

Sins of an Angel

This coming of age story takes place between Captive Angels: Archangel Series Book Two and Rogue Angel: Archangel Series Book Three.

‘Latest mission—bring in a notorious rogue. Unexpected interference—a succubus. Can the archangel mix in a little pleasure with his work?’

Stephani Hecht

Case blamed the damn matchstick for this.

If not for that damn sulfur emitting piece of crap that had been smaller than the others, then Joe would be here instead of him. But no, Case had to be the one to draw the short stick so now he was the one sitting on his butt, in his car, outside some black market arms dealer’s headquarters.

Meanwhile, his twin was staking out the neutral bar. The neutral bar was nice and warm and probably had some pretty succubus slinking around in it.

He felt his cell phone vibrating in his front pants pocket so he pulled it out and flipped it open. He groaned when he saw it was a text message from his baby brother, Bear. What in the heck did that punk ass, Goth freak want now?

Wacha doing?

Case blinked at the words in disbelief several times. Was he frigging serious? He was on an important stakeout, trying to track down Aris, one of the most dangerous rogues that the angel enforcers had encountered in years and little Bear was playing texty messy? Even as he continued to glare at the offending screen, his phone started to buzz again.

R U there? C

Case threw his arm back, preparing to throw the thing out the window when a sudden thought occurred to him. He really did need his cell phone and, even if he did get rid of it, he would still be stuck with Bear. So it wasn’t really fair to punish the phone when it was Bear that he wanted to chuck. He

started to send a message back. He'd watched Bear text a million times and it looked easy enough. Case found out quickly though his thumbs seemed too big for the job and trying to figure out in the dark which letters corresponded with which letter was hard. He was determined so he finally did manage. *Go Away.*

No sooner had he sent the message, then another one came bouncing back at him. How in the hell did Bear manage to write so fast? Crap that kid had way too much time on his hands.

Is tht n e way 2 treat ur bro?

"What the heck?" Case exclaimed out loud. His lips moved as he tried to sound out what the gibberish was supposed to say. It was useless though as he didn't understand half of it. It was times like these that he really wished he were an only child. He tackled the keypad again in order to get out *Screw you.*

No sooner had he sent the message, than Bear flashed into the seat next to him. Case jumped a mile at his sudden appearance. As his heart pounded, he cursed the fact that while angels really didn't have wings, they did have the ability to transport themselves from place to place, simply by willing it. Case took in Bear's appearance and rolled his eyes in disgust. All eight of the Lehor brothers, yes folks eight, had the same blond hair and baby blue eyes. Bear chose to express his individuality by dying his a different color for each day of the week. Today, the spikes were tipped in green. Completing his look was a black My Chemical Romance shirt and battered jeans. "You're supposed to use the letter U," Bear said by way of greeting.

Case gave a slight shake of his head, "What?"

"When texting you use abbreviations. It takes too long if you type out the whole word. Plus, it makes you look like a

dork."

Case ran his hand through his hair in frustration. While he always kept the back cut regulation length, he let the front

grow a bit longer so it tended to fall in his face. He gestured at Bear's Goth attire. "You're the dork. Do I even want to know why you're here?"

Bear gave a half shrug. "I was thinking—"

"That's dangerous," Case cut in sarcastically.

Bear went on as if he didn't hear him, "—that you must be lonely and needed some company."

Case got a real suspicious feeling. "How did you know where to find me?"

"Joe told me." Bear's grin showed that he knew just how much that little nugget was going to piss off Case.

Case gave a strained laugh as he gripped the steering wheel tight, imagining it was his twin's neck that he was squeezing.

"Joe's at the bar with some succubus on his lap and I get stuck with your scrawny hide?"

Bear looked down at his small frame, clearly offended.

"Hey, we all can't be built like you big, bad archangels. I didn't ask to be born an empath. Besides, you guys would be lost without us. How else would you sniff out the demons?"

Bear did have a point. Empaths picked up on the evil vibes demons gave off so they were able to detect if any were nearby.

That still didn't mean Case was happy to have this empath along side for the ride. "Go home," he ordered. "I'm working and it might get dangerous."

Bear pulled out a small dagger and waved it dramatically.

"As Mr. AP said, danger is my middle name."

Case had the sudden desire to start pounding his head on the dash. "I don't need your help, Bear Danger."

"Oh really?" Bear cocked a brow. "Then you probably don't need me to tell you there's a demon in that alley over there."

Case muttered a curse under his breath as he scrambled to get out of the car. He paused long enough to point a finger at the Goth. "You. Stay. Here."

Bear held up his hands and gave a look of innocence he

couldn't pull off even on his best days. "Hey, don't worry about me. I'll just stay here and diddle with myself."

