



Slash & Burn

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SEX
GOD

A Slash & Burn Publication

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Cover art by Nicole Austin

WARNING:

The following material contains graphic sexual content, explicit language, hot manlove, and is meant for mature readers.

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Sex God

Jesus Christ, it was biggest he'd ever seen. In circumference and length. Jaxon scooted backward from the position he'd landed in, on his butt, kicking dirt and rocks as he tried to get a better look...no, to get away. That's what he was doing, fighting to get away from the thing. It would tear him in half if he let it anywhere near his body. Smooth and hard, it curved slightly upward and made Jaxon swallow with its impressive nature.

"Damn," Luke Hillhouse said as he looked up at the thing that had sent his acquaintance Jaxon into such a spazz. Luke, peered over the tops of his sunglasses, his dark gaze gliding up and down the ancient monument before them. "The guy at the hotel said this statue was based on a living god. He said it dated from before the pyramids. Of course they have no proof and the locals won't let them do testing, but that's the legend. "Luke peered over the glasses again to Jaxon who as still on his ass staring. "I wonder what the goddesses looked like. "

"I thought you were gay," Jaxon shot back. "Isn't that the whole point of Castro Travel? To give the GLBTQA community a friendly environment to travel under?"

Luke shrugged his well muscled shoulders and stuffed his hands into the pockets of his snug denim cut-offs. "Gay, straight, who needs labels?" Jaxon's stare was hard and accusing. "Fine," Luke said tersely. "Consider me part of the Q & A aspect--Questioning and Allied, okay?"

Before Jaxon could respond another man approached. "I wondered where you wandered off to."

Jaxon shot Luke a dirty look as his handsome friend stifled a chuckle. Turning from the nearly god-like form of Luke to the man who'd just arrived, Jaxon pasted a false smile on his face. The whole purpose of this trip was supposed to be to find some sort of spark in his relationship

with Brad. Ten days spent traveling around the Mediterranean, when Brad's fair skin burned at even the mention of sun, when his sensitive stomach rebelled at the merest suggestion of seafood, when his palate preferred slabs of beef and potatoes instead of fine Italian cuisine... Jaxon wished, not for the first time, that Brad could be more like Luke.

"Sorry, we found ourselves fascinated by a god." Thankful not to have to stare his and Brad's rough relationship in the face, he turned his attention back to the statue.

"He certainly is, uh, well-endowed." Brad's gaze seemed glued to the statue's enormous phallus.

"Imagine taking it from a man like that." Jaxon inched closer to his lover and cupped one buttock, harder than usual from all the walking they'd done on their trip. He gave it a squeeze.

Brad gulped. A shudder wound its way down his spine.

Jaxon grinned. Perhaps there was hope for him and Brad yet. Over the top of his lover's tousled brown hair he caught Luke's hungry stare. Perhaps, the menu served three...

"Hey, Luke," Jaxon said, tracing a fingertip up Brad's spine. "I heard if you lick the statue's cock, it'll come to life and grant you a wish."

Brad turned and gave him a stern look. "You didn't hear any such thing."

"Did too." Jaxon pressed against Brad's back, inhaling the scent of his sweat. "The maid told me."

Luke looked thoughtful. "Actually, the guy I talked to said something like that. I don't think you had to lick it though. Just touch it."

Jaxon grinned. "I dare you."

Luke's eyes went wide. "Who, me?"

"Yeah." Resting his head against Brad's, Jaxon gave Luke his best challenging stare. "Come on, Luke. What's the harm?"

Luke turned, giving the statue a considering look, and Jaxon knew he had him. Yes! His secret wish to be the meat in a Brad-and-Jaxon sandwich is about to come true!

"All right," Luke said. "You're on." He squared his shoulders, stepped over the useless little fence around the statue, and stalked toward it...

Luke ran his fingers over the cool marble phallus that had them all fascinated. Thick as a beer can and longer than a ruler, it had each of them spellbound. What would it be like to spread for a man that well hung?

