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# WICKED

Morgan Sierra



*Fallen 3:*

*Siren's Song*

*By*

*Morgan Sierra*

## **Siren's Song by Morgan Sierra**

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### **Siren's Song**

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**Dedication**

To Deanna Lee and Sable Grey for spotting this diamond in the rough.

## Chapter One

*Give up the child. Give her up...and all will be forgiven.*

Caleb wanted to ask *or what*, but clenched his jaw and bit back the retort. He'd almost given in to death more than once. When the pain had become so great, when he thought his body incapable of delivering another drop of blood, he'd almost let himself succumb to death's permanent night. Anything to put an end to his misery. He'd greatly underestimated what they could do to him. What they *would* do to him.

But then he'd heard the song. The sweet Siren song of the human and, if only for a short while, he knew heaven again.

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Stunned, Bailey sat down hard on the cold ledge of the tub. Her hands shook, but not strongly enough to dislodge the blue plus sign mocking her. She stared at it until her vision blurred, her eyes stinging from the need to blink. It still didn't budge. In another twist of life's cruel jokes, the cross, which signified the beginning of change, stared back.

He'd told her this was coming. The first night she'd slept with him, he'd given her an option and, blind with lust, she'd accepted. Now, she was pregnant.

She pushed aside mounting panic and rose on unsteady legs. For some women, this would be a joyous occasion. One so humbling and sweet they would treasure every moment. Thoughts of the right time and

place to tell her husband, boyfriend, or lover of the results would consume the expectant mother. Bailey could only drop the plastic test strip into the waiting trashcan without ceremony.

The father of her child already knew she was pregnant. From the moment they'd consummated their relationship, he'd all but guaranteed it.

Bailey stroked her hand over her belly. A shiver slid down her spine. *God*. She'd developed feelings for him. Feelings for a being who used deceit to gain her trust. Who used seduction to pull her into his arms time and again.

She liked to think she wasn't completely blind to the dark angel, though. He really didn't have any reason to deceive her. Not at this point. She knew him in his angelic beauty; she'd accepted him as a nightmarish demon. At no point had he promised anything for her or their child. Only that he would watch over her. Still... A single woman with only an estranged sister for family now had the responsibility of a new life on her hands.

By the time she laid her head to rest on her pillow that night, even though she wanted to be happy or excited, the only emotion she could channel was sadness. No matter how she looked at it, she was utterly alone.

"Sweet Bailey."

She drifted between the place where dreams met waking, the haziness of it surrounding her. His voice pulled her from sleep and warmed her to complete awakening. It filled her heart with longing. Made her appreciate how the sound brought with it a sultry, familiar grip.

"Caleb..." Her response was both a question and a breath. A statement of happiness and profound relief.

His arms wrapped around her, pulling her into an embrace she'd come to cherish. She inhaled the masculine scent of him, the unique musk of his feathers, her arousal pulling her further away from the reaches of sleepiness. The feel of him seemed more than she should ask for, yet she craved more.

Putting his fingers beneath her chin, he tilted her face up to his.

Intense blue eyes softened, searching her. His dark hair framed his face such that shadows emphasized the strong angles of his cheeks and jaw. Her heart drummed, and her pulse raced as she looked back at him. She found heaven in his beautiful face, and celebrated desire as she waited for his mouth to descend on hers.

She didn't wait long.

Caleb brushed against her mouth in a kiss that spoke of passion and longing. Of poorly disguised restraint, yet tenderness. They kissed as if time waited for them. Unhurried, his lips learned hers as if meeting them for the first time and not the hundredth.

She tightened her hold on him, held him as tightly as she could, all the while knowing she shouldn't do this. She shouldn't allow herself to dream of a happily ever after with the angel. If he just wouldn't kiss her so. Kiss her as if his world started at the top of her head and ended at the bottom of her feet. As if his next breath only came because he knew she waited for it.

How had they reached this place? This place belonging to lovers?

She didn't know when, but she knew with certainty it would end one day. Nothing about their relationship was meant to last. No matter how her heart ached with longing for a true love, one that would stand through ages, Caleb would offer her none. He wanted sex, and she was all but addicted to what they shared. Becoming pregnant by him guaranteed nothing. He gave her no reassurances. She was not careless enough to ask for any.

As if he sensed her thoughts, he pulled away. "You are melancholic tonight."

She dropped her face onto his chest, nuzzling against him. Not looking at him, she shook her head. She didn't want him to read the emotion as plain as vanilla written on her face. "I'm just tired, Caleb."

The gentle breeze of salty air indicated the change in scenery. Naked, Caleb lay beneath her, his warm flesh pressing against hers. The worn T-shirt and faded panties she'd worn to bed disappeared with the shift. A swing bed suspended by four wooden poles held them close, the rocking motion soothing enough to carry her to sleep. He conjured new

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romantic settings often, but the seashore seemed his favorite.

"Our child?"

