



AMERICAN SINNER

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An Erotica/Urban Fantasy Novel
By

Michel Poulin

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A mixed Erotica/Urban Fantasy novel

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WARNING TO POTENTIAL READERS



THIS NOVEL IS MEANT STRICTLY FOR ADULT READERS. IT CONTAINS GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF SEX AND VIOLENCE, AS WELL AS COARSE LANGUAGE AND CONTROVERSIAL SUBJECTS THAT ARE UNSUITABLE FOR CHILDREN. WHILE THIS NOVEL DEPICTS MANY HISTORICAL PERSONS AND EVENTS FROM THE PAST, THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION AND WORDS OR DEEDS ATTRIBUTED IN IT TO PERSONS WHO EXISTED DO NOT REFLECT HISTORICAL REALITY. THIS NOVEL ALSO DOES NOT REFLECT IN ANY WAY THE RELIGIOUS BELIEFS OF THE AUTHOR, WHO IS AN ATHEIST AND HUMANIST.

ABOUT THIS NOVEL

This novel is a sequel to the novel ETERNAL SINNER and was written more as an Urban Fantasy novel for adults than as a true Erotica story. While this book uses many concepts and terms borrowed from the Dungeons & Dragons Role Playing Game, the author did not follow rigidly the background rules, definitions and descriptions of the D & D game. This story thus cannot be described as being fully 'canon' as per the rules of D & D.

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CHAPTER 1 – A GOAL IN LIFE

07:36 (California Time)

Sunday, September 23, 1973

Peter Horowitz' apartment

Westwood District, Los Angeles

California, U.S.A.

“YES! YES! KEEP IT UP, PETER!”

“I'M...TRYING!”

Patricia quickly slipped one hand under herself and pinched the base of Peter's penis in order to prevent him from ejaculating too quickly and then becoming limp. With Patricia bumping up and down on top of him at a frenetic rate, her big, firm breasts flapping around, Peter thought that his heart was going to give up soon. Patricia, finally attaining orgasm half a minute later, then released her hold on his penis, allowing him to explode inside her with a loud groan of pleasure. With Patricia, still mounting him, lying down over him and with her perfect breasts in his hands, Peter Horowitz did his best to catch his breath and slow down his heartbeat.

“G...God, that was fantastic sex, Patricia! I hope that I was up to your expectations.”

Patricia Love, a fellow student at the University of California in Los Angeles, or UCLA in short, smiled at that and kissed him on the lips before replying.

“You were plenty good, my dear Peter. Let me just enjoy this position for another minute or two while you play with my tits. Maybe you will get another hard-on.”

“For a third time in a row? You want my death, Patricia?” Said Peter, still panting. “You are truly insatiable when it comes to sex.”

“Hey, it's in my nature!” Replied in a malicious tone Patricia, a statuesque nineteen years-old girl of stunning beauty with long black hair, large green eyes and a firm 38D chest. She finally got off Peter a minute later and left the bed, to go wash her groin in the small bathroom of his modest furnished apartment, situated within sight of the UCLA campus. On his part, Peter stayed in bed, up on one elbow and watching with a content smile the naked Patricia inside the bathroom.

"You must be the best thing that ever happened to me, Patricia. I wish that I could be with you for the rest of my life."

Patricia raised an amused eyebrow at those words.

"Is that a proposition or just a wish? You must know by now that I am not exactly the marrying type: I like too much to run around and have fun, like the bad girl I am."

"Oh, you are a bad girl alright, especially if one listens to the stories about you around the campus. You have built quite a reputation during your first year at the UCLA. You should be careful not to give an excuse to the Dean to discipline you or even expel you from the university."

Her smile faded somewhat then and she looked soberly at the fit and handsome 23 year-old Vietnam War veteran and mechanical engineering student.

"Don't worry about that, Peter: I have ways to prevent that from happening. Beside, I really want to complete my studies in photography and film and get my Bachelor of Arts degree."

"And what kind of job do you intend to try to get once you have your diploma, Patricia?"

