

ELLORA'S CAVE TWILIGHT

LISSA
MATTHEWS

THE
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IS AN
Angel

The Demon is an Angel

Lissa Matthews

When ex-government assassin Delan is kidnapped by Riko, a sex demon, he's taken care of and sexually serviced in any manner he desires by Riko's personal sex slaves. And while not one to bemoan his good fortune, Delan is a man of action and in need of a mission. He's about to be given one by the name of Angel.

Riko's half-sister Angel is just that, an angel. Not just any kind of angel though, she's a hybrid being—sex demon *and* sex angel. And she's in need of being tamed. Barred by Riko from having sex with her fellow sex demons, she's forced to suffer the inadequate fumbling of humans, both male and female.

When Delan and Angel meet, sparks fly. She's defiant and he's determined, but the lust and hunger hit them both between the eyes and below the belt. Sex is hard and hot, a little kinky and a whole lot naughty. But Delan needs to find something more than sex to rein her in, or she'll destroy it all.

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The Demon is an Angel

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THE DEMON IS AS ANGEL

Lissa Matthews

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Coke: The Coca-Cola Company

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Chapter One

"You are stronger than I expected." The pointed stare Riko had been giving the human hadn't seemed to faze him. Most would have cowered in their seats by now, wishing for cover, most would have been squirming, most would be begging for mercy, but not him. This human was different than the others. He didn't question, he didn't demand, he simply accepted, adapted, and that gave Riko hope.

The temperature in the room was elevated with the intent to make the man uncomfortable. That didn't seem to be an issue either. Riko was beginning to wonder what, if anything, would ruffle the human's feathers.

"Thanks. War kind of does that to you."

"You are a man of few words. Aren't you wondering what you're doing here? Why you were taken off the street?"

"Not really. I stopped wondering about things a while ago. Besides, here is much better than living under overpasses and in back alleys, so why complain and ask questions?"

Riko took in the man's calm countenance, his casual posture of ankle crossed over knee. He was a puzzle for certain, and one that Riko prayed he'd pegged right. "You show such nonchalance. Do you expect me to believe that it is how you actually feel?"

"I don't really give a shit what you believe."

Riko smiled. Attitude. The man had it in abundance, which was good. He would need it. "My slaves have not affected you. Well, aside from the obvious desire for more sex, but it has not been a problem for you. You show no outward signs of addiction to it. I am impressed. Your resilience is commendable."

"Sex is sex, and while, yes, I love it just as much as the next guy, it is just sex. Wait. Did you say slaves?"

“Yes. They belong to me. They are also demons.” Riko watched for a reaction, for a flinch or for fear to show up in the human’s eyes, but there was nothing, no change to him whatsoever. Riko figured it had to be due to the man’s military training. He wouldn’t give away how he felt or what he thought. He wasn’t sure that would serve his purposes well.

“Demons? Slaves? Huh. Well damn, the sex was some of the best I’d ever had. I just thought they were hot and insatiable. What d’ya know? Learn something new every day.”

“Yes, sex slaves to be more precise. They were sent in to test you, tempt you, weaken you. I would have thought you’d have caught on to something being out of the ordinary, what with bite marks and scratches and...” Riko let the words go. He’d revisit them later, the oddities that accompanied the human.

“Sorry to spoil your fun. For a man like me, there’s little reason to keep pushing for answers, but gettin’ my dick sucked and fucked for hours every day tends to be a very good reason in my book to just accept what comes my way.”

“I see. You are crass, straightforward. Are you not afraid to offend me?”

“Again, I could give a shit. I’ve dealt with men just like you, and worse. I can take care of myself, but since you brought it up, why am I here?”

“You are here because I need help.”

“Help? Of what nature? And how do you know I can help or that I would even care to?”

“I have a sister that I need someone to rein in, to, while not break, at least tame.”

Interest suddenly sparked in the human’s eyes and he sat up a little taller. The bulge in his jeans taking notice as well to the mention of a woman.

“A sister? Is she as hot as the slaves? Is she one herself?”

Riko laughed. "Some would say hotter, and I have never known Angel to be a bit submissive. She is half angel, half demon. Her demon side is choking out her angel side and I cannot let that happen. My kind will not survive."

"An angel? As in the heavenly-being-with-wings-and-a-halo angel?"

"It is not so cut and dried as humans have been led to believe. Just as there are different versions of humanity, there are different versions of angels and demons and otherworldly beings. Things are not so black and white as you like to make good and evil out to be. So yes, there are angels with wings and halos, but there are other kinds as well. My sister happens to be an 'other kind'."

"Well shit. I keep learning all kinds of new things today. So why can't you allow her demon side free rein? Aren't you a demon? Your demon gets to roam free, why can't hers?"

"She is more powerful as an angel, for she is the balance to our existence. Because of her angelic half, our demonic half is allowed to survive and thrive. If her demon takes over completely, then the rest of us..."

"Die out?"

"Something like that. It throws off the balance and drains us of both our mental and physical powers. Without them we will eventually cease to exist."

"And how is that bad?"

"Just take my word for it. It is very bad. There must be balance. There must be good and evil, dark and light, dominant and submissive. Life itself is about this balance."

"Right, and the angel side is weaker than the demon side?"

"Right now, yes."

The human's eyes followed him and Riko could sense the man's confusion as well as his intrigue. It was hard to explain to a non-demon, to a nonbeliever exactly what was at stake. The balance of all rested within Angel. She would ruin men, one by one,

until there was nothing left and the human race would die out along with all her demon brothers. Her angel half would preserve life, passion, love.

"What do you want from me?"

"I need her to fall in love with you, or at least I need her to come to need you. She needs to learn to love again, to open her heart and mind to the possibilities. She needs to be reminded that there are good men left."

The human choked out a laugh. "Excuse me?"

"I doubt I need to say it again."

"No, I heard you right the first time. I was just hoping I hadn't. What does that do for me?"

Riko smiled his best demonic smile and he was certain it wasn't going to bother the human one bit. "Keeps me from killing you."

"Oh, you're the killing-kind of demon?"

"I'm the all-kinds of demon."

The human smiled, feral and challenging. Riko found it oddly arousing, and for a moment had second thoughts about giving the man over to Angel. "Is that what this has been about all this time? You were trying to find someone for her?"

"Yes. You are the one."

"What happens if I fail? Will she kill me?"

"She does not kill. She cannot. The angel side of her prevents it. If you refuse, quit or fail, I will kill you. You are my one best and last hope. And I have no redeeming angelic qualities to stop me."

"If I succeed?"

"You live. It really is very simple. You must only ask yourself, how bad do you want to stay alive? You see, her angel needs love, needs passion, needs sex. With these things, she is happy. When she is happy, her guard lowers and her angel takes over. The demon will be tamed for as long as the love thrives."

“So what happens if I were to piss her off?”

“Her demon will still exist, just under controlled circumstances. You would have nothing to fear.”

The human regarded him silently, his eyes never wavering. He was thinking, calculating, contemplating. Riko couldn't take that away from him, couldn't force him into a rash decision. Though he knew nothing of the man before having taken him captive three months ago, he would bet that the man never did anything forced or rushed or irrational. He would be a powerful ally to have and a dangerous enemy as well.

“I don't know about all this. I'm a soldier. I am not trained to believe in demons and angels and 'love cures all' sentiment. I know there's good and evil, I've seen it, lived it, but other types of beings on the planet? It's like something you'd read in a book of fairy tales, not something you face in living, breathing, real life.”

“Fairy tale or not, this is my life and your choice. Try or die. And by die I mean, die. My cock, your ass, and fire.”

“Your cock?” The man's eyes flitted down to Riko's crotch and widened only slightly before lifting back up to stare Riko in the face. “Your cock could kill me?”

Riko's smile was again pure evil, and this time it had the man shifting in his seat. “No thanks. So, she needs sex? I thought angels were...you know, above all that hedonistic pleasure stuff.”

“As I said, there are different versions. There are sex demons. And there are sex angels.” Riko was rewarded by a raised eyebrow and look of complete disbelief on the man's face.

“Sex angels? Oh, come on. I may be a simple man, but—”

“She is both. Her mother was an angel, our father a full demon. Their union was doomed from the start and one that was not supposed to take place. My sister is the proof that the love they shared was consummated.”

"Will she know what I'm trying to do?"

"More than likely. In her current state, she will either defy you or give in under pretense, while trying to destroy you. She will do all she can to keep you from making her feel anything beyond contempt."

"There isn't much for her to destroy. The government took everything I had, everything I cared for. If she cannot take my life, then there's nothing much she can destroy."

"You have your sanity, your physical form, your heart. Do not underestimate her or the ways in which she can hurt you."

"Great. How long do I have to accomplish this?"

"Twenty-four hours. I do not believe it will take long though. She is close to the brink."

The human's eyes widened and disbelief shocked the calm façade from his face. Riko was pleased at the reaction. "Twenty-four hours? That's it? That's not near enough time for something like this. You can't fall in love in a day, and while I'm not an expert at it, having never experienced it, I know it takes more than a day. Especially through sex. Won't she think I just want sex?"

"I suggest you give it your best shot, human. Angel sees and feels sex differently than a human. She knows its power and how it can bring people together and how it can tear them apart. Many things in this life revolve around passion, and for Angel, sex is a passion. She will never be happy without it. She cannot be. It is part of her make-up. Through sex she is made whole, but only when the intentions are pure. If you are seeking something else from her other than her true self, she will know it and she will use it against you. Have no doubt that she can make you suffer if she feels she is being played for all the wrong reasons."

There were tense moments of silence and Riko wondered if he'd chosen wrong, but the man finally nodded. "Well then, let's get this party started."

The man rose from his chair, rubbing his hands together in a show of excitement that Riko was not sure he truly felt.

"I'm supposed to get her to fall for me, but that doesn't mean I have to fall for her, does it?"

"Actually, it means exactly that. Feelings that are unrequited are the most dangerous of all."

"With all due respect, one can't just decide they are going to fall in love with one certain person and then do it."

Riko walked toward the heavy oak door and opened it. "Let's hope you can and do."

"How will I know where to find her? What's her name? How do I go about doing this?"

"Everything you need is in your room. Her full name is Angelica. Angel, for short."

"Angel? You're serious? Okay then. Angel. Perfect."

Sarcasm dripped from the man's lips. Riko fully understood his uncertainty, his lack of enthusiasm. "Hopefully, this will not be the last time we meet, human. I have grown fond of your spirit."

