

Chamuel's Revelation

The Year 2019

Science was still amazed that everything that they'd predicted for this time had yet to be fulfilled. The flying cars, life living on Mars or the Moon, robots that replicated humans; all that, still did not exist. There were changes. Change, is after all, inevitable. Cellular telephones became smaller and more advanced. Televisions, became larger, thinner and more vivid. The economy was on a continuous downward spiral. Abortion, was outlawed, worldwide. Adoption, was now the *only* option. And it seemed the "Dysfunctional" was now a way of life for everyone.

It was no secret that Chamuel was beautiful. His long slender, mildly muscular frame, sterling silver eyes, long straight jet black hair made him nothing less than tantalizing. He was tall, not unlike most archangels, with long arms and legs, slender and strong. Yet, it wasn't just that, it was everything about him. His walk, his talk, his voice, his entire *Ora* was nothing more than candy to man kind. One look from his silvery penetrating eyes could practically freeze someone in their tracks. Yet, as masculine as he was, there was the air of tenderness, and this is what made people cling to him. He was after all, the Arc Angel, patron of the broken-hearted. His entire existence was made to sooth the hurting, and put peace into the hearts of those whom needed it the most.

Yet, was it possible for an "Angel", to feel pain? Anger? Vendetta? Could such a divine creation be submitted to such humanistic feelings? Yet, he did! He felt every bit of it. It was true that many angels had turned to evil ways, for their own benefit and greed. There was no denying that many were fallen even after the "Fall". The Higher Sources had no choice in the matter. They had to do what was right for mankind. Even if that included having to rid themselves of such beautiful and precious creations, as that hand full of angels that went astray.

In Chamuel's case, he might have stared out with maliciousness in mind, but things changed drastically. He met her! A mere child in comparison to his age and wisdom, but her soul's age way surpassed that of any girl her age. It would seem that her own pain served as a catalyst for her mental and emotional growth. In way's that most girls her age could quite possibly ever compare.

Chamuel, was lucky enough to have seen the progression of mankind. Having existed since the beginning of time was a blessing, indeed. He saw how man evolved from the ancient beings that they were at the beginning of the human age, until what they were now. And, even now, there were still humans that lived as if the era of Technology had never arrived. There were still many in third world countries that had no clue, how fast technology had advanced. Yet, they lived content in their environment, just as the technologically advanced lived happily in theirs.

This was probably one of the things that always caught and kept Chamuel's attention. No matter how high up in the "food chain" humanity was, just like any beast in existence, they too unaware of anything, adjusted to their environment. In his mind it was much like any four legged warm blooded creature. However, finding that "needle in the haystack", that one human that existed very rarely, among many carbon copies, was always something that impressed him. Kat in particular, was a rare find indeed.

His initial plan was to use as many human females, as possible for breeders. He intended on constructing and creating his own army. Half angel, half human. A species of hybrids that he could use at his own whim. And, of course having been their creator and father, these creations would have no choice but to submit to him.

Yet, spending one day with his first victim, changed his mind completely.

She, on the other hand, felt alone, lonely. Her heart still ached from the loss of her father. Her mother, had never recovered, and was sick, to boot. Things just never seemed to get better for her. The confusion, the solitude, the inexplicable

emptiness, was always there, forever present. She could do nothing to shake it. Nothing to make it go away. So, she looked for someone to help her heal.

He knew this all too well. He'd been watching her. His job? To help her heal. To take away the pain. Yet, he did nothing as of yet. He, merely watched. Waiting for the most opportune time to come in.

The weather was changing for the better. Spring was in its earliest stage. You could smell the chill in the air, yet the flower buds fought to make their way into the world. It was a beautiful and peaceful scene. So, there she sat. The bench, maintained a lingering sting of chill, yet, not so much so that it refrained her from sitting upon it. It actually felt quite nice. She loved the smell in the air, so she took in several deep breaths. This was one of those small pleasures in life that, just had no comparison.

She watched people go by. Couples, hand in hand, of all ages. Mothers pushing their babies along in cute little strollers. Kids running around playing and laughing. Yet, she was alone. The feeling of loneliness, had become second nature to her. So though, it still hurt, she dealt well with it nonetheless.

This was it. The perfect opportunity, he'd been waiting for...