"I don't know yet, to be frank. I haven't really thought about that. I would probably go work for a newspaper or a magazine at first, or I could open a private photography studio of my own inside my house."

"What about becoming a war photographer? That would be a challenging, exciting job, and I know that you love challenges."

"Me, a war photographer? You think so?"

"Why not? You are an energetic, athletic and strong girl, you speak a number of languages and you like action and adventure. It would also give you an opportunity to take pictures that would show to all the evil that men can do."

"...To show the evil that men can do..." Said dreamily Patricia, struck by those words. "I like that idea! Thanks, Peter: I will seriously think about that."

After washing off the sperm and vaginal fluid from her groin and inner legs, Patricia came back towards the bed, where Peter was still lazily lying, a wet face-cloth in one hand and a mischievous smile on her lips.

"Time to clean you up, boy."

Throwing the bed sheets away, she knelt on the bed and grabbed with one hand Peter's penis, which had grown back some stiffness in while he watched her in the bathroom.

Pulling back the foreskin, she then started rubbing the tip of his penis with her wet face-cloth in a slow, expert pattern. Peter stiffened and opened his mouth as more sensations radiated from his penis, while he developed a full erection. Seeing that, Patricia threw away her face-cloth and mounted him again, impaling herself on his big, throbbing penis. She grinned to him as she started grinding back and forth over him.

“Do you mind if I have a last serving before leaving?”

“Not at all, Patricia.” Replied Peter, his hands going to her big tits to caress their large, puffy nipples. This time, it took all of his stamina to keep it up until she came with a long moan of contentment. Patricia then got up from him and took his hand to pull him up and out of the bed.

“I think that a face-cloth won’t do now: let’s take a good shower...together.”

“O God!” Said Peter at that, his heart still beating furiously. She gave her a funny look in response while gently chiding him.

“Don’t invoke Him, Peter: he is such a stiff ass about casual sex. No wonder that the Celestial Plane is such a boring place.”

“Uh? What do you mean?”

“Forget it: just an attempt at a joke.” Replied Patricia, kicking herself mentally for talking too much. She then pulled him towards the bathroom, where they both stepped inside the bathtub and pulled closed the curtain before turning on the water.

Forty minutes later, Patricia left Peter’s apartment after a last kiss and went down to her car, a fiery red 1972 Pontiac Firebird Trans-Am parked in front of Peter’s apartment block. Putting her overnight bag on the passenger’s seat, she drove off and headed towards the nearby West Hollywood District, where she turned into the entrance of a walled mansion after a few minutes of driving. Stopping in front of the iron gate, she got out of her car and pushed the button of the intercom box fixed on the brick wall, next to the gate. A male voice answered her after twenty seconds.

“Yes? Who is it?”

“It’s me, Patricia!”

“Hello Patricia! Come in!”

A buzz then told her that Harold McMasters was remotely unlocking the gate’s lock. Pushing open the iron gate, she went back inside her car and made it roll inside the property, then got out again to close back the gate. Rolling for another hundred feet, she finally parked her sports car in front of the steps of the main entrance of a European-

style, two-storey brick mansion. A distinguished-looking gentleman in his forties was waiting for her at the door, wearing an embroidered robe over silk pajamas and a pair of leather and wool slippers. Patricia smiled on seeing the relaxed dress of her host.

"You are not dressed in your customary tweed suit this morning, Harry?"

"Can't a man take it easy from time to time?" Replied with good humor the master magician to his young visitor. "So, ready for your weekly teaching session on the magical arts?"

"I sure am! What are we going to look at today?"

"We will be working on your resistance to hostile spells. You..."

The magician then stopped speaking, while his eyes stared with disbelief at a gold ring covered with cabalistic symbols that she was wearing on her left middle finger.

"Holy shit! What do you have there? Its magical aura is shining brighter than any other magical item I have seen before in my life."

Patricia raised her left hand and put it forward, so that McMasters could detail it better, then spoke in a sober tone.

"Because it is probably the most powerful magical artifact one will find now in California, or around the World. It is a Greater Ring of Infernal Protection and I was given it as a gift by no other than the great Lucifer himself. He visited me at my house last Monday, along with my mother, Lilith."

