

## Chapter 21 - Letter

I had been taken back to Luke's 'home'. I was currently sat on Luke's bed staring at the envelope whilst mechanically stroking Marco. Our reunion had been sweet, he will not leave my side and I can tell Luke is beginning to get jealous. He squawks at anything and anyone that comes too close to me.

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I've been currently prepping myself for whatever is in this envelope. My gut is twisting and turning, nervousness and curiosity fighting to the forefront. I look Marco in the eye. "I have to do this, don't I?"

Sometimes the bird is creepily intelligent, because he actually nods at me. A bird is freaking nodding, answering my question.

"Ok... but don't leave me, we do this together." He hops onto my shoulder and gets comfortable. I open it with shaky fingers, but hesitate at actually unfolding the paper. Marco nudging me with his head encourages me, and I finally open it.

Dear Birdie.

If you are reading this, it means I have left you. I'm sorry birdie, I was never meant to go so soon, and the way I am sure I departed, no amount of apologies will voice to you how sorry I am. Everyone has enemies, and it seems mine had gotten stronger.

Your mother must be in pretty bad shape now, much to my despair. Have patience, she will come around some day. The impact of death affects people differently.

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I hope, by now, you have been told everything. But if you have not, I will in this letter. I was an archangel birdie. Leader of all archangels actually, I could wield angel fire. And so will you. Angel fire is the strongest weapon in the world, by world I mean heaven, hell and in-between. Now that I am gone, they have no leader, and they need one birdie.

Only someone with the power to wield angel fire has the power to control and steer egotistical archangels in the right direction.

They need you birdie. If you have not discovered your powers yet, you will. They may be a little delayed due to the fact you are only half angel, but be patient.

Now, I suppose I should answer the question about the birds. Birds are your allies, your wings. They will listen to you, as I am sure you listen to them. You will come to understand this power soon.

I will miss you dearly Emma. Give your mother and grams my love. Grams, now she is a character. Don't let her push you around birdie.

Now, as your father, I suppose I should give you some words of wisdom. So read carefully, it's not as obvious as it seems.

Death may mean loss and heartbreak, but it also means freedom.

War results in death and blood, but some fight reluctantly.

Disease can be cured, although with great difficulty.

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Famine... Well, they say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

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I love you with all my heart and fire my little birdie. You do what's right.

Your loving father.

Well, holy fudge sticks. My daddy. A small smile settles on my face, the letter was so him. I could feel him pouring out of it. Marco watches my tear curiously. "I'm ok buddy, more than ok." I stroke his beak. I feel like I have closure, yet I've been given a huge responsibility. No way can I take over leading all archangels. I'm bonded to one, so I am already biased. I hate another, and two I have no clue about. There were the other statues, but do they still exist?

I stand and leave the room with the intention of finding Sam, he could help me. I easily find him lounging on the sofa with a female angel. Her honey blonde hair falls in loose curls down her back and her wings are a similar honey colour, nowhere near similar to the gold of Raziel's wings, but she is still beautiful. She is leant over him, stroking his bicep whilst seductively biting her lip.

I clear my throat. I don't feel guilty for breaking up this love fest. Sam needs to get to know his son before he shacks up with someone.

Both their heads swing in my direction in sync. "Emma, are you ok?" He stands, pushing the angel off his lap. I hold up the letter and he walks over and takes it. I bite my nails as he reads. "Well, no pressure." He chuckles. "At least you finally know that birds following you is, I guess you can say, normal."

I frown at him. "Well, yeah but-" The blonde angel interrupts me.

"Sammy, why did you let this human interrupt us?" She rubs his back and shoulders, thrusting out her chest.

Sam's scowl matches mine. "This human, is more important than you'll ever be." She steps back, scans me, then leaves, stomping her feet with each step, but not without a delicate feather floating to the ground in a reminder she was here and that you don't forget it.

"What did you see in that?" I take my letter back and stuff it in my pocket.

"That was a distraction." He shrugs. Sam, a player? The idea never crossed my mind; it's gross.

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I was lounging around again, something I have been doing a lot around here. Honestly, since Luke read the letter, he's been treating me like I'm made of china, and I know it's because he thinks I'm stressed, when really, he's the one stressing me out. He will try comforting me with things like 'don't worry, we all love you no matter what you choose.' or my favourite 'if you're the queen bee, you get to boss me about' and he'll wink for the added effect. Then there is Sam, who nudges me and asks if I can spout fire yet, I mean seriously, I am not a dragon! Then Raziel, grumpy Raz who is completely avoiding me. It hurts, we were so close.

Anyway, I was flicking through the channels on the TV when a big, and I mean big, figure sits next to me, causing me to roll towards his side of the sofa because the thing almost tipped under his weight. He has bleach blonde hair, white eyes and a thick scar that runs down the entire left side of his face. Yet, with his strong jaw, pink lips, and buzz cut, it does not make him any less handsome.

"Hey." He smirks. Oh god, his voice is just as hot. It is rough and gravely, but entirely masculine.

"Hi." I smile, but I feel the blush creep up my neck. Damn it.

"Never seen you around here before. Luke never really lets humans lounge around either." He lifts a blonde brow, and he was still wearing that smirk.

"I'm the new addition to the crew." I turn my attention back to the screen. One thing I will not do is flaunt being bonded to Luke.

"And what is your purpose." He leans back, shifting to get comfortable, the groan of protest the sofa makes causes me to cringe. His wings are not visible, so he must be powerful to hide them, so just who is this guy?

"I'm the sofa guard, and right now, you're on my territory." I scowl.

This guy is being nosy.

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His dark chuckle only cranks up my nerves. A sadistic glint sparkles in his eyes in the form of a black taint, slowly eating up the snowy whiteness that was once there before. Ah fudge, I'm in trouble. The giant leans forward, resting his elbows on his knees. The blackness of his eyes swallow up all the warmth in the room, causing me to shiver.

"Well, you see pretty lady, I'm not one for caring about boundaries and shit, so you better stop that little attitude you have brewing." He tuts. I hate this taint, I hope I can control this angel fire soon so I can swipe that filthy smirk off his handsome face.

"Micah, leave her alone." I'm sure my sigh of relief could be heard from miles away. Luke strolls in wearing a handsome frown. When he looks at me he softens, and his eyes clearly ask 'are you ok?', so I nod.

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"Ah, this pet must be special." Micah turns to scan me intently, making me fidget. "I thought you didn't sleep around, this is new for you." He looks at Luke curiously.

Luke must finally see the darkness in the dude's eyes because he scoops me up and practically welds me to his side by his strong arms. Much to my disappointment, Micah looks even more curious. "She is not a pet." Luke spins me around and yanks my top down, and I gasp in embarrassment. That's right asshole, just show me to the world. A few seconds it's yanked back down again and he spins me back around. Micah's eyes are white again, eyes which are staring at Luke's exposed bicep, the one with the firey crow on it.

"Well, congratulations brother." He smiles, and it surprisingly seems genuine.

"Thank you." Luke places a possessive arm around my shoulders, which is much better compared to being squished against his chest. As much as I love that chest with all its muscles, it's uncomfortable.

"Well, it seems we got on the wrong foot." Micah stands and bows at the waist. "I am Micah, Archangel of Disease and leader of the West Territory. Pleasure to meet you." He stands and grins.

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Ah, another archangel I disrespected.

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