



DAWNÉ
DOMINIQUE

THE
AWAKENING

— PURPLE SWORD PUBLICATIONS —

The Awakening

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Dawné Dominique

THE AWAKENING
BY
DAWNÉ DOMINIQUE

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October 31, 1971

“Ahhh, come on, Jake! That’s too nasty,” Angel whined, trying to look away, but like a morbid car accident, she just had to watch.

Jake and Mike were in the middle of one of their infamous spitting contests, but this was not your average grab at the back of your throat, form a loogy and spit. No! They were dripping it out of their mouths in one long stream to see who could get it the longest without hitting the cement with a splat.

“It’s gonna break, just watch, just watch,” Mike gibbered. He always babbled when he was excited – and stoned. He was the epitome of what someone would term the ultimate hippie. Decked out in purple crushed-velvet bellbottoms and a funky beige and red plaid shirt with silver snap buttons, he was a screaming billboard for colorblindness.

Mike viewed the world with rose-colored glasses. His long, ginger hair, usually tied in a ponytail, flowed thick and straight down the center of his back. His eyes, though much too close together, were so dark they were like pieces of coal. The stark contrast of his eyes, combined with his fair skin and freckles, was comical. A long, thin nose, high cheekbones and full lips gave him an almost Elvis look. Mike was cute, but there was not a lot going on upstairs.

Angel and Jake knew that a day would come when Mike would most likely die from an overdose. There was no drug he wouldn’t do or any experience he’d bypass. Since the seventies rolled in, he’d embraced the entire culture of sex, drugs, and rock and roll like a starving baby to a mother’s teat.

Angel was the levelheaded one of the trio, and thank goodness there was one of them in the group with brains, but she possessed her own demons. She’d met the two boys at the neighborhood playground shortly after her mother dragged her to this sleepy little town in Ohio called Marriota. A quiet, unassuming little girl, Angel had grown up with a single parent who’d taught her lessons an eight year old child should never learn.

When she’d first run in to Mike and Jake and asked them to play with her, both boys refused...simply because she was girl. It took some time, and a lot of effort before the boys were

able to pick themselves off the ground. A grade two girl had just beat the bloody shit out of them. Instead of living with the humiliation of a chick besting them, as circumstances like that were devastating to any boy's reputation, they allowed Angel to be their friend. Soon, all three became inseparable.

Angel was somewhat pretty with long, cinnamon colored hair hanging down to the bottom of her waist. Dull, blue eyes, a square face and a round, little chin emanated an innocent quality, and her name suited her well. Being an only child of a drunken divorcee, and an evil, malicious bitch at that, Angel had learned early to trust Mike and Jake. What sealed their pact of friendship was the day her mom beat the living daylight out of her.

Angel barely made it to Mike's house, crawling and stumbling, blinded by dizzying pain from being hit repeatedly with a toaster. When Mike found her outside, bloodied, and trying to throw stones at his window, he ran and got Jake. Together they carried her to the hospital in a beat up wagon they used to deliver newspapers.

Lying to the doctors and nurses proved easy enough. Mike and Jake came up with a story of how they were doing tricks on their bikes. Both boys had no idea what internal bleeding was, but the doctors' faces revealed it was pretty damn serious. After that, they took special care to protect Angel, and she never forgot it either.

For the last couple of months, all three had been living on the streets selling drugs here and there to support themselves. Fall was on its way and the evenings were getting too chilly to sleep outdoors. They'd set up house inside an old, abandoned crypt at Landamore Cemetery. It wasn't much, but they called it home.

Three piss-stained mattresses lay side by side on the cold cement floor. Oil lanterns they'd stolen from ol' McGrady's Hardware lit the room with barely enough light to read by. To give the gloomy crypt a homier feel, Angel had hung some psychedelic posters across the stone walls. She'd even splurged on cones of incense to get rid of the musty, wet earth stench that permeated everything in there.

There were perhaps twenty to thirty sealed compartments at the far back wall where hidden urns of ashes rested in peace. Angel had a freak out the first night they'd spent there, thinking there were decaying bodies inside, until Jake showed her the barely legible inscriptions. "Ain't no way a human body could fit in there," he explained. Angel had slept close to Jake that night.

Mike had purchased a cheap three-dollar transistor radio, and had even brought along his strobe light, but with his limited brainpower, he failed to realize they needed electricity to operate it. It

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stood like a lonely ornament in a far corner of the crypt. After marathon pot smoking sessions, Angel would catch him staring at it with such longing, she couldn't help but feel sorry for him.

