself today from rain or wind so she stood in nothing but her bare, sun-darkened skin. Skin that slowly came alive, inch by inch, as the man's eyes roved over it.

"You and your friend seem happy to name everything in this garden," he said with a slow, secretive smile. "Why don't you give me a name as well?"

Eve thought for a moment, stepping closer to the man, her body full of a feverish heat. "I thought maybe Darkness," she said, tipping her head, studying the way he melted into the shadows. "But that name is taken for the times when the sun slips away."

His smile deepened and he nodded for her to continue.

"Perhaps Serpent? Or Snake?" she guessed and the man's smile grew. "I didn't hear you approach as though you slithered here."

His blue eyes twinkled merrily beneath dark lashes. The lashes matched the dark hair covering his head and even the cloak he wore was black. Eve arranged her long hair in front of her, suddenly feeling the need to shield herself from his gaze.

"Temptation is too long and Beelzebub is too silly," she went on.

The man's laugh was dark and rich.

"So I will simply call you, Devil."

Finally, his half smile bloomed into a full grin and the space behind Eve's ribs filled with some unfamiliar ache. An ache that echoed between her thighs.

"Very good, Eve." He pushed away from the tree and prowled closer to her.

"You know me?"

“I’ve been watching you.” He stood close enough now that she could feel the warmth of his breath on her skin. He held the pomegranate out to her, its ruby red seeds glistening in the filtered light of the forest.

Eve shook her head and Devil tossed the fruit away. A test, then. But did she pass?

“And what have you seen?” she asked, her voice tight in her throat, her body warm and heavy.

He cocked his head to the side, a dark eyebrow raised. “I’ve seen a woman too vibrant to be trapped here.”

“Vibrant?” Eve liked the feel of that word on her lips. It felt alive in her mouth.

Devil nodded, stepping close enough to run a single finger down Eve’s cheek. She shivered despite the warmth of the Garden.

“Vibrant, curious, intelligent. You could be so much more than Adam’s pet.”

Eve bristled at the insinuation. “I’m not his pet.”

Devil’s laugh was a low rumble that vibrated in Eve’s chest. “Then what are you?”

The question she had been asking herself since she arrived swirled between them but Eve didn’t have an answer. Devil dropped his hand and stepped away from her. Eve instantly wanted him back.

“Do you know God?” she asked as he plucked another fruit from a low-hanging branch.

He chuckled. “We’re two sides of the same...” He twirled a waxy green leaf in between his fingers, the light and dark sides of it rotating as he did, “...leaf.”

The confusion must have shown clearly on her face because Devil went on, “God and I have known each other for longer than you can imagine.

You are young, Eve. Fresh and new. But I'm ancient already even now at the beginning.”

“What are you doing here?” she asked because she couldn't make sense of anything the man was saying and she desperately wanted to understand.

“I'm here to help.” His smile grew wide again, and a new word sprang to mind. *Sinful*. “I have so much to show you.”

Chapter 3:

When Eve returned to the place they'd named Home, she didn't tell Adam about Devil. She wasn't sure why, but she didn't think he'd be happy about another man in the Garden. It seemed to disrupt the symmetry of the place.

She laid the acceptable fruit she had picked on the table Adam had built, but she couldn't shake the image of Devil popping pomegranate seed after pomegranate seed in his mouth. Why had God put fruit here that they weren't allowed to eat? Was this all a game to him?

Temptation. Another juicy word formed in Eve's head, and she rolled it over in her mind until Adam returned with the meat from one of his beloved animals. Apparently, God was fine with his favorite son killing his other creations.

He smiled upon seeing her, and Eve's guilt rose in her gut. Adam wasn't so bad, was he? He was kind to her, never raising his voice or scolding her. He brought home food and built this house. Adam was God's perfect man.

And she was his pet. That word from Devil's lips had been the worst one of all. Was Adam only kind to her because he was keeping her like the small cat they kept to scare away the mice?

Her conversation with the other man had only confused her further in what her role here on Earth should be, but the memory of Devil's finger caressing her face caused a feverish heat to rise in Eve's cheeks.

"Where did you go today?" Adam asked, oblivious to Eve's flushed skin.

“The forest.”

Adam surveyed the fruit. “No pomegranates.” He beamed at her. She’d passed.

She sat beside him as he dished up the food. “And why can’t we eat that fruit again?”

Adam glanced at her as he ate, his strong fingers picking apart the meat. Eve crunched on an apple, having no appetite for food they had named only this morning. “God said not to.”

“Right.”

He put down his food and studied her across the table. “If we follow his commands, we can live in paradise forever, Eve.” He spoke as though it were simple.

She nodded, taking another bite. The apple tasted like the air around her. Like nothing. It was hollow like everything else here in this paradise.

“What if I don’t want to stay?”

Adam’s golden brows rose to his hairline. “Why wouldn’t you want to stay?”

Eve remembered the feel of Devil’s gaze on her, on the way her body had pulsed and ached at his proximity. She thought of the word *pleasure*.

Maybe she could find something worth staying for. Maybe she could figure out how to taste the apple.

She stood from her seat and positioned herself in front of Adam’s chair. His surprised breath ghosted across her bare breasts.

“Touch me, Adam.” *Husband, lover, friend*. So many names she would rather call him.

He stared at her with wide eyes, but his cheeks had flushed pink and his breath was ragged. He felt it too. Eve ran her fingers through his soft curls

and he closed his eyes on a sigh, but his hands remained in his lap, clenched tight into uncooperative fists.

“What are you scared of?” she whispered, combing the hair from his face, letting the silky strands fall through her fingers.

Adam squeezed his eyes tighter. “It feels like a test,” he ground out. He reached up and grabbed Eve’s wrists, pulling them from his hair. She let out a startled gasp, but even the tight hold of his fingers digging into her flesh was a touch, was contact. Her body burned with the need for more.

“We can’t.”

“But—”

He stood abruptly, the legs of the chair creating grooves in the dirt floor. “This isn’t...I don’t know...We shouldn’t...” After so many failed sentences, Adam gave up and stormed from the house, from Home.

Eve sighed in frustration. If she was going to stay here, something had to change. She needed more from this place, more from Adam. And if Adam wouldn’t give it to her, she would get it from Devil.

