



Angel of Destruction; Part 3

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Second Edition**

He was like a god...born to be worshipped

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Chapter Six The sun warmed Luciel's flesh as she ran into the cool waters of the river. She dove beneath the glittering surface once the water reached her waist, and then resurfaced with a gasp, rubbing the water from her eyes. The chilly water caused her nipples to pebble and raise goose bumps on her skin. Closing her eyes, she let the sunshine warm her face. The heat didn't last very long, though. A shadow coming over the source of light, had her opening her eyes once more, expecting to see a cloud overhead. It was Davariel. His bright red wings looked like a red blur behind him, and the sun made his billowing hair look like golden flames. A golden god. He smiled and reached for her. Panicked, she turned to run to shore, but he grasped her from behind and swooped straight up, taking her breath away with the momentum. Luciel barely got her breath back when he tossed her up. She screamed before remembering her powers, but he caught her again. This time she faced him as he enfolded her in his strong arms. Instinctively, she wrapped her arms and legs around him, her heart pounding. Looking over her arms, the river below looked like a tiny, silver thread lying in the verdant green foliage below. Even the trees looked like little blades of grass. Davariel chuckled making her glare at him. "My love," he sighed with a smile. "Asshole," she retorted, giving his hair a yank. He frowned. "You're not being very nice. Perhaps I should drop you." "Go right ahead, dumbass," she retorted, eyes narrowed. They both knew she could levitate, though she hated doing it. Heights were not her thing. His hands caressed her bottom, his eyes sultry. "I think I prefer you just where you are." "Hey. Stop that." She wiggled trying to get him to take his hand off her rear. His eyes rolled up in ecstasy. "Oh, Luci. Yes. Keep moving like that." Belated, she realized she'd been grinding herself against his swollen penis. She gasped, eyes wide. "Horny, bas..." His mouth slanted over hers, silencing her with a kiss. Davariel was an excellent kisser. The tip of his tongue

darted into her mouth, teasing her with little tastes of him. Closing her eyes, she melted against him with a sigh. Her mouth devoured his the way she'd longed to do for so long. He raised his thighs so her bottom rested against them, and then used his hands to bring her up and down against him, while he moved his hips to intensify the sensation. His hard shaft parted her folds and dragged against her clit. She felt herself grow moist, eager for his penetration and whimpered. Luciel buried her fingers in his hair. Soft, so soft. Her other hand lowered to his chest, feeling the silky skin over his taut muscles. She felt his pert nipple against the palm of her hand as she squeezed his bulging pectoral. "Luci, I love you," he whispered against her lips. "Please...tell me you love me too." Luciel felt him give a startled lurch and opened her eyes. The intensity of emotion in his glowing gaze moved her. A single tear rolled down Davariel's rosy cheek. "T-tell me... you love m-m..." His lids began to droop, the fire in his eyes waning. She looked down, wondering what was wrong with him, and stared horrified... at his beating heart in her bloodied hand. They dropped. Luciel sat up screaming in her bed. With a heartfelt sob, she realized it had been nothing more than a nightmare. One of many that plagued her since the night Davariel had fought with the hideous demons to protect her. A week had gone by, but he'd never returned. Sometimes panic gripped her thinking maybe they'd killed him, but then they would have come for her...would they? No. He was still alive. Maybe he was off on some other planet on another killing spree. Maybe the whole thing with the demons had been fake to get her to trust him, and perhaps not attempt to kill him if she had the chance. But the way he looked at her...his eyes, so wide, almost guiles. She sat up with a huff. The Edenian council expected her to kill him. She'd been trained to do so. He'd been tried and found guilty. Luciel was his executioner, not his personal savior. A warm bath by the fireplace in the bedroom drew her attention. Grateful, Luciel submerged herself into the old-fashioned copper tub with a weary sigh and closed her eyes. How am I going to do this? I've got to kill him, but...heaven help, me I don't think I can. The scientists from the Edenian council told her cutting his wings off would incapacitate him. It would break the hold the demons had over him. He would no longer be their puppet, but she still needed to kill him. There was nothing more dangerous than a rogue reaper and Davariel was a mutation to boot. Luciel had to find the strength to do it. The entire universe was doomed if she didn't...right? But, oh, God—he's not what I thought he was. They're just using him. He's not.... The water sloshing in the tub startled her. She stared bewildered as Davariel jumped in and molded his virile body against hers, kissing her, barely able to keep from smiling as his tongue dipped into her mouth. His ever-erect cock prodded her concave belly. "Luci, I missed you." He was giddy and nipped playfully at her neck. He looked different, but she couldn't quite put her finger on it. "Did you miss me too?" She put her palms against his hard, muscular chest and pushed, budging him a few inches back—because he let her. "What's...up with you ?" He chuckled and splashed her face before moving to sit his delectable ass on her thighs, straddling her in the tub. She wiped the water from her eyes and glared at his beaming face. His blood-red devil's wings spread out over the rim of the metal tub as he rested his elbows on the edges, gazing at her with open curiosity. Luciel narrowed her eyes. There was something different about him. He looked... ridiculously happy. What in hell's name could this fool be happy about? Unable to resist, Davariel grasped her arm and pressed his nose against her wet skin. He inhaled

