

Chapter 15 - Shiny

“Emma.” Raziel puts his hands on my shoulders. “I need to put some of your blood in the bowl. All the answers you need are on the other side of that door.” He guides my sturdy body over to it, and it already has Raziel’s blood at the bottom. He holds my hand above it and makes a small cut on my palm. I didn’t even feel the sting. One single drop mixes with Raziel’s when a loud rumble shakes the building. The two women in robes scream and disappear into a door and I have to lean on a statue so I don’t fall. Dust and parts of the building hit the floor around us and another rumble which sounds like an animalistic roar propels me to Raziel. Once again he lifts me bridal style, which he seems to be doing a lot recently, and he runs towards the big metal doors, which open when we approach.

Just as we pass the threshold the doors slam. The silence that followed was eerie and I realised I was shaking like a leaf in Raziel’s warm arms. Now was not the time to notice how much bigger his muscles had gotten in such a short time, I guess he is still changing, but they made me feel safe. Like Luke’s once did. A pain swamps my chest and I immediately push any thoughts about him out of my mind. “Care to explain what the hell just happened?” I look up at Raziel to find him smiling down at me with his gold eyes twinkling. “That was a signal.” He grins wider.

“Huh?” I must look so clueless, heck, I am clueless.

“You are more important than The Four predicted.” He chuckles. “They are going to be so angry.” He gently sets me on my feet. I wobble a bit so Raziel supports me with his hands on my waist. It sends warm tingles over my body which makes me shiver in a nice way. “Come on, we need to get to Lazriel. And yes, I know our names are similar, he’s my brother.” He grabs my hand and leads me down a plain, white hallway. By plain I mean nothing is on the walls, not even any marks. It is completely clean and shiny.

The sound of our footsteps echoing would no doubt alert anyone that we are coming. In the distance is a light, a very bright light. I have to lift my hand to shield my eyes and let Raziel lead me. If you had asked me yesterday if I would be holding the hand of Raziel walking down a hallway, I would have laughed in your face.

“So, why am I so important, and why was there a statue of my dad with wings on his back? And why are we walking towards a bright light? Did I die back there? And what do you mean about The Four?” Raziel’s steps falter a bit, but he quickly increases his pace, making me jog to keep up. “Hey slow it down; you have legs as long as tree trunks!” I huff.

He looks back at me but I cannot see his face because of the bright light. “You will get your answers soon Emma, patience.” He squeezes my hand.

We don’t seem to be getting closer; it’s like an eternal hallway. I was beginning to get really tired, my limbs heavy and my eyelids droopy. Raziel looked tired too, as if the light was sucking out our energy. Then darkness.

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Déjà vu.

I wake up in silk again on a huge bed wearing a blue nightie. It felt nice on my skin. The room was decorated with stain glass windows and hand painted decorations swirling around golden pillars. The walls were a marble that had blue specs in them, reflecting the warm sunlight filtering in the huge window that was to my left.

Removing the covers I stand and approach the door, opening it slowly listening for any sound of movement. Where was Raziel?

I walk left, passing two more doors until I reach a staircase. I walk down it staying to the edges, knowing the middle was more likely to creak, alerting people of my presence. Had Raziel lead me to a trap? Had I been betrayed again?

As soon as I reached the last step, the smell of bacon assaulted my senses. My stomach growled loudly in excitement and I mentally scolded myself for almost giving myself away. My stomach wins though; I follow the smell to a kitchen where a lady who looks to be in her late forties sings along to some music. She has grey hair with blonde streaks in it, her back is to me but you can see it on the large side. She dances from counter to counter dishing a huge buffet.

“Hello dear.” She says, making me jump, I was so engrossed in the food; I wipe my mouth in paranoia in case I was drooling, trying to make myself slightly presentable.

“H... Hi, sorry, it smells so good.” I blush.

“Help yourself, and be quick, the boys can put away twice their body weight in food.” She smiles.

I practically sprint to the table, stuffing fresh melon in my mouth. Once that’s chewed and swallowed I pile a plate up with sausage, eggs, bacon and beans with the added hash brown. I sit at the table and dig in; I cannot remember the last time I ate. In a blink the mountain high pile of food is gone and the lady is staring at me with her slim eyebrows up to her hair line. “It seems you will fit right in. I have never seen someone so small eat so much.” Shock is evident in her voice.

I smile sheepishly, “I haven’t eaten in a while.”

Her hand comes up to cover her mouth and her eyes widen. “Oh you poor thing! Eat as much as you like!” She pats my shoulder affectionately.