Chapter 4:

“You’re back,” Devil slipped out of the shadows and into the sunlight.

Eve was not surprised to see him but her heart raced nonetheless. “I am.”

“Will you walk with me?” Devil asked, sliding into the place beside her. He took her hand and intertwined their fingers and Eve nearly wept with the joy of his touch. She couldn’t answer but Devil knew what she wanted, so they strolled between the fruit-filled trees.

Their trunks and branches were gnarled as though the trees had been here for centuries, but their leaves were a vibrant green, the fruit plentiful. The sun was shining again today as it so often did here, but Eve had worn the clothes she’d fashioned from the skin of the animals Adam ate. She didn’t think she could withstand the intensity of Devil’s gaze otherwise.

“Adam won’t touch me,” she said, at last, voicing the thing most pressing on her mind today.

She thought the Devil might laugh but he was serious when he spoke. “Why not?”

“He thinks it’s a test.”

Devil shook his head. “Already he has it all wrong.”

Eve stopped and turned to him on the path. “He has what wrong?”

That slow, secret smile crept across Devil’s face and a new word curled in Eve’s lower belly. *Desire*.

“God made you to know pleasure, Eve. He built you that way. Why would your own body be a test?” He ran a finger down her throat and across

the exposed skin of her chest as he spoke and she could feel it. Her body responding, needing, wanting. Why *would* her own body be a test?

“Show me,” she rasped, her throat tight.

Devil grinned. “Gladly.” He leaned forward and brushed his lips against hers as soft as the fluttering wings of something they called Butterfly just last week.

LUST. The word was bold and strong, a current coursing through her. She went to reach for him but Devil grabbed her wrists much the same as Adam did the night before. She whimpered in frustration and Devil’s grin grew. “Patience, little one.” He pressed his lips to one palm and then the other before releasing her. Eve named it a Kiss.

“What about Adam?” Devil asked.

“What about him?” Eve wondered, moving closer, sliding her hands along Devil’s chest.

He chuckled softly. “He won’t be upset if his pet is playing with someone else?”

Eve bristled. “I told you, I’m not his pet. And Adam and I made no promises to each other about anything.”

Devil studied her a moment longer, his blue eyes sparkling in the sun. “Very good,” he purred, at last, pulling Eve to him until she could feel every hard line of his body pressed against hers. It overwhelmed her, the feel of him. Her head swam with sensation. “What do you want to learn first?” he whispered against her skin.

“Everything,” she said, and his laugh rumbled through her.

“Patience,” he told her again and pulled away, tugging her along behind him. He led them to a clearing beneath the trees where the grass was soft and warm. “I will teach you everything I know.”

The space between her thighs, a place she hadn't dared name yet, grew warm and wet at his promise. It seemed her body already knew things she didn't.

Devil leaned in and kissed her again, his lips warm and strong against hers. He slid his tongue against the seam of her mouth and instinctively she opened her lips to him. He tasted like dark secrets and warm promises, like things she'd never seen or named. He tasted so much better than that damn apple.

Eve trembled and Devil's strong arms tightened around her. He left her mouth to whisper in her ear. "I've got you, sweet Eve. Don't worry."

She wasn't worried, only aching and shivering with want. But she didn't have time to tell him that before his hands were roving over her body and robbing her of all the words she'd learned so far. She writhed and moaned against him until Devil pulled away with a gasp.

"Slow down, little one. You make me forget everything I want to teach you when you do that with your sweet body."

Eve peered up into his ethereal eyes. "Do what? This?" She pressed herself against him, her fingers delving into his dark hair.

Devil groaned. "Yes, that."

She reached between them and wrapped her hand around the long hard length of him. "What do you call this?"

"My cock," he answered tightly, his voice choked in a way Eve found intriguing. She ran her hand up and down, feeling every ridge of his cock beneath the fabric of his pants. Devil hissed and grabbed her wrist. "We won't get to continue our lessons if you keep doing that."

His eyes were dark when she looked at him again and even though he held her arms, Eve felt something she never had before. Powerful.

"Teach me, then. I'm ready."

Devil smiled. "Oh, sweet Eve. You tempt me."

Chapter 5:

Temptation. Eve liked this word. It was what she felt now as she lay naked in the soft grass with Devil by her side. She was tempted to give him everything she had. And she was tempted to take everything he gave.

Devil ran a finger down her side, following the slope of her hip. “This body was built to do wonderful things,” he purred.

He was also naked now and Eve admired his lean muscles and the coarse dark hair on his chest. He was built differently from Adam, who God had made big and sturdy to work the earth and tend the animals. Devil was long and slender and built for something else entirely.

“What’s next,” Eve asked as Devil continued to trace her skin, the curves and dips of her, leaving a trail of shivers in his wake.

Devil cocked his head, admiring his effect on her. “Next, I want to kiss you everywhere. May I?”

Eve flushed hot at the thought of Devil’s mouth on her body. She nodded, throat tight again.

“Mmm...” he hummed low in his throat as he propped himself over her. He started at her neck, dipping his head to suck on the tender skin. Eve could think of no possible explanation for why Devil’s mouth on her neck should feel like lightning in her veins. Her body *was* made to do wonderful things.

And so was his. Eve ran her fingers through his hair, tugging him closer, urging him on. Devil trailed kisses lower, his lips soft and strong and warm. He ran his tongue over one breast while holding the other in his palm. He

paid extra attention to the peak, swirling his tongue and then sucking it into his mouth. Eve moaned, the sensation ricocheting through her body, leaving her a writhing mess in the grass. Devil held her, one arm under her back and the other grasping her breast, her hip, her soft stomach while he sucked.

“Devil, how are you...what is this...” Eve panted and Devil chuckled against her overwrought flesh.

“Do you like it, sweet Eve?”

“Yes,” she moaned as he licked her again.

“Do you want more?” he asked, his blue eyes sparking as he peered up at her.

“God, yes.”

Devil grinned. “Touch yourself, Eve. Touch yourself wherever it feels good.”

Eve’s hand snaked between her legs, her fingers immediately finding the aching spot between her thighs.

“That’s a good girl,” Devil murmured in her ear, pulling away to watch her touch herself. He propped up on one elbow, his gaze intent on her body, her flushed skin, her rapid and shaky breaths. Eve felt his racing heart against her other arm as her fingers circled her center. She groaned, the pleasure building higher and higher. Too much.

