

Chapter 16 - Revelations

Well, that was unexpected.

“Hello Emma. I wondered why you were out of school, and then I got an unexpected phone call.” He looks at Raziel. They look at each other with their eyes bursting with happiness. They clearly missed each other. I feel happy that I somehow reunited them.

“When did you call him?” I raise an eyebrow at Raziel, I have been with him since we le a certain angry archangel and I don’t remember him calling anyone. All he does is tap the side of his nose and I role my eyes at the childish action. “So, why are we at... Templum?” I look at Peter to make sure I said it right and he winks in confirmation.

“I see you have already learnt some things. I was also informed you saw something quite shocking outside. I’m going to tell you things, and you must not interrupt. Do you understand?” He stares deep into my eyes, his silver ones meeting my green ones. I nod, remembering the statue of the man who looked freakishly like my father. “You might want to sit. Peter give her the seat.” He tuts.

Peter was about to stand, but an arm wraps around my abdomen and pulls me down so I’m sat on hard thighs and my back is against a warm chest. I look at Raziel, confused. But he just smiles and diverts his attention back to Mr Melb... Lazriel, who sighs loudly. ^a

“Well, that statue is, in fact, your father.” He pauses for dramatic a ect. It works; I’m speechless and verging on disbelief. Raziel gives me a comforting squeeze and I nod for him to carry on. “He was a Grand Archangel, the leader of all Archangels and their subordinates. He could wield and focus angelfire, which is the only known power that can destroy darkness. Which is how I think you helped Raziel.” I open my mouth to speak but he holds up his hand. “Yes, your mother is human. Angels and archangels have bonds somewhere in the world, like soul mates, but they act more as a balance, they allow angels to control their powers better. Your mother was your father’s bond. It is very rare for a human and an angel to have a bond, but your father was special. My theory is you inherited your father’s ability to control angelfire.”

“Can I speak?” I squeak.

“Yes.” He sits back in his chair, resting his hands on his belly.

“Ok, firstly, what the hell is angel fire? Secondly, I have no powers; maybe it was a coincidence that Raziel just happened to defeat the darkness when I was in the same room. You’re also trying to say my daddy, the same man who took me to parks, tickled me, and read me bedtime stories, was hiding wings in his back?” It’s literally unbelievable.

Lazriel remains silent for a minute. “Ok, angel fire is an extremely rare power, because only one angel at a time can hold and control it. It’s a fire like substance that can destroy or cure anything the holder desires. It was you who helped my brother, which I thank you for, but you must have wanted to help him in some way, and the angel fire responded to your wishes. And yes, your father was hiding wings in his back, which is another rare gi .”

Well, my life just got considerably more confusing. “Sorry, one more question.” Another pops in my head. “Two actually, why do birds follow me?” I can finally get the main answer I have been wanting since he died.

“I have no idea Emma, I’m sorry.” That sucks. “What is your second question?”

“Um... the baby angels...” Understanding lights his eyes.

“Oh! Yeah, the rumour we cannot have children, well only bonds have the ability to reproduce.” That was short and sweet.

“Ok.” I’m too exhausted with information for the one day. I have a lot to think about. My life was a lie, or perhaps one giant secret?

“Emma, we think Luke might be your bond...” I hadn’t realised Lazriel had been talking, but I caught the last sentence. ^a

“WHAT!” Raziel squeezes me again, burying his head in my hair. It’s certainly e ective at calming me down. ^a

“I think you heard me.” He replies.

“It’s ok Emma, you can reject him.” Raziel whispers into my ear. My shoulders sag in relief, to be bonded to someone like Luke, who is manipulative and has a temper, would be awful. Well, not for the eyes at least. ^a

“Yeah, but then you would feel empty and incomplete, and you won’t be able to have the kids you clearly so desperately want. You won’t feel those sparks you get when you touch, or the warmth in your chest.” Peter angrily adds. ^a

“How do you know?” I stare wide eyed. He just described most of what I feel.

“Because his bound rejected him for an archangel.” Raziel replies, glaring at Peter. Peter snarls, then storms out the room. Poor guy, the pain was evident in his eyes.

“That was mean Raz.” I sigh. “Promise you will apologise.” I look at him and notice the smile he is trying to hide.

“Raz? I get a nickname.” He sounds way too happy. “I’ll apologise, but only for you.”

“No, you do it because you admit you hurt him by mentioning rejection in front of him.”

“You needed to know your options. There are plenty of other angels who will look a er you and treat you the way you deserve to be treated.” He argues.

Lazriel clears his throat. “Imagine what death would do with a broken heart Raziel.” He looks extremely sombre. I feel Raziel shiver, then squeeze me the tightest he has so far.

“Why would Luke have a broken heart? He doesn’t love me.” I look between them, Raziel looks angry and Lazriel as a look of pity across his face.

“He did the moment he first touched you Emma.” Lazriel sighs.

“Huh? This day just gets better and better. Now you are telling me that Luke, the archangel of Death, is in love with me?” I swing my attention to Raziel, “I believe you were the one who told me he has no emotions because it would make his life, and I believe you put it as, bloody di icult.” He cringes, shrinking away from me.

“I said that to hurt you.” When my face falls, he quickly continues. “It was the darkness talking not me. I regret everything I did! God, I almost claimed you out of greed and spite! Do you know how serious that is! If I hadn’t of gotten away, Luke would have killed me then and there!” He is taking big gasping breaths. Sympathy wiggles its way back in, I remind myself that was not the Raziel who now sits here. I brush my fingers through his hair, my mother used to do this to me when I was upset. His eyes close and his body relaxes.

“I forgive you, but you need to forgive yourself.” I soothe.

“Well, this is all very touching, but we need to discuss getting you back to Luke before he destroys everything looking for you.” Lazriel interrupts.

“Way to spoil a moment brother.” Raziel sighs.

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