
DARK ANGEL AWAKENED

Angels and Demons Book 3

SKYLAR WEST



Published by Eclipse Press

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

©2020

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
Dark Angel Awakened

eBook ISBN: 978-1-64563-775-2

Print ISBN: 978-1-64563-776-9

Audio ISBN: 978-1-64563-777-6

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 Blushing Books' or the author's
advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Prologue

Naberius

I had been waiting for the perfect human, the ideal house to unleash phase two of our deadly plan. Infiltrate the immortals, destroy the heavenly guardians—Finn—Jax—Isabelle, in that order. I tried for Lillith, but Jax pushed me back with every attempt. But then she met Francesca.

At first, we played cat and mouse. I would take over, and Francesca would lose all sense of time, often awakening with hours lost from her day. Unknown to the rest of her group, Francesca saw a shrink. I gave him enough to make her case intriguing, but not enough to summon the church for a full-on exorcism. No, that would reveal my identity and destroy our plan.

Already, Isabelle, the strongest of the three, is on to me and has been from day one. The fact I was able to fool her empath brother was a marvel, and I felt I deserved a medal for my hard work. But that was why I was chosen in the first place, for my devilish tongue. Being the demon who controls what others hear and say had its advantages.

Isabelle is the real adversary. I can't attack her; she is too strong, and she has Iver or Raphe always with her, both of whom have superhuman strength.

No, the best way to get to Isabelle is through the little family she has left. I will use Francesca to end Finn, and I will use Lillith to rid ourselves of Jax. Poor little Isabelle will be so distraught, she will be weak, and that is when I will strike!

Chapter 1

Isabelle

I am so happy. It's my wedding day. Not that being married will change my relationship with Iver or how we feel about each other. This ceremony is another form of union, another binding between Iver and me.

Iver wanted to make it perfect and have a fairy tale wedding at his castle in Scotland. But with an enormous load of responsibility added into a time crunch, we decided simple was better than trying to force the perfect situation for our nuptials.

Our honeymoon would be a short break for us to be alone before my band went out on its first tour. Iver was to divide his time between me and creating safe living communities for the fallen.

Having the wedding at the mansion, the location of our second date, felt right. We have been in hiding here since the destruction of our home, along with a bunch of others. For the past few months, immortals have slowly flocked to us with the destruction of their homes and businesses.

We could use our location as a safe haven because of Enoch,

while the immortals figured out how to rebuild their lives. A few months and forty people later, the mansion felt like a pressure cooker. I was looking forward to our honeymoon in Britain. We're scheduled to leave right after the wedding, in one of Iver's planes.

Two peaceful weeks alone on one of his ancestral properties in Scotland, yippee! He said it is very private and we can make as much noise as we want, which was my only stipulation for our honeymoon. I plan on having loud sex during the entire trip or at least until I hit oblivion, whichever comes first.

Ancestral usually means home of your ancestors. But Iver's only ancestor is his father, God's scribe, Enoch. When the fallen were cast out of Heaven and tossed to earth a millennia ago, Enoch, a most trusted member of the celestial family, was cast out too.

No one knows why a servant with as much value and loyalty as Enoch was tossed out or why other trusted members were cast down as well, but with recent events revealing my family's true identities, we all believe there is a much bigger picture that has yet to be announced.

As promised, my fellow bandmates, and best friends, are my best men in place of bridesmaids and a maid-of-honor. They were going to be the only ones to stand with me, but shortly before the final plans were decided, I added Lillith to my wedding party.

She stepped up, organizing everything with Iver. I was only sought for final approval on everything not explicitly organized by him. All I did was pick out the dress and the color scheme. I was incredibly grateful to have Lil in my life. She and my brother announced their engagement. So, it made even more sense now to add her to the wedding party, as we would be family.

I asked Iver what type of dress he wanted to see me in when I walked down the aisle. He said *a dress fit for a queen*. It took a long

time to find the right look. I was not planning on wearing white, which was made famous by Queen Victoria.

Nope, I decided to wear a forest green gown with white accents. My shoulder-length hair was held in a soft chignon. Added to that were wildflowers that matched my bouquet. On top, a tiny veil was held in place with a diamond tiara.

I had been growing out my ultra-short tresses for the big day and would decide post-wedding what I wanted to do with them moving forward. I have super wavy hair that's lush and thick. I found it easier to control when it was short, and it justified my funky look for the band.

