

The Claim

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/12545760) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/12545760>.

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| Rating: | General Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | F/M |
| Fandom: | Guild Hunter - Nalini Singh |
| Relationship: | Illium/Original Female Character |
| Characters: | Illium , Original Female Character , Keir , Naasir , Aodhan |
| Additional Tags: | mentions other characters in Guild Hunter series , way ahead in the future , Established Relationship |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2017-10-29 Words: 1,760 Chapters: 1/1 |

The Claim

by [Inkn1ght1](#)

Summary

Illium, who once loved a mortal and lost his wings for her.
Illium, who loved his sire's mortal lover and risked losing his wings again.
Illium, who was much too powerful, much too young.
Today, Illium is no youth. He is one of the Cadre of Ten. Cascade has come and gone, gifting him something precious. He has loved her from the beginning and now is the time of reckoning. Does she feel the same?

Notes

Illium is one of the most fascinating member of Rapahael's Seven. He is too powerful but too young in the series right now. this is my interpretation of his future and his true love. She is not a mortal or even a conventional immortal.

Archangel Illium spread his blue, blue wings. And for the hundredth time this morning, he raised an arm to look at the iridescent glow. His wings now had an amethyst tip- a glowing amethyst tip.

His already breathtaking wings could actually put someone on their ass now.

“The physical manifestation of your bond.” Keir, the healer said.

“It’s like Ellie has Raphael’s gold.”

“Do you know anyone else like that?”, he had to ask.

They were at the Healer’s London apartment.

Keir leaned back against his chair.

“Other than the Archangel of NewYork and his Consort?”, he trailed off.

He was staring at into the mid distance, a pose assumed by most angels while long lost memories were being dug up.

After a minute, he closed his eyes.

“I’m sorry. I can’t remember, Illium.”

“ Perhaps , it manifests only in archangels.” Illium considered, watching angels fly off from his “tower”.

“Caliane and Nadiel were Archangels.” Keir was rocking his chair.

Caliane was an ancient, and mother to Raphael. Her mate was an ancient himself. But no one ever heard of them manifesting physical symbols of their bond. They were both extremely

powerful creatures. And their son, Raphael had ascended when he was but a thousand years old, much too young to be an Archangel. And he fell for a mortal guild hunter, Elena, literally and figuratively . He was willing to die for his warrior mortal and almost did so too. If not for his Seven, Illium, included, Raphael and Elena would have perished under the rubble of Manhattan .

“Or perhaps , it is about powerful bonds.” Keir broke into his reverie.

Now, perched above his city, on one of the highest pillars that protruded from the “Shard” (not the old one humans built, but the new one his angels built), Illium kept watch on the horizon .

And he saw movement on the Tower Bridge- yes, the old one. Life went on as usual for Londoners except for the predator moving above them. Naasir did not use the walkway above the bridge, he used the roof of the walkway. He called it the “lower sky road”. Elena called him a tiger creature. It was an apt description. Like the tiger, Naasir moved with stealth and grace. And he had slid down the cables with the same grace as he jumped off the bridge.

Illium was still lost in thoughts that he jumped off his perch and landed on the tiled terrace, as a diamond bright streak of light scooped up Naasir, before he could hit the icy waters below . They headed towards the Shard.

“Show me! Show me!”

Naasir cried.

Illium spread his wings and the vampire started bouncing around him while clapping gleefully .

“Love it! Love it! Did not believe it when Ellie said..!”

He stopped after a while and rested on his haunches at the edge of the terrace. Aodhan, bright as a modern god, splintering light around him, moved like a shadow and joined him. His best friend was yet to look at him.

Naasir turned and asked,

“What did she say?”

The question he dreaded.

Aodhan sighed audibly . Illium shook his head, further messing his hair.

“She doesn’t know?”

Naasir looked at Illium like he saw something rot in front of him.

“Does Ellie know your girl doesn’t know?”

Another question he dreaded. Ellie was like a mother hen with them. This would turn her into mother bear mode.

Illium shook his head and rubbed his eyes.

He was tired.

If Ellie knew, she would drag him to the carpet kicking and screaming, no matter that he was an Archangel far more powerful than she would ever be .

He had loved the mortal, ever since Elena Devereux entered their lives and became the most important person for Raphael . Even when the