"Delan. My name is Delan." He paused. Then, "Why me?"

"You are human. Completely human as far as we can tell. That is what is called for in this situation. Humans understand about sacrifice for the greater good, for the survival of all. And you have an amazing ability to resist, to charm, to survive with nothing at all at your disposal but your wits. This fascinates me. I assume it stems from your military experience and training.

"Then of course, there's the small fact that of all the others that I have taken captive, you are the only one still alive."

A small smile lifted the corner of Delan's mouth. "Well, that's something I guess."

And again, Riko had a flash of regret at giving the man to Angel. He would love just one taste...

Chapter Two

Delan stood outside the compound he'd been held, well, prisoner, for lack of a better term, in for the last three months. The large Georgian plantation-style house wasn't what he'd have expected a demon to inhabit, but to each his own. He was feeling somewhat disoriented at the sudden freedom and not quite sure what to do first—find the girl, or hit the nearest fast food joint for some soda and greasy food. Inside, he'd been more than well taken care of. He'd been pampered, treated like a king, had sex more times a day than he could keep track of, and had great food and regular exercise. It was a lavish lifestyle, far different from the streets, and he wasn't altogether certain that he wanted to go back to the real world. Not that he had much choice in the matter considering he had to get a demon angel to fall in love with him so all would be balanced and right with the world again. Yeah, no problem there. Nothing impossible about that.

Until he'd been taken, he hadn't known anything at all about angels and demons, hadn't known they existed. He sure as hell hadn't had anything to believe in or trust. Life had, up until being abducted, sucked in recent months. During the war, he had purpose, a mission, something to focus all his energies and waking hours on, but since returning stateside, he had had nothing. Because of the things he'd seen, the things he'd done, he'd become disposable, though not forgotten.

All he'd known since the age of eighteen had been service to his country, to his government. He protected those he was sworn to protect with diligence, pride and unswerving loyalty. He'd changed, blended, given up his whole identity, his whole existence for the missions, for the kills, for the money, for the freedoms he'd been awarded as a highly trained specialist.

Top secret was his middle name and invisibility was his first. Until he'd been released, until the last mission had been fucked up, he'd never realized how protected he'd been. Out in the real world again, on his own without anyone looking out for him, he was suddenly looking over his shoulder. He hated that feeling. Others he knew who had been discarded lived on the streets, blended in with the nameless, faceless masses where people were truly invisible, and though he had money stashed and a comfortable place to live, he was more at home with them than he was on his own out in the open.

They could have killed him but they didn't. It would have been better for him if they had. The government didn't like loose ends and he was one big fucking loose end. But then, they knew he'd always be on guard, always be looking around every corner, always have a price on his head for the things he'd done. He was vulnerable without them, and yet despite it all, despite having the life he knew suddenly taken from him, he wasn't sorry for all that he'd done. He'd do it again. He was a soldier, a man of honor, a man who knew sacrifice, hardship and loyalty. He'd brought freedom to others and for that he couldn't regret anything.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out the keys to the car that now belonged to him. A flashy little Porsche. That so didn't fit him, or at least it didn't fit the "him" he'd been. Maybe it would fit the new him. It hit him then. He had a purpose again, one that entailed more than just counting the hours of the day, albeit a near impossible purpose, but he'd had impossible missions before, ones that he'd walked away from by the sheer skin of his teeth. And suddenly, he smiled. Confidence. He'd never been without it, but this sort of confidence felt different—more solid, less cocky—or more cocky depending on how one looked at it. He could do this.

The button on the key fob unlocked the doors and he tossed his bag in the passenger seat then slid down behind the steering wheel. It took him less than a second to decide that the food could wait. No time like the present to make himself and his intentions known to the demon named Angel. Or was it the angel named Angel? Either way, it was time to introduce himself.

* * * * *

The fire raged out of control. Angel stood off to the side, blending into the gathered crowd, and admired her handiwork. The damn man hadn't been worth her damn time. He had been nothing but a waste of an orgasm. She should have known better. She should always know better, and wondered when it was going to sink in finally that there was no human who could satisfy her needs and cravings. If her brother hadn't forbidden every male demon from mating with her, she wouldn't have to settle for less-than-stellar encounters. This human's life was certainly going to look a little bleaker when he came home and found his house reduced to a pile of ashes, his bank account empty, and his boat sailing off to destinations unknown with a couple of women, looking to escape bastards like him, at the helm. She sighed. It really sucked that she couldn't kill the ones who made her miserable, like her brother and the other demons could. Without that quality, she could only torture them, tempt them to destruction, and destroy or relocate their most prized possessions.

Men were such a pain in the ass, and not the good, pleasurable kind either. The women she'd come across hadn't been much better, but then who could blame them? She'd enjoyed both men and women as lovers but it was all always empty in the end. They always wanted more, wanted things, wanted material things that didn't matter, and she hated them for it. They were full of greed, always coveting what someone else had.

Demons were wasted on them, honestly. Humans could and did and would continue to destroy themselves without any outward help.

But as long as the demons were around, and since she was part demon, she'd help. She loved being bad, demonic, full of fire. She knew the dangers of drowning the angel inside. She couldn't seem to help it though, couldn't seem to give a shit. She wasn't going to find what she wanted, what she craved with a human, a fact she'd long ago accepted, so what other choice did she have?

She turned away and crossed the street. Jumping in her little black car, she sped off with the radio blaring, passing the fire engines on their way to what's-his-name's house.

Her cell vibrated against her hip and she had the fleeting thought that if she'd placed it in her pocket, she might be having a pleasant thrill right about then. Damn hindsight and all. She would have to remember that.

Taking it out and seeing her brother's number on the screen, she debated answering and finally decided against it. He knew what she'd done just as he always did, and she just didn't want to hear it.

You're killing him.

It was true too. Every time she blew something up, lost her temper and started a firestorm, or just instigated general mayhem, he knew and called to admonish her, to remind her... She didn't need reminding. Riko had drilled it into her all her life. She was the one who could bring balance and she was tired of hearing about it. The demons would find another way to survive. They would have to.

As she pulled into her driveway, she could see the smoke over the tops of the trees at the back of her house. It would be a while before the good men of the fire department were able to put it out completely, and she tried not to think about what one of them or all them would look like naked afterward, showering away the soot and ash and sweat. Should she chance a stop by the station house to offer her services? The wicked thought made her grin.

"That your handiwork?"

Angel spun her head around at the voice. A man, a very average-looking man, was walking up her driveway. She looked him up and down with blatant hunger, mirroring the same look in his bright blue eyes. He was a walking cream dream in hip-hugging threadbare jeans and a T-shirt that outlined every muscle in his upper body. Okay, well, maybe not quite so average after all. He certainly made her panties wet. She flung the car door open and stepped out, slamming it shut, irritated that she was horny. Again.

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Your brother."

"My brother sent you? Why? Who are you?"

"Honestly? He wants me to fuck you, tame you and, get this...love you. And the name is Delan."

Angel laughed out loud and in his face. Tame her? Love her? Was he serious? The fuck-her part she was good with, very, very good with. "Riko said all that?"

"Yes." He took a step toward her. "Interested?" The last word, spoken softly, almost with a growl, had Angel feeling it right between her legs.

Yes. Oh hell yes! We are interested. Tell him we're interested. "No. I'm not." She turned on her heel, flipping long, dark red waves over her shoulder, sure to catch him in the face with the black-tipped ends, and started to walk away. His hand gripped some of the strands in a fist, stopping her flight and pulling her forcefully back against the solid wall of his chest. The hard cock pressed against her own denim-covered ass filled her with images of bending forward to take him in each hole.

On the one hand, she was outraged at his audacity to manhandle her like that. On the other hand, she wanted him inside her, leaning up against her car, not caring one bit if the neighbors watched or the paint got scratched.

Besides, her brother had gone to all the trouble to send him, she might as well take him for a test drive.

His lips were against her ear, rasping along the edges. "I wasn't done talking to you."

Two could play this game. Angel rubbed herself against him like a cat in heat. "Why do we need to talk? That's not what you were sent here for."

The fist loosened and his hand slid around the back of her neck to her throat, then up, until one finger slid between her willing, open lips. "No, you're right, it wasn't. Let's go. Unless you'd rather do it out here in the driveway."

She sucked on the salty digit in her mouth and bit down hard, harder, and not once did he flinch or try to pull back. Pushing his finger out with the tip of her tongue, she moved away from him and walked up to her front door with him right behind her, his shirt coming off before they even got inside.

Her shirt followed suit, over her head and onto the floor. His hands were on her bra, pulling the cups down under her breasts. "Oh yeah, just like that," he grunted.

He tweaked her nipples, giving a hard tug before going to work on both their jeans. One hand on hers and one hand on his, the buttons were released and the zippers down. His mouth latched onto the tender skin between her neck and shoulder while he helped her out of her pants.

"Not in a hurry, are you?" The words were moaned as his lips traveled down her chest to latch onto a nipple, biting it much as she had bitten his finger.

Lifting his head, he winked and grinned. "In a very big damn hurry, actually."

She watched as he shucked his own jeans and stood naked, his cock hard and thick, long by the average human standards. "That looks painful," she said, reaching out to wrap her fist around the shaft, and was rewarded with an incoherent string of curses that made even her blush.

"It is," he hissed.

"Then let's see if we can take care of it."

Angel stepped up on the coffee table then reached out and climbed on him, wrapping her legs and arms around his body as his own arms came around her, holding her steady as she slid down, the head of his cock rubbing against her panty-covered pussy. She could feel his heat through the thin cloth and wanted nothing more in that moment than to feel him inside her.

He must have read her mind. His mouth took hers in a breath-stealing kiss and one hand dipped down over her ass and pulled the crotch of her underwear to the side so that his cock could slide in.

Her cry of pleasure echoed around the walls of his mouth, and his grip on her tightened. He walked with her slowly until he had her back pressed up against the wall. The coolness of the surface compared to the heat of her body was a contrast not lost on her.

Slow and steady, his cock fucked her. And that's what it was, a good, old-fashioned fucking. His lips never left hers and soon she was mindless, nothing but a body being taken and pleased as she'd only dreamed of.

Short, sure strokes had his cock rubbing and pushing on her clit and her nails digging into his shoulders. She hung on for dear life, or dear death, and in that moment she didn't care which. All she knew was that she wanted to come...and come...and come.

