
DARK ANGEL RESCUED

Angels and Demons - Book Four

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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.

Prologue

Jax

I was drowning, being pulled down into murky depths by a giant creature. Keeping hold of my ax was almost impossible as I fought to free myself. There was no power in my swings, and I was losing strength and much-needed oxygen.

As I fought, I called on my sister, Isabelle, and hoped she'd hear and send me help.

Isabelle, I need you. I'm drowning

Hang on, brother, I am coming, and Finn is with me. Together, we can defeat the monster. Hang on, Jax.

I began to sink. I watched as the ax left my frozen fingers and started its long descent towards the dark abyss below. Above me, the giant water dragon smiled, his eyes flashing with glee, with the victory.

As I sunk into oblivion, a giant light appeared high above me. But I was too far gone in the grips of death to see its source. Beneath the waves, far below, I drifted, becoming one with the darkness.

Chapter 1

Jax

I woke with a thud. I opened my eyes to find I was lying on the floor in my hotel room. It took me a minute to remember why I was in a hotel. Lillith had wanted the wedding party and us to stay in the hotel attached to our venue, to make things seamless for the wedding.

I rolled onto my knees then rose a little unsteadily to my feet. It had been a late one with the guys. Archer, Iver, and Finn, my best men, had kept me up late, drinking several bottles of Iver's premium Scottish whiskey.

I had just flushed the toilet when there was banging on my door.

"Wake up, Jax, coffee time." Iver and, most likely, the other two with him. I quickly threw on a robe and answered the door. Sure enough, the three amigos waited to be let in.

I stood aside while Finn steered in a cart that was loaded with coffee and breakfast. Once we were situated at the table, and everyone had a plateful, we sat back and ate in silence. My

thoughts were playing in a thought loop of *what-ifs* about a demon attack.

"We need to talk about security," I said, pushing my almost finished plate away. "As much as I'd rather be focused on Lil and our special day. I know you have come bearing an update; breakfast was just an excuse. Lay it on me; what's going on?"

Archer placed his elbows on the table, a somber expression taking over his features. "Here's the thing, bro, we don't know."

"What do you mean you don't know? Two days ago, the ladies were followed home. We know there is going to be an attack of sorts. We can assume that the demon legions are aware of the wedding taking place today at Gotham. It's a perfect time for them to strike, and we know nothing?"

I closed my eyes, dropping my head back. This was a nightmare; how could I, in good conscience, expose all those people, immortal, and human to a possible attack? I sighed and sat back up.

"We need to cancel."

"No," Iver said, "we don't. What we need to do is calm down, and what you need to do is listen."

"Fine." I sat up, giving the group my full attention.

"Don't worry, Jax. Iver and I have set up so much surveillance and security measures, nothing is getting in that building but the guests. We have an exciting new product. It's a scanner. When anyone enters through any of the doors to Gotham, they will unknowingly pass through a scanner. They have been set up on every single door leading in and out of that building. When an immortal passes through, we will be alerted. If they are not on the guest list, we will know." Archer sat back, looking rather proud of himself.

"Okay, smart guy," I responded. "What if it's a demon hiding in a guest who is a fallen, what then?"

The three of them laughed before Iver took over from Archer.

"Second protocol is there will be a salt mist that releases. If there is any fluctuation in the reading, we will know. When a demon, in a meat suit or not, enters and the spray lands, he will feel the heat. The demon, or as you put it, the meat suit's temperature will rise. When that happens, salt pellets will be fired. If the person is human harboring a demon, nothing will happen to them except a little bruising. The demon will be dispelled. So, you see, Jax, you really have nothing to worry about. And this was just about breakfast."

They laughed at my expense. "So, Archer was messing with me? You really can be dickheads when you want to be, you know that, right?"

They laughed again, and this time I joined them. My brothers had my back, and I felt a heavy weight lift away from my shoulders and my heart. I could be fully present when I met my sexy bride at the altar.

"Listen, before we get caught up in the day's festivities, we need to go over a few other matters." Iver steepled his fingers as he spoke.

"Archer and Aleena will finish up the construction community for the immortals and will keep the mansion open for any immortals that are in need."

"Isabelle and I will be here for part of the two weeks you are away. We are going to have our personal items moved to the new penthouse, then we'll meet the two of you in Scotland."

"You guys got a new penthouse," I interjected. "Okay, I'm officially jealous," I joked. Iver looked thoughtful at my words.

"I was going to wait until later, but I may as well give you your present now," Iver said, handing me a single key.

"What's this?"

"It's the key to *your* new penthouse, a wedding gift from Isabelle and myself. Just so you know, it is a new build by our office building. Finn, I bought one for you too. You and your brother are going to be neighbors."

I was in shock, and I could tell Finn was too. Archer looked on, smiling; it was evident from his smug look that he'd known about the surprise.

"Let me show you some pictures." Iver typed into his tablet and, turning it so we could all see, showed us a high-rise with two steepled sides.

"See this one here? There are two penthouses on the top floor. One is for Finn, and the other is for you, Jax, and Lil. Across the street is an identical building with two penthouses. I bought those as well, one for me and the family and one for my father. I wanted us all close. The family should be together."

I was overwhelmed and humbled by his generosity. No one gave gifts like Iver Eriskay, the immortals' benevolent godfather. "Iver, I don't know what to say. Except, thank you. I am both touched and honored by your gift."

Leaning forward, I gave him an awkward bro back slap, which seemed so insignificant compared to the gift. I wasn't good with feeling humbled, as the back slap clearly indicated. Iver had a penchant for putting me in a constant state of gratitude.

I glanced at Finn, who was probably way out of his comfort zone. I, at least, was used to gifts from Iver, but Finn, not so much.

"I thank you, Iver, for this gift. While it is an honor to be worthy of such a gift as this, it is too much. I don't need something so large and expensive."

"First of all, you can consider this a gift for your sister if you must. She wants you close, both of you," Iver said, looking from Finn to myself. "Also, this is an investment, Finn. You are an artist, according to your sister, so now you have an upper Manhattan penthouse and studio to paint up a storm and create your new life. My decorator, who is an immortal, will be at the wedding. Her name is Shay. If you want her to get your apartment set up, Finn, I have already given her my permission and a limitless budget. Just let her know."

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My empath brother seemed lost in a world of sensations. We left him to it as all eyes turned back my way.

"I won't need the decorator. My wife will freak if she doesn't stamp everything with her touch."

We all burst out laughing and had some clean fun at Lilith's expense. An hour later, the guys left to get ready. I jumped into the shower and reflected on all the changes in my life since my sister met Iver Eriskay.