

Chapter 6 - Beach

Following Luke out of the diner, he guides me through a path between some bushes. I can smell the salt in the air as the wind blew my hair back. The further we walked the louder the sound of waves got. He's taking me to the beach!

I speed up so I am walking at Luke's side, and send him a big, cheesy grin. He grins back and takes my hand in his, it looks small and pale compared to his big, tanned one. I never thought myself as small at 5'7, but next to Luke I do, I only just come above his shoulder. ↻

We finally come to the end of the path, and the ocean in all its glory is in front of me. It's completely deserted except from a couple of seagulls whose annoying, squeaky call fills the air. The beach itself is in a horse shoe shape with homes on the left and restaurants and nightclubs on the right. It has gotten dark since we have eaten and fair lights from different lamp posts around the beach gives everything a romantic glow. The ocean is a kaleidoscope of colours, from black and dark blue to orange and red from the lights.

And I love it.

With my hand still in Luke's we approach the water line at a leisurely pace. We are both silent but no words need to be said. It's perfect in its own little way.

When we do reach the water, I fling off my shoes and walk in until the water is just below my knees. Good job I wore a dress. I close my eyes and let all my anxieties and nasty thoughts wash away. This little moment of freedom is precious for me. I'm not bullied here or stressed. Just free.

Splashing behind me alerts me the Luke is also in the water. I peek at him from the corner of my eye and giggle at how ridiculous he looks with his trousers rolled up. My eyes travel to his face and he, too, looks free.

"I love this beach." I whisper.

"Mhmm..." was his reply. "Flying across it is better." ↻

"On a plane? Must be pretty big from up there. But here you can actually feel the waves on your skin here and the wind in your hair." I look up at him; he is looking down at his feet lost in thought. ↻

"Yeah ... I suppose ..." he mumbles out.

I take his hand back in mine and lean on him. His warmth cocoons me in a safety blanket and I revel in the weird tingling feeling as my thoughts wander.

Who actually is this boy beside me? I know practically nothing about him except he is adopted and has a crow that is now named Marco. This handsome boy, who has all the girls at his feet, singled me out to go on a date and have a friendship. I know I should not let me insecurities get the better of me, but I'm nothing special. I have split ends for crying out loud! ↻

Sighing I snuggle deeper into Luke's arm. But the warmth is quickly replaced by freezing cold. Gasping, water drips from my face and down my dress. Luke is bent over holding his stomach in laughter.

"Oh, it is on!" I yell. I lift my leg up high for a good kick and splash him back. Did he leave it at that? No, the arse splashed me back; it was like I was hit by a tsunami.

Not a single part of my body was dry anymore and I was freezing cold. "Ok you win! Stop!" I squeal. At least I got Luke soaked to.

Warmth surrounds me as Luke pulls me to him in a hug. "You're freezing." He rubs my arms. I can feel every contour of muscle through his t-shirt, which makes me notice the size of his biceps as they move. Now I'm definitely hot. I'm being warmed up by a God.

Now is not the time to say that we can warm up better naked. ↻

I mentally cringe. Not that the idea is bad, but I have never felt these things before. I hadn't even realised we had moved to the beach and that I was sat on his lap. "What are your parents like?" I decide to break the silence. ↻

"Which ones?"

"Your adoptive ones." I shiver so I can see his face.

"They're nice. Treated me like their own." He shrugs as if it is nothing.

"Well they sound nice."

"Yep. What about yours?" He clearly does not want to talk about his parents anymore.

"My mum works full time, actually more like all the time." She is just a shell now, but I think she only keeps going because of me. Dark thoughts, but they are true, and it's painful. Watching her when she is home, her eyes are dull now, and she has a pale complexion with purple bags under her eyes, whereas before she has a natural glow. It sucks big time.

"And your dad?" I should have expected this. If I didn't feel as though I could trust Luke, I would snap and run, but that wouldn't be fair on him. But I haven't spoken about my dad in years, I got counselling before, but it did nothing to help. My only way of coping with difficult emotions is to lock them away. "You know what? Tell me when you are ready; I can see this is a sore subject for you."

Could he get any more perfect?

"I will when I am ready." I assure him. I look up at his face. We are only inches apart and I feel his breath fan across my face. His eyes glow behind lowered lashes. My eyes are unwillingly drawn to his lips, which are clearly designed for kissing, not just a peck, but a sensual kissing. I hadn't even noticed we were slowly getting closer together.

Kiss me! Kiss me damn it!

Abruptly he pulls away and stands, causing me to fall on my back. ↻

"I have to go!" He gasps. Oh hell no!

"Hey! Go where?" I haul myself up, cold again from losing Luke's warm heat.

"I just have to!" He throws something at me and I catch it, but not without pain. A key scratched my palm. His car keys. "Get home, and text me to make sure you get there safely." He turns and runs into the trees.

I start running after him. No way was I going to let him get away like this without an explanation. I follow the trail and realise I am running within the only thick woodland area on the whole island. Why would he run in here?

"LUKE!" I yell, it echoes through the trees. Coming to a stop, I cannot hear the waves anymore. Looking around, I no longer see the path I have been following. The ground is covered in dead, decaying leaves. Great, I am in the woods, at night, lost, and all on my own cannot even hear any footsteps, just silence. I hate silence. ↻

"Shit." I say aloud.

Spinning, I go back in the direction I think I came from. The trees go on forever. A twig snapping to my left catches my attention. In the dark I can only see a few inches in front of me.

"Luke? Is that you?" Ok now I am scared. Pissing my pants actually.

"No my dear." I deep voice whispers behind me. I scream and run. I am not stupid, ok well maybe I will get lost. But I am not sticking around to hear how he will murder me.

I do not even get five steps away before a thick arm encircles my waist. "Let me go!" I screech, punching and kicking as much as I can.

"Now dear, stop acting like a child, I will not hurt you ... yet." He chuckles.

"Oh that is supposed to calm me? Great work there!" Ok so now may not be the time for sarcasm but it is my coping mechanism.

"I am going to put you down, if you run I will make you suffer." He says sweetly. Sick asshole. "Are you going to be good?"

I nod my head, too scared to form words, my mouth is dry and my heart is beating a rapid pace. He sets me down gently, if a creepy guy in the woods can be gentle. A turn slowly, coming face to face with a ... sexy, tall, blonde angel. Well, I have to say, I was expected some creepy murderer. That would explain his strength. His blonde hair curls at his ears, his eyes are a sparkly green and he wears a simple polo top with blue jeans and converse. Very shabby for an angel. He is over six feet and built like a body builder. Shit, this guy could just crush me and I was trying to beat him up. The thought causes me to imagine me beating him to a pulp, and I giggle. His wings are a muddy brown colour with specks of bronze. Looking at the alignment of his wings, he is not a warrior angel. ↻

"What's so funny?" He looks angry now. Nice one Emma, make the body builder angel mad at you. ↻

"N ... Nothing" I stutter.

He smiles at my discomfort. "Who are you?" My lame attempt at bravery failed dramatically.

"That does not matter. It is you who matters my dear."

Continue reading next part ↻