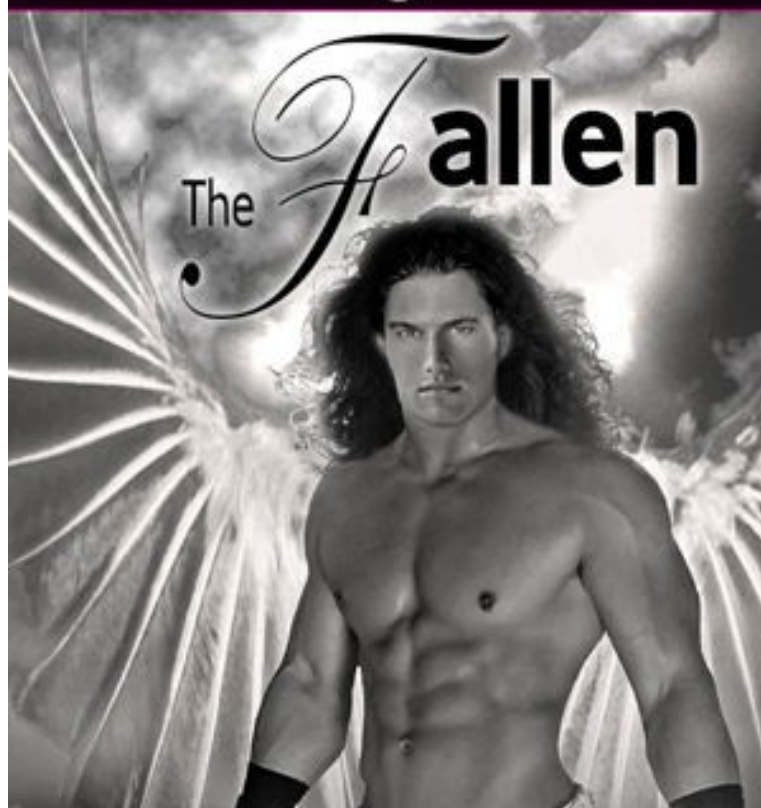


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# WICKED

Morgan Sierra



The Fallen by Morgan Sierra

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*The Fallen*

*By*

*Morgan Sierra*

## **The Fallen by Morgan Sierra**

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### **The Fallen**

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ISBN: 978-1-60088-370-5

Cover Artist: Dan Skinner

Editor: Leanne Salter

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**Dedication**

To Rachele, Kris and Aileen.

## **Chapter One**

Running numb and stiffening fingers over the dry crevices of the seemingly interminable wall was the only thing keeping Bailey's sanity intact. There was barely enough light to see more than a foot in front of her at a time, so movement in any direction was a tortuous procession of tentative placements and delicate steps on the cold sand. Her fingers were her guides along the craggy expanse of the cavern.

Occasionally, she dropped a hand long enough to try and wrap the satin robe tighter around herself, only to have the wind buffet the thin material away moments later despite the sash belt. The feel of the dampness on the soles of her naked feet should have been soothing, but the terror of not knowing where she was or why she was there sent a chill through her blood that couldn't be subdued. Fine tremors shook her hands, but each time they threatened to develop into anything more feverish and uncontrollable, she forced herself to stop and settle the panic slicing through her. Once again, she tried to reconcile how she had come to be in this place.

Leaving the comfort of her bed to check the mail at three o'clock in the morning was probably not the smartest thing she'd ever done. But she'd been anxious, and she figured she lived in a quiet neighborhood. The most she'd expected to see was a cat slinking its way back home after a night of reveling. She should have been safe.

Standing by the mailbox at the edge of her driveway, using the dim light of the streetlamp to read by, she didn't expect to encounter anyone.

Only a fool who'd worked second shift and was too curious to wait for daylight to see if she'd passed her licensure exam would be outside in a robe. Perhaps if she'd stopped at the mailbox first, when she'd arrived at home, it might have saved her.

Slowly lifting her head from the disappointing assortment of papers in her hands, she curiously cocked her head at a sound that filtered through the otherwise still night air. It was not familiar, and a quick glance in both directions proved it was not an approaching car. Still, the noise grew louder. It was reminiscent of what a windmill should sound like. A slow, methodical, repetitive whoosh, drawn out like the sound of a helicopter starting—minus the engine sounds. No. That wasn't it. It was more like the sound of flapping. Like a giant bird.