deeply wanting to drown himself in her scent. She yanked her arm away with a scowl and snapped in irritation, "Why do you always smell me?" "I like your...." "I know- I know. You like my scent. Still, stop doing that or I'm going to slap you." He bit his lower lip. The desire to kiss her almost had him moaning. Again, he leaned toward her. "Did you miss me, my love?" She scoffed at his words, pushing his hand away when he tried to caress her cheek. "You don't know the meaning of the word love, demon." Her words sliced through him like a knife. Could he be wrong about the scent she emanated? Was he so desperate for love he was deluding himself to feel it where it did not exist? It wouldn't be the first time. He sighed, looking away. "No. I guess you're right. No one has ever really loved me." "Nor have you ever loved anyone." He pondered her words for a moment. Had he ever loved before? Levinia came to mind. Even after becoming dark prince, he'd never sought her out to harm her. He knew now that it had only been a childish crush. What did love mean for Luci? "Have you ever loved anyone?" "Of course," she retorted. "Who?" His heart pounded in his ears as he awaited her reply. What if she was in love with someone else? "Many people, my parents, my friends...why?" Relief flooded him. "What does it feel like?" He touched her face with the tips of his fingers. Her eyes went round in shock as she leaned away from his touch. After a long pause, where she stared at him as if he'd sprouted another head she answered, "It's hard to describe. You care a lot for the well-being of the person you love, sometimes even more than yourself. You could never hurt them." He icy-blue eyes glared accusingly at him. That's exactly how he felt, but what about Luci? They were supposed to be mortal enemies. "Could you ever love me?" "Never. You're a horrible creature," she spat, her eyes wild with terror. He flinched, feeling those words rip into his heart. But he shouldn't have been surprised, after all, she'd been trained to kill the angel of destruction. "Do you...still want to kill me?" Her lower lip trembled, and for a fleeting moment looked unsure. "I must kill you," she answered looking directly into his eyes. "I see." He looked down with a dejected sigh. Death would be a welcome relief. It would take care of so much. Her scent teased him again. He knew he loved her. Before taking his last breath, he would fix the horror he'd unleashed upon the universe...for Luci. He would make it all right again. Once more, the scent wrapped around him, drawing him in. You could never hurt the one you love— she'd said. Davariel narrowed his eyes. She was nibbling her plump lower lip, looking guilty. Why? "I'll make this easy for you, my Luci," he whispered. Davariel grabbed her hands and put them around his neck. Her gasp of shock was the last thing he heard before slipping under the water, pulling her over him. He kept his eyes on her face. At first, she only tugged her hands, until Davariel pretended to take a gulp of water and rolled his eyes. Her nails dug into his throat and her frenzied shrieks reached him through the water. "Stop. Stop, Davariel," she cried hysterically. "Please don't. Don't." It was music to his ears. She cared about him. She did love him. He wanted to laugh. He wanted to cry. He needed to tell her he loved her. He rose, unable to control his laugh of joy. The sound slap she gave him startled him. He gasped and covered his face, stunned. "You bastard," she sobbed. "You fucking bastard. Don't you ever fucking scare me like that again." Yes, she does love me. His eyes filled with tears of hope. "But you said you wanted to..." he began in a quiet tone. "Fuck you," she shrieked. He struggled against the sobs that rose in his throat. "No one's ever cared about me... or cried for me." Tamping down the childish urge

to cry, he wiped his eyes and looked at her again. Her eyes were wide with shock. "I care about you too. That means we're in love, right?" He reached for her, wanting to kiss her. "Are you mad?" She scoffed, gripping his wrists to push him away. "Did you lose your mind when those demons...." He paused, his eyes searching her face. Slowly, the feeling of hope and elation withered and died. He could feel his face grow warm. "Oh. You don't...feel the same? I'm sorry. I'm not used to these new feelings. Coming into full bloom is...confusing." And embarrassing, and painful.... "You're confusing me here, Dava. Back up. What the hell is full bloom and why have you just come into it?" "It's what happens when Seraphs finally shed the last of their baby feathers. It happens just before we reach half of our first quarter life span," he answered, grateful for the change in subject. "Okay. Now you really lost me. Half of your first quarter life span?" "We live a little more than two thousand Earth years on an average." She paled. "And how old are you, exactly?" What was going through her head? Something about the way she was looking at him made him uneasy. "I'm two hundred and forty sun orbits." Would she think he was too old for her? By Seraphs' standards, he was barely emerging from childhood. "Oh, gross." She jumped out of the water and grabbed the sheet that was on the bed to cover herself. All he could do was stare open-mouthed, with the sinking feeling that gross was not a good thing. "Oh, God." She looked at him as though he were dragon pook. "That would make you like...less than twelve and a half years old. I'm going to hell." A child? He shot out of the tub and tried to grab her. "No, Luci. It's not like that." He was no child! "Get away from me, and put some clothes on. I swear, if you try to come on to me again I'm going to slap you senseless." This would not do. Her survival depended on her losing her virginity. If she saw him as a child...how ridiculous. He was a fully grown Seraph. "But, Luci...." "And stop calling me that." She stomped her foot. It was time to start the seduction. They were running out of time. "But it's my pet name for you," he whined with a pout. She covered her face and groaned in misery. Smiling, he wrapped his hands around her tiny waist. She opened her eyes and slapped his hands away, then gave him a stinging smack to his backside. "No touching. Behave." The feel of her hand striking his ass only served to harden him up more. "You do realize you're spanking a two hundred and forty year old Seraph and it's turning me on." Her eyes lowered and widened. "Make no mistake, Luciel. I'm no little boy. Little boys aren't packaged like this." He waved his cock at her to make his meaning clear. She gave a little squeak of surprise and jumped back. Davariel chuckled and pulled her soft curves against him, devouring her mouth. He felt guilty when he concentrated on releasing more pheromones to engulf her in a cloud of desire. He needed her to want him more than ever. Her very life depended on it. After a moment, he felt her go pliant against him. His hands engulfed her taut ass cheeks, pulling her against him as he rolled his groin against her, grinding his erection against her pubic bone. Luciel sighed into his mouth. Moving forward, he pushed her onto the bed, stroking and kissing her with desperate enthusiasm. When he grasped her hips and ground himself against her, she broke the kiss with a gasp "A condom. We need a condom." He blinked, surprised she was still coherent enough to even speak, much less worry about protection.. "I don't have any diseases. My body isn't capable of harboring any." "I'll get pregnant," she whispered, spreading her thighs and rubbing a very wet cunt up and down his twitching shaft. A baby. Davariel shuddered. For a few seconds he indulged in the fantasy of picturing

