

# Lure of the Wicked: A Dark Mission Novel

Pages: 389

Publisher: HarperCollins e-books (June 28, 2011)

Format: pdf, epub

Language: English

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Lure of the Wicked *A Dark Mission Novel* Karina Cooper [Dedication](#) *For Lisa Marie and Cherry, who inspired me, encouraged me, put up with my insanity, and still love me anyway.* [Contents](#)  
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child. And her name hadn't been Naomi Ishikawa for almost twenty-five years. Except now it *was* again. Because the Mission said so. She flinched. "Shitfuck." "You're so pretty when you go blue." Eckhart sighed again. "All right, give me the rundown on the place." Naomi's fist clenched over the hard metal of the comm. "The city to grounds elevator takes eight minutes to get to the top. Surveillance is minimal and discreet, but hard to hide with all the glass. One camera at the lobby doors, one camera in the main elevator inside the resort, and that's it. The lobby's full of money and empty of people. Eckhart, I need those goddamn blueprints." The man whistled a distinctive three-note tune. "Jonas is still working on it. Says the blueprints are locked up tight." "Why?" "Dunno, but smells like money or politics to me. Probably both." "Great," she snarled. She shoved her free hand through the glossy strands of her black hair, took the three steps to the divan, and turned. "What you're saying is that the Church doesn't have a legitimate in, which is why they whored me up and sent me up here." It lashed out, a vicious whip of anger too sharp even to her own ears. She jammed a thumb and forefinger into her eye sockets, squeezed them shut until the pressure ate away at the light searing the inside of her skull. Politics. Goddamn politics. "What I'm saying is—" Eckhart began sharply, only to cut himself off. She knew why. It was another old argument, one that they circled like wary dogs. He lowered his voice; his version of soothing. "Look, not everything can be handled with a gun and an attitude." Except Naomi *knew* he was wrong. Almost anything could be handled by just that, and right now, she was missing one half of the fucking equation. Naomi paced to the window again, already knowing what she'd see as the setting sun sank toward the smudged horizon. A shimmering pool of polluted air ate at the dark spaces long since gathered between the towering skyscrapers. It hid the filth, the desperation, the shoulder-to-shoulder chaos that lived—no, that *existed* miles below her. She was anonymous down there. Unknown, a damn good witch hunter in a team of them. But up here, she was just a tool of the Church who had run the show since the earthquake had eaten the old city. Fifty years of guidance, of planning, had raised New Seattle from the ashes of the old ruins. Fifty years of powerful Church support had installed the Mission to a place of prominence; each operative was trained from childhood to protect humanity from the murderous practitioners of the witchcraft that had killed hundreds of thousands of innocent people in one devastating sweep. Naomi had been a missionary for over twenty years, and she still didn't play the political game. That was why she was just an agent, and not a team lead. Or a desk jockey, like the director. She was an operative. A killer. And Naomi liked it better when she could pull out her gun—which she didn't fucking *have*—and get to work the way she worked best. "Whatever," she said tautly as she whipped around and stalked back to the fancy sofa, "can we just get to the part where you get me a gun?" He whistled again. The three-note tune that said he was working it out. That it was complicated. "Nai," he said slowly, "what's going on?" "It's a rich-bitch haven—" "No," he cut in. The sound of voices faded in the background. His voice lowered. "I don't mean right this second, I know you hate topside. I mean, what's going on with *you*? You were in jail when we went looking for you." She snorted. Trading one jail cell for another didn't warrant any kind of gratitude. Pitted cement walls or sleek wallpapered hallways, it was all the same to her. Naomi dropped her hand, stared at the sectioned, gilt-framed mirror hanging over the polished snowy marble fireplace and didn't recognize the naked face staring back at her. Lavish mouth, high cheekbones sharp enough to cut, straight black hair without a trace of the electric blue streaks she'd worn until yesterday. No piercings. God, she missed her piercings. Aside from the crusted scab slashing diagonally over her nose, she looked rich. Pampered. Soft. She looked like her mother. It was enough to send her pacing again. Windows to sofa, sliding bedroom door, and back to the sofa. Damn the Mission. Damn the new Mission director who'd decided that locking her up behind the polished doors of New Seattle's premier resort and spa was the only answer to a problem they'd all decided was going to be hers. And damn the panic riding her so hard, it hummed like an electrical current inside her chest. Abruptly Naomi sank to the arm of the sofa. "Alan," she said wearily, "why the fuck am I here? Joe Carson isn't a witch, he's a missionary. Why do I have to execute him?" "Joe Carson isn't your average missionary, Nai. You remember that mess with Smith? Imagine if he'd survived long enough to go rogue." Ice pooled at the base of her spine. It had been only three months. Three goddamn months since the missionary she'd first known as a boy in a godforsaken