At the precise moment her mind registered the sound, the wings appeared against the moonlit sky. She stood in frozen horror, staring at the man attached to the wings, shattering the image in her mind's eye of the graceful eagle that should have been there.

A scream tried to claw its way out of her throat but died when she looked into the obsidian fury of his eyes. The mail slid out of her hands as she brought them up against her mouth, finding herself too shocked to flee and too stunned to scream. Instead, for the first time in her life, blackness swam at the periphery of her vision, and she fainted.

That had been almost a full day ago.

To her surprise, thirst, not hunger, was the dominant driving force right now. Her lips were dry and her throat parched. It was all she could do to keep her mind off of the image of a tall, cold glass of water. Hours of screaming into the open air had left her throat raw and her voice raspy. She would have thought the rumbling of her belly would have been disrupting, but that had stopped ages ago. Now she could only smell the salty air, knowing that water was somewhere nearby but out of reach.

Then again, she reasoned, even if she could get to it, the chances that it would not be briny were slim to none. Because of the rawness of her throat, she had even considered whether sucking on the damp sand might have been relieving but then changed her mind. She was not yet at that point of desperation. Not yet.

For now, all she could do was try to find a way out of the cave. She continued the endless search, finding nothing of use in the cavern. The expected shore life that should have been here, even a lonely hermit crab, was absent.

Trying desperately to see further ahead as she walked, she wrapped the robe around her midriff again, as if the gesture could ward off the loneliness that crept through her. She squinted hard, still carefully placing her feet one in front of the other as she moved, dropping her gaze occasionally to the ground for additional assurance. What she found after a few hundred yards of walking was that her steps became less tentative and more resolute. Realization dawned that she was also no longer squinting as she once had been. She could see more than a few feet in front of her, unlike before. In fact, there was increased visibility here. The way was not completely clear, but fear slowly lifted as more light filtered into the cave.

*Is that the entrance? Oh God, please. Please!*

She half stumbled, half ran toward the light, hope swiftly rising through her. However, the source of the illumination when she finally happened upon it made her stop in her tracks. She didn't know whether to kneel in fear or awe. Utterly dumbfounded, she stared.

Standing before her was a being like an angel. Not a religious person, she couldn't think of any other word to describe the dark-haired man with feathered wings outstretched in majesty. He watched her intently, making no movement of surprise, encouragement, or even friendship. He watched her the way a lion surveys the lands it rules. On his face was a mixture of mild curiosity and poorly masked contempt. The shockingly blue eyes surveyed her from head to toe, and a blush crept over her body from the intense scrutiny.

She was acutely aware of the exposed areas of her flesh not covered by the red robe. However, every part of her that was clothed felt as open to his gaze as if she were wearing nothing at all.

"Come closer, daughter of Eve," he said.

Bailey stood transfixed. She'd heard him, but her mind tried to process the melody of his voice and didn't translate the words into

anything of meaning. His voice was soft and harmonious, with a fluid-like quality. It was unlike anything she'd heard before. He finely enunciated each word, with each syllable a sensual sound.

Although she did not register the words, the fault was solely due to shock. As she replayed what he said in her mind, she realized there was no way to *not* translate them, albeit belatedly, because of each word's particular accentuation.

"Daughter?" he said.

He reached out with one hand, and she was drawn to his presence, all her previous fear having vanished. That made no sense intellectually, but it was true. All she could feel now was calm. Peace.

As she walked toward him, she raked her gaze over his body, for some reason not feeling the need for subtlety. His torso was bare and finely developed. The skin was smooth and hairless and, for lack of a better word, perfect. Her gaze went lower, and she took in the sight of the linen-like material of his pants. His feet were naked and finely formed.

Before now, she would have laughed at the idea of finding a man's feet beautiful, but that was what these were. All of him, in fact, was beautiful. The longer she stayed in his presence, even in these few minutes, the surer she was that he was an angel. Smiling to herself, she knew that she was safe at last.

"Who are you?" she asked softly.

As she stepped into his space, he took her hand into his. His gaze roved over her body and lighted on the dip at her breasts where the robe gaped. He moved his free hand to the sash tied at her waist and started to loosen the knot there. She gasped at his forwardness and stepped back, but his grip on her kept her from moving too far.

"You may call me Caleb," he said.