"Lucifer visited you, with Lilith?" Could only say the stunned magician, making Patricia nod slowly once.

"He did! He came to tell me that I am now welcome again in Hell and that he made an edict forbidding other demons from trying to kill me. It seems that my uncovering of all these hypocrites I unmasked publicly during the last few months endeared me to him, especially in the case of those pedophile priests that I denounced. My mother, Lilith, is now one of his concubines and he brought her with him so that I could finally see her after all these decades I have spent in exile on Earth. Lucifer also invited me to return to Hell, saying that I have a very high magical potential that he could use there, but I politely declined: I grew to appreciate this life on the Material Plane and the many friends I have here in Los Angeles. I probably could enjoy a status of power in Hell, but you don't find true friends there...ever!"

"Wow! And may I ask what Lucifer looked like?"

"Like a dignified, impeccably dressed gentleman with polite manners. You probably would feel at ease with him, Harry, as long as he doesn't consider you a threat

or an obstacle. There are so many lies and misconceptions circulating about him, most of them originating from the Christian Church. Yes, he rules Hell with an iron fist, but he basically represents the essence of Human nature, with its emotions, its desires and its flaws. What the Humans call Heaven, the Celestial Plane, is actually a denial of that true Human essence, the refuge of those who blindly obey God and refuse to accept the Human nature as it is. You would probably find that place boring as Hell, if you will excuse the pun. Hell, or the Abyss if you prefer, is a lot more fun...if you are a punisher instead of a punished.”

“What about Purgatory?”

“Purgatory? It doesn’t exist, actually. Those souls who would be refused by those stiff-ass hypocrites in Heaven but are not dark enough to deserve punishment simply spend time in the higher, more lenient levels of the Abyss, until they can be sorted out. Contrary to God and his minions, Lucifer can make the difference between a fun-loving so-called sinner and a truly dark soul. Take me, for example. As a Succubus, a demon of seduction, I supposedly represent carnal sin itself, according to the Church. Yet, I simply enjoy sex and make others enjoy it as well, shedding aside all those hypocritical judgments about sex out of marriage. I have good friends like you, friends that are decent, honorable people, and I proved that I can care for others. Contrast that with those pedophile priests I unmasked, or with that obtuse, intolerant avenging angel that killed poor Jodie Brown recently, simply because she was afflicted with lycanthropy through no fault of her own. I got nearly killed while trying to protect her and would have died if not for the timely intervention of John Hideyoshi. Personally, I would consider John rather than that murderous angel as the true definition of ‘good’.”

McMasters was silent for a moment as he remembered the young black teenager, cursed as a wererat, killed just outside the ‘Friends Corner Bar’ by an angel on the trail of Patricia. He finally looked back at Patricia, his expression sober.

“Well, I am sure that he won’t be the last being to try to kill you. You thus need more than ever to improve and advance your magical skills as much as possible. Come, my friend, let’s go to my secret laboratory.”

CHAPTER 2 – AN EMBARRASSING WITNESS

09:44 (California Time)

Tuesday, October 2, 1973

Offices of the Vice Squad, F.B.I.'s Los Angeles Division

Suite 1700, Wilshire Federal Building

corner of Wilshire and Sepulveda Boulevards

Los Angeles, U.S.A.

Roger Fairfax, head of the Vice Squad of the F.B.I.'s Los Angeles Division, didn't like at once the expression painted on the face of his boss, Division Director Robert Brown, when the latter walked in the large open office used by his squad. Brown was closely followed by a thin man whom Fairfax knew as being James McCord, one of the federal assistant prosecutors for the Los Angeles District. McCord had a leather briefcase in one hand as he walked with Brown towards Fairfax' desk, finally stopping in front of it. Brown then spoke, his tone grave.

"You better get your agents to assemble here to listen to me: we just got some bad news."

A look from Roger was enough to make his four agents move from their respective desks and roll their chairs in a semi-circle on each side of their squad leader. Once that was done, Roger looked up at Brown.