himself standing in a beautiful field next to Luci as he tossed a baby up in the air to teach it to fly. The little one would look like her.... “Oh, no you don’t. It’s bad enough I’m having sex with a precocious adolescent, I am not letting you get me pregnant with baby demons.” The daydream faded and reality rushed in as he looked into Luci’s too lucid eyes. It didn’t matter. She wanted him. “If it’s meant to be, all the birth control in the universe won’t prevent it, Luci,” he crooned licking her ear. She shuddered and gasped, and to his surprise answered in a breathy voice, “No balloon, no celebration, buddy.” Davariel had no idea what she meant about the balloon and celebration, but surmised that there would be no sex without this Edenian form of birth control. He didn’t want to engulf her in more pheromones. She’d become mindless with lust, and it wasn’t how he wanted to take her virginity. He got up and stalked to the window. Sticking his head out, he whistled for the dragons. Nothing but silence greeted him. His patience was wearing thin. “Remuel. Zakreel.” Luciel almost screamed when the face of a giant red dragon poked through the open window. “You called, master?” “I need a condom.” The dragon’s bright green eyes widened. “Uh, yeah-yeah.” He pulled his head back out. “I think I have one here.” Luciel couldn’t believe her eyes or ears. Her demon lover was asking a giant red dragon for a condom. Had the situation not been so serious she would have laughed her ass off when a plastic bag big enough to fit both her and Davariel sailed in through the window. Davariel stared at it open-mouthed, before growling in frustrated anger and tossing it back out. “How about one that will just fit my dick and not my whole body, idiot.” The dragon’s head popped back in with an angry little snort, a puff of smoke curling from his nostrils. “That’s all I have, master. ” “Rem, move. I’ve got one,” another masculine voice called from outside. Luciel had to gasp this time when a dragon that looked as though it were made of pure gold poked his head in through the window. He had the bluest sapphire eyes she’d ever seen. The stunning beast stared at Luciel for a few seconds before bestowing her with a frightening toothy grin. Davariel smacked his snout in impatience. “Ow. Okay-okay, here.” The dragon stuck his enormous bluish tongue out. Davariel took the small package, eyeing it with reservation as the golden dragon spoke. “It fits me when I’m not in dragon form... yikes.” The beast was looking at Davariel’s erection. “Uh...yeah. Good luck with that.” The creature disappeared from the window. Davariel sighed with a look of uncertainty, turning over the tiny square in his hand. Hopping into bed again, he fumbled with the small package. Once he had it open, he seemed at a loss as to what to do with it. Luciel rolled her eyes and snatched the condom from him. “All right, lover-boy. I’ve got this.” It was an ancient style of condom, but she knew how it was placed. The spray on was much more convenient, but a barrier was a barrier. He gasped and flinched when she started rolling it down onto him. Clenching his teeth with a growl, he protested, “I don’t like it.” Luciel cringed. He sounded just like a kid that didn’t want to take his medicine. “Well you’re going to have to use it.” The damn thing barely fit him, but she managed to get it on him. “There.” They both stared at his latex covered cock. She wondered if it hurt him and was just about to tell him he could take it off, when he tackled her. His mouth devoured hers as he nudged her legs apart with his knees. She accommodated him by trying to wrap her legs around his waist, but he slipped away and lowered himself down her body. His tongue lapped at her tightly pebbled nipples before taking each one deep into his mouth, suckling her like a famished babe. She tangled her

fingers in his wet hair, holding him to her. Each tug of his mouth on her nipple sent a jolt of pleasure between her legs. She sighed, arching her back. He licked and kissed his way down her torso, dallying to dip his tongue into her bellybutton, nipping at her waist, then sliding his tongue across the crease of her leg. His hands gripped her shaky thighs and spread her wider. Luciel's breath hammered in and out of her mouth as she tensed in anticipation. He inhaled her essence before tasting her. She felt his tongue swipe at her, making her clutch at the frayed quilt. She bit her lip, trying to stifle her whimper. "Mmmm...better than forbidden fruit," he groaned. His red wings fanned behind him, making the heat from his body roll off him in waves. It was a common trait for Seraph's to cool off during mating with their wings. His hair, still wet, molded against his sinewy body. He held her thighs higher. Davariel pressed his lips to her, as his tongue began lashing her clit repeatedly, over and over until Luciel felt ready to burst out of her skin. "Oh, God," she sobbed, trembling. She could no longer hold back from bucking against his face. His tongue licked and flicked everywhere, eating her out as if he were dying of hunger—hunger for her sweet pussy. He licked and swallowed, the wet sound of his tongue delving around her aching cunt as loud as her cries and whimpers. He moaned and panted as well, scraping his fangs across her sensitive folds. Just when she thought she would die from pleasure, pain blazed between her legs as his tongue speared into her. She cried out in surprise. Of course... he was larger than the average Edenian male, his tongue would be too. He'd just breached her ... with his tongue. She groaned and rolled her hips as he thrust his tongue into her in a steady rhythm, vigorously fucking her with his tongue. "Davariel," she whimpered, shaking from head to toe as she spread her legs wider and arched more, opening herself totally for him. His beautiful eyes flashed up at her, holding her gaze, watching what he was doing to her. Everything inside her was tightening up like a coil. Luciel's thighs shook, her fists clutching at the frayed fabric of the patchwork quilt. She was going to cum. Her hips rocked against his beautiful face uncontrollably, until she bowed and a feral groan tore from her throat. She cried out his name, begged for more. He obeyed by moving up her body again and impaling her in one quick thrust. He paused for a second with a strange wide-eyed expression. "Oh God, Davariel," she cried out beneath him. "Don't stop now." He took her hand. She blanched when he placed it over his heart and waited, staring deeply into her eyes. "It's okay now, Luci. You're safe. Do what you must." Davariel's heart thundered beneath her hand. He waited for his death with his usual angelic smile, as if it were the most cherished blessing. His flesh was resilient, hot, the nipple a hard little point that prodded the palm of her hand like a bead. Her fingers closed on the tight nub and pinched, making him gasp. She couldn't do it. He was changing. There was hope for him yet. They needed to escape. She was sure the scientists from Edenia could safely remove his wings, and then it would be all over. He'd be free. God, help me. I love him. "Davariel, please...don't stop. Show me your love." He blinked in surprise, and then kissed her. Davariel held her, his lean hips flexing back and forth with a vigor that had her shuddering in bliss. He fucked her without restraint. Using her powers, she stripped the water from his hair, wanting to feel the luxurious mass. Exquisite. Her hands continued to explore him, making him sigh in contentment. They smoothed over his bunched shoulders, underneath his fanning wings to feel the powerful muscles twitching there. Her fingers trailed to the sweet dip in his back, beneath his