She nodded, and then found the courage to look at him. "I didn't believe you. Despite what you said, what you are, I didn't really believe you. Not really, but today... I took the test today and I'm—God, I'm..."

"Carrying our child."

Before she could answer, he stirred beneath her, and she felt it. All thoughts of love and sadness fled in the night as her attention turned to more urgent matters.

*Have mercy.*

A grin curved her lips even as she snorted. Her eyebrows arched. "That turned you on?"

He stroked down the curve of her back with a massaging hand. "More than you could ever know."

"I think I have a pretty good idea." She couldn't stop smiling.



## Chapter Two

His mouth traveled across her lips, stopping long enough to capture her mouth with his. He didn't allow her the luxury of the kiss. His sweeping caresses descended to her chin, down her neck. Caleb planted delicate pecks across her skin, resulting in a shiver of delight. She turned for him, arched into his kisses.

Bailey clasped the hand resting on her waist in hers. She brought their entwined hands up and used his palm to cup her breast, her nipple coming alive beneath his touch. He sat up and covered the hardening nub with his mouth. When he bit down, she cried out, both shocked and pleased by the slice of pain.

Hot, wet kisses moved to her other breast, loving it with the same intensity. Sharp teeth nipped, cool lips brushed, and a moist tongue laved over it. Her breasts were afire with sensations as he alternately teased her nipples into aching points.

She rocked her hips over him, stroking her cleft with his hardness. Her slick heat lubricated his cock, and she trembled just from the thought of impaling herself on him.

Caleb reached between them, caressing her inner thigh with the skill of a master. He was close, so achingly close, to where she needed his touch, but his fingers never provided the relief she sought.

"You seem frustrated," he said with wry amusement in his voice.

When she glanced up into his blazing blue eyes, she saw the laughter in them. The bastard teased her on purpose. She leaned forward,

pressing her mouth against his. When his lips parted, she touched her tongue to his. At the same time, she rolled her hips, rubbed her clit against his cock again, and bit down on his bottom lip.

A low growl sounded in his throat as he tried to pull away. Bailey didn't release her grip. She stared into his eyes as she reached between their bodies. When he tried to move, she bit down harder, relishing the arousal growing in his stare. He stopped resisting, and she eased her hold.

His eyelids fluttered as she slid onto his cock and pulled him into her warmth. When he filled her body, when she had to breathe through the sensation of him stretching her, she released his lip.

"Poor baby," she murmured before tonguing the teeth marks left behind.

Caleb didn't move as she tended to him except for flaring his nostrils with each shuddering breath he took. When she was done, he sucked his lip into his mouth. He lay back against the bed, surging into her at the same time. This time her eyelids fluttered against the incredible fullness he provided.

Bailey raised her hips, ready to lower herself onto him again, when his hands shot out to capture her wrists. A brief flicker of confusion unsettled her before he pulled her hand down, between her spread thighs. His eyes turned smoky as he looked at her.

"Touch yourself." He prompted the command by guiding her hand, rubbing in slow, sensuous strokes where his body entered hers. "I want to feel you come on me."

Her body's moisture coated her inner thighs, and she knew she wouldn't last long. She slid her fingers over herself, making certain to touch the base of Caleb's cock as she did. When she glanced into his face, she saw that he clenched his teeth. His face strained as if fighting a battle with himself to not roll them over and drive himself into her.

Against his unspoken rule, she slid up and down his cock, always touching herself, rubbing her aching clit as she did. Her heart pounded in her chest, her breath coming in short pants. "Is this what you want, Caleb?"

His gaze was transfixed on her fingers. He inhaled and exhaled in

tune with her. "My sweet, sweet Bailey...."

Shudders wracked his body. His hands on her waist and thigh were clamped vices, urgency for her to finish evident in the way he tightened and then loosened his grip.

Oh, Jesus, she was close. She should have known how turned on she could become just by having him watch her. Her blood simmered beneath her skin, his heated gaze ratcheting up the flames threatening to make her boil over.

"Like this? Like...oh, God, like this Caleb?"

"Yes," he hissed. "Yes..." The word strangled in his throat.

He pumped into her now, never losing sight of where she touched herself. Like every other time he'd been aroused to this point, his jet black eyes gleamed, desire and pleasure glittering like diamonds in them.

The first wave rippled out from her clit. It spread over her pussy, found where Caleb joined her, and spread from there. Her body tightened around him, the bliss of it rolling through her belly, spreading up, down, and over. It swept her up in a whirlwind of ecstatic torment, threatened to consume her bodily. She pressed her finger to herself harder, faster. Her need for release almost frenzied.

Behind the force, somewhere in the back of her mind, she could hear Caleb's whispered words. His encouragement for the inevitable. "That's it, sweet Bailey. Come for me.... Come for me."