"Humm, I couldn't imagine, how sad and alone one must feel, sitting all by their self..." his voice was magical. Enticing. Seductive.

She was a bit surprised. Then, glanced over her shoulder, to see whom it was that spoke, "Oh. Yeah... I guess." He was magnificent. She'd never seen such an exquisite man before in her life. Everything about him was captivating. Not wanting to give up too much, she turned and looked away.

He, sat beside her, "Nice meeting you."

"Yeah. Hi." she was shy. She didn't know how to talk to people. Much less, fabulously, handsome men.

"You know, I've learned during my many years on this earth, that most people give their kids names..." he said, prompting her to tell him.

"Yeah. That's what I'm told." she might be shy, but she was no fool.

"Well..." he said as a giggle caught in his throat, he cleared it and tried again, "I'm called C."

"Hi."

"I assume, you don't talk much." he said with a smile.

"Nope. Not really."

"Oh... I guess, I've picked the wrong chatting partner..." He got to his feet, "So long."

It was hard for her to admit, but there was something about him that calmed her. Made her feel, *not so alone*. She suddenly, didn't want him to go. So, she acted fast, "Kat. I mean, Katalina.... But, I'm called Kat, for short."

He sat back down, "Kat... I think I like that."

"Thanks."

"My pleasure."

"Why so alone, Kat?"

"I don't know..."

"Oh, I see." he turned to face her, enabling her to have a better look. He was, in the absolute, the most gorgeous guy she'd ever seen. Everything, about him was amazing. What teenage girl wouldn't be taken aback by him? He looked like a movie star. Long straight black hair, big round gray eyes, olive skin. Tall, thin, shapely and strong. He was ravishing. She instantly was taken by him. "Why, don't you know?"

"Kinda used to being alone, I guess."

"Oh. How sad. I'm sorry." he stood to his feet while he continued to talk, prompting her to walk with him, "It must be a really hard thing... being accustomed to being alone. Most, people, are not accustomed to it, actually."

She got to her feet and followed him, "Most people, aren't me."

"True, true... very true." he agreed.

"Why are you talking to me?" she asked.

"I wanted to..." a simple enough answer she supposed.

Time flew by, and they spoke for hours. Something, she'd never done with anyone. It was unbelievable, how good she felt around him. The feeling of momentary happiness that he provided. The feeling of comfort. No pain! No heart ache! This was worth more than riches and gold. She'd do anything to always feel this way.

They walked together to the pier. She leaned over the wooden boarder to stare blankly at the water. She was still in awe, that such a beautiful man would want to talk to her. She could not see the beauty, the he obviously saw in her. In Chamuel's opinion, she was indeed a very beautiful girl. Her hair was rare shade of golden brown, and loosely spiraled from head to waist. She was petite, and feminine. Her skin was softly tanned and silky. Though, her eye's were brown, they too were extraordinary. Her eye lashed seemed to not want to end. She had cheekbones, and lips that any woman would pay for, and and goddess would envy. Yet, she wondered, why. She was at a loss, as to why such an incredible man would want to talk and spend time with anyone as ordinary as her.

Seeing her mind linger into deep thought, Chamuel, stood close behind her, then without asking for permission, (he had no need to after all, he could see her broken heart) he leaned over her back and wrapped his arms around her. Comforting her, making her feel safe and wanted.

Suddenly he felt strange, something happened to him. For the briefest moment, he felt human. He felt alive. He felt wanted... not just needed. This too was new. Different. Good. Her years seemed to way surpass her age. She was so mature. So interesting. As if her physical age, had little to do with the person that lay inside. Yet, the innocence that still lingered inside her was like a magnet that attracted him to her.

That night, they spent the night together. Though, he knew that she was extremely young, he could do nothing to stop himself. He felt, guilt. He felt, self-disgust. But, he became aware, of something that was bigger than age. Something bigger than anything he'd ever know. He'd discovered, love.

Taking her by the hand, he lead her away, and they walked for what seemed like miles, in no time what so ever.

"I... I still don't..." she said in half confusion and half intrigue, the became quiet.

He turned to face her and took both her hands into his own, "You still don't, what?"

"Understand.... why..." she said shyly.

"Hummm.... there you go again.... doing the 'silent mysterious female' thing." he said with a smile. He let her hands go, turned his back and began to walk away.

