

Chapter 27 - Holy Sh-

Ok, so I had lied... This is not next

BUT, I will be writing a second book :D Yay!

And I have a surprise for you all a er this, patience =>)

Enjoy the last chapter :D

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Bones cracked, skin stretched and faces contorted. One of the boys drops to his knees and pulls at his hair which falls out, sticking to his melting skin. His shoulders broaden, ripping his clothes whilst his knees snap, bending the other way. The other boy scratched at his face, his body seems to be staying the same but I notice him spitting out teeth whilst razors take their place. His eyes sink in to his skull, leaving two black holes in his face.

A high pitched scream has me turning to one of the girls and covering my ears, her back arches whilst something tries to come out of her back near her shoulder blades. Two bony appendages burst out, causing blood to spray on the ground and anyone standing too close. They look like bat wings, all leathery and slimy due to the blood clinging to them. She crumples on the ground and convulses. I choke on the bile rising in my throat. The other girl seems to have frozen, her eyes have glazed over and her mouth is agape, yet a snake like tongue flicks out and tickles the air. My gaze meet Fleur's, she looks frightened and her skin looks sickly pale, she takes two steps towards me but a flash of Luke's scythe near her throat has her cowering back.

"I... I'm human!" she shrieks. The boy with the sunken eyes screeches. I bring my hands up to my ears in an attempt to block the inhuman and painful noise. Fleur collapses on the floor sobbing. She, too, is covering her ears. The girl with the snake tongue lies down, as if she was going for a nap. I watched, unable to take my eyes away, as her legs moulded together in a sickly fashion and thousands of bug like legs grow out of the sides, getting smaller the closer you get to the end of her... tail? It was like a centipede, but the top half remained completely human. I get to her face and gasp, her snake like eyes meet mine with dark intent and her grin wracks my entire frame. Only four fangs remain, all the same length as my little finger. She is two of my worst fears in one... Bugs and snakes.

A pitiful wince causes Luke to roll his eyes. The boy whose skin was melting seems to have finished too. He now had pure red skin that looked leathery. He has grown to a staggering 8' and his legs were bent backwards like an animal. A red tail swished behind him in agitation and his ears had pointed. He was ugly... very ugly, and difficult to look at. Luke's sigh was painful on my sensitive ears, poor Fleur had blood trickling out of hers. She being closer to the source of the sound seems to have caused her to suffer worse than me.

Luke's foot tapping on the ground annoys and baffles me, how can he not be affected by this?

Who are these people? What the hell are they?

"Are you done?" He asks in a bored tone.

"What do you expect?" The bug-snake girl said. "We have not changed form in years"

The boy with no eyes stares at me, well; I think he does, considering his lack of eyes and stuff. He grins at me too, amused by my fear. The winged bat girl tries to fly, but her wings are weak and flimsy, therefore she is not able to get further than three inches off the ground.

"Not my problem, none of you should be here." Luke growls, gripping his scythe tighter. The red skinned thing was next to speak, but it was in a language I didn't understand, it was a series of grunts and growls, coming from both his mouth and chest. Luke seemed to have understood perfectly because he replies in the same way. I couldn't help but notice how hot the growls sounded coming from him and watched in awe as he effortlessly conversed with the creature. Not the time to be getting hot Emma.

"Emma." I look to Luke, his face softens slightly. "Go with Sam." He nods behind me. I turn and see Sam leaning against a tree glaring at the monsters. I look back to Luke, pleading with my eyes, trying to make it obvious I don't want to leave him. He bends forward and presses his lips to my cheek, sending sparks dancing across my skin. "Go, please." He whispers. The desperation in his tone gets me moving, I jog towards Sam, holding my stomach, who takes my shoulders and examines me for injuries. He scowls the blood soaking my shirt. I have some bruises from being so roughly handled which he examines too.

Without further hesitation Sam launches into the air, cradling me to him like a small child. The wind chilling my face was refreshing, cooling my injuries to the point of numbness. The hard arms around me squeezed me, giving me comfort I didn't know I needed.

Then it hit me. I almost died back there.

"You ok?" Sam asks, shouting over the roaring wind ripping past my ears. My nose is no doubt red, along with my ears and cheeks.

"Cold!" I yell back. He nods, beating his wings extra hard.

