

## Chapter 28 - Luke

Luke's P.O.V

Damn demons.

I despise them, and not because I'm an angel and therefore I have to, no, they just stink and make my life harder. When I saw that demon crouched over Emma and about to kill her, I saw red.

Emma.

She's my light in the darkness that encompasses my black heart. She makes me feel alive, and... normal. I love her so much already.

I was originally at her school investigating an unusual gathering of demons, but I saw her green eyes and it was like I hit some invisible wall and the darkness that usually blurs my vision disappeared.

There she sat, at the very back of the class, with a demon throwing a dead bird at her. I had to control myself and not rip the disgusting thing to pieces in front of everybody. Luckily, Lazriel had been there and dealt with it, but the tears in her so eyes almost brought me to my knees. She was pure innocence, and definitely too good for me.

Hence my decision to court her, and yes, I'm old fashioned. She deserves it at least because I wasn't going to live the rest of my pathetic life without her.

And it went great, until that piece of shit Raziel decided to flutter by and spy on us during our date. I didn't want him knowing who Emma was, she was too important to me and I had to keep her safe.

Leaving her on that beach, all alone, I should have known she would have followed me. At least I found out Raziel was a traitor, I was listening to the conversation and the idiot should have sensed an Archangel was near him. It was when he mentioned that his 'boss' wanted Emma, that's when I got angry. I wanted to kill him, I really did, but I didn't want Emma to think of me as a killer when she found out who I was. To this day I still don't know who Raziel was referring to when he said 'boss', but I won't stop until I find out.

Then Emma's friend developed an obsession with me. That was a pain. Luckily I never liked her, it developed into hatred when she joined ranks with the demons and bullied Emma. My sweet, innocent Emma. I should have known who she was when I discovered birds followed her, but I was blind in my infatuation with her. She has Marco's approval, and that bird is a grumpy bugger, that should have been indication enough.

The Great Michael has a daughter. Who'd have thought?

The guy was like a father to me; he watched out for me and helped me with my "permanent" taint. He actually liked to have conversations with me and agreed that my brothers, Raphael and Micah, were crazy, evil, mean, sadistic... I could go on. Yet they fought for the good side? It makes no sense.

Then I heard that Raphael tried to take Emma... mad doesn't even come close. My heart literally stopped beating when I saw her falling to her demise. Luckily she fell to her death instead... death being me.

I know... it's bad.

I also know I have a killer temper, and I never should have snapped at Emma the way I did. My power had spiralled out of control when I saw she was missing, panic and frustration had consumed all of me.

And it had to have been Raziel who found her. Touched her skin and held her close. I lost it. I realise now that I might have gone overboard with the whole beating, but I'll never tell him that.

When I found both of them missing the second time... yeah I can't even describe the feelings that swamped me.

I needed her, how could I live without the very thing I live for? I searched everywhere, and she was in Templum the whole time! I knew what I needed to do to get them to bring her back down; I knew Sam had been keeping an eye on me. I respect Sam for the way he has looked after Emma; he is an important figure in her life. I knew if I hurt Sam, I hurt Emma. So I went to her human class mates and I guess you could say family. Her mother is so wrapped in her own cocoon of misery; I doubt she has noticed both Sam and Emma have been missing.

That had been the final straw for Sam, and he agreed to negotiate, acting as the middle man between me and Templum.

By the time they had finally agreed to bring her back down, the darkness inside me had been like a swirling tornado, infecting anyone who came too close. I had been a walking disease.

When I finally saw her again, she had been radiant. Unless it had been Raziel's stupidly bright gold wings reflecting the light on her. No, she was just permanently beautiful. And powerful, I suspected she had been the one to clear his taint, she was Michael's daughter after all.

Bonding with her had been painful, but worth it. I have yet to check out the meaning of our marks, especially because mine has expanded, spreading a weird tribal mark across my torso, if you look closely you will see words and symbols embedded into it. I wonder if Emma's has expanded too...

Now it was time for her to learn how to control her powers. With her dad.

Yeah, crazy, Michael still lives, he's just unable to come down to earth or any other place other than Heaven for that matter. I have no idea why, but what I do know is that I am forbidden to go to heaven because of this taint... and my ancestry.

