

## Chapter 2 - New kid

Aurora Secondary School is like any school, except the angels I guess. Angels favour this island because it is not too hot and not too cold, it is private and something just seems to attract them here. Only the big Archangels and warrior angels live in the city on the mainland. But there are no little angels - like they cannot have kids or something. Some like to teach, but there are never any who are students.

Mr Melbourne is the coolest angel you will ever meet. He broke his wing in a way that could never be repaired correctly; ultimately grounding him. So he took to teaching and sharing his stories and vast knowledge. His hair is silver, and so are his wings. But they have specks of grey, almost like he is old. But he does not look a day over 30. Some would say he suits silver hair, some would say he doesn't. I just think he is an awesome guy who has a cool sense of humour; considering most angels are quiet and secretive in sharing an ounce of information about them.

Walking into my first lesson of History with Mr Melbourne, I situate myself in the back corner hoping to avoid all attention. Jessica is the school slut. Of course I would never tell her that to her face. Gosh no. That would be a death wish, one not even my birdies could save me from. But she cannot resist picking at me; which is why I cringe when she sits in front of me.

"Hey, bird whore." She says in her everyday greeting. Flicking her bright blonde hair with that annoying smirk that she thinks makes her look pretty but actually make her look as if she is sucking a lemon.

Taking a deep breath, I proceed to get out my pencil case and books. But Jessica is an attention seeking bitch, so I was stupid for hoping today would be the day she would leave me alone.

"Hey you whore! When someone says hello you at least acknowledge them! You're so rude!" She screeches, garnering the attention of the entire class. She swings her arms, sending everything on my desk flying everywhere and everyone laughs. As I am about to get up to pick it all up, a dead robin is thrown at me. It bounces off my temple and lands on my desk with a thud. Its red chest is darker in some places and its eyes are dull and lifeless. Suddenly I feel its pain as if it is my own, squeezing my chest in a tight grip making it difficult to breathe.

A hand on my shoulder wakes me from my sorrow, Mr Melbourne looks at the bird in pity. The class is silent and I see his wings twitching. A clear sign of his rising anger.

"Who did this?" His voice bellows in the quiet class. They remain silent. He crouches in front of me and looks into my tearful eyes. "Who did this?" He asks more so ly.

I look up and see Jessica glaring daggers at me. Mr Melbourne notices and stands up in a graceful move only angels can accomplish with big wings on their backs.

"Jessica, go to the Head Teachers office. You have embarrassed this school in front of our new student." He says calmly, but you cannot miss the hidden fury in his voice.

She hushes, but does as she is told. At the mention of the new student everyone looks towards the front of the class room. Mr Melbourne delicately picks up the robin and strides to the window, I finally look at the new student. And Wow!

This guy puts angels to shame. His blue eyes look as though they are glowing and they take in everything as he scans the class room. You cannot miss the coldness in his gaze, it's chilling. His black hair looks like it is tipped with blue and is just long enough to run your fingers through. He is the same height as Mr Melbourne maybe even taller which makes him roughly 6'3.

His black shirt hugs muscles that clearly took his entire teen-hood to build, with black jeans that cling to his thighs and no doubt a firm butt, they are faded at the knees giving them a used, washed out look. His boots just complete the package. Yum.

What am I thinking? You're the bird whore. He won't even want to talk to you!

"Class, this is Luke," Mr Melbourne introduces. I notice he has put the robin in the bush by the window surrounded by flowers, it's sweet.

Luke gives a big smile, lighting up his face and making his eyes twinkle. Like he knows something you don't. He has a beauty that is rugged, not a boy next door look; he has trouble written all over him.

Mr Melbourne continues "Take a seat, Luke. Today we will just spend time introducing ourselves, give a few facts and make Luke feel welcome." Luke starts walking towards me and I feel heat rush to my ears and cheeks. Not wanting to make eye contact I look down and see my things have also been picked up. No doubt courtesy of the good teacher again.

Luke sits in Jessica's previously vacated chair and turns to me. I hold my breath in panic, expecting some snotty remark. "Hello" he whispers, with a small smile. I notice he actually does have blue at the tips of his hair. That must have been difficult to dye.