Luke's house comes into view and we begin to descend, my ears immediately ache, but I'm too awake to yawn and I can't pop them, so I suffer in silence. Sam lands smoothly, bending his knees so much he practically squats; he was always skilled at landing with passengers. He gently walks towards the high wooden doors looming in front of me, the left one opens and a small head pops around the side of it. "Ah, Sam, quickly come in!" He flicks his hand in a 'come here' movement, repeating it quicker when we don't move. Suddenly coming to his senses, Sam increases his pace yet is completely careful. The angel at the doorway shyly shuts it behind us and presses a button. The humming of a machine emanates from the two doors, and then a thick, gigantic steel wall with a strange sparkle rises out of the ground towards the ceiling, locking the doors. Sam heads towards the end of the hall, his boots thud on the marble floor with each step, and stops at a smaller, metal door.

"Oscar, do you have it?" Sam barks.

"Y-Yes sir!" Oscar pulls out a familiar looking dagger. What is it with these people and daggers? Without hesitation he slices it across Sam's palm, and he doesn't even flinch. Watching it causes stomach to twitch in pain. The pain had dulled but now it stings with a vengeance and I have to bite my lip so I don't whimper.

Once Oscar has produced a clean, straight cut, Sam allows some blood to pool in the palm of his hand. It glints in the light, but looking closer I notice... bronze flecks? "Really? You have bronze in your blood?" I roll my eyes, happy for the distraction from my ever increasingly painful hand. Sam's only response is to smirk then place his already healing hand on the door. I watch in fascination as the blood is absorbed, then the door opens without a sound. On the other side stairs descend into darkness, not even the lights from the hallway we stand in light it up. "Is this the bit where you take me to hell?" I croak. The combination of pain and fear practically renders me speechless.

Oscar snorts and says, "No dear, Hell is much worse than this." Then he walks down the stairs, getting swallowed by the darkness.

"It will be fine, I'll carry you the entire way." Sam reassures. I relax a bit at that. Sam is a great guardian.

Not letting me think about the possible monsters lurking at the bottom of the stairs, Sam starts the descent. The door shutting behind us makes me jump, more from the black fog that surrounds us, as the door had shut silently.

"Hurry up! We're wasting time!" Oscar's frantic voice echoes in the stairwell.

"Why are we going down here?" I whisper. Sam chuckles.

"You don't need to whisper. There is a problem at the moment which is a risk to your safety, down here is a sacred room, only those authorised can enter, which is Luke, Laziel and myself so you're safe. Oscar is a messenger angel, hence his tiny size."

"I can hear you!" Oscar shouts.

"So what? Admit it, messengers are tiny!" Sam chortles when Oscar dramatically hushes. "Anyway, Oscar has a message, you can tell because he has his wings, and if he says we need to hide." See his wings? At my confused look Sam explains. "Because messengers know so much, they have their wings removed and they remain in Heaven when they have no message to deliver. It prevents them from spreading secrets."

"But couldn't they just do that when they are delivering a message?" I still whisper, my stomach churns now, if I talk up Sam would no doubt hear the agony in my voice.

"No, when they have a message they are driven to deliver it and nothing else; once it's delivered they are pulled back to Heaven." I nod, he can probably see me, it wouldn't be surprising if angels had night vision.

After a few more seconds of descending we level out and walk forwards. "Almost there." Sam says. We turn a bend and there stands Oscar, surrounded by lanterns.

"About bloody time!" Oscar rolls his eyes. "Some of us have lives you know." He places a hand on his hip in a surprisingly feminine gesture.

"What is this?" I croak, internally wincing at the gravelly sound of my voice. The floor has markings on it, all criss-crossing to form a horrifyingly beautiful pattern. At each corner there was a lantern, casting the cave like room in a warm glow.

"This, my dear, is extremely important if we want to win this war." Oscar states, as if that answer was sufficient. What war? I look at Sam and furrow my brows; he looks down sympathetically at me, but manages a small, weak smile.

"It will be ok; someone is waiting for you on the other side." He walks over to the pattern and lays me on it; the pain spreads through my body.

"Sam! Look!" Oscar lifts my shirt roughly, making me cry out in agony. "She needs to go now!" Sam nods his head and crouches down in front of me.

"Listen Emma, everything will be ok, I know you won't believe me, but this is extremely important. You need to do this." He brushes a strand of my hair behind my ear in a surprisingly affectionate gesture. I flash my panicked eyes over to Oscar who started chanting, he takes my hand and holds it in a tight grip, not helping my pain at all. I bring my attention back to Sam who steps away from the pattern. "You were always like a daughter to me. Tell your dad I say hi" He winks

Then everything went black.

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