

Chapter 23 - Anger Management

A/N- I have fixed all the cuts and mishaps that were made in this chapter.

Before I can stand, Raziel is soaring to the other side of the room thanks to Luke's fist. Blood pours out of his now crooked nose, staining his shirt and the carpet. That's gonna' be tough to clean out. Raz clumsily stands, using his wings and the wall to balance himself. A purple bruise has now formed on his face in the perfect shape of a fist, and I cringe imagining how painful that must be.

"I will rip your wings from your body if you touch her again." Luke darkly whispers. He is too calm, which scares the poop out of me, purely because his eyes are pure black. Yep, a calm tainted is a Psycho tainted.

Great, I bonded with a psychopath!

In fear, I take a small step back, but it was Sam's violent shaking of his head that stopped me. But it was too late, Luke zeroes in on my movement like a hawk. Cold pits meet my own green eyes, and my back starts tingling right where my mark is.

Comfort him.

On pure instinct, I walk towards him and wrap my arms around his waist. He is really cold, but seconds after contact, he warms, just for me. Yet he remains completely still in my arms. I squeeze him tighter, which is difficult because he is a pure wall of muscle but he must feel it because at last, his own arms wrap around me. I look up at his face, his eyes are blue again, but more like a navy blue instead of the electric blue ones I am used to. "It's ok." I soothe, but it only causes him to frown, which in turn makes me frown back. "You didn't honestly think I would suck face with someone else did you?"

His eyes soften and a small smile twitches on his face. "Of course not, I just hated to see him touching you. Plus the whole house heard his confession." We both look to where Raz was last stood, but he is gone, and so is Sam. We were the only ones here. Or so I thought.

"Now I know what everyone was talking about." A boyish voice gave the idea of a teenager, but turning around looking, I saw what could only be a young man who looks to be in his early twenties. He is tall and gangly, like his limbs are too long for his body. He has a messy mop of mouse brown hair on top his head and chocolate brown eyes. One thing that does concern me was he looks really skinny, as if he hadn't eaten a proper meal in his entire life. His wings are unique, but in an ugly way. They look as if they are created of mud, they are a mix of earth brown and moss green, all swirling together within his wings, yet you could see each individual feather, especially when he walks closer to us.

"Zadkiel." Luke greets formally. Zadkiel? What kind of name is that?

The Zad guy rolls his eyes. "Seriously, how many times do I have to tell you? It's Zak! I don't know what mother was thinking when she thought of that," He laughs nervously. "Anyway, you must be Emma." He blushes whilst shaking my hand.

"Yes, nice to meet you." I smile, but he looks at the floor and fidgets nervously.

"Emma, this is... Zak, also known as Famine." Luke smiles, these two must be good friends for Luke to smile at him. "What can we do for you?"

"I was... curious. Everyone is talking about the two of you." He shrugs his skeletal shoulders. Everyone is talking about us? I wonder if people at school remember me; they must be so bored not having anyone to pick on.

"What are they saying?" My severe curiosity is a curse. Luke knows it to because he squeezes me against his chest. Zak looks hesitant, nervously rubbing the back of his neck and shifting from foot to foot.

"Well... they say that... that you are the human that... brainwashed an archangel. They are calling you a... slut, and how you used angels to sleep to the top. Like Sam, they say... you... used him. Both angels and humans are believing it." He stutters. The poor guy looks really out of your comfort zone. Luke's glare only makes it worse.

"Oh."

"I don't believe them though!" Zak exclaims. "They're just jealous." He nods his head, as if proud of himself for getting that out there.

Luke shifts his weight and it makes Zak flinch. I've never met a shy, timid angel before, let alone an archangel. "Who, exactly, started this rumour?" Luke softly asks. This guy really needs to see someone about his anger. Zak looks about ready to pee himself.

"Um... a... a human I think?" Zak stutters.

"You think?" I watch a Luke elegantly lift a brow. I step out of his arms, not liking the way he is treating poor Zak. My move only makes Luke frown in disapproval.

"Be nice." I scold. He sighs dramatically and Zak looks about ready to flee.

"Fine." He sulks. "Please, could you tell me who exactly spread this rumour, brother?" Why do they address each other as brothers? Zak's eyes water, shit, what happened?

"What did you do?" I panic. I want to hug him but I don't want him to be punched by Luke as well.

