

Chapter 18 - Reunion

A/N - Again i apologise for any spelling and grammar mistakes. :)

I don't know how long we both stand there gaping at each other, but it's Raziel who breaks the tense silence.

"You guys know each other?" He asks, clearly confused.

"Yeah." He clears his throat. "We do. Emma..." He steps forward.

"Sam. You have a kid!" It's the only thing I can think to say. Nothing about the fact that the last time I saw him I was snatched from my imminent death by Death. What if he sends me to stay with Raphael again? No, Raziel wouldn't let him.

"I... You were my priority, and Raphael kept me so busy. Emma, I'm so sorry. Luke came to me, looking for you; he told me what happened that day." His voice cracks at the end. He takes a big shaky breath. "I've been so worried." He pulls me into his arms. This was all so strange. Sam was always so emotionless and grumpy. I guess not being able to see your child would make one grumpy. It's a shame little angels cannot come to earth. The people would love them.

"Well, at least you made a beautiful, smart, wonderful, little angel." I shrug. Sam stares at me, his mouth slightly agape. Raziel sniggers behind me.

"Is that a compliment?" He quirks an eyebrow, I guess old Sam is back.

"It's what you make it. Is my mum ok?" I've been chewing my nails o because I have been worrying about her so much.

"She thinks you're staying at your grams, who is playing along and informed of what is going on." He smiles, but it wavers when I glare at him.

"Were you ever going to tell me about my dad?"

He flinches. "When the time was right, we were going to explain everything. We wanted you to finish school, and have a normal life for as long as possible." He sighs. Wait... We? Of course mum and grams know, heck, everybody knew.

"Normal? You consider being followed by birds normal?" I put my hand on my hips. A so little hand grasps the other one and Jamie smiles up at me.

"You looked upset." He shrugs. I look up at Sam and see him grinning in pride. "Daddy, this is my best friend." Jamie squeezes my hand. This kid is too smart for his own good sometimes.

"That's great buddy." He ruffles Jamie's hair. It's something everybody does since his hair is as soft as his wings. Now that they are together, I see the resemblance between them; Jamie has the same hair colour and nose.

Aw, a little Sam.

"We must get going I'm afraid." Lazriel interrupts. Jamie's face falls and his shoulders sag. He looks like someone kicked his puppy. I crouch down in front of him and squeeze him so hard I hear him choke. I'm not sure if I will be coming back, as much as I want to, I cannot hide in Templum forever. Once I release him, Sam sweeps him up. I turn away, letting them have their private moment. Raziel takes my chin between his fingers and licks my face.

"You will see him again, I promise." His eyes are serious but so en when my lips wobble. All I can do is nod, I trust Raziel. He has come a long way in redeeming himself, with helping the women with chores, to teaching me self-defence. He is like the older brother I always wanted. He takes my hand and leads me to the door; I look back at Jamie to see him with Gladys, waving to us. I really hope I see him sooner rather than later.

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I fainted again when leaving Templum. It sucked.

I awoke in Raziel's arms due to being jolted rather violently. "This is your captain speaking, please keep your seatbelts fastened; we are experiencing some minor turbulence. Thank you for flying angel airlines." Raziel grins.

"What seatbelts?" I scowl, feeling nauseous because of the high speeds we were flying at.

"Ah, loosen up Emma, it was a joke." He rolls his eyes. "We're almost there, so hang tight." My stomach drops when it hits me. I was going to see Luke again. I was his bond. Someone as powerful as Death, an archangel, was losing control of his powers because of me. People were getting hurt, because of me. Guilt swamps me, and I was so caught up in my thoughts I hadn't realised we had landed.

"Smooth landing slick." I praise when he sets me on my feet and he sends me a wink in return. I notice Lazriel take the lead. "How did you fly?" I gasp. He turns and smiles.

"My wings are perfectly fine; it was all an act, a part of my disguise in the school as to why I wanted to teach a bunch of delinquent teenagers." He shrugs and I frown. I'm not a delinquent inwardly pout.

I follow Lazriel with Sam and Raz flanking me. My nerves are at an all-time high now, so much so my hands were shaking. I take in my surroundings to distract myself. The place was circular with a stain glass dome as a roof, I can't help but wonder how beautiful the place would be with the sun streaming through, but the moon gave the place a pretty silver hue, making the place seem ironically angelic.