Kat, suddenly felt scared that he'd leave her, she didn't know that, that was not his intent, so she blurted out "Why are you with me; talking to me? Why?"

Spinning to face her then plopping down to sit on a car, he spoke, "I thought I already answered that question for you. Did I not?"

"Yes..." she answered shyly, "But, it doesn't make any sense." she drew in a wry breath, then added, "You are so... so... handsome. Attractive... Why would *you* talk to *me*?"

"Now, that's silly." he said and stood to his feet to walk over to her again, "What a silly notion, humanity tends to have." now, standing in front of her, he gently reached her chin, and raised her face to look at him, "Why would you think that you are not good enough for me to talk to?" he asked genuinely interested.

"Have you seen yourself?" she quipped, attempting to answer a question with another.

"Yes." he said, as if that had nothing to do with his question to her, then nodding his head and lifting his eyebrows chaffingly, he prompted her to elaborate.

"Look..." she said, being honest and direct, "I'm just a nobody. Just a girl. I was sitting down minding my own business, when a gorgeous guy comes along for no apparent reason, and starts talking to me... That's not '*normal*' for a girl like me."

"Hmm, yet another, interesting response..." this time he could no longer control himself, he leaned over tenderly, slowly, to place a soft kiss on her lips, then lifted his head away to look into her eyes, and added "I think you should change your expectation of '*normal*'..."

Taking Kat's breath away, his lips locked back onto her's. He brushed his tongue threw her mouth with care and passion. She responded as if by pure nature, melting into his kiss. His mouth tasted of candy. Her's of life. They fed on each others taste. For, she needed the sweetness and he needed the humanity. Wrapping his arms around her, he pulled her in close. Tight. He felt the need and the desire to possess her. To consume her desire. To revel in her passion.

He could no longer contain himself. Picking her up into his arms, he carried her to the nearest secluded place then gently lay her down on to the firmament. When he put he down, he took a moment to look upon her. To really take in the sight of her. Her lovely brown eyes had gone ablaze, with desire. Her chest heaved with pulsing need. She wanted him. She *wanted* him! This novelty alone was worth much more then eternal life. All he'd ever known was, how much humans *needed* him, but this was different. Free will was definitely at work here. Because, this beautiful, human creature, *wanted him*. As much, if not more, then he also wanted her. Dropping to his knees, he partially lay upon her. With one hand he stroked her hair and with the other, he slowly undid the clothes that restricted him from feeling her skin.

Finally, his hands felt the warmth of her bare chest. He reached in, and softly grazed her nipple, and took her plump breast in hand. She moaned, and then drew in a long, hard breath, and with that her back arched. He felt himself, burn up inside from the sight of the pleasure that he was causing her. His eyes, unwillingly did their angelic transformation, from humanoid to pure platinum. Two powerful portals of shimmering silver. Yet, neither he nor she were none the wiser. The zeal that enveloped

them both was too strong. Within moments, she was completely unfixated of her clothing as was he.

Their two bodies molded together in perfect harmony. He was inside of her, yet, she too was inside of him. In ways that he never thought possible. He had her, to possess her, made her his... Yet, she without even realizing it did the same to him. She took absolute control and possession of his heart. For the first time, the patron of broken heart, did not own a heart, but rather, his was being owned.

They pulsed together, moved in a single unit. He ravaged her in ways that he could not control. He didn't fathom that this degree of desire existed, but, it did. And he was taking pleasure in every second of it... of *HER*. In this day, at this very moment, everything changed. He knew that he would love her *forever*. He knew, that he would fight *whatever*, just to be with her.

The time of climax came. She began to tremble, as did he. She lost control of herself, her mouth opened in pure exhilaration, she moaned and breathed in a way that just gave him more pleasure. He could feel inside begin to pulse as her body went limp. He in turn, went stiff within her and felt a flame burn up inside of him. Then with nothing more than a body that lost total control, he erupted.

They lay together that night. She took his seed, that night.

It took, nothing more than a day. One day. For Chamuel to be changed forever. He fell in love with a human. The human he'd chosen to be merely his tool, was the one person, that could make him change his mind. But, oh what a tangled web we weave, when at first we practice, to deceive.

From this very moment, both of their existences would never be the same...