

Sister Jenna Garcia was born into a modern-day secret society of nuns serving the globalists of the Illuminati. Even though she carries the President's child she must escape from the White House or die trying. The kink in her plan comes with two Navajo brothers and their private investigator uncle who suspect her true identity. Her only chance at freedom is to trust these commoner men she has always been taught to fear.

ANGEL OF THE REALM

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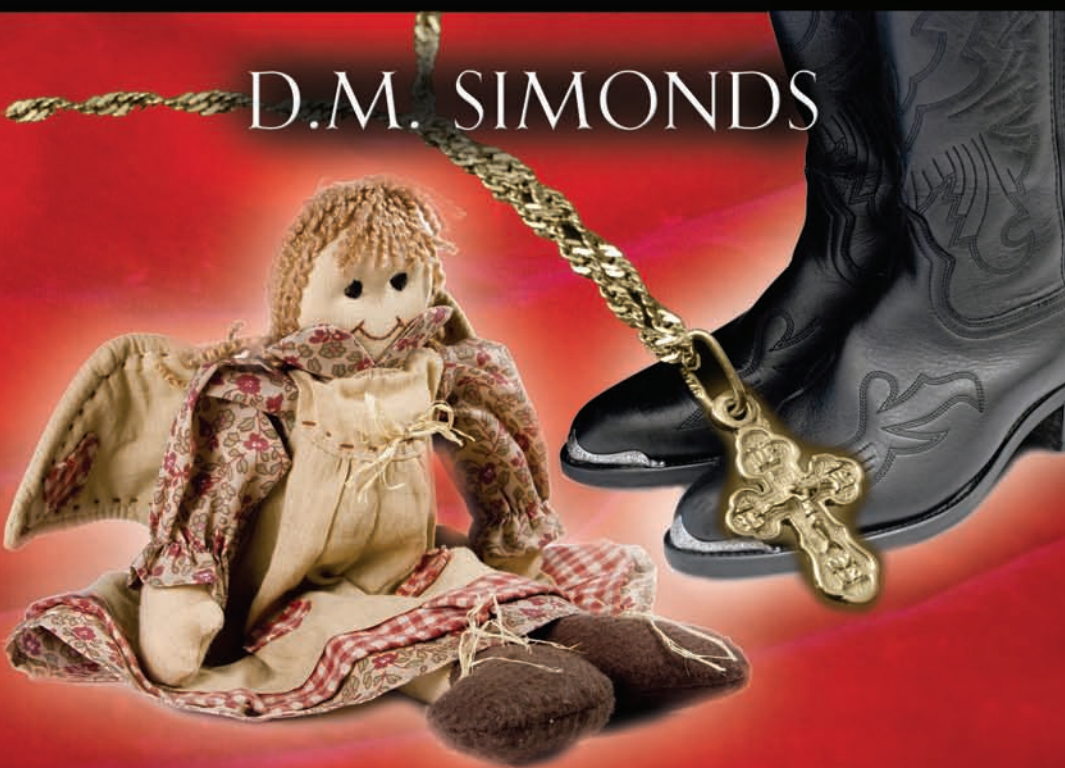
ANGEL OF THE REALM

HAWKINS INVESTIGATIONS

A SURVIVING ANGEL

*For those who have awakened
or dare to ask why their life has been turned upside down.*

D.M. SIMONDS



**THIS IS THE STORY OF A WOMAN WHO WAS NEVER
MEANT TO BE FOUND
AND
THE BEGINNING OF AN UNUSUAL PRIVATE
INVESTIGATOR**

Early morning sun rays reflected off the helicopter as I boarded behind Mason, the agents on his security detail, and his aides. For my journey to freedom, I will play my part of personal technical assistant, but the need to devise a detailed escape plan was heavy on my mind. I was sure by now that I carried his child with two, maybe three, months before I'd start to show and draw Andrea's unwanted attention.

I looked professional, with my dark hair pinned up in a neat bun and gold hoop earrings accentuating my high cheekbones. I wore a sheer white silk blouse under a beige blazer and a matching skirt that Mason picked out with hungry eyes. Hell, we were almost late when he noticed how my long tan legs looked so sexy with the stiletto heels. Ruth had my suitcase packed with such seductive goodies, after all. You could say I was dressed to kill, because Angel of the Realm was about to converge on Washington.

