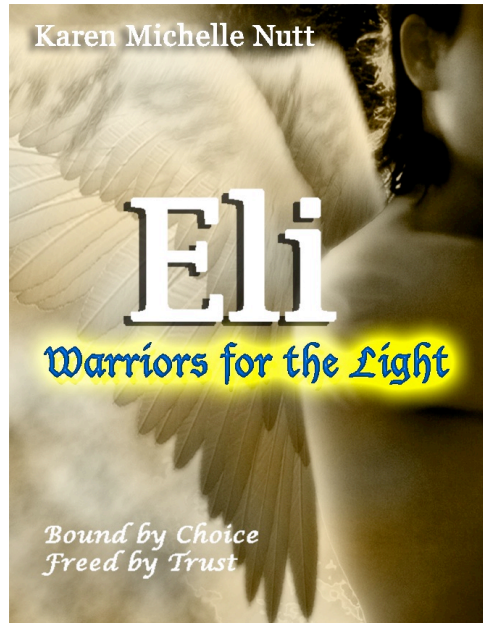


# Media Kit for Eli: Warriors for the Light

By Karen Michelle Nutt



10-ISBN-1453699279

13 ISBN- 9781453699270

At a very young age the Rules of Conduct for the Fallen Angels were drummed into Eli Grigori's head. Rule number one: *Do not befriend a human.* Rule number two: *Do not interfere in their lives.* Rule number three: *Do not have relations with a human.* Rule number four: *Under no circumstances will you ever reveal your true self.* He managed to break all of the above.

Ol' Hallow's Eve is the day the veil between worlds are thin. It's the only day out of the year the preternatural beings are allowed to walk among the humans as their true selves. With Eli's wings bound and his glamour stripped, the Elders send him back in time before Ryden O'Sullivan knew the truth about him. If she is truly his soul mate, then her heart should recognize him.

There are those among the Watchers who are afraid Eli might succeed in his quest for love. If he does, everything will change within the brethren. Hashasheen demons, assassins for hire are sent to take out Eli and Ryden. Eli is a warrior and will fight to keep Ryden safe, but time may be his biggest enemy. The Elders gave him until the end of Ol' Hallow's Eve. Ryden must fall in love with him by then or his life will be forfeited.

## Professional Reviews

Reviewed By: Amy J Ramsey at Ramsey's  
Reviews/[www.trinagon.blogspot.com](http://www.trinagon.blogspot.com)

### Rating: 5 Stars

This is what a true love story is all about; forbidden passion, an undying love, compelling action, and an ending that leaves the reader with a sense of fulfillment. Karen Michelle Nutt does not disappoint when it comes to her realm of story-telling. Her dazzling descriptions of the characters, unique style of writing, well planned out plot, and ability to write sincere emotions is breathtaking. The visualization of Ryden recalling a memory of being encircled by Eli's wings was written as if I personally experienced Eli's winged embrace surrounding me, felt the softness of his feathered wings, and the sensation of his masculine touch. (Sigh). That was an amazing climactic moment for me, so realistically and emotionally perceived. The only wrong doing of this story is the wickedness behind Karen's cleverness by making the reader have to wait for the next book, which is about Lucca. And Lucca is my type of bad boy angel, long blond hair, blue eyes and tight ass jeans..... YUMMY! Eli: The Warriors for the Light is a must read!!!!

## PNR Paranormal Romance Reviews

### Rating: 5 Stars

Eli: Warriors for the Light is the first in the Fallen Angels series. The series starts off with Eli, a fallen angel who breaks the rules and tells a human about what he is. Faced with death, or proving that even without his powers Ryden would still love him; he sets out to win her heart, again!! Asking the question, "if you truly are soul mates, wouldn't you fall in love all over again?" Ms. Nutt has a gift for quality storytelling that moves the reader and leaves them very satisfied. This is a story with great characters, and the introduction of all the fallen angels and their stories to come. I loved the characters and felt I was able to get to them individually, without taking away from the story. I really liked the villain, Lucca, and I cannot wait for his story coming soon! I have reviewed several of Ms. Nutt's works and I am always left satisfied.

