

## ANGELIC ANARCHY

Book 1 of the Heaven on Earth Series

Author: [JP Epperson](#)



### EXCERPT 1

Colton slowly stood up and walked to the bar area where I was standing. I turned my back to him as he walked up behind me, but he put his hands around my waist. My heart was racing. I tried to walk away, but he gently turned me so that we were face-to-face. I silently scolded myself for noticing the details of his lips. I remembered the feel of those lips against mine; so soft, like kissing butterfly wings and yet they could be oh-so- fierce when the moment called for it. The feel of his hands against my skin made my breath catch and I shivered with pleasure. No matter how my mind or heart felt, it seemed that my body still craved his touch.

As he turned me to face him, his fingertips delicately traced along the scars on my back. I hadn't realized I'd closed my eyes until I felt his kiss on the tender skin of my neck. I shuddered at the feel of his warm breath against my throat. I had the sudden urge to rip off his shirt, to run my teeth along his chiseled chest.

*Don't give in, don't give in . . .*

He lifted me onto the bar and my legs tightened around his waist automatically.

*Oh God, yes . . .*

My head swung back, overcome by desire as Colton's hot moist lips worked their magic all over my neck and my blood-soaked chest. His mouth found mine and our tongues met in feverish longing as we tried to consume one another. I felt the hard length of him against me, and a small moan escaped from my mouth. That was it; I could not hold back any longer.

### EXCERPT 2

In a matter of moments, he had destroyed every happy memory I had ever known. He'd left me jaded, and I would never recover. I shoved him off me abruptly and attempted to look pissed off instead of hurt, but sure I was failing miserably. He did not fight my rejection but instead accepted it with grace. I saw the recognition in his tortured eyes that he knew how much he hurt me, broke me, and would never again get back what he lost.

### EXCERPT 3

The girl's prison door was open, but her cell was empty. From the shadows at the far end of the chamber, a deep voice boomed.

"Give us the boy and you can have the girl. Refuse us the boy, and the girl dies along with you."

I heard a muffled sound and they came into view. An enormous demon held the girl with a knife to her throat. He was a brute of a demon. She was clearly alive, but she made no noise or movement, I think she might have been in shock. The knife was just for show—we all knew he could do much worse with his bare hands. As if he heard my thoughts, the demon clenched her tighter against his chest, reminding me of a boa constrictor. His skin was so dark it was hard to make out where the shadows ended and he

began.

Another demon stepped from the shadows, twirling his fingers slowly. I scowled. *I hated that guy.* He was so fast. I didn't know what he was called or what his abilities were, aside from being faster than even Colton and me.

"You know," I said, "I really don't like being told what to do. So here's what's going to happen. You're going to die." I pointed at the brute. "And you're going to die." I pointed at fast-feet. "Then I'm going to grab the girl and call it a night. Any questions?"

The sound of a high-pitched giggle startled me as the brute tossed the girl to one side like a ragdoll. I thought she would crumble against the walls but instead hands that were not there a moment before caught her. Another giggle sounded and I groaned.

*I really, really hated these bitches.*

She materialized in front of us with a wicked grin on her face. She had her right arm and right leg wrapped tightly against the girl's body. She licked the girl's face from chin to temple, her tongue moving languidly as if it had a life of its own, as she stared directly at my face.

Nicholai looked disgusted as he asked, "Who is that?" His nose wrinkled and I thought he might spit.

"I'm Finders," the human girl's new captor said in her naturally soprano voice.

I took a defensive stance because wherever there was Finders there was...

"And I'm Keepers," said another shrill voice from behind us, followed by a giggle. "And together, we're..."

"FindersKeepers," I finished for them, bored with the introduction

#### EXCERPT 4

I looked at the broken angel on the floor and knew she was there for me. She was a sacrifice, and I hungered to extinguish her light.

She smelled of blood, sweat, and death already. It would be nothing to crush her tiny body—easy, too easy. The weak had no place in this world. My little feet moved so quickly and efficiently that in one flash I went from peering at her across the room to peering at her from mere inches away. I wanted, no, needed to break her. To free the imprisoned soul within her. Without pausing to think about it, my hand was suddenly reaching for the creature, but it started and woke, peeking at me with wide frightened eyes.

"I won't fear you, child," she said. "You are not the demon standing before me. You can change your wings, your light, and the color of your eyes, but I know the beauty of your soul. You may only see the darkness wrapped around your soul, but I've seen light within it, and it burns brighter than any fire. No prophecy can change that."

#### EXCERPT 5

Colton may have loved me, but he wasn't going easy on me. My inner demon or my warrior, maybe both, liked that. He fought ferociously. His relic burned me with each slash. I had never been on that side of our blades. Somewhere buried inside me I felt a sense of sadness that I was now as vulnerable to angel relics as every demon I had ever killed. My sadness turned to anger and I slashed my sword down his chest angrily. Darkness had taken over my soul, but still the last drop of light in me fought. A

mere drop of light allowed slivers of sadness and confusion to taint my mind. Colton somehow sensed that, and he tried to break through to that part of me as we both fought relentlessly.

“You’re still in there, you know,” he said. “I sense it. You don’t even know why you’re fighting me right now. You still love me.”

The demons didn’t like him reaching out to me that way. There were hissing sounds mixed with words of disgust.

“You’re wrong.” I said. “I feel nothing. I did love you and where did that get me? You saw the memories. I saw you. You know what you did to me. There is no room for love in me—you saw to that.”