Painful most likely...

He'd take real flesh and blood appendages over false play-toys any day. Which brought him back to the couple waiting patiently for him to bend and run his tongue over the statue. He'd been fantasizing about Jaxon and Brad for the duration of their vacation. Who wouldn't, when both men were hot as hell, and so adorably clueless about that same hotness? Their naiveté alone made his dick hard. All he could think about was kinky ways to corrupt them. Now seemed like as good a time as any.

Luke bent at the waist, wagging his ass at the men like a naughty puppy begging for a spanking, and extended his tongue toward the tip of the phallus. He pushed away thoughts of who else had tried this, and the germs engendered in the process, and moaned like a two-dollar whore as he licked the cold marble cockhead.

"Oh my God," Brad cried from behind him. "I can't believe you're really doing that."

Luke stood up straight and turned to face the men, who stood side by side staring at him as if he'd lost his mind. "Hey, you're the ones who dared me to do it."

Jaxon grinned. "But we didn't think you'd actually do it. That thing has to be dirty."

Luke shrugged and winked. "No more germy than sucking a real cock. Want me to give you a demonstration of that?"

"Don't offer if you're not willing to deliver."

Brad shivered. Jaxon's tone was teasing, but his body went tense where it pressed into Brad's back. God, the verbal foreplay was making him hot. Not to mention what the hard ridge pressed against his ass was doing to him. Scorching!

This is why he'd agreed to the trip. He wanted the chance to rekindle his sex life with Jaxon, and the sparks were definitely starting to fly now. Still, Brad wasn't sure if Luke was serious or merely playing. And yet the idea of having both Jaxon and Luke made his own cock sit up and beg for attention. While he had reservations about sharing Jaxon, maybe Luke was exactly what they needed.

"You're the one who licked it, Luke. Should be your wish being granted, not Jaxon's fantasy." Brad wondered if his voice sounded deeper and sexier to anyone else or if it was his imagination.

Luke studied his expression and Brad's whole body began to tingle under the intense scrutiny. The other man gave him a slow once over as Jaxon's hands slid from his waist, gliding over his chest to tease his pebbled nipples.

"What if that was my wish?"

Luke took a step closer, and Brad's heart began to pound against his ribs.

"Would you let me suck Jaxon's cum down my throat?"

Another taunt, another step. Luke was killing him. Brad noticed a fine sheen of sweat coated Luke's bronzed flesh. His mouth watered for a

taste. He imagined sliding his tongue across all those hard planes and sharp angles.

“And what if I wanted you pounding into my ass at the same time?”

Hell yes! The idea sounded like heaven, and oh the visuals his mind was busy creating.

Luke stood just out of reach, but close enough Brad could smell his rich masculine scent. It made Brad think of spicy exotic seasonings, and long nights of fucking. He wasn't able to suppress a deep moan. With his hands on his narrow hips, Luke's fingers framed the impressive bulge in his pants. Brad licked his dry lips. If Jaxon's fingers clenching reflexively into his pecs was any indication, his lover was just as turned on.

“What about it? Would you grant my wish?”

"I can grant all of your wishes."

Luke shuddered as the deep softly accented voice came from behind and washed over him like the waves on the beach. He looked to his friends. Brad and Jaxon both stood stock still their eyes wide their mouths agape. They'd heard it too and he had the distinct feeling they were seeing the owner of the voice as well.

Swallowing hard Luke slowly turned and found his own jaw dropping. The statue was gone and in its place was a gorgeous god of a man. A man whose full attention was upon him. "Why not finish what you started, hmmm?" the man said with a wicked grin.

Again Luke swallowed and forced his gaze from the man's perfect handsome face. His body was muscular but not muscle-bound. His skin was pale and had a most unusual sheen to it. His flesh and blood abs were as chiseled as the statue version had been and his cock. Well. It wasn't quite the monster it had been a moment ago but it was long and thick and stood out from a thatch of dark coarse curls. The man pumped

his hand along the rigid shaft, once, twice, a third time, each movement slow and calculating and when a drop of pearly pre-cum appeared Luke fell to his knees and licked it away with a leisurely flick of his tongue.

