

She was the biggest angel Tommy had ever seen.
Seven feet tall. Massive wings. A creature built to kill.
It wasn't until he pulled the trigger that he realized something was wrong.
She had no claws. No fangs.
And she was beautiful—the kind of beauty that made you want
to kiss your rosary, have a drink, and thank God you were alive.

For a hundred years, the world has belonged to the angels—
fanged, merciless things that hunt what remains of humanity.

Most people hide. Most people break.
Tommy isn't most people.
He hunts them.

Or at least, he did—until one of them looked human.

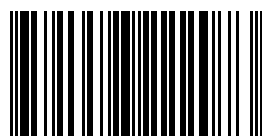
Now, standing over the body of something that shouldn't exist,
Tommy is forced to face a truth more dangerous than the
monsters themselves:

Not all angels are the same.

And if he's wrong—
then humanity hasn't been fighting to survive.

They've been killing the wrong enemy.

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ISBN 978-1-988222-07-3

THE LAST ANGEL



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A DESOLATE KINGDOM NOVEL

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