She stopped, panting, and Devil rained kisses on her cheeks and down her nose while she caught her breath.

“Keep going,” he whispered against the shell of her ear, that light touch sending sparks through her body. “I’ve got you.” He tucked her body against his and she started again, that pleasure that was almost too much building again.

“Devil,” she keened as he kissed her and held her trembling body.

“That’s it, good girl. My sweet Eve. Keep going.”

She felt like she was chasing something, running through the tall grass to some unknown destination. But she knew she wanted to get there so she rubbed harder and faster, her breath coming in gasps and sighs. She squeezed her eyes shut and tipped over the edge of this new world.

Her screams were raspy and rough, her throat dry from breathing so heavily. Her thighs trembled and every point of her skin that touched Devil's felt like it was on fire. The space between her legs pulsed with her heartbeat as a thick, heavy pleasure settled in her bones.

When she opened her eyes, Devil was smiling at her. "What will you call it?" he asked, his voice a dark low rumble.

Eve thought about his question as the sun shone through the trees and Devil ran an idle finger along her damp flesh. Such a powerful part of her should have a powerful name.

"Cunt," she said at last and Devil's smile grew.

"I think that's enough lessons for today, little one."

Eve was too tired to argue. Instead, she drifted off to sleep in the Devil's arms.

Chapter 6:

Eve wanted to show Adam what she'd learned, what she now knew about the wonderful gift God had given them. But she wasn't sure he would see it the same way she did.

He sat at the edge of the water on a stone jetty that stuck out into the clear blue lake. His broad back was to her as she walked out to him. Eve admired his bronzed shoulders and the strong muscles of his arms.

He turned when he heard her and flashed her a sunny smile. Eve returned it and sat beside him.

"What are you doing today?" she asked, gazing down into the water. She could see straight to the rocky bottom. A trio of small yellow fish darted in and out of the weeds.

"Just admiring, I guess," he said with a sheepish smile. "There's so much beauty here." His gaze scanned the lake shimmering in front of him until it landed back on her. "And so much beauty beside me as well."

Eve smiled, her cheeks warming at the compliment.

"I want to show you something," she said after a moment of comfortable silence. She'd moved closer to Adam and let her fingers brush along his.

"Oh?" His eyes were the color of honey, wide and innocent. His golden brows drew together with a hint of confusion.

"It's a good thing. I promise." Eve leaned closer, letting her words brush along Adam's full lips before letting her mouth do the same.

He sat rigid for what felt like forever before his lips softened against hers. Eve brought a hand to the back of his neck, holding him gently in place while she dared to lick the seam of Adam's lips. He let out a shaky sigh before opening to her, his own tongue eager to explore hers.

Adam tasted like sunshine and beginnings. Like sweetness. She kissed him deeper, letting her fingers slip through his hair. He moved closer to her on the animal skin blanket he'd thrown across the rocks and now his hands cupped her face.

He pulled away, a look of sweet surprise on his face, and pressed his forehead against hers.

"Eve, that was..." he trailed off, his breath shaky as it left him.

"I call it a kiss," she said, loving the way his lips were swollen and the skin of his cheeks had blushed pink. He looked like an angel.

He brought his fingers to his mouth, touching where she had kissed him.

"I can show you more things," she said, taking his other hand in hers and bringing it to her naked breast. He let her put it there, his fingers running over the soft flesh. Eve moaned softly as his thumb caressed her nipple and he looked up at her in alarm, dropping his hand.

"It's good. Keep going," she encouraged. "I can touch you too."

She reached out to touch his already rigid cock the way she had with Devil, her gaze locked on Adam's. She hesitated but he didn't stop her so she wrapped her fist around his hot, hard length. Adam's entire body went rigid, a pained hiss escaping his lips.

"Eve," he ground out, his eyes squeezed shut. "Eve, what are you doing to me?"

She slid her hand up and down once and Adam groaned. "I want to be close to you," she whispered. "I want to know you."

He opened his eyes, his gaze meeting hers. The muscles of his abs trembled as she stroked him, his thighs tense and brow furrowed. He was

holding back. He was keeping things from her. Eve stroked faster and Adam dropped his forehead to hers, shudders wracking his body.

“Let me show you,” Eve murmured, her lips finding his again, the fingers of her free hand sliding through his blond curls. “Do you want me to stop?” she whispered against his mouth.

“No,” he hissed. “Don’t stop.”

She felt him surrender, his body giving in as pleasure coursed through him. His hips jerked against her fist and he let out a guttural moan before slumping against her.

His breath was hot and shaky across her cheek and Eve’s hand was wet from his release but she sat, waiting for his reaction.

Finally, his eyes fluttered open. “That was...” he stopped, shook his head, and started again, “that was too much, Eve.”

“I know it feels like that at first,” she said, pulling her hand away and wiping it on the blanket. “But I think it’s good, Adam. I think it’s important.”

Adam was still shaking his head, the clouds of pleasure leaving his gaze. “I think it’s dangerous.”

“Dangerous?” Eve echoed. He couldn’t be serious.

“Yes, dangerous. I couldn’t control that feeling, Eve. It just overtook me. It felt...it felt...too big, too wild, too unpredictable.”

“Maybe a little danger is okay. Maybe a little unpredictability is good,” she said, reaching for him but he was already standing, already moving away from her.

“None of this is good.”

Eve huffed. “Why do you get to decide what’s good?”

Adam stared down at her, incredulous. “We have a job to do here. God put us here for a reason.”

She hurried to her feet before Adam could storm away from her. “And what is the reason?”

Adam stared at her, dark emotions crossing his face that she’d never seen before, but behind the anger, she saw something else, a flicker of fear. He wasn’t sure either. He was just as uncertain as she was.

“It certainly wasn’t to do that.” He gestured between them like what they’d done had been something shameful. Something to regret. Eve’s hope withered inside her.

Adam turned and stalked off down the jetty and Eve didn’t try to stop him. Devil was right, Adam had it all wrong.