Higher and higher she climbed. Wrenching her mouth from his, Angel opened her eyes and looked at his face. It was pinched and tight, determined. He took her mouth again, this time biting her tongue, tugging on it until she cried out, her pussy contracting. His teeth let up and he grinned, then grimaced as he came. She felt the pulsing as he ground himself hard into her.

He never let up on his hold of her. Instead he tightened his grip as he sank to his knees on the floor, still seated inside her. "Holy hell. That was..."

"Wow," she breathed, her heart thumping so hard in her chest she thought it might thump right out.

"Yeah. Is this...is this where you're supposed to try and hurt me? You know, like the black widow that mates then eats him?"

"No." She was still gasping for breath, trying to get it under control. She licked at his neck. "I have much less fun ways, or much more fun ways of trying to do that, depending on how you look at it."

"I thought you were a sex demon."

"I am. I can make you crave it, crave me until your sanity snaps and you destroy yourself."

"That doesn't sound pleasant. Well, the craving part does."

"You're still hard."

"I am. Something I learned by necessity from your brother's slaves."

"Sex doesn't wear me out, but I rarely ever have orgasms during it. I am the only one who can give my pussy the release it needs. I'm beat, though. What the hell is with that?"

"You came with me. That must say something."

"Yes." And she wasn't going to think about that. She eased herself off his lap and his cock and stood over him, her panties still edged to the side, exposing her to his view. His cum dripped down her thighs and his mouth was right there, licking and sucking at the cream they'd created together.

One hand slapped the wall behind her, the other fisted in his hair, holding on tight while she rode his lips and tongue. "Oh fuck." She hadn't been prepared for that, for him. She was going to come again. Another oddity in this crazy mess.

His groans mixed with her whimpers until she ceased to make any sound at all, the orgasm so powerful it robbed her of breath and voice.

A single tear slipped down her cheek and dropped onto his, sizzling into his skin and glowing bright orange at the edges before it disappeared. It left no mark and that was something that *did* bear thinking about. With his hands on her ass, he eased her from his mouth. The look in his eyes was dark, lustful, sated and something else that she couldn't describe. His hunger would equal hers and she was afraid she knew exactly why her brother had sent this particular man. Riko knew she wouldn't be able to break him.

No man, woman or demon had ever put their mouth between her legs after fucking her, or at any other time, for that matter. They'd never touched in such an intimate way. She never let them, but she couldn't have stopped him even if she'd known he was going to do it. Something in the move touched her, and the realization had her

stumbling away from him toward her bedroom. He wasn't far behind. And he wasn't done with her.

Could she handle him? Could she handle herself?

Delan stood in the doorway of the bedroom, leaning his shoulder against the jamb. He thought briefly about putting his jeans back on, but one look at her and his jeans were the farthest thing from his mind. His eyes followed her as she paced back and forth, now completely naked, her panties tossed into a corner. He'd never sucked at a pussy he'd just fucked, but the need to do so with her was undeniable and the taste had been incredible, intoxicating.

Hot didn't even come close to describing her. He wasn't sure there was a word for her. He'd seen and experienced all kinds of women from all over the world while in the military, and added to that number were the sex slaves of Angel's brother, but none of them held a candle to the fire he'd just witnessed and taken a bite out of.

"You okay?"

"It didn't scar you."

He bit back a smile as she stomped her foot in frustrated anger. "Angel."

"Goddammit, it didn't scar you!"

He pushed away from the door and moved toward her, his cock impossibly hard, reaching out for her. Damn. "What didn't?"

"The tear. It landed on your cheek and sizzled. Didn't you feel it?"

"No. Sizzled? Really? A tear? I only felt the wetness of it." Of its own volition, his hand fisted his insistent cock and started pumping. Just looking at her full curves, her long red hair bouncing against her back as she walked, her bright, flame-blue eyes, and her kiss-ravaged mouth nearly had him on his knees again. He wanted her and it shook him, such a rare thing for him to feel.

Oh, he liked sex sure enough, loved it, but to want it with one particular woman more than once was unnatural for him. If he were to fulfill this...mission, he would have to start thinking against everything he'd ever believed about himself.

"It's what happens usually, which is why I don't cry often. My tears could start a fire, singe flesh. They can be terribly painful. I've seen it happen. We fucked once, I shouldn't be feeling like I'm in an emotional storm."

He stood in her pacing path, forcing her to stop. Her eyes quickly looked down then immediately back up again. Delan grinned. "I don't usually recover this quickly, even with the help of your brother's girls, but you...I want inside you again. The heat, the tightness, it's...addictive."

"What? Addictive? I didn't do anything yet to make you feel that way. I don't understand any of this."

"What do you mean you haven't done anything yet?"

"Remember, I said I can make you crave it, but that's with demon force behind it. I haven't used anything against you."

"Well, regardless of how it came to be that I want to fuck you again, I could care less. If you're game then let's do it. If not, I'll take care of myself this round. But make no mistake, we will be doing it a lot more."

She looked him over then stared into his eyes. He wasn't sure what she was thinking and he wasn't sure he cared. A small smile curved her lips and she crawled onto her bed, lifting her ass in the air and laying her head down on her folded arms. Brilliant hair spread out across her back and covered her face. "God." The word was ground out as if from a dying man, and he stepped up behind her, his free hand softly caressing the round, creamy globes of her behind.

She wiggled at his touch and he chuckled. If she was going to be the death of him, he couldn't think of a better way to go. In one sure stroke, he slid inside her to the base of his cock, his balls dangling between her thighs.

Fingers fluttered up her back to grip her shoulders and drew a moan from her as he began to ride. Lost in the moment, in the feel of her heat, he hadn't realized that she'd moved her hand down between them until he felt her fingers when his balls brushed up against them.

"Naughty girl," he murmured.

She laughed low. "Demon, remember."

"Angel too."

His movements were faster now, harder. The glide inside her was flawless and she was deep, tight too, despite being a woman who fucked as often as he suspected a sex demon did.

Delan stilled and let her masturbate herself, humping her pussy on his cock, grinding her backside into him. He'd never felt anything quite so erotic. Her mewling sounds, the hitch in her throat drove him mad, and the second her walls started to tremble, he let go of one of her shoulders and soundly smacked her on the cheek of her ass. She cried out but kept coming, her fingers still rubbing her clit. He released her other shoulder and slapped her other cheek.

"Yes, oh yes, oh fuck yes," she groaned.

Del pulled out and rubbed his soaking cock on her light pink bottom before sliding in again. His palms massaged the juices into her skin. Short, hard slaps landed one right after the other as he fucked her. The faster he pumped her, the faster the spankings came. Over and over until he tensed and flooded her, her name on his lips.

When he pulled out again, he bent over and kissed her now fiery-red ass and collapsed beside her on the bed.

She turned her head and pushed her hair way from her face. "You spanked me."

"I did."

"Why?"

Delan shrugged. "I wanted to. You have a beautiful ass, more so now with my handprints all over it."

"No man has ever spanked me."

"Lucky me. I like being first."

"I don't like what you do to me. I don't like what you make me feel."

He leaned over and kissed her pouting lips. "Tough. I'm not going anywhere."

She held his eyes with hers, and for a brief moment there was sadness in the depths. "Only because of my brother."

"Yes. When I got here and when we fucked in the living room. This time though, and the spanking, had nothing at all to do with your brother or why he sent me. It was all to do with you. Well, and with my dick. I can't seem to go soft. I mean, look at it. It's going to kill me long before your brother will have a shot."

They both glanced down at his cock, already hardening again. A reluctant smile tugged at her mouth. "Maybe a cold shower would help?"

"Maybe, but I doubt it. However, a shower in general sounds great."

Angel lightly ran her fingertips over the head of his cock, causing his hips to lift involuntarily. "Be my guest."

Chapter Three

She had to get away from him.

Angel waited until he'd stepped into the shower before quickly dressing. She closed her eyes, focused inward, and shimmered out of her bedroom. Seconds later, she appeared on the front steps of her brother's home. She really didn't like the disappearing thing and only used it on occasion, usually emergencies, and right now she classified this as a big one.

Delan's cum filled the crotch of her jeans and the slick wetness had her aching to fuck again. Dammit. *She* was going to be addicted to *him*.

It wasn't supposed to work like this.

He was immune to the heat inside her body when most couldn't handle it without a condom acting as a barrier. Oh, she could cool herself, but it took the arousal with it, and what the hell fun was sex with little to no arousal? He was also immune to her tears that to most would feel like a flame licking their skin.

She turned the doorknob and threw the door open, trying not to wince when it banged against the wall behind. She wasn't there to destroy Riko's house, but she was upset, angry and so full of blinding lust that she couldn't help lashing out.

"Riko!" she called out as she walked in and through the entrance foyer. When no answer greeted her, she went in search of him, checking out the downstairs rooms then climbed the stairs that dominated the center of the hall. All was eerily quiet. The demons must be out causing chaos and her brother... "Riko, I know you're here."

Go, Angel. Now is not a good time.

His voice sounded in her head as she neared the top of the stone staircase. "Tough. We're going to talk so you need to get yourself decent."

Angel...

Angel stood outside his chamber door, her hand on the knob, counted to three, and then figured she needed to give him three more. "I'm coming in."

"Angel, I'm warning you."

No longer in her head, his voice boomed from the other side of the door. She knew that tone. She always hated that admonishing, annoying tone. Oh fucking well, she thought, as she open the heavy wooden panel.

In his room, Riko lounged back on his bed surrounded by four naked slaves, two of whom were going to town in a sixty-nine with one another. The other two were wrapped in his arms, kissing each other across his chest.

At least he'd covered up from the waist down.

"What is so all-fired important, Angel?"

"The human. Get rid of him." Her heart kicked up speed at just the thought of his name and she wasn't even going to acknowledge what was going on between her legs.

"Ah. So, you have met him. And what do you think of him? Oh right, you want me to get rid of him. Why?"

"I don't like him."

Riko laughed. "I can smell him on you, little sister. You like him very much."

The slaves performing oral sex on each other gave keening cries that echoed around the room as orgasms rocked them both. Angel watched her brother close his eyes and inhale deeply, the scent of sex so potent that it had her hair crackling and her skin sensitized to the very wisps of air.

She understood the driving force of sex in his life because, as she was sired from the same male sex demon, it drove her just as much. He reached over to stroke the ass of one of the slaves, and when the girl turned her face to him, he nodded in Angel's direction.

"No, Riko," Angel said, taking a small step back.

"You can use your old room."