"Don't be a smartass."

Bear's eyes grew flat and a grave look came over his face.

"I'm serious, I really am going to whack off. Right here, in your nice clean car."

Case grabbed his long sword and was tempted. No, must not smite own brother. He gave one last warning jab of his finger instead. Bear gave him a sarcastic salute before he gave him the finger. Case turned away from him, taking great care not to slam the car door, then made his way toward the alley.

He took exactly three steps before a horror filled him so deep his stomach dropped a couple of feet. Surely Bear wouldn't really jack off in the car. That would be messy and well...gross. Case spun back around to check.

Bear flashed that mischievous grin of his and waved.

Well at least one of his hands isn't busy. A look of shock suddenly came over the empath's face before he started to point and wave more frantically. His eyes were huge and his mouth started to flap like he was yelling something. Case shrugged. "What?"

No sooner had the word come out, than he was tackled from behind and taken to the wet concrete. Oh, that's what. Whatever was on his back grabbed two fistfuls of his hair and pounded his face into the pavement two or three times. Truth was, he really wasn't sure how many times his kisser met with the ground. He kind of lost count after his ears started to ring and his vision became hazy. He shook it off and used his hands to propel himself off the ground at the same time he brought back his elbow. He heard a small feminine grunt as he made contact with a warm soft body.

He shot to his feet to face his opponent. She was across the alley doing the same thing. Case stopped dead as he gaped, actually gaped at the female who had attacked him. She had a mane of dark red hair that reminded him of flames. It was long and so soft looking his fingers itched to bury themselves in it

and hold on. Her eyes were an eerie amber color and the pupils were elongated, reminding him of a jungle cat. She had on red leather from head to toe. The bustier top cupped her full breasts just right while the tight pants highlighted her curves. The look was complete with a pair of high-heeled spiked boots, one of which was heading right his way.

He rolled away from her kick and sized her up again. She pulled back her full strawberry kissed lips into a sly smile, showing off fangs while she ruffled her black bat-like wings a bit before she tucked them into her back. Fangs? Cat eyes? Wings? This little lady here was a succubus. In the time it took him to formulate that information, she had brought her foot around again. This time he didn't have time to dodge and she caught him right in the face, cutting his lip.

He jacked his leg out as he went down, taking her feet out from under her. She let out a surprised gasp as she landed heavily onto the street. He crawled over the hard ground until he was on top of her. Once he was there, two things occurred to him. One, her curves felt damn good under him, especially when she wriggled. Two, all of sudden he did not feel like fighting her anymore.

"Let me up," she demanded in voice thick and husky enough to make a phone sex operator jealous. "I'm not the one you're looking for."

"You attacked me first," Case reminded her. Her hips brushed up against his cock and it came to attention like the good little soldier it was.

"I need to get out of here fast and you're in my way."

Case couldn't help but smile at her, even though the movement made his already injured lip split open and bleed even more. "Have you ever heard of saying excuse me?"

Her eyes seemed fixated on his injury. "My mother was a demon so teaching me manners wasn't top on her list."

Case bent down so he could drink in her scent. Patchouli. Now that was interesting, most demons smell like decay. But

then most demons didn't have her porcelain complexion, delicate jaw line, cute button nose or long full lashes either. He

snagged him one hot demon, pun intended.

"You're bleeding," she breathed. Her pink tongue darted out to lick her lips.

Case grew even harder at those words. It was no secret succubi liked angel's blood, hence their fangs. But it wasn't just any blood that she was yearning for, it was his. He dipped his head down and she met him halfway. He expected a kiss, but that wasn't what he got, instead she did something more carnal and taboo. She took his injured bottom lip into her mouth and sucked it, drinking his blood like it was a vintage wine.

Even though he didn't think it was possible, he became more aroused. Grabbing one of her legs, he hooked it around his waist so her apex was grinding harder against his throbbing cock. She didn't fight him or withdraw. If anything, her sucking grew more frantic and urgent. Her long fingers splayed out to grab his biceps in an almost painful grip as she raised her hips up to thrust against him even harder. She pulled her mouth back and alternated licks with nibbles and he groaned low in his throat. Hell, if they weren't in the middle of the street, he would have been tempted to strip off her clothes and devour every inch of her succulent skin.

The sounds of pounding footsteps and snarls drew him out of his sex stupor. Oh yeah, she is running from something and that something is obviously here. He looked up and saw two huge demon assassins. Bright green in appearance, they looked more snakelike than anything. They had deep-set red eyes above twin slits that served as nostrils. Their forked tongues continuously darted out to sample the air around them. Each one was armed with a whip. Case looked for his sword and saw it a couple of feet over on the ground. Crap, he'd been thinking with his cock and he'd made a rookie mistake. No archangel of worth would lose his sword.