Reviewed by Missy Brown  
Paranormal Romance Reviews

<http://www.paranormalromance.org/reviews/author.php?id=4817>

## Bitten By Books



**Warning: Do not start this unless you have time to finish. I started it in my lunch hour at work and had to keep sneaking a read until I finished**

I almost gave this a five as is very well written and draws you in. As stated above, I started this very compelling story in my lunch hour and had to keep stealing reads until I finished. The only reasons it didn't get a five were a couple of little niggles; there is one question that, while briefly asked, is never answered and it bugged me. When a Fallen Angel finds a soulmate in a human, what happens when the human dies, or does being mated somehow give the human longevity? The only other slight niggle was the glossary at the start. Since this was there, I didn't expect explanations for all the terms throughout the story but they were there and it was just a little frustrating.

I really enjoyed this as an obvious start to a series and am very eager to find out how the other Fallen Angels find their soulmates. The next story will be challenging as Lucca seems a real piece of work. So in closing, this is an enthralling story that leaves you wanting more and wondering just how the other Fallen Angels stories will come about.

Reviewed by Emma D.

<http://bittenbybooks.com/?p=27696>

## Ghost Writer Literary Reviews



Breaking the Rules of Conduct for the Fallen Angels when he reveals his true nature to a human woman, Ryden O'Sullivan, Eli is to be sentenced for his crime, but he argues against the Elders of the Grigori and so they decide to give him Halloween night to prove that what they share for each other is true love. But there are some of the Fallen Angels that fear Eli will succeed in his test of true love, and will stop at nothing to see that he fails.

Nutt blends danger and desire into a brilliant romance. It kept me glued to the book until the very end.

Reviewer: Chrystal

[Ghost Writer Literary Reviews](#)

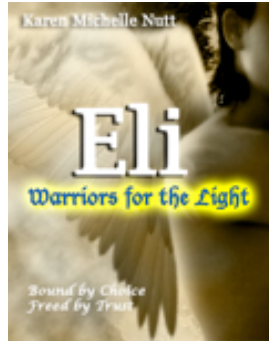
**Title:** Eli: Warriors for the Light

**Release by:** Rebecca J. Vickery Publishing

**Release Date:** July 2010

**Summery:** California Paranormal Romance Writer, Karen Michelle Nutt earns prestigious reviews.

**Website:** <http://www.kmnbooks.com>



For Immediate Release:

Karen Michelle Nutt's debut novel with Rebecca J. Vickery Publishing, *Eli: Warriors for the Light*, recently received a coveted review from Bitten By Books, a website which averages millions of hits per day and is visited by over one hundred countries per day as well.

In part, Bitten by Book's reviewer had this to say about Karen's paranormal romance: Warning: Do not start this unless you have time to finish. I started it in my lunch hour at work and had to keep sneaking a read until I finished this is an enthralling story that leaves you wanting more and wondering just how the other Fallen Angels stories will come about.

From the back cover of *Eli: Warriors for the Light*, which will be released by Rebecca J. Vickery Publishing on July 2010:

At a very young age, the Rules of Conduct for the Fallen Angels were drummed into Eli Grigori's head. Rule number one: Do not befriend a human. Rule number two: Do not interfere in their lives. Rule number three: Do not have relations with a human. Rule number four:

Under no circumstances will you ever reveal your true self. He managed to break all of the above. Ol' Hallow's Eve is the day the veil between worlds is thin. It's the only day out of the year the preternatural beings are allowed to walk among the humans as their true selves. With Eli's wings bound and his glamour stripped, the Elders send him back in time before Ryden O'Sullivan knew the truth about him. If she is truly his soul mate, then her heart should recognize him. There are those among the Watchers who are afraid Eli might succeed in his quest for love. If he does, everything will change within the

brethren. Hashasheen demons, assassins for hire, are sent to take out Eli and Ryden. Eli is a warrior and will fight to keep Ryden safe, but time may be his biggest enemy. The Elders gave him until the end of Ol' Hallow's Eve. Ryden must fall in love with him by then or his life will be forfeited.