"No." The word was clipped as her own scent wafted up her body mixed with that of Delan and the slaves in the room.

"Are you certain?"

Angel fought for self-control. She knew the girl would ease her need, knew that she could use the girl as roughly as she needed to be used herself but...she couldn't. She clenched her teeth, reminding herself she was here for a reason. "I need you to call the human off."

"You can use your own powers on him, ruin what's left of his life. You don't need me to get rid of him."

She paced. Pacing helped her think, calmed her down. It was a wonder she hadn't worn a hole in the floors of not only Riko's home but her home as well with all the pacing she did. "No, I don't think I can. I cannot make him crave me because he shows signs of it being a natural thing. I cannot read his mind, his thoughts. I can't reach inside him and find his weakness. I can always tell what their weaknesses are right off, but not him."

Riko's smile made her cringe.

"He is your match, Angel."

"No. No, he's not. I don't want him to be. I don't want any man or demon to be my match. I know what it does to you, but Riko, I can't. I can't let him get to me, I can't let him touch her."

"Angel, for once, trust me."

"I'm scared."

"I know, but he will not harm you."

She stopped and looked at him, at the softening of his features. He genuinely loved her and cared for her. He would never let any harm come to her. He was the closest

thing she had to a best friend, to a father figure. She trusted him with her life, but this was asking too much of her. "He will destroy me."

"He will tame you, and if my instincts are correct about him, he will love you."

"No. I don't want that either. You saw what that did to my mother, you saw it destroy her because our father couldn't keep it in his pants, you saw what his leaving did to her."

"Angel..."

"Love," she spat.

She could feel it building, the heat inside her as the anger began to take over. She turned on her heel, again, for the third time that day, and ran. This time though, she was running toward something. She was running toward Delan. It made no sense to her. Nothing in the past couple of hours did. She was craving him just as much as he seemed to crave her, and if she didn't get out of there quickly, every one of Riko's slaves would be servicing her and it wasn't them that she wanted.

In the blink of an eye, she'd left the stairway in Riko's home and ended up in the doorway of her own. On the couch was her wanted but unwanted, very hot suitor. She could smell his lust and his hunger.

"Where'd you — Angel? What's wrong?"

Looking at him and seeing the concern in his eyes, her resolve to resist began to falter. Fuck. "No. You only want sex. You want nothing more. Don't look at me like that. Don't look at me like it matters, like I matter. Go. You need to go. Now."

"I'm not going anywhere."

She tried to keep her anger stoked, the fire inside. She thought of her mother and how loving Angel's father had destroyed her. But in the face of Delan's nearness and the memory of the sex they'd had earlier, she was having a bitch of a time keeping her own needs beyond sex and connection at bay.

"You have to go, please," she begged.

He took a step toward her and she flinched. "Your hair, Angel, it's changing color from dark red and black to a lighter red with white ends." Lightly he stroked the strands, letting it fall through his fingers. "Angel."

"Please go," she whispered, her tone softer, lighter. She was changing. She had to stop it. She didn't want this, didn't want the angel out. The angel would get hurt. Angels were no match for humans or demons.

"No."

"I will find a way and you will go."

Delan turned and went back to the couch, plopping down in the middle, crossing one bare foot over a knee. "Take your best shot, sweetheart." The nonchalance with which he said it was not at all close to how he actually felt about it. Sure, he'd gone into this as a means to an end, looking at it as another mission he'd been given as he'd done in the military, but one look at her, one fuck with her and his dick couldn't seem to forget her, much less his brain.

"I'm not your sweetheart."

"Baby? Darling? Honey?"

"Go to hell."

"Ooohh. Bitch?" The look she bestowed on him had him biting the inside of his cheek to keep from laughing. Her hair had darkened again and her eyes were sparking. "You know, I would really like to see this angel side of you I was told existed. Maybe she would appreciate me being here more than you."

"You won't get anywhere near her."

"Why not? What's wrong with her?"

"Nothing. I simply won't allow her to be hurt."

"It must be hard on you though, remaining pissed off all the time."

She grinned then, pure vixen. Damn. His cock gave a little nudge against the fly of his jeans and he couldn't agree more. Angel or demon, the woman had something he wanted to get lost in and never be found.

"It's not so bad."

Did he detect defensiveness? "Still, you have to be lonely. You can't let anyone get close, can you? If your demon falters, your angel starts to emerge."

"I don't need this from you. Get out of my house."

"Nah, I think I'm going to stick around a while longer. You're nothing if not a blast and in bed... Damn, woman..."

"What are you waiting for then?"

She stripped her T-shirt off over her head and sashayed toward him. His ability to swallow was gone as was his ability to do anything else but sit there and watch her advance on him. His foot dropped back to the floor and his fingers went to work on getting his cock out.

Dropping to her knees in front of him, she inched her way between his thighs with her hands and nimble fingers replacing his at his zipper. If she touched him at all he was afraid he would come on the spot.

"Please, Angel..."

"Oh, I like that, pleading with me. Patience," she whispered.

But patience was one thing he knew he was lacking right then. He gripped the back of her head and pulled her mouth down, groaning as she enveloped him in a heat he'd never felt before. The flame of her tongue mixed with the cool blue fire in her eyes had him fucking himself between her lips as though it were the last thing he would ever do, the urgency so great.

Somewhere in his brain he knew she was trying to burn him, trying to hurt him, but the heat only drew him closer to her. Never having had such a reaction to a woman left

him in uncertain territory, save for the simple fact that he needed to come and needed her to swallow every drop of it.

Delan hooked his feet around the back of her thighs and held her there. His hands fisted in her hair, his head dropped back to the cushions behind him, and his hips bucked up, sending his dick deeper with each pass across her tongue.

She didn't fight him, she didn't try to pull away, for which he was thankful because he knew he wouldn't be able to let up on her. One of her hands slid inside the small opening in his jeans and reached down to cup his balls. She squeezed them and he nearly came up off the couch.

"God, Angel. Yes. More."

Her answering moan and the drawing in of her cheeks buckled what little resolve he had left and his cock released down her throat. The world went dark behind his eyes as she swallowed against the head, drawing her tongue over the shaft.

For long moments he held her there, unwilling to be parted from her, from the mouth that now softly and tenderly suckled him, calmed him, and brought him reluctantly back to earth.

"Fuck," he groaned.

Unclenching his fists, he smoothed her hair with gentle hands and she lifted her head.

"I've never given a blowjob before."

Her voice was barely more than a whisper and something unfurled inside him.
"No?"

"Men who touch me...inside...when I'm aroused, usually find themselves with scorch marks."

"What do you mean? I don't understand any of this, your cryptic remarks. I've been inside you and feel nothing more than the most delicious heat that I never want to leave."

"I don't know why you're different. I don't feel like it's...payback with you, or revenge. It's just...desperate lust and hot sex."

"And with most you're trying to get back at them?"

She lowered her head and dropped her hands to her lap. "Something like that."

"Why?" Her submissive posture touched him and he realized that having her like this with him spoke volumes. She was unwilling to trust him, but like it or not, she was beginning to. And after so much sex, they needed to trust one another. It was paramount to the change, the shift from demon to angel.

"They don't want me. They don't want something real, only what they think will get them through to the next craving they have. No one ever sees past their own discontent to want and appreciate what they already have."

"Angel?" Her eyes lifted to his and the blue was softer, darker. "I'm not like that. I've known things and I've known great loss. I didn't ask for your brother to pull me into this, but I'm not walking away. I'm glad you don't want to hurt me."

"I do though, that's the problem, that's what I don't understand. I want to hurt you, I want to make you go far, far away."

"But..."

"I don't know how. I'm used to once with a man. Human males can't often take more and I have no tolerance for their weaknesses."

Delan tugged her up onto his lap and wrapped his arms around her, half expecting her to resist. When she didn't, he pulled her against his chest where she nuzzled in and sighed.

She was struggling inside and he wished he knew what else he could do to help her, but she was the only one who would be able to unlock herself enough to try. The danger to her brother and the rest of the demons if she didn't bring herself under control and in balance would be catastrophic. He didn't understand it all completely, but that was the general idea he'd gotten from Riko.

Maybe he needed to make a trip to see the demon and get some answers.

* * * * *

Angel lay in her bed trying to nap, but she couldn't quell the restlessness plaguing her. She had the urge to destroy something, hurt something, anything, and Delan wasn't helping the situation any.

Flopping over onto her back, she stared up at the ceiling. She needed to get laid. Okay, well she had been getting laid, but she needed to lay someone else, someone who didn't threaten her resolve as a demon, someone she could control, and who would feel her power.

Too bad she'd burned, literally, all the bridges to other men. Oh well, it just meant she needed to find new playmates.

Yes, that was exactly what she needed.

You don't really want to do it.

"Shut up. I'm doing this for you."

No, you're doing this for her.

"I'm trying to protect you. Surely you see that."

You're trying to protect you and Mom, and she can't be protected. And don't call me Shirley.

"Hahaha. This is why I keep you buried deep. Your sense of humor is dangerously dull. Now quiet down, we're going out."

Angel rolled off the bed with single-minded purpose. In the bathroom she turned on the shower, letting the water heat up. Brushing her teeth then stripping down, she stepped into the hot water after pinning her hair up on her head.

The more she thought about the hunt, the more electricity flowed through her, the more fire she could feel licking through her veins.

He will be angry.

"Have you noticed that he's not here?"

He likes us, you. He is the answer.

"And if we let him in, he will hurt you. Just like our father did to Mother."

You have seriously got to let that go. He is different. You know this.

"He is only acting on Riko's orders and threats. Now hush and trust me. I will take care of us."

We always end up hurt anyway. Besides, the sex with him is unbelievable.

"No better or worse than any other. These romantic notions of yours...how did Mother ever survive them?"

Don't forget to shave.

"Hush."

Angel took a cursory feel between her legs and up her calves and thighs, realizing that yes, she did need to shave. Without letting her mind wander too far off course, she did wonder where Delan had gone and why. Perhaps he'd realized that his mission was futile and had gone to Riko to beg for his freedom. She didn't care. If he did come back, and that was a big if, she didn't plan on being around.

I don't think we should try his patience.

"I don't care."

You do care. You want him to come back. You need him to come back. We need him to come back.

"We're going out. We're going to find some men and we're going to screw Delan out of our head. This is for the best. Now, not another word."

She waited before her next thought, certain that a recrimination from inside was going to burst forth in her mind, but her other half remained blessedly silent.