. . . Sister Jenna Garcia of the Order of Saint Hope.

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First Edition

CHAPTER ONE

My heart beat so fast. *There is only acceptance.* As I waited under my ceremonial white cowl, Father Daniel began my test of life or death.

“Stand and face your master, Sister Jenna Garcia. Serve him well, my child, in the name of our Order of Saint Hope. Those who served before you will watch from heaven above and, if you please his every wish, you will be destined to join them.”

Mama squeezed my hands for good luck, and according to our laws, moved my cowl back to reveal the face of the one whose judgment would determine my fate. With my final cloak removed, my body was revealed to him, adorned in only a gold belly chain and crucifix. My once long raven-dark hair was cut to rest just above my shoulders. My head was bowed and my hands were held in prayer. At eighteen a Sister-In-Waiting is put in a position of judgment for acceptance from the first master she must serve. If on this day in May 1998 my presence is not viewed favorably, then my life is over.

Father Daniel raised his palms that bore the tattooed image of an all-seeing-eye to the golden crucifix carved in the ceiling of the cavern under our South Texas, Saint Hope convent. The almost standing-room crowd knelt in prayer. He turned to the stranger before me and asked the question that would determine my fate, “Do you accept her?”

“I do,” he said in our Latin dialect and to the delight of the crowd. “Come into my world.”

Duty bound by my teachings, I stepped toward him. Different hands touched my face in order to make me look up

D.M. SIMONDS

into the eyes of President Mason Conrad. This commoner, or as you in the free man's world call him, the President of the United States, took me in his arms for a first kiss. A hush came over the congregation. As of this moment, as had been the case for generations of sisters before me, I must please the one who held my life in his hands. My childhood teachings echoed strongly in my crazy mind.

Acceptance is everything. Lord, hear my prayer.

I guided him to a silk pallet that had been placed at the altar. He rammed inside me so hard the pain took my breath away. Yet, I moaned to his increasing thrusts and gripped his back to encourage him and not risk his rejection. Failure in our secret culture meant banishment to the Undesirables—our way of a modern-day death sentence.

Endure the pain to be accepted.

He held my arms down as if I were filthy, forbidden to touch him. His eyes seared into mine as if he could devour me, which was frightening. My fear remained until his sensation in my body exploded. *There must only be pleasure in one's first master; we exist to please the global elite like him.*

Suddenly, the man on top of me and the crowd around us was a blur. I opened my eyes, unsure of how much time had passed, sweaty and exhausted. Nuns with their Sister Children stood around us in ceremonial black robes, their cowls now down to reveal familiar faces with happy expressions. This man to whom I was now bonded to serve sat me up. Mama stood close and was congratulated by old Sister Agnes, my God Mother and favorite Sister Teacher, and, of course, my tormentor Ruth.

My master's touch brought me back into his world. A Sister Child served us a golden chalice of holy water. He drank first and then held it to my lips as a sign to the congregation that he was now providing for his mate. Hard as I had tried to avoid

ANGEL OF THE REALM

this life Mama wanted for me, I belonged to him now, and could only pray to God he would care for me. I took solace in the fact that this man with the frightening eyes now also showed a desire to comfort me with hands so inviting. Another child brought us a bowl of holy water. My master sponged me off by the ancient law of our doctrine, which states that one's first master must prove himself worthy before leaving with his possession.

He stood me up and was so happy to witness the proof of my pureness by the patch of blood on our silken bed. Even so, my heart skipped a beat in fear as Ruth stormed past us to examine the evidence. She knelt down to touch the spot with her fingers, then stood and raised her Staff of Authority above us to deafening cheers from the crowd. Mason, in a comforting way, held and kissed me and placed the white robe over me to more approval from the crowd.

Now I had earned the privilege, as it had been granted to those before me, to wear my cowl down. In our world, which is so different from yours. I had joined the ranks of sisters proven. We were paraded from the cavern, through the main convent hallway and up the cedar stairway to a room over Sister Quarters with a beautiful view of the convent grounds and pastures in which I had played as a child.

There is only glory in serving one's master.