"Don't be shy," the man said to Jaxon and Brad as he ran his fingers through Luke's dark hair. "Join us."

Jaxon's gaze darted from the now flesh and blood statue to Luke sucking greedily on the thick protruding cock, then back to the god like stranger. His erection throbbed and filled as far as his skin could stretch so it was nearly painful. He couldn't stop his hips from pressing forward into Brad's back, grinding into those tight cheeks.

"Are we hallucinating?" Brad's voice was a whisper, mingling with the sweet slurping sounds coming from Jaxon. "Perhaps they put some sort of foreign drug into our food."

"Who cares. Have you ever seen anything sexier?"

Brad chuckled. "Yeah, when you're down on your knees sucking me."

Jaxon groaned. His hands slid over his lover's chest until they cupped the hardened cock straining to break free from the material holding it captive. It was pleasing to know Brad felt that way.

The sexy stranger threw his head back and pumped his hips to Luke's rhythm. "You only get one chance. It's now or never." His words were nearly groans, the sound exciting Jaxon even more than he thought was possible.

Now, now, now, Jaxon's mind screamed. The possibility of getting caught in public only added to the excitement. He did take a quick peek around though. This time of day most people were ensconced somewhere eating dinner and with the statue, er...god, in the far corner of the garden, Jaxon didn't see anyone. And right now he didn't give a flying fuck if they got caught.

Grabbing Brad's hand, he tugged them both closer. Luke took almost every inch of the god's cock as the former statue plunged in and out of his mouth.

"Strip," the god ordered, leaving no room for disobedience.

Who the hell would. Jaxon made short order of divesting himself of his clothes but from the corner of his eye he saw Brad standing still as a...well, a statue, damn it. His heart hammered. Maybe this wasn't what Brad wanted. Putting his hands on Brad's shoulders, Jaxon faced his lover, his heart in his throat, and breathed a sigh of relief.

He didn't find the concern he thought he'd see. What he did see was pure lust. Brad was practically drooling at watching Luke suck the god's cock.

"I won't tell you again," the god growled, his head thrown back in ecstasy.

Jaxon slipped his hands beneath Brad's shirt and lifted it off him, luxuriating in the feel of his lover's smooth skin and rock hard abs. He pressed his mouth to one of the nipples he'd uncovered, sucking the tight nub between his lips and biting gently on it. Brad's breath hissed out and he held Jaxon close against him with a hand tunneled in Jaxon's hair.

Jaxon pressed his cheek against Brad's nearly-hairless chest. For long moments he waited there, listening to the pounding of Brad's heart, hearing the rasp of breath in and out of his lungs. Jaxon drew Brad's scent into his lungs. Heaven. If it existed surely it was filled with moments like these when they fit together perfectly, heart and soul.

He dropped to his knees, nuzzling along the arrow of hair that led to the waistband of Brad's pants. A flick of his fingers unfastened them. The zipper rasped loud in the public square. Against the cotton cloth of his boxers, Brad's cock surged forward, and Jaxon pressed his lips to it through the thin cloth. The organ leapt in response, as did Jaxon's cock,

still confined in his jeans. Hands on Brad's hips, Jaxon angled them so he could turn and watch Luke sucking the former-statue's cock. His cheeks hollowed out, lashes fanned on his cheeks, Luke looked like a man bent on a mission, and unbidden, a moan rose from deep within Jaxon's chest.

"I like it that you get off on watching them," Brad whispered. "But I'd like it even more if you suck my cock the way Luke is sucking that statue." He curled his fingers into the back of Jaxon's head, and once more pulled his mouth toward his tented boxers.

Yanking Brad's boxers down to his knees, Jaxon opened his mouth and swallowed Brad's cock as deep as he could. Above him, Brad moaned, fingers clenching in Jaxon's hair. Jaxon echoed him. This was what he'd wanted when they booked this trip. The way Brad kneaded his scalp, the noises he made, the head-spinning taste and smell of Brad's excitement.