His attention stayed on the gap in the robe, and his free hand reached for hers. Stepping closer, he dragged his gaze to her face, and his eyes flashed as he looked into hers. The intensity of the blue was unlike anything she'd ever seen before. A bolt of lightning surged through her belly under his boldness and traveled straight to her sex.

She had to force herself to look away. *Was it a sin to lust after an*



*angel?* The sense of safety retreated like a thief in the night, and her heartbeat quickened.

"Who are you?" With a quick shake of her head, she realized she'd already asked that question, and it wasn't what she meant. "I mean, *what* are you? Where am I, and why am I here?"

"Tell me, daughter of Eve, what makes you so special?"

Her eyebrows furrowed at his question. She wasn't sure which was more disconcerting, the question he asked, or the fact he ignored her own. Once again, he dropped his hand to the sash and this time deftly unknotted it.

"Why are you more deserving of His favor than I?"

She didn't understand the last question. His ministrations at her waist distracted, and she struggled to reconcile the question and his movements while forming an appropriate protest. The only problem was that she was so drawn to his face, to his voice, and to the possibility of *what if*.

"I want you to show me," he said.

The cool material slid away as the knot loosened, and she tugged her hand from his to catch the robe before he completely exposed her. Too late. The cool breeze licked at an exposed nipple, and she snatched the robe back into place. The sharp inhalation of Caleb's breath made her flush, and heat seared through her scalp.

She took a step back, unable to bring her eyes up to meet his. Her mind fluttered, unable to settle on a course of action. The peace that had previously settled over her turned into panic, and she fought the wild urge to run.

*This is all wrong.*

"Please..." Her voice cracked. "I just want to go home."

"Show me why the daughter of Eve is so deserving of His love. Show me why I have been cast out. Show me why you and Adam's sons are so favored." The melody of his words couldn't hide the bitterness behind them.

She blinked in dumb confusion and looked up. "Wait. You've been cast out?"

The eyes that fascinated her turned obsidian before cutting back to the captivating blue once again. For a split second, she thought she imagined the change, but she stood too close to him for it to be a trick of the light. They *had* changed in the heat of anger.

"I have observed your kind for a very long time, and despite this, I am no further in my understanding. Perhaps it is time that I know you if I am to understand."

His voice dropped from the commanding tone he had been using to the one of gentle peace she had first encountered. "Lay with me."

## Chapter Two

Had she heard right? *Oh. Dear. God.* This was too surreal. She was standing before an angel, an outcast angel, but an angel nonetheless, and he had asked her—no, *told* her—to lay with him. He wanted to know her, and know her, as they say, very much in the biblical sense. And heaven help her, she wanted him to.

*I'm going straight to hell on a bullet train with gasoline panties on.*

She didn't get to reflect for very long on this last thought as Caleb stepped forward once again, one of his hands sliding into the gap in her robe that she failed to prevent. Momentarily forgetting that she was trying to keep the robe closed, she reached with both hands for his errant one, and the robe slipped open even further. With lightning speed, Caleb's slipped his hand from her side to grasp at the round flesh exposed to him. When his thumb grazed over the light pink of her nipple, it hardened beneath the touch.

Her thighs went tight, and she flushed again, embarrassed by her wanton response to him. Dropping her gaze, she tried to step away, but he grasped her chin, forcing her face upwards. The intensity of his eyes was too bold for her, his proximity too close, and she shut her eyes tight.

He made a low sound in his throat then caressed his lips against hers. The gentle touch became fierce, the pressure of his lips indicating his need, his want. The kiss that began as a gentle stroke turned into a blaze, searing her lips, heating her throat, and sending a roar through her body. She thrilled in it. She didn't realize his hand left her face, but it must have

as he slipped the robe over her shoulders, exposing her breasts to the elements and to him. It was only when he pulled away to look at her, to see what she had hidden from him, did her sense return.

“Wait, please!”

She tried to cover herself from his leer, knowing full well she hid nothing. He had already glimpsed her. The robe caught at her waist, but she didn’t attempt to pull it back on. “I didn’t think you could, well, you know...”

She glanced up at his eyes again and was dismayed to find amusement in them.

His lips twitched, but he did not smile. “I very much can, I assure you. Feel the evidence.”

Caleb’s reached down for her hand, and although she pulled back, he dragged her fingers to his very erect cock.

*Oh. My.*

If there was ever any doubt in her mind about what he wanted to do—not that there had been—it was gone now. What disconcerted her most was that when his hand left hers, she did not take it away from the protrusion. Instead, tentatively, she explored him with her fingertips, wanting to test its weight and length. Neither disappointed.