"What happened, Boss?"

"What happened is that the two wounded criminals we captured when we took down that snuff porn and kidnapping ring last June were just murdered, one in his hospital bed, the other in his cell. It happened that we were hoping for their live testimony in court to help nail the case against Donald Hurst, the multi-millionaire mogul we are accusing of being the true head of the ring."

Roger Fairfax, like his four agents, stiffened at that news: that criminal ring had been a particularly vicious and violent one who had cost the squad the life of one of its agents, Bernard Schiffer, along with the lives of two L.A.P.D. S.W.A.T. Team members.

"Someone was able to get at those two men, despite the protection put around them?"

“That’s right! Everything points to those being professional jobs, probably done by experienced hired killers and possibly with inside help.”

Roger swore under his breath on hearing that.

“Killers that Donald Hurst could easily afford to hire, in addition to his present battery of high-flight lawyers. It is not hard to figure out his interest in having those murders committed, but making these killings stick to him will be much harder.”

“It is not only those two murders that will be difficult to pin on Hurst now.” Said James McCord. “The whole case against him is now in jeopardy, thanks to the disappearance of those two potential witnesses. The documents we found in the lair of that kidnapping gang are now the only link between Hurst and the snuff porn and kidnapping racket you busted in June. Unfortunately, a good lawyer could argue about the legal value of those documents as proofs against Hurst, as they are by themselves only circumstantial evidence. We now have only one living person left that could help us prove that those documents were indeed inside the gang’s lair when we raided it: Miss Jennifer Woods, the stripper whose tip provided us the crucial info needed to catch that gang.”

Special Agent Janet Coleman, one of Roger’s agents and the youngest and least experienced member of the squad, on top of being its only female member, looked with alarm at McCord.

“Then, that means that Jennifer Woods is also in danger of being murdered. We should put her under police protection at once.”

Robert Brown gave her a disillusioned look in response.

“Don’t forget that the two men just murdered were under police protection, Agent Coleman. Remember as well that we nearly lost Miss Woods in June, when someone inside the L.A.P.D. leaked to that criminal gang the fact that she had contacted us with information. You are however correct about the need for us to ensure her safety until Hurst’s trial next month. The question is: will she accept our protection? Miss Woods has already proven to be quite a character.”

“Well, she certainly can be stubborn when she wants to, on top of having plenty of guts, sir.” Recognized Janet. “So, what do we do with her?”

“We approach her and, at a minimum, we will warn her of the danger she is now in. Maybe that will be enough by itself to make her ask herself to be put under our protection, something that would simplify things greatly.”

"Then, I will put Janet and Nathan in charge of warning her and gaining her cooperation, sir." Said Roger Fairfax, making Brown nod his head.

"Do that, and quickly! We don't want some assassin to get to her first. Keep me apprised of what will be her answer about our offer of protection. This is now your top priority case. I really want that Hurst bastard to end his days in jail. On this, I wish you good luck, lady and gentlemen."

The five agents of the Vice Squad were silent as Brown and McCord left their office. Then, Roger Fairfax pointed an index at Janet Coleman and Nathan Chomsky.

"You two, find Jennifer Woods at once to warn her and offer her our protection. If you need backup, don't hesitate to ask. Now, get on it!"

"Yes sir!" Replied in unison Janet and Nathan before getting up and rolling their chairs back to their desks. Once at her desk, Janet quickly sifted through her address book, finding Jennifer Woods' address and telephone number within seconds.

"Here it is! Her apartment building is on Colton Street, just west of Chinatown. At this hour of the day, she is either sleeping after a night of strip dancing at the 'Pussycat Cabaret' strip club, or she is attending classes at the UCLA. Let me call her apartment first."

Forming the number she had for Jennifer Woods, Janet then waited impatiently as the telephone rang at the other end of the line.

"Come on, Jennifer! Pick it up!"

To her frustration, Jennifer's Code-a-Phone Model 700 tape answering machine took the call after four rings.

"Hello, this is Jennifer Woods' apartment. Unfortunately, I am not available at this time. Please leave a message after the signal and I will be happy to call you back later... BIIP!"