Before I met Iver, I kept myself safe by hiding my looks. I was careful not to accentuate them. When Iver came along, I felt more inclined to deviate from my typical emo band look and embrace how I looked. He made me safe and made it okay to shine, something I had not been comfortable with before.

My gown flowed into a train approximately two feet behind me. I wore comfortable heels in the same green as my dress, the generous folds of underlay perforated the skirt, allowing for white to peek through. Lillith made sure all my bits were perfectly waxed and did my hair and makeup.

And as to Iver's one other specification, he requested no undies, not even a thong. The skirt was so vast that I had generous airflow to my private parts while my upper body was crammed into a tight bodice. My hair was in a soft chignon at the nape of my neck. Wildflowers matching my bouquet were tucked into it.

I peeked out of my hiding spot, checking out the guys. Iver, Raphe, Enoch, and Jax were already at the podium. My brother, Jax, looked fantastic. Tapping into his immortality had made all his worry lines disappear. He looked better than he ever had, and I guessed that Lillith, ten years his junior, had a good effect on him as well.

I heard from Iver that those two kinky lovebirds were at it all

the time. I was grateful our room in the mansion was far enough away from their suite that I did not hear their wild escapades. Unfortunately for Iver, he had super hearing and could listen to any conversation in the mansion if he wanted. That was one power I was glad to be lacking.

Enoch stood at the podium, embracing his role as Justice of The Peace. He looked as he always did, utterly relaxed without a care in the world. I wondered how old his suit was; it looked circa 1850, gothic with the lace sleeves poking out of his jacket arms. I giggled; it was so him, so unique.

Raphe dwarfed everyone, including my husband-to-be—huge, standing six-feet-eight-inches tall, with a massive frame. Power emanated from Raphe in waves. His resting face was severe and hid his goofy sense of humor. He was every bit as dominant as Iver, and whoever he ended up with would have their hands full.

My eyes rested on Iver last, feasting on him. By far, he was the most gorgeous man to walk the face of the earth, and I'm not just saying that. Jax once told me he thought Iver was the most handsome man he'd ever seen. Everywhere we went, women stopped and gawked at him. When we went out for dinner, women stuffed their numbers in his pocket like I wasn't there. I had often felt invisible in the early days.

But Iver never noticed the effect he had on them; he took it all in stride with eyes only for me. He always made me feel like the most important person, the most beautiful woman, and the most desired. He said he never noticed other women because we had a soul connection. I was his fated mate, his eternal love, a one-time gig. I believed him.

When our souls and bodies united, the entire celestial realm felt our union. It was a coming together of two great souls. That night in Africa had been so powerful, Iver and I had floated several feet above the floor. We were bound together in ways mortals could not fathom.

Lillith appeared at my side, interrupting my thoughts. "How are you feeling, Isabelle, nervous?"

I glanced down at Lillith; she wore red, the perfect color for the ultimate seductress. She looked like a child porn actress, but she'd recently turned twenty-four. She would look perfect in a schoolgirl uniform, then I remembered her telling me about the principal-student fantasy she had played out with my brother, and I blushed a deep red that matched her dress.

I'm no prude, but I'm not nearly as comfortable as Lil is with her sexuality. I stepped back from my hiding place.

"Honestly, not at all; I just want to get it done with and get out of here. We've been stuck with so many people, and when I go to the studio, I'm stuck with so many people, I'm just peopled out."

She giggled. "I know, right; I feel the same. But with Iver leaving for a few weeks, he depends on Archer and Jax to keep everyone safe and things humming along with the eastern sanctuary project."

I sighed. "I hope I didn't sound ungrateful, Lil. I can't imagine the load you have been carrying, with putting this event together, starting your new career, and being with my brother. You have become very important to Iver and the rest of the immortals. We appreciate you and the sacrifices you are making for us over the next couple of weeks. Thank you so much for being here for me." I leaned down and hugged her tight.

When I pulled back, her eyes were a little glassy with unshed tears. "Now, don't be wrinkling that gown," she gently scolded as she barely tapped the corner of her eyes so as not to ruin her make-up. "You look like a queen, and queens don't get married in wrinkled gowns."

I laughed. "Yes, ma'am." I saluted.

"Hey, you two, stop gabbing; they're playing our tune," Marshall said as he and Steve joined us.