Chapter 7:

The next day, Devil kept his promise to kiss her everywhere. Eve peered down her body to watch his dark head move between her thighs. He was sprawled out on the fur blanket she'd brought, his long, lean body gleaming in the sunlight. The leaves above created shadows on his skin, a dancing pattern across his body. Eve watched the muscles of his back bunch and flex as he shifted, his ass clenched as he ground himself into the fur. He gave a little moan against her flesh, sending vibrations through her body and she gasped. His gaze flicked to hers, his blue eyes flashing beneath his dark lashes. He grinned. A new word flashed through Eve's mind. *Wicked*.

She bit down on her bottom lip as he dipped his head and continued his licking and kissing and sucking, that tongue doing absolutely wicked things to her. Eve gazed up at the treetops letting the pleasure roll over her slowly this time. She didn't chase it, just let it come in waves. Her thighs trembled and Devil held them open, his fingers digging into her flesh. The bite of his grasp only added to the flood of sensation.

He didn't stop even as she writhed against him. He only quickened his pace, devouring her until the pleasure had her thrusting against him. Devil held her tight, letting her use him until she was screaming his name to the beasts of the Garden.

Eve panted, one arm flung over her eyes as she came down from her high. Devil placed a light kiss to her inner thigh and then on the soft expanse of her stomach. When she looked down at him he had a gentle, reverent expression on his face.

“What is it?” she asked, watching as he kissed her again and again across the skin of her lower belly.

“You can create worlds, Eve. Nations. People,” he said, the strange words tickling her skin, causing new words to bloom in her belly. *Womb* and *child* and *mother*.

Her eyes must have gone wide with the shock at what he was suggesting because Devil smiled and said, “But not today, sweet Eve. Not until you’re ready. I’ll make sure of it.”

Eve didn’t know what he meant but she blew out a small sigh of relief at his reassurance. Today wasn’t the day she would make worlds. She nearly laughed at the thought.

Devil slithered up her body and stretched out beside her, eyes closed, dark lashes resting on his flushed cheeks. Eve’s heart fluttered in her chest. It seemed just looking at him, just lying beside him made her happy. It was how she wanted to feel with Adam too if only he would let her.

She sighed and Devil fluttered his eyes open. “What is it, little one?” he asked, but Eve didn’t feel like talking about Adam today. Instead, she reached for Devil’s still-hard cock.

“I want to make you feel like that, too. Like you make me feel.” She gripped him tighter and Devil hissed.

He studied her with his blue-sky eyes as though deciding something before giving a small nod. “Then take me in your mouth,” he purred.

Eve’s eyes widened, her breath catching. “All of it? Surely I’ll choke,” she said, propping herself up to look at the cock in her fist.

Devil let out a startled laugh, stretching out on his back. “Any amount will feel good, Eve. I promise.”

With a small shrug, she leaned over and gave a tentative lick to the tip of Devil’s cock. He let out another satisfying hiss so Eve did it again.

Keeping one hand curled around the base and the other resting on his thigh, Eve licked and sucked the tip.

Devil groaned and threaded his fingers through her hair. “Good girl, just like that,” he crooned.

Eve moved her hand and let her mouth slide down further, taking in more of his rigid length. His skin was silky against her tongue and Eve let out her own moan of pleasure.

“Fuck,” Devil hissed. “Yes.”

Fuck. Eve liked this word too. It was *Power* and *Lust* and *Desire* and *Pleasure* all rolled into one. It was what she wanted to do to Devil and what she wanted him to do to her. It was a good word. She tucked it away for later and swirled her tongue around Devil’s cock causing more delicious sounds to escape him. *His* thighs trembled beneath her hands now. *He* was the one writhing on the ground. Eve took more of him, his cock hitting the back of her throat.

“So good, so so good.” His words ran together now, a string of sweet praise that rained down on her as she moved up and down his shaft. She didn’t stop until he bucked underneath her, one last hissed “fuck” escaping his lips before he tugged her off him, letting his seed spill on his stomach.

Eve cleaned him up with the edge of the fur as he watched her. “I would have taken it,” she said, somehow knowing it was coming. His seed and her ability to create somehow made perfect sense to her now, some inevitable truth coalescing in her.

Devil grinned, his face flushed and eyes dark. “Next time, sweet Eve.”

She smiled back and let him tug her down to rest beside him. The day was still bright. There was plenty of time for more lessons. But first, a nap.

Chapter 8:

“We have company.” Eve woke to the sound of Devil’s voice in her ear. She sat up to find Adam staring at her from the shadows, hurt darkening his beautiful features. He hadn’t come home last night and Eve had been filled with guilt and worry. Seeing him now, his curls disheveled and purple smudges under his eyes, she knew his night had been just as difficult.

He strode forward, pointing a shaking finger at Devil. “You.” Adam’s voice was too loud for the quiet of the Garden. “What are you doing with him?” he asked, speaking to Eve but never taking his eyes from Devil.

“He’s a friend. He’s helping me.” Eve stood and grabbed Adam’s hand, forcing him to look at her. Devil, for his part, hadn’t bothered to stand or cover himself and instead lay sprawled on the blanket at her feet.

Words like *Jealousy* and *Anger* swirled in the air between them. Words that didn’t belong here in this perfect place.

“Wait,” Eve said, Adam’s reaction suddenly taking on new meaning. “You know him?”

Adam’s gaze flicked down to Devil and back to Eve. “We met last night.” A furious blush crept up Adam’s cheeks, making Eve wonder what occurred between the men. “He showed me things too,” he said, swallowing hard before he continued. “He kissed me and put his mouth on me, Eve. And I don’t know what to do about any of it,” Adam confessed, confusion simmering in his honey-brown eyes.

Sympathy for the man settled over her. He was losing his simple contentment. This place was built for Adam. He belonged here. It was Eve

who'd wanted to change it. This was her fault, but before the guilt could swamp her, Adam gripped her chin between his fingers, tipping her face up to his.

"You were meant to be mine," he said, the hurt evident in his voice. She knew it wasn't something he'd ever expected, pain, hurt, anger, and it was clear he didn't know what to do with any of it. This was paradise after all.

Eve took his face in her hands, running a thumb over his cheekbones. "I wanted more, Adam. We could have more. I've been trying to tell you." Unlike yesterday, today his body relaxed under her touch, the tension and anger slowly leaving him. "We could have pleasure and closeness and intimacy," she whispered. "Don't you want that?"

Adam swallowed hard, the internal struggle she still didn't understand written across his face. She knew he was happy here, but couldn't he see what they were missing? Couldn't he make space for more of God's gifts?