Jaxon had wanted the passion back. Seemed like he'd gotten his wish.

Beside him, the god let out a low growl. "Mmm. Beautiful. Wouldn't you agree, Luke?"

Jaxon glanced sideways, bending to suck Brad's balls. Luke was staring at them, the god's prick still sliding in and out of his mouth in a slow, steady rhythm. The fire in his eyes made Jaxon's crotch ache. God, what he wouldn't give for Luke to pull his shorts down and fuck his ass while Brad fucked his mouth.

"Luke," the god breathed, running a hand through Luke's hair. "Your friends have a wish only you can fulfill. I think you know what it is. What remains to be seen is, will you grant them their wish?"

Letting the god's heavy prick slip out of his mouth, Luke sat back on his heels and watched Jaxon deep-throat Brad's cock. His eyes followed

the slide of Jaxon's lips up and down Brad's shaft, the flick of his tongue over the head when he pulled back.

When Luke dropped to all fours and crawled like a cat toward them, the only thing keeping Jaxon from whooping in victory was Brad's prick still buried in his throat.

Luke inched up behind Jaxon on hand and knee, feeling the intense scrutiny of the God's powerful gaze on his own ass all the way. If anything, knowing he was being watched and appraised only made him harder, his dick like steel where it bounced below him, slapping his abs and leaving a sticky trail behind with every sinuous glide he made across the floor toward his friends.

Jaxon looked up as Luke approached, his beautiful lips curved up at the corners around Brad's thick cock, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

Luke smiled at him and continued around the pair, until he was where he most wanted to be, faced with the firm round globes of Jaxon's pale ass. He reached out a tentative hand and skated his fingers over the silken skin of Jaxon's ass, feeling his friend's body tremble in response to his touch.

He separated the pale globes, revealing the tight pink pucker between, and leaned forward, inhaling the delicate aroma of lusty man and clean skin with only a hint of whatever soap Jaxon had used that morning. Without lube, there was only one way he knew of to prepare Jaxon for his cock, without hurting him. He could only hope Jaxon would derive as much enjoy from this as he would.

Luke blew a stream of air over Jaxon's ass, fascinated with the way it made his hole clench and flutter. He bent forward and gave a tentative lick, swiping the tip of his tongue around the tight ring of muscle, giving Jaxon a chance to buck him off, if it was something he didn't want.

When no response came, other than the wet slurping sounds of Jaxon sucking off Brad, and Brad's quiet whimpers, Luke resumed his feast, licking and sucking the tiny whorl of wrinkled skin.

Jaxon wiggled his ass, pushing back against Luke's tongue for more. Luke stiffened his tongue into a point and jabbed it at Jaxon's ass, fucking his friend's ass with it until he felt the snug entrance give way and loosen for him, giving all appearance of being ready for something bigger, ready for his cock.

"Oh, fuck yeah!" Brad groaned, clenched his teeth and fought to hold back the need to climax. The hot, wet suction of Jaxon's mouth on his cock, coupled with the hotter than hell sight of Luke fucking Jaxon's tight hole with his tongue, blew Brad's mind. Fire raced along his spine, gathering in his full, heavy balls.

When Luke positioned the broad head of his cock at Jaxon's sphincter, Brad widened his stance and leaned forward to watch, praying he wouldn't fall over. The view was amazing. His breath caught in his throat as Luke spread Jaxon's cheeks wide. The tight ring of muscle stretched in welcome, engulfing Luke's erection, taking every long inch.

"Jesus," Luke hissed. "So tight. Scorching."

Brad tried to speak but the words came out garbled, losing their meaning somewhere along the path between his brain and mouth. He knew how good it felt to be clenched deep in Jaxon's hot body.

Blood rushed to Brad's balls. His erection hardened and lengthened within the smothering suction of his lover's mouth. Electric sensations pulsed through his cock, ripping a strangled cry from his lips.