orphanage had turned on them. Turned on her. Missionary Silas Smith and his witch lover had gone up in smoke, caught in an inferno set by a coven of witches deep in the ruins of Old Seattle. There hadn't been anything more than rubble and charred, unrecognizable flesh by the time the Mission had gotten through the chaos. The new Mission director had some serious questions to answer, and another rogue agent on her turf wasn't going to help her do it. Naomi pressed her fingers to the front of her designer jeans, to the spot low on her abdomen where the seal of St. Andrew lay dormant. Protective. An early warning signal that arced with blue flame when witchcraft was used on her, calling on the holy energies of St. Andrew to combat whatever malicious intent a witch's magic would cause. Which came in handy when she was on a mission to kill *witches*. There were no witches here to kill. She rose again, strode past the decorative awning that separated the bedroom from the parlor, and surveyed the too-large bed with its lavender and gold silk bedspread. Her nose wrinkled. "The sooner I do this, the sooner I'm out, right?" Relief tinged his voice as he replied, "Right." "And little Miss Parker isn't planning some sort of bullshit extended operation?" "Director Adams knows how much you don't like this op, Nai," Eckhart said, correcting her with a sigh. "You made that extremely clear. Just get the job done, and you're out." "Okay, lay it on me." "Joe Carson is a murderer." "So am I." He hesitated, just a fraction of a second. It was enough. Her mouth twisted in edged, cutting humor. "It's different," he finally said. "Carson's wanted for the murder of two Church officials and four civilians, and he's a suspect in the disappearance of Mission evidence." She frowned. "Wait a damn minute, this wasn't in the briefing. Mission evidence? Was our vault compromised?" "No, thank God, not ours. We don't keep anything really dangerous there, anyway," he said. "The director's headquarters got hit sometime last week and they only just found the breach. Be glad you weren't there yesterday. Adams damn near froze the place out." "Nothing pulling the stick out won't fix," Naomi muttered. She rolled her eyes when he cleared his throat in pointed reprimand. She didn't have to like Director Parker Adams, but she did have to work with her. *For* her. "Sorry," she added. "What was taken?" "Let's see. Some old newspaper clippings and a pot full of odds and ends. Prequake junk, as far as we could tell." "Helpful. I still think instead of hunting him, we should just bring him in for processing." "Not our call." "But if his team had done *their* job—" "Again, Nai, his local missionaries tried. As soon as the flag landed on his file, he vanished." And they couldn't process what they couldn't find. Naomi grimaced. No one knew what processing really meant, but the rumors persisted. Everything from chemical lobotomy to brainwashing; torture disguised as cleansing to simple disposal. Dangerous, heretical rumors. The Church didn't like rumors. Or questions it couldn't answer. "This has been going on awhile. A missionary doesn't just wake up one day and decide to murder six people." "Doesn't matter. Get your attitude together and do what needs to be done. They're watching you, Nai." "Fuck off." "I'm serious." Eckhart hesitated. "Naomi, you've been flagged by the Church for surveillance." *Flagged*. Like Joe Carson. Anger wrapped itself into a tangle, a knot of fury and sudden fear. Naomi blew out a hard, laughing breath. "Well, that's great. Guess I'll run off and murder for them some more." "Jesus, Nai, don't say that. That's the kind of stuff you're always getting in trouble for. The only thing saving your ass right now is your success record. You're a damn good missionary, but you've been pushing it and you know it." Translated, if she didn't toe the line this time, she'd be out on her ass, no matter how fucking good she was at what she did. Same old song and dance. "Whatever," she said not bothering to try for sincere. She turned away from the pile of luggage that stored a fortune in exclusive clothing and stalked back out of the bedroom. "What I meant was, I should go tend to this mission that the Holy Order of St. Dominic has found to be necessary and just." Eckhart paused. She could practically hear him grinding his teeth. "Naomi. You're cracking at the seams. Get it together, or you're going to get us *all* flagged." "I'll be in touch as soon as I've got something worthwhile to report." "Naomi—" "Understand this." Naomi tucked her index finger against the tiny black mic at her ear, pushed it in closer so that he couldn't possibly miss a single note. "One way or another, I'm going to put a bullet in this shitfucker's brain. When I get out of here, I'm going to get my piercings back and get laid." She smiled at his snort. "You are welcome to come along for either." "You need help, West." "Yeah. Get me a Beretta." "I'll see what we can arrange," he said, and didn't waste his time saying good-bye. As the line clicked off in her ear, she gave in to

