

Chapter 7 - Deception

Who is this angel?

He comes out of nowhere; actually he must have been stalking me!

“What do you mean?” Irritation is clear in my voice. I hate riddles and secrets. My life consists of them.

“Well, I suppose I should introduce myself” He bows dramatically. “I am Raziel, my dear.”

Raziel ... where have I heard that name before?

“Well, it is not nice to meet you.” I cross my arms. I have no clue where this bout of confidence came from, Raziel simply quirks an eyebrow. He begins to approach me, every step he takes closer I take back. It continues this way until my back hits something hard. Backed yourself into a tree, great move Emma.

A nasty smile crosses Raziel's face.

“What do you want?” I try my damn hardest to keep any fear out of my voice. The adrenaline in my veins feels like acid, making me tremble. If this angel kills me, mum will have no one, and grams would suffer. I didn't get to tell Fleur about my date. I won't have nutella ever again, or bacon. And Luke! That bastard, I could blame him, but he did tell me to go home, so I got myself in this situation, but I won't get the chance to yell at him for ditching me!

“Well that is complicated, you see my dear –“I cut him off with a raise of my hand.

“I am not your ‘dear’”

“Interrupt me again and see what happens” He snarls. Sweat trickles down my spine and I feel my false façade fading. “As I was saying before you rudely interrupted me sweetheart, you need to come with me.” He grins, I know he deliberately let out the ‘or else’.

“Ok, why? I deserve to know that at least.”

Where is Sam when I need him?

“Because I have to take you to the boss.” He says impatiently. “Now come along, we got a long flight ahead of us.” He holds out his hand, like he actually expects me to take it.

“No. If the boss wants me, he can come get me himself.” Stupid thing to say. He growls, actually growls and I see the darkness in his eyes. Consuming the green in them, this guy is tainted. Shit, I'm in more trouble than I thought. A taint is when they have succumbed to evil, from then on your humanity fades until it no longer exists, creating a mindless killer.

“You will come with me!” He bellows. I whimper, feeling his power come off him in waves; it's suffocating.

“I, Raziel, claim thee –“He doesn't get to finish because a huge mass of black slams into him. The impact sends a shock wave, knocking me onto the ground.

Once my wave of dizziness has cleared, I look up to the sky and see two angels now, Raziel has a shiny sword in his hand, the other is still just a black mass, blending in with the night sky, if it wasn't for the blue glow coming of his wings and scythe then I would not have been able to see him.

Wait ... A scythe!

I look up to confirm I did actually see one, it was huge, and must at least be as tall as me.

Raziel makes an ear piercing scream, and begins falling to the ground. Wait, not falling, he is diving ... straight towards me. And stupid little me just stands here, watching him get closer. Luckily, the shadow is quicker, and slams into Raziels back. Both of them hit the ground in a tangle of limbs and wings.

Covering my eyes from the dust, I hear a single grunt then silence again.

Once the dust has settled and I have deemed it safe for my eyes, I look around. A crater it a few feet in front of me. The shadow angel just stands there with his back to me, Raziel is nowhere in sight. His shoulders move up and down rapidly and his fists are clenched.

I take the opportunity to observe my surroundings. Trees are bent, as if trying to get away from the man standing there. The ground as succumbed to a lot of damage and the ground vegetation is destroyed. Some particles of just remain, floating around aimlessly. I divert my attention back to my saviour. He is still in the same position; he has the thickest biceps I have ever seen. He is clearly very tall and his black hair catches the wind slightly, completing the warrior angel look, well I presume he is a warrior at how well he battled. My eyes automatically go to his wings. They have got to be at least twice Sam's wingspan! They are huge and pitch black until the tips; they look dip dyed in blue, a fiery, electric blue.

Something niggles in the back of my mind. They look familiar ... My dream! These are the wings from my dream! I gasp, and immediately know he heard by the noticeable twitch in his wings.

“Thank you.” I whisper. The wings in my dream were warm, but there is coldness in this man that causes me to shiver.

All I get his a grunt and a mumble. “Just get home.”

With a single thrust of his wings, he shoots into the air at twice the speed Sam has every achieved. I watch him go, but he blends into the night, exactly like a shadow.

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I got home very late. To say Sam was upset would be an understatement.

“Where the heck were you?” He growls. Yeah. Angels curse, and he does it a lot.

“I think I found your dangerous angel ...” Sam immediately goes bright red in the face. “Woa are you ok?” I ask.

“Am I ok?” He asks calmly. Ok calm Sam I shit scary. “You could have died, this guy is deadly! And I would have failed your father, what would your mother have done?” He yells.

“She wouldn't have noticed anyway.” I mumble. Sam grabs me by the arms and lifts me so we are face to face.

“You don't ever say things like that!” He shakes me with each word.

“You are too important! You could have died!” I think even the windows are rattling from the force of his anger.

“Important? No one likes me; I get bullied all the time! Mum is never home and you treat me like crap!” I screech back. With that Sam drops me, not hard exactly but my knees didn't appreciate it.

“Oh gosh. I'm sorry Emma!” He looks sick. “I have treated you like crap haven't I? I'm so sorry, truly! Please forgive me!” It all just rushes out of him. I did not expect that.

“Ok Sam, I know you are busy, just, don't treat me like that anymore ok? Please? You and grams are practically all I have left.”

Tears blur my vision when the reality of what happened tonight suddenly crashes into me. I could have died!

“I promise. Now tell me about this angel.” At the mention of Raziel I shiver.

“He called himself Raziel. He tried kidnapping me.” Do I mention the shadow angel?

“RAZIEL?” Sam spits. “He had his hands on you? That piece of shit! Wait until I tell Raphael!” He storms to the living room and snatches his phone from the table. Raphael is the archangel in the west city and also the Archangel of War. I'd seriously hate to get on his bad side, he is also Sam's boss and responsible for all angels west of the mainland.

“Why is he so dangerous? He wasn't a warrior angel, so you could have easily defeated him.” I question.

“He is the angel of deception. He wanted you to think he was weak. What did he say to you?” Sam asks impatiently as his phone rings. I hear a deep voice from the other end but no words. Sam fills him in on what I told him, then looks at me, obviously expecting me to continue with my story time of the night.

“Well, he said his boss wanted me, and then he began to say ‘I, Raziel, claim thee but was interrupted.’ I am still considering telling him about the shadow angel. He looks positively murderous.

“He...” He takes a deep breath. “Tried to claim you?” I can hear Raphael cursing on the phone.

“Yeah...”

“And what interrupted him?” Sam asks patiently.

“A shadow guy with a scythe”

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