



ADRIAN SYLVIA DAY

Bonus Material for
A Touch of Crimson

"Supernatural Smackdown" - a vignette
"Black Agnes" - a vignette
Interviews with Adrian Mitchell

Published by Sylvia Day
Smashwords Edition

Copyright 2011 Sylvia Day
All Rights Reserved.

Cover art by Trish at Pickyme Digital Art

This supplemental material is a work of fiction. All names, characters, locations, and incidents are products of the author's imagination, or have been used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, locales, or events is entirely coincidental.

* * * * *

License Notes

Thank you for downloading this free ebooklet. You are welcome to share it with your friends. This book may be reproduced, copied and distributed for non-commercial purposes, provided the work remains in its complete original form and proper attribution is given. If you enjoyed this ebooklet, please return to www.SylviaDay.com to discover other works by this author. Thank you for your support.

* * * * *

Praise for the Renegade Angels Series

Praise for *A Touch of Crimson*

“*A Touch of Crimson* will rock readers with a stunning new world, a hot-blooded hero, and a strong, kick-ass heroine. This is Sylvia Day at the top of her game!”

—Larissa Ione, *New York Times* bestselling author

“Angels and demons, vampires and lycans, all set against an inventive, intriguing story world that hooked me from the first page. Balancing action and romance, humor and hot sensuality, Sylvia Day’s storytelling dazzles. I can’t wait to read more about this league of sexy, dangerous guardian angels and the fascinating world they inhabit. *A Touch of Crimson* is a paranormal romance lover’s feast!”

—Lara Adrian, *New York Times* bestselling author

“Sylvia Day spins a gorgeous adventure in *A Touch of Crimson* that combines gritty, exciting storytelling with soaring lyricism. Adrian is my favorite kind of hero — an alpha male angel determined to win the heart of his heroine, Lindsay, while protecting her from his lethal enemy. Lindsay is a gutsy, likable woman with paranormal abilities of her own, as well as a dedication to protecting humanity against a race of demonic monsters. This is definitely a book for your keeper shelf.”

—Angela Knight, *New York Times* bestselling author

“*A Touch of Crimson* explodes with passion and heat. A hot, sexy angel to die for and a gutsy heroine make for one exciting read!”

—Cheyenne McCray, *New York Times* bestselling author

“Only Day can take a reincarnation plot and make it a gripping, touching and scintillating page-turner. She skillfully blends a timeless tale of love lost and found. *A Touch of Crimson* is a perfect romance with excellent worldbuilding rich with angels, lycans and vampires.”

—RT Book Reviews

Praise for Sylvia Day writing as S.J. Day

“Great characters and terrific storytelling in a hot-blooded adrenaline ride. A keep-you-up-all-night read.”

—Patricia Briggs, #1 *New York Times* bestselling author

“Exhilarating adventure in an edgy world of angels and demons...will keep readers enthralled.”

—Publishers Weekly

TABLE OF CONTENTS

[Copyright](#)

[Praise for the Renegade Angels](#)

[SUPERNATURAL SMACKDOWN](#)

[BLACK AGNES](#)

[AUTHOR OVERRIDE INTERVIEW](#)

[MONDAY MANDY INTERVIEW](#)

[*A Touch of Crimson*](#)

[THE AUTHOR](#)

The following vignette was originally posted on DarkFaerieTales.com, Sept 2011.

SUPERNATURAL SMACKDOWN

Adrian Mitchell

Name: Adrian Mitchell

Book Series: Renegade Angels

Job: Captain of the Sentinels, an elite special ops team of seraphim tasked with punishing the Fallen

Height: 6'3"

Weight: 200lbs (minus wing weight)

Hair Color: black

Eye Color: flame-blue

From (Location): presently headquartered in Orange County, CA

Significant Other: Lindsay Gibson/Shadoe

Signature Move: lashing out with his wings, which are impervious to mortal weapons and feature razor-sharp tips that slice like blades

Kill Highlights: ripping beating hearts straight out of the chest cavity, decapitation, evisceration, limb severing, mind warping

Enemies: Syre, Captain of the Fallen and leader of the vampires

Favorite Pastime: flying (via his wings or with state-of-the-art aircraft—he heads a cutting-edge aeronautics corporation) and seducing Lindsay—preferably both at the same time.