Could this day get any worse?

Bear's voice sounded from the left. "Don't worry, Case. I've got your back."

Why yes, it could get worse.

Case gave the succubus an apologetic look as he scrambled

off her and rolled to the side. He grabbed his sword and came to a crouching position, preparing himself for the coming battle. The assassin struck out with his whip and Case rolled to avoid getting hit by it.

Scooping up his sword and swinging with one long sweep, he cut the demon's feet out from under it. The monster let out a shriek of pain as it collapsed to the ground. Case sprang to his feet and went over to it. Using both hands, he gripped the hilt of his sword and brought it down, right into the bastard's heart. The demon disappeared as it flashed back to Hell.

He turned, frantic to help Bear. His brother may have a mouth as big as a Winnebago, but he was small compared to these demons. There was no way he could handle himself in a fight with one. He was just in time to catch the other demon flashing out. Damned if he hadn't underestimated his brother. Bear was bent over catching his breath, but was otherwise unhurt from his tussle with the demon. Case was further stunned to see his brother had a pair of retractable blades on his wrists and they were covered with demon's blood. Bear gave him a wolfish smile. Case tried to return it, but couldn't. He never realized his little brother was this deadly in the field. "Why are you looking at me that way?" Bear's grin disappeared, replaced by a scowl.

"Like what?"

"Like you can't believe that I can actually handle myself in a fight. I may be a puny empath, but I've had a gazillion years in warrior training."

Case instantly felt guilty. He'd been treating Bear like he was a teen still in training instead of the adult he now was. It was so easy for him to forget the empath was a highly trained warrior because Bear was the baby in the family and the fact

Bear acted like he was an idiot most of the time.

Bear pulled a cloth out of his back pocket and started to clean his blades. “By the way, your girlfriend rabbited while the fight was going on.”

Case looked around and saw he was right. The succubus was nowhere to be seen. A wave of disappointment went

through him. Things had just started to get fun with her, too.

“I wonder what she was even doing here in the first place?” he mumbled more to himself than to Bear.

The empath still answered, “I think she’s connected somehow to the rogue you’re hunting. Same goes for those demon assassins.”

“You’re probably right,” Case conceded, impressed at how quickly Bear put that together.

“Aris has been spotted at the neutral bar Joe’s at. They want you to go to his house and search it.”

“How do you know that?” Case asked, confused.

“Joe called while you were playing with the succubus.” Bear held up Case’s cell phone. “You left this in the car.”

Case closed his eyes and groaned. He could just imagine how that conversation went. Bear had probably given Joe blow-by-blow details of his whole make-out session. He was never going to live this down.

Bear smirked. “You’ve been losing a lot of things tonight—your phone, your sword, your succubus. You’re not doing too well. No wonder Joe sent me to watch over you.”

Case clenched his teeth together so hard they probably heard it all the way to Heaven. “I have to go search that house now. I don’t suppose I could convince you to go home?”

Bear flashed a wicked grin, displaying his one dimple. “Hell no. I’m having too much fun.”

Of course he was.

* * * *

“Fighting makes me so hungry,” Bear mumbled around a mouthful of food.

“By the way you’re eating, you must have fought an entire demon battalion,” Case retorted as he looked out of the corner of his eye at Sir Pigs A Lot. “What is that, your third burger?” Bear shrugged. “I lost count.” He then changed subjects so quick it almost confused Case. “So is the reason why you’re in such a bad mood tonight because you’re stuck with me or

because this is your first mission without Joe by your side?” In truth, Case did feel off balance without Joe. They always did everything together since the day they were born. The whole reason why they had become enforcers instead of angel warriors was so they could stay together. It hadn’t been an easy decision either. Angel warriors, who fought Lucifer and his demons, were considered the most elite of Heaven and everybody looked up to them. Enforcers, on the other hand, just fought rogue angels and were looked at as nothing more than glorified police officers.

“You’re not that bad to be around,” Case conceded, not quite willing to admit he was lost without his twinsie. It made him feel like they were pansies who were just one step from wearing matching coveralls and acting in gum commercials. Bear’s expression grew sour as he threw down the rest of his burger. “Sure, I’m not bad to be around as long as I stay in the car and keep my mouth shut.”

“I’m sorry about that. I just sometimes forget you graduated top of your class in academics and fighting.”

“Like I had any choice,” Bear’s voice was laced with bitterness. “It wasn’t easy following in you guys’ footsteps. Now, I’m on my own team and feel like if I don’t do perfect, then I’ll be failing all of you.”

“You’ll do just fine. We were all scared when we first went out in the field.” He hedged, trying to find a way to prove to Bear that he didn’t think he was a total fuck up. “Look, I have to go process the inside of the house, why don’t you go through the garage for me?”