Ms. Nutt, is a California resident, is published with Highland Press, The Wild Rose Press, Tease Publishing LLC, and Victory Tales Press. She runs an active blogsite with weekly author interviews and contests. In her spare time, she reviews books for PNR. She has written previous time travel novels: *Lost in the Mist of Time*, *Second Time Around*. Both books: *A Twist of Fate*, and *Creighton Manor*, won Honorable Mention P.E.A.R.L. Awards with PNR Paranormal Romance. Her Otherworldly Romances include: *Moon Shifter*, *Black Donald's Coin*, *Heart of A Warrior*, *Shattered Illusions*, *The Spirit of Love*, *The Curse of Tempest Gate* and *Mr. O'Grady's Magic Box*. *Destiny's Prerogative* and *Autumn Moon* are both All Romance E-books Best Sellers.

To find out more about Ms. Nutt, please visit her at: [www.kmnbooks.com](http://www.kmnbooks.com).

To learn more about her blog, you can visit KMN Books Blogspot:  
<http://kmnbooks.blogspot.com>

You can visit Rebecca J. Vickery Publishing at: <http://www.rebeccajvickery.com/>. Books are available at the company website, major online retailers, as well as bookstore chains nationwide.

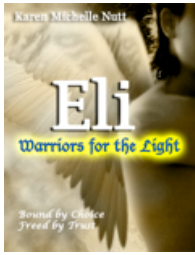
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# Sell Sheet



- **Paperback:** 134 pages
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Available from Ingram (1-800-233-8467), Baker & Taylor (1800-775-1800) and major online stores or visit us on the web at [www.kmnbooks.com](http://www.kmnbooks.com) or [www.rebeccajvickery.com](http://www.rebeccajvickery.com)

Eli: Warriors for the Light is the first book of a Fallen Angels series. This paranormal romance takes place in present day California.

**At a very young age the Rules of Conduct for the Fallen Angels were drummed into** Eli Grigori's head. Rule number one: ***Do not befriend a human.*** Rule number two: ***Do not interfere in their lives.*** Rule number three: ***Do not have relations with a human.*** Rule number four: ***Under no circumstances will you ever reveal your true self.*** He managed to break all of the above.

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"This is what a true love story is all about; forbidden passion, an undying love, compelling action, and an ending that leaves the reader with a sense of fulfillment. Karen Michelle Nutt does not disappoint when it comes to her realm of story-telling."

Amy J. Ramsey

[trinagon.blogspot.com](http://trinagon.blogspot.com)

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Missy Brown

[paranormalromance.org](http://paranormalromance.org)

*Bitten by Books* gives **4-1/2 Tombstones**

"Warning: Do not start this unless you have time to finish. I started this very compelling story in my lunch hour and had to keep stealing reads until I finished. ...this is an enthralling story that leaves you wanting more and wondering just how the other Fallen Angels stories will come about."

Emma D.

[bittenbybooks.com](http://bittenbybooks.com)

**Marketing:** Author tour: California, national and print publicity. Blogsite interviews and posts promotions, signature scent for the Fallen Angels Series at Studio 3B.

Ms. Nutt, is a California resident, is published with Highland Press, The Wild Rose Press, Tease Publishing LLC, and Victory Tales Press. She runs an active blogsite with weekly author interviews and contests. In her spare time, she reviews books for PNR.

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Eli: Warriors for the Light is part of the Operation E-book Drop. **The program offers free download coupons from Smashwords only, to troops deployed overseas.**

To find out more about Ms. Nutt, please visit her at: [www.kmnbooks.com](http://www.kmnbooks.com).

To learn more about her blog, you can visit KMN Books Blogspot:  
<http://kmnbooks.blogspot.com>

### \* Interviews Authors

#### \* Published with:

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The Wild Rose Press  
Tease Publishing LLC  
Victory Tales Publishing  
Rebecca J. Vickery Publishing

## **Q & A- Karen Michelle Nutt**

#1- Tell us a little about yourself outside of your writing career...