As if reading her thoughts, he said, “I can alter it to suit your needs. Just let me know your desires.”

Mesmerized by his voice, hypnotized by his feel, she slowly shook her head. This was perfect. Like everything else about him. Just perfect. It flattered her that he wanted to be pleasing, and she forgot to question how he could change if she had wanted him to.

As she looked down at the linen in her hands, Caleb shifted his hips, and she found him pressed closer against her, her fingers still gripping his length. Gently, he pulled her arm away from her chest and placed it on his own where she allowed it rest. Sliding his hand over her back, he trailed his fingers along her body until reaching the robe still gathered at her waist. The robe fell to the ground at his insistence.

Her attention was still on the firm flesh in her hand, pulsing and growing under her attention. Through the thin fabric, she could see the

purple head, and she bit her bottom lip, concentrating on trying to see more of him. She pulled once and felt his warm breath settle over her head as he unsuccessfully tried to stifle another low sound. Dropping her right hand to his waist, she slid it into the pants, reveling in his flat abdomen. Fine wisps of hair tickled her palm, and she moved her hand lower so she could cup him. She gripped him from inside the material, flesh against flesh, while she stroked desperately from the outside. His hips jerked again, and he grunted his approval.

She looked up as a warm breeze stirred the air around them and briefly spied the opening to the night sky a few hundred feet above where they stood.

His wings swayed against the salty air, generating the whooshing sound she'd heard the first time she saw him. There was something different about the sound now, but she didn't dwell on it. Instead, she focused her attention on his waist, thighs, and then cock, as he let the pants drop from his waist.

The wind created from his wings generated a cool tingle at the tip of her sex where the moisture gathered between her thighs. She could feel her swollen clit stand out from between her nether lips, desperately needing his attention. As if sensing her need, Caleb slid his hands over her trembling body, leaving behind a wake of heated flesh, not yet giving her the release she needed but sending her nerves screaming their fury of the other places that also sought him.

He kissed her again, hungrily taking her lips and tongue, tasting and teasing her at the same time. The teasing turned into nipping, which bordered on painful while inexplicably resulting in a perverse exhilaration. The nips turned into bites, and she found herself mewling against his mouth, delirious with desire but also wincing from the delicious pain of it.

Her clit throbbed, desperate for release, for the slightest notice from him. She removed her hands from his body to snake down her own to alleviate the fever there, but Caleb intercepted her mission. Leaving her swollen mouth, he planted kisses along her neck and jaw so tenderly it made her forget the pain he'd so recently inflicted. The touch was one of a

lover who'd searched both her body and soul and knew her every secret, her every need, and would stop at nothing to keep them, to fulfill them.

His fingers wrapped around hers and dragged her reluctant arms into the air, directly opposite of the direction she needed her hands or better yet, *his* hands, to be. Unable to contain a moan of displeasure and unfulfilled need, she stretched her body against his, dragging her breasts across his firm torso. His hard cock pressed against her, and she shifted just enough so it rested against her thigh, leaving a perfect spot of moisture where his body began to spill the telltale sign of his burgeoning passion.

Caleb undulated against her thigh, and she squirmed against him. Daring to peek at him, she found that he watched her carefully, taking in every detail as, undoubtedly, her face contorted with undisguised longing. She flushed under his gaze, embarrassed that he would find her so wanting to be near him, wanting to have him in her without much in the way of verbal influence. With a mental shrug, she decided she would not explain her lifestyle, one too complex for regular sexual activity despite an appetite that drove many of her previous lovers to distraction. Closing her eyes again, she focused on the here and now, the man—the angel—in front of her and her screaming nerve endings.

He released her captive hands, and she groaned as his shaft left her thigh. He tucked his wings behind him and dropped to his knees, lingering just long enough to send a hot tongue over one hardened nipple. His hands came around her thighs and caressed her cheeks, his fingers possessively gripping the flesh. Keeping a stable hand on one of her legs, he lifted the other and hooked it over his shoulder.

The heady aroma of her damp pussy filled the air, and she flushed again. He looked up at her and inhaled deeply, obviously reveling in the scent, and his eyes changed color again to a smoky blue of passion.