Dispensing shaving cream onto her fingers, she lifted her foot onto the edge of the tub and massaged the fluffy substance into the outer lips of her sex, trying to ignore the

arousal that suddenly, but not suddenly, crept through her. Being touched, even when it was not meant to be sexual, she became aroused, poised on the edge of orgasm.

She delicately drew the razor through the stubble, rinsing the blade after each pass, ensuring no nicks to the increasingly sensitive skin. Not for the first time, the thought of waxing flicked through her mind, but was quickly discarded. She couldn't imagine that having hairs ripped out would feel too good and so she opted for the time-dreaded task of shaving every few days. Of all things that her powers could get her, not having to shave or be waxed would be truly invaluable.

Parting her pussy lips and exposing her clit, she removed the small, very fine hairs surrounding it. What would it feel like to have a man shave her? Would she enjoy it? Would he?

Her fingers slid through the now-smooth flesh and she manipulated her clit, massaging it, pressing down on it, and images of Delan flooded her mind. The orgasm crashed through her, hard and unrelenting as his face wavered in front of her followed by his hands, his mouth, his cock. With each picture, her orgasm grew and crashed again.

Snatching her hand from between her legs, she gulped air into her burning lungs. "How damned ridiculous," she muttered, quickly finishing her shower and getting out.

Thoughts of him were driving her nuts. She didn't want to be thinking about him. Hell, she'd just met him a few short hours ago so it wasn't as if things were serious or going anywhere. He was there at her brother's behest and that was all.

You're wondering where he is.

"No, I'm not. I don't care. I hope he's gone for good."

Liar.

"Look, if you can't be helpful and supportive then please just be quiet."

Fine. But you're still a liar.

Angel pulled the black mini-dress with the plunging neckline off the hanger and rummaged through her shoes for her black thigh-high boots. In her dresser were the black lace panties, and she debated for a moment about not wearing any at all, but decided against that and pulled them out, tossing them on the bed with the rest of outfit. The bra dilemma bothered her. For being part demon, she sure was hesitant about being too obvious with her sexuality outside the bedroom. A trend she was going to rectify starting right then and there, sans bra.

Naked, she walked back into the bathroom to apply a little eye makeup and some lip color. The fiery heat of her body would dry her hair before she stepped outside the house. Lotion was next. After smoothing it over her body, giving her a silky glow and soft skin, she pulled her panties on and then shimmied into her dress. The wispy skirt landed just an inch or so higher than mid-thigh, and once she got her boots on and stood... Looking into the full-length mirror behind the bedroom door, she couldn't take her eyes off her reflection. There was a tint to her cheeks, a brightness to her eyes that she wasn't used to seeing. "I'm beautiful," she whispered to the empty room.

It's him.

"The hell it is. It's all me, us. It has nothing at all to do with him. I mean, just look at us."

It's from him. He did this, made you feel this way.

"Let's go. Let's find someone more suited to what we need."

We need Delan.

She grabbed her leather trench coat from the hook by the front door along with her purse, and walked out. "Yes, we do need Delan. We need him to stay gone. He's bad for my peace of mind."

Chapter Four

Delan was having quite the opposite thought as he stood in Riko's office watching the demon receive a blowjob from not one but two of his sex slaves, both of whom Delan recognized.

He'd had both of those mouths on his cock more than once, but it was only one mouth that he was craving in that moment.

"Love at first sight, Delan?"

"I don't believe in that kind of crap. Lust at first sight, yes. Lust at first fuck, yes. But not love at first sight."

Riko laughed. "Not much of a romantic are you?"

"No."

"A shame. A little romance might do you some good. It might soften your edges."

"I'm not here to talk about my edges, softened or otherwise. And it wasn't my 'romantic nature' that you admired enough to send me to your sister."

"No, it wasn't. How are things going?"

"She's a pain and I want to know why. I want to know what it is about her, or what has happened to her that keeps her from feeling anything but destructive lust. She keeps pulling me close and pushing me away. She's fighting this with all her might. I need to know why."

Riko fisted his hands in the hair of each slave and pulled them off his cock with what looked like a monumental effort. Delan wasn't one for looking at another's dick, but he couldn't help looking across the desk and down into the demon's lap at the monstrosity jutting up against his stomach.

"Holy shit," he muttered.

"Want to try it out?"

Delan snapped his eyes up to Riko's face, expecting to see a teasing smile but found instead a serious invitation. "No. I don't swing that way."

"A definite shame. I do."

"Yeah, I gathered that. Look, are there any others like her? You know, angel-demon mix?"

"Honestly? I don't know. We've never found another."

"She's that rare? One of a kind? Really?"

"As far as we can tell. Our father was very persuasive and ruled with a 'do as I say, not as I do' policy. His demons didn't cross him. Most were afraid of him. If he wasn't fucking them, he was threatening to kill them."

"And he got an angel to..."

"Yes. He was in love with her, something my sister has forgotten. Angel's mother was in love with him too. Another thing that's slipped her mind. Why are you really here, human?"

"I don't know. The...it sizzles between us. The need, the sex, even some demented form of emotion."

"Yes. I suspected it would. You match her in spirit, in fire. Figuratively speaking."

"Has she ever been...you know, tamed? Balanced?"

"No. She only came into her powers a few years ago. They had been bound while she was a child. When her mother passed on, Angel's powers were loosed, and under my guidance, she was able to hone them."

"Sorry, but you think you could cover up? That thing is distracting." Delan made a hand gesture toward the demon's still exposed and still rock-hard cock. The scent of sex filled the room and it was all he could do to keep focused on the subject at hand when what he really wanted was to be fucking a hole. Angel's holes. All of them.

Riko just smiled at him and stood, pulling a pair of leather pants up his thighs. Once zipped and snapped, they rode low on his hips and did absolutely nothing to hide his erection. "Once you fuck a demon, human, of your own free will, you will never want to fuck anything or anyone else again."

"I'm beginning to see that."

"And you've only been with her for a few hours. Imagine days, weeks, years like that."

"Has it ever happened before? This balance your kind needs so bad?"

"Sex balances out the emotions. It makes one feel happier, more confident, even makes one feel more in control in their life and yes, it's happened before. Ages ago. The demons were dying out and one was taking over, controlling everything."

"Isn't that what you do? Control all the demons?"

"I am more of a...guidance counselor. I train them, I supervise and I even watch out for them, punishing if necessary, but I don't control. If Angel can't balance herself out, she will control. She won't be able to help it, and the demons won't be able to resist following her. It's all about free will with them."

"So, what? You're a hall monitor? Or a school principal?"

"I suppose you could say that I am all of them."

"How distinguished. And you recruit?"

"Only when there's a purpose. And Angel was my purpose."

"What's the worst that would happen if the demons were to follow Angel?"

Riko sighed and got up from behind his desk. He appeared to be considering his words as he walked around to stand in front of Delan. And Del had to admit that male or not, the demon really was incredible to look at. He looked human enough, but there was something in his eyes, in the coppery color of his skin, in the long black hair that hung down his back in the same way Angel's hair did. Then, of course, there was the

sinful size of the demon's dick. Holy shit. Del had actually been proud of his own all his life, but after seeing Riko's, he wasn't feeling quite so confident anymore.

"Thank you, human."

"Tha – What? You can read my thoughts?"

"At times. I don't make it a habit, but just now, with the way you were looking at me, I was curious. I appreciate the compliments and the offer will always be open to a liaison between us."

"Sorry, man. Not in this lifetime. Your sister has me in knots as it is."

"Yes."

"So answer my question. What will really happen?"

Riko leaned back, resting his ass against the edge of the desk, crossing his arms over his chest. "They will fight and fuck themselves extinct. It will lead to darkness, to excess, to chaos. My father learned that the hard way when he was their leader. Having one of us in power over all the others does not equal structure. It equals disaster when there is no way to balance it out."

"Angel seems reluctant to stop the process. Why?"

"That is up to her to tell you. She has her own way of seeing things. But she is wrong in her perception. Love and hate, good and evil, light and dark...one must have the other to survive. Free will. Balance. And more than you realize, Delan, sex reigns and controls us all."

"Hmmm...well then. So, who's ruling in the Middle East and can we get them a bit of demon sex, end this war?"

Riko smiled. "If it were only that simple. Now, I have some slaves to attend to and you...you will want to head out to the edge of town, to the west. There is a new dive out there and my little sister has gone in search of some fun."

"Fun?"

"Trying to purge you. You might want to curtail that."

"How do you know this?"

"Angel and I have a connection, forged in the blood of our father."

"Wench," Delan muttered under his breath.

* * * * *

Angel walked through the front doors of The Iron Spike and was assailed by the scents of leather, beer, sweat and sex. Lots of sex. And lots of beer. Actually, lots of everything. A few heads turned in her direction and then a few more until most of the men and all of the women were looking at her. She simply smiled. They could smell the sex on her just as she could smell it on them, though the kind of scent she put out was ten times as powerful. Hers was more than lust, it was primal and more animalistic than any of them had ever experienced.

We shouldn't be here.

Taking a deep breath Angel fought the urge to openly communicate with her other half. The humans wouldn't take well to her talking to herself. She stopped in the center of the dance floor, scanning the crowd for a partner, or two, or three. A few came forward at the blatant invitation in her eyes, and with a throaty, very sexy laugh, she started to move.

"You here alone?"

Angel looked over her shoulder. "I don't seem to be at the moment, do I?"

Idiot Number One laughed. "Wanna dance with me?"

"No."

He pressed against her back and bucked his hips. "C'mon, honey. I'll treat you right."

She spun, her hair whipping across his face, the ends leaving scorch marks on his skin. "No, I don't think you will."

"Bitch! What the hell?" His hands flew to his cheeks.

"I told you no. Next time you should listen."

"What did you do to me?"

Angel just smiled, loving the streaks she'd marked him with.

You're drawing attention to us.

"Shut up," she muttered under her breath.

"What did you do to him?"

Angel looked down at the hand wrapped around her arm and then up into the drunken eyes of Idiot Number Two. She shook off his hold. "I gave him a permanent reminder that when a woman says no it means no."

"You a witch?"

"Worse. I'm the devil."

His alcohol breath gagged her when he laughed. Obviously he didn't believe her. She would just have to s—

"Let her alone, pal."

Delan. Shit.

Delan. Yes.

"She said she's the devil. You believe that? The devil."

With each word, his voice and laughter grew in volume and the other patrons were beginning to take notice of them. Angel was starting to see that she might have made a slight mistake in hurting Number One, but at the same time, she knew she could handle herself and Number Two.