*I've worked in the dental field for almost thirty years from assisting to financial secretary. Outside of work, two of my good friends and I like to frequent tea houses and take tours of haunted places. My new obsession is Photoshop and have created my headers for my website and blog. I've been having fun creating book covers, too. I'm having a blast.*

*I love nonfat lattes and dark chocolate makes me very, very happy. My husband keeps me well supplied. lol*

#2- You love history books. What is your favorite period in history and why?

*Medieval Ireland fascinates me. It was a turbulent time for Ireland with borders shifting, pagan and Christian beliefs merging. There were heroes and heroines born. There were Viking and Norman invasions and let's not forget the fine feasts, jousting, feuding clans and the wee bit of magic waiting to be discovered.*

#3- How do you handle the negative reviews and critiques you receive?

*Thank goodness most of my reviews have been positive. When you write a story, it's like it's your baby. You want everyone to fall in love with the tale as you've done. Unfortunately, it's impossible to please everyone. There's bound to be someone who doesn't care for my writing style. Like everyone, I have my favorites, too. Most of all, I'm grateful the person took time to read my book and leave a comment. Critiquing, my story—I look at critiquing with an open mind. A good deal of the time, it's an area that needs strengthening and I go back and rewrite the passage. Nine times out of ten, I'm glad I did.*

#4- Can you tell us a bit about this book in your giveaway?

*Eli: Warriors for the Light is the first book in the Fallen Angels series. They are both human and angel with the ability to shift from one to the other. They are called the Grigori, the Watchers. They record the world's history, but are bystanders in the human world. They are not allowed to befriend humans only observe them. Eli, the hero of the tale, commits the worse sin of all when he falls in love with a human, claiming she's his soul mate. Some of his brethren believe his bold act is a lie and Eli should be punished. They're half angel and possess glamour (magic) to influence humans, but Eli is given a chance to prove his claim. If he fails, his life is forfeited.*

#5- You are also a book reviewer. Do you find it challenging juggling both writing and reviewing? *I never accept a book to review if I'm pressed for time on edits. I want to give the book my full attention for the review. I love to read and sometimes it's nice to escape into someone else's world for a while.*

#6- Are there any upcoming releases we would like to know about, and could you give us

your web site so readers can check it out?

*I have a short story in the Sensual Halloween Anthology called: The Curse of Tempest Gate. The story is about two men cursed to replay a duel for eternity, but one woman has the key to setting them free. An Archangel, a demon, a ghost and a witch play a part in this paranormal cemetery setting.*

*My work in progress is Lucca, the second story in the Warriors for the Light series.*

*If you'd like to know more about my books, please visit me at: <http://www.kmnbooks.com>*

#7- This about concludes it. Thank you again for joining us. Is there anything else you would like to share?

*If anyone's interested in reading an excerpt of Eli here's a direct link:*

*<http://www.kmnbooks.com/fallen-angels/eli>*

*Thank you so much for having me here today, Kelly. You have a lovely site.*

NOW, don't forget to leave a comment for a chance to win a FREE copy of Karen's book. Feel free to follow the blog or visit my site for future book news,

[www.authorkellymoran.com](http://www.authorkellymoran.com)

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# **Eli**

*The Warriors For the Light*

**Karen Michelle Nutt**

An Excerpt

*There is a legend passed on from generation to generation among the Fallen. If one of the brethren finds their true soul mate, they'll not suffer damnation, but shall find eternal happiness. They are known as the Warriors For the Light.*

*The humans have a legend, too. A brush of an angel's wing is a blessing, a binding of their love. Her life will be his and his will be hers, forevermore.*

## Chapter One

Blood dripped from Eli's forehead and down the side of his face. Only two guards gripped his arms now, but there had been more. Five against one hadn't been a fair fight in his way of thinking, but he gave it his best shot. Unfortunately for him, he lost the battle with the scars to prove it. It had been one heck of a fight though. His lips twitched, but he resisted smiling since it hurt too much.