Panting heavily, she watched in twisted anticipation as he leaned forward, bringing his mouth against her hot and aching sex. The first touch of his tongue against her rocked through her, and she cried out, almost collapsing from an orgasm the likes of which she'd never experienced. Surprised by the swiftness in which she climaxed, she cried

out louder as he worked his mouth against her sopping sex. She tried to pull away, but he suckled her, one strong arm supporting her weight while the other hand massaged her upper thigh.

When she thought she could stand no more, when she thought she would pass out from the sheer exhaustive pleasure of it, he eased his mouth away from her, licking in a long motion against her lips, allowing her sensitive clit to momentarily relax.

When he stood, she partially collapsed against him, her trembling legs the consistency of gelatin. Caleb wrapped long arms around her, his wings expanding again. Bailey's heart shuddered back down to a normal pace as she came to grips with the orgasm.

"Was that satisfactory?" he asked, looking down on her.

She hiccupped a small laugh. *Hell yes, it was.* Looking up at him, she realized that he was very sincere in his question, the thin line of his dark eyebrows narrowing in concern. Once again unable to look into his eyes, she leaned her forehead against his chest and mutely nodded.

He shifted against her and then softly caressed his fingers against her still throbbing sex. A small shiver sliced through her at the touch, but she held still. He brought his moistened finger to his nose and inhaled the fragrance before placing the finger in his mouth. The sheer sensuality of his movements sent a thrill through her. Tilting her head toward him, she clasped the back of his head and gently brought her mouth against his. She delighted in the tangy taste of herself on him. Evidently pleased with her actions, he smiled slightly against her lips.

"Hold on to my shoulders," he whispered.

She complied and gripped them with both hands. His strong arms wrapped around her waist, and she pressed herself against him. The cock she had yet to sample pressed against her belly. She let out a small scream when his wings flapped once and their feet left the ground. With powerful thrusts of the feathered appendages, they were airborne, looking down on the open maw of the cavern as it vanished from view.

Still holding her aloft, Caleb positioned her legs around his waist, and she forgot their flight as he entered her for the first time. The motion was slow and deliberate, allowing her to stretch around him, taking him

in with gentle care. Exhaling in a long breath, she closed her eyes at the intrusion, savoring his length. As she began to wonder if he would stop, if she could take in any more, his pelvis pressed against hers, and she moaned at the sensation. Another soft moan escaped her mouth as he retreated with the same slow, deliberate care with which he'd entered. The draft swirling around them licked at where their bodies joined, sending a rush of cool air as he pulled away. His forward thrust brought soothing heat again.

She dared to release his shoulders in order to grip him around his back. Her fingers grazed where his wings attached, and he stiffened at her touch. The low sound he made was curious, and she slid her fingers over the area again to similar results. This time, though, his breath quickened with the touch. As she continued to stroke him there with the same rhythm with which he pumped into her, his stomach tensed, his fingers trembled against her body, and she smiled.

Their eyes met, and they kissed with the same tenderness he used with her body. She marveled at his control while airborne but didn't linger on her thoughts as he quickened the pace. Her body responded to the change with a deep flush, and a tingling that began at her core. His breath caressed her skin with each soft grunt as he struggled within her, and she matched her breathing to his, undulating her body as best she could to meet his efforts. The tingling spread from the inside, building in intensity and pressure, searching her body, finding the crevices of her being, exploring the details of her extremities.

"Bailey," she gasped.

He cocked his head to the side, but he did not slow his frantic rhythm. He looked at her in question. Fortunately, he soon nodded in understanding.

He seemed to lose control of his rhythm, and the shuddering through his back and the clenching of his abdomen brought along another heady rush. She reached toward the pinnacle of oblivion. When his body pulsed inside of her, she tipped over the edge and soared into a flight of reckless abandon. Each burst of his hot semen sent her higher and higher, like a million balloons released, her sensations scattering in the wind.



His call of her name for the first time was a distant sound, although his head rested next to hers. Their mutual climax was a singular obsession. Although she was in tune with his orgasm, the moment was still a private release as she succumbed to a rapture unlike any other.

Bailey clung to Caleb; her legs grazed his waist. He still shuddered against her, and she clenched and unclenched around him. She planted gentle kisses over his face, stroking the sensitive area along his wings. He still reacted to the touch, but the intensity was gone. Taking her face in his hands, he leaned in and placed another gentle kiss on her lips. He pulled away and did not smile, but beamed down at her. She knew that look—it was one that spoke of self-pride.

*Oh yeah.*

*That* had definitely been satisfactory.