Other Facts: Aside from giving up Lindsay, there's nothing Adrian won't do to complete his mission—misdirection, torture, twisting minds into insanity, death... The ends always justify the means.

I remember quite vividly how I came to be here at this Supernatural Smackdown. I was working in my home office when Damien showed my visitor in. I glanced up briefly, intending to tell Ms. Day that I didn't have time for her that afternoon when the brilliant red of her pants caught my eye. Flannel, I noted, before looking out the window at the beautiful Southern California weather. I returned my attention to her as she helped herself to one of the chairs facing my desk. My gaze narrowed and I tried to figure out what the atrocious pattern on her pants was.

Frosty the Snowman, I realized with more than a little horror. The woman had come to see me in her pajamas.

“Ms. Day,” I said, leaning back. “I know you spend an inordinate amount of time occupied with writing your books, but surely someone told you it’s September.”

She blew a stray strand of hair out of her face. “I know what month it is, Adrian. That’s why I’m here.”

I took in the haphazard way she’d clipped up her hair and the lack of makeup, and sighed inwardly. She could be moderately attractive when she chose to be. Apparently, I wasn’t worth the effort. “Well, fill me in, then. I’m busy.”

“Don’t take that tone with me,” she retorted, foolishly believing I wouldn’t hurt her if I had to. She’s always been too confident because I sought her out. She probably thinks that means I need her. “You have an appointment, and if you don’t leave now you’ll be late. They’ve already emailed and asked where you are.”

Setting my elbows on the armrests of my chair, I steepled my fingertips together, as if in prayer. I do occasionally make an attempt to update the Creator on the status of my mission, but it’s been a very long time since he’s paid any attention to me.

“I’m never late,” I reminded her. “At least not when I’m aware I need to be somewhere.” She, however, is rarely on time. In the nearly two years we’ve been working together, I’ve waited on her countless times.

“Don’t tell me you forgot the Supernatural Smackdown. I know Lindsay reminded you.” The event sounded vaguely familiar. My head fell back into the headrest as I thought about it. “Ah, yes. I remember now.”

“Good. Now, go kick some ass.”

I savored the savage rush of bloodlust. I’d been agitated for days and was still working on seducing Lindsay Gibson into my bed. With sex not yet an option, a death match was the second best stress reliever.

“I know that look,” Ms. Day said with narrowed eyes. “Don’t forget this is an exhibition match. No killing.”

I stilled. “Beg your pardon?”

“You can’t kill anyone. It’s just for sport.”

“Oh, no,” I crooned softly, pushing leisurely to my feet. “If you think I’m going to put on a show for you, you’re as mistaken as I was when I came to *you* with my story instead of Kresley Cole or J.R. Ward.”

She tried to hide it, but she pouted a little. “That was mean. It wasn’t easy working with you, you know. I did my best. I’ve never worked harder on a book.”

I rounded my desk with an unwelcome twinge of contrition. For all her faults and foibles, she wasn’t half-bad as far as mortals went. There were times I found myself... liking her. “I’m sorry.”

She blinked. “Oh my god, I have to write the date and time down for posterity.”

The moment of affection faded as quickly as it had come. “Send Lindsay.”

“I can’t.”

“Why not? She’s an expert with knives, a brilliant marksman, and she’s too fearless for her own good. She’ll have a blast.”

“I love Lindsay,” Ms. Day said. “I would’ve broken you two up if I didn’t.”

I was infuriated by the mere thought and my wings materialized in a visible manifestation of my irritation. They emerged as ephemeral wisps of smoke before solidifying into alabaster feathers with crimson tips. I stretched them out, flexing them to shake off my increasingly volatile mood.

“See?” she breathed, her gaze soft and dreamy. “That’s why you have to go.”