Jake was the most difficult one to read out of their group. Medium built with dark stringy hair parted down the middle, he was a hard-looking youth. No matter how often he washed, his hair looked greasy, his complexion pasty. Unlike Mike's light, healthy glow, Jake's held a greenish hue. His acne had finally cleared as he got older, but his skin showed telltale pockmarked scars. Like his hair, his face always held a slight sheen.

A few weeks back, Jake had found a discarded book on witchcraft. He'd read it so many times, the dog-eared pages had all but torn off. She and Mike had suffered hours of his constant ranting about the stupid book. It had hooked Jake so bad that he'd dragged them to the library, registered for a library card and signed out book after book on the subject; everything from various occults to how to perform séances. Their crypt soon began to look like the inside of a messy library. Not that Angel or Jake were any neater, but hell, their groovy pad looked like a dive.

They were out on the streets this night, smoking the last bit of their pot and ridiculing the children running from house to house collecting candy for Halloween. Though each of them refused to voice it, they all longed to be that young and carefree again. And as usual, they waited for something exciting to happen. They knew they'd be waiting a long time because nothing extraordinary happened in Boredomville Marriota, except when news arrived of another American killed in Vietnam. Too many half-mast flags flew outside the homes of parents and spouses of soldiers, and on Halloween night, the furling red, white and blue added a more desolate feel to the town. The nation was falling apart and no one gave a horse's ass about it, least of all, Angel, Mike and Jake.

Mike turned eighteen in a month, and Jake's birthday was a few weeks later. If the draft board had no address for them, too fucking bad. They were safe for the time being, and all three intended to keep it that way.

So, here they were, entertaining themselves with the ultimate spit-dripping contest.

"We can't be doing this all night, dudes," Angel whined again. Her stomach lurched when Mike sucked the spit back into his mouth and swallowed. "Ewww, you are a totally uncool cat, Mike." She wrinkled her nose, her gaze trailing after a small witch, a green goblin and the Lone Ranger running across the street.

"Wanna do something really groovy?" Mike's eyes glowed with that usual mischievous intent that always got them into some kind of trouble.

“I don’t want to go to the Reme's store and listen to any more fucking music. That’s nothing but a drag, man. Plus, they kicked us out last time,” she retorted with an indignant toss of her head. “And, if you’re thinking of nabbing candy from those kids, you can just forget it. I’ll break your arm if you do.”

Jake grinned as he shook his head. “I found this really hip book today,” he began, his face lighting with eager animation.

She groaned, recognizing the look. The last time she saw that expression, he’d talked them into trying to B & E a pharmacy. They’d almost gotten caught if it hadn’t been for old, clumsy Tomlinson, the pharmacist, falling through the front door and accidentally barring the fuzz from entering. They barely managed to escape through the back without a drug to show for the effort, or the scare of their lives.

“Well, are you gonna tell us, or do we have to pound it outta ya,” Mike snipped. It was easy to tell he was pissed their contest ended so abruptly.

“This book...it’s about raising spirits.” Jake continued, his eyes taking on an eerie glow. “I stole it from this totally weird store today, and look at this – I stole it too.” From a burlap bag he always carried, he pulled out a small marble container no bigger than his hand. Tiny intricate writing on the base was worn away by age and time, and barely legible. “Let’s say we have a séance? It’s Halloween, and they say the powers that be are the strongest this night.” He grinned, flashing Chicklet-sized yellow teeth.

Angel and Mike shared quizzical looks, but because they had nothing better to do, they shrugged, nodded and followed Jake back to the crypt. A dark foreboding tagged alongside all the way back to the deserted cemetery. Angel shivered and pushed her hands deeper into the pockets of her jeans. *What can happen?*

* * * *

By the time they’d entered their decrepit pad, Mike’s high had dwindled to nothing but an annoying thud behind his eyes. He didn’t like this idea of Jake’s, and he could tell Angel didn’t either, but whenever that dude got something into his head, nothing and nobody could change it.

On the walk back, he’d watched Angel’s ass swaying in those tight jeans of hers. His hard-on strained against the inside of his own pants fighting to be set free. It was the era of free love and any high they tripped on, Angel usually ended up in their bed – a fuckfest like no other. In fact, he’d

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been the one who'd first talked Angel into trying a little threesome, which turned out better than sliced bread and peanut butter. She was one foxy chick, especially when sandwiched between them so naked and soft, and afterward, she always fell asleep in his arms instead of Jake's.