the fury licking at her every breath. She tossed the palm-sized unit savagely across the room. It rebounded off the brocade settee, thudded to the carpet. It didn't make her feel better. Watched. She was being watched by her own fucking team. *Flagged*. Fine. Smoothing her hair back over her shoulders, she yanked her crumbling concentration firmly back into focus. It didn't matter what Carson was. Missionary, witch, or other. The Church said kill. She'd get right on it. She took one step toward the bedroom and froze as the oiled metal doors of the suite elevator hissed open behind her. Sudden, visceral awareness lifted every hair on the back of her neck. Nerves prickled; a circle of fire searing through the tattooed seal low on her belly. *Witchcraft*. Instinct took control of her body, launched her to the side as pain and power converged inside her skull. Sheer adrenaline ate away at the last vestiges of confusion, and she hit the ground rolling. She collided with a polished end table, saw boots and a sage green uniform in the corner of her eye, and swore as a lamp crashed to the floor by her head. Pain made her slow, sticky under the hammering of magic and the protective burn of the Mission tattoo. The edges of her vision wavered in black and excruciating red. "What the fuck," she gritted out as she struggled to get to her feet. Her knees wobbled, shredded by the witchcraft drilling through her skull. "Jesus, she wasn't kidding." A masculine voice, gritty. Focused. "You're tougher than I thought." Sucking in air, her lips peeled back from her teeth and she came up swinging. His curse fractured as her fist found his ribs; she cursed hard enough for both of them as her knuckles collided with bone. He bent double with the impact and she stepped in, grabbed his wrist, and slammed him viciously against the back wall. Naomi locked her forearm against his throat, panting with the effort. A painting swayed, crashed to the ground in the sudden silence of his constricted airway. The pain receded. He was old, she realized. Older than she'd thought, underneath stocky muscle and hands made of calluses. The fingers he locked around her arm in desperation were work-scarred, nails clipped to the quick. His hair was cut in severe military lines, liberally peppered with gray. A full bar mustache covered his upper lip, but it couldn't hide the scar puckering the skin just by the side of his mouth. His bulbous nose and bushy gray eyebrows should have conspired to give him a harmless, kindly demeanor. The wild glint in his deep blue eyes betrayed the truth. Even as one part of her brain cataloged his description, the rest of her battled back the too-fast surge of her own heartbeat. Too much adrenaline. Too damn fast. Pins and needles prickled at her face. *Not now*. Scraping her attention together, she bared her teeth and gritted out, "Who are you?" "Fuck y—" He choked as she flexed her shoulder, driving the edge of her forearm harder against his throat. The fragile bones in his neck grated together as he turned purple. She thrust her face into his. "You have about thirty seconds before— Shit!" Harder, stronger than she expected, the witch seized her sweater and shoved. Seams stretched, popped. Her feet tangled in the one he locked behind hers. She flailed, hit the floor on her ass. He stepped in immediately, cocked a leg, and rammed one booted foot into her ribs. Again. She rolled with the momentum as pain screamed through her chest, but she couldn't see past the colors swimming through her head. Vibrant reds and bruised purples. A rough hand closed over the back of her neck, shook hard, and sent her sprawling. Pain rocketed through her body as she collided into the settee. Ass over skull, her knees buckled over the low cushions and sent her flailing over the back of it. The back of her head slammed into one unyielding corner of the small end table beside it and the scene flickered, a synaptic overload of pain and magic. Naomi shook her head hard; her chest squeezed, labored to inhale the oxygen that wasn't making it to her brain. She tensed, teeth clenched as she forced her muscles to move. He didn't come at her again. When the onslaught of magic ceased, it ended so completely that it left her reeling. She clung to the back of the elegant couch, gasping for breath as her lungs constricted. Hysteria. It wrapped around her chest and made it too damned hard to breathe. Her peripheral vision flickered. Naomi launched herself out of the way, hit the table again, and clutched it for support as the room whirled. Nothing came at her. Forcing air into her struggling lungs, she dragged herself to her feet as the suite elevator doors closed. Leaving her with the impression of sharp blue eyes and the lingering snap of killing magic. "Son of a *bitch*," she snarled, and lunged for the control button. Her palm slapped down too damn late. She sucked in a breath, held it. Let it out. Another. Calm. Controlled. *Fuck*. Naomi kicked the steel doors until the suite echoed with it. Her toes throbbed in protest. She watched the light buttons as the elevator