I snapped my fingers in front of her face. “Ms. Day. Focus, please. Mortals aren’t supposed to know we’re here among them, remember?”

“This is a special circumstance. Everyone’s coming out of the woodwork for this event. They’re all showing off their signature moves. You’ve got to show them how you deflect bullets with those beautiful wings. And how they spin around you so fluidly, like a cape, when you’re in battle.”

“I’m not a sideshow amusement. Find someone else. Or let me kill something. Your choice.”

She looked at me with compassion I didn’t want. “You don’t know how much longer you’ll have those,” she said gently. “Not now that you’re with Lindsay.”

There was no need to say more. I knew what I risked by loving a mortal, but I wouldn’t change how I felt about Lindsay even if I’d been given the option to. She was everything to me. The reason I pushed through every day and looked forward to every night. The reason I might one day lose my wings.

“All right,” I said, holding out a hand. “Give me the address.”

So here I am. Who’s ready to get wing-slapped?

The following vignette was originally posted on AllThingUrbanFantasy.blogspot.com, Oct 2011.

BLACK AGNES
Adrian Mitchell

*“What’s spookier than a graveyard a night? One full of vampires, warrior angels, and statues that come to life. Sylvia Day’s Adrian Mitchell from the first book in the new Renegade Angels series, **A TOUCH OF CRIMSON** (available now from Signet Eclipse), is telling us a suitably scary and sexy version of the Black Agnes urban legend.”*

~ AllThingUrbanFantasy.blogspot.com

Adrian Mitchell tossed the crime scene photos on the dining table in his hotel suite, watching them fan outward as they slid across the glass. “We’ll be staying a while.”

The two lycans seated at the table reached for the images, dividing them between them.

Unable to look at them anymore, Adrian pivoted and walked to the massive window overlooking the city of Phoenix, Arizona. Fighting his unwelcome agitation, he unfurled his wings, the pristinely white feathers with their crimson tips emerging first as tendrils of smoke, then solidifying into shape. He stretched and flexed them, the only sign of his disquiet hidden in what would be perceived by the lycans as a simple bid for comfort.

“Black Agnes,” one of them said behind him.

“Excuse me?” Adjusting the angle of his position, he looked at the two men examining the photos. One was stocky, built for brute force. The other was taller, leaner yet stronger. He’d watched them work, noting their strengths and weaknesses. They were a good team and a good match for him. Together they’d taken down three rogue vampires in less than two weeks. He expected to add this latest one to their kill sheets before they headed home again.

The taller one—Elijah—lifted his head and looked at Adrian with the luminescent green eyes of a creature tainted with demon blood. It was that touch of demon that enabled the lycans to shapeshift between man and beast. It also indentured them to Adrian. “An urban legend. There’s a cemetery statue—two of them actually—of a hooded figure. One was rumored to have supernatural properties. College kids used it as a pledge to join sororities and fraternities. The initiate was supposed to spend the night sitting in the statue’s lap, but one of them was found dead in the morning, with bruises and marks that suggested the statue had come to life and held her until she croaked.”

“That’s not a shrouded figure,” Adrian pointed out, his voice kept carefully neutral to hide his roiling fury. He was a seraph, a Sentinel. He was expected to stand above the vagaries of human emotions. But he couldn’t fight his reaction to the pictures spread out before him, those of a once beautiful young woman laid dramatically upon the lap of a massive marble statue of an angel. An angel whose head was bowed as if weeping over the bloodless body draped across its thighs.

A taunt. An undeniable “fuck you” from the vampire who’d taken the very last drop from a

promising life.

“No,” Elijah agreed. “This rogue is a young one. Too stupid to know better.”

Only one who was young and foolish would deliberately attract the attention of a Sentinel. Adrian’s mouth curved grimly. “And he’ll get what he’s asking for.”