What about Delan?

"Maybe we should take this off the dance floor," Delan whispered in her ear.

"Maybe you should mind your own damn business."

"You are my business."

"Go away, Delan."

"Yeah, Delan, why don't you go away? She don't want you here."

Tense silence filled the small space until she felt Delan back away, the heat of his body gone. She tried not to care. Really she did.

You do care. We need him.

"Fine. But before I go..."

The arm that whizzed by her head caught her off guard when nothing ever did. The fist at the end of that arm smacked into the face of Number Two, throwing him off balance and sending him to the floor.

Angel stood there dumbfounded, and then rounded on Delan, only he wasn't there. At least not in her face as she'd expected him to be. She scanned the crowd, looking for him, and when she didn't find him, she ignored the ache in her stomach and the man still on the floor behind her, and went to the bar in search of a drink.

"Here, have a seat, pretty girl."

She smiled benignly at the man who stood up from his stool. Idiot Number Three. "Thanks."

"Seems you were having some trouble out there."

"It was taken care of. Nothing I couldn't have handled on my own."

"Is there anything you can't handle?"

Angel slid him a sideways glance and wondered if he was serious. She highly doubted it. "No." To the barkeep, she said, "Rum and Coke, heavy on the rum. Actually, make it all rum."

"Think you can handle me?"

If he'd keep his mouth shut, she might consider taking him outside. He was good-looking, a little rough around the edges, nice ass in leather, but...

But he isn't Delan.

"Yes, I could, but I'm not in the mood."

His hand settled on her shoulder, his fingers beginning to trace the edge of her top. "What are you in the mood for?"

She sighed. Why did they all have to be assholes? She downed the contents of the glass that had been set in front of her and nodded for another before looking to her left. "Look, I appreciate the seat you offered me, but you don't have anything else that I want."

"She's telling the truth. You don't have anything she wants. I do."

Well shit. First Delan and now Riko.

Angel watched in amusement as the man backed away, fairly tripping over his own two feet in his haste. She picked up her glass and swirled the liquid around with her finger. "What do you want, Riko? I'm just out trying to have a little fun."

"I need you to come outside, little sister."

"No. I'm not done with my evening yet."

"And you may return once we speak. Outside."

"It's too chilly outside. I would rather stay right here. Why not pull up a stool and have a drink with me? Oh wait, there are no vacant stools. I guess you'll have to leave."

The booming laughter of her brother echoed off the walls. He wasn't going to leave without her and she doubted he was going to let her return to the disaster that was her night.

She downed the alcohol and after a few seconds, slid off the stool. Riko threw a few bills on the bar, more than enough to cover her drink, and motioned for her to precede him out the doors.

"What is so important, Riko? I haven't done anything. Not really. Not yet."

"No, Angel, you haven't. I have."

"What?"

"I sent the human to you, and I see now that I was mistaken to do so. You do not wish to see our kind survive."

Guilt trip. Great. "What are you talking about? And it's not 'our' kind, Riko. It's your kind. I am only half demon."

"I am still your blood."

"I'm not out to destroy you and your fellow demons. I just do not want to fall prey to weakness as my mother did. Things are going along fine. So a few demons die once in a while, it's not like there aren't more to take their place. What does this have to do with Delan?"

"I realized that you care more about fighting who you are than you do in the purpose of who you are."

Angel laughed. "There is no purpose, Riko. And all I care about is protecting me, you're right about that."

"Against what?"

She whirled at the voice. Delan stood, or rather was being held up between two of Riko's demons. "What's going on?" She looked back at her brother. "Riko?"

"He cannot reach you. You will not let him. I told him if he failed, that he would die."

"You can't do that. I've known him like what? One day? A few hours? You consider *that* failure? And you're going to kill him? Human time and demon time is different. To him, it's only been a day. You can't expect him to have achieved what you want in so short a time."

"You have shown no interest in trying, no care for how your actions affect others, so I do not see why we should all waste what's left of our precious time anymore. He is not immortal, you are right. He can only use what time I have given him. To you and to me, it is more than just hours. It is more than night and day. It is as though a lifetime has gone by. We are not like the humans. We know when we have met our destiny."

You can't let them kill him.

Angel looked from Riko to Delan. Were they in on this together? The uncertainty, the fear, the...regret in Delan's eyes spoke to the fact that they likely weren't, but...
"Come on, Riko. You aren't really going to kill him. You don't ever kill anyone."

"I don't have to. There are enough who would be glad to see the human dead. You are coveted, little sister, especially since I forbid any of the demons to pursue you. They want you now more than ever."

Was he serious? She looked over at Delan again. Blood trickled from the corner of his mouth and one eye was puffier than the other. He didn't look near as good right then as he had just a bit ago inside the bar. He was still damn close to irresistible, though.

You have to let me out. You have to trust me that we won't get hurt.

"No."

"What was that?"

Angel looked at the ground, digging the toe of her boot into the gravel of the parking lot. "It's nothing."

"Is the angel talking?"

"No. I'm going back inside. There's nothing for me to do out here."

"Angel..."

"No, Riko. I told you earlier that I wanted him gone." She turned and walked away, not looking back, and she was almost to the door, almost safely behind the walls of the bar when Delan spoke.

"You did?"

Her voice was barely a whisper and she hoped that it didn't carry across to him.
"Yes."

"Angel, please. Turn and talk to me, face me."

Yes.

"No, I can't."

You can't, but we can. We have to try. You do not want Riko dead. You do not want to sacrifice all that life is just because you think Mother was miserable. You do not want Delan hurt.

"But what—"

If we let him die, we'll never get to feel him inside again, never get to feel his mouth, his hands. And we'll never know why he is different with us...

"You've got a point there." That one thought had her turning back around. "Why can't I hurt him, Riko? Why is he immune to my fire, my heat? Why does he want me so? Why does he crave me and how, out of everyone I have ever known, can he make me crave him?"

"I don't know."

"I thought all humans could feel it. I thought it could hurt all of them if I wished it, just like in the club earlier."

"Yes, that has always been my understanding as well, but he is not demon."

"Could he be...?"

"I would think that we'd know that, too, if he were."

"Look, I hate to call attention to myself, given the beating I've already received, but do ya'll think you could get on with it? Either kill me or don't, but can you save the discussion until after—one way or the other?"

Brother and sister turned their heads in Delan's direction. His eyes were wary as both took a step toward him, but as Riko stopped advancing, Angel continued until she was a breath away. She smiled slightly. "What do you want, Delan?"

"Trick question?"

She focused all her energy into the fingers that touched him, willing the burn marks to appear on his skin, but...nothing. His face appeared unscathed save for the bruises he already had. "No."

"You. I want you."

"Because you don't want to die?"

"I've already told you after the first time it had nothing at all to do with living or dying or your brother's demands."

"Then why? You don't know me. You don't know the destruction I have caused, the pain I have dealt to others for no more than because I could."

Delan reached for her, shaking off the hands that held him. Once free, he stalked her until she was pressed up against the front end of a car. She was trapped by the look in his eyes more so than by the arms that caged her against the metal hood, or the hard cock throbbing against the vee between her legs. "Let's get something straight. My fucking you had nothing to do with your brother. He sent me, yes, and gave me an impossible task, and I could have kept on driving, never looking back, hoping to outrun him and his demons, but I didn't. I did as he asked. Part of that is the soldier in me, part of it was sheer curiosity. But the minute I laid eyes on you, girl, I didn't need your brother's threat to kill me with his dick up my ass to motivate me."

He leaned in and kissed her, soft, insistent, tender and suggestive, his tongue flicking at her lips. "You, Angel. I wanted you. I needed you. It started off with you just being damn hot, looking all smug and vulnerable, full of spit and vinegar. Now though, just looking at you, knowing what you're like when you let your guard down just a little, makes me ache in places that I'm not comfortable with aching and makes me want to back you farther onto the hood of this car and screw you until both of us are so wobbly on our feet that we end up crawling back to your place."

"Delan, please don't say things like that. You don't mean them. Y—"

"I never say anything I don't mean. Life is too damn short for that shit. All I'm asking is that you try. I don't know about all this other stuff that ya'll have going on with demons and power and whatnot. I only know that I need you to try. You're my purpose, Angel. You've given me something to fight for again."

Cha-ching! We're keeping him.

"Yes. Yes we are." And she, Angel the demon and Angel the angel, together, kissed him this time. With her arms wrapped around his neck, she pulled him down on top of her as she lay back on the cold, metal hood of a stranger's car, wrapping her legs around his waist, slipping her tongue inside his mouth to duel and tangle with his, and reveled in his crystal clear want of her. She could taste the blood from his cut and felt him wince as the kiss deepened, though he didn't pull back from it. He reached between them, his fingers brushing the inside of her thigh as he went to work on opening his jeans.

"Delan?"

"I told you what I wanted to do right now."

"But...my brother," she whispered.

"What about him? Oh, don't tell me you're shy about me fucking you with him around."

"Well..."

Delan winked at her and cleared his throat, looking back over his shoulder. When his eyes came back to hers, he just smiled and shrugged, again going to work on the fastenings of his jeans.

She felt his cock brush against her skin and then his fingers were moving her panties out of the way. She cursed herself for wearing any at all and would remember not to next time. S—

"There will not be a next time for anything like this. No bar-hopping without me."

"How did you know what I was thinking?"

The last was said on a squeal as he lifted her hips and slid inside her all in one motion. When he was seated all the way in, he held still. "You said it."

"No, I thought it."

Delan shook his head and kissed her before she could say or think anything else. His mouth attached to hers left his hands free to hold her hips as he fucked her. The echo of his heartbeat in his ears drowned out the noise from the music inside the bar. She tasted like the sweetest fire, warm and smooth going down.

The heels from her boots dug into his thighs and the nails that dug into his upper arms as she held on drove him. All the small pains from sex with her—the fingernails, the spikes, the bites—got him hotter for her than he could remember being for any other woman in his past.

As his tongue slid from her mouth, the thought hit him that she wasn't just any woman, she was Angel...an angel, a demon and he could give a shit about that. She was his. She was everything he wanted, everything he needed. He would spend whatever time he had left on Earth thanking Riko for giving him to her.

"Really?" she whispered.

Her voice was smoky and lit him up from the inside out. "What? Now you're reading my mind?"

"Yes."