golden tresses, finally spanning out to clasp his lean waist. His body was gorgeous. She pulled him tighter, causing him to thrust with more power. Luciel groaned, wrapping her thighs around his waist, her heels digging into his ass, inviting him deeper. He whispered he loved her, making her want to cry. She was cumming again, arching against him as he held her and moved a little slower, grinding a little harder, to let her ride it out longer. "Ah-God," she cried out. Colors burst behind her closed lids as his clean essence filled her senses, wrapping her in sea breeze, sunshine and love. There was music too, the sound of their souls singing to each other. It filled her with a joy she'd never experienced before. Again, he started; harder, faster, making her breasts bounce from the impact. The tight feel of her muscles squeezing him had her at that sublime spot again. Luciel heard his guttural cry. Hot throbbing pulses filled her, making her orgasm pitch even higher. Her legs clenched around him as her back arched, trying to drive him further into her. She wanted to feel him deep, become part of her body. The wave of ecstasy rolled her over and over, making her shake from its intensity until she went limp in his trembling arms. She felt drained. He's definitely a cambion. He must've fed off my energy. She didn't care. She kept her eyes closed, letting herself sink deeper into the comforting embrace of sleep. He was gathering her against him, murmuring about needing to tell her something she might not like. Not now. She was too sated and happy to hear something she wasn't going to like. Davariel stared at her sleeping form in his arms, feeling his eyes sting with moisture. It was better this way after all. He pulled out of her, feeling her internal muscles cling to him, as if not wanting to relinquish his presence from her body. He could have kept fucking her...for days, but she wasn't a Seraphian female and there wasn't any point to getting her accustomed to the mating habits of his kind. They had no future together... he had no future. How he wished she had completed her task...to rip his heart out. How blissful he would have received that ending while embedded in her lush depths. The demons weren't going to give him such a swift nor pleasurable end. He pushed away the horrid images of his awaiting torture. Luci would be gone from what was left of his life. He didn't want to mar this last moment of happiness with such thoughts. The nightmare would begin soon enough. Davariel removed the remains of the shredded condom, then caressed her concave belly. How wondrous it would be if his seed took root there...inside the woman he loved. How happy he would have felt to have a normal life with a life-mate and children. But he was born cursed. He had to remember that. Love and happiness could never be for him. Well, at least he had this moment of happiness. He wanted to savor it just a moment longer. He lay by her side smiling with the delight of being near her...of loving her. "If only this moment would last forever." He sighed, his eyes caressing every feature of her exquisite face in wonder. "I'll make it last forever in my mind. It'll be my happy thought when I die." His smile broadened. He reached over to trace her lips with his fingertip. "I love you, Luci. Thank you for my happy thought." He just wished he could have heard her say the same to him. He would die never having heard someone tell him they loved him and mean it. "That's okay. As long as you're safe, that'll be enough for me, my love." He kissed her damp cheek and realized she needed another bath. Looking briefly at the tub of water, he decided he'd lick her clean, versus waking her by putting her into the water again. Besides, he just wanted to taste her one last time. Davariel went about his task diligently, licking every inch of her in adoration. When done, he