A moan started deep in her chest. It rumbled forward, surging through her parted lips until it became a scream in the salty air. Her body tightened until the unrelenting tension broke free, carrying her away on a high unrivaled by anything available on this earth. It was heaven—the pure, unadulterated bliss of heaven—that claimed Bailey as her lover pushed her even further beyond the reaches of pleasure and into the arms of ecstasy.

By the time her body drifted back down, away from the violent explosions and aftershocks of orgasm, a fine mist of perspiration covered her. Her dazed mind put forth a valiant effort to focus, to recognize her dark angel smiling at her through smoky scrutiny.

His lopsided grin made her bashful. Despite the many ways he'd

taken her, the many times they'd fucked, his smug look put a blush in her cheeks. Almost as if he read her mind, he said, "I never tire of watching you. I would watch you like that time and time again."

He was still hard inside of her. With another blush of embarrassment, she realized she hadn't helped see to his needs. She winked at him. "I think that calls for another round, then, don't you?"

His eyes crinkled at the corners while he laughed. "As you wish, daughter of Eve."

The air shimmered, and then he stared off behind her, as if someone stood right there. She almost turned to see what might have invaded their privacy, but his eyes narrowed. The pure rage on his face sent a chill over her body, and she stilled.

"After everything we've done, what you've been through, you would still defy us, Caleb?"

Another chill made her breath catch when the voice of something serpentine spoke over their heads. It carried in its words a dread, which weighed her down.

Before she could react, Caleb pulled her against his chest, his wings forming into a canopy that covered their bodies. He whispered harsh words against her ear. "This is about me, not you. You are safe, Bailey. Remember that. You are safe."

"Caleb?"

He hurried on, his words growing more bitter, more urgent. "It is for me alone to face them, and I will watch over you always. If you never see me, know I am there. You are safe!"

"I don't understand, Ca—"

His mouth pressed against hers, cutting off any words of protest or question. When he pulled away, his eyes were the piercing blue she adored. "Listen to me! You are safe, and I am watching over you. You and our child are safe, Bailey. And I..."

Then she was in her bed, in her home.

Alone.

### Chapter Three

Bailey tossed back the covers, springing out of bed as soon as they were clear. "Caleb?"

Silence greeted her, so she called his name again. Still no reply. The clock in her living room ticked a maddening song. The hum of the refrigerator joined in chorus.

Her mind raced with the sudden turn of events. She replayed his brief reassurances, which only frightened her. What was that voice? It sounded of evil personified. It knew Caleb's name, and that couldn't be good.

She walked her small bungalow in three circuitous routes, looking for any sign of him. Peering through the slats of her blinds was an exercise in futility. Old habits encouraged her to worry at the inside of her lip. To chew at the mounting frustration.

*Where are you, Caleb?*

Sleep that night was impossible. Despite a long schedule earlier in the day and the interrupted tryst with Caleb, her body fought the lull of dreamless sleep. Her mind kept replaying the voice that had spoken to them. Kept replaying the reassurances Caleb tried to provide. Was she supposed to be worried? He kept trying to tell her she was safe. Safe from what, though? Whoever belonged to that voice?

Thinking about it kept her awake the following night too. By the time she dragged herself home the next night, her eyelids drooped heavy with fatigue. Her mind was too muddled with the need for sleep to sort

through Caleb's cryptic departure or whether she should be prepared to guard herself from *the voice*. She blamed the need for rest as the reason she didn't see him right away.

"Turn off the light."

A scream escaped as she whirled to face the dark corner. She recognized his voice—God, how could she not recognize the sound that made her insides melt—as soon as he'd spoken. But she'd been expecting to walk into an empty house. The shriek of noise was an instinctual reaction to the surprise of his presence.

Placing a hand over her heaving heart, she moved closer and tried to pierce the shadows with her vision. From where he stood, she could barely see him. "Caleb?"

"Please, Bailey. The light."

He sounded ill or hurt. She paused just long enough to flick the light switch before going to him. When she reached his side, however, he pulled away.

"I shouldn't be here, but I needed someplace to recover for a few hours. I don't think they'll look for me here right away. Just a few hours, okay?"

"Okay," she responded softly. Through Herculean effort, she didn't ask him the hundreds of questions flooding her mind. Instead, she watched him lurch forward, almost stumble as he took slow, exaggerated steps toward her bedroom.

She covered her mouth with a hand when she saw the silhouette of his bat-like wings. She knew this other side to him, this other form, but the sight could still make her blood run cold. It was in those moments she thought of the child growing inside her womb. Of what it would look like when born.

He paused in the doorway as he sensed her trepidation and spoke with a weary voice. "I don't have the strength to be what you need. Just a few hours like this, and I'll leave."

With a few quick steps, she approached his side. Caleb stiffened when she tucked her head beneath his arm, supporting some of his weight. They stood motionless for a minute, but she felt the tension melt

out of him as he accepted her help. Now wasn't the time, but she would tell him of her feelings one day. Of her love for him both as an angel and as a demon.