His climax arrived in a powerful rush. Jaxon swallowed, his throat convulsing around the head of Brad's cock, drawing every last drop of cum from his balls. His knees buckled. He caught himself by holding onto Jaxon's shoulders.

A sense of pride filled him when Jaxon continued to lick and suck his semi-hard cock, hips never losing momentum as he met each of Luke's strong thrusts.

Brad glanced over Luke's shoulder, caught by the heat of the animated statue's avid gaze.

"My turn," the sex god declared.

"I'm sure your friend can finish you," he said to Jaxon before wrapping one bulging arm around Luke's waist and pulling him free from Jaxon's body.

Luke sucked in his breath half in fear half in anticipation when the living god carried him with the ease a father would carry a child. More blood rushed to this already hard cock when the god waved his free hand and caused an alabaster pedestal to appear. He set Luke upon it then slowly began to stroke his own long hard cock, his gaze never leaving the mortal man before him.

Luke was aware of his friends, quiet gasps as the god's cock grew impossibly thick and long and Luke found himself squirming on the cool alabaster, his hole twitching, his cock as hard as the stone beneath him. Luke could only stare, his pulse racing like mad, his body craving everything he glimpsed in the intent gaze that held him spellbound.

It was as if in a dream he felt his legs lifted high and spread them wide moments before a hot stream of slippery come hit his tight opening. Without a word, the god thrust forward and buried himself to the hilt in Luke's tight ass, his cock still spurting, coating Luke's passage.

Luke cried out and the cry melted into a long slow moan as the semen filling him became like the slickest lube. There was no way to compare it to anything he'd ever experienced and he didn't bother to try. He simply closed his eyes and held onto to the edges of the pedestal and savored the felling of being taken like never before.

Jaxon groaned when Brad's cock slipped from his mouth, his lover holding tightly to his shoulders. He panted, his body screaming of unfulfilled need. His ass throbbed from Luke's pounding, still aching for release. He was trembling from the shock of having Luke pulled away before he could come.

Glancing to where the sex god had dragged Luke, he found his friend in pure ecstasy. Who wouldn't be with a stud like the former statue thrusting his thick cock in and out? Porn was nothing compared to the real life thing as the air was filled with the musky scent of sex. Even out here in the gardens, it seemed to permeate Jaxon's nose.

He groaned, looking up at Brad. "If I don't come soon, I'm going to explode."

With a grin that almost solved Jaxon's problem all by itself, Brad slid to his knees. "Hang on, baby." He opened wide and swallowed Jaxon's cock whole.

Jaxon gasped, back arching as Brad sucked him with single minded determination. "Oh my God!"

"Busy," boomed the Sex God, still thrusting into Luke in spite of the cum dripping from the man's hole.

Smart-ass deity. Jaxon let out a breathless laugh, which morphed into a groan when Brad did that thing he liked to do with his tongue. "Brad. Close."

Brad pulled off of Jaxon's cock, tearing a distinctly unmasculine whimper from Jaxon's throat. "Come in my mouth, baby."

He wet two fingers in his mouth, then applied that wonderful suction to Jaxon's prick again. Jaxon cried out when Brad's fingers slid into his ass, found the sweet spot and rubbed. He shot down Brad's throat, fingers clenching in his lover's hair. "Fuck, Brad. Yeah. Oh, fuck."

Brad hummed; the vibrations sending a violent shudder through Jaxon's now-extremely-sensitive cock and up his spine and nearly making his knees buckle. The hot breeze hit Jaxon's wet cock as Brad let go and stood. One arm around Jaxon's waist and the other hand cupping his head, Brad leaned forward and took Jaxon's mouth with his. Jaxon opened to him, tongue coming out to lap up the remains of his own semen. He loved the taste of himself and Brad mixed together.

"Love you, babe," Brad whispered, resting his forehead against Jaxon's.

Jaxon smiled a loopy, post-orgasmic smile. "Love you too."

