

Chapter 11 - Revealed

A/N = Hello fellow watterpaders, I'm sorry for the incredibly late update!

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I take an inventory. I have a killer bump on the back of my head courtesy of Raphael, and a bruise on my ribs, courtesy of Luke.

Luke.

Holy guacamole.

He has wings! I haven't been able to open my eyes since we are travelling at such a high speed but I feel his body shi with every thrust of them. He feels broader and taller though, and his warmth has chilled.

"You can open your eyes now baby." He chuckles. His arms are still wrapped around me and my legs remain wrapped around his waist.

"We're on the ground Em." He pulls at me, unravelling my legs, which are pretty useless since they feel like jelly, but he holds me up.

Ok, reveal time. I wonder what colour his wings are...

Excited, I open my eyes and look into his. They are brighter than last time, and he is most certainly taller. His shoulders are damn runways.

My eyes travel down and I realise he is wearing that same leather uniform the night I properly met Marco at five in the morning. I can't help but notice how it highlights his muscles; I am a teenage girl a er all.

My eyes roam back up to his handsome face and I notice his smirk. I flush; he noticed my checking him out, way to feed his ego Emma.Ok wing time.

"Where are your wings?" He's hidden them. Actually, angels are not supposed to be able to do that. So it makes me twice as curious.

Luke looks hesitant. "You sure? Promise you won't run or anything?" He asks.

"I'm not going anywhere."

He nods and widens his stance. A creaking sound followed by tearing fills the air, and then two black masses begin to emerge, with a wing span that could rival Raphie's.

My gasp makes him flinch. His wings are black, with the memorable blue at the tips, with a noticeable blue glow. I know this angel, or should I say archangel.

"You're death!" I squeak. It wasn't a question. He has the exact same wings as the shadow angel!

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We had landed at this adorable little ranch style house which is on one of the smaller islands west of Aurora. We must have travelled really fast to get here since it's like a two to three day boat trip to get here normally. I've been sat in the living room for hours, trying to come to terms with Luke being the Archangel of Death. I don't blame him for not telling me, I'm just in shock and beginning to creep out a bit. I kissed him! Heck, it was the best kiss of my life ... ok, maybe my only kiss, but he's been nothing but nice to me. Yeah he ditched me on our date, but I guess you can say he came back.

Well, the poor guy has been sat in the kitchen on his own, I noticed him peeping his head in checking on me. Who would have thought Death could be so sweet.

As I stand my knees click, emphasising how long I have been sat in the same position for so long. I practically limp over to the kitchen and see Luke, minding his own business reading a book. He's so adorable. He's changed into a shirt and jeans with his bare foot tapping to its own beat. Then it hit me like a tonne of bricks. I'm in love with Death! Can Death love, or feel any emotion at all? He certainly felt protective of me a er the lake, and his groans proved he felt some arousal.

"You just gonna stand there staring o into space?" Amusement sparkles in Luke's beautiful eyes.

Blushing I reply, "I was thinking."

"That's dangerous." He sniggers.

"You're so funny. Do you think Raphael will find us?" His eyes so en when my voice got smaller. He opens his arms, and the only thing I can do is run to him and settle on his lap. They circle me like a safety blanket and I snuggle into his chest. "You're colder than before." My voice is mu led by his chest but he must have heard me because his temperature increases immediately. "That must be handy."

Hearing his laugh warms me more. "It does I suppose, and I won't let him find you." He kisses my forehead. "Actually, why did he have you in the first place?"

"Sam said I had to go with him to keep me safe from you. They said you were dangerous and that since you saved me, I got your attention and that you were going to end me, which makes no sense because you actually saved me. I told them I would much rather they find Raziel, but Sam just yelled and told me to pack. I tried fighting but he just scooped me up like I was a child and took to the skies, rather dramatic if you want my opinion. And to them my opinion meant nothing." I sigh loudly. My life has changed dramatically in the last twenty four hours.

Luke's prolonged silence worries me, li ing my head I see he has his eyes closed and has a pained expression on his face. Something tells me he needs my comfort, so I stroke his cheek with my hand, feeling the little hairs that make up his sexy stubble. He leans into my hand, proving my gut instinct was right. A er a little more comforting he finally speaks. "I would never hurt you Emma, you have to believe me. I don't know what you have done to me, but I don't think I could live without you. You consume my every thought. I want to protect you more than anything. I somehow felt your fear, and I had to get to you. When I saw you falling, my heart broke. I only just got to you in time. If you had died, I would have killed Raphael along with his goons, and then search everywhere for a way to follow you."

He places his face where my neck joins my shoulder and snuggles, trying to get as close as he can to me. I guess Death does have feelings. "I know you would never hurt me Luke, I tried telling them that. When he took me, the only thing I was worried about was that I would never see you again. I was so scared." I snuggle him back, needing the safe feeling like I need air to breathe. Whatever is between us is strong and had tied us together on another level. "I don't think I could live without you either." I kiss his heart, feeling it beating rapidly under my lips through is shirt.

"Why did he drop you? Or better yet, how? He was diving for you like the others." He shivers, obviously thinking back to when I was falling to my death, quite literally again.

Already predicting his anger I get it over with, I don't want to lie to the person I love. "He is a perv. I had put up a fight, to which he commented on how he liked feisty girls. Then he asked if I wanted to belong to him and he kissed my neck. So I head-butted him, then he dropped me."

I was surprised when he laughed. "Oh, that's my girl!" He gasps.

"Head-butting archangels, I'm so proud of you baby." He kisses me sweetly on the lips, still shaking with his now silent laughter.

"I still cannot believe you are the Archangel of Death." He immediately sobers.

"Yeah, well I am." He stands and places me on the chair, then walks over to the counter and pours himself a glass of water, remaining completely silent. He seems to be good at being quiet; I guess death has to be.

"Did I do something wrong?" I ask.

He turns and leans on the counter, folding his arms across his chest a er putting the glass down, making his arms bulge. "Not yet. You'll run when I turn my back, won't you? You'll go crying to Sam and he'll swoop in and save the day. Then they will fill your brain, if they haven't already, with a load of crap on how much I want to hurt you when it is them that want's to hurt you." He slams his fist on the poor counter, and the crack echoed through my bones. Did he say Sam want's to hurt me?

"Sam wouldn't hurt me. And I would never run away from you, unless you gave me a reason to" I argue.

"He gave you to Raphael did he not?" He arches a brow. Ok this is getting frustrating now.

"Luke, let's just be blunt, why are they saying you'll hurt me, when you say you won't? Who do I trust?" Then it hits me as he approaches and li s his hands to cradle my face. I flinch back and practically run to the other side of the kitchen, cursing when I stub my toe in the process. "Why am I not dead? You touched me!"

Realisationdawns on his face. "You know about that?" Horror laces his words.

"Yeah ..."

"I can chose who I kill Emma."

Well, I did ask for blunt.

I audibly sigh in relief; I suppose I would be dead already if he had no control over it. Duh.

"You ... you're not scared of me are you?" He whispers. Feeling guilty for doubting him, I approach him with my confidence back and circle my arms around his muscular torso.

"No. No I am not scared of you." I reply.

It's comforting to know it will be Luke who takes me to my daddy.

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