Sandwiched between the two guards the size of linebackers, Eli had no choice but to keep up with them as they led him through the Watchers' castle, heading for the grand hall. His gaze took in the dark haired guard to the left of him. His mouth was set in a fine line of annoyance, as if his call to duty had ruined a perfectly wonderful day. Well, he didn't like being here either. "Did you ever have one of those days when you just knew you shouldn't have rolled out of bed?"

The guard met his gaze with a sneer, revealing a black eye.

"Oh. I guess you do know." That explained his dark mood. He must have been one of the guards in the scuffle and hadn't had time to glamour his injuries away. He hadn't done his own either, since the guards cuffed him with the bands that prohibited his magic.

"Shut it or do you want to go another round?" the dark haired guard growled.

Eli clicked his tongue. "Sooooo touchy."

The guard to his right yanked on his arm, making the binds around his hand bite into his skin. "You won't be so cocky after the elders are done with you."

This made the guard on the left chuckle.

"So glad I can amuse you, boys."

When charged with a crime, the Watchers or the more formal name, the Grigori were brought before the elders to be judged. The Watchers were once angels of heaven, but now the brethren consisted of Fallen Angels and Nephilim—the beings that possessed both angel and human blood. He was the latter.

There was a guard posted at the hall's Gothic wood-carved door. As they approached, he took hold of the black iron handles and pushed it open, announcing their arrival. "The accused is here."

Eli focused his gaze toward the front of the Watchers' grand hall and not on the crowded alcoves and pews. How very thoughtful. It appeared all his brethren came to witness his shame.

Elder Chaziekal and Elder Lailah were the elected judges for this century and they sat upon their thrones with twin grim faces as they waited for the guards to bring him

forward. The elders were dressed in their vestments for judgment, the garments resembling medieval clothing befitting a king and queen. Elder Chaziekal wore a red robe trimmed in gold and Elder Lailah's gown was a deep shade of violet. Their wings were tight against their bodies. His were black with shades of gray and her wings were the color of cream frosted with a fine sheen of silver. In the Otherworldly realm, preternatural beings could show their true self without the glamour they used to live in the human world. They were shifters and could manipulate the two realities. Clothing could still be worn while their wings were exposed.

This day would surely be written in the tomes, a Watcher refusing to follow the rules. His offense: He fell in love with a human. With his irrevocable choice, the elders feared the sins of their fathers were doomed to repeat again and God would once more be angered.

At a very young age the Rules of Conduct were drummed into Eli's head.

Rule number one: *Do not befriend a human.*

Rule number two: *Do not interfere in their lives.*

Rule number three: *Do not have relations with a human.*

Rule number four: *Under no circumstances will you ever reveal your true self.*

The list went on and on, all tedious and boring.

They were to observe the human world. They could talk to humans, work with them, but they didn't befriend them. The Watchers had one purpose: to record what went on in the human world. They never interfered as divine saviors—even if they foresaw a tragedy. They weren't guardian angels. They were the forgotten brethren and the rejected offspring of the Fallen Angels.

Eli ached in places he didn't know could hurt, but took great comfort in the fact that he still breathed. Maybe he wasn't in too much trouble. The *Guards Of Judgment*, the executioners of preternatural beings weren't called to take him out. At least that was something.

The castle felt cold and unfriendly—stonewalls and bare floors took the warmth out of the place, like a cave void of sunlight. Tapestries hung on the walls depicting angels at war, for that is what they were, warriors. All of them had done battle one time or another through the centuries. They knew war, felt at home defending a purpose. It was the only time they were allowed to participate in life.

It was beyond his comprehension why they couldn't update the castle to the world's standards. It was the twenty-first century after all, but here in the court of the Grigori, it was as if time stood still. Just like the rules, he thought. Old world, never updated to fit the standards of today.