* * *

When night fell, they split up and cruised the college parties and local hangouts. They attracted attention, predators prowling through gatherings of their prey. Men shied away from them instinctively, but the women were drawn to that edge of danger. With focused attention and flattery, it was easy to get them to talk. By the time Adrian regrouped with Elijah and Trent, they’d each gathered intel on upcoming pledge initiations, many of which now included the cemetery statue due to its morbid notoriety.

Adrian looked up at the moon. “Our vamp isn’t going to wait. We’re here, and now that we’ve canvassed his haunts he knows it. My bet would be on another strike tonight, one last show of arrogance before moving on.”

“The cemetery, then?” Trent asked.

“Right. Let’s go.”

* * *

Having lived for millennia, nothing surprised Adrian anymore. He’d seen everything, countless times. Or so he’d thought.

From his vantage in a tree a half mile away from the statue, he tracked the young couple crouch-walking toward the massive angel, laughing softly and pausing occasionally for breathless kisses. He watched them reach their destination and lean against the marble in a passionate embrace. Her hands slid through the young man’s hair as he took her mouth with more enthusiasm than skill. Then he lifted her onto the angel’s lap, putting her at the perfect height for him to step between her legs and push up her pleated mini-skirt.

Dropping from the tree, Adrian approached carefully, eyes on the prize as he waited for a sign that he was dealing with more than just an ordinary set of horny college kids. He was distantly aware of Elijah and Trent on the perimeter, holding back to keep their scent from reaching the sensitive nostrils of their vampire quarry.

The girl’s head fell back with a sigh of pleasure, exposing the creamy expanse of her throat to the greedy slide of her boyfriend’s parted lips.

Then Adrian saw the soft amber glow of her irises.

His brow arched. *Well, then.*

Her furtive hand signal alerted him to the presence of the others, warning him to shift into the shadows of a massive tree for cover. The pack converged from points behind the young man, four vampresses, their fangs gleaming in the moonlight. Their gender took him aback, although he would later wonder why it had. Although they hid it well, females were usually more vicious than males.

The girl on the angel's lap shoved her would-be lover back into the waiting arms of her laughing friends. Adrian engaged, darting forward, going for the victim. Catching him up in the center of the pack, Adrian snapped his wings free, spinning fluidly. The razor-sharp tips of his feathers sliced like a circular saw, halving the vampires at the waist in less than a second. As the pieces fell to the ground with sickening thuds, he delved into the young man's mind and removed all memory of the night, resetting his recollections back to the point when he'd met the vampress at a frat party.

Then he faced her, the ringleader. She cowered into the arms of the angel, caged by Elijah and Trent in their lupine forms. But when her gaze met Adrian's it was hot with defiance and swirling with madness.

Plucking her off the statue, Adrian rifled through her memories, confirming her guilt in the previous attack and discovering the tragedy of her Change. She'd been caught just this way by a young rogue and his friends. The attack had stolen her sanity; the Change had taken her soul, as it did all minions. What was left behind was one of the monsters he hunted.

Nevertheless, pity stirred in his chest.

"I'll find the ones who did this to you," he promised softly. Then he ended her.

In the morning, several dozen white lilies were found in the lap of the mourning angel statue. And in the years that followed, it became known as an unusually peaceful spot, one where visitors felt a joyous equanimity and departed with a renewed sense of hope in the days to come.

The following interview appeared on UnderTheCoversBookBlog.blogspot.com, Oct 2011.

AUTHOR OVERRIDE
Interview with Adrian Mitchell

I'm not overly surprised to find Adrian in a pensive mood when I visit him for this interview. I know he's under a great deal of pressure now, although he hides it beautifully, as always.

I find him in his office, looking out the window at the native Southern California landscape. His hands are clasped beneath his wings and his inky black hair touches the collar of his dress shirt, having grown longer over the last few weeks as his world has steadily unraveled. Those beautiful wings of his, so pristinely and blindingly white except for the crimson tips, reveal so much about him. I wonder if he realizes that. He can hide them at will and the fact that he's chosen not to do so today tells me how agitated he is. They stretch and flex when he's of a mood, the only visible sign he gives of how he's feeling.