Mike secretly loved Angel since the first day she'd pounded the snot out of him, and he'd told Jake, too. His best friend had kept his secret safe, but only because he suspected that Jake loved her just as much.

The crypt's door screeched open and instant dampness and must greeted them. He brushed away a sticky spider web and snuck a sidelong glance at Jake. In the darkness, his bud's eyes glowed with creepy anticipation and excitement. *He's always on some kind of far out trip, and without the use of fucking drugs*, he thought, shaking his head in confusion. But before Jake had his way and they started this stupid séance, he wanted to let it all hang out for a while. The peyote bud in his breast pocket was eating a hole through his shirt.

"Hey, man, let's get shined. Maybe it'll help with this séance thing." He wriggled his brows in a hopefully attempt to take Jake's mind off what he really wanted to do.

Angel rolled her shoulders, looking optimistic. "What'ya got?"

Before Jake could put up an argument, Mike meandered to one of the mattresses and pulled out a pipe he'd made from an old toilet paper roll. Carefully unfolding the tin foil, he realized the bud didn't look like much, but the dealer said he'd really dig it. *"You'll see things, man...far out, groovy things,"* he'd promised. Mike grinned as he crushed the bud between his fingers and filled the pipe. *We'll have some outta sight sex, and the world will be good again. And maybe, just maybe, Jake'll pass out and forget all 'bout this shit.*

The little bit of peyote turned out to be fucking incredible. Mike had never stayed hard so long, or experienced such sensations before, and he knew Angel and Jake had felt it too.

Janis Joplin's raspy voice screeched out from the transistor radio as their naked bodies coiled and clung to one another. Mike lost himself in the music, the caresses and whispered sighs and moans of pleasure. It could have lasted for hours, minutes or even seconds, but one thing for sure, he wouldn't forget the experience. With Angel in his arms, the world was right. Her firm breasts, the sweet slickness between her legs, hot breath against his skin...everything collided into a kaleidoscope of ecstasy. Angel had screamed in pleasure so many times, he'd lost count. When he came inside her, and Jake emptied himself on her breasts, their worlds exploded in a myriad of colors. Man, it was the best sex he'd ever had! They'd fallen asleep for a time, each of them curled tightly around Angel's supple body. Mike didn't dream, but he didn't have to. Being in Angel's arms

was heaven. Who needed dreams?

* * * *

They woke shortly before midnight and Jake wasn't going to lose another minute. He mumbled under his breath, trying to make everything perfect. He studied the diagram in the book until the lines on his forehead felt chiseled into his skin. "Okay, Angel, place the three black candles into a semicircle on the altar."

She moved the waxed cylinders a few inches closer, staring at him to ensure she had it right.

"Perfect," he said, placing his nose back into the book.

"Whadda you want me to do, Jake?" Mike stood a few feet away, his hands buried in his armpits. He still looked waxed, but the effects of the peyote were wearing off fast.

"Nothing...for now. Okay, now place the Ouija board in front of the candles – good, just like that." Jake checked the book again and looked at the floor where they'd created a small altar out of empty milk bottles and some discarded pieces of wood they'd found at a recent funeral site. "It's perfect." He looked up, grinning like a fool.

"Isn't there words or...or some kind of spell that has to be read?" Angel feigned interest, but Jake could tell that something about this crazy scene made her uneasy.

"We ain't gonna see...*the Man*, are we?" Mike's timid voice broke through the quiet. He looked to be having misgivings too.

Frustration hit home. "For shit sake, you two, it's only a séance. Just get with the funk already." Jake snapped his head back in disgust. "It's fucking Halloween and the night's almost over. This is the best time to have one of these. Can't ya dig it?" When neither of them answered, he snarled. "You wanna be kiddy treat or treat faggots?"

Angel snuck a quick peek at Mike, who in turn rolled his eyes to the cement ceiling. "So, how's this all going down?" She moved closer to him.

"Look, we're not punks anymore. It's just a séance. There's no use getting all freaky about something that might not work, right?" He resumed his reading, hoping they couldn't see what he actually felt. Something about this was gonna blow their minds – he just knew it. "This is just too far out," he murmured, lost in the book again.

Earlier that day, when he'd stolen the red leather-bound book off the store's shelf, stuffing the tattered cover under his coat, he knew no one would miss it, but it was the urn beside it that had

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caught his attention. He'd grabbed it and ran before the store's owner could stop him.