As they drew closer to the thrones, the sweet intoxicating perfume scent of Brugmansia stung his nostrils. The small exotic wooded-bush stood in an enormous pot between the thrones and the beautiful flowers were fully open. All parts of the plant were narcotic and poisonous to a human. To an angel or a half-angel, it was used as a truth serum. Ingesting a small portion of the plant wouldn't kill them, but they would be deathly ill for days. If the elder suspected the accused of lying, they would be held down and forced to eat a full flower. With that much toxin in their system, they would wish they were dead. He didn't know anyone personally who had this done to them. It was all hearsay. He had the distinct feeling the plant was there as a deterrent not to lie or suffer the consequences.

Finally reaching the end of the long walkway, the guards pushed him forward so he faced his elders on his knees. Probably a good idea since he'd be hard pressed to stand for any length of time. His right wing fell forward, the fine bones broken at the top—at least until he healed. Being half-angel, even with his glamour kept at bay for a quick recovery, he would heal in a few hours and his wounds would soon be but a distant annoyance.

Elder Chaziekal, who went by Chaz when he wasn't forced to be judge, rose to his feet. He paced with his hands behind his back. Tall and muscular, he looked fierce with his brows drawn together into a fine line. "Eli, son of the half-angels Kashel and Ariella, you have been brought forth to be judged. Usually, I would list your transgressions, but you have broken so many rules I can't begin to name them all." He stopped pacing and stared down at him. "Let's start with the most grave of your offences, shall we? You have revealed your true self to a human. You have had relations with the female and have asked this female to marry you. What say you on this?"

He lifted his head and met the elder's gold-green gaze to his amber. "The female's name is Ryden O'Sullivan." If they were going to talk about her, they were going to address her with respect. "And you know the answer. So why do we play games?"

The elder narrowed his eyes. "Mind your tongue. You are in serious trouble if you haven't already guessed. It is forbidden for you to reveal your true self—and to marry a human?" His face flushed red with anger. "It is unheard of."

Eli lifted a shoulder and grimaced, the pain shooting down his back. Add dislocated shoulder to the mix of cuts and bruises. "I cannot help who I fall in love with. The heart wants what it wants."

Chaz's eyes narrowed and glowed bright. One of Chaz's gifts was he could spew fire from those gold-green depths. "Even if it means your death?" he snapped.

Eli braced himself for the blast. Just when he thought his skin would have one-serious-sunburn to contend with, Chaz reined in his anger. The elder spoke of death. Eli had hoped it wouldn't go that far. A slap on the wrist maybe and a mind sweep of his intended, but to love someone so deeply, the elder obviously felt death should be the penalty paid for his transgression.

The Watchers were for the most part immortal—at least in a human's way of thinking. They didn't catch diseases and they didn't age much after their thirty-fifth year, staying youthful for centuries. They could regenerate, but could still succumb to their injuries if they were too severe. They didn't live forever and he'd known a few who faded away to dust. A stab through the heart or decapitation was among the other ways a Watcher's life ended. If that was how it was going to be, so be it. He wouldn't say he was sorry. For the first time in centuries, he knew what it meant to be alive.

He could have kept his identity a secret, but he loved Ryden. He didn't know how he could marry her if she didn't know the whole truth about him. He took a ragged breath. "It would have been a lie if I didn't reveal my true self. She had to know."

"No!" Chaz bellowed. "She. Did. Not." The vein at the side of his jaw pulsed with each word he bit out. "You should have walked away. The love couldn't have been real from the start. You are a being of glamour, it attracts the weaker species, draws them to you like a moth to the light." He paused for only a second. Disgust filled his expression as he shook his head. "What of your gift, Eli? Hmm?"

Eli closed his eyes, knowing the elder thought he'd tampered with Ryden's feelings, made her believe she fell in love with him. Chaz's next words proved his suspicions were right.

"You possess the ability to manipulate a situation to your liking. There's no falling in love for you. Illusions are fantasies not reality."

Eli lowered his head. The thought had crossed his mind, too that maybe she loved him because of what he was, not who he was, but he'd swear before all he did not manipulate their time together. "You're wrong. It was real for me," He mumbled under his breath.

