

## Chapter 10 - Pervert

Saturday morning I wake with a smile on my face, Luke said goodbye with another scorching kiss that sent tingles straight to my toes. I roll onto my back and think of yesterday's events, I have lost Fleur but gained Luke, and I can't say I am unhappy with that exchange. I giggle, gosh; Fleur did all this to get Luke, when she actually pushed him to me. Thanks Fleur! had managed to wash the sticky stu o in the shower with an entire bottle of body wash.

A voice so deep, it vibrates my chest, makes me realise that was what woke me up. Curiosity getting the better of me, I pull on my flu y robe and walk downstairs. I head straight to the kitchen at full speed at the idea of food. Opening the door I run smack into a giant wing, causing me to go flying back out of the room due to the wing pushing me away in defence. I land on the floor in a tangle of flu y robe and scrawny limbs. It hurt.

"Shit Emma, are you ok?" Sam's worried face comes into my line of sight.

"Do I look ok?" I ask.

He laughs. "Yep, you're ok." He puts his hands around my waist and li s me up like I weigh nothing. I rub my butt in an attempt to stop the throbbing, not noticing the other individual standing behind Sam until he introduces him. "Emma, this is Archangel Raphael." Ah shit. No wonder I went flying. No pun intended.

Raphael chuckles. "I would say I am sorry, but I believe it was you who ran into me." His voice makes me shiver. It's not as husky as Luke's, but certainly deeper. I finally look at him, and holy hotness. The dude is huge! He must have muscles on his muscles! Although his hair is a simple shiny brown with flecks of gold, his eyes are pure gold, and glowing! But what are truly beautiful are his wings, which are pure white until the tips, which are a blinding gold like his eyes. I can totally see why this guy is an Archangel. His power pulses in the air around, making him look taller than what he actually is. I put him at about 6'6.

"Well, I'm not going to say sorry, because I was not expecting to be assaulted by wing when I walked into the kitchen. Who puts their wing in front of a door?" Shit what was it that letter said about respect? Oh well, too late now.

"Emma!" Sam chastises. "Show respect!" He whispers into my ear. Fine, if you say so.

I bow down dramatically. "Please accept my apologies o' great Archangel." Sam sighs loudly and I can't keep my giggles contained. I just mocked an Archangel. They must have been infectious because Sam begins laughing to. I lean on him for support when my giggles become laughter, again forgetting about Raphael. It was his throat clearing that calmed us down. A red tinge comes to Sam's cheeks, he's blushing! Aw!

"Sorry sir." He mumbles.

"Shall we return to our conversation in the kitchen?" Raphael asks. His face is emotionless, so I do not know what he is feeling or thinking, but I hope the warm glow in his eyes means we are not in any trouble. It's that exact warm glow that made me save Sam from an awkward situation with unusual confidence.

"Come on Raphie, I'll get you a drink too." I pull both their arms to lead them to the kitchen and sit them down. Their faces hold a dumbstruck expression that is hilarious, but I manage to contain the giggles this time. "Tea, juice, water, what can I get ya?"

"I ... Raphie? Really?" Sam's head swings towards Raphael so quickly he must have gotten whiplash, he sounded like a teenager. The great Archangel of war, sulking over a nickname, will wonders never cease?

"Yes Raphie, what do you want to drink, or we have some really yummy chocolate things in the cupboard, but I would get one quickly because Sam eats like a cow." I rummage and get them to show him. I love chocolate, anything chocolaty and I am all over that.

"Um ... I'll have water." He scratched the back of his neck in a nervous gesture. What he's got to be nervous about, I don't know, but it's kinda' cute. I pour them both a glass of water and put bread in the toaster. Setting the down I hear them both mumble thank you. I return to the counter and patiently wait for my toast. I notice the silence immediately and realise they are both staring at me.

"What?" I rub my face thinking there is still sticky on me from yesterday.

"Most people cower in fear at my presence, yet you hit my wing, which is a violation in the Angels Act, laugh at me, then proceeded to give me a nickname whilst o ering me chocolate treats, whilst wearing a flu y robe and making toast." Sam's face is now on the table. Pulling out the Angels Act is a low blow. An angel's wing is worth billions, so it is forbidden to even touch one without permission, and it extends to their loved ones and weaponry.