"It says here that we have to place a drop of blood on the altar before reciting the words." He lifted his head and found Angel and Mike waiting. "Light the fucking candles."

He positioned himself in front of the altar, and with reverent care, he placed the marble urn in front of him before sitting cross-legged behind the Ouija board. Pricking his finger with a safety pin, a small crimson drop landed on the center of the altar.

Angel pulled one of the mattresses closer and seated herself across from him. Mike lowered himself beside her. Gnawing on her bottom lip, she struck a match to each wick.

Bathed in eerie light, shadows swooped and danced around the gloomy crypt walls like waifs. Suddenly, the temperature seemed to drop several degrees inside. Angel shivered. Mike looked to be in no better shape, but Jake didn't care. His mind centralized on one thing – making this happen.

"This shit is freaky stuff, guys," he mumbled again. When no one answered, he lifted his head and peered at their frightened faces. *Damn puss-wads*, he mused. Okay, now, we're supposed to say this verse three times.

"Guardian of the Spirit realm, hear and guide my plea.
When the witching hour rings true, bring thy friend to me.
Other souls who hear our call are not welcome in this place.
Only the one known as..."

"Wait a minute." He stopped and picked up the urn. "There's some kind of name at the bottom. Hold up a sec." He squinted at it for several long moments and rubbed the pad of his thumb over the inscription. "I think it says, Saphenia. Yeah, that's what it says." The name seemed so easy to see when he concentrated. "Okay, so the ending goes like this. Only the one known as Saphenia may enter this sacred space. This is just too far out, man," he exclaimed, barely able to contain his excitement.

"You wanna run that by us again?" Mike's brows folded into confusion.

With a frustrated sigh, Jake repeated the incantation:

"Guardian of the Spirit realm, hear and guide my plea.
When the witching hour rings true, bring thy friend to me.
Other souls who hear our call are not welcome in this place.

Only the one known as...Saphenia may enter this sacred place.”

He could have sworn the temperature dropped several degrees again. He grinned. *Holy shit! This is gonna work. Too fucking groovy!* He glanced at Mike, but his buddy was too absorbed in memorizing the verse, his lips mumbling the litany over and over again. “Ready?” he asked.

When they nodded, their voices rose in unison:

“Guardian of the Spirit realm, hear and guide my plea.
When the witching hour rings true, bring thy friend to me.
Other souls who hear our call are not welcome in this place.
Only the one known as Saphenia may enter this sacred place.”

Suddenly, their breath began misting out from between their lips. Jake’s grin widened. Again, they repeated the verse, but Jake failed to notice that Mike and Angel were now whispering:

“Guardian of the Spirit realm, hear and guide my plea.
When the witching hour rings true, bring thy friend to me.
Other souls who hear our call are not welcome in this place.
Only the one known as Saphenia may enter this sacred place.”

An ominous darkness fell over the crypt extinguishing the lamps like a frigid breath of death. Amidst the hush falling around them, the veils between the world of the living and that of the dead opened, but Jake had no idea what he’d done.

A whirlwind began spinning around the urn, small and inconsequential at first. Then it picked up momentum.

Mike jumped to his feet, his eyes round with fear, staring at what was once just harmless marble.

Angel didn't move, but her terror looked no less palpable than Mike's. When she glanced at him, she, too, jumped to her feet and moved closer to Mike, her eyes frantically searching the murky crypt.

Jake didn't care. He immersed himself into the spell, blocking out everything going on around them. He heard a soft, melodic voice reaching out to him, like an invisible lover's embrace, cooing words of endearment not of this plane of existence. Mesmerized by the insistent pull no one else

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heard or felt, he shut his eyes, drawing himself closer to the force feeding on his life energy, drawing him closer to an abyss he wanted to fall headlong into. He let himself go, fearing no consequences. He'd forgotten his two best friends stood nearby; he'd forgotten everything but the soothing, lulling voice that continued to draw him forward toward the precipice of no return.

He didn't see Angel and Mike stumble back as gusts of wind increased in velocity. Putrid smells filled the crypt. Posters peeled themselves off the cement walls and fluttered by them. Soon, pillows and papers joined the fray. Books began to fly of their own accord. Angel dodged one that missed her temple. It grazed off Mike's shoulder, and he ducked just in time to miss another. They turned to Jake, but he didn't give a shit.