"What're Luke and the Sex God statue guy doing?" Brad nuzzled Jaxon's neck. "Luke still getting his ass split?"

Jaxon turned to look and his eyes sauced. "Whoa. Would you look at that."

Misty gray tendrils of smoke swarmed around the Sex God and Luke in a thick fog, eradicating any view of the duo other than a light outline of their bodies. Through the thickening cloud, Jaxon could make out Luke's slighter frame, his body contorted into some kind of funky wheelbarrow position. Luke's forearms rested on the ground, bracing his weight, as the Sex God held his thighs spread apart and pounded into him from behind with lunges so hard they made Jaxon's ass twinge in sympathy.

In the safety of his lover's arms, Jaxon watched the scene playing out in front of them. He squinted, trying to make out everything he could, and felt Brad squirm against him, his lover's cock jerking as it tried to harden once again.

"Do you take me?" The Sex God's voice boomed, filthy words and orders filling the air, while their friends responding whimpers were all but drowned out. "Do you accept me of your own free will?"

Jaxon thought the questions were odd, considering that Luke was already taking the lumbering giant inside his body and had been for quite a while already. Why would the God ask such an obvious question? It made no sense.

Luke cried out in what sounded like a hell of an orgasm and shouted, "Yes. Yes, I accept you. Oh, fuck. Don't stop, I'm coming..."

A sonic boom rent the air, the reverberations shaking the ground underneath the huddling couple. A blast of light blinded Jaxon as he held onto Brad, terrified of the unknown. What was going on? Was Luke okay? Were they?

As his eyesight slowly began to adjust into more than just wiggling dots, Jaxon gasped.

"Jesus Christ," Brad whispered as they scrambled upright and hurried over to the statue of two lover's fucking that now stood where Luke and the Sex God had been seconds before.

Jaxon reached out, his fingers skimming the air around the sculpture. "What the fuck?"

"Do you think Luke's trapped inside there?"

"No. I don't know how, but Luke's gone home with the Sex God, wherever the hell that is." He glanced at his lover. "That must have been what all those strange questions were about. You think so?"

"Yeah. Maybe." Brad shrugged. "I really have no idea."

Jaxon sighed. "Jesus. What do you think the chances are that we'll wake up in bed aboard the ship and this whole experience will be one crazy dream?"

"I don't know, babe. But either way, unless we want to be stranded out here, we need to head back to the ship."

Jaxon glanced over his shoulder as Brad took his arm by the elbow and started to lead him away. He stared at the look of exquisite bliss on

the statue version of their friend's face until Brad tugged on his hand, pulling him away. "Come on, babe. We have to hustle if we're going to make it back on time."

"Yeah, yeah. I was just thinking that I've never seen a happier look on Luke's face."

Brad glanced back. "Yeah, I think you're right. Wherever Luke is, I hope he's as happy as he looks."

"Me too," Jaxon whispered as he allowed himself to be hustled away.

The End

About the Authors

What's better than one hot man? Two, playing together. Come and chat with the women of homoerotic romance. You never know what kind of goodies we may have in store for you.

<http://www.slash-and-burn.blogspot.com/>

Ally Blue

<http://www.allyblue.com/>

Married nearly twenty years, two entirely fabulous children, one entirely fabulous (in a manly way) husband. Been an RN for the last eighteen years. I am originally from the Alabama Gulf Coast, but have lived in the lovely Western North Carolina mountains for over twenty years now, and I love it.

Like so many other female slash writers, I started out by writing fan fiction. Not telling who it involved, as it was real people rather than fictional characters (bad, bad Ally...). I quickly graduated to original character fiction, and discovered that I liked that even better. It's the hot boy-on-boy action that flips my switch, though, so that's what I still write, for the most part.