The teachings of Mama's world ruled my crazy brain after those last sessions with Ruth, as she pounded her Staff of Authority on the stone floor of my cell. The throbbing pain in my head, which continued long after Ruth left the room, made me obey. Welcome to the destiny I had tried to escape and failed. My last attempt was with Father's help, when I was allowed to attend Texas Tech to complete a degree in computer science. I could have gone on to a completely new existence with my lifelong cyber mentor Merlin when I received a

diploma in my hand, but Ruth tricked me with a simple phone call. I blacked out, and when I came back to real time all I knew was that I must return to the convent because Mama needed me. Stupid, stupid me. I should have had the courage to choose freedom.

Our room was dim with candlelight, with rose pedals sprinkled on our bed. Ruth bolted the door on the other side and waited to stop me if I failed and tried to leave. With no escape and my cowl on the floor, he pulled me close and mouthed my breasts, joined by hands that were rough in their caress. His hunger stirred inside, but teachings of my Sister Guides drew me to a silver tray with pastel crystal containers on the night stand. Inside the pretty corked bottles were aphrodisiac potions created from medicinal herbs and flowers our sisters gathered in fields outside medieval castles. Each potion, they learned, had specific effects on one's master.

I picked emerald green, which was rumored to be his favorite, and ran my finger tips through his hair. It was not a rumor, really. My Sister Guides in charge of my preparation had no complaints of his love making. They were pregnant by him and told me their secrets of pleasing this master. My master looked like a hungry child as he stared at the potion. I gave him the open container and warned, "Take one small sip."

He took a quick gulp. Did he drink too much, too fast? I couldn't tell.

Mason dropped the bottle and looked dazed. I wondered if our potion had reacted to the cocaine he was known to use. He grabbed me and went back to suckling my breasts with an animal like quality of meanness. I let out a muffled cry, unable to hold back. He stood to strike me then shoved me to the bed. On top, he clenched my wrists tightly; his thrusts were so hard and cruel, but if I told him to stop he might reject me. Also, a

ANGEL OF THE REALM

scream would bring Ruth with my one-way ticket to the Undesirables. There was only to endure, or die.

As I gazed desperately up to the ceiling in an attempt at a diversion for relief from the pain, I remembered how Mama and the other sisters spoke only of the joy of their first master's love making. Why was my experience so different? He stared at me while thrusting hard, enjoying the hurt on my face. My eyes went back to that place above; maybe if I focus on that light fixture . . . but he hurts so much.

Please God. Let me find freedom.

Suddenly my mind wandered and the pain somehow stopped. Were my prayers heard? Or, was I weak willed, neglectful in my duty, and simply passed out beneath him?

My eyes opened to red roses in a crystal vase on the dresser. A clock stood as proof I'd been unconscious for an hour, and he lay next to me motionless. I turned him over, and he still didn't move. Panicked, I shook him and he moaned. I ran to the bathroom and returned with a cool cloth for his forehead that still didn't revive him.

Just wonderful! The President of the United States is passed out in bed with me. If Ruth doesn't give me a death sentence, his men will throw me in their prison for life.

But, to my relief, he finally stirred and opened his eyes.

Mason cradled his head, sat up, then looked at me and asked, "What did you give me?"

I knelt at his feet, "Forgive me. Other sisters told me you enjoyed our potions and . . ."

He caressed my face. "Jenna, I don't need drugs or potions with you."

I was caught up in the spell of this man, who now had a different look in those cool blue eyes. He led me around the room to draw the curtains closed. Then, in the kitchenette, we ate from trays of food and drink. It became clear he wasn't

angry with me for his reaction to the potion. He just took me to the bed and whispered, “There is only duty.”

That phrase echoed in my mind. At first his hands were gentle—the storm in his eyes gone. Then he pushed me down on the bed, and his actions became rough and wild. My eyes once again found a place on the ceiling. Was this my purpose in life, set forth by God Himself? After all, God is in the image of man, and in His eyes, I exist for a man’s pleasure, nothing more.

Please, God. I want to be free.

I wonder if freedom is still possible where my master will take me. Or, maybe this is how it’s supposed to be? Just like Mama had done, I would please this man at Ruth’s order and fulfill my destiny. For I am Sister Jenna Garcia of the Order of Saint Hope, may His will be done.

Was it a dream or reality? How many times did he bring me to climax in an orgasm of feelings, allow a short rest, then caress and kiss me before asking if he should stop? This master sensed my fear, and picked another position until I lay sweaty and exhausted.