"Does it please you to name God's creatures?" she asked, trying a different route.

"Yes, of course."

"And to walk among his beautiful creations, the clear waters and towering trees, does it make you happy?" she went on.

Adam nodded, ready to argue, but Eve kept going.

"To taste the fruits he gave you, it brightens your day, doesn't it?"

"But Eve, this..." He gestured helplessly toward Devil and back to Eve's sated body, the evidence of what they'd done clear to everyone, the confession that Adam had been with Devil too exposed to the light of day. "This is different."

"Why?" she pushed, not willing to give in yet. Not willing to let Adam pervert this gift with his own misguided sense of shame. "Why is this different? Did God not make us too? Did he put more thought into the apple

tree than into his first son? Did he create the wolf and the elephant to be more perfect creatures than his own children?”

A small crease formed between Adam’s brow as he considered Eve’s argument. She placed a hand over his heart and felt the steady beat of it beneath the ridged muscle of his chest. He was perfectly made, as was she.

Adam let out a shuddering sigh. “I want to do unspeakable things to you,” he whispered. “It’s all I think about.”

Eve leaned forward letting their foreheads touch. “I want you to.”

He blew out a long breath and gave a small nod. Eve rewarded him with a kiss and he sighed against her mouth. “I want this too,” he said after a long moment. “I want you, Eve.”

The words tasted sweet. Eve kissed him again before asking, “Do you want Devil to leave?”

Adam glanced down at the other man, his blush deepening. Devil grinned at them both.

“No.” Adam’s voice was hoarse, but his eyes were clear and bright. “I want him to stay.”

“It would be my pleasure,” purred Devil, and Eve felt the shiver of anticipation run through Adam. Eve took his hand in hers and pulled him down beside Devil on the blanket of furs. She felt happy, complete, now that they were both here, but she wasn’t quite sure where to start. She dared a glance at Devil. His gaze was dark and hungry and nerves settled low in Eve’s belly. His expression gentled as though he knew what she was feeling and he tucked her hair behind her ear.

“Don’t worry, sweet Eve. It will be good. I promise.” He took her face in his hands and kissed her. Slow at first and then deeper, his tongue exploring hers. Adam’s breath became ragged beside her as he watched.

Devil pulled back and flashed a wicked grin at Adam. “Now you, golden boy.”

Adam's eyes narrowed at the nickname but he quickly turned his attention to Eve. She gave him a small encouraging smile and he leaned forward, pressing his lips to hers. Eve lit up inside at his touch, savoring the feel of his hands skimming across the slope of her shoulders and down her arms. His touch was tentative and soft, so different from Devil's confident grasp, but no less lovely.

She opened her lips, letting Adam explore her mouth. His tongue slid past hers, tasting, delving deeper. He pulled back just enough to rain smaller kisses along her lips, nibbling and biting. His hands grew bolder, his fingers digging into her hips and finding the soft flesh of her ass, kneading her ample thighs. Now that his mind was made up, Adam was wasting no time.

"Fast learner." Devil's voice was a low rumble in her ear, the smile evident in his words. He was right, Adam was a fast learner. Already she was wet and aching between her thighs.

Devil kissed a trail down her neck as Adam continued kissing her mouth. The two of them together were overwhelming, light and dark, sweet and sultry. Devil sucked on the flesh of her neck and Adam pulled away to watch, his hands still exploring her body.

"I want to touch you," she told Adam, a gasp escaping her as Devil moved his attention to her breasts. Adam's gaze was riveted to what Devil was doing to her, his pupils blown wide and a delicious blush painting his face, but he gave Eve a nod of consent.

She took his cock in her fist the way she'd done the day before and this time he rewarded her with a deep groan. She moved her hand up and down, using the fluid already leaking from the tip to ease her way.

Devil continued to suck at her breast, the sensation spiraling in her gut, as she gripped Adam's cock. Their gazes locked over Devil's dark head,

Adam's eyes half closed in pleasure. He ran his hands through Devil's hair and Eve felt his responding moan against her breast.

"I should have listened to you," Adam said, his hips thrusting up into her fist.

"You were afraid. It's alright," Eve panted, each lick and suck from Devil nearly sending her over the edge already. He took her other breast in his hand and pinched the tip before sitting back up. He put a hand over Eve's and stopped her motion on Adam's cock. His other hand rested on Adam's thigh and the man gave a groan of protest.

"Not yet. Or our fun will be over before it starts." Even as he said it, he didn't release Eve's hand so they both held Adam's cock as Devil leaned forward and captured his mouth. The sight of the two men kissing stole Eve's breath. They clashed together, lips and teeth, Adam's hands digging into Devil's hair, pulling him closer, Devil nearly smirking against his mouth. Adam kissed Devil harder than he'd kissed Eve, giving the other man all his strength and lust. Eve ached with need watching them.

Devil broke the kiss first, both men gasping for breath. "Better than expected, golden boy," he said with a grin and finally released Eve's hand.

Adam leaned forward with a ragged sigh, pressing his forehead to hers. His honey-brown eyes were shimmering with desire for her, for Devil, for life.

"I want you inside me," she whispered, releasing the secret she'd been holding all this time.

"Yes," Adam breathed out and then Devil was there, laying Adam down in the furs, lavishing kisses on them both. His mouth was on Adam's again and then trailing down his chest, his lips closing over Adam's cock only briefly before moving on to Eve's lips and neck and breasts until she was aching and wet.

She straddled Adam's waist and looked down to find him staring with awe and hunger. She leaned forward to kiss him as Devil caressed her body, awakening every part before guiding Adam's cock to her entrance.

"Are you ready, sweet Eve?" he asked, his dark voice curling around her, keeping her safe. She nodded. "Good girl," he purred as she took Adam's cock, one inch at a time, allowing him to fill her, stretch her.

Adam groaned, his fingers digging into her hips, every muscle straining to keep still. "Eve," he moaned when she was fully seated. "Wife," he whispered and the word nestled against her heart.

"Husband," she whispered back and Adam smiled his sunshine smile. She glanced at Devil to find his usual grin had slipped from his lips and she struggled for what she should call him. She felt he was as much a part of her as Adam was.