"What did you say?" Chaz's voice rumbled like thunder.

He met the elder's gaze. "Ryden O'Sullivan is my soul mate. I love her and she loves me." There he had said it. There was no going back. He would not lose her.

In the crowd, whispers and speculations rose to a deafening roar and Chaz closed his eyes in a deliberate blink, probably praying for patience before he opened them again. "Silence!" His roar boomed and the silence that followed could be felt like a wave. It receded, but Eli knew it wouldn't last long.

Chaz riveted his gaze to Eli. "Have you lost your senses? We do not have a soul. You speak of a soul mate, a fairytale. There is no such thing for us among the human race."

"There is." He held onto his belief. "Why is it we can fight alongside humans? We all have. I fought beside you, Chaz in Ireland during the fourteenth century and later in Scotland at the battle of Culloden. We held the humans' hands while we watched them die. Everything is taken away from us. Some of us have the power to heal, maybe not everything but we could have saved some good men, but we aren't allowed to use the gift to save them and by God, don't fall in love with them either. Don't live. Clamp down our emotions and trod along with a blind eye to the suffering. We make sure our hearts are closed off." He knew his words weren't helping his situation, but he couldn't stop. All his anger, his frustration had taken its toll on his patience and he couldn't hold back. If he were going to die, he would say his peace. "Do you think God wants us to be cold-hearted beings? Was that his plan? We're no better than our fathers who bestowed the secrets of magic without forging a plan to make the humans responsible for their actions. It wasn't the act of taking a human mate that angered God. It was the irresponsible actions that followed."

"Enough!" Chaz's voice thundered and his eyes threatened a lightning strike if Eli didn't hold his tongue.

Eli remained silent, but the elder wasn't finished with his tongue-lashing.

"You think you know God's plan better than all who stand in this court? You speak of our fathers being irresponsible, but what of you, Eli? We have rules for that very reason. It is forbidden to share our powers. It is forbidden to take a human for a mate. The child born from that union will have no soul and will suffer as we do. Two simple rules you seem to have forgotten. You can't pick and chose what rules you'll obey. That's not how it works."

Elder Lailah, who had remained silent, spoke up now. "Eli speaks of love, a true love, not just the taking of a mate as our forefathers did with the humans," Her hair was the color of honey and her eyes were gold and warm as she looked upon Eli. "He speaks of love, dear husband or have you forgotten what that's like?" Her lips twitched when

she met his gaze. Chaz and Lailah were both half-angels that were born when Enoch roamed the earth. They had an arranged marriage, but love and respect sprung from the union and they had remained mated, which was a rarity among their kind.

Chaz harrumphed and threw up his hands. "What would you have me do? He's disobeyed the rules."

"He must give up the female or die," Someone cried from the pews on the right.

Eli already knew who it was before Lucca pushed his way through the crowd, determined to be heard. Eli cursed under his breath. The sod would probably love to be the one who held the sword that ended his life.

"It is the Watchers' rules." Lucca faced the crowd as if he were on stage performing one of Shakespeare's plays he so loved. For someone who despised humans, he kept a large collection of books, all human authors, playwrights like Shakespeare and Christopher Marlowe, but he also had modern authors, too like *James Patterson*, *Dean Koontz* and *Tim Powers*. He looked toward the elders then. "Elder Chaziekal, you said it yourself. He can't pick and choose which rules he'll obey. Have we not learned from our fathers' mistakes? Do we wish to have God's wrath upon us for disobeying him?"

The guy really needed to come up with a new song and dance. Eli met Lucca's cold stare. The blond, blue eyed Watcher held a special hatred toward him. The feeling was mutual as far as he was concerned. Lucca couldn't understand the compassion he had toward the humans. Lucca seemed to forget that half his existence was forged with human blood, too.

