

Chapter 8 - Death

“Death saved me?” I giggle at the irony. That would explain the scythe and his ability to blend into his surroundings.

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“Yes, as funny as it sounds. The archangel is bad tempered and generally keeps to himself. The North city is known for his ruthlessness. It may not be as bad as the South city under Famine’s rule, but he is clever and dangerous. One touch of his hand and poof, you’re dead.” Ok if he was trying to scare me he accomplished. “Want to know what is worse?” He asks, and I’m not sure I want to know.

“Do I want to know?” I voice my thoughts timidly.

“Well, it seems Death has taken an interest in you to stop Raziel the way he did. Where did this battle happen?” Sam looks a bit hysterical now, I’m also a little ended that he thinks I do not know of the danger I am now in, I mean, who wouldn’t shit their pants if you knew Death has noticed you. He spoke to me!

“The woods ...” Not only will I have Sam breathing down my neck from now on, but I hope he does not figure out I was alone. One word would describe that outcome. Armageddon.

“And where was the Luke boy?” He spits his name as if it is a vile disease. Damn it.

“He had to go somewhere and I tried to follow him then Raziel came out of nowhere and you know the rest.” I mumble. Sam doesn’t have to worry about Luke. I will be giving him a piece of my mind.

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“Wait.” He holds up a hand. “Say that slower please.” He asks sweetly.

Sighing I do as I’m told. “He had to go somewhere and I tried to follow him, then Raziel pops up like a daisy and you know the rest.”

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I shu le from foot to foot at Sam’s prolonged silence.

“Can you go to your room Emma?” Sam’s face is red again. I kind of feel sorry for Luke now.

“Yes sir.” I stomp up to my room.

It’s not like I asked to be attacked. I’m not psychic either; I couldn’t have guessed what could have happened. I just had the greatest and worst date of my life, and I was ditched. Did the idea of kissing me repulse Luke so much he had to actually run? The thought causes a different type of pain in my chest, and I’m embarrassed. Did I come on too strong? Now I am a nervous wreck, school will be awkward now when I see him. Maybe he will finally acknowledge the actual pretty girls that have been throwing themselves at his feet. A new feeling sparks in me, jealousy! Never before have I felt jealous! This dip dyed prick has wiggled himself under my skin!

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Going to my wardrobe, I grab some shorts and a tank top and venture to the bathroom. I look in the mirror and stare at the person looking back at me. What did Luke see? Was the date a complete joke and that was why he ran? No doubt to his friends giggling in the woods, which is why he went in there. A new emotion replaces my jealousy. Rage. Anything could have happened to me and he didn’t care.

I will get him back, and he will be begging for my forgiveness.

After I have brushed my teeth I get into bed and fall asleep thinking of the ways to make Luke’s life hell for the way he played me.

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The weekend went way too quickly. I got on with my studying and Sam ignored me for unknown reasons, I don’t get why he is angry at me, I didn’t ask to be attacked or ditched. Mum has not been home in days due to her “job”, and Monday morning the house is completely empty. The sad truth is I am used to being alone, so I get on with my morning routine without fuss. I only just noticed the note before I left. I didn’t recognise the handwriting but it’s obviously meant for me.

Emma,

Raphael will be staying with us until further notice. Make sure the house is clean when you get home and there are ingredients for dinner in the fridge and labelled.

Please be on your best behaviour, this is for your own safety. Raphael demands respect and space. I know how much you like to ask questions...

I will be arriving around 6.00pm. I do not know when Raphael will be joining us to keep the house clean for the rest of the week.

Be good at school and STAY AWAY FROM LUKE! I do not trust him.

Sam.

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That was the bossiest piece of writing I had ever read.

I mean come on! Raphael demands respect people have to earn respect.

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I should be shaking in my boots at the idea of the archangel of war living in the same house as me, but after all my experience lately, angels are at the bottom of my respect list. My curiosity is there as always, don’t think I do not care at all. Will he be rugged or have the so angelic beauty? Surely someone who is an expert at war will have some scars. How big is his ego? No doubt the size of his city. He is known for his skill and strategy, and is also apparently great at observation.

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Realising the time, I walk to school. Thankfully it is only a 10 minutes walk away and I get there just as the bell rings. I race down the almost empty corridors and get to science.

“Someone looks flustered.” Fleur remarks, as my trusty science partner, she has already started setting up the experiment. One thing Fleur hates is being late, she turns up everywhere five minutes before the agreed time, to which she then complains I’m late.

“Yeah had somethings to quickly go over.” I have decided not to tell Fleur of Friday nights events. If she found out I was ditched, she would go all ninja and whip Luke’s arse. As amusing as that would be, I will be from now on, completely ignoring Luke. Humiliation is my reason and I feel perfectly justified in my decision.

The day goes by without seeing Luke. At lunch, I sit with Fleur at our usual table whilst she babbles on about how hot Aiden Edwards is. He is a tennis player with, and I hate to admit, a sexy pair of arms. He is stuck up, and expects to get what he wants with the click of his fingers. Personally I think he needs a good kick in the groin.

Fleur’s squeal makes me jump and curse. “Emma! Look who is walking over!” She whispers.

I don’t need to look to know who is coming over. I can feel his eyes on my back like burning hot laser beams.

As he sits next to me he jolts the whole table with his size. His scent immediately hits me, making me feel light headed. Damn him, making me feel this way.

“Em, I think we need to talk.” He is so close I feel the tickle of his breath on my cheek.

“So talk.” I retort.

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He sighs loudly. Fleur is looking between us bewildered. “Look at me.” He commands. I refuse, as soon as I look into those glowing eyes, I will be putty. And he knows it. “Look at me.” His voice is louder with a hint of frustration and anger. What’s he got to be angry about? I swing my head and glare at him.

“Spit it out Luke!” He flinches at my venom.

“I’m sorry I let you that night. I remembered I’d volunteered to look after my gran that night and I panicked at the idea of her sat there all alone.” His eyes plead me to forgive him. Well, he can dream on!

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“So you had to run off into the woods? What is she? A werewolf?” Fleur giggles in the background. Luke simply narrows his eyes. “Do you know how dangerous those woods are Luke? You could have just took me home then went, but no. You throw your watch and run!” People are starting to notice the tension. Yeah, you watch the bird girl yell at the hot, new guy.

“You would now all about how dangerous those woods are wouldn’t you Emma?” He spits. Get gets up, jolting the table again, and storms out.

“Where is my popcorn!” Fleur cries. “Why didn’t you tell me you went out with him?” I see hurt briefly flicker across her eyes but she hides it.

“I’m sorry. I was just embarrassed. He ran just before we were about to kiss.” I sigh.

“That arse! Where did he go? Who does he think he is ditching my best bitch for a werewolf!” She bangs her fist on the table, causing me to burst into a fit of giggles.

“Thanks Fleur, you can always cheer me up.”

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