rose with a forlorn sigh and summoned the dragons. They had to take her away now. Prolonging the inevitable was dangerous for her. "Master?" Davariel bent and took Luciel into his arms. He held her like a sleeping child as he sobbed like one. Tamping down his emotions was never his forte. "My Luci," he whispered. Kissing her plump lips, he turned to the dragons. "Take her away now, and please keep her safe. I love her," he implored. They morphed into their human forms and Remuel climbed in through the window. He frowned, looking taken aback at Davariel's emotional breakdown. "Why don't you take her away and just stay with her?" he said softly, his brow furrowed with concern. "I'm bound to them. The demons. They'll find me and they'll hurt her to punish me." Davariel placed his sleeping beauty into Remuel's arms. "Just take her away. Take her directly to Earth. It's well protected now by more Seraph Master Guardians." "What about you," they asked in unison? "I must face my destiny now...the one I made for myself by choosing this." Davariel opened his wings in defeat, and then let them drop limply behind him, his head bowed. Chapter Seven Davariel hovered over the rift, his wings a humming blur barely audible over the howling wind. The sky overhead, choked with thick clouds, was reddish, almost black. He knew Megdoluc's twin suns were shining on the other side of these clouds at their midday mark. However, beneath the thick volcanic ash floating in the atmosphere, it looked closer to dawn. The air, a fetid mixture of excrement, rotting flesh and ammonia, contained enough poison to blind any being without protection, but Davariel's eyes had a transparent nictating membrane, common to his species, which protected the eyes during flight. Below him, the frozen waves of the black ocean resembled great canyons. They spiraled around in a funnel that measured about a mile across. The heart of the funnel had a thick layer of a strange glass-like substance, which looked solid, yet rippled at its center. Devils were still leaking out, but the larger more powerful fallen archangels still could not get through. Time was running out. Davariel knew reapers would return to Megdoluc, searching for him, something they did sporadically. They still clung to the hope of killing him before he opened the gateway to hell and set Lucifer free. What surprised him most was that the demons hadn't questioned him about the sacrifice or Luciel's whereabouts. The two remaining demons simply stayed away, along with two others that appeared a few nights before. Three months had passed since the dragons whisked Luciel away with the help of a clan of were-tigris. The shape shifting humanoids provided a star cruiser for their journey to Earth. Davariel felt Luciel reaching out to him telepathically and shunned her each time. She even tried a dream walker spell, but he kept her blocked out of his mind. Three weeks passed since the last time she attempted to connect with him. She'd finally given up. He felt heartbroken, even though he knew it was all for the best. He didn't want her suffering for him. He didn't deserve it. Summoning up his powers, he concentrated on the rift. He felt strong enough to try to reseal it. "Abba," he begged to the Divine One on a sob, "I know I'm unworthy... but I implore you to give me the strength to mend the evil I've done." He whispered the incantation that summoned the demon sword, then, with both hands, raised it over his head, pointing to the sky. Davariel began praying in the ancient language of the Dominatios. The wind began to pick up, whipping his hair behind his back. Energy filled him until he thought his body would explode into flames. White light surrounded him and he felt that energy extend into a long beam that rose into the stratosphere and down into the heart of the funnel. The

entire surface of the planet shook, as if trembling in terror. The volcanoes exploded again, with more violence than before, fire shooting up like solar flares. The black clouds began to part around the beam of light he projected allowing the rays of the suns to break through. The entire funnel glowed, revealing dark shadows swimming beneath the barrier. “Davariel, stop.” The voice was deep, laden with a power so terrible Davariel almost complied to its demand. Could it be Lucifer speaking to him? Davariel closed his eyes and prayed more fervently. Not far from Megdoluc, a star cruiser containing a handful of reapers and two Seraph Master Guardians witnessed the terrifying display of energy. The entire planet glowed as if it were about to burst. Davariel’s power harnessed the strength of one of the suns, causing it to flicker as he drained its life. They watched horrified as the star began to swell and turn first white, then yellow to orange. As the color darkened to red, the star tripled in size. “What the hell is he doing?” one of the reapers exclaimed. “He’ll kill us all.” “He must be opening the rift.” The high priest that had replaced Gadriel cursed. “We’ve got to hurry. We may be able to kill the smaller less powerful devils and demons, but not the fallen archangels.” The star cruiser dove toward the surface of Megdoluc. They were greeted with the sight of fire and ice once they broke through the thick covering of black clouds. Landing at the edge of a frozen whirlpool, the sound of clashing swords drew their attention to the sky. Davariel fought three fallen angels and a horde of devils. The reapers took to the sky, but when they neared the battle the unholy creatures fled, leaving Davariel alone. He turned to the reapers and lowered his sword, panting. Immediately, they seized him and brought him down to the ground. He didn’t fight them. They made him kneel, pushing him down with rough hands, a reaper at each arm holding him. Another four grabbed hold of each wing and spread them out behind him in a very vulnerable position. And so begins my crucifixion— Davariel thought with a shudder. The rift was almost closed, but the last three fallen angels to come through attacked him, preventing him from closing it completely. He kept his head bowed and saw when the black boots of the new high priest stopped before him. Davariel knew Ashriel. By Seraph’s standards, he was still a chickling, barely ninety sun orbits. Baby down still covered his black wings, despite his full-grown male body. “We meet again, Davariel.” The high priest bent to tilt Davariel’s face up with his fingertips. Wisps of his dark chocolate-brown hair drifted across his boyish face as he gazed into Dava’s eyes. “I remember the way your eyes were before... so blue and clear... so beautiful. What have you done to yourself, Davariel? Why did you divest yourself of your magnificent wings? No one’s wings were blacker than yours.” “They were a curse to me,” Davariel replied in a soft voice. Ashriel frowned, and then positioned his sword at Davariel’s throat. Dava let his head fall back in submission, awaiting his death. The divine sword remained silent surprising Davariel. His soul couldn’t be purified, not after all he’d done. “Have you repented?” Shock was evident in Ashriel’s voice. “Yes.” Davariel shuddered with the admission. His soul felt light and liberated, full of joy and love. Luci was safe. If he could close the rift completely, everything would be perfect. As if unable to believe what he was hearing, Ashriel summoned a Master Guardian to sweep Davariel’s mind, wanting to see all of his memories. The Seraph seemed hesitant at first. To them, reading a person’s mind uninvited was akin to rape, but she complied at Ashriel’s blistering scowl. “It’s all right.” Davariel smiled at her. “I don’t mind.” The pretty Seraph placed her hand on Davariel’s head and the other on