Once she is sure I am well fed she leaves, claiming she has some errands to run. I pour myself a glass of orange juice and look out the window. Everything plant like is a healthy green with a Greek blue sky as a backdrop. There are a few marble buildings that are connected by a clean pathway where many people walk. Looking closer I see most of them are not people, but angels in all colours, shapes and sizes.

Baby angels.

My glass slips from my hand, smashing at my feet. There is one child holding a woman’s hand, who I suspect is his mother. His little wings look like they have chick like feathers on them, begging someone to touch them to see if they are as soft and fluffy as they look. I have to get closer. I lift my foot to take a step in the direction of where I hope will be an exit but a rough but warm hand on my upper arm stops me. I’m ashamed I hadn’t even noticed his presence, I was too distracted, and distractions can get you killed.

“You have nothing on your feet.” His voice is boyish, like it is only just breaking. I look up to see a man who looks about my age looking at me weirdly. His eyes are a light purple, but his wings are darker and speckled, as if someone spray painted a white canvas with dark purple from a distance.

“Yeah...” I raise an eyebrow, looking at the hand on my arm in the hopes he will get the hint.

“There is broken glass all around you.” He speaks slowly, like I am a child.

“Oh right. Thanks” I go to hop over, but instead find myself squealing because I am lifted into the air by my waist. He plonks me down, quite roughly might I add, away from the glass. “I better clean that up.” I mumble more to myself but he interrupts me.

“Gladys can do it.” He looks down at the debris and mess with distaste.

Huffing I go to walk around him but he stops me again. “I can do it.” I try pushing him away, but it is futile, it’s like trying to push a brick wall.

“No you won’t. Now who are you and why are you here?” He questions, but it lacks the right amount of authority.

“None of your business.” I snap.

His eyes spark with amusement. “Sure it is, this is my home, now tell me.” His hands tighten their grip on my arms.

“Fine, it’s Emma and Raziel dragged me here.” I find myself huffing a lot now too. His hands immediately drop from my arms and he takes a step back.

“Emma? As in, Emma Stangel?” His eyes widen.

“Yeah... how do you know that?” Does my life now purely consist of crazy angels?

“My name is Peter.” He smiles. “Sorry for grabbing you like that, but you look like the stubborn type and I needed information somehow.” He shrugs like it’s all ok. Yeah, right, I have been manhandled too many times to count lately. And he didn’t answer my question!

“So where are we?” I try another question, beginning to actually panic. We blacked out, then I wake up in a bed again surrounded by angels. Is this actually sanctuary?

“Oh this is Templum.” He stares, as if waiting for my reaction. I guess the blank expression on my face showed I had no idea what he was going on about. “It means Sanctuary in Latin.” He sighs.

“Oh! Why did I black out, and where is Raziel?” I probably should go easy on the questions but he is the closest source of information.

“Ask Raziel your questions, and he is with his brother, come on, I’ll take you to him.” He starts walking out the room. I have to jog to keep up with his long strides; his legs literally just eat up the distance. I then accidentally stand on his wing, making him hiss. It was actually freaky the way he bared his teeth like an animal. At least I apologised.

Peter’s house must be huge; the place is a maze, a very shiny, very pretty maze. Peter also has a sort of swag, every time his left leg hits the ground his left shoulder dips more than necessary, it looked funny because he had the sound effect of his wing hitting the floor, so it was a thud, thud, thud! It amused me more than it should; I was more amused when Peter sent me a weird look because of my giggling. Little things.

“Here we are.” Peter declares. He pushes open the door that was at the end of one of the many freaking hallways we went through. Inside turns out to be a study that clearly is very well used. Bookshelves lined the walls, overflowing with bits of paper sticking out between the books resting in them. A big dark desk is the centre piece, with hand carvings that would have taken years to perfect. Two chairs are closest, filled with familiar gold. I act on instinct, running and wrapping my arms around his neck, squeezing him. He just chuckles and squeezes me back.

“You thought I had left you, didn’t you.” He pulls back and lifts an eyebrow.

“Yeah...” I shrug. He just shakes his head. Peter sits on the other chair, which leaves me standing. A throat clearing makes me look up at the other being sitting on the other side of the desk. Silver wings glisten in the light and a grin greets me below sparkling silver eyes.

“Mr Melbourne!” I screech.

**A/N: As you would have noticed, I used the word 'glamour' in the precious chapters, incase you didn't understand what it meant, it's simply a paranormal alternative to 'disguise' or changing an appearance magically. :)**

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