"This is scary shit, Angel," he ground out, burying his face against her neck and nibbling none too gently on her skin. He didn't want to talk about it just then. He wanted to come. He wanted to spend his life inside her body, all slick and hot and welcoming. Inside her was home. Inside her was where he belonged.

And that one thought had his cock growing impossibly harder, heavier. They both felt it.

"Delan? What is that? What's happening?"

"No fucking idea, but goddamn it feels good."

He slid out and the throbbing nearly buckled his knees. When he slid back in again, the way she molded around him, the way she fit him, better than before... His skin

prickled, his fingers around her hips and thighs tingled, his eyes, his hearing, everything changed. Senses sharper, touch more sensitive. What the hell was going on?

His cock and balls didn't care. Both ached with need and Delan pressed in and pulled out, slamming forward again. Over and over until Angel was pressed down into the hood of the car, her legs tight around his waist, and her back arched. She wasn't naked enough. She wasn't naked at all and he needed her naked. Later, he promised himself, later.

Her eyes were closed and she was panting, gasping, mewling, whimpering and he touched her clit with the tip of one finger, just one little touch and she came, screaming loud enough that it should have brought every person inside the bar running outside.

The walls of her cunt pulled at him, gripped him, squeezed him and he couldn't stop it, couldn't hold back. His balls emptied inside her, drawing a roar from him that was just as loud as the scream she'd let loose. His body shook, trembled, and just when he thought he was going to pass out from the power behind the orgasm, everything shifted.

"Delan?" Her hands were on his face, cool and hot at the same time. "Delan? Talk to me."

Her voice was far away but she was right there in front of him, sitting up against him, his cock still inside her, still hard.

"Delan?"

Why wasn't he answering her? Why wasn't his mouth working? He couldn't get his lips and tongue to form words. And then it all went black.

Angel watched Delan fall to the ground. She immediately shook the fear and shock from her mind and scrambled off the hood until she was straddling his thighs, trying to force his cock back inside his jeans while calling for Riko in her mind.

He shimmered in at the edge of her vision. "Help me. Riko, please, help me."

“What happened?”

Her brother knelt beside her and it hit her that she’d never called on him before. She’d never sought his help. “I don’t know. We were...you know, and then...”

Her voice trailed off as she took in the changes to her lover. His hair was no longer cropped close to his head, but long and white, streaked with black. His face held a touch more chisel to the cheekbones, and she knew when she saw his eyes again that they’d have changed color too.

“He’s not human, Riko.” Her voice was a quivering whisper and she couldn’t fight him when Riko lifted her off Delan’s body and placed her in the arms of one the demons.

“No.” Riko’s voice was clipped as he hefted the man in his arms. “We need to get out of here. The boys won’t be able to stay inside the bar any longer. I need them to stand watch until we figure out what’s going on.”

Riko shimmered and Angel gripped the demon around the neck as he shimmered too. They reappeared inside her mother’s chambers at her father’s house. She hadn’t been there since her mother’s death, and the pain slammed back into her body, sending her to her knees, doubled over.

Delan was placed on the bed and Riko knelt in front of her, drawing her into the warmth of his body.

“Why? Why are we here?” she choked out, tears streaming down her face.

“It’s safe. And because this is where we need to be. This is where he needs to be.”

“I don’t understand. What happened to him?”

“He’s like your mother. He’s an angel.”

“No, you said he was human. He’s human.”

Riko took her face in his hands and she fought as he tried to lift her head. She knew if she looked in his eyes she’d see the truth of his words and she didn’t want to. She didn’t want to see it.

"I thought he was human. He showed no signs of being anything else."

"What does it mean?"

"I don't know. For now, you need to stay here with him."

Riko kissed her on the forehead before shimmering out of sight. Now what? She stood up carefully and unzipped her boots, stepping out of them, curling her toes into the plush carpeting. Much as she loved those boots, they were murder on her feet.

She could feel her mother's presence, a calming peace and happiness throughout the room. Looking everywhere but at the man on the bed, she found a mirror on the wall and walked toward it, and closed her eyes. She knew what she'd see and she wasn't ready to face it.

Angel.

Chapter Five

Delan's voice in her head had her opening her eyes. She saw him sitting up in the bed behind her. As hot as he'd been before, he was take-your-breath-away-and-never-give-it-back gorgeous now.

"You changed."

She smiled at him in the mirror. "Yes. The demon is under control. She couldn't resist your thoughts, your sincerity, your need. She broke. Now you have both of us. Speaking of change, you have too."

"Fuck me."

"Delan, I don't know that that's such a good idea."

"Angel, fuck me. Now. I need you to fuck me."

She turned. He was pulling at the fastenings of his jeans and shucking them and his sneakers, tossing them to the floor before tearing at his shirt.

"Get naked and come climb on."

"Does it hurt?"

"Like you wouldn't believe."

Angel smirked and stripped, nothing slow and graceful in her movements, just efficient. His smoldering look heated her blood, and she climbed over the footboard of the bed and crawled up his body until she was within arm's reach.

His hands dragged her the rest of the way and then she was straddling him and he was thrusting inside her, the come from their earlier encounter easing the passage. He bounced her on his cock, up and down, stretching her, filling her. His eyes closed and he simply fucked her, losing himself in the act, and she gripped his hips with her knees and held on for the ride.

After a few moments, she whispered his name, "Delan."

When his eyes opened, dark and dilated, she lifted her hands to her breasts, holding them, thumbing her nipples, and watching the pulse in his neck kick into high gear. She dipped her head and lifted one at the same time her tongue came out to flick against the tip. His hips bucked and he growled low in his throat. She took the nipple between her teeth and tugged, and he lifted up so high she was afraid he might topple her. He didn't. He held her, watched her, and the lust, the heat, the need that flowed from him met and mingled with the same hungers in her.

Delan loosened his grip and she let the nipple fall from her mouth. Their eyes never wavered from one another as she started moving. Grinding down on him, her body undulated back and forth, her clit catching the hardness of his shaft with every motion.

"Yes, baby, that's it. Harder. Ride it harder," Delan groaned, reaching up, taking hold of her tits and pulling them away from her body, holding them up by the nipples.

Angel whimpered at the added sensation of his touch. She was so close. If he pinched...oh God...

"I heard it, I know what you want."

And he did. He pinched the little erect buds between his thumbs and forefingers. Her breath caught and she tossed her head back, her cunt gripping the cock inside her, and she gasped as the orgasm exploded through her. She felt it in her toes all the way up to the roots of her hair, which tingled against her scalp.

He pinched and tugged harder, drawing more pleasure from her. Her clit was aching and tears streamed down her face. She couldn't remember feeling anything even remotely close to this moment. When she calmed and opened her eyes, he was smiling up at her, his hair fanned out on the pillows, the black streaks stark against the blinding white strands.

Delan lifted her off him and laid her next to him, coming up on his knees at her side. "Beautiful," he whispered, leaning down and kissing the soaked lips between her thighs.

One hand wrapped around his cock and he stroked. She'd never found a man jacking his own cock arousing or even remotely appealing, but the measured movements Delan made drove her crazy. Her legs itched with restlessness, and of their own accord, spread wide.

He glanced up at her face and she smiled. He smiled back and winked, looking back down between her legs. "I've never seen a pussy so pretty, so exquisite. It's wet and slick, it's stretched and still tight. It's mine."

The litany that fell from his lips, the word "mine" over and over again, tugged at something else deep inside her. He rose up and come gushed from the tip of his cock. It landed on her clit, causing her to tremble as a small orgasm hit her. It landed on her thighs, up on her belly, and at the end he pressed the head inside her and finished, while his hands massaged his cream into her flesh.

She never wondered before about pleasure, mutual and shared, but what they did was exactly that. It was a novel thing for her and she wondered if it was for him as well. Coming up over her, he kissed her lightly on the lips and lay beside her, one of his sticky hands finding one of her clean ones, lacing his fingers through hers, and spoke softly.

"I don't know what happened. What am I? My hair, it's long. My eyesight is...different, sharper. All my senses are, and the hunger to be inside you is something I've never experienced. I can hear what you're thinking now sometimes, especially when it comes to sex. And my dick is huge. What the hell happened to me, Angel?"

She hated the confusion in his voice, but understood it because she herself was very confused by it. "I don't know, Delan. But we'll figure it out."

He seemed to think about that for a moment, then nodded. "What about you? You changed. When? Why?"

"You. Your thoughts, your capitulation, your need for me. You came for me, defended me even though I didn't need it, even though I rebuffed you, even though I

was walking away. You wanted me. Demon. Angel. It didn't matter. I heard that in your head and I believed you."

"You're beautiful. You were incredible as a demon, but damn, right now...you're...there are no words. You're hotter now than when I met you a few hours ago." He shook his head. "Hours? Is that all it's been? Hours? How does this kind of thing happen in a matter of hours? It doesn't feel like hours though. It feels like years, like forever. This is all so fucking weird."

Angel laughed. She didn't have any answers for him, not the kind that he was looking for. She only knew that whatever was happening, whatever had happened between them, yes, it only took hours in human time and would be built upon for years in time immortal. It seemed more like a fairy tale than reality, but then, this was and always had been her reality. Change was often instantaneous.

* * * * *

"Human. Wake up. Delan."

The urgent shaking and whispering irritated the shit out of him. His eyes popped open and he glared at Riko. "What?"

"Come with me."

"And leave the nice warm bed? Not a damn chance. Come back later."

"Please, come, Delan."

The soft feminine voice startled him and he sat up and looked around Riko's big form to see a short woman shimmering in the doorway. She looked like an older version of the one sleeping beside him.

He reached over and shook Angel gently. She batted his hand away and moved toward the far side of the bed. He couldn't blame her for wanting to sleep. He was worn out as well, but... "Angel, baby, you need to wake up."

She groaned and turned her head in his direction. Her eyes slowly opened and when she raised her arm to push the hair from her face, he caught a swift glimpse of her

breast and pointed nipple. He was hard instantly. Damn thing was going to be even more unmanageable than before.

“What?”

He was about to answer when she shifted and her eyes lit on her brother.

“What the hell are you doing here? Go away.” She grabbed at the sheet and held it up to her neck. “We’ll talk later.”

“Sorry, little sister, this wasn’t my doing. It was hers.”

Angel’s eyes followed the direction of Riko’s arm, pointing at the door. Delan watched Angel closely. “I—is that...?”

“Yes, my darling.”

“H-how?”

“Answers were requested. I am here to give them.”