descended with the powerful witch inside. Seventeen. Sixteen. Fifteen. . . Should she try to outrun it and take the stairs? Hell, he could get off at any floor before he reached ground level. She'd never catch him. By the time the elevator made it all the way back to her suite on the top floor, she'd scuffed the hell out of her knee-high leather boots and knew her assailant would be long gone. The doors slid open with an expensive *whoosh*. She limped into the elegantly mirrored box and barely kept herself from putting her fist through the reflective glass. No gun, no bullets. She'd thought this bullshit operation was going to be as witch-free as Sunday Mass, but the lingering prickle around the skin of her abdomen proved her wrong. Dead fucking wrong. The woman who shot out of the residential elevator and into his arms rang every bell in Phinneas Clarke's head, and then some. Most were alarms. Trouble. Capital T kind of trouble, with long, long legs and a taut, trim body that fit against him like a custom suit. Plastered to the wall by her surprised momentum, the back of his head rebounded from the wallpapered panel and knocked a peal of thunder through his skull as he found his hands suddenly full of warm wool and soft curve. She buckled, slid against the front of his body until his brain shorted out, and caught herself against his chest. One knee jammed between his legs—mercifully shy of wrecking Phin's vulnerable flesh—and her fingers twisted into the lapels of his suit jacket, providing an awkward angle of support. Warm, denim-clad curves filled his palms, and he realized he'd caught her by the definitely taut muscles of her ass. For a long moment only the whispered lilt of the created spring behind them filled the shocked silence. His lips twitched. Naomi Ishikawa. According to the dossier he'd compiled from her people, his newest guest was an heiress who couldn't stay out of the kind of trouble that got rich girls put on a very short list. Phin could see what her handlers meant. Her hair was sleek and black, reminiscent of the Japanese heritage that defined her cheekbones and shaped the almond tilt of her eyes. She was fine-boned, slender, but tensile; clearly a woman who enjoyed a good workout. The easy strength he felt in her slim body was proof enough of that. The rest of her was pure American supermodel, right down to the wildly long legs that tucked her at just about his eye level. His gaze centered on her flushed face, and the raw-looking scab slashed diagonally across the bridge of her fine, straight nose. Miss Ishikawa looked as if she'd stepped into the ring with a prizefighter and lost. The elevator doors eased shut beside them. Her eyes narrowed. "Are you all right?" He wasn't sure. Were his fingers still curved around her rear? Did having a beautiful woman plastered against his chest count as all right? He shook his head. Hard. "Shit," she said, a husky snort. Sharp eyes searched his face as one warm, long-fingered hand slid around the back of his neck. "What's your name?" "Phin," he managed, and shifted. Just enough. "And I don't mean to be rude, but could you remove your knee?" The hand at the back of his neck stilled. Desperately he tried not to smile as she looked down at his chest. At the locked press of her hips against his and the sleek, denim-clad leg she'd braced between his knees in the confusion. He hoped to God she couldn't feel his pulse against the curve of her thigh. Her gaze flicked back up to his. Crinkled just enough to let him know she did. "Sorry," she said lightly. "Tell you what. You move your hands from my ass and I'll move my leg from your—" "Got it," he said hastily before the heat uncurling through his veins could get any hotter than the pressure at his crotch. Carefully he pulled his all-too-eager hands away from her body. She eased from the tangle of balance and limbs, and as the warm weight of her withdrew, Phin was absurdly grateful that he could breathe again without inhaling the raw, clean scent of her skin. "Sorry about that," she said, readjusting the loose neck of her sweater. She frowned down at the fraying threads at the collar. "I should come with a warning." And how. He straightened, prodding gingerly at the back of his bruised skull. "I can think of worse ways to make your acquaintance, Miss Ishikawa." Her shoulders stiffened, subtly enough that he would have missed it if he wasn't watching her. Her gaze slammed to his in sudden, razor-edged acuity. In that split second, Phin felt as if those strange blue-purple eyes had taken him in, cataloged every inch from his expensive shoes and newly rumped suit to his brown, curly hair, and shelved him neatly under a label he wasn't sure would be flattering. Then her mouth curved up; an easy, blinding smile. Phin's gut clenched, liquid quick awareness that bit deeper than it should have. "Naomi," she corrected. "Naomi, then." He offered a hand. "Phinneas Clarke. Welcome to Timeless. Normally we strive not to maim our guests." Her gaze flicked to his hand. When she took it, her grip was firm, her skin cool and somewhat damp. Phin managed not