His dark gaze swept over them, settling on where they were joined. His smirk returned. He rested a hand on her ass and squeezed. "Now what, sweet Eve?" he asked, planting a kiss on her shoulder.

Eve rocked forward, sending pleasure skittering down her body.

"Yes," Adam gasped. "Keep going."

She did, thrusting forward again and again until they were both slick with sweat, their breath ragged between them.

"Devil," she whispered, realizing the other man had pulled away and was watching them intently. "I want you. I want you both."

He met her gaze with longing and other emotions she hadn't had time to name. Despair? Loneliness?

"I want you both," she told him again, reaching out to him and he crawled closer. He kissed her deeply and then settled beside Adam on the blanket.

"And you, golden boy?" he asked. "What do you want?"

Adam turned and held Devil's face in his strong, work-calloused hands. "I want you, too." He kissed Devil softly at first and then deeper. Eve whimpered, her pleasure so close but somehow still eluding her.

Devil turned from the kiss and smiled at her. He reached between their bodies and found her swollen clit. He rubbed it while Adam thrust up into her and Eve came apart, her soul returning to the heavens. Surely it was impossible to feel this wonderful here on earth. Paradise, at last.

She slumped forward, exhausted but both men whispered sweet words of encouragement.

"Good girl, sweet Eve."

"My wife, my beautiful wife. Come again."

She did. Over and over, thrusting against Adam while Devil kissed and touched her, watching both men kiss and touch each other, until finally, Devil spent his seed across Adam's chest, and Adam came inside her body, filling her up.

Eve lay gasping for breath and she still didn't know why she existed, but at least now she was glad she did.

Chapter 9:

Eve ran her fingers through Adam's soft curls. His head was in her lap, his body stretched out in front of her. He closed his eyes and hummed in contentment. She'd been worried he would regret what they'd done with Devil the day before, but he hadn't. He'd let go completely, released the hard grasp he kept on his control, and had been rewarded for it. A new peacefulness had settled over him.

When they returned home, he was affectionate and sweet to her, inviting her into his bed and holding her all night. But beyond kissing they hadn't done anything else. It didn't seem right without Devil.

Devil who they were waiting for, hoping for more lessons.

"Do you think he'll come?" Adam asked, eyes still closed, lashes resting on his flushed cheeks.

"He'll come," Eve said, but she wished she was as sure as she sounded. A flash of Devil's face as he watched them yesterday came to mind. Was he worried? Did he think Eve had replaced him with Adam?

She meant what she said to him. She wanted them both. And she knew Adam did too. They hadn't had to discuss it. It just made sense. The three of them fit. Why else would God have put all three of them here? They were meant to be.

An awareness of being watched sent a prickle up Eve's spine. She turned and found Devil gazing at her from the shadows. She smiled, her body warming at the sight of him.

"We were waiting for you."

Surprise crossed his dark features, but he quickly schooled them back into his usual charming grin. “Oh, were you?” He prowled closer, taking in the scene before him. Adam, naked on the furs, his head still in Eve’s lap, his cheeks already flushed a deep pink. Eve hadn’t bothered to dress either and she felt the warm weight of Devil’s gaze as he took in her appearance too.

“Waiting for me for what?”

“More lessons,” she said, and the grin dropped from Devil’s face. “More you,” she added. And there it was again. Surprise. Longing. Insecurity? It was gone before she could figure it out.

“Well, here I am,” he said, gesturing to himself with a flourish of his hand. He dropped to his knees and crawled between Adam’s strong thighs.

“Wait,” Adam said, reaching out a hand to stop Devil in his tracks. Devil paused, his gaze hungry. “Why are we doing this?”

Eve tensed beneath him. Was she wrong? Did Adam regret what they’d done?

“Are you not having fun, golden boy?” Devil asked with a smirk.

“It’s more than that, isn’t it?” Adam asked, his voice so full of tender innocence that Devil’s gaze softened even though his words were harsh.

“What more could it be?” Devil asked. “This is why I’m here. Fun, temptation, pleasure.”

Adam sat and ran a hand through the other man’s hair. “I think you’re here for more than that. I think you’re here for us. A gift.”

A blush Eve had never seen before flashed across Devil’s cheeks, his blue eyes fluttering closed at the compliment.

“A gift from God,” Eve added, the teasing smile clear in her voice.

Devil laughed at that and pushed Adam gently back into her lap, the mischievous grin returning to his face. “Where should we begin?” Devil

purred, dropping his lips to Adam's cock, steering them back to familiar ground. Devil was good at pleasure, but they all knew this was about more than that now, even if Eve still couldn't name it.

Devil worked his mouth down Adam's shaft and she could feel every flex of Adam's muscles, every intake of breath, every sigh, and every groan as Devil sucked and licked him from base to tip. She leaned over and took Adam's mouth with hers, swallowing his moans. He squirmed in her lap, a broken whimper escaping his lips when Devil pulled away.

As soon as he was up, Adam scurried out of her lap, reaching for Devil's pants with shaking hands. He pulled them over the other man's hips and greedily took Devil's length into his mouth.

"Fuck, golden boy," Devil hissed, his hands coming to Adam's head. "That's so good. You're so good." Adam hummed against him and Devil shivered.

The sight of Devil's long fingers tangled in Adam's soft curls sent desire flooding into Eve's core. She put her own fingers between her thighs, stroking herself while she watched Adam pleasure Devil. His mouth on Devil was sloppy and fast like he couldn't get enough, like he would starve without Devil inside him.

Eve rubbed herself harder letting out a groan of her own. Devil's gaze snapped to hers. "That's my good girl. Taking matters into her own hands," he said with a grin. He held her gaze and thrust into Adam's mouth. Her husband responded with a low moan. Devil thrust again, taking Adam's mouth over and over. Eve couldn't take her eyes off the scene in front of her. She came hard and fast, her body trembling as she watched Devil fuck Adam's mouth.

He came with a curse, shuddering and panting his release. Adam followed, his seed coating his hand and stomach.

Devil collapsed onto the blanket, tugging Adam down beside him. “I don’t...think I have anything left to teach you,” he said between gasps. Adam pulled Devil’s arm over his chest and kissed the other man’s palm.

“We want you here anyway.”

Eve snuggled into Adam’s other side, kissing his swollen lips and tasting Devil. “I told you,” she said, finding Devil’s gaze over Adam’s head. For once, the man was at a loss for words.