Ashriel's strong forearm. After a while, Davariel cringed when she began to sob and scream. She must not have liked what she saw. The other Master Guardian rushed to hold her as she began to crumple to the ground. He pulled her back, bewildered, as she reached out, trying to embrace Davariel. Davariel looked back up at Ashriel who stared at him open mouthed for a moment, before regaining his composure with a scowl. "You're a fool," the high priest spat. Davariel bowed his head again. "You wonder why the demons have ceased to punish you...why they no longer inquire about the sacrifice. Oh, Angel of Destruction...how truly naive you are. You impregnated the girl with your demon seed. She carries your successor within her...more powerful than you, because its blood is mixed with the blood of a very powerful Master Guardian and, of course, the act of conception took place on the most magical planet in the entire universe. That will make the child the most powerful entity ever created in this realm." He looked up and nodded. One of the reapers knelt before him and pulled Davariel's long hair forward, baring his back and wings. Davariel braced himself, closing his eyes. One blow was all it took to sever his wings. He screamed in agony. They released his writhing body to the ground. Blood, bright and pure red, spurted upon the ash cover snow creating a crimson pool. That last act broke his bond of slavery to the demons. "Your child must die, Dava. I'm sorry." "No," he sobbed. "Please. I pay for my own sins. Don't hurt my baby." Ashriel's words caused more pain to Davariel than the hacking of his wings. "It carries your blood...your demon blood. It'll be an abomination." "The child also carries the blood of a Master Guardian...an archangel. Luci has a divine sword. She battled me with it. Her blood is strong. The babe has free will. Don't deny its right to choose," he begged, looking up at Ashriel. The High Priest shook his head with regret. "It's not that simple. If the child were to fall into the hands of the dark side, we'd all be doomed. The child's pure blood alone is strong enough to break open the rift completely. They wouldn't have need for a virginal sacrifice. The child would become the sacrifice. That's why they've allowed you to live. You're the bait. They're waiting for the woman to return for you." "Then kill me," he implored. "Take my body back for all to see I am no more." "You've repented. Killing you would be a pointless murder." "And killing Luci and an innocent babe isn't? She won't return. Ashriel, please." "No. She won't return...because we're going to hunt her down. I'm sorry, Davariel, but this needs to be done." Davariel tried to stand, despite the pain. He began to throw up because of the imbalance of not having any wings. Black soot, blood, and now puke covered him. He was weak, powerless, and broken, but worse, he was useless to defend the woman he loved and his child in her womb. He begged and wept until he was hoarse as they took to the sky, leaving him abandoned on the demon planet. He crumpled to the frozen ground losing consciousness. On Earth, Luciel clenched her teeth in agony. She panted, her brow beading in sweat as the contractions ebbed. It felt as if her baby had made a complete somersault within her womb. The labor had started the night before. Her gestation period had only taken three months. Remuel assured her this was normal for the offspring of a Seraph. What hadn't been normal was her belly blooming to twice its size since labor began, and she distinctly felt the movement of a second baby in her womb when they had been certain it was only one. She'd refused to have her belly scanned. This was Davariel's and her baby. She would love it regardless of what it was... male, female, seraph, or demon...or cambion. A were-tigri male, Seshmel,

mopped Luciel's brow while his sister, Sasha, crouched between her legs. Luciel squatted down, held from behind by Zakreel. Remuel was kneeling close with a blanket, ready to take the newborn once he or she was delivered. She was grateful to the were-tigri clan for taking her in and providing her with protection during her pregnancy. She sensed she wasn't safe; knew she was being hunted because of what she carried in her womb. Not even the were-tigri's knew the babe in her womb was fathered by the dark prince. Had they known, they would have fled in terror. Luciel pushed, feeling the emergence of Davariel's baby. He'd kept her blocked out all these months. Gritting her teeth, she almost growled thinking of what she was going to tell him. How dare he get her pregnant then just.... Pain ripped through her making her scream. "Why does it hurt so much. Something's not right." "It's fine," Sasha soothed. "Keep pushing. The baby is emerging feet first." She clenched her teeth and bore down, the pain agonizing. Wings. Maybe that's why it hurt so much. The baby probably had wings like his father. She would have to go into hiding to protect the baby. When did chicklings learn to fly? Luciel's rambling thoughts came to a halt when she saw her baby emerge; a boy with stark black hair. The pain didn't subside, as she took a second agonized breath. The baby's tiny fists were clutching another set of little hands, literally dragging another infant out along with him. Luciel closed her eyes as she bore down again. When the second child was delivered, she felt faint with exhaustion. Twins, but only one was wailing. Zakreel scooped her up and placed her in a large sunken tub. The silence of the first baby made her feel anxious, even though she could feel his life force pulsating all around them. "Are they both okay? Please...tell me." "The raven haired one is well. He's just quiet. I can see him breathing and he's moving." Remuel answered over his shoulder. She didn't get to see the second baby when he emerged, only the hands. This one obviously hadn't inherited her dark hair. Did he look like Davariel? A curl of apprehension skittered through her. Another god-like Seraph? Seshmel approached her with a wailing blond baby. He placed the tiny infant in her arms as Luciel gazed at her beautiful son. He was all plump and pink and loud. She smiled and put him to her breast. He immediately latched on. Blinking open his eyes, he looked at her face, as his rosebud lips pulled at her nipple. Luciel felt her heart constrict with love as she gazed into his pale blue eyes. Just like mom's, but —they had a slight almond shape to them. He looked just like Luciel, but with blond hair. She felt a little guilty at her relief none of the babies had been born with wings, angelic or demonic. "I'm going to name you Lucien. It means Light of God . It was your grandfather's name." Her heart swelled with maternal pride. "Remuel, let me hold my other baby." The other dragon, when in human form, had the deepest, reddest mane of hair she'd ever seen on a humanoid. It was the color of blood. She became nervous when he gazed at her with reluctance in his bright green eyes. "Bring him to me," she demanded. This baby was larger. His hair was deep blue-black, much richer than hers, and his skin very pale. If it weren't for his rosy cheeks, she would have believed he had been stillborn. Remuel leaned down and placed her first born in her other arm. She gasped when she saw how his eyes glowed...like a demon's...like his father's. Except for the dark hair, the baby looked exactly like Davariel. Oh, God. For a moment she felt despair, but he smiled at her, one little blue eye scrunching closed, and then he stretched and yawned. "Oh," was all she could say, completely captivated. A burst of blue-white light blinded Luciel. Clutching her babes to her