By the time he collapsed onto her bed, his sweat slickened her grip. His breathing was ragged, as if drawing in each lungful of air pained him. Whatever he'd been through transformed him into someone she didn't know. Her Caleb, the Caleb who abducted her on their first night together was strong. Invincible, almost. This Caleb seemed too tired to live.

His eyelids slipped closed as he settled against the bed. "Just...a little while to recover," he mumbled.

He didn't rouse again for almost twenty-four hours.

Bailey tended to him during his delirium. She called in sick to work, not caring if they believed her lie or not. She pressed cool cloths to his feverish forehead, tucked the blanket around him when he shivered. Whispered soothing words into his ear when he cried out in his sleep. Hugged him tight against her breasts to rock him when nothing else seemed to provide comfort. The few times he seemed content, she drifted in and out of sleep next to him. Sometimes she spooned against the demon, at other times the angel. If he knew he shifted beside her, he showed no signs of awareness.

She awoke finally to kisses traveling over her shoulder and down her arm. Her heart fluttered and swelled with relief as she turned to him, a growing smile on her face.

They lay in her bed still, but once again, an idyllic seashore filled the horizon. Waves crashed gently against a sandy beach while birds sang a lullaby to the setting sun. Trees laden with coconuts as big as bowling balls swayed in the breeze caressing their bodies. Winged insects drifted on the wind, stopping to land on the occasional shrub for rest.

He brought his mouth to hers and brushed across her lips in a caress of future's promise. When he pulled away, an invitation smoldered in the depths of his blue eyes. She ran her fingers across his strong jaw, relishing the smooth skin. Gentle fingers traced his lips before capturing his face, holding it still so she could plant another kiss on his mouth.

"I shouldn't be here," he said when it ended.

"I want you here." She hesitated a moment. "But please talk to me, Caleb. I didn't know what to do, where to get help. Tell me what's happening. You were so sick."

"Not sick." His jaw tightened. "I told you once what we're doing is forbidden. All you need to know is I have served penance. I just needed time to recover from it. I'm well enough now."

"Penance? Caleb, what's going on?"

He shook his head. "You don't need to know any more than what I've told you."

Bailey drew a deep breath and fought for self-control. Every ounce of her being hummed with the urge to throttle him for treating her like a child. With ice in her voice, she said, "I think I *do* need to know more than what you're telling me."

"Oh? You do now, do you?" The son of a bitch was mocking her again. He managed to keep the condescension out of his question, but the lilt gave away his amusement. "My sweet Bailey, what happens if I decline to tell you more?"

"I'll..." Her mind raced. What could she do that would really matter to him? "I'll... I'll refuse you." There. That'd show him.

His eyes darkened until they were as black as pitch. The grin splitting his face teetered on the edge of amusement and wicked desire. She knew that look all too well.

"You would refuse me?"

She swallowed the lump in her throat. Ignored the thrill exciting her pumping heart. "Mm-hmm."

Like hell, she'd refuse him. She knew it. He knew it.

His hand slipped down across her belly, slid between her naked thighs. "You would refuse me, sweet Bailey?" he repeated.

She parted her legs for his probing fingers. "I would." Her hips bucked when he found her hardening clit.

He teased the nub until it ached. "You would refuse my touch here?"

"Right there. I-I would re-refuse it."

Breathing took all of her concentration. The masculine scent of him



filled her senses until it consumed her. His finger ran circles around her clit, stopping only long enough to dip into her core before resuming focus on her pleasure center. The slow, lazy circles were enough to drive her mad.

He kept up the drugging pace, managing to maneuver himself between her thighs as he did. His erection brushed against her, and her heart skipped a beat when he probed her slick entrance.

"I suppose you would refuse this too?" The low, husky words dripped of sin.

He pushed forward, burying himself inside, and Bailey could only moan at the invasion. His fingers continued to dance over her sensitive flesh. The frightening intensity of emotions built inside of her, keeping her hovering in the place between exhilaration and euphoria. Between adoration and love.

She rolled her hips beneath him, inviting him, encouraging him to help her find blessed release. Her pussy squeezed his cock each time he withdrew. Greedily accepted him when he plunged. He matched each thrust with a stroke to her clit, and she felt herself lifted higher and higher.

"Refuse me, Bailey," he ground out between clenched teeth.

Her head thrashed from side to side as familiar, cascading waves rippled out from her core. Blindly, she reached for him, sinking her nails into his firm abdomen when another wave threatened to drown her. So close....

Caleb tilted his hips at the same time he pinched her over-sensitized clit. A starburst of lights rained down as her body lit up beneath a fiery explosion.

His mouth crashed down onto hers, their tongues wrestling against each other. He feasted on her lips, nibbling, sucking, *taking* them. The force of the pleasure assaulting her every nerve blazed a molten trail, fanning out from every place their skin caressed and seemed to detonate. Bailey wanted—no, *needed*—him to be with her in that moment. As her own orgasm slowly waned, she reached beneath his wing, stroking the sensitive place. The result was instantaneous.

