

1: Embrace the Mystery (Blood Rose, book 3) by Caris Roane

The Embraced - Blood of an Angel By Anya Bast Book 3 in the Embraced series. Tiya is turning the tables on the Embraced. She wants their blood.

Probably prolonged from hals; the sea. To be dying, be about to die, wither, decay. From apo and thnesko; to die off. The reference to the first of the Egyptian plagues is clear Exodus 7: It has been remarked that "the Egyptian plagues stood in a very close connection with the natural state and circumstances of Egypt. The Nile, which was their strength, became worse than useless when its waters were turned to blood. The sea, out of which the wild beast rose, from which the world-power drew strength, is turned to blood, the blood as of a dead man, corrupt and loathsome. The sea represented the tumultuous impulses and passions of the masses; there is a certain healthy force in these, but under certain conditions, when devoted to selfishness and earthliness, they become corrupt and deadly. Ruled by God and by right, the voice of multitudes is melodious as the voice of the sea, and the free movement of peoples, like the ocean, a health-giving moral environment to nations; but swayed by impulse, or directed by worldliness, they become an element of corruption, killing every token of better life. Pulpit Commentary Verse 3. Omit "angel," which is not found in the best manuscripts, though it is understood. The sea is also the object of the second trumpet plague see on ver. And it became as the blood of a dead man; became blood as of a dead man. Almost an exact reproduction of the second trumpet, and of the first of the Egyptian plagues. The last clause intensifies the horrible nature of the judgment, and thus in some degree increases the severity of this plague over that of the trumpets. Not merely human lives. It is most probable that the sea is here mentioned as part of creation another part of which is mentioned in the following verse , the whole of which suffers for the sin of man, and the whole of which, intended for his benefit, becomes a source of affliction and woe to him through sin. Matthew Henry Commentary Here is a succession of terrible judgments of Providence; and there seems to be an allusion to several of the plagues of Egypt. The sins were alike, and so were the punishments. The vials refer to the seven trumpets, which represented the rise of antichrist; and the fall of the enemies of the church shall bear some resemblance to their rise. All things throughout their earth, their air, their sea, their rivers, their cities, all are condemned to ruin, all accursed for the wickedness of that people. No wonder that angels, who witness or execute the Divine vengeance on the obstinate haters of God, of Christ, and of holiness, praise his justice and truth; and adore his awful judgments, when he brings upon cruel persecutors the tortures they made his saints and prophets suffer.

2: Embrace of an Angel Chapter 24, a phantom of the opera fanfic | FanFiction

Blood of an Angel is not only a story about Tiya's quest for revenge, but also one about being able to trust again. I hope that at least two more Embraced books will come because Niccolo, as well as Adam, are scream for their own stories.