breasts, she created a protective cocoon around them. Still, the room shook with the power of the new presence, making her feel terror. The musical notes of a child-like voice filled the room, like a tinkling glass wind-chime dancing in the breeze—a breeze that carried the sweetness of a million fragrant blooms. Luciel looked up and blinked in astonishment. A platinum-haired cherub floated before them; a legendary Dominatio. Its eyes flashed blue, like lightning, in a round baby-face. The tiny angel held a gleaming sword over its head as though it weighed nothing. He'd said a name. She tried to pronounce it. "Div-Div-" Luciel stuttered. "Dev' On," the cherub pronounced a bit more clearly. "Devon...Devon Luciel Angelos." She gazed at her raven-haired son, then looked at her blond son, "and Lucien Davariel Angelos." Luciel heard loud gasps and looked up to see the were-tigris clutching each other with terrified looks on their faces. She'd mentioned Davariel's name. Beings were still terrified of him. Before she'd even opened her mouth, Remuel ushered the were-tigris out, launching into what she surmised was going to be a lengthy explanation as to why they hadn't been informed that Luciel was carrying the offspring of the dark prince. "The little ones must be kept safe. Both have powers beyond mere mortals." "Both?" "They must be kept safe." One second she was staring at the blond androgynous baby angel, the next second at a cloud of hundreds of bright flowers spilling onto the floor of the bathroom. The entire room filled with the sweet scent of flowers. The sword the cherub held dissipated into a shimmering cloud of iridescent light that swirled around Devon and disappeared. Luciel stared in awe at her son. She'd received her divine sword only two years ago. Dominatio's had never bestowed a divine sword to an infant before. What did it all mean? A vision came to her, and she almost doubled over in pain when she saw what was left of Davariel in her mind. Chapter Eight How can I still be alive? Time held no meaning for him. Davariel's life had become a blur of continuous torture. He'd tried to fight back, killed countless devils but there were too many of them. Once they weakened him, the demons had come to take their turn at him. His body had been battered and abused. Only his face remained untouched. They told him Lucifer wanted the privilege of ripping Davariel's pretty face off himself. He dreamed of Luciel, drifting in and out of consciousness, holding on to his happy thought in desperation. Soon. Soon the end will come. He tried to console himself. Through the pain, he clung to the memory of Luciel, her scent, her face, her fiery temper. "My love," he whispered. Davariel lay listless on the filthy ground. His heart beat in an erratic rhythm as he waited for it to stop. However, to his dismay, it kept right on beating, stuttering now and then. Why? One of the younger she-devils came over sniffing at him. Her image swam before his bleary eyes. She was different from the others in how she looked and acted, and usually stayed away. He'd seen her many times scratching and pulling at her skin as if being encased in a body made her uncomfortable. Now she sniffed at him, watching the demons in trepidation. His eyes drifted shut. The female poked lightly at him and after a long moment began the task of tongue bathing him like a cat. Her tongue was a bit raspy and made his wounds sting, reminding him he was still alive. He hadn't the strength to wave her away...he couldn't even groan. When would death bless him with escape? Briefly, and to his somber amusement, he felt her trying to grasp him under his arms, trying to pull him away. A threatening growl from one of the demons had her ceasing her efforts and scurrying away. Then all sounds and sensations ceased. He dreamt of a beautiful woman

cradling him in her arms. She was a feminine version of himself. For the longest moment, all he could do was stare at her. She was humming to him and stroking his hair back from his forehead. The woman just hummed and smiled at him. "Are you my mother?" He finally asked. Her blue eyes shimmered with moisture. "Something akin to that." Her delicate hand caressed his cheek. "Why did you abandon me?" Strange. He felt weak even in this dream. Maybe she was a real angel and had come to take him away. The thought gave him comfort. She probably died giving him birth and now she would take him with her. Perhaps she hadn't abandoned him after all. He was just about to apologize for having caused her demise, but she began to speak. "I couldn't keep you. I had no physical form." "I don't understand." His wanted to touch her face, but he felt so weak. His eyes caressed what he hadn't the strength to touch. "I fell in love with a Seraphian reaper I'd been feeding from and possessed a young Seraphian female to entice him into coupling." She bit her lip, looking uncomfortable, then continued. "I became pregnant. I didn't know that was possible. The woman would only show her pregnancy when I possessed her. I felt the presence of your soul inside me." Her golden brows drew together showing her confusion. She sighed, closed her eyes, and shook her head. "It was a punishment...for having fallen in love. When it was time for you to be born, my spirit became trapped in the Seraph's body until we birthed you. She was horrified because she'd been a virgin and didn't remember having lain with anyone. She wrapped you in rags, without even gazing upon you, and ran to the edge of a cliff to throw you down into the ocean. I begged her not to...she couldn't hear me...but then you began to cry. The sound of your sweet voice enthralled her, so she decided to leave you at the gates of Angelos, because you were a reaper." "What are you? What am I?" "In this realm I was cursed by Lucifer. He turned me into a succubus. You, my son, are a cambion. We were angels, Davariel. Alpha angels, because we were God's brightest. Lucifer was jealous of our splendor and tossed us down into this realm." For a moment, Davariel remembered falling... reaching down to a being made of pure white energy. He didn't understand where the memory came from. "There were seven of us," she continued. "Inside your soul you held the essence of the last two. Devon has already been released. The essence of the last angel is now with him." Davariel's mind reeled. "Who's my father? Was he an angel too?" She looked sad. "You killed him. His name was Gadriel. Lucifer corrupted his soul in an attempt to turn you against God." She caressed his face. "It almost worked." Davariel felt filled with revulsion. His own father...everything they'd done... "I'm-I'm an abomination. Why didn't you let that woman drown me? I never should have been born." She hung her head, her golden hair veiling her face and sobbed. Her tears rained on his face filling him with sorrow. "M-mother?" Mother, I'm sorry for causing you pain. Please forgive me. The dream faded. The feel of cool water against his parched lips made him stir. At first, he instinctively swallowed with his bruised throat, then thought better and refused it. He only prolonged his agony by consuming water. If he stopped, then his days would be shorter. He wondered where he would go once he transcended. Would the Divine One send him directly to Hell, or would he be sent back to this realm to try again? If he reincarnated, he hoped that this time he'd be someone or something a little more normal. How wonderful it would be to come back as a plant, just stand beneath the sun all day and wait for the rains. Better yet, he could be an Edenian toad. One of his reaper baby sisters received