Bear tried to act nonchalant, but there was no mistaking the

pleasure in his eyes. “Sure, it beats being left behind in the car.”

They got out and separated. Case was proud of the fact Bear had his blades out and was constantly scanning for danger. He carried himself like a true warrior and not in the usual slouchy way when he was around the house. Case was seriously beginning to suspect there was a lot more to Bear than met the eye.

Directing his attention back to the mission, Case couldn't help but curl his lip at Aris's human dwelling. The house was a piece of crap, even when taking into consideration it was in a bad neighborhood. The white paint was faded and peeling and half of the windows were boarded up. A battered screen door hung crookedly on its hinges and the steps leading up to the porch were uneven and warped. It only took Case a few seconds to pick the lock and he was in.

He was immediately struck that the inside didn't match the outside. The décor was tasteful and there were expensive electronics everywhere. His feet sank into plush blue carpet and the air was ripe with the smell of leather from the black sectional that took up most of the living room. One of the first things he learned in enforcer training was to make sure that a house was clear before letting down his guard so Case went room to room, sword drawn, to check them.

It was in the second bedroom he found his missing succubus, sitting pretty as you please, perched on a red satin comforter, handcuffed to the bed. She was still fully dressed so she wasn't chained to the bed for fun and games. No, someone wanted her contained. A glance at her slender ankle further confirmed that. Someone had slipped an angel's harness around it. It made it impossible for her to flash anywhere. Case's cell phone started to buzz and somehow he instinctively knew it was Bear. One look at the message confirmed his suspicions.

Thr is a demn n thr.

No shit, Sherlock.

Another message came through. *BTW it's her.*

Case felt a smile creep onto his face. Yes, it was her and this was really his lucky day. He looked up at her and she gifted him with an irritated glare. When he continued with the silence, she heaved a sigh so deep her breasts almost popped out of her top.

"Are you going to stand there all day ogling me or are you going to help me?" she finally demanded, her nostrils flared ever so slightly and her amber eyes darkened.

"I haven't quite decided yet," Case tossed back casually.

"You seem to have a nasty habit of taking off without saying goodbye."

She let out another breath of irritation and he couldn't help but be drawn to those twin globes of flesh again. His mouth watered as he imagined himself licking the tops of them before he lowered her clothing enough to bare them so he could really feast. But business came first.

"I'll let you go, but not before you answer some questions."

Case still couldn't stop looking at her chest.

"And you think my boobs are going to answer you?" she asked smartly.

He forced himself to look at her face and he could feel a flush coming to his face. "Sorry."

Her lips pressed tightly together, she tilted her chin up.

"Just ask your damn questions."

"Let's start with your name."

"Since when does an archangel care about what my name is?"

"This archangel cares, what's your name?" Their gazes locked and Case was stunned by the sexual energy between them. The hardness on her face softened and her lips parted slightly in surprise.

"My name is Myra."

"I'm Case."

“I know, your little friend yelled it out earlier today.”

Case moved closer and sat on the edge of the bed, making sure to keep enough distance from her so he didn’t give temptation. There would be time for that after he found out what he needed to know. “Why were you running from Aris earlier today?” he demanded.

“I might have taken something of his,” she hedged.

He cocked his head to the side. “Might or did?”

She nibbled on her bottom lip with her fang. “Did.”

“What did you take?”

She used her free hand to give a flip of her red hair. “What any good succubus would take, all of his jewelry.”

Case couldn’t help but chuckle. “Are you trying to tell me this rogue got so mad at you he hired demon assassins to capture you all because of some trinkets?”

“There was quite a few diamonds. One was this big.” She used her finger and thumb to indicate a measurement of a couple of inches.

“So how did you end up here and like this?” He pointed to her bound hand.

“He sent out another group of assassins and I didn’t have my big sexy archangel there to protect me.” She looked up at him from under her heavy lashes. “They captured me and took me here. Aris told me that once he goes to my house and gets the jewels back, then he’ll let me go.”

Case didn’t tell her there was no chance in hell Aris would be coming back because Joe probably had him arrested and fitted with his own angel harness. He looked around for the key and saw Aris had set it on the dresser, right in Myra’s sight, but too far away for her to reach.

He grabbed it and crawled up the bed. Since the mattress was pressed up against the wall, the only way to her wrist was over her body. Not that he was complaining much, her body was just as soft and inviting as he remembered. His cock jumped to attention like it was remembering, too.