Although he couldn't see that well without the lanterns lit, when he glanced up and realized the horror etched on his friends' faces, he sensed something was definitely wrong. Unbeknownst to him, his eyes glowed deep crimson and the skin across his face stretched so thin that the bones of his face stood out like a skeleton. He sat rigid, lost in the spell. They gawked at a stranger before them, speechless, but Jake didn't care. All he felt and cared about was the voice inside his head.

Call me forward, my savior, Saphenia whispered.

Her voice slithered like claws digging into his soul, refusing to release their hold. "*What do you want me to do?*" he cried. She occupied every space of his mind.

Open the passageway and allow me through, and I shall reward you as no human before. Her hushed voice teased him with unseen fingers caressing his mind and running over every inch of his body. His cock hardened. No amount of drugs or women came close to what he was feeling, even with Angel. He clung to the elusive power and unrelenting seductive lure.

Tell me! What do I do? he begged. Tears of absolute obedience streamed down his face. He wanted to do anything and everything he could to please this sensual voice, to make her accept and love him.

Call me forward, and I shall come, she said, slinking through his mind like malodorous oil.

"Jake! Jake! Wake up, for fuck's sake!"

Angel and Mike's screams cut through his mind. Like annoying echoes, he ignored them. He spared another glance at his friends and saw Mike and Angel clinging to one another, ducking debris flying from the force of the winds surrounding him and the urn. Jake sensed roiling anger moving in the gusts. Angel's lips moved, but the insistent howls of the strange winds ripped the words from her mouth. The unrelenting pull of the strange female voice gained strength with each passing second.

Jake neared panic. He had to set this poor soul free. “I call you forward...come to me, Saphenia...come to me!” he screamed.

A soft, maniacal chuckle followed. Before his eyes, the most beautiful woman he’d ever seen materialized. She hovered in the air, an apparition of white, misty tendrils that slowly took on human form. The candles had blown out long ago, but there was no denying what he saw. The woman seemed to gather every speck of darkness from the crypt, drawing power into herself. In doing so, she solidified even more.

Potentate and quiet, the woman glided toward Jake. In the next breath, the winds stopped and deathly silence followed.

Jake remained kneeling as stared up at the creature in abject adoration. At first glance, she looked like an angel come to Earth. Ebony hair draped over thin shoulders, the slightly curling tendrils hanging down like shimmering threads of night laced with a galaxy of stars. Sapphire eyes drenched with the light of the moon held him captivated...and lost. She wore an ancient roman-like gown that matched the color of her eyes, leaving one slender shoulder bare. Her skin shone like alabaster and he yearned to touch its pristine beauty. He was lost – completely and hopelessly lost.

Standing regal like a queen, Saphenia reached forward. Long, blood-red lacquered fingernails dug deep as she cupped Jake’s chin in her hand. “You have set me free, little savior, but there is still more I need from you...my love.” She paused, her eyes roving to the corner where the other two cowered in fear. An insidious sneer curled lips that were full and dark like over-ripened strawberries. She turned back to him. “Come to me,” she whispered, her icy stare locking him in a world he couldn’t escape.

He couldn’t ignore her command even if he tried. The lulling voice caressed his aching soul with an urgent need he couldn’t refuse. She was what he had been waiting for his entire miserable life. Rising to his feet, he stepped forward on legs that felt like wood. He was prepared to meet his fate, no matter what the cost.

* * * *

With a palm facing outward, the ancient Egyptian pointed a claw-like hand at the two frightened souls cowering in the corner. An invisible snare wrapped around both youths and their bodies jerked close together, imprisoned in magic she hadn’t used in centuries since her internment. The terror on their faces warmed her cold, ruthless heart.

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Saphenia sensed the inherent fear pounding in their hearts, bringing with it the scent of fresh, rich blood that roused her awareness to new levels. Tendrils of the savoring elixir teased and tormented her awareness, but she did not have to wait much longer. These unfortunate fools would bring her back to life whether they wanted to or not.

Wrapping an arm around the one who called her forth, she embraced the human like a lover. With an absent wave of her other hand, Jake's head lolled back exposing his neck to her voracious hunger. Flicking out her tongue, Saphenia licked the length of his flesh up to his ear. Desire filled her, pooling in the cleft between her legs.

As the human shuddered beneath her careful ministrations, she pressed her body into him, rocking her pelvis across the engorged cock straining to be set free. Sensations she'd been denied for centuries awoke with startling clarity and domination. She bared elongated teeth and sank them deep into the young man's pulsing neck. A fount of hot blood filled her mouth and she groaned aloud in pleasure and utter satisfaction.