He never tired of entering my body, calling me his pet names—His Toy or Dog Bitch in Heat—but the lovemaking name he moaned out the most in the height of his joy seemed to stick.

Mason grabbed my hair, warning me that I had better be spontaneous, exciting, and bright-eyed and bushy-tailed every time he wanted me, for he owned me, and above all, I was his prize possession. I was “The President’s Rag Doll Whore.”

I awakened before dawn in his arms and to the sound of his voice, with the feel of his hands on my breasts and between my legs. He loved to play with my body. I was a mere pound of flesh Ruth used to get what our Order of Saint Hope wanted and, in return, I was given up to an important man who could take what he wanted.

ANGEL OF THE REALM

* * *

During one of our many moments together, Mason uttered, “Ruth was right; you were worth the wait. You’re different from the other sisters.” His hands smoothed up and down my thighs, then grabbed me up close. “So are you a computer expert, just good in bed, or both?”

“You’re pleased with me. When we get to D.C., I’ll show you my tech skills.”

“I’ll enjoy working, and playing, with you.” He moved the covers. “From now on, call me Mason or Mr. President. My mornings start early. Get packed and say your goodbyes.”

He patted my bare butt and smiled at my surprised reaction. “I leave at dark; it’s more private that way. We don’t want to attract the press or any curious eyes.”

He loved to stare at me. I put the white cowl back on, and rang a bell to signal those on the other side to allow my exit. My new life began with the sound of a plank being removed, as the door opened to Ruth waiting for results. Ready to embark on my destiny to achieve, I bowed before my superior the way Mama always did—with my right arm crossed over my chest and hand in a fist, an ancient salute our sisters used from the days of our Order’s creation.

“Mother Superior, my master is satisfied with me and requires breakfast before we leave. He has given instructions to gather my belongings and return to him.”

In her gargoyle way, Ruth replied, “Go, Sister Jenna; we will occupy his time in your absence.

“Yes, Mother Superior.”

Two sisters waited at Ruth’s side, their faces hidden with cowls. Past them, I ran down the cedar stairway to the main hallway. Sisters young and old bowed in approval. Picking up my long garment, I ran the short distance to the room in Sister

Quarters that Mama and I would share no more. Mama opened the door, wearing a black and white vestment for her long shift in the convent hospital as a vocational nurse. Our embrace needed to last for an eternity.

“He’s taking me to the White House.” A new suitcase lay open on my bed, and from the length of the skirts, the platinum stilettos, and lack of undergarments, I was indeed his whore.

“Ruth brought this last night filled with clothes we collected while you were away. She checked everything. I put a few items in and left you room for more. You’re a glowing woman now, Jenna; I’m so proud of you.”

Gone was my less revealing jean and boot style that I wore as a student at Texas Tech. Those clothes were replaced by a short brown skirt, matching blazer, and tan button-down silk blouse with, of course, stilettos to complete the look. I complied with Mason’s style for me and turned to model for the one who had worked so hard to get me to this point. I couldn’t spoil if for her; she’d never understand anyway.

Please, God, help her find the courage to leave.

From the closet of my secret place in our one-room apartment, I packed computer media and hardware I couldn’t do without—just the bare bones a geek girl needed. Speaking of the geek world, I’d been absent two nights from my nightly cyber haunts. How could I tell Father and Merlin what Ruth had done with my life? Would my online mentors understand?

I hugged Mama in our modest home that would seem plain to you. “Go to him, daughter. Remember your vows and obey him. As is promised in our doctrine, we will take care of you.”

When I reached the door with my bags, Mama noticed my sadness, “Was he mean to you? Why are you so sad? Jenna, have you not learned from us—this should be the happiest day

ANGEL OF THE REALM

of your life on this earth? You are a full-fledged nun of our Order.”

Why bother with an argument, when all Mama wanted to do is spout her own childhood teachings. I decided it was better to say nothing and protect her. I couldn't tell her how this man could turn on me. Instead, I just replied with, “When will I see you again?”

“We still have the post office box. You can send me letters the way you did from school.” Her eyes looked sad as she brushed my dark hair and adjusted an unruly blazer collar. “Call Ruth when you're with child. I will be waiting to hear from you. Sister Agnes was taken ill with heart problems while you were away, but plans to be here for your return. Come back to rescue us, or she's going to drive us crazy with her stories.”