"Hi" I whisper shyly back. I can feel the heat in my face. Why is this guy talking to me? Doesn't he know he is committing social suicide?

"Ok, we will go one by one up the class starting with you Stuart, and Luke will go last." Mr Melbourne settles in his special chair that he says, does not crush his wings to death, and listens like he was meeting us for the first time.

It was rather interesting. This one girl had a collection of feathers from angels all over the island. This made Mr Melbourne chuckle and he gave her one of his own feathers, making her blush. It was quickly coming to me; I was last before Luke. The whole class turns and looks at me, not helping my nervous breakdown.

I take my second deep breath of the morning. "Hello, I'm Emma. My Mother is a nurse and my Grams has her own business." I didn't elaborate on which business because if I did it would no doubt be egged by the evening. "There really is nothing interesting about me except that birds follow me around," I say bluntly. I take satisfaction from the uncomfortable faces in the class. "I love to read and sketch. That's about it," I smile sweetly.

"Thank you, Emma" Mr Melbourne smiles proudly. He is very different compared to Sam, the angel we live with. Sam is grumpy and has no interest in what I do, unless it's something forbidden, like sneaking out at night to draw.

Luke clears his throat. "Well I come from the North City." This causes gasps.

The North City is where very ruthless and dangerous angels live. You go there you sign a death warrant. Only Archangels can go there with their warriors and come back out again. Humans are captured and used as slaves or sold for other purposes. The idea of Luke coming from there sends a chill down my spine. He is either very good at hiding, or has been very lucky. "And no, I was not kidnapped or anything," he continues, sarcasm oozing from every word. "I love chocolate milkshakes and I am adopted. I am also fascinated by nature", he smiles, "mostly birds". He looks directly at me, bringing my blush back full force under the weight of his gaze.

What does that mean? Oh gosh, Mr Melbourne has the whole one eyebrow up thing going on and the class is staring open mouthed. He just fell off the social cliff!

"Thank you, Luke" Mr Melbourne says. Luke just smiles calmly, totally oblivious to the hell that is coming for him. "Bring your blue books tomorrow." Right on cue the bell goes. I take my time packing up letting the rest of them get to their next lesson.

"Bye Emma," Mr Melbourne says as I pass. I give him a weak wave and exit the classroom into the battlefield.

The hallway is where I get shoved and my backpack falls prey to unwanted attention. With my head down I begin to make my way to science. I let out an eek when someone grabs my shoulder. My entire arm goes numb and tingles spread up my neck and down my back. With a gasp I spin around.

"Woa there!" Luke lets go and steps back. "I just wanted directions is all, I wasn't gonna hurt you," he lifts his backpack further up his shoulder.

"You scared me." I mumble, embarrassed by my reaction.

"Sorry Em. Well, can I have some directions?" He flashes me a toothy grin.

"Sure which class?"

"Miss Wright."

Great. Same as me. With an inward sigh I begin to walk to my class knowing he will follow. Another hour of his piercing beauty and I will be a puddle by the end of the day. A sudden thought causes me to stop; and Luke to crash into my back. He touched me! No one has physically laid a finger on me in fear of getting bird flu. It's a lonely thought, not receiving hugs from past friends and having no boyfriends. I must be the only virgin left in the school. I mean, he must know of my rep by now... And he touched me! I can't say I enjoyed his touch, he was probably dared to as a rite of passage to be let into the 'popular' group. What has he stuck on my back?

"Emma?" A voice rips me from my thoughts. Luke is peering at me curiously.

"Why do you talk to me?" I blurt. Curse me and my lack of filter. And I blush AGAIN.

He seems momentarily startled. "Why wouldn't I talk to you?" He asks.

"Because I am the bird whore!" I blurt again. Tears are coming to my eyes. Since when did you become so dramatic?

His eyes and mouth soften. Heaving a big sigh, he runs his hand through his hair. It's a startlingly sexy move. Looking me in the eyes, I am immediately caught by his baby blues. "Because you are the most interesting person here," he shrugs. "We are going to be late." Ok discussion over.

And I don't feel satisfied with his answer.