### Chapter Three

Bailey hadn't notice their descent back to the ground until Caleb let her legs drop from his waist, and she stood unsteadily, using him for support. He was considerate, holding her until she felt steady without him.

He watched her carefully, as if gauging the conflagration of emotions storming through her. His proposal hadn't intimidated her, and she didn't regret engaging him. In fact, his acts had contributed to a long-needed and well-earned liberation from the stress she'd been facing at her job. She'd accepted him with both eyes wide open, and she held no illusions that went beyond what amounted to a physical necessity for them both.

Looking around for her discarded robe, she took the opportunity to watch him from the corner of her eye. He still watched her movements, his face not betraying his own thoughts about what had just transpired.

"Bailey, is it?"

The fluid harmony of his voice still disconcerted her. Nodding, she continued searching for the robe and finally spied it a few yards away, partially obscured by sand stirred by their movements and flight.

"I have a proposal for you, Bailey, daughter of Eve."

The daughter of Eve reference finally made sense to her. She supposed that every woman he might have encountered would have such a title. Another thought struck her, and her back stiffened in response. Was she the first for him? How many others had he done this with?

“Face me, Bailey.”

Still uncharacteristically silent, she turned and stood before him, noticing with satisfaction that his gaze raked her nude body. She could feel his essence spilling from between her legs, but her mind flickered with the thought that if anything, this wasting made her feel even more sensual. She raised her chin.

“You carry my seed inside your womb. Will you now also carry my child?”

As her breath caught in her throat, her heart stopped beating. On second thought, she mused, it hadn’t actually stopped beating, but it had come damn close. Not once had it crossed her mind that he could impregnate her. The idea seemed too foreign that an angel could father a child. Then again, she would have never, prior to today, imagined an angel having sex. Especially with her.

Her lips moved, but no sound came forth. Goose bumps rode her arms, and she shivered. Finally, after swallowing several times, she managed to find her voice.

“I didn’t think about that. I didn’t stop to think you could father children. We should have used something to prevent that.” She choked with responsibility but faltered when she saw a look of disappointment come over his face. “I’m so sorry. I should have thought first. I just can’t have a baby.”

Caleb crossed the distance between them and gripped her arms with painful force. His gaze dropped to where his semen trailed down her thighs, and his lip curled up in a snarl. “What we have done is forbidden. So sure of obedience is He that no rules exist about bringing forth progeny. To my knowledge, no one has ventured past the restriction placed on us.” He laughed, and the sound was cold, biting, and without humor. “But I know that I am capable of giving you my child.”

His voice turned unforgiving. The melody was still there, but the new edge to it frightened her. His gaze bore into her and this time, knowing she was not mistaken, she watched his eyes shift into black pools of fury. She tried to take a step backwards but his firm grasp halted her.

“Perhaps I will give you my child anyway,” he hissed.

"Why?" she whispered, trembling. "Why is it so important to you?"

"Because you have not earned His love. Before your kind, we were all once loved by Him. Only one of us was loved above the others. When he fell, most fell with him and were outcast. Adam, Eve and their children took our places *without ever having earned it*. What will He do when confronted with the children of the outcast and the still-loved?"

He let go of her arms and stepped away. Heat radiated where the blood rushed into the previously restricted places.

"I will show Him the depths of my anger at what He has made me. Look at what I have become without His love."

Before her horrified eyes, she watched as Caleb changed. His gloriously white and luminescent feathers dropped one by one onto the cold sand until none were left. The wings curled in on themselves until no longer in her view. Not gone, but now transformed, his wings unfurled, displaying thin leather across their expanse. The fine features of his face hardened and became angular where before they were smooth and symmetric. His dark hair lengthened and snaked across his body in places, covering his chest, abdomen and legs.

But the thing that hung between his legs was what held her sickened attention. Jutting from him was something she could not have imagined in her worst nightmares. It pulsed as if alive. Bulging veins covered the shaft, and the thing snaked as if it had a mind of its own.

The blood drained from her face at the memory of having it, wanting it, *this thing*, inside of her. Her stomach rolled at the thought that it had spewed forth the means by which she could become pregnant. Clamping her arms around her midriff, she thanked no one in particular that she had not placed him in her mouth, as she was accustomed to doing. Although, that was small consolation. Tears sprung to her eyes as she took in the sight of this transformed being.

When she blinked, he was once again standing before her in the perfection that she had previously welcomed.

