

Chapter 4 - Marco

If I didn't garner the attention of everyone before, I most certainly do now. Flying into school with an angel is a first, and I don't think many people have witnessed it. Yet here I am, holding onto Sam because my life literally depends on it. Not like he would let me fall or anything, but I hate flying ... it terrifies me.

Sam's magnificent wings spread out to slow us down enough to land. His feet are silent as he hits the ground, his knees bending to absorb the impact.

I could literally kiss the ground right now.

"There you go, Emma, safe and sound eh?" He chuckles. "Ain't done that in a long time. Have a good day." He waves as he launches back into the air causing a big gust of wind. He was unusually chipper.

Getting the courage to finally look around, I notice many people still recording or taking photos on their phones. Great, now I not only have to deal with birds, I am now the topic of everyone's conversations. Thanks again, Sam.

A shadow draws my attention to the sky. A familiar crow circles above me. What surprises me is the excitement I feel at knowing who will no doubt be following.

"You've even got the angels wrapped around your pinky. I'm impressed." The amusement is clear in Luke's voice. Bringing my eyes from the crow, I take him in. My eyes scan his figure greedily. He has a black t-shirt on again with the same black jeans and boots. Each muscle is beautifully highlighted. His eyes still have that glow, confirming it was not my imagination.

"No angels are wrapped around my pinky." I retort.

"I wouldn't be so sure. Want to walk to class together?"

"Sure." Pulling my bag further up my shoulder, we walk to the school entrance side by side. "Your crow have a name?" I ask when I spot said crow sitting contentedly in a tree by the side of the building.

"Huh? Oh... actually no, he doesn't." He sounds a bit at his own admission. And a little sheepish. "You want to name him?" He smiles down at me.

"Really? Are you sure?" He nods. "Ok, let me think." Bird name ... Bird name. Staring at the crow, I yell "Marco!"

"Marco?" He snorts, and then bursts into a full belly laugh. It makes him less god like, and it's sexy as hell. "Ok ... Ok. Marco it is." He tests the name some more. "Yeah I like it." He grins at me.

Typical, even his teeth are perfect.

~~~~~

The morning goes by without trouble, and I know it is because Jessica and her goonies have gone to the mainland on a trip. But Fleur is with them so that is why I find myself all alone at lunch. I've been approached several times on how to get a flight with an angel. Like they can go to a store and buy a ticket. Idiots. Scanning the canteen I spot Luke, handsome as ever, walk in. He sees me, smiles, and starts for me with a determined look on his face. Poor guy gets accosted a few times by some girls but he makes it over and sags into the seat opposite me with a sigh opposite me.

"Hello. Welcome to my table." I spread my arms to my sides. My confidence seems to be getting better around him. I pray this budding friendship is legitimate. His answering grin makes me forget my concerns.

"You busy tonight?" The question bursts out of him.

I'm certainly shocked, but I quickly shake it off so I don't offend him.

"What do you have in mind, if it's boring I'm going to need some time to come up with a lame excuse."

He pretends to look hurt. "Well, I really want to check out that diner on the beach, and then I have some place I want to show you. Come on, anywhere with me is fun"

"Ok, what time?"

"I'll pick you up at five." He jumps up with a grin and leaves.

Holy shit! Have I just agreed to go on a date with Luke? I don't even know his last name! What do I wear? For the first time ever, I am self-conscious about my looks. Why me? Is it the bird thing? So many questions!

Deep breaths Emma. This will be fun.

~~~~~

Pacing my room, I keep stealing glances at the mirror. I have decided on a yellow sundress that comes in at the waist and sits just above my knees. It's a favourite of mine and I feel pretty in it, only because it gives the illusion of a tan. I had to borrow some make up that had belongs to mum. I applied some mascara, blusher and eye shadow. And my mum is not even home to tell me I look fine!

Inhaling deeply, I go downstairs to the kitchen to get some water and freeze. Sam is sat there again with his eyebrow arched.

"Where are you going?" He draws.

"Um ... Out with a friend?" Why did that sound like a question?

"Really, says who?"

"Me? Oh, come on, I have only ever been over Fleur's house! Mum is always telling me I need to meet new people, and I am doing that! What would she say if you stop me?" Ok, so maybe I went over the top with the innocence but he has no right to stop me! When has he ever cared?

Both eyebrows go up this time. Right on queue the door bell rings. Spinning around I run to the door and yank it open before Sam can stop me.

Luke stands there with a sweet smile on his face. He has a dark blue shirt on, but the same black jeans and boots. But he could wear a bin bag and still look gorgeous.

"Hey, come in I just need to put my shoes on and get my bag." I open the door wider for him. I leap up the stairs two at a time, put on my shoes and grab my things. I hear voices and cringe. I forgot about Sam. Oh no, he's going to act like the concerned father and scare him off!

Galloping back down I follow the sound of their voices until I reach them in the kitchen. Sam's wings have risen high up his back and twitching, a clear battle stance. I look at Luke and see him casually leaning on the counter. "Everything ok?" I look at Sam as I ask this, giving him a clear hint that I do not like his attitude.

"Yep, you ready to go?" Luke walks towards me and orders his arm. This puts his back to Sam, which is offensive to angels. Sam's face goes red.

"Sure..." I hesitate. But Luke tugs me to the door. "Bye Sam, I have my phone." I wave and see his shoulders slump just as the front door closes. Diverting my attention back to Luke, he has the small smile on his face again. "What was that about?"

He shrugs. "He gave me the speech. The one where he's all like 'if you hurt her I will hunt you down' and I told him to do one, that the idea of hurting you is absurd."

"You know, that was surprisingly sweet. You just told an angel to go fuck himself, all for me. I feel really special now." I squeeze his arm and look up at him under my eyelashes.

He snorts. "Ok if you say so." I realise we have reached a car. A very nice car. A Ford Mustang to be correct. It's sleek, black and very low. Not suitable for my dress at all. As if he senses my unease, he opens the door, lifts me up in a bridal hold, and lowers me onto the seat.

For a few seconds I was in his arms.

Fleur is going to lay an egg when I tell her all this.

[Continue reading next part](#) □