

Soundtrack

[HTTPS://OPEN.SPOTIFY.COM/PLAYLIST/58oVCLRQkJDppBNXiR6Y74?si=15B98FC0440F4420](https://open.spotify.com/playlist/58oVCLRQkJDppBNXiR6Y74?si=15B98FC0440F4420)

“PRIOS, *LAWGIVER*, we behold your warmth and light. Our passion burns in your fire. We see your light through the darkest storm clouds and through the thickest forests, guiding us on the path to civilization and righteousness,” *BROTHER HANK* preached. It was early. A handful of novices struggled to hold their eyes open through Hank’s droning sermon despite the bright sunrise filtering through the stained glass mosaics in the upper tower.

ANADEA drew in a deep breath and held it. She saw that upturned corner of his mouth that meant *BROTHER HANK* felt like he was on another roll. Hopefully this time the porridge wouldn’t be cold by the time he tired himself out. She stared up at the ceiling. The copper dome capping the *SUN TEMPLE* warmed quickly this late summer morning, casting the whole chamber in a thin auburn haze. *ANADEA* closed her eyes, taking it in. *PRIOS*, *give me strength. Forgive me for what I must do.*

After breakfast, *ANADEA* casually excused herself from the squabble of fellow novices. Once safely around the corner, she quickened her pace. She did her best to hide the evidence of her exertions and nervousness through strained but measured breaths. Only a bit further until *FATHER ELFENO*’s study—this was her chance. *ANADEA* rounded the final corner toward her destination.

“Oof!” In a soft thud of robes, the young novice careened into *BROTHER HANK*, casting his armful of parchment across the stone hallway. She quickly reassembled the sheaf of parchments, apologizing profusely. *ANADEA* was surprised to find the middle-aged abbot even more nervous than she. His round, shaved head was so flushed it resembled a tomato gone past its prime. Confused, *ANADEA* glanced down at the neatly penned scriptures.

Burning Desire - Chapter 8

Hilda gasped when she saw a reflection in the polished stone altar. A glimpse of the chiseled abs and square jaw of the mysterious stranger among the pews behind her was enough for her to recognize him. She turned on her heel, revealing shirtless Alfredo quivering with desire in the aisle of the *SUN TEMPLE*. Hilda’s skin warmed, heated by the memory of Alfredo’s *WATER OF THE DUSK* on her tongue...