I lied to Emma when I said I was adopted, I just feel as though I am. My mother got with a demon. Completely taboo and everyone hates me for it, including my mother and step-father, it certainly wasn't me who got with the demon though. I don't know who my father is; I never want to meet him. I scratch my skin in disgust thinking half of me is demon. I hate it. And my so called "brothers" think it's hilarious. Apart from Zak, we seemed to click from the start.

Back to the present, I still stood in the clearing with the four freaks that were not cooperating with me. My patience was wearing thin.

"For the last time, who sent you here?" I bellow. They cower back, whimpering pathetically. I love my scythe; it's a part of me and can only be held by me. It represents my power, and to this day, I still haven't tapped into its potential, I've never been presented with a situation that requires I do.

"The High Demon you just killed said we had to come here, that there were great rewards if we captured her." The winged girl hissed. I can never remember the technical names for each breed of Demon, there were just too many.

"Did she explain why you had to capture her?" I grit my teeth in frustration.

The red demon grunts a reply. I can only understand him because of the demon in me, a normal human or angel would just hear a series of growls. "The king wants her power"

The king? "The demon king?" I choke. Shit, this is more serious than any of us thought.

"Yesss" The bug-snake cackles. Sick of trying to get any more information from them I swing my scythe, smiling in satisfaction when four heads roll towards me. Their bodies fall moments later, thudding on the ground and staining the grass red.

I expand my wings, feeling each feather catch the so breeze. With one, big lunge I propel myself into the air, beating my wings as fast as they would go. I need to see Emma before she goes; I need to feel her so lips against my own. My chest constricts at the thought of her being gone, how will I survive with her being gone? No one knows that I cannot go to heaven; they just think I hate it there. No one can know my secret, not even my Emma.

I descend when I recognise the front of my home. I built it myself to get away from the "family". There is a hidden opening in the roof... which has been blown open. The two angels normally guarding the door are nowhere to be seen. Something does not feel right. Angling myself, I dive straight through the opening, wincing when I clip my wing on the jagged edge. I land in a ball room with a loud thump. The room is in disarray. Angels lay on the ground in their own blood, some scream in agony while the somewhat healthy ones try to help.

"My Lord!" A frantic voice screams. Percy, a smaller angel who has been working for me for two centuries races towards me. His once white and orange wings are completely soaked in blood.

"What happened?" I keep the panic from my voice, but my stomach is twisting in knots. I hope Emma is ok.

"Demons, Sire, they came from below, in the basement and dungeons. They attacked anything that moved. They are still in the building; this room is the only place we have left." Percy begins breathing quickly and looks pale.

"Go sit down Percy; you're no good to me unconscious." I point to an empty place near a wall. He walks over obediently and sits, still choking on air. I scan the room. All the doors and windows are barricaded, I'm guessing none of the demons can fly since none have come through the hole in the roof.

I prepare to fly again, but the door is shoved open, splintering and sending wood everywhere whilst metal boxes are thrown in, hissing at the impact and filling the room with thick smoke. One piece hits my temple, knocking me to the ground. High pitched ringing echoes in my ears, but luckily my vision stays strong enough to see a huge, dark figure stride towards me. It bends down and the smell of sulphur assaults my sensitive senses. "You are mine now, Archangel." It's deep, timber voice rattles my poor eardrums, making me wince in pain. Why am I not healing? begin choking on the smoke; I can feel it clogging up my lungs.

"Fuck..." I cough. "You!" Its laughter just pisses me off more.

"Tie him up before it wears off!" It snaps at a snivelling demon crouched at his feet. Something cold is wrapped around my wrists, legs and wings. I pull, testing its strength, but a sizzling sound reaches my ears before I feel the excruciating pain. I fight to keep conscious; I can feel the thing watching me.

The screams of my people will haunt me forever.

Emma better be safe, I don't know what I would do if she wasn't.

"Say bye bye." It sniggers, then its grimy hands wrap around my torso and it flings me onto his shoulder. I hit my head on one of the spikes protruding from its back and I reluctantly succumb to the darkness.

~~~~~

**THE END...** For now...

There **WILL** be a sequel... if the clichangers I gave you were any indication :P

If you can think of a title for my next book, be sure to tell me and I'll make sure everybody knows it was your idea :D

I'm going to finish my other books and upload them before I start the sequel, so you'll have to be patient :)