
THE SAVIOR

Angels and Demons - Book Six

SKYLAR WEST



Published by Eclipse Press

An Imprint of
ABCD Graphics and Design, Inc.
A Virginia Corporation
977 Seminole Trail #233
Charlottesville, VA 22901

©2021

All rights reserved.

No part of the book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Skylar West
The Savior

eBook ISBN: 978-1-63954-106-5

v1

Cover Art by ABCD Graphics & Design

This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as the publishers' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Chapter 1

Isabelle/Sandalphon

The sun beat down from above, filling me with a warmth that had been missed while living in Scotland the last year and a half. Africa... one could arguably say, was the most primal place on Earth. The sounds and the smells of the Congo put a smile on my face. I closed my eyes and opened my senses to my surroundings.

The gentle breeze caressed my heated skin, sending a cascade of sensation through to my core. Inviting the wind to play, a particularly aggressive gust swept over me, causing my nipples to pebble. As suddenly as it came, it receded and left me in the sun's embrace. The corners of my lips lifted into a lazy smile. Even the wind liked to take the upper hand with me. Riding on that idea came the question, is the wind masculine like fire? The elements could be identified by masculine and feminine, and I liked thinking about what forces were at work and why.

A new fragrance in the courtyard caught my attention. Desiring to know its source, I opened my eyes, intending to

find it. Instead, a screech let loose from my throat. Opening my eyes, there was a bonobo monkey only inches from me and perched at eye level. His stare was a blend of interest and hunger.

"Darnel," I scolded, "you almost gave me a heart attack. If you want a fig that badly, go inside and ask Gildas." The bonobo made a series of sounds that sounded exactly like he was telling me off. Then he jumped into my arms, reached inside the pocket of my shorts and pulled out a carefully wrapped fig.

Once it was in his mouth, he regarded me while he chewed. "You know, when we first met, I couldn't understand a word you said." The monkey remained silent and continued to regard me with wide eyes. I talked to Darnel like I would with a cat, glad of no hidden cameras that would capture the crazy lady who spoke to monkeys.

"As my powers evolved and grew, so did my ability to comprehend language. Not languages, but language, understanding the elements, the animals, the sounds of this world, and the others I could traverse the world above and the one where my feet are planted with a knowing that comes from a higher source. Not mortal Isabelle, but Archangel Sandalphon, whose soul I housed, provided me with an inherent understanding of existence."

Darnel said nothing, but the cheeky monkey smiled. "Yes," I cooed, "you understand me perfectly, don't you?" I talked like he was a baby. "I needed to, in order to counter that big nasty demon dragon, didn't I? Yes, I did," I continued. Darnel suddenly looked bored and rolled his eyes, like fighting a demon dragon was an everyday event. Narrowing my eyes at the monkey, I said, "I understand you perfectly. So next time you tell me to go blow your uncle, I will eat the fig, and Iver will make a hat out of you. Got it?" Darnel looked alarmed

and scampered out of my arms and back to the safety of the low-hanging branch.

No longer able to contain the mirth, a geyser of laughter erupted from me. Darnel, who was now hanging upside down, narrowed his eyes at me. My laughter must have been infectious because Darnel finally gave in and let loose his laugh, which was a cacophony of small grunts and puffs of air.

"Dare I ask?" Iver's low, sexy growl came from behind me.

Darnel scampered a little higher. My threat regarding Iver most likely responsible, although the two had never been particularly close. Darnel liked mellow energies, which Iver was not, but was perfectly paired as a companion for Enoch, Iver's father. I straightened and wiped the excess tears from my eyes.

"You can ask, but I'm afraid it's a private joke." Iver pulled me in tight. His body heat added to that of the sun enveloped me in a cocoon of warmth. "Where are the babies?" I murmured into his chest. Already falling under the spell of Iver's scent, I was hoping he'd say they were busy for the rest of the day so we could have some alone time.

"The children are with my father and Sheila, don't fret. We have a moment, more and I wondered if you wanted to take a ride. I have something to show you."

Yes, my inner goddess squealed in excitement. "Well," I husked, "if it involves privacy and a secret hole that needs exploring, I'm all in."

Iver gripped my ass with a sudden ferocity that took my breath away. My nipples hardened against his chest when he slid a finger under the cuff of my khaki shorts. His finger was like a heat-seeking missile, finding my wet entrance with little difficulty.

My breath hitched as he continued to play. I expressed my growing need with a series of little grunts and moans designed

to encourage him to ramp his teasing to another level. Instead, Iver chuckled. "Aren't you a needy goddess today?"

I grabbed his lip with my teeth and gazed into his eyes. He stared back at me, his hooded ice chips glittering in the afternoon light. The energy shifted and enclosed us, everything receding until all that existed was us. The seconds passed as I clung to his lip, and when I released it, I watched in fascination as he licked away the droplet of blood that was left behind from my aggressive treatment.

Iver's eyes went from glittering blue pools to something dark and primal. I had awakened his wolf, and now I was in trouble. A deep growl rose from his throat, scattering the birds from the trees. We watched as they flew hard to be as far away from the new predator as fast as possible.