Lothiel In a small, superstitious town, Christine Daae is chosen as a sacrifice to the quell the evil that has risen in the surrounding forest. With only the memory of her father for comfort, she finds something else in the woods. This was indeed the most difficult chapter to write. I wanted to write something to cater to all of the readers, without stepping on too many toes. In the end, I decided that I just have to write what I feel this chapter should be. So, if you like, great. But I think I managed to keep the story from going into uninhibited smut. I feel that the story progressed as naturally as it could have. Anyways, I am planning one more chapter to tie off the story. I hope you enjoy! Chapter 24 His voice was heartbreaking in its soaring heights and baritone lows. Christine felt that she had never truly appreciated it until now. Now, with her sense of sight temporarily barred from influencing the other senses, she felt his voice wrap around her. There was such darkness, such passion, in his singing. When his voice dropped to such incredible lows, plowing through a degree of masculinity that none other seemed to possess, she felt a shudder throughout her body as she sat beside him. But then it would rise from the depths of hell and wrap about her mind like the seductive serpent in the garden. A whisper, a growl, no. Then, through the barrage of music, she heard his voice as he commanded her to sing. How could she refuse such a demand? How could she disappoint her angel when he had poured out his soul? Eyes that had remained so tightly shut now began to open hesitantly, and she sought out the music before her. Her voice then began to sing the lines that he had so carefully crafted for her. Lines she had never sung before, but which she had seen scrawled on the scattered music sheets. Strange, she thought coherently for a brief moment, how easy it is to sing, as though the words were made only for me. I made my wedding vows earlier, but these vows, these confessions, are much darker. Today I gave him my hand in marriage in the sight of God. Now, I pledge much more. I give him everything with these words I sing. I give him my soul, to guide and to guard. I give him my mind, but then again, he has always possessed that. I give him my body, but it burns only for him and no other. Joined together in unison, their voices soared to incredible heights. Mated, the nightingale and the rose produced an offspring that was so strange and unearthly in its beauty. She thought she could endure no more. Could one die in such ecstasy? So utterly in his clutches now, with his voice being the talons that pinned her down, she could fathom nothing else beyond the burning realm of the world he had created in the room. Her body was giving out. She could feel the weakening of every muscle, every fiber of her being, as she completely succumbed to him. Her small frame slumped slowly against his, a pillar of strength and power poised so powerfully beside her. Her slender hand reached out to clutch at his shoulder for support. I am drowning, she cried inwardly. I am drowning in his music, and I want to die! Erik must have heard her inward pleas, if not felt the fall of her body beside his. He had quit playing and turned slightly on the bench as he braced her body with his own. Her chest was heaving as it sought out the air that had suddenly fled her lungs. The soft brown pools of her eyes seemed glazed with emotion. She found that her fingers were now clutching at the shoulders of his suit jacket, refusing to let go. He needed no further prompting as he brushed back the curls that fell across her face, and lowered his lips to meet hers. She moaned softly as his lips brushed hungrily across hers. His arms had wound around her back now, hands clutching her tightly, yet gently, to him. She could feel his pauses as he kissed her, when he would pull away slightly to look upon her face as though gauging her reaction. Her eyes were closed, her lips parted and swollen, and he gently cupped her face with one hand, running his thumb across her cheek and lips before descending upon her once more. Erik pulled away again and she opened her eyes, her brow creasing in protest. Christine cried inwardly for his affections to resume. But his noble brow, half obscured by the white mask, was drawn in turmoil. He made to move away from her, sliding further away from her on the bench, but she reached out and caught his arm. His hand had lifted itself from his side and was now pointing to the white half mask. He watched, almost fearfully, as her hand fluttered across the mask. But his eyes closed as her fingers coiled around the edge of the mask, and gently pried it from his face. Erik sat motionless as the cool air hit his

exposed cheek, malformed and horrid as it was, and dried the tear that had slipped from his eye. He felt a hand touch the deformed side of his face, hesitantly at first, before gently caressing the flesh with tender fingers. She felt it upon her own skin as he bowed his head, tickling the flesh of her neck. He seemed to stay that way for a long while, breathing heavily as she held him in her embrace and pressed her face into his shoulder. She had pressed her face further into his shoulder, as though hiding from the world around her. He drew back and again cupped her delicate face in his hands as he gazed into her eyes. She could not pull herself away from the burning emerald eyes before her. Then, with a shamed look upon her lovely face, she continued. Though I have not taken a wife before, I am not completely ignorant of the ways of a husband and wife. Do you not see the devotion that rests in my eyes? Do you not see the love that I have carried for so long? Erik pulled her up from the bench, holding her at a distance as though to study her – the elegant rose about to give herself to the nightingale. He could see her quaking now, shivering in the thin nightgown and robe that barely hid her beauty from his piercing gaze. Erik pulled her close, as though gathering her to him in a strange, silent dance. She felt his breath upon her neck again as he turned her around and pressed her back against his chest. Her eyes had fluttered shut for a moment. What more could his touch possibly evoke in me, if only his breath upon my skin stirs such a feeling? Christine remained in his arms, her chest heaving for air, eyes still closed, as he gently raised her arms over her head and ran his long fingers down her arms. They stopped at her sides, her arms still raised but having lowered behind her, wrapping behind his head. His hands trailed along her sides, daring to move forward before finally splaying across her stomach and holding her firmly against him. Christine could take the agony of his caresses no more. I was alone, afraid. But suddenly there was a presence in the dark. You were always there. You held me in your arms. Sometimes you were gentle, and other times, I was afraid of you. I woke up many mornings, in agony, having you torn away from me. She looked up at him for several moments, anguish filling her eyes briefly. But she realized that she would never be able to evade him. He would learn of everything eventually. A part of her wanted him to know. They stood there, gazing at one another for a moment before Erik resumed his caresses. He slid his hand up her side, brushing the side of her breast with dexterous fingers. A sigh slid from her mouth. She could suddenly feel his desire and her eyes shot open in revelation. He carried her swiftly from the room and into the darkened hallway, lit only by the dim light of candelabras. She had once been afraid of this dark corridor. It felt haunted not only by a phantom, but by countless spirits. Now, she could not feel that fear any longer. As he made his way down the hall, she could feel his heart racing and his unsteady breaths as he held her tightly against him.

3: Blood of an Angel (The Embraced, #3) by Anya Bast

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