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# DARK ANGEL REDEEMED

Angels and Demons - Book Five

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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.

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## Prologue

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### *Finn*

**T**he halls were so white, they were almost too brilliant for my eyes. The floors and walls almost pulsed with a glow, but for the life of me, I couldn't determine where it was coming from. Then I realized that the light was like an aura, emanating from the objects themselves. Every living thing in the world has energy, like a white halo extending from its center.

Here, wherever here, was, the white halos were the brightest I'd ever seen. Almost as if the energy here were more vital or magical? I wasn't entirely sure what I was seeing. As I continued to walk, I passed doors, so many doors. One was calling to me. I could feel its pull as I continued down the hallway. Resisting the urge seemed futile, besides I was curious.

When I arrived at my door, I found two entryways. I was confused. Which entry point was the one I was supposed to take? I stood with my eyes closed, seeking guidance from whoever may be listening, my antenna up and in tune.

I had an option. I soon realized it was my choice to make, left, or right. Two doors were being offered, and my destiny could be either. I reached out my hand to the door on the left and felt the knob. Looking for anything that could give direction as to what lay beyond. When I drew my hand back, I was none the wiser, future unknown.

I reached my hand out for door two, on the right. Swirls of happy colors danced around my hand—an invitation, soothing to the soul. I was twisting the knob when I saw a face appear. I pulled my hand back and stared at the oddly familiar eyes. Whoever they were, we had never met before, but our paths must have crossed, or why the tug of familiarity?

"Who are you?" Instead of answering, the face morphed, slowly, becoming my face, eyes remained the same. Although he didn't speak, I heard its voice all the same.

*You know who I am, Finn.*

*Why are you here?*

*Ask yourself that question, Finn, you called me.*

*Am I truly talking to Bazazath?* The face smiled.

*Have you suddenly become stupid? You are talking to your manifestation, Finn Ackles. I am, simply put, the voice in your head.*

*Okay, I will accept what you say. You represent my deepest conscious thoughts, which I don't usually seek, which is why you are here now. I am dreaming.*

*Now you're catching on. You will be making a choice soon; Finn and you must choose the path less traveled. You must fulfill your destiny. A day is coming, and you will be needed, you, Jax, and Isabelle.*

The face was disappearing, fading. I wanted it to stop, to stay, to allow me to ask endless questions. I was one of those guys who questioned everything, not one to easily give my trust or allegiance.

I was different than my siblings in that my sister was pure action, and my brother was pure ambition. I was pure confused,

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an endless answer seeker. What was my purpose here on earth? Why was I reborn into this artist, empath personality?

The face, my other being, was now gone. I shuddered and slowly awoke to a dark room with Violet cuddled in my arms. I closed my eyes again and smiled. At least I'd done this right.

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## Chapter 1

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### *Violet*

I had remained still when Finn started to toss and turn, muttering about a door. I was about to wake him and free him from whatever demons were tormenting him in his sleep, but he stilled, allowing me some time to organize my thoughts.

Like Finn, I had spent much of my life alone, and now, having spent the last few weeks in a twenty-four, seven, relationship with him, I'd had very little time to myself. Our time together had been some of the best of my extremely long life. Only equaled by memories of being with my father and mother long before my fathers' transformation. Thinking of my father always reminded me how bizarre my circumstances were—in love with a man whose last love had been possessed by my demon father.

I shook off those thoughts. Despite having lived a very long life, I tried never to live in the past. Now that my father was dead, I had more freedom to be me and move around without fear of capture and being manipulated by the demons.

My position was less precarious now, being part of this movement, this group of immortals that I had so longed to be a part of. Tonight, at the show, I would finally meet Finn's family and his friends. I was ecstatic and prayed that they wouldn't hold it against me once they knew who I was. I felt Aleena was the key, as she and I were half-sisters after all. We shared the same angel turned demon father, and they had accepted her, right?

"Wake up, sleeping beauty, your coffee is served."

I sat up in bed and propped up the pillows.

"I believe I should be thanking prince charming, isn't that Sleeping Beauty's prince?"

"Tsk, tsk, Violet, you have been alive all this time and don't know your fairy tales? It is Philip who rescues fair maiden from her deep sleep and the troublesome witch who cast the spell."

The words hung between us. Although Finn did not say anything about his dreams, the word *spell* seemed to ring with both of us.

"In that case, thank you, prince Finn, for my morning java." I bowed my head; he did the same and smiled at me when he lifted his head. I sat back, taking my first sip and sighing as the hot liquid cascaded down my throat.

"Mmm, delicious, thank you. So, what is our plan for today, any last-minute tasks before tonight?"

Finn looked me over, causing the junction between my thighs to squeeze. He was beautiful, and when he appraised me like a piece of art, my entire body flamed with desire. He gave me his cute little side grin, his mouth pulling left, giving off an air of mystery.

"I was thinking about dining on your lovely body, nibbling your delightful bud, drinking your essence, and then taking you to lunch. How does that sound?" Oh, that man sure knew what to say to provoke the most desirable results.