Chapter 10:

Eve woke to Adam's erection against her backside. He had curled around her while they rested, his hand over her breast. She was already aching for more, wanting him to fill her again. She pushed back against him and he groaned.

"Eve," he whispered, kissing her neck.

She rolled over onto her back and gazed up at him. The setting sun behind him created a golden glow around his head. She smiled and spread her legs for him. He nestled between them, sliding into her where she was already so warm and wet.

She reached out and found Devil still there, still watching, eyes dark and hungry. She pulled him close and kissed him. He'd lost his clothes at some point and Eve savored the feel of his skin beneath her hands.

He slid his tongue deeper into her mouth, his kisses becoming more urgent as Adam rocked his hips into her. She wrapped her legs around his waist and held him tight. Devil broke the kiss to move his mouth to Adam's. They kissed over her and Eve's pleasure built. She watched as Devil ran his hand over Adam's body, over his muscled arms and broad shoulders, down the ridges of his back, and then lower.

Adam stilled, a scarlet blush racing across his chest.

"Do you want me here?" Devil purred in his ear.

Adam swallowed hard, his gaze locked with Devil's.

"Only if you want it, golden boy," Devil said, his voice gentle now, no teasing to be found.

“I want it.” Adam’s voice when he answered was like gravel beneath her feet, rough and sharp.

Devil moved his hand further and Adam groaned, his forehead dropping to Eve’s and she knew Devil was inside him, filling him up too. Eve ran her hands over his sides and back, soothing him. He shuddered with pleasure.

When Adam adjusted to the invasion, he began to move again, rocking his hips into her as Devil thrust into him.

“That’s right, golden boy,” Devil whispered to him. “You take care of our sweet Eve and I’ll take care of you.”

Watching them, hearing Devil’s sweet words, and knowing what he was doing to Adam sent Eve over the edge, her pleasure radiating out to her toes.

“Good girl,” Devil murmured, kissing her forehead as she floated back down to earth.

“I want more,” Adam groaned, his face flushed, eyes bright and Eve knew what he was asking for.

Devil did too.

He moved from her side and positioned himself behind Adam. From the pocket of the pants he’d tossed aside he pulled a vial of oil. The warm-spiced scent reached her as he pulled the cork and got Adam ready for him.

Eve wrapped her hands around Adam’s neck and pulled him down to her, kissing and biting his lips as Devil worked.

“Oh, God. Oh God,” he whispered against her mouth as Devil took his hips and pushed into him. Adam groaned, his body shaking in her arms. Devil moved slowly, his entire body tense with holding back. Adam’s face was flushed, his eyes burning bright, and Eve thought he’d never looked more beautiful.

When he'd taken all of Devil, all three of them paused, the sound of their ragged breaths filling the air. Adam rested his head against hers as Devil ran a hand down his back.

"Are you alright, golden boy?" Devil's voice was like a gentle caress and Adam shuddered against Eve's body at the sound of it.

"Yes," he whispered, his breath tickling her face. "It's good." He held Eve's gaze. "You were right, this is good. It's perfect."

Eve caught his lips, kissing the sweet words from his mouth. And then Devil began to move. With each thrust, Devil pushed Adam into her, his hips grinding against her clit. He held onto Adam's hips, not letting her husband crush her but allowing for just the right amount of pressure against her tender flesh. Adam held himself up, his muscles quivering as Devil used his body, and Eve kissed away every hiss and moan from his lips.

Eve's pleasure built with every rock of Adam's hips, with every thrust of Devil's body, with the sight of two beautiful men over her. Higher and higher until she flung her head back and gave into the ecstasy coursing through her body.

"Fuck, Eve," Adam growled as her cunt clenched around him. "Oh God, Oh, God..." the words tumbled from his mouth like a prayer pouring over her as he came inside her. Devil thrust harder at the peak of Adam's release and followed them over the edge with a string of groaned curses.

Adam's ragged breaths cooled the sweat from her skin as he hung his head in exhaustion. His body trembled around hers as Devil slowly pulled out of his body and cleaned them both up. Without a word, the three lay down, curled around each other, and slept.

Chapter 11:

Eve wasn't sure how long they'd existed in the Garden. It could have been days or months or years. She wasn't very good at keeping track of such things. But her affection and desire for her mates hadn't diminished; the three had only grown more inseparable. And they'd found innumerable ways to find pleasure in each other.

Like now, when she rode on top of Adam's cock and Devil slid into her ass filling her so completely she whimpered. The pain and pleasure spiraled together leaving her quivering against her husband. Adam whispered sweet encouragement to her as he kissed and sucked her breasts, driving the sensation even higher.

Devil leaned over her, trailing kisses down her back, thrusting in and out so slowly Eve felt tears welling in her throat.

"That's it, sweet Eve," he crooned. "Come apart for us."

She moaned at his words. This was Devil's favorite way for them to be together. Adam had been so proud to name it the Devil's Threeway, Eve could still remember his pleased grin.

Adam sucked harder on her nipple, flicking it with his tongue and Eve ground her clit against his pelvis. Devil rocked into her deeper and the orgasm washed over her in a long slow wave, too big to pinpoint where it started or ended but leaving her a sobbing mess in its wake.

She let big strong hands take care of her and tuck her into their bed and was only vaguely aware of her lovers pleasuring each other. She fell asleep with a smile on her face.

Eventually, though, the restlessness returned.

The three were sitting in the sunshine in the middle of the Garden, sated and content, or so they seemed. But the feeling that there was more to life had settled back in Eve's gut and she couldn't shake it.

The men were wearing clothes today to protect them from the sun and dirt, and Adam had his head in Devil's lap. Devil ran his fingers through her husband's golden curls but his focus was on Eve.

She smiled at him but, as usual, he seemed to know her thoughts better than she did.

"I think it's time, sweet Eve."

"Time for what?" she asked, a sense of dread settling over her. She looked at them again, her two men, one sunny and one dark, both so beautiful in the dappled sunlight. Somehow she knew whatever happened next would ruin their perfect peace. And still, it felt inevitable.

"Time for you to know the truth." Devil shifted and Adam sat up sleepily from his lap. Devil pushed a golden curl from his forehead and then stood to pick a piece of low-hanging fruit.