to look down in surprise when his thumb brushed over the rough indication of her abraded knuckles. Trouble. Definitely trouble. "No harm done." She extracted her hand a shade sooner than manners strictly dictated polite. He didn't miss the way she dragged her palm against the fabric of her sweater. "Did you see anyone else go by?" "Not until you trampled me." "Damn." Her gaze skimmed the interior atrium courtyard behind him, dimly lit by the lampposts scattered under the cultivated trees. "Is your head okay?" Her eyes were shadowed, too hard to read. He couldn't tell what she was thinking. Not that he was sure he'd have any better luck in full daylight, either. Intriguing. He smiled, crooked with apology. "I've had worse. It's definitely one way to make introductions." She tipped her face to the early night sky, ten floors above them and trapped behind the wide skylight. "You were headed into the elevator," she observed, tucking stray tendrils of black over her ear. "Don't let me keep you." It had been a long time since Phin had felt so thoroughly dismissed. Challenge rose like a banner in his chest. "Actually I was on my way up to see you." One fine black eyebrow arched. "Me?" "To introduce myself." The sound she made was noncommittal. His gaze dropped to her mouth, and Phin couldn't help but realize how easy it'd be to taste that overly lush curve of her lip. She was tall enough in her boots that he'd only have to tilt his head a fraction to close the distance. And earn himself a mean right hook, if the condition of her knuckles was any indication. No, thank you. He liked his features exactly where they were. She watched him, sliding her fingers into the front pockets of her hip-hugging jeans. "And now that I've successfully made an impression," he added, his voice roughened, "I'll let you get back to whatever it was you were doing. This really can't get any more awkward." The look she slanted him glinted. A darker kind of humor. Something that bit. "I bet you say that to all the girls." "Just the ones who throw themselves at me." Her laughter surprised him, rich and throaty. There was an edge to it, a brush of smoke. Just wicked enough to remind him of the warmth of her skin against his hands, the texture of her soft wool sweater, and the curves beneath. Just feminine enough to make him remember it'd been too long since he'd met with anyone for an evening out. Or in. Phin pursed his lips and whistled soundlessly. He made a point to keep his hands off the guests. They weren't here to be hit on, and that kind of fraternization was bad for business no matter how prettily it came packaged. But Miss Ishikawa was going to make him work for it. "I was exploring," she said, shrugging one shoulder. "Point me toward the nearest exits, won't you? Briefly," she added. "Your wish is my command. The lobby is behind me, through the park." "Park?" "Well, it's not as big as the old parks, but you're welcome to explore it at your leisure." He raised a finger toward the wide double doors at the end of the courtyard. "The ground floor maintains the pools and a fully equipped gym. There are personal trainers for your convenience, if you require assistance." Then he pointed to the elevator doors behind her. "Seventeen residential suites. Each on their own floor." Naomi glanced over her shoulder at the elevator. "Is that the only way in?" "Stairs lead to each floor, but they're for staff use and emergencies only. Your people got you the top floor," he continued with a smile. "Best view." "Anything else?"

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