*Oh, God. Oh, God.*

He laughed his dangerous laugh again, and she tried not to let it

lull her. "Will you carry that thing's child, Bailey? Will you carry my child?"

When she blinked again, before she could respond, he stood before her, his electric eyes boring into hers. The warmth of his breath fanned against her cheek as he stood over her, almost panting with exhilaration. His gaze dropped down, and she followed his indication. His cock had begun to grow heavy once again. Even through his transformation, through his frightening declarations and his erratic anger, her body responded to the sight of his arousal.

*Carry my child, Bailey, daughter of Eve.*

The words cut through her mind, and she tried to deny him, tried to shake her head no, to scream out against his insistence, but nothing happened.

He leaned closer and pressed his lips against hers. Electricity charged between their bodies, heat generating there. Tasting the sea on his breath, the salt on his lips, she involuntarily responded again, this time with a small moan she tried to squelch to keep from making its presence known.

*Carry my child, Bailey, daughter of Eve.*

One arm wrapped around her waist and pressed into her back, bringing them closer together and cutting off the electrical current surging between them. His other hand sought and found where she was still moist, still dripping from their last encounter. Two fingers curled inside of her, the passageway slick with their combined passions, as his thumb began a slow, tortuous trail over her budding clit. Her hips bucked, and she clenched her eyes shut, trying to fight off the desire he reignited.

*Carry my child, Bailey...*

Still unable to deny him, to say no, to do anything, *something* that would stop his intrusion, his exploration of her, she leaned forward, accidentally giving him even more access than he had previously. He slid his hand down her back and once again lifted her leg high against his thigh, opening her wide for him. He entered her hot pussy, the way exquisitely sore and welcoming to him, and she moaned.

Again, she bucked against him, pulling him into her core, allowing

the dizzying penetration of not just her body but also her mind. His thrusts, smooth and rhythmic, forced her to sway against him, and the swaying made each intrusion and retreat that much more enticing, igniting a rising passion of need, her body overriding her mind's diminishing protests. Her cries came faster, and Caleb responded with an increasing tempo. She tried to stop her body's response, tried to force herself to deny him, to deny herself, but after thousands of years of evolution, her physiology betrayed her, and she took him in. Her body accepted him, lusted after him. The familiar pressure mounted her sex, her nipples tingling with excitement. She gripped him tighter with her hands, her mouth working frantically against his, wanting so much more. The crescendo rose within her. He lengthened inside of her, and she knew he was almost there. Almost there.

*Carry my child...*

She couldn't stop it, could forestall the rising deluge, the explosion of emotions, the force of the pressure and the tidal wave coursing through her. She couldn't help when her mind cried out to him, her body responded to him, and the sound burst out of her mouth against his.

"Yes!"

When they had both succumbed, when he pulsed no more, when her shuddering had stopped and her body had come back down from the pinnacle where he had sent her, she crumpled into his arms. He made soothing noises against her head and nuzzled her affectionately. She curled against him, allowing his strong arms to cradle her and simultaneously sweep her off of her feet.

Caleb bent down at the waist and gently laid her back on her bed, one hand caressing lovingly while the other stayed clenched in hers. He stood, dragging with him the hand she continued to grasp, and allowed his perfect wings to unfurl in the small room. The look he sent to her was one of gratitude, and a bitter smile curved her lips at the sight of it.

"I will watch over you, daughter of Eve," he crooned softly.

Bailey closed her eyes, and warm tears spilled over her cheeks. She considered how she had never been alone in the cave with him but had always been at home. Her throat was too tight to allow words to come

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forth, and she turned her head away from him, trying to settle the erratic fluttering of her heart. She could feel him standing over her for a few minutes more and then, with a delicate breeze and gentle sound, he was gone.

The End

### Author Bio

Morgan Sierra—who holds nothing back—is the pen name for Dee Carney. Dee began writing short stories in middle school, but did not attempt completion of a novel until almost ten years later—which despite good intentions was never finished. Almost ten additional years later, she challenged herself to begin writing again, and the love for storytelling was rekindled.

Dee lives at home in Georgia with her husband, two dogs, and a cat. When not writing, Dee is usually curled up on the couch with a good book!

Dee welcomes mail from readers. You can write to her at [dee@deecarney.com](mailto:dee@deecarney.com). To learn more about her upcoming releases, visit her on the Web at [www.deecarney.com](http://www.deecarney.com).