My first short story was published in the ezine Forbidden Fruit (go to the links page and check it out!). I have since become a regular contributor to Forbidden Fruit, and have also had short stories published in the erotic ezine Ruthie's Club, as well as a story in the Torquere Press ezine Fresh Off The Vine. My books are available through Loose Id and Samhain Publishing. Check out the "books" link in the menu above for cover art, blurbs, excerpts and purchase info on all my currently available and Coming Soon works.

Amanda Young

<http://www.amandayoung.org/>

Amanda Young is a multi-published, erotic romance author. All of her books are steamy and not for the faint of heart. Since she tends to write whatever strikes her whimsy, all of her novels fall into various subgenres. Among her titles you'll find contemporary, manlove, and paranormal.

Basically, she writes stories about men and women who love indiscriminately and wholeheartedly. Her characters are never perfect; they're flawed and oftentimes troubled. Which makes it that much more satisfying when they receive the happy ending we all deserve. No matter what genre her books fall into, she can guarantee they'll end with a happily ever after. In her opinion, it's just not a romance without one.

Annmarie McKenna

<http://www.annmariemckenna.com/>

Hi! Greetings from Annmarie McKenna. It's been an exciting year. I finished my erotic, ménage a trois project, *Blackmailed*, and sold it to Samhain Publishing. Look for it to come out in Ebook format May 30th, and in Print format early September. The cover is beautiful and sexy!

I am originally from St. Louis, MO and currently live about 30 miles from where I grew up. My husband and I are raising four kids under the age of 7. The oldest three are girls, the baby a boy. Ooh is he in trouble!

Between shuffling kids to various sports, girl scouts, and school projects, I try to get in as much writing time as possible. I am currently working on my next book, an erotic shape-shifter. A werewolf Prime meets his mate, only to discover she has her own secrets.

Keep looking back at the site, I hope it changes a lot!

Barbara Sheridan

<http://www.barbarasheridan.net/>

I'm an award winning novelist by the name of Barbara Sheridan. I live in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, with an unruly menagerie including two children, one grandchild, an older brother, a bird, a turtle that think it's a cat, and five cats—one of which "sees things" and has a mad crush on a Japanese musician.

Right now, I'm having the time of her life collaborating with cover art goddess Anne Cain on the *Blood Brothers/Dragon's Disciple/Orange Moon* series.

I love old movies, character driven movies and I'm guilty of being a mad fangirl for numerous Japanese rock bands. "

Marty Rayne

<http://www.martyrayne.com/>

Books have been my first love since I can remember. I grew up getting lost in new and exciting worlds. The characters becoming my friends or enemies, even if for the duration of the books. Writing came next off and on through the years, but I never really took it seriously or thought of making it a career until a few years ago as I got sucked into the world of the internet. With the encouragement and help of a wonderful friend, I finally ventured into the field of writing.

I am a licensed massage therapist and have recently completed my study with the LongRidge Writing School. I'm also a wife to a wonderful and supporting husband (my very own knight in shining armor), a mother of four boys (the youngest a set of twins), and a grandmother.

I live in Florida and love spending time taking long walks on the beach with my husband and learning Karate with my children.

Mary Winter

<http://www.marywinter.com/>

Mary commutes between her dream home near the Mark Twain national forest in Missouri, and her current residence in Iowa. She lives with a menagerie of animals including an opinionated horse and a cat who was a dog in past life. When not writing spicy tales of erotic romance, she enjoys writing science fiction and fantasy, spending time with her horse, and enjoying the outdoors. Lucky for her, her partner (hero) shares these same passions, and usually both of them can be found in their respective dens writing.

Nicole Austin

<http://www.nicoleaustin.net/>

Nicole Austin lives on the sheltered Gulf Coast of Florida, where inspiration can be found sitting under a big shade umbrella on the

beach, sipping cold margaritas. A voracious reader, she never goes anywhere without a book, but started looking for something more. Something hotter.

A passion for erotic romance led to Nicole's creation of sizzling characters and boundary pushing stories. Now she lives in an incredible world where fantasy comes to life in bold, vivid detail. Well, until real life intrudes and she has to share the computer with the rest of the family.