He deliberately stretched his long frame out so he was touching even more of her. She didn't stiffen up or pull away. Instead, she parted her legs so he sunk even deeper into her. Their lips were only a whisper away. Each time she took a breath, he could feel it fluttering softly against his flesh. Case was torn, he really wanted to kiss her, but he didn't want to take advantage of her since she was handcuffed and defenseless. She took matters out of his hands when she leaned up and pressed her lips to his. Slipping his tongue in, he explored the inside of her sweet tasting mouth, pausing long enough to stroke his tongue experimentally over her fangs several times. She arched her back like a cat and let out a hiss that sounded feline, too, as she grabbed him by the shoulders and pulled him even closer.

"Are you going to unlock the handcuffs?" she asked between kisses.

He shook his head as he slid the key into his front pocket.

"Not yet, I'll do it later."

"Promise?"

"I swear it to you on my honor as an archangel."

She slid her hand down his chest, over his stomach and to his waist. At first, he thought that she didn't believe him and was going to fetch the key herself. Instead, she reached lower until her hand was over his cock. She squeezed it lightly before she unzipped his pants and reached in for a more intimate touch. When her fingers started to do an erotic dance up and down him, he had to bite his lip to keep back a moan.

"Tell me, sweet angel," she cooed as she gave him another squeeze, this one not as gentle, "have you ever been fucked?"

"A time or two." He jacked his hips forward so she could get a better grip.

"Do you want to now?" Her tongue darted out and licked his neck, her touch leaving behind a fiery path.

"Are you kidding me?" He shivered when her tongue caressed him again. "Has there ever been a male who told you

no to that question?”

She laughed against his flesh. “Not that I can remember.”

Case stiffened when he felt her scrape her fang against his skin. “You’re not going to bite me, are you? I don’t think...”

Moving with lightning quick speed, she sank her fangs into his flesh. It should have hurt, but instead it felt so good, he almost came on the spot. Her greedy lips worked against his throat as she sucked in his blood and his heart beat in time with her pulls. He cupped the back of her head with one of his palms and held her tighter to him, wanting more even though he should have pushed her away.

When she pulled back, it was all he could do not to jerk her back and demand another bite. Her lips were wet and red from his blood. He groaned at the sight before he captured her mouth into a kiss. He wasn’t gentle, instead he claimed her like he planned on screwing her, hard and primal. The metallic

taste of his blood mixed in with the honey sweetness of her and he felt his last bit of control snap. “Take your top off,” he commanded in a harsh voice.

She obeyed him, even though she had to struggle a bit because her one hand was still cuffed. He sucked in a breath as soon as she bared herself to him. Her breasts were full, rosy tipped and perfectly formed. He took one nipple in his mouth, running his tongue over it before lightly sucking on it. He let out a small chuckle of satisfaction when she moaned long and slow as she arched against him.

“Lose your jacket,” she panted.

Never taking his mouth from her breast, he obeyed her. As he tossed his leather coat to the side, he dimly hoped Bear didn’t wander in. The last thing he needed was his brother to catch him with his coat off, pants undone, cock hanging out and face buried in Myra’s happy pillows

The bite marks on his neck were still dripping, the blood running down in twin rivulets and soaking into the collar of his black tee shirt. She ran her fingers up, gathered some of the

liquid, then brought them to her mouth and licked them clean. Never breaking eye contact with her, he started to trail kisses down her stomach.

“Oh please tell me you’re going to do what I think you are,” she breathed.

“Since you tasted me, I only think that it’s fair that I taste you.” He undid her tight pants and peeled them off. She wasn’t wearing any panties so he didn’t have to waste time getting those off her.

She spread her knees apart, giving him a better view. “I would love for you to.”

“I enjoy going down on female angels, they taste so sweet.” He slipped one finger inside her, delighting in the way she tightened up around him. “I’ve always wondered what a demon would be like.”

“Oh yes, please, please.” Her black wings fanned out, almost touching the edges of the bed. Her white skin stood out in stark contrast to their darkness. Adding more color to the

erotic mix was her blood red hair spread out over the pillow. Case gave her one more appreciative look, before he put his head between her soft thighs. He groaned at the taste of her. She tasted of dark spices and sex and it was the best thing he ever sampled. He ran his tongue up the entire length of her before he took her clit between his teeth and sucked it lightly into his mouth. She screamed out his name as she bucked her hips up.

“How did you get so good at this?” She tugged at his hair.

“Lots of practice.” He speared his tongue inside her.

“Oh, don’t stop. If you do, I’ll cut your heart out.”

Case was only too happy to comply with her demands.

Using his tongue, teeth and lips, he brought her to orgasm twice before he finally pulled back. She tugged at his shirt and he helped her remove it. As soon as it was gone, she ran her lips over his chest, stopping at his nipple so she could swirl her tongue around it. He tensed, hoping she would sink those

sweet fangs of hers into him again. He knew he was turning into one sick puppy, but damned if he cared.