The walls had paintings of, surprise surprise, angels. One caught my eye. He had pure white wings and was wielding a golden sword. He wasn't handsome; he was actually quite plain and too beefy. "That's Dom, captain of the guard. He is a brilliant soldier." Sam comments, who noticed my interest in the detailed painting. Looking closer I see the blood on his sword and armour; it was actually extremely graphic and sent an unpleasant chill through me. Turning away I continue to follow Lazriel.

We walk through a plain wooden door into a hall. Two angels flanked the entrance, both with dark grey wings similar to Raziel's before I 'helped' him. I still wasn't convinced. The two angels sneer when they see Raziel; I'm guessing they see him as a traitor. Their black eyes indicate how far they have succumbed to the taint.

I delay as long as I can, not wanting to look at the centre of the hall. I know he is stood there because my cells buzz with awareness of his whereabouts. It's like a magical tether is trying to tug us closer and my body screams at me to succumb to it. I fight it as much as I can, but my eyes gain a mind of their own and swing his way. They immediately connect with glowing blue orbs. Once again I am rendered speechless. His hair is dishevelled and his jaw is clenched tight. In all honesty he looks awful. He is not wearing his leathers but instead a black top which has creases in it and dark blue jeans. His black wings are shaking, making the blue tips look like fire.

"Luke, how are you." Lazriel greets, his voice calm considering Luke barely looks in control.

"Why don't you take a fucking guess?" He replies just as calm, making me cringe slightly. Something about someone being completely calm even though you can see the anger in their eyes is twice as frightening.

"We keep peace here." Lazriel reminds him, receiving an eye roll in return. Luke diverts his attention back to me and the effects are immediate. His entire face relaxes and his eyes shimmer with emotions ranging from betrayal to love. Love! He does not love me, I must be imagining things. Why would he? I ran. "Emma, come here please." Lazriel gestures to his right side. I go obediently, but not without noticing Raziel's eyes behind me out the corner of my eye. The electricity in my cells increase the closer I get to him becoming a permanent hum. My lips part in a silent gasp at the intensity. I can smell Luke's intoxicating cologne this close, making me inhale deeper without realising it. My palms are now sweaty and my face feels hot, what is wrong with me?

Both Luke and I have a stare down. I don't know how long it lasts, but his deep, rough voice causes me to blink rapidly. "You ran, you said you wouldn't, but you did." Although his voice is soft, you cannot miss the hidden anger laced in them.

I look down at my feet knowing he is right. "You scared me." I whisper. He frowns, causing a shadow to be cast over his eyes.

"I told you I wouldn't hurt you." He licks his hand, but drops it before he touches me. It's reassuring to know he wants to be close to me as much as I want to be close to him. "You have no idea what you put me through. After that kiss, you were mine Emma! I need you!" He pleads. "I can't hold you right now, as much as my body begs for me to do so, because I can't seem to stop killing everything I touch. Even fucking plants die!"

I know what's coming; I need to make my decision. Do I accept the concept of being with the 'Archangel of Death', or do I reject him and doom him to a life of loneliness, heartbreak and darkness. Peter flashes in my mind. As much as he tries to hide it, he is internally destroyed. "Emma, give me a chance to prove I can love, that I can care for you! We were made for each other." He steps closer, so close I feel his hot breath fan across my face.

I turn my head and look behind me at Sam and Raz. Sam has his eyes closely on Luke, tense and focused. Raz looks at me, his eyes look sad and his mouth is twisted in a grimace. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry." He pleads. His eyes close and his head drops, when he licks his eyes are on fire with rage. I turn back to Luke, who is frowning at Raziel.

"I don't remember saying your sentence was served." He crosses his muscular arms, making them bulge and his t-shirt to stretch across his yummy torso.

"I think I served and suffered long enough." Raz growls in reply.

"No... I don't think so..." Luke smirks. So he really is an utter asshole!

I clear my throat to get both their attention. Being the centre of both their stares at once was horrible; it felt like lead weights on my shoulders.

"I'll only go with you if you leave Raziel alone." I state. Luke gazes down at me for a moment, and then nods once. I give a small smile to Raziel and Sam, and then I give one to Lazriel, who surprising looks proud. He pats my shoulder awkwardly; he used to be my teacher after all.

"He will speak the claim; afterwards he can hopefully touch you and fix his problems." Lazriel goes over to join the others, leaving me and Luke on our own.

"You ready?" He smiles. I don't have the courage to smile back so I nod. What if he can't love me back? Great, now I am panicking, my heart feels like it is trying to beat out of my chest.

Do this for Raziel.

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