

## Chapter 14 - Gold

I was twiddling my thumbs in boredom when a voice fills the room. It had been silent apart from Raziels laboured breathing, but I had noticed the bruises start to fade already and all bleeding had stopped and sealed. One of the perks of being an angel I suppose. “Why did you defend me?” His voice was hoarse and just above a whisper.

“Because what he did was wrong.” I like the sound of strength in my voice; I have the advantage over Raziel for a change.

“But he is my master, he does what he pleases.” I turn to look at him. His eyes were on me and there was gold mixed with the darkness pooling and twirling in them.

“Just because he is your master, does not mean he can kill you or hurt you for touching me. You saved me, for that I thank you. Even if it was just sun stroke.” I watch the gold and black battle in his eyes; it was scarily beautiful and had me entranced.

“What are you doing to me?” He rasps.

“What do you mean? I’m not doing anything!” He began to convulse on the floor.

“Make it stop!” He cries. Ignoring the pain of moving, I climb onto the floor and sit next to him, I move his sweaty hair from his face and he leans into my touch. He slowly began to stop convulsing and shied his head onto my lap. Once he had found a comfortable position he sighed in content.

I’m totally freaked out.

I tried not to move because he looked so peaceful. This was so strange. I played with his hair; it no longer looked greasy, but so and slightly lighter I had to touch it to make sure i was not hallucinating.. My legs were getting numb, but thankfully, Raziel shied with a groan. “Need to pee.” He mumble before stumbling to what I presume was the bathroom.

I had just snuggled back under the cover, readjusting my IV line when I heard a rather loud ‘HOLY SHIT!’ which had me jumping to the extent my IV fell out. Great.

I was just pulling the tape o my hand when Raziel burst in a flurry of golden hair. “How? How did you do it?” He kneeled at my feet kissing my hands.

“Do what?” I ask timidly, really freaked out at his behaviour. He had no evidence of ever being beat up, except the strange looking scar on his arm.

“I’m not wearing a glamour Emma! The darkness... It’s gone!” Tears are streaming down his face. “You gave me a chance, and you brought me back.” His forehead rests on my knees while his shoulders shake with his sobs.

“Raziel... I’m confused.” I li his head up and meet pure gold eyes. “Wow, nice eyes.” Up close I see his hair is many shades of gold which glitter and sparkle in the sunlight. His cheeks are rosy and not protruding and he actually has muscle mass now with a slight tan giving them definition. No wonder he was in pain if this is not glamour. But should I believe the angel of deception?

“You don’t believe me. It’s understandable.” He mumbles to himself. Where is the Raziel I know? Everyone swings from hot too cold in this place, I swear I’m getting emotional whiplash. He gets up and sits next to me leaning on the headboard and wipes away any remaining tears. Really looking at him I notice how handsome he is. His gold eyes sparkle with a hidden light that had not existed before.

“Ok. I never used to be the angel of deception.” He begins. “I was actually guidance. Like, if someone was about to go down a dark path, I would do everything in my power to ‘guide’ them the right way. But I fell in love.” Wait, Raziel in love? “It was forbidden for an angel to love a human, especially because they did not know of our existence yet. So I was punished for revealing myself to her.”

“What was her name?” I ask so ly.

“Arianna.” He sighs dreamily. “She looked a bit like you actually, except she had green eyes. Anyway, I was sentenced to serve Death until he deemed my punishment over. Eventually his darkness began to influence me until it took over and I could not remember who I used to be. Until now. It changed me not only mentally, but physically and emotionally too. Things that I would refuse to do before I revelled in then. It was just darkness, a taint on my soul.” He looks me in the eyes and I see the turmoil in them. He obviously remembers everything he has done. This is something he is going to have to forgive himself for.

“It’s not your fault Raziel! You didn’t ask to be tainted!” I grab his hand, not liking the pained look in his eyes.

“But I could have tried harder to fight it. I was about to be promoted to archangel, but I was punished and now I have no honour. But what I want to know is how you did it... I should have been beyond help, but listening to you defend me and the kind way you looked at me and spoke, it just tugged at something inside me. I felt it physically leave my body.” He shivers. “Looking into your eyes was like looking into my future. I am in you debt Emma.” The seriousness in his voice comforts me. At least I have an ally now.

“What will Luke do?” My heart beat increase in panic.

“We’re not going to stick around to find out.” Raziel climbs o the bed, but not before he kisses my forehead. The gesture was so unexpected and sweet I remain frozen until he picks me up and steps onto a balcony I had not noticed before. The familiar ripping sound alert me that his wings are emerging, and then two pure gold appendages fill the rest of the balcony, absorbing the moonlight making them look as if they are on fire. They were unearthly and beautiful. Raziel takes them in with a small smile and glistening eyes. “You are amazing Emma.” He whispers, before bursting into the night sky.

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We had been flying for a while, my cheeks were sore from the wind and my fingers were numb. But the coldness was nice on my burns. Raziel carried me like I was fine china and I think he was enjoying having himself back. The fact that Raziel was tainted just working for Luke explains how dark he is. The dates, the kiss, everything was a lie. I thought I already hated him, but now I hate him more.

We had reached an island on the other side of the mainland, about a week’s drive away from Aurora. Raziel landed at what looked like a church, but was actually a sanctuary for angels. “Am I allowed in here? It is for angels.” I ask.

“You’ll be allowed in. Trust me.” He walks one pace ahead of me and pushes open the big mahogany doors. They had writing on them in a language I did not know. They give way with a groan and Raziel presses onwards. Two women stand just inside wearing light blue robes with hoods covering their faces. The bowed as we passed, which I presume was for Raziel. His wings were still out and I kept catching myself staring, I guess he cannot put them away, it’s a rare gi to be able to hide your wings.

The outside was clearly a disguise. Inside it was huge. There were doors on each side with the same weird writing on them. At the end of the building were statues of angels surrounding a colourful bowl which was situated in front of steel doors. Raziel stopped next to the bowl, which had weird inscriptions around it. But I was entranced by the statues. They were obviously the archangels, I recognised Raphael and Luke, and there was a beautiful woman who had vines wrapped around her limbs, and another male who looked like he was wearing animal fur. But the one that caught my eye caused my heart to stop. Familiar eyes look down to me, with familiar wavy hair.

“Daddy?”

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