I know it's those feelings that are exacerbating his problems now. He's a Sentinel, after all. An angel created to hunt and punish other angels. He was designed and built to feel no emotion, to function almost like a machine. A Terminator, perhaps. One mission, one purpose, no deviations. But he's deviated a lot over the years. Now more so than ever before. And he's paid the price. He's paying it even now.

"Hi, Adrian," I say in greeting, although he knows I've been standing here watching him.

He faces me and I'm struck, as I always am, by the brilliance of his cerulean eyes. All of the Sentinels have blue eyes and he explained why when I asked him previously. The Sentinels are seraphim angels—the "burning ones." The blue of their irises is literally the flame inside them. Pure and hot. Beautiful in an eerie, preternatural way.

"Ms. Day," he returns, in his smooth deep voice with its unique resonance. He can compel with that voice, but so far he's resisted compelling me to do anything. At least I think he's resisted... "Ah, you're dressed today. I'd almost forgotten how you look when you're not wearing your pajamas."

I grin. "Hey, it's one of the perks of being a writer. How are you today?"

"As well as can be expected."

"Where's Lindsay?"

"Training."

I nod, understanding. The woman he loves can kick some serious ass, but she's still fragile compared to the vampires she hunts and the Sentinels who are training her. "Are you ready for the interview?"

“No.” But he moves to his desk, gesturing for me to take a seat.

His wings dissipate like mist just before he sits, which always fascinates me. They’re so much a part of him and yet he can tuck them away where mortals like me can’t see them.

I eye him as he gets comfortable, admiring the savage beauty of his face. He’s stunning, with a dark and edgy sensuality that makes him seem more fallen angel than not.

“What do you like most about yourself?” I ask.

His brows rise. He leans back in his chair and studies me in return. “Is this part of the interview?”

“It can be.”

“Hmm... That I can still learn, I suppose. That I can change my mind, be surprised, discover something new.”

“You’re evolving.”

“Yes, perhaps that’s the way to say it. After all these years... after all I’ve seen, I’m not done formulating new opinions of things that should be old hat to me.”

“What do you like least about yourself?”

His lips curved wryly. “How much time do you have?”

Now it’s my brows that rise. “Really?”

“Part of evolution is trial and error, and I’ve made more than my share of mistakes. Unfortunately, I also keep making new ones.”

“That’s part of being human,” I point out.

“But I’m not human.”

Right. I consider him further. “What haven’t you done that you would like to do?”

“Take Lindsay away,” he says without hesitation. “For a week at least, longer if we could manage it.”

“Where would you go?”

“She likes the water. I like the mountains.”

“So you can fly.”

“Yes.” He smiles, which is a sign of how Lindsay is changing him. “So I suppose it would be somewhere with mountains overlooking the ocean.”

“Something to look forward to.”

“Yes.”

“What are you most afraid of?”

“Failure,” he responds, with the same alacrity as the previous question. “Too much is riding on me... too many people are dependent on my getting the job done. There’s too much at stake. And I have Lindsay now.”

“You won’t fail.” I have no doubt about that.

“No,” he agrees with conviction. “I won’t.”

And really, that’s the number one thing there is to know about Adrian right there.

The following interview appeared on DarhkPortal.com, Oct 2011.

Monday MANDy
Interview with Adrian Mitchell

Have you ever melted a trackball on your Blackberry?

No, but I've crushed a few in my fist when I've been aggravated enough.

What is the one thing you find most interesting about mortals?

Decisions are so mutable to mortals. Sayings such as, "Rules are made to be broken." Even when the lines are clear and it's apparent they've been crossed, emotions guide the response to those transgressions as much as the law does. That fascinates me. There are so few hard and fast rules in mortal lives and so many reasons you come up with for why a particular rule applies in one instance and not another.

Looking back, now that you have Lindsay in your life, is there anything you wish you had done differently regarding Helena?