"I wasn't laughing at you." Was all I could say.

Raphie raises an eyebrow, and I tell you, he has it down pat. If I was scared of him, I would have been running in the other direction.

"Emma, stop." Sam whines. They're all teenagers!

"Raphie, can I ask you something?" He did not bother to hide his surprise and shrugs is huge shoulders. "Why are you here?"

Sam sits straighter and Raphie heaves a big sigh. "To keep you safe from death." Is all he says. "I'll have a chocolate treat now." Lame attempt at a subject change Raphie

"Well, we all die eventually; do you know how silly that sounds? He saved me, I would much rather you be hunting down that creep Razel." This whole respect thing has gone out the window quickly. Actually, I realise I have shown him no respect what so ever.

"Emma you need to listen." Sam interrupts. "You are going with Raphael to his home where you will be protected." He says gently.

"WHAT!" I laugh at his stupidity. "No way Sam, no way! I would much rather die than go to a city." I cross my arms, showing I will not budge.

"What does it matter?" he practically yells, wow, bipolar much. "You have no friends here, plus Raphael will look a er you and care for you."

"I don't want to go! I want to stay, you may think I have no friends, but I love someone Sam, and I cannot leave him." I will not cry. I will not cry.

"Who? That Luke boy?" He spits. "He doesn't love you! Don't be foolish girl! Now go and pack your bags!" Sam has never shouted at me before, so it was scary when he did. I bolt for my room, slamming the door once I am in there. I realise I don't even have Luke's number! I fall onto my bed and cry, feeling dread and an awful pain spread through my chest at the thought of leaving Luke. It's like my dream all over again.

"Luke." I whisper. I don't know when I came to the conclusion I love him, but I do. With everything I have.

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Raphael's arms around me feel awkward. A er some more kicking and screaming, he scooped me up and burst into the air, the same way death did that night, just slower. Sam and another angel are carrying my bags, whilst around fourteen others fly behind us. I have given up crying, and squirming. I now feel really ill. I hate heights and Raphie said he would drop me if I carried on. We've been flying for about 35 minutes, just a guess, and it's awful.

"You will like my home Emma. You will feel welcomed, and you'll no longer be bullied. Isn't that what you want?" He whispers into my ear, a voice which made me shiver in delight before now makes me shiver in hatred. Hate may be a strong word, but imagine being taken from the one you love.

"I thought I made it clear I didn't want to come?" I growl. His arms tighten, not hard enough to su ocate me, but enough to be a warning.

"Feisty. I like them feisty." He chuckles and I gag. Great, so he has some fetish for me now. No way will I be safe. To top it o the other angels have been staring at me the entire trip like I am a juicy bone. Two of them started arguing in a language that sounded familiar, but Raphie snapped something back and they silenced. "How would you feel belonging to an Archangel? Most girls would die for what I am o ering you." His kisses just behind my ear, so I fling my head back and smack him in the nose.

This, ladies gentlemen, was the stupidest thing I had ever done. Because he dropped me.

It took me a few seconds to realise I was actually falling to my demise. We were very high up, but low enough for me to breathe normally. It also took the angels a moment to realise what happened and dive into action. Literally.

I was getting closer to land at an alarming rate. I didn't scream, it wouldn't slow me down, and the angels trying to catch me were getting quicker.

Would you rather go with the perverted angel, or end your miserable existence? ask myself.

I angle my body in a way to make me speed up and I hear curses from the angels closing in. I make eye contact with Sam, who at least looks frantic, and so ly smile. Realisation lights in his eyes, which changes to anger, and he pumps his wings even harder to catch me.

"Bye grams, bye mum. I'm coming daddy." I whisper. I may be a little dramatic, but everyone needs their final words.

A loud boom echoes in the air, and a loud whistling sound follows. The angels suddenly double their e orts to catch me and I now see Raphael closing in. I close my eyes since I can now see detail on the ground. But a force that hits the side of me springs them back open and knocks all the air out of me. I feel the steely arms around me. They caught me! Of course, they have wings stupid.

"That was a silly thing to do baby." A familiar voice flows into my ear. I swing my head and meet glowing blue eyes.

"Luke?"

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