He tossed the pomegranate to Eve. "Eat it," he said. "Eat it and you'll see everything. You'll see what you can have in this life. Away from here."

Eve rolled the scarlet fruit in her hands, her heart thrumming in her chest. Did she want to know? Did she want to disrupt what they had? Who in their right mind would want to leave paradise?

But she knew this wasn't it. She knew she couldn't stay here forever in this contained life even if she'd found ways to find pleasure here. It wasn't enough. She swallowed her tears. Somehow, it still wasn't enough.

"What if I don't want to know?" she asked, her voice shaky and Devil smiled at the sound. He saw her fear. Of course he did.

“I was always meant to show you this, Eve. I’ve stalled long enough.” Devil swallowed hard, shadows darkening his face. “You can have so much more. I should have shown you sooner.”

Shown her sooner? She was glad he hadn’t, was glad she’d had so much time here with him. Was it all about to end? She wiped the tears from her eyes, cut open the fruit, and plucked out a shimmering seed. She half expected Adam to stop her, but her husband just watched as she placed the seed on her tongue and saw everything.

It swept over her in a flash, the life she could have. The joy and the indescribable happiness, the pain and fear and loneliness. The contentment and purpose. The anger and jealousy. It all swirled together, so intertwined and knotted together that there was no way to have some of it and not others. If she left, she could have a full life. A beautiful life. But she wouldn’t be protected anymore. She would feel all the bitter lows and wonderful highs and there would be no stopping it. She would have to take it all.

Her breath left her in a shocked gust and she dropped the fruit.

Adam stared at her with wide eyes, concern written across his features, but Devil looked away, unable to face her.

“What is it?” Adam asked. “What did you see?”

“I...it’s...” Eve shook her head. She couldn’t put it into words so she held out the fruit to Adam. He held her gaze as he took it from her hands and plucked out another seed. Silently, he ate it and Eve watched helplessly as the truth washed over him as well. His beautiful golden face darkened, his sunshine smile dropped from his lips and Eve instantly regretted her decision.

She was so intent on watching and waiting for Adam’s reaction, she didn’t notice Devil slipping away. She grabbed Adam’s hands pulling him

back to reality. He blinked at her as though he didn't recognize her and Eve held her breath. What if what he'd seen had been worse? What if his future didn't include her?

But then his face split into a grin and relief flooded through Eve's veins.

"We have to go," he said. "We have to leave, Eve. We can have so much more outside of these walls." He squeezed her hands tight in his.

"It wasn't all good, though."

His expression sobered slightly but he couldn't keep the excitement from his honeyed gaze. "We'll make it good. Me and you. And our... children," he added in a hushed whisper. "Please, wife. Let's leave together."

Eve leaned forward and he took her face in his hands, his calloused thumbs tracing her cheekbones. Her heart fluttered in her chest. It was what she wanted from the start but now that it was here, she was afraid.

Adam kissed her gently. He still tasted like beginnings and sweetness. Of course, she would follow him. They were made from the same stardust. Her soul would always call to his. It wasn't even a question. And now she knew for certain, they weren't meant to stay here. This wasn't a life, not really.

"Yes, let's leave. I'll come with you." And that's when Eve realized this place hadn't been filled with tests, but only choices. Their strange God had wanted to protect them, but he'd left the door open, given them the means to seek the truth. He'd always given them the choice. And now that she'd made hers, she blew out a deep sigh of relief.

Adam beamed. "And you too—" Adam's words died as they both looked up to find Devil but the man was nowhere to be seen.

"Damn it," he muttered, pulling Eve to stand. "Let's go get him."

They found him by the gate. The one that had never been locked. The one they could have walked through at any time.

“For a while, I thought maybe I could keep you here with me,” he said, not turning to look at them as they approached. “That maybe we could stay forever. But you would have grown unhappy with me and that would have been worse than letting you go. You both deserve to go.”

Adam came up behind him and wrapped his arms around Devil’s waist. The darker man sank into him, and Eve’s heart fluttered to see them like that. It always did.

“We want you to come with us,” Adam said, placing a kiss on top of Devil’s head.

“I can’t.”

“Why not?” Eve asked. “You’re not afraid of what God will say, are you?” she teased but the grim expression didn’t leave Devil’s face.

“It’s not meant to be me, sweet Eve. It’s man and woman. Husband and wife. I do not fit into this equation although it is sweet of you both to try.”

Adam crinkled his nose. “That’s ridiculous.”

Eve nodded, stepping closer until Devil was sandwiched between them. She tipped her face up to his. “We want you with us.”

“We don’t make sense, little one.”

Adam huffed, ruffling Devil’s hair. “Are you so unimaginative, Devil? You think there isn’t space in this whole new world for the three of us? For an infinite number of ways for people to be together?”

It was Devil’s turn to huff, but Eve could see his resolve weakening. “I didn’t expect this. Any of this. I didn’t think you’d want me with you out there,” he confessed and Eve’s heart ached. Had they done such a poor job of showing him what he meant to them?

A new word shimmered in the darkness. The only word that fit what she felt for both these men.

“I love you,” she said, Devil’s blue gaze meeting hers. “I love you and I want you with me.”

“Me too. I love you, too,” Adam whispered, nuzzling against Devil’s ear, and the man melted between them.

“Well, damn it...” he muttered, his arms wrapping around Eve’s waist and pulling her close. “I love you both. Of course, I do.”

“So, you’ll come?” Eve asked, her cheek pressed against his heart.

“It won’t always be pleasant, you know.”

“We know,” she assured him. “But it will be worth it.”

Devil let out a long sigh. “I don’t think it was supposed to go like this.”

Eve pulled away and took his hand. Adam brushed a kiss against Devil’s lips before taking Eve’s other hand. “There’s no one way it was supposed to go, sweet Devil. We’ll go whatever way we choose.”

She smiled up at him and relished his dark smirk before she turned to Adam and caught his sunshiney grin. And then Adam, Eve, and the Devil stepped out of the Garden for good.

Want More?! Check out more of my work at melissamct.com

More by Melissa McTernan:

Missing Maren

Bewitched by my Best Friend

Through the Fairy Ring

Married to the Fae Queen

His Fairies

Secret Family Recipes for Love and Butter Cookies
Marked for Each Other: The Princess and The Barbarian