Eli's gaze shifted, wondering where Lucca's lapdog had gone. Gideon seemed to think Lucca knew all and practically worshiped him. Gideon wasn't the only one either. He noticed a few people in the crowd that sided with Lucca's beliefs. Lucca tended to draw a crowd and they listened to his cockamamie garbage he spewed.

Eli turned back to face the elders. "If one of the brethren finds their true soul mate, they'll not suffer damnation, but shall find eternal happiness. We all know the legend and I believe it's true. I won't give her up."

"No?" Chaz turned on him. "You say no. You have no choice. You stay away from the human or we will strike her down, then we'll deal with you."

"There can be another way," Elder Lailah said, using her power to calm the room. Warmth bathed Eli and his limbs relaxed. Even Chaz seemed calm as he looked at her and she continued. "On Ol' Hallow's Eve, the veil between worlds is thin and all beings may walk the same path, be them preternatural or human. Ol' Hallow's Eve is today. Eli has broken no rules this day."

"You twist the rules to save him, dear wife, but what of tomorrow? What of next week?" Chaz lifted his hands. "What say you to that?"

Elder Lailah's lips curved. Obviously, she had an answer. "He says the female loves him. Perhaps glamour did not play a part in the affair and the human was drawn to Eli's arresting dark looks and his engaging wit. Let's see if what he says holds true. Bind his glamour and send him back with only his human attributes at work. Send him to a time before she knew who he was." She lifted her slim shoulders in a shrug and sat back in her seat, meeting Eli's gaze. "See if she falls in love with him without the magic of his gift. If her soul recognizes him, then his life with her was never a lie."

Bind his glamour? That meant they would bind his wings. Eli's mouth felt suddenly dry. He'd be defenseless as a human, too, but if he could be with her it would be worth the sacrifice. He straightened his back with resolve. "I'll do it."

Chaz paced as he thought over what Lailah suggested. The elder never made rash judgments and wouldn't be rushed now. The crowd surprisingly was quiet. It was as if all held their breath for the final say of his fate.

Chaz finally stood still, his gaze pinning him down with a fierce look. He had the feeling the elder would much rather kill him than deal with what he felt would be a farce. Chaz glanced at his wife, his features softening for a moment. His eyelids closed, the thick lashes were surprisingly dark against his skin when his hair on his head was a light shade of bronzed gold. When he opened his eyes again, the decision was made. His gaze narrowed in on Eli once more. "So be it." With a wave of his hand, magic poured from his fingertips and landed on him, bathing him with warmth. The binds around his wrists vanished. Bones knitted together, bruises faded, making him whole.

Eli stood and spread his dove colored wings wide, testing them. He looked at the elder with a raised brow, confused to why the elder healed him.

"That is all the favor you shall receive," Chaz told him. "From now on there will be no healing yourself in an instant from major injuries. You will have no powers."

"I thought you were going to take my wings." He probably shouldn't have pointed out that fact, but his tongue obviously didn't know when to keep quiet.

Chaz's lips curved, but the smile didn't reach his eyes. "Oh but I am. Remove your shirt so I may see your wings where they're attached to your flesh. There can be no human concealments for the binding ritual."

Eli swallowed the lump in the back of his throat and did as he was told. He dropped his T-shirt at his feet and stood straight, his gaze focused in front of him. Chaz circled around him, his fingers caressing his newly healed wings. "Are you sure?" He stood close and his words only reached his ears, giving him one last chance to change his mind.

He found happiness in Ryden's arms and he knew he gave her joy, too. For him there was no choice but to accept the challenge the elders put before him. He nodded. "Yes, I am sure."

Chaz sighed and shook his head. "So be it then." He stepped behind him and the ancient words left his lips to the rhythm of a Gregorian chant.

Blinding pain exploded from Eli's shoulder blades, sweeping down to his lower back and nausea rose in his throat, threatening to choke him. Staggering, he went down, falling to his knees with his hands on the floor bracing him. Oh God, he was going to die. His wings were melting into his skin and the burning flesh hit his nostrils with the sickening scent. He lifted his head to the heavens and let out a deep guttural cry for mercy.