Caleb let go of her lips to throw his head back. His muscles went

rigid as a hoarse cry escaped. With bated breath, she trembled beneath him as his cock emptied his warm seed into her womb. She continued to run her fingers across his back, reveling each time the cum jetted against her. When it was over, when his tremors stopped, when her pulsing pussy could drink no more, she collapsed against the bed.

Drops of perspiration rolled down his face, pooling at the end of his nose as he looked down on her. He grinned with the satisfaction of a once starving man after consuming a feast when she wiped the moisture away from his face. His hips still rolled between her thighs. His cock was still semi-erect inside of her.

With a grin curving his lips, he said, "Refuse me again. Please."

## Chapter Four

"Am I too heavy for you?"

Bailey shook her head against his neck. She swallowed through the pleasure of him as he probed her with a languid pace. "I love this. I lo—"

She caught the words in time and tried to pretend she didn't feel his entire body stiffen at the confession that nearly erupted from her mouth. *Shit*. They were the closest she'd ever come to telling him of how she felt about him. His non-verbal response didn't give her the warm and fuzzies, though, and she was glad she stopped herself.

Disappointment thickened her voice. She cleared her throat and asked him the thought plaguing her for the past day. "Caleb, please tell me what happened to you. Where were you, and what's going on?"

His wings folded behind him. When he rolled, their bodies remained connected, and now she sat on top of him. Her breath caught, but she exhaled slowly through the new sense of fullness the position provided. Caleb's gaze journeyed over her body, taking in the sight of the juncture above her thighs, roving over her abdomen and breasts before landing on her face. He shook his head as if amazed by her.

"The world will collapse on itself, both heaven and hell unite, and God rains forgiveness down on us all before I grow tired of you, Bailey."

She froze. Slack-jawed, she mentally replayed his words again, twice, trying to wrap her mind around the uncharacteristic confession.

"And until that day..." he continued. "Until that day, I will protect you and our child. No sacrifice too great for me to endure. Know and

understand that, Bailey."

Her heart thundered. He couldn't be.... No. Not Caleb. It just wasn't possible for his feelings to run that deeply for her.

Was it?

The possibility floored her. Even if true, she had to know, really had to know what came between them for the past month. She brought up one of the few words he repeated in his fevered state. "What does *wrath* mean to you?"

His eyes narrowed, the slow thrust of his hips came to a halt. "What?"

So it did mean something. "When you were sick last night, you kept saying that word over and over again. Wrath. What does it mean?"

He scrubbed a palm over his face. "You will be the death of me, human."

This was one time she would not let him have his way. This seemed too important to let go. Fighting every urge to push him, she waited with infinite patience for him to speak. She even threw in her mother's patented guilt-trip expression for good measure.

He grimaced. "For God's sake, woman, since you insist on knowing, I'll tell you. I was sent to a place we call Wrath. It's where we are sent when we have met His displeasure."

"But you're an angel. Doesn't that mean anything?"

He chuckled. "You're riding my cock as we speak. That means something too."

His nonchalance fueled her ire. He was hiding something behind his light words.

"Caleb, you have to start over. I'm not following this conversation."

He cupped her face in his hand, stroking her cheek. "You are following. You just don't want to understand, and in truth, I don't want you to understand. Anything I have done, any punishment earned, is for me and me alone to bear."

"What are you hiding from me? Were you..." Her voice dropped to a horrified whisper. "...*punished* for this? For what we're doing? Tell me, Caleb!"

The sad smile on his face couldn't lie to her. "While I was there, I heard this voice. This sweet, sweet voice calling to me. And when I heard it, I followed the song. Followed it right into your warm embrace." He pulled her hand to his mouth and pressed a kiss there. "I just kept thinking about you and our child. Before I met you, I didn't understand why God gave up so much for His children. Bailey, I understand now."

"No," she gasped. She couldn't stop shaking her head from side to side. "No..."

He rolled them again, until he was on top. With tenderness in his eyes, he trailed burning kisses across her mouth. Tears fell from her eyes, sliding down her cheeks until they mingled on her lips. His tongue reached out to taste them, drinking the sacrifice of her sadness.

"My sweet Bailey," he murmured against her. "Accept me." He baited her with another heart-rending kiss. "Know me." A final kiss smoldered against her lips, one made of passion and devotion. "Love...me."

He moved inside of her with an unhurried pace. As if the rest of the world waited idly by, time nonexistent. He was her lover eternal, a celestial being who would show her the very pinnacles of heaven in their every moment together.

His strong fingers brushed her hair away from her neck, made way for his lips to descend. His kisses became more urgent as he traveled lower. She arched into him, her breasts pining to feel his warm mouth close over her. He blew cool air against a dark tip before hot, wet breath took over. His tongue toyed with her nipple, teasing it, loving it. He moved to her other breast, gliding his hand over the softness until a flush colored her heated skin.