one as a gift from her parents. She had told him they lived in ponds, sat on lily pads and ate flies. It was an ugly, slimy little creature, but made the funniest sound and hopped fast. He remembered giggling with Amaranth, trying to catch it when they were still chicklings. Someone was trying to lift him again. "I want to be a toad," he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper. Something nudged him onto his back. "I'll s-sit... on a li-pad an eat fie..." He felt himself fading again. Voices sounded near him. They seemed familiar. Someone was worrying about swallowing him and then he felt himself rolling onto a wet, warm surface. Blackness. He heard a woman's cry. She was sobbing. A curl of terror gripped his insides making him want to throw up. Had they found Luci? Was she fool enough to have come back looking for him? Were they hurting her too now? The thought had fury burning like fire through him. His instinct to destroy and kill arose like a black demon within his heart. If only his body weren't so broken already. This time he fought the blackness, trying to stay conscious, but failed. It was all encompassing. Fine time for him to die. His last conscious emotion was one of extreme anger. Someone was kissing his face and caressing his hair. There was a warm body pressed up close to him. His body no longer ached. "Davariel, wake up, sweet baby." "Luci?" His eyes blinked open. She was the most beautiful sight he'd ever seen. "Are...we dead, my love?" She laughed. Her eyes held so much love...all for him. "Of course not." Sadness tore through him. He was dreaming. But what a vivid dream. Maybe in his weakened state she dream walked into his mind. He'd kept her away so long so she wouldn't suffer for him. Does that mean she loves me? Dare I hope? No-no, Dava. She only cares...that's still something. He tried to find joy in that, clinging to the thought in desperation. "My love, you've got to be strong. No matter where I am, heaven or hell, I'll always remember you. I just want you to promise me that you'll be happy." "Oh, Davariel. What nonsense are you going on about now?" She shook her head with a soft smile. "First you're going on about wanting to be a toad and now this. What in heaven's name are you talking about?" His vision grew sharper. He began to realize that this was no dream. He was very much alive and awake...and Luciel was lying beside him. He felt himself grow pale as he stared at her in horror. Her smile faded and her brows furrowed at his reaction. "It's a trap, Luci. Why...h-how did you rescue me? Where are we? You must flee." He gasped when he saw her flat abdomen. "You're not pregnant." "Calm down. It's okay." His eyes flew to her face. He felt sick with anxiety even as she tried to soothe him. "We're safe. Trust me. There's a bunch of people helping us. Remuel and Zakreel were the ones that took you out of Megdoluc. Zakreel carried you back in his mouth while he was in dragon form. There are about a half a dozen reapers, both outcasts and fledgling that came to help too and some other weres." At Davariel's look of astonishment she added, "Shifters...wolves and tigers. The dragons recruited them." "I don't understand." Her fingers threaded through his hair gently. "You repented, Davariel. You repented from your heart. Not because you feared any punishment for yourself, but because you dared to feel love. That's why the reapers couldn't kill you. You're no longer a demon." He had flashes of memory...a golden angel cradling him. "What am I?" She'd told him, but he couldn't remember now. Luciel answered him this time. "A man. My man." The possessiveness in her voice made his eyes tear. How could his life have changed so much? How long would it last? Then her next words turned that new life into a dizzying loop that left him dumbfounded. "The father of my babies." He

swallowed. “Ba bies ?” She scowled at him. “I should be really pissed off at you, dumbass.” He swallowed. She looked very mad. “Th-the condom broke.” “Yeah, no shit, Blondie. You get me pregnant, get rid of me, and then don’t answer any of my calls? What the fuck’s up with that?” He pondered what she could possibly mean by calls, and the last sentence he couldn’t make any sense of. What’s up? What does she mean by what’s up with that? He did understand she was quite upset at his having gotten her pregnant. Davariel instinctively pulled up his legs and clasped his hands over his cock, lest she decided to extricate a little revenge in that general area. “I’m... sorry?” The corners of her mouth turned down even more, making her plump lower lip protrude, while her brows drew closer together. “I couldn’t let them find you. I needed for you to be safe.” His eyes beseeched her to understand as the words tumbled out of his mouth. “I’m a Master Guardian, Davariel. I have powers that you can’t even begin to understand. Some of them I don’t understand myself.” “If I was able to capture you, so can they, Luciel.” “We could have fought them together.” “While you were pregnant?” He could tell by the expression on her face she hadn’t thought of that. “Had you fallen into their hands they would have taken care of you during your pregnancy only to await the birth of our child...my successor.” He had to know. “What manner of offspring did I sire, Luciel? Are they Seraph or demon?” Her expression smoothed out. “Allow me to show you.”