"Hello Jennifer! This is FBI Special Agent Janet Coleman: I need to speak to you urgently about your personal safety. If I don't meet you before you hear this, please call my office number at once."

Putting down her receiver, she then gave a concerned look at Nathan, who had listened on to her side of the call.

"She's not answering at her apartment. Either she is sleeping too soundly to hear her telephone or she is attending her classes at the UCLA."

"But, the UCLA campus is huge. How are we going to find her there?"

“She told me once that she was studying photography and film. That should narrow down our search quite a bit. Let’s go down to the garage and get our squad car.”

“Then I’ll drive: I know Los Angeles much better than you.” Replied Nathan. “If we don’t find her at the university, we will then do a stop at her apartment, just in case. If that fails, we still can catch her in late afternoon, when she will go to the ‘Pussycat Cabaret’ to do her nightly gig.”

“Sounds like a plan!”

Going down to the FBI garage in the basement, the two agents signed for an unmarked squad car and, with Nathan Chomsky at the wheel, drove out and onto Wilshire Boulevard. Thankfully, the Wilshire Federal Building was situated only a bit more than a mile away from the sprawling campus of the UCLA and the pair arrived at the university in less than ten minutes. Seeing a university police patrol car, Nathan waived at it and stopped side-by-side with it at a street corner, flashing his badge at the university cop.

“Special Agent Chomsky, FBI. We need to urgently find a student who is studying photography and film.”

“Is that student in trouble with the law, mister?” Asked the cop, making Nathan shake his head.

“No! She is an important witness in a criminal case and we need to find her to ask her a few questions.”

“Oh! In that case, you may possibly find her in the Broad Art Center Building, in the northeast corner of the campus, on Charles E. Young Drive North. If you will follow me, I will guide you to that building.”

“Thank you! You are very helpful.”

The university patrol car then made a U-turn and sped northward, followed by the FBI squad car. The two vehicles stopped after a mere minute later in front of the large building occupied by the Broad Art Center. Politely declining the offer of the university cop to accompany them, the two federal agents then entered the building. Once inside the entrance lobby, they went to a sort of duty office near the entrance where a female clerk greeted them with a professional smile.

“Good morning, lady and gentleman! May I help you?”

Both Nathan and Janet flashed their badges in response.

"We are FBI Special Agents Chomsky and Coleman. We need to find urgently a photography student named Jennifer Woods. Would you be able to direct us to her class?"

"Er, I am sorry but I don't have detailed lists of class attendances here. However, I can make a building-wide announcement if you wish so."

"That would be perfect, miss. Just say that Jennifer Woods is requested at the main entrance, but don't mention us."

"Oh my!" Said the female clerk in a worried tone. "Is she wanted for something?"

"No! She is just a witness in a criminal case, that's all."

"Alright, then."

Grabbing a microphone and switching it on, the clerk spoke in it in a deliberate tone, her voice resonating through the building via a number of loudspeakers.

"MISS JENNIFER WOODS IS URGENTLY REQUESTED AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE BUILDING. I SAY AGAIN: MISS JENNIFER WOODS IS URGENTLY REQUESTED AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE BUILDING. THANK YOU FOR YOUR ATTENTION."

The clerk switched off her microphone before making a forced smile at the agents.

"It may take a couple of minutes...if Miss Woods is indeed in the building. You may sit and wait in one of the sofas in that corner."

"Thank you, miss."

Going to a comfortable-looking sofa, the two agents sat in it and started watching the people passing through the lobby. Janet Coleman smiled as she looked around her.

"This reminds me of my years of law study in Harvard. A university campus is a good place to meet people and make friends."

"...and meet less than friendly people." Replied Nathan. "I met a bunch of white racists at the Kansas State University who were big on anti-Semitism. It eventually degenerated into a night encounter and fight in a dark corner of the campus."

"Oh? You didn't get beaten up then, I hope?"

Nathan smirked and briefly laughed at that.