She raked her fingers through his hair, silently encouraging him. Her back arched under mounting pressure when he resumed thrusting. His pelvis ground against her clit, pushed her body toward completion with every movement. All the while, his tongue seduced her flesh. Sought every erogenous area exposed to him.

His fingers traveled over her curves as if memorizing them. He stroked over her belly, and sudden thoughts of the pregnancy pushed into

her mind. They tumbled away when his hands moved between their bodies and focused attention on her core. Then he was gone, her body empty from the loss of him. With a start, she looked down, trying to fathom what prompted the change.

He glanced up with a lascivious grin. "I haven't tasted you in what seems like eternity."

Her hips bucked the moment his mouth touched down. Lips, tongue, teeth found her center, paid homage to it. Bailey panted, writhed beneath him, but Caleb held her down. Forced her through the erotic torment.

Her eyes rolled back in her head, but she forced herself to focus. "Caleb," she gasped out. "I want to taste you too."

He stopped teasing her long enough to put his hips next to her head. She reached over, brought her mouth to the velvety tip of his cock before engulfing him. Her mind wrenched in two directions, trying to absorb the sensation of his mouth on her sopping pussy and the musky taste of his cock in her mouth.

In flat, broad strokes, he worked his tongue over her. Brought her to the edge of orgasm and left her hanging there. She returned the favor by relaxing her throat and pulling him in deep before releasing him again.

It was a game of push and pull. A test to see who could hold out the longest.

Both of their bodies trembled from exertion. Their gasps and moans rivaled the sound of crashing waves beyond the bed.

When Bailey's back arched and would not release, when her toes curled and would not unfurl, she knew she was lost. Caleb spread her lips and lapped at her hardened clit until the only thing she knew was the feel of his tongue on her. She breathed past his cock in her throat hampering her airway. Moaned in pleasure and caused him to leak his arousal even more.

She tightened her grip on his thigh, and he doubled his efforts. A blinding force seized her body, and she clenched her eyes shut against it.

Then she was soaring, her body fueled by pleasure, her mind absorbed by rapture. She wanted to cry out, to scream his name, but could

only moan her passion.

Caleb grunted a noise, a primal release, and she felt him stiffen, felt the swelling of his cock in her mouth. He came almost violently, his hips bucking of their own accord. She swallowed down his spend without hesitation.

She slid away from his mouth after he released her, her body too sensitive to receive any more of his assault. With slow, gentle licks, she teased the head of his cock until his tremors subsided. He withdrew from her mouth to collapse by her side a moment later.

Bailey listened to the ocean for a few minutes while waiting for her racing heart to slow back down to break-neck speed. The worry, the sadness of the past few days caught her exposed, off guard, and left questions tumbling around her mind. Coupled with concern for Caleb, the orgasmic high fled until she was left with only reality to face.

## Chapter Five

He could almost hear her thoughts. Her body went from a relaxed state of bliss to wound tight, ready to snap like a frayed thread. She would be thinking about their child. Thinking about what little he told her about Wrath.

Bailey couldn't know how true it was that he heard her voice. That she guided him through the ethereal plane to be by her side. If she hadn't, he would have sunk into madness.

He surprised everyone, himself included, when he made it out of Wrath. Thank God—*literally*—the Order had rules to follow. Unlike him, they normally followed them to the letter.

He could avoid their scrutiny by leaving Bailey's side forever. If he chose not to leave completely, then he could help them both by just monitoring her from a distance. That was what their kind did, wasn't it? Monitored from afar, exerting their influence only when necessary? The thought of never knowing her love again squashed that idea.

Oh, yes. Her love.

He knew of her feelings better than she did. He would. He returned them in spades.

At some point during the torture, during the unending pain, he tried to tell himself he was just being stubborn. A natural rebel. Then they insisted he never see her again, that he not allow their child to be born. Anger coiled through him, their sheer arrogance igniting his rage.

As time passed, he recognized it wasn't stubbornness. Not even



pride. It was his love for her, his love for his unborn child, which kept him from giving in. It was then he heard her voice calling to him for the first time.

If the Order found out, if they even *suspected* the depth of his emotions for her, her life would be forfeit. It would take everything in his power to keep her safe, and he didn't know if he was strong enough for the task. Their damned rules could forgive a tryst, a natural sexual curiosity between human and angel. However, they could never forgive the Fallen to pursue the one thing he cast aside when he left God's fold.

He tested everything in their plan when he perpetuated her pregnancy. To them, it was no more than an unfortunate side effect that could be halted under the right circumstances. The Order would even be generous enough to assume the child's care if termination did not appeal to him.

Both options appalled him.