I'm torn by this question. Helena came to me for two things: permission to break a law and help in doing so. It was rather like one police officer approaching another to ask for permission to rob a bank, assistance with disabling the alarm systems, and then a promise that she'd face no consequences for the theft. Can you see how impossible it was for me to give her what she wanted?

There's precedence for what could happen if I'd made a different decision. Syre was faced with the same situation when he fell in love with his mortal mate and he responded differently. He gave the Watchers permission to do as he did and the result was that they all fell, even those who hadn't taken mates. He damned them all for his mistake. In his situation, most of the Watchers had fallen in one way or another—certainly his permission was encouragement for some—but my Sentinels have stayed true to their mission. Aside from Helena and me, the rest have been inviolate. How could I risk all of them for the transgressions of just two of us?

That said, I could have been a better friend.

I had two roles with her—leader and friend—and I focused on the first to the detriment of the latter. I should've asked for more time to think. I should never have proceeded so quickly, when I was still reeling from the knowledge of her fall. I wasn't thinking clearly. Then Lindsay left and I was barely thinking at all. It's possible Helena didn't realize that I haven't escaped retribution for my sins. Lindsay, too, believed I'd face the same punishment as the Watchers, but that's not my fate and I've always known that. Losing Shadoe over and over again, losing Phineas, knowing I'm no better than those I've punished, the sacrifice Lindsay ended up making for me... Even Elijah's very existence. It's no coincidence that he entered my life at the same time as Lindsay, wielding the power he does over the other lycans.

My punishment is insidious, like a spreading stain, eating through everything that has meaning to me. Everything I've worked for and believed in is crumbling around me. *That* is my punishment, and I should've shared it with Helena, armed her with the knowledge she needed to make her

own decision without asking me for permission.

#

Don't miss Adrian's story,
A TOUCH OF CRIMSON
Available now from Signet Eclipse!

* * * * *

Can a love that transcends death survive a war between angels, vampires, and lycans?

An angel with immense power and insatiable desire, Adrian Mitchell leads an elite Special Ops unit of the seraphim. His task is to punish the Fallen—angels who have become vampires—and command a restless pack of indentured lycans.

But Adrian has suffered his own punishment for becoming involved with mortals—losing the woman he loves again and again. Now, after nearly two hundred years, he has found her: Shadoe, her soul once more inhabiting a new body that doesn't remember him. This time he won't let her go.

With no memory of her past as Shadoe, Lindsay Gibson knows only that she can't help being fiercely attracted to the smoldering, seductive male who crosses her path. Swept into a dangerous world of tumultuous passion and preternatural conflict, Lindsay is soon caught between her angel lover, her vampire father, and a full-blown lycan revolt. There's more at stake than her love and her life—she could lose her very soul...

* * * * *

Signet (October 4, 2011)
ISBN-13: 978-0451234995

A RENEGADE ANGELS NOVEL



A TOUCH OF CRIMSON

"Will rock readers with a stunning new world, a hot-blooded hero, and a strong, kick-ass heroine!"—*New York Times* Bestselling Author LARISSA IONE

FIRST IN
A NEW
SERIES

SYLVIA DAY

THE AUTHOR

Sylvia Day is the national bestselling, award-winning author of over a dozen novels written across multiple sub-genres. A wife and mother of two, she is a former Russian linguist for the U.S. Army Military Intelligence. Sylvia's work has been called an "exhilarating adventure" by *Publishers Weekly* and "wickedly entertaining" by *Booklist*. Her stories have been translated into Russian, Japanese, Portuguese, German, Czech, Italian, and Thai. She's been honored with the *Romantic Times* Reviewers' Choice Award, the EPPIE award, the National Readers' Choice Award, the Readers' Crown, and multiple finalist nominations for Romance Writers of America's prestigious RITA Award of Excellence.

Sylvia also writes under the pseudonyms S. J. Day and Livia Dare.

Connect with Sylvia Day online:

<http://www.sylviaday.com>

Twitter: <http://www.twitter.com/SylDay>

Facebook: <http://www.facebook.com/AuthorSylviaDay>

* * * * *