“You want me to bite you again, don’t you?” she cooed, reading his mind.

He dumbly nodded his head. He was so overcome with lust and need, only part of his brain was functioning.

She jerked at the handcuffs. “Undo these then and take of the rest of your clothes.”

He quickly obeyed her, freeing her arm and taking his pants off in record time. Once he was naked, he waited at the foot of the bed for her next command. He was amazed at how quickly the tables turned. A few minutes ago, he had her at his mercy, now she had total control of him. If she asked, he would have gone down on his knees and kissed her feet.

She crooked her finger at him and he quickly climbed on the bed and settled himself back between her thighs. He leaned down to kiss her again, but she stopped him by putting two fingers on his lips.

“Take me now, hard.” She wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled him into her.

He plunged into her moist heat with one hard thrust, and at the same time, she bit him on the right shoulder. He tried to take it slow, but she scored her claws down his back and bit him even harder. He gave into her silent demands and pounded into her hard and fast.

She screamed out his name as she came and he joined her. Her passage tightened around his cock, milking it until it had nothing more to give.

“Hey, Case, Joe just called me and told me that... Whoa Nelly!” Bear rounded the corner and came into the room, a look of shock and horror on his face.

Case jumped off Myra and grabbed the covers and tried to cover up as quickly as possible. The succubus didn’t seem to mind so much. She just gave a bored yawn as she lazily got out of the bed and started to gather up her scattered clothes. Bear’s

gaze went to Case, to Myra, to Case, to Myra's chest, to the set of handcuffs that were still on the bed, to Myra's chest, to the bite marks on Case, back to Myra's chest.

"You could have at least called me in so I could watch,"

Bear said in a strangled voice.

Case opened his mouth to tell him off, then realized Bear was actually serious. The empath's eyes were dark with desire and he licked his lips as he continued to watch Myra move around the room. Case snorted as he grabbed his clothes and pulled them on. When he turned back, he saw Myra had Bear pinned to the wall, her naked body pressed to his fully clothed one. Her clothes were in a puddle at her feet, discarded as she turned her attention to the empath.

"Are you a virgin, little one?" she asked as she ran her hands up and down his chest.

"Kind of," Bear hedged, before shooting an embarrassed look over at Case. "I've done some stuff though."

"Stuff," she echoed with a husky laugh. "Have you ever pinned a female down and buried your cock inside of her? Screwed someone until you could barely walk straight for a day?"

Bear opened and closed his mouth a couple of times,

obviously struck dumb by her bluntness. Case couldn't help but chuckle, it wasn't everyday someone actually managed to shut Bear up. It was clear the empath had never heard a succubus talk dirty before. There was a reason why they were also known as sex demons. That was the only thing that they craved more than blood. The empath finally gave a slight shake of his head as a red heat came over his cheeks.

She licked him down the length of his throat. "Do you want to do that to me now, little virgin?"

Bear looked over her shoulder, one of his brows cocked, clearly asking for permission. Case just shrugged one shoulder and sank into a nearby chair. He shared females with Joe in the past, so why should it be any different with Bear?

The empath brought his arms around her and put them on her back. His movements were hesitant and timid, like he was terrified of doing something wrong.

Case decided it was his duty to show his little brother the ropes. "Kiss her," he ordered.

Bear jerked his head in Case's direction, his eyes wide. He was obviously shocked that not only was his older brother willing to play this game, he was going to lead it. The empath's lips curled into a wicked smile. Case returned it before mouthing, Kiss her, now. Bear gave a little nod, before he obeyed, slanting his lips down to capture her in a hard kiss. "Grab her by the ass and pull her to your cock. Feel her heat rubbing against you through your pants," Case commanded in clipped tones.

Never breaking away from the kiss, Bear slid his hands down her back until they were over her bottom. Gripping the plump white flesh with his fingers, he jerked her forward. The empath groaned before he rocked her against him again. Case chuckled. "Careful or else you'll end things before they've had a chance to really begin. Kiss her breasts next." Bear pulled back enough so he could gaze down at Myra's chest. The look he gave her was so full of worship, Case half expected him to get down on his hands and knees and bow down to her. Bear started to feather soft kisses on her breasts,

giving each one equal time. She cocked a leg as she arched against him, using two handfuls of his hair as anchors.

"You're learning fast, little one," Myra moaned. "That feels so good."

There was no mistaking the satisfied smirk that passed over the empath's face. Case smiled himself before issuing the next direction, "Put one of your fingers inside her."

Case didn't have the best view, but he knew Bear had followed orders when the succubus jerked and let out a keening wail of pleasure.

"What does she feel like?" Case asked.