Caleb glanced at Bailey. His gaze traced over her still flat belly. A surge of blood went straight to his heart each time he thought about them both. He would not give up either of them. The Order would not give up trying to stop him. It was inevitable that they would come to find him again, this time to face horrors worse than Wrath until he gave in. He just had to be ready.

"Bailey, I asked you once before, and you gave me your answer then. Tell me if it has changed. Are you happy about the child?"

His heart hammered when she hesitated. It never occurred to him that she could still be unsure while he remained unwavering in his desire to see her holding what they had created together. He thought—assumed—they were of like minds. *How foolish.* Could it be possible that she still did not want the pregnancy he fought for so hard?

A blast of cold air washed over them, and he braced himself. *They are here!* He glanced up, waiting for the rain of horror to seize him as before.

*One chance, dark angel.*

His body tensed as the sibilant voice whispered into his mind. One chance at what? He scrambled to a sitting position, becoming keenly

aware that she still wrestled with an answer and had not heard the voice. And he knew then that he'd been too casual in his disobedience. He should have never assumed they would leave him unmonitored for too long. The time he spent with her had been a gift—or maybe a test.

"Tell me, Bailey," he insisted. His throat felt tight just saying the words. The damned Order hovered close by, waiting with him. He knew what they waited for. She would seal their fates with her response. No matter how she responded, it would be a deathblow. If she announced her love for him or love for their child, she would endanger herself. If she rejected either his love or the child growing in her belly, the Order would ensure she no longer had anything to worry about.

She sat up and studied his face. He could see the concern behind her beautiful brown eyes. He wanted her in that moment. If he could, he would take her over and over again, filling her with his seed until she begged him to stop. It was pride and love and hurt manifesting within him, seeking release in the only way he knew how.

"What is it, Caleb?"

*One chance.*

He swallowed against a dry throat. "Please. Tell me."

It wasn't supposed to be like this. He'd only wanted to see why God loved His children so much more than those who had served Him since the beginning of time. The all-consuming eroticism of sex had been a pleasant surprise. The love—*her* love—had caught him unaware until it felt like the very part of him that made him want to live. It seized hold of him until he couldn't imagine a life without it.

"Having a baby scares me."

The breath rushed out of him. It was an answer that was no answer. He crawled to her, and she nestled against him without his prodding. Surely, they would allow him the chance to hold her one last time? "I know it does, my sweet Bailey, but I need to know. Would you have it any other way? If you could turn back time and change all of this, would you?"

She lifted her eyes to gaze into his, and he saw in their depths the answer poised on her lips. He could see their future spelled out as clear as

glass to him. His heart threatened to stop beating when she shook her head. She reached up and cupped his chin in her gentle hand.

"No, I wouldn't change a thing." Her face clouded with unease. When she tried to speak, her voice wavered. "I love you, Caleb."

Relief and dread wound tight in him, racing through his blood until the emotions filled him. Crushing her to him, Caleb pressed his mouth to hers. Their lips caressed as he whispered back the same gentle words.

"I love you, sweet Bailey."

*It is done.*

A chill crawled over Caleb when he realized Bailey's grip loosened and her body went limp in his arms. If she'd heard his reply, he didn't know. Alarmed, he pulled away to look into her face. Before his eyes, the glow she'd carried since their first encounter paled. The expected rise and fall of chest never came. He willed her eyes to open, waited for her to stir. She remained still.

"Bailey? No... *No!*"

Raw and primitive grief overwhelmed him. He knew what they'd done. They'd threatened her life and delivered on that promise. But they couldn't have—they shouldn't have! The Order ruled over angels, not humans. This was not their right.

Caleb clutched Bailey's body and howled his rage and sorrow into the salty breeze whirling around them. Despite his heaving gasps, air eluded him. He couldn't breathe, couldn't think through the maelstrom tearing him apart. Hot, blinding tears filled his eyes and tumbled down his cheeks. And still he could not stop screaming.

He was helpless in this. They could have taken his life, tortured him until they grew tired of it. Anything—*anything at all*—but this.

A sense of desperation overtook him. Looking skyward, he did the only thing he could think of. His throat burned him as he spoke, but he pushed through the pain. He closed his eyes and prayed for strength.

And forgiveness.

"Father, *please*," he pleaded. "Help her."

## Chapter Six

Such a beautiful sound. A song.

Words for her?

Yes. They came through as strong and sure as anything she'd heard before in life. She recognized the lower timber of his words. Whispers of...love.

He loved her. There was no mistaking it. The angel loved her.

She opened her eyes.

Caleb rocked her in his arms, his face pressed against her hair. She could feel moisture soaking through and dripping down onto her neck. *Was he crying?*

"Caleb?" She reached up and stroked his arm. "Is everything okay?"

His grip tightened. "Thank you, Father," he choked out. His Adam's apple bobbed against her as he gulped hard, cool tears still slipping down his cheeks and falling onto her. "Thank you."