Jake stiffened in her arms as she forced thoughts into his mind. *"You want me, my sweet savior; you desire the power I can give you. I feel your cock, so hard, wanting to enter me, stroking me, fulfilling my needs, my lust. Yes, my savior, give to me everything you possess."*

His slight frame shuddered violently in her arms and she knew he'd emptied seminal fluids into those strange looking garments covering his legs. Her lust ignited into a crimson haze. She drained the life from him with torrent pulls. When the human's heartbeat stopped, she dropped him to the ground, impatient to feed again, to appease centuries of hunger this human now released. Turning, she beckoned to the two who stood immobilized by her powers. "Come to me," she whispered with wanton longing.

No human could ignore the authority laced in her words. Like the one sprawled at her feet, the obeyed and moved forward like marionettes. Saphenia gathered them both into her sweet embrace.

The male cried softly beside female. They had seen what she'd done to Jake and they knew their fate would not be any different. *Such tender delicacies.* She cared not for the death she was about to induce. Tears streamed down their faces, but the evil in her did not care. Such things were nothing but trivial irritations that were easily eradicated.

Saphenia moved first to the male, drinking as deeply as she had done with the other. She let him slip from her grasp before turning her attention to the young girl. She studied the woman, despising the life and vitality of youth so evident upon the innocent face. She drew a fingernail teasingly across the girl's full lips before moving downward to the perky little breasts. Drawing small circles around

each nipple, she delighted in watching them harden in pleasure. She bent her head and kissed Angel on the mouth, her tongue darting between teeth, taunting and tasting the life she was about to steal. The hot, pumping blood she sensed in the girl's body drew her thirst to a new level. She would never be denied again. For centuries, she wallowed in famished torment – *but nevermore!* She would ravish thousands just like this mortal.

When her sharp teeth sank into the supple skin, the young girl sighed, as if accepting the inevitable. A single tear trickled from the corner of her eye. As she suckled life, death claimed the young girl just silently as it had for the other two.

Somewhat satiated, Saphenia took in the meager surroundings. Her bare feet kissed across the cold cement floor, though she did not feel a thing. With an absent wave of an arm, the door of the crypt burst open sending stone and wood splintering in all directions as she walked out into the new world. Staring about in wonder, she could barely contain her joy. She was free at last, but still weak. The need to feed, to replenish centuries of death sleep remained foremost on her mind. She sniffed the air and caught the scent of fresh prey. Death chuckled. She surged forward, pushing herself on the wings of the wind.

The world awaited Saphenia, The Insatiable One, and once more, she would rule – everlasting!
She spread dark wings and took flight

The End

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dawné Dominique is a published author of erotic romance, paranormal and fantasy. Weaving tales of intrigue that include riveting characters and spellbinding plots, she takes great pleasure in immersing an unsuspecting reader into the worlds she created and refusing to let them go until that last page is read.

Between her jobs as a managing editor of the romance division and cover artist at loveyoudivine, she is also a cover artist for three other publishers, a moderator of a young adult novel workshop, a full-time writer, wife and mother, and a lover of all things mystical and forbidden.



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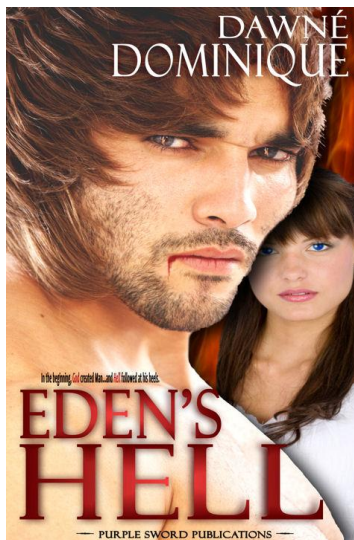
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**COMING SOON TO PURPLE SWORD PUBLICATIONS
BY DAWNÉ DOMINIQUE**

EDEN'S HELL



In the beginning...

God created man and called him Adam, a fine specimen replicated in his own image. He then created woman to ease Adam's loneliness and named her Lillith. Unfortunately, God realized his mistake too late in giving woman free will, for she would rule her domain – not man.

When Lillith left Adam, God created another for his first-born son, and gave her the name Eve and a kingdom called Eden, but by then it was too late, for he'd unleashed Hell into the world of man.