Iver grabbed a fistful of hair at the nape of my neck. Like the feral hold of a wolf and his mate, he held me still. His eyes were now so dark and his package so hard that I knew rough sex wasn't far off.

Licking my lips in anticipation, I kept my eyes lowered as any she-wolf would. Then, unexpectedly, Iver scooped me up and carried me to the Jeep. Without saying a word, he put me in the passenger seat and did what he had always done, buckled me in. Leaning in, he claimed my mouth, our tongues danced, and then his teeth grabbed my lip. His dark eyes told me the wolf was in control. Leaving me a shaking wanton mess in the passenger seat, Iver jumped into the driver's seat, and we left the safety of the compound.

Not wishing to break the magic that surrounded us, neither spoke during the ride. While Iver drove, my gaze was set on the wonderment of the Congo. With no roof above us, we could see to the very tops of the Entandrophragma trees, which stood higher than the rest of the jungle canopy at almost three hundred feet.

In pockets where the sun pushed through the canopy,

motes of energy danced in the light. It was here that one could believe in fairies and magical creatures, and the farther in Iver drove, the more believable those thoughts rang for me.

Iver stopped about half an hour later, "We need to walk in the rest of the way. The forest is too dense to use the Jeep. Just follow me." And before I could speak, he was gone, pushing through the broad, dense, broadleaf plants of the jungle floor.

Iver's broad, muscular body cut a path for me. Otherwise, being in shorts, I may have been cut dozens of times. Being immortal, this wouldn't affect me for long, and an infection certainly couldn't kill me, but unnecessary pain wasn't part of my MO.

I began to question the sanity of our mission when we came upon a wall that seemed to rise for miles. "Iver, where are we?" The sound of my voice in the jungle echoed painfully loud after our shared silence.

There was a pause in nature, as if the very fabric of the earth was waiting to hear what I would say next. This awareness of the natural world had come upon me with the knowledge that my voice could manipulate the thoughts and movements of others. That was why I had fought the demon dragon, Leviathan, at the side of my immortal family. Only my gift could keep their weapons in their hands and the fight in motion. They could have been manipulated to put their weapons down, or worse, turn on each other.

I broke the hushed silence, "Appear before me, the entrance that I seek."

Iver growled as the foliage parted and revealed a waterfall, behind which an outline of a cave could be seen. "You little cheat." He laughed. "I will pay you back for taking control of my surprise."

"Then I guess we both get what we want." I moved my green eyes to peer into his dark ones. I could see the wolf and knew he wanted out. "Take me, *úlf!*"

Iver's gaze turned feral, his voice deepened when he said, "Bow." The command was clear, and that was one of Iver's superpowers, his ability to command. It only worked on humans, but any person, mortal or not, would be foolish not to obey his wolf when it showed itself.

Moving to my knees in the dirt and dropping my gaze in obedience, I waited.

"Crawl," Iver commanded. I was surprised. In the few years we'd been together, that had been an infrequent request and never outside. This part of the trek now consisted of soft sand, making the crawl easy. I made sure to wag my ass at him as I moved, thankful we had no witnesses.

When my knees reached the end of the sandy bank, and only the glittering water lay before us, he bade me stop. "Drink." His one-worded commands in his deep growl had a profound effect on my insides. Every time he uttered one, I felt the heat rise from my core and wondered if he could see how wet I was.

I lapped at the water, wondering at its purity. When Iver said, "Stop," I did. Then he was behind me, taking down my shorts.

"I see you are wet for me, little bitch." He'd never referred to me in that way before, and my body quaked in response. This was an entirely different Iver, and I liked it. He set me on edge, and the unknown of what was to come worked like an aphrodisiac on my already overloaded system.

I felt his hot breath at my entrance, and a moment later, his tongue licked me from my hardened nub to my anus. I keened with need. He pushed my chest into the sand and plunged inside me. The instant penetration sent me spiraling. I let go of my sexual frustrations from the past hour in one long roller coaster ride, not in the least concerned with keeping it quiet. Doing it in the jungle, was all the permission I needed to tap into my animalistic side.

The Savior

Iver hammered into me, and I forgot everything, not caring if we were heard or witnessed by anyone or anything. The harder he pounded, the harder I pushed back, chasing a need whose surface was just beginning to get scratched.

"You are my *brúðr*, Isabelle, and I will take all of you." He pulled out and, in one motion, entered my tightly puckered bud. His hand was back at the nape of my neck and holding me still while he ravaged me. Iver had never let go like this with me before, and it was such a turn-on that I responded enthusiastically to the breach.

His hand moved from my neck and a moment later came down on my backside with a crack. His digits plundered my wetness, sending me toppling over the edge again. The heat raced up my spine and filled my chest as I unleashed a torrent. The almost bestial quality of our coupling was pushing me to feel Iver's majesty over me. I relished being taken by him.

When Iver finally tipped over the edge and into oblivion, it sent another shockwave through me, and I joined him, the exclamations from our joint rutting ringing through the jungle.