"Yes, please." I took a sip of my coffee and then licked my lips unabashedly. Finn laughed at my straightforward response.

"You remind me of my sister," he said, gently taking my cup and placing it on the little makeshift nightstand made of art books.

"Oh, is that a good thing?" Finn nodded as he tugged on my ankles, sliding me down the bed.

"Isabelle is a powerful, straightforward woman too, most of the time," he chuckled. I was intrigued by what she was the rest of the time. Finn nudged my legs apart and bent my knees, dipping his head down my wet seam.

I moaned, all thoughts of likeness between Isabelle and myself forgotten, as Finn darted his tongue inside and caressed my bud. My body tightened with the sensation as I arced my back. Finn began a dance of alternating between licking and delving his tongue inside me to playing with my clit. I was a bundle of nerves, raw, and becoming frustrated with my need to have an orgasm.

I felt a rumble between my legs and managed to lift my head and gaze down at the source. Finn was laughing, *why the!!!* I quickly closed my legs, squeezing his head between my thighs.

"How's that, funny guy? How about you give me that orgasm now?" Using his considerable body strength, Finn managed to flip us both onto our front, and with the impact of the position change, my legs released his head.

He was on his knees in a flash, gripping my hips. "Whatever my lady wishes," he growled as he plunged inside of my sodden walls, a series of fireworks going off in my head and body. I felt like a stray bullet ricocheting off every surface, and I came undone with the intensity.

I screamed out my pleasure, milking Finn's hard length and sending myself off into another orgasmic spiral. I was panting when I came down. Catching my breath, I arched back into Finn, returning his delicious pounding of my flesh.

Finn grabbed one of my thighs and opened it. He changed angles and drove into me, creating new sensations that again had



me toppling. His hard cock was hitting my G-spot from the side, and the delicate nerves were on overload.

His motions were becoming more urgent, his hard cock growing with the intensity of our union. I felt an orgasm building, the likes of which I'd never experienced before. I chased it like a warrior wanting it to split me in two. Finn's ragged breathing and my desperate mewling filled the air, undoing us both, in tandem, our dual ferocity and need sending us both over the edge in our mutual orgasms.

Finn's let loose a guttural growl while my soul keened in response. The sounds we emitted cut through the air and hung around us like a shroud. Our sound continued to ring outwards like a vibration in space.

The echo of our orgasm still piercing the folds, cutting through the barrier, alerting all celestial beings of our union. That was the cosmic coupling Finn had told me about. I knew we had just bonded in a deep, soul connecting, immortal way. Finn pulled out and collapsed on the bed beside me.

"Wow," I uttered, "just wow." My words evoked a small chuckle out of Finn.

"Agreed. I think that was it, Violet. There is no going back now. You and I, we belong to each other." I knew his words were real, but I didn't respond until I felt a hard pinch on my backside.

"Ouch, what was that for?"

"You know why. Now tell me you belong to me. Tell me I was not the only one who just felt and heard that." Hmph, I wondered what he would do if I was deliberately contradictory. I hadn't tested Finn in this way yet. Everything that passed between us, words, and actions, held a promise of what could happen if I decided to cross the line.

"Yes. I felt it and heard it."

This time I felt a hard smack on my ass that forced the air out of my lungs. Mmm, a new sensation, and not all that bad to

boot. I tried not to snicker out loud, not wishing to give away how much that smack confirmed for me one of those unspoken promises.

"Okay, I give, yes, we belong to each other. What should I call you now, oh master of the universe? Prince Finn? Buzzy? What?" We both erupted in peals of laughter. Then Finn dragged me over his lap, his legs so long that my toes didn't even touch the floor.

"You have a perfect ass, you know that, Violet? A true work of art, but I think your canvas needs some color." Finn's hand landed on my backside with a resounding thud. Being an artist, his hands and forearms were powerful and entirely over developed, and I felt it as the heat built rapidly in my backside.

He stopped after about twenty and rubbed as he spoke. "A lovely color, dusty rose. Is that what you were looking for, Violet? How do you like the results? To your satisfaction?"

Before I could answer, he began again, and I could feel my pink growing to red and then a deeper hue of red before finally stopping. Then, instead of asking what I thought, he ran his fingers between my legs and felt the dampness there.

"Violet, I think you enjoy having your pert backside painted." He ran his hand from my dripping entrance to my back entrance, lubing me up with my essence, and sliding in a single finger. I moaned on his lap while his finger massaged the tight inner walls. Finn turned me, so I faced the floor, my legs crossed at the ankles behind his hips, looking like a wheelbarrow.

Leaving his left finger in my ass, he used his other to gently slap my vulva. I flushed with embarrassment at the sound of my wet flesh being spanked, the effect causing me to grow wetter and therefore the sounds becoming wetter.

Keeping me in the wheelbarrow position, Finn stood and turned, so my elbows could press into the mattress at the edge of the bed. Then he plowed into me, and I melted into a proxy of

sensations. We dove over the edge together for the second time that morning, leaving no doubt that our two immortal souls had joined.