The shimmering woman smiled and all the corners of the room lit up. Angel wasn’t moving and Delan wasn’t even sure she was breathing until a shaky gasp escaped her and a single tear slid down her cheek.

“Mother,” she whispered.

“Yes, child. Come and we will talk. I do not have long.”

At that, Angel was a flurry of motion. She was out of the bed before the door had even closed behind her brother. “Angel?”

“I don’t have anything to wear. I don’t have anything...home—I’ll shimmer home and get some clothes. Yes, that’s what I’ll do.”

She was talking to herself and hadn’t even noticed Delan standing in front of her until she ran into him. He steadied her with hands on her arms and tilted her face up to his. “Are you all right?”

“It’s my mother.”

“Yes, it is.”

"And she's here. Well, sort of she's here."

"Yes."

"I never thought...I mean, I never imagined that I'd see her again until... I don't know if I'm all right, but, Delan, it's my mother."

"Here." He tossed her dress from last night to her. "You don't know how long she's got. I don't think you want to waste time shimmering home."

"I can't wear this. I look like... I look like a..."

"You look beautiful. Besides, she's your mother. I'm sure she'll forgive you this time for not having had a second set of clothes."

"Okay. You're right. I'll just be a minute."

She ran into the adjoining bathroom and slammed the door shut. Delan grabbed his discarded jeans from the floor and pulled them on.

What the hell was this shimmering shit all about? Would he be able to do it?

* * * * *

He was dressed and waiting, sitting on the edge of the bed. "I can't believe how nervous I am," she said in a rush.

She picked up her panties from the floor beside Delan's ripped shirt, and as she started to pull her panties on, Delan held out his hand to her. "What?"

He snapped his fingers and pointed at the scrap of black in her hand.

"You want my panties?"

"Yes. Hand them over."

"Delan, come on. It's my mother."

"As if she would care. You're a sex angel, thriving and happy when you're sexed up and orgasmic. And I'm really curious as to the details of how that works. I figure we can talk about that later though." He winked at her. "Hand them over. Now."

Angel sighed and tossed the panties at Delan. She pulled her dress on over her head and ran her fingers through her hair. "Am I okay?"

"More than. C'mon. I know this is important, but I'm damned horny."

"That's all you're going to want to do, isn't it?"

"Pretty much."

Angel just rolled her eyes and walked out of the room with Delan following on her heels. "I haven't been back to this house since she died. It feels rather surreal to be here now."

The bedroom was the one she'd remembered as her room when she'd lived there as a child before she went to live with Riko. The pink was gone, replaced with stark white, but in her mind she could still see her old girly furniture, still see her stuffed animals, still smell freshly baked chocolate-chip cookies coming from the kitchen. It was really more than surreal being there. It was home. It was safe and warm and comforting.

Straight ahead was a wall of windows that overlooked the ocean in the distance. Her mother used to spend hours in front of those windows staring out into night.

Life was never normal for Angel, not like that of other kids. She'd had an angel for a mother and a demon for a father. Her parents had seemed exotic and odd to other people, but to her, they'd been the light of her life until she'd realized why they were different. Sex was something always discussed frankly when they thought she wasn't listening. Good and evil talks went way beyond what the bible touched on. Then one day, it was all over. Her life as she'd known it for thirteen years was over. Her father had left them. Even though he hadn't been around much of the time, she still knew him, still missed him. Her mother died soon after he left and she was alone.

"If she's an angel, how could she die? Wasn't she already dead?"

"You're not. I'm not either."

"I'm so damn confused."

"Then let me help you, Delan."

They stopped as Angel's mother shimmered into view. She led them into the library and Angel was suddenly assailed with memories of being curled in the corner of the couch, reading long into the night. She used to love to read and realized she hadn't picked up a novel in more years than she could remember. So many things fell away when her mother died.

The woman in question stopped and turned to face them. Riko stood in the far corner, a look of boredom on his face.

"I suppose, Delan, that you want to know what you are now."

"The thought had crossed my mind."

"Angel is immortal. She can live forever. You, in your human state, could not."

"Which makes me what?"

"An angel. The male counterpart to her female. You helped her, touched her, reached for her when she was struggling. While her demon half can happily survive without you, her angel half cannot."

Suddenly, Angel understood and smiled when the same understanding hit Delan. Her mother must have known it as well.

"To maintain the balance that the world needs, Angel needs you with her. In your human form, you would have died. We could not allow that to happen. The demons need balance or everything will go to...well, go to hell in a handbasket."

"I understand that, to a point. What's with the sex angel stuff though?"

"Ah yes. I was an angel who fell in love with a demon. The mix of the two created a new being." She glanced at Angel and smiled. "Angel's father thrived on destruction, power and sex, but I loved him anyway. I was sent to counter his darkness, and when it was discovered that I had feelings for him, I was banished, in a sense. I became a hybrid, a half-breed – half angel, half human. Angel is half demon, half angel."

"You...you sacrificed it all for him?" Angel barely got the words out. She had never known, somehow envisioning her mother a prisoner, loving Angel's father against her will, unhappy.

"I did. And Angel, my love, I never once regretted it. I knew who he was, what he was and I loved him in spite of it. He loved me too in his own way."

"How did you know what Angel was?"

"The powers that be. She was conceived in love by dark and light, by passion and lust. Her nature was known before she was born. Delan, there are different factions of angels and demons. She is a mix of a sex demon and an angel of love. She has both in her. That is why she needed you."

"You died. You left me. You weren't sick, you weren't hurt, why did you have to go?" Angel hadn't meant to blurt it out as she did, but there it was, hanging in the air. It was always what she'd needed to know.

Her mother turned sad eyes toward her. "My life was extended for as long as your father... When he disappeared, I had no choice. However, I did not die. I have been existing in the between, the place of uncertainty, of the unknown. I never wanted to go away and leave you alone, but I am grateful that you had your father's son to care for you, to raise you and teach you."

"Disappeared? He left you, he left us. And that made you have to go away."

"He did not leave me, Angel. He would never have done so of his own free will. I know that. He would never have left you or Riko if he'd had a choice. You must stop blaming him."

"Then where is he? Is he dead?"

"We do not know, but with balance being restored, the quest for him can begin again. Believe me, he loved you and he loved me."

Angel still had questions, still wanted answers, but would content herself with knowing that she had been loved, and that her mother had chosen her own fate, that it

hadn't been forced upon her. She didn't know what it meant that the quest for her father could begin again. She would seek those answers later. She glanced over at Delan and wondered how he felt. His fate had been forced. Riko had given him no other choice.

Did he regret it?

Chapter Six

"No, I don't."

She smiled. "Are you certain?"

"I am. Oh, it'll take some getting used to, especially the hair. White? Really? I'm only thirty-seven. I'm kinda scared to really look in a mirror, but I don't regret anything. I can't imagine going back to the empty life I had before. Your brother gave me a reason and for that, I will be eternally grateful."

"Has all been fulfilled then, Moira?" Riko asked from the shadows, addressing Angel's mother.

"For Angel, yes. For as long as she has Delan, all will remain as it should."

"For Angel? What do you mean? I thought that was all there was."

Angel looked from one to the other, curious at the currents flowing between her family. Family. It was a novel concept, and though she'd always known she and Riko were related, the idea of family had never really entered her thoughts. Maybe that's because she'd been too busy fighting to remain detached, to see value in anything else.

"Your destiny, Riko. You are your father's son. With the balance of darkness and light, the demons need a leader now. Someone to unite them."

"No. I've never wanted to lead them."

"And of course," Moira went on as though Riko had never spoken, "you need a mate."

"Oh hell no. I'm quite happy with my life, such as it is. I have my slaves, my freedom. I do not need a mate. I raised Angel as I was bid to do. I found her mate for her. I'm done."

"I'm afraid not. Destinies are still to be fulfilled and yours is upon us. Your father must be found. His fate must be known. I must be going."

"No, please, Mother, not yet."

"I am sorry, Angel, but I must. I have been here too long as it is. This home is yours now. Delan, care for her. She needs you."

"I will."

"Goodbye, my darling," she said to Angel.

Angel didn't speak, couldn't speak. She turned her head into Delan's chest and sighed as his arms wrapped around her. With one last smile, Moira shimmered out of sight. For the second time in her life, Angel was left with an aching heart her mother.

"This is just fucking great," Riko growled.

"A mate, huh? Want some help finding her?"

The book came flying across the room and Delan ducked with her with seconds to spare. "Guess not."

"You have your answers and you have your purpose in this life. I will find mine and it will not include a mate."

"Riko? What about Father? I...this is all more than... He is alive?"

"We do not know. There is no trace of him, physical or mental. For years I have called to him and he has not answered. He was the most powerful demon at the time he disappeared and the powers of heaven and hell cannot accept that his fate is unknown."

"What do we do?"

"I do not have the answer to that. There are obviously forces at work here that seem to think that I need to take my father's place and that I need to do so with a woman at my side. I must change their minds."

He, too, shimmered out of sight, taking his rage with him, leaving Angel alone with Delan. The last day had changed both their lives and things were bound to get even more interesting.

"Are you all right? A lot has been said that you weren't expecting."

"Am I all right? I don't know. If my father is found alive, will my mother come back to stay? Where has he been all these years if not dead? I cannot process this right now. The questions will eat at me."

Delan nodded, smoothing a hand down the length of her hair. "So..."

"Hungry? We haven't eaten since...well, I haven't eaten since yesterday morning. I don't know when Riko fed you last."

"Oh, I'm hungry all right, but not for food right now."

"What are you hungry for?" It was a dumb question and she knew that, but the wicked grin that lit up his face and the dark blue that sparked in his eyes was worth the swat on her ass.

"I'm hungry for you. And a mirror."

"A mirror?"

"Mmm. I haven't taken in my new looks yet and I think it's time. While I do that, I figure I can get to work at taking care of your needs and making you forget for a while all you've just learned from your mother." His lips grazed her neck and she squirmed against him. "Ever had sex in front of a mirror?"

"Not in a very long time."

"Then it's time we change that. It's very erotic and very naughty. I'd love to watch you watch yourself play with that sweet little pussy while I fill it."

"Oh. Oh my. Y-you're going to take this sex angel thing seriously, huh?"

"Yep. I'm fully committed to it." His lips touched the corner of her mouth in the softest, most tender gesture. "And I'm fully committed to you."

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Lissa is a full-time and multi-published author living in North Carolina. For more information and news, visit her website or email her. She loves to hear from fans.

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