"What's wrong, Caleb? I heard you singing to me and..." She furrowed her brows. She couldn't remember. She could recall his voice calling out to her, but that was it.

He inclined his head until she could see his shiny blue eyes. Wonder brightened his face. "A song? You heard me?"

She searched her mind to be sure and nodded. "Yeah. I heard you. That *was* you, right?"

"Yes, sweetness, that was me. He guided you back to me."

"Who?"

"My Father. He's granted me a reprieve. He's given me His forgiveness."

He was talking in riddles, and it made her head swim. "Caleb, I'm not following you."

"It doesn't matter." He kissed the corner of her mouth. "Above all things, He loves love. And I love you, daughter of Eve. You and our child have my heart and my love."

Her throat tightened. She'd hoped he would say it out loud one day, but to hear the words coming from him rushed in and spread through her until she warmed all over. "You love me?" she said on a breath.

"Without a doubt."

Bailey tilted her face to his, and he lowered his head until their lips met. She forgot she wore nothing until her nipples tingled when his tongue slipped into her mouth. Her breasts grew heavy, and between her thighs dampened when his kiss became more urgent.

She moaned when his hand slipped between her legs. The slow teasing crawl of his fingers over her inner thigh made her whimper. From the day they'd met, no matter how many times they made love, he was always ready to slake his thirst for her again and again. And as many times as he took her, she was ready for him to come back to her yet again.

She didn't think when his hands moved to her hips. He guided her onto her knees, his mouth searching, his tongue dancing with hers as they moved. She only hesitated for the briefest second when he pushed her away, because she didn't want to separate from his sensual kiss.

When she bent at the waist and felt his thighs press against hers, her eyelids fluttered closed. She knew what would be next. Caleb didn't disappoint her.

He pushed forward, taking her from behind and filling her until she thought she couldn't stand any more. He rubbed the hard length of his body against her back, the heat generated between them powerful enough to spark a fire. He pulled out of her body and thrust back in again with a rhythm that made her heart thud and her blood boil.

This angle and the lovely length of him probed a sweet spot inside of her that sang each time he touched it. Her moans became more animated, her cries closer together as he pushed her nearer to a ledge. He closed his lips over her earlobe, and it was as if a line connected from her pussy to her ear. She swore she could feel his tongue licking her between her thighs in the same delicious circles he made on her lobe.

"Caleb!" she cried. She couldn't take any more. He drove into her with a relentless force, sweeping her up and rushing her toward ecstasy.

"I love you, Bailey," he gasped beside her ear. He pressed a hard kiss there before his mouth traveled over her neck, nipping on the soft flesh leading to her shoulder.

*I love you, too.* The words caught in her throat, and a scream erupted instead. Caleb's hand had slid between her thighs and toyed with her clit. If she hadn't been at the brink of orgasm already, he made certain he carried her there in an instant. The scent of sex hovered between them, wrapping around their bodies and exciting her senses in the seconds it took for Caleb's fingers to excite her body. Shudders overtook her until she could scarcely hold herself up.

*I love you, too, Caleb* was the only thought that would stay in her mind before she felt his body stiffen and release inside of her.

\* \* \* \* \*

The brief dip into the ocean felt good. And somehow, in this place Caleb brought her, the sand did an admirable job of not getting in the way. He would make a killing if he could patent the stuff and send it to beaches around the world.

She watched him as she approached the swinging bed. It swayed gently in the breeze, but he didn't seem bothered by it. Her heart swelled with pride as she studied him. He loved her. He'd said it more than once.

She still wasn't clear about what had happened, but it had to have been something profound. He'd held her close after they were too exhausted to move or do much else, taking her hand and squeezing it often. She'd drifted to sleep once and awoke to find him smiling down on

her.

He loved her.

"What are you doing?" she asked. He was tying a knot in the cloth belt of his linen pants. When she glanced at the bed, she found there a simple robe of the same material in her size.

Caleb picked up the robe and helped her slip it on. He seemed satisfied then and pulled her close. Bailey tried to stifle a shiver of pure satisfaction when she snuggled against him. She still found it hard to believe that they were here together. That they had been through so much in such a short time.

He put his hand beneath her chin and tilted her face up to his. The slow, thoughtful kiss he gave her made her heart skip a beat.

"I have a lot to be thankful for, Bailey. It's about time I let Him know."

She smiled. "Is there anything I can do?"

He held out his hand. "Join me?"

"I'd love to," she said, slipping into his hold.

Caleb tucked his wings behind him and dropped to one knee. Another swell of pride overcame Bailey as she knelt beside him. Caleb bowed his head and closed his eyes. Bailey followed suit.

Then Caleb began to pray.

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, she never finished. Almost ten years later, she challenged herself to begin writing again, and her love for storytelling was rekindled. Now, Dee is a best-selling, award-winning author who 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!

To learn more about all of Morgan's books, please visit her on the web at [www.morgansierra.com](http://www.morgansierra.com).