

Chapter 20 - Pretty Mark

The door is knocked down with a huge crack, falling onto the floor with a thud Luke stands in the door way looking panicked and wide eyed. “What’s wrong? Are you hurt?” He pants. I guess that’s one way to make an entrance.

“Look at my back Luke!” I squeal. He comes up to me and looks at my face before his eyes gradually move down to my exposed chest, his eyes darkening as they linger, then eventually they travel to my back. His eyes leave a trail of heat on my body and that hum in my head intensifies. I really need to remember to mention that.

“It’s amazing” He whispers. He trails his fingers over the electric blue fire with black swirls. Crows dance in flames, flames that look as if they are actually moving across the entire top half of my back. The crows look majestic, happy and free. Like the flames are what helps them live and fly. They twirl within one another, with the tips of the flames and a crow’s wing reaching my neck, it all looked so realistic. His touch sends tingles throughout my body and a shiver to shake my spine.

Luke steps back, and starts lifting the sleeve of his shirt, exposing his muscular bicep. A single crow stares back at me with its wings spread, wings that are completely engulfed in flames the same colour as the blue on my shoulders. “Seems I got one too, although not as large and exciting as yours.” He murmurs, looking at his arm in wonder. I can’t help but touch it, causing his muscle to ripple under my touch.

“I think Marco will be flattered by all of this.” I smile, removing my hand from his hot skin and he chuckles.

“Your mark is certainly different, but I must say, you are full of surprises Emma.” He slowly trails his fingers down my cheek, then over my lips, like he is committing every detail of my face to memory. “I love that I can finally feel the softness of your skin again.” He then glides them down my neck to my collar bone. His eyes follow his fingers eagerly and my eyes flutter closed at the euphoric sensations running through my body. “And that I can finally do this.” He whispers, his hot breath brushes my cheek. My eyes open and meet his bright blue ones which drift to my lips, and I lick them in anticipation. He follows the movement and his eyes darken. Then he gently presses his lips to my own. It’s a careful kiss, as if he is hesitant at my reaction.

Once again I follow this strange instinct and, of course, my desires. I grip the back of his head, threading my fingers through his irresistibly soft hair. Yes, Death had amazing hair. I press my lips harder against his, loving the feel of his steely arms when they wrap around my waist and pull me tightly against him, I especially love the feeling of safety that washes over me. I feel cherished.

I whip my head back, making myself momentarily dizzy. I bite back a laugh when Luke tries to follow. “No tongue action until I brush my teeth!” I gasp, still tingling with the effects of the kiss, although not as steamy as our first, it was just as amazing.

“Baby, your stinky breath is the least of my worries.”

“So you admit I have stinky breath!” I cry. The panic on his face is hilarious.

“N... No, I love your breath! Whether it’s minty or skunky, I love it baby. I’m, sorry if you thought I didn’t” He coos, rubbing my back as if trying to calm a wounded animal.

I snort unattractively.

“Skunky? Is that even a word?” I grin. Realisation dawns on his face.

“I’m so whipped! I’m doomed! I cannot believe I just sucked up to you like that!” He wails dramatically. He zeroes in on me and I raise my hand in surrender at the evil glint in his eyes. With inhuman speed he charges at me, and then flings me over his shoulder. “You’ll regret that sweetheart.” He strides out of the bathroom and back into the white hospital room. I bounce with each of his strides, which causes my flimsy hospital gown down my arms, practically exposing me, clad in only my underwear, to Luke’s greedy eyes. “Nice underwear babe.” He sniggers. All the endearments melt me to mush. I secretly love them, but I’d never tell him that.

“Shut up, you’ll never get to see them again.” Ha, the power! His groan of despair proves my suspicions.

“That’s not fair! We’re going to spend the rest of eternity together!” He throws me onto the bed, causing my hospital gown to float to the floor and he straddles me. My face immediately heats up because of the position and he kindly keeps his weight off me using his thighs. “I’ll just have to torture you to make you change your mind.” His hands slowly approach my waist and my eyes widen. “Attack!” He bellows, and he begins to maliciously tickle me.

“No!” I cry, trying in vain to get away from his attack. Tears stream down my face and my lungs burn from laughing so hard.

“Do you change your mind?”

“Never!” I giggle uncontrollably, squirming as much as I can to get away from him, but he had me effectively pinned. I don’t know how long he tickled me but I was on the verge of wetting myself when an enraged voice interrupts us.

“Get the hell off her!” Raz roars. Luke is ripped off me, but he doesn’t go far. His wings burst out and cocoon me protectively, but it also blocks my view of what’s going on.

Luke doesn’t make any moves, just covers me from prying eyes. Oh yeah... I’m only wearing my underwear. “I suggest you step back.” Luke voice is calm and smooth. His feathers ever so slightly brush my exposed skin, easily distracting me with their silky feel.

“Why were you on top of her and why was she crying?” Raz pants.

“I’m the protector, and even I saw that he was tickling her.” I could practically hear Sam’s eye roll. “Why didn’t you call to tell us she had woken up?” His tone becomes disapproving.

“Well, we were-“

“Why is she in her underwear? She’s just woke up from a coma and you try to take advantage of her?” Sam interrupts.

“Stop being a caveman Raz! He was tickling me!” I scold; I was also annoyed being talked about as if I wasn’t there. I hear his mumbled ‘sorry’ and Luke continues.

“As I was saying, we were distracted, our marks were surprising.” His wings shift with his shrug, making them stroke my skin again. Then an idea forms in my head. Whilst Sam and Luke exchange words about our marks, I go back to my biology classes and the dynamics of wings. It’s believed that angels are most sensitive where the wings join the shoulders. Let’s test that theory.

I run my fingers through the inch long feathers at the base of his wings. The effects are immediate, his entire back and his wings twitch and his moan was only just loud enough for me to hear. An evil smile graces my face. I use my nails to scratch the seam where bare skin becomes feathers. I hear Raziel’s “Are you ok?” but I was too distracted to carry on listening. My own back was twitching in time with his and I begin lightly scratching both wings more quickly. The hum in my head is now a buzz, and my head falls back, as if feeling his pleasure.

Luke spins around, he has sweat on his brow and his fists are clenched so tight his knuckles are white. His body shakes with the strain on his control. “If you don’t stop, I’ll do something I will regret and we’ll end up giving our guests a show.” He gets out through clenched teeth.

He’s so damn hot. Snap out of it!

Someone gags and another coughs awkwardly. Lazriel, who I hadn’t notice walk in due to my distractions, walks over to us with clear reluctance. “I hate to break up this... moment, but I need to give this to you Emma.” He hands me an envelope with my name neatly written on it. “I have to go back to Templum for now. Keep her safe Luke.” Then he exits in a flurry of silver.

I look down at the envelope, then at Luke who looks just as curious.

“Emma...” Sam whispers. I give him my attention. “Please, for my sanity, cover yourself up.” He begs.

With a growl Luke has me swiftly wrapped in his wings again and I’m wearing an almighty blush, safely clutching my envelope.

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