Arms that held me so often through life, held me tight for one more brief moment. *Could she know my intention?*

“Sister Etta will help me take your bags out.” In our tradition of mothers sending their Sister Children off with their first masters, Mama put a hand on my shoulder and spoke a phrase in our ancient Latin. “Go, young sister, it is time to meet your destiny. I have done all I could do to spare your life.”

I was Mama's fourth born, and if she had not recited one of our laws to Mother Superior, stating that it was her right to raise me, her rejected offspring, as her Sister Child, I would not be here to tell you my story. I would have been taken from her arms and sent to the Undesirables.

I left my bags at the door and walked away before I started to cry. Up the cedar stairway, alone on the landing, I turned to gaze at the multi-colored stained glass window of Virgin Mary, with her hands held in prayer.

Please protect Mama. And if you're real, help her find freedom, too.

“He doesn't like to be kept waiting!”

A raspy, male authoritative voice startled me from behind. I turned to see a commoner in his fifties standing with Ruth by the second-floor apartment door in a dark business suit, and he allowed her the introduction.

“Agent Stafford Bruster works closely with the president. You will follow his orders along with those of the Conrads. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mother Superior.” *Great, I get stuck with some old GI Joe for a babysitter.*

He reached out to grab my arm. I dodged and caught the chill in his eyes. “Get in there, Little Sister. Don’t keep him waiting.”

When I returned to the room of my new master, Mason was wearing a tailored three-piece dark suit. The man looked the part of money, power, and high political office from the expensive hair cut down to the handmade Italian shoes. Breakfast dishes were to the side and a naked sister was on his lap, moaning to his caresses. He stopped kissing her when I entered and shed his plaything. The young sister picked her robe off the floor, bowed to me, and left. Visitors are never left alone in our custom, especially if Ruth had her eye on a barren sister. He must have chosen her from the two she selected for his entertainment.

Was this one next in line after me, or a snack in between mistresses? With his sexual appetite, who could tell? Either way, what will happen when he tires of playing with me?

Once alone, he kissed me, caressed sensual areas of my back, pressed my butt up against him, and moaned. His groin had such a bulge. Oh, how he wanted me right here. But official duty called when other members of his party gathered.

A young sister, possibly one of the unclean homeless runaways Ruth took in to entertain our guests, and used by a different set of her rules, interrupted us. Her pretty brown hair

ANGEL OF THE REALM

was pulled back by a black cowl as she led an important commoner into the room. His business attire, like that of Mason, also spoke of high status. And, from the still-hungry look in his eyes, the young woman who brought him must have had a busy night.

Mason led me over for an introduction. “Jenna, I’d like you to meet Vice President Ian Berry. You’ll work with him on occasion.”

I tried to straighten up when he came over to shake my hand, even though I could tell he was undressing me with those same eyes. It sent a chill down my spine.

He didn’t let my hand go, but held on with a firm grip and put his other hand on top. He pulled me close to him, played with the buttons on my blouse, then stepped in closer to inspect my breasts as if I was the family dog.

“If we didn’t have to leave so soon, I could brief her for a few hours.”

Berry released me when a nun in kitchen work vestments wheeled in a silver coffee service and politely left. I busied myself serving the men discussing me, which was better than worrying about Ian Berry as he followed me around the room.

“Wrap up The Group’s deals in the Middle East and she’ll be waiting for you.”

Great! He’s going to pass me around. These are the people that run our country?

Ian set his cup down. “Good. When I get back, I’ll remind you of your offer.”

I felt Ruth’s searing eyes on me when she entered the room; then I turned, knelt, and gave her our salute of respect. She had no tools of torment to make me conform; I guess my agreeable behavior was assumed. Ruth touched my head, as if to say she approved and that I could stand in her presence.

D.M. SIMONDS

Ruth said to the President, "I hope you will enjoy your gift with a reminder of the issue concerning clergy legalities you discussed with The Holy Father in Rome."

Mason gave her a pat on the butt. "Ruth old girl, this time you've outdone yourself. I will never forget my promises to the Vatican or tire of the good sister's services."

I turned away and had to put a hand over my mouth, trying not to laugh out loud for that one priceless moment of shock on the face of Mother Superior, Sister Ruth Taylor.

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