"They were the ones who got beaten up. They had come as a group of five, hoping to overwhelm me in what was supposed to be a one-on-one fight, but I had brought my own backup team with me, made up of nine boys who hated racists and who

had brought baseball bats with them. Those wannabe goons ended up in hospital that night.”

“Good!” Said Janet, smiling at that story.

Patricia Love heard the public announcement about Jennifer Woods as she was about to finish a class in night photography techniques. That announcement made her frown at once: Jennifer Woods was one of her two alternate identities, along with that of Sylvia Thorne, and few people outside of her evening job as a stripper knew that name, with even fewer people knowing that Jennifer Woods claimed to be a photography student at the UCLA. This had to be something serious. She however waited another three minutes, time for her class to be completed, before walking out of the classroom. Instead of going right away to the entrance lobby, Patricia went into the nearest female washroom and locked herself up in one of the toilet stalls. Waiting until nobody else was in the washroom, she then concentrated while activating her shape shifting power. Her whole body started glowing faintly as she changed from a tall and beautiful teenager with long black hair and large green eyes to an equally tall and beautiful young woman with red hair and green eyes. Leaving the toilet stall, she checked herself briefly in a mirror to make sure that she had morphed into the proper shape and face, then walked out of the washroom. A minute later, she was going down the main staircase of the building and stepped in the entrance lobby. The sight of the two FBI agents waiting for her convinced her at once that there probably was trouble ahead. Keeping a calm appearance, she walked briskly to the two agents, who got up from their sofa to greet her.

“Special Agents Coleman and Chomsky! To what do I owe your visit here?”

“To a potential threat against you.” Answered Janet Coleman. “A deadly threat. We need to speak with you in private, inside our car.”

“Uh, okay, but I want to stay here, on the campus: I have another class to attend in ten minutes.”

“As you wish! Follow me!”

The trio then walked out to the FBI squad car and sat in it before Janet spoke to Jennifer/Patricia from the front passenger seat.

“Jennifer, we got some bad news this morning. The two wounded gunmen we captured during that June raid on the snuff porn and kidnapping ring’s lair were murdered while in custody. Our bet is that Donald Hurst, the mogul implicated in that

affair, paid professional killers to get rid of those two incriminating witnesses before his trial in November. This unfortunately leaves you as the sole witness who could validate the credibility of the documents we found in that gang's den."

Jennifer/Patricia sobered up at once, as she understood too well the implications of Janet's words. She had been the one who had told the rushing policemen where to find the documents left by the dead ringleader. If that Donald Hurst had taken the trouble and risk of tasking professional killers to get rid of two men held in police custody, then that bastard would certainly not hesitate to have a simple stripper killed. However, while she understood the anxiety of the FBI agents about her safety, she had many attributes and powers that made her extremely hard to kill, or even to hurt her in the least.

"Look, I appreciate your worries about me and I thank you for warning me about this, but I can take care of myself, truly. If you were planning to put me under police protection, then I must refuse."

"But, Jennifer, you may have a professional assassin hounding you." Insisted Janet. "Alone by yourself, you may not live long against such a killer. Even if you could somehow evade that killer, Hurst will then most probably hire another killer or two to get rid of you."

"Then, why not get rid of that problem at the root and kill that Hurst bastard? You and I know that he is guilty as sin, right? Why waste all that time and money in a trial?"

Jennifer's reply shocked Janet into silence for a moment before she could regain her composure.

"Jennifer, you know perfectly well that we can't do that. It would be illegal."

"Illegal, maybe, but it would be true justice rendered. Your justice system seems to have been made to profit the criminals, instead of the honest citizens."

Troubled by her words, Janet nonetheless tried again to change Jennifer's mind.

"Are you sure that you don't want our protection, Jennifer?"

"Very sure, Janet! Don't worry about me: I will be still living and available to testify in November. Now, if you will excuse me, I have to return into class. Thank you for the warning."

Jennifer then opened her door and stepped out of the car, walking back inside the arts building at a brisk step, watched by the two FBI agents.

"Damn! What do we do now?" Said Janet. Nathan answered her after a few seconds.

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