“Fab-fricking-tabulous. Can I put two fingers inside her?”

“Yes, but make sure that you use your thumb to rub her clit. They like it when you do that.”

Bear’s arm shifted as he followed Case’s instructions. Myra let out a long moan as she stood up on tiptoe so she could start riding his hand. Again and again, she undulated her hips, going faster as she got closer to the brink. Bear returned to her breasts, taking one of the nipples into his mouth and sucking. Myra’s lips were parted, her cheeks flushed with passion as she let out little pants of pleasure. She shifted her hands down to the empath’s shoulders and Case could see her claws digging into his skin. It must have hurt like hell, but Bear didn’t utter one complaint.

“That’s it,” she moaned. “You’re making me come.”

Case knew that she reached her climax when she arched her back even more as she let out a hoarse sob. Bear met his eye over the female’s shoulder and Case gave him an admiring look.

“What was that like?” he asked the empath.

“Great, she’s so hot and wet,” came the strangled reply.

Sweat beaded at the temples of Bear’s strained face.

“Wet for you,” Myra purred as she grabbed him by the front of the shirt and led him to the edge of the bed. She turned and pointed a finger at him. “Now strip.”

Bear didn’t waste a second, scrambling out of his clothes in record speed. As soon as he was done, she gave him a push on

the chest tipping him onto the bed. Climbing up after him, she gave Case a spectacular view of her ass. Once she was on top of Bear, she started to lick his chest like a hungry kitten. Case hardened as he remembered the way it felt when she sank her fangs into his. Bear was in for a treat. Case tensed as he waited with baited breath, wondering if Bear’s reaction would be as intense as his had been. After what seemed like an eternity, there was a flash of fangs as she latched onto the empath’s flesh.

“Oh, wow,” Bear yelled out as he buried his hands in her hair.

Never taking her mouth away, she lifted her hips just enough to impale herself on his shaft. Bear didn’t need any more directions as natural instinct seemed to take over. He moved his hands down to her hips so he could guide her thrusts, arching his hips up to meet her halfway.

Once she was done feeding, she looked over her shoulder at Case. Her weird cat eyes locked with his in a heated gaze as she licked the last bit of Bear’s blood off her bottom lip.

Turning her attention back to Bear, she rode the empath for several minutes before she threw back her head as she came.

Bear stiffened up under her as he let out his own groan of pleasure.

Case thought that would be it for Bear, but his brother proved him wrong when he rolled Myra over so he was on top.

Grabbing one of her long legs, he hooked it around his waist as he plunged into her again. Case gave a slight shake of his head as he felt both disbelief and admiration build up in him.

Damn, Bear had the stamina of a bunny rabbit.

Deciding that he’d seen enough, Case slipped out to give them some privacy. He immediately tried to call his twin. First, because he needed to check up on his side of the mission to make sure the arrest had gone off without a hitch, and second, to tell him about Bear.

When Joe didn’t answer, Case was annoyed, but not overly concerned. He had a strong mental link to his twin so he knew Joe wasn’t in any real danger. He started looking around the

house for more information about Aris and his dealings because that was what he had been there to do before he had gotten distracted.

He was halfway through scouring the living room when his cell finally went off. Looking at the caller ID, he saw it was Joe. Case smiled to himself as he thought about what his twin’s reaction was going to be when he heard about all the fun Bear

was having.

As soon as he answered, Joe barked out, “Where are you?”

Confused by his twin’s attitude, Case stammered, “At the rogue’s house, why?”

“Is there a succubus there with you?”

“Maybe,” Case hedged as an uneasy feeling started to crawl down his spine.

“Where’s Bear?”

“He’s...interrogating the succubus.”

“Get him out of there now. We just found the rogue. He’s dead, something ripped him apart and I’m pretty sure it was her.”

Case dropped the phone and ran to the bedroom. Bear was alone with her and she was a murderer. He flung the door and walked straight into the barrel of a gun. Myra was dressed again, this time in black leather and it matched the Glock she had pointed at his head. He looked around frantically for Bear, but didn’t see him anywhere.

“I wasn’t the one that killed Aris,” her voice had an almost frantic edge to it. “He was already destroyed when I found him.”

He took a step toward her, only to draw back when she jerked the gun determinedly in his direction. He glanced around the room, but still didn’t see Bear. Fear clawed at his insides as he thought about what the demon might have done to the empath. “If you hurt my brother, I’ll—”

“He’s in the bathroom getting dressed,” she cut him off. “I haven’t hurt him. I swear to you.”

I can’t believe that I left him alone with a demon. “What kind of game are you playing?” he snarled. “Why did you make me

think the rogue had captured you and locked you up?”