"This is it, Isabelle. You ready?" Steve asked.

With a nod in response from both Lil and me, Lillith headed down the aisle as stately as her five-feet-four-inch frame with heels would allow. Steve and Marshall followed, and then it was my turn. As I stepped through, I could see the rest of the room and our guests. Finn, who was quite tall, I could see at the front of the room, a big grin on his face, with Francesca beside him. They looked good together, I mused, as I strutted down the aisle like it was a runway.

The forty or so immortals lined the two sides of the room Lillith had decorated to her specifications. It was gorgeous. I inhaled lilies, and pops of color from Gerber daisies drew my gaze. As I stepped up to the platform, all my senses tuned into Iver. He was a force to be reckoned with. Every time we shared a room, my energy naturally vibrated toward him. I wanted him all the time, inside me, loving me, taking me. I gulped as I felt heat climb up from my core to my face. I needed to get my mind in the present. I took a deep breath and let it out in one long, slow exhale.

"Thank you, my love," Iver said. He reached for my hand and raised it to his lips. Gently, he pressed his warm lips to the back of it.

"For what?" I queried.

He smiled, his eyes devouring me. "For starters, this dress, but I will show you better appreciation later on the plane trip to Scotland."

I smiled, forgetting there were others in the room. At least until Enoch cleared his throat and said, "Well, kids, are we ready?"

I nodded, turning from Iver to Enoch, thankful everyone else but my two best friends and my sister-to-be were out of view.

"We have come together under unique circumstances. Not only have we never had an event of this nature before, the marrying of two souls, but to have so many mighty fallen and their offspring here under one roof to serve as witnesses, well, it

is inspiring, to say the least. I have been asked to confirm Iver Eriskay, my beloved son and heir, to Isabelle Ackles. Those of us who have borne witness to the love between these two consider ourselves lucky, for never has there been a bonding of souls like Iver and Isabelle."

Isabelle smiled as Iver's father continued. "Iver, you were given the task to be Isabelle's protector, to keep her safe. Through your acts, you have shown that you also hold great love for her. Please share your vows."

Iver took it from there. "I do solemnly swear that every day, from now until our end, I will hold you and keep you safe. I will lead when you need it and make decisions for us based on our safety and our people. I will love you with every fiber of my being and make sure your soul is being fed, your body is being worshiped, and our connection is my number one priority. When I was tasked to find you and hopefully feel attraction to you, I never guessed I would find my life's mate. I never thought someone like you was in the cards for me. In my exceptionally long life, I have never come across anything close to what I feel for you, Isabelle. You are my everything."

He slid the matching band to my engagement ring onto my finger, and then it was my turn to say my vows. A wave of nausea hit me, and I tottered slightly. Iver held me steady with his hands and the gleam in his eyes.

No time to be weak, Isabelle, I scolded myself. *Tell him how you really feel.* I sucked in a deep breath and began, "Iver, when I first saw you, I knew I was in trouble."

The crowd chuckled.

"Everything about you screamed predator, watch out!"

More laughter, this time slightly bolder, was heard in the room.

"I had a good reason for the alert button to go off, because meeting you changed my life. You challenge me in ways that sometimes pisses me off and occasionally inspires."

Giggles again, and Lilith's were louder than the rest.

"The point is you challenge me, and no one else ever has, no one else has ever seen me the way you do. Your wisdom and knowledge allow me to feel safe in a way I never thought possible. You drive the helm in ways I never could, nor want to. You take on all my monsters and tuck me in at night. You are the most beautiful and most powerful man I have ever seen. You make me feel cherished and loved in a way I didn't think possible. I love you with every fiber of my being. No part of me doesn't love you. And one day, if I ever get to meet Michael, I will thank him for tasking you with finding and protecting me."

There were more chuckles and a few teary-eyed guests, one of whom was Jax, standing on Iver's other side.

"Every day," I said, barely able to contain my tears, "is a blessing and a miracle, because I get to be with you."

I slid the ring on his finger.

Iver lifted the tiny veil, the bottom of which only reached my nose, as Enoch announced, "I now pronounce you man and wife, soul mates and king and queen of the immortals."

A cheer and clapping rang out, as Iver gently gripped the back of my neck. His kiss was long and passionate, and when we parted, my swollen lips held testimony to how soundly he had taken my mouth.