"Don't worry about it Emma, why don't you go and get something to eat." Luke tries to push me in the direction of the kitchen but I duck under his arm.

"No! You can't just dismiss me like that!" I cross my arms; he copies my action with a stubborn smirk on his face.

"I can and I will." He retorts.

"Um... Guys..." Zak attempts to interrupt.

"No you will not! We are bonded so we work together!" I poke his chest.

"Hello..."

"We may be bonded but there are some things I do not want you to know!" He grabs my fingers and removes it from his chest with a yank, yet he was careful enough not to hurt me.

"Please, don't argue because of me!"

"I thought there were no secrets between bonded? Isn't it like marriage? We are partners. Partners. Now tell me why he was about to cry!" I poke him again just to wind him up. It works because his face and neck flushes red.

"This has gotten so out of hand."

"Stop poking me!" He whines. I poke him again, and he finally throws his hands up in defeat. "Fine, he is literally my brother, same blood and parents... all that stuff." He rubs his hands over his face tiredly.

"Really?" I turn to a sheepish looking Zak. "That makes you my brother-in-law!" I squeal. He jumps slightly at the loud noise. "Wait, so why was he about to cry?"

"Because..." Luke struggles for words.

"Because I was the runt of the litter." Zak mutters. Luke closes his eyes with a grimace, at least having the compassion to appear embarrassed. "So when he called me brother, it was a bit of an emotional shock. They haven't acknowledged that I am their brother I in very, very long time." He looks at the ground, clearly wanting it to swallow him up. I look up to glare at Luke.

"So, because he wasn't macho and pretty like you, you bullied him?" I'm disgusted, and I can't stop the sneer that unattractively graces my lips. I guess being bullied myself allows me to get a better perspective on this.

"It wasn't just him." Zak glances at me with his warm brown eyes, full of self-hatred. "Raphael and Micah were worse. In fact, Luke closed himself off mostly."

"Ok that's enough story time." Luke interrupts.

"You're all brothers!" I gasp. "Damn, my brain is going to explode one day." I rub my temples in an attempt to stop the headache that so desperately wanted to take root there. I must remember to ask why Luke was closed off.

"Baby, I know I should have told you, but this was why I didn't! You have had so much to think about and handle." He pulls me into his arms, and surprisingly the headache goes away.

"Apologise." My voice is muffled by his chest but I know he heard me. He turns me so I am tucked into his side, facing Zak, I love the way I fit against him perfectly. Zak's wings were tightly tucked to his back, evidence of his increasing discomfort. This poor boy, unwanted in his family, and no doubt in his territory. Yet, he must be powerful to still rule the east. I pinch Luke's chest to hurry him up, satisfied when he lets out a yelp.

"Zak, my brother. I am sorry for the way I have treated... well, ignored you throughout our long life. I promise to make it up to you, from this point on, and extend an invitation for you to stay in my territory for you to get to know my bond and for us to bond as brothers." Wow, impressive. I kiss his cheek to show my appreciation and hug him tightly. I knew there was good in him, but so far they were just words, whether or not he follows through will be the true test.

Zak's increasing silence worries me. I move my gaze away from the hunk in my arms to the socially awkward archangel in front of me. He is twiddling his thumbs, looking between Luke and me. "You just said that because she told you to." He softly frowns. It's the first sign of confidence I have seen in him so far.

"No, I will prove it to you. All you have to do is accept my invitation." Luke retorts. I elbow him in the ribs.

"Be nice!" I whisper so only he could hear. "Please Zak, I want to get to know you, you seem to be the only nice Archangel around here." I plead.

"Hey!" Luke protests.

"Hush, I wasn't talking to you." I place my index finger over his mouth, momentarily getting distracted by the softness of them.

"Ok. I'll stay." Zak agrees. "But, if I feel uncomfortable at any point, I am gone. I am not sticking around to be a punch bag, emotional or physical." His wings relax slightly, which is a good sign.

"Great, we'll be good friends." I grin, and mentally dance like crazy when he returns it with a small smile. "And YOU!" I point a Luke. "I am disappointed in you." He nods whilst pouting. Nope, that won't work on me today; I have an emotionally damaged angel to fix. "Come on Zak, let's get something to eat." I lead him into the kitchen. I'm excited to get to know the complexity that clearly resides in the brothers.

[Continue reading next part](#) □