“I needed you to let your guard down and, if I know one thing about you angels, it’s that you’re a sucker for a damsel in distress.”

Case made sure the disgust he felt for her showed on his

face. "All this for some jewels?"

"It was never about the jewels. In fact, I don't even have them in my possession any more. I was just hoping to get them so he would trade me for something of mine that he has."

"What could possibly interest a succubus more than some shiny trinkets?"

"Aris didn't work alone, he had a partner. A demon named Gaap. This demon has my sister and he's holding her captive."

"But you said you lost the jewels. So what good would it be bringing us into it?"

"Lucifer has put a pretty hefty bounty on you and your brothers' heads. I'm going to turn you in and collect. The money I make from that will make up for the lost diamonds."

"You're one sadistic bitch."

She rolled her eyes. "I'm a demon. What did you expect, me to sing lullabies and do good deeds?"

Case took a step closer and she shook the gun. "Don't move another inch," she commanded. "These bullets are infused with demon's blood."

Case froze in his tracks. Demon's blood was poisonous to angels. With archangel's like him, it made them sicker than a dog, but to an empath, like Bear, it was deadly. He needed to get Bear out of harm's way, but Myra was standing between him and the bathroom door blocking his way.

All of the sudden, the bathroom door burst open. Bear came hauling out, a gun in his hand. Before Myra had a chance to react, Bear fired off a round, clipping her in the wing. She let out a scream as she swung around her gun.

Case kicked her hand, making her drop the weapon. Bear leveled the gun to her temple and she stilled. Holding both her hands up in the air, her amber eyes grew wide and frantically looked at first one brother, then the other.

"Please," she begged in a hoarse voice. "I'm only trying to protect my sister. Wouldn't you two do the same for each other?"

Case let out a breath of frustration. Of course he would do the same for his family. His guts were still churning from those few moments he had thought Bear was in danger. He thought back to the time when demons had his other younger brother Cam captive. He would have done anything to get Cam back then. Anything.

Case gave Bear a shrug. "This is your call. You're the angel warrior. All us enforcers do is deal with rogues, demons are your specialty."

Bear lowered his gun, but the hard lines stayed on his face. "You can go, Myra, but you will leave this city tonight and never come back."

"I can't leave my sister," she protested.

Bear's jaw got a tick in it. "Your sister is just fine. Gaap is being very good to her. He loves her."

Myra's jaw dropped. "But Aris..."

"Was playing you for a fool," Bear finished flatly. "He knew you would do anything if you thought your sister was in danger."

She hesitated, doubt clearly on her face. "Are you telling me the truth?"

"I swear it to you as an angel warrior. Now get out of here before I remember I'm supposed to be destroying demons, not making nice with them."

She nodded once, before she flashed out, proving the angel harness that she'd been wearing earlier had been as fake as her story. Case gave a slight shake of his head, amazed at the way the evening had progressed.

He turned to look at Bear with newfound respect. It wasn't because Bear had lost his so called cherry either. It was because his brother had handled himself damn good during this mission. Not only had he single-handedly taken out a demon assassin in the alley, but he'd found a diplomatic way to deal with Myra. Most other angel warriors would have killed the

succubus and not given a care if she claimed she was innocent

or not. But Bear had taken the time to hear her out and he'd been willing to believe she actually had a reason for her sins. Something was still nagging him though. He narrowed his eyes at Bear. "How did you know Myra had a gun on me and how did you know about her sister?"

Bear shuffled his feet and nibbled on his thumbnail. It was something the empath did whenever he was nervous or about ready to tell a lie. "Maybe I heard it through the bathroom door."

Case looked over at the bathroom. It was all the way across the bedroom and the door was heavy, but maybe Bear had been able to hear their conversation. That still didn't explain everything though. "You knew more than just that. How did you know that Gaap is in love with her sister?" When Bear kept up with the mute act and looked down at his feet, Case cursed under his breath. "You had a vision, didn't you?"

The whole reason why Case's entire family had a bounty on their head was the fact that some of them had powerful telepathic gifts. Bear had just never shown any abilities before today.

Bear finally looked up, his face looked older because it was lined with worry. "I would appreciate it if you didn't tell the rest of the family I had a vision. This was the first time and we don't even know that I'll get anymore. It would just make them all worry even more about me and I don't want that."

Case only had to think a second. He really couldn't fault Bear. If their older brothers found out, they would never let Bear serve as an angel warrior and that would kill the empath. He'd trained all his life for the honor and he deserved to have a shot. "I think there's a lot that happened tonight we'll just keep to ourselves," Case finally said.

Bear looked up, relief on his face. "I guess so, huh? Let's get out of here. I'm starved."

"Of course you are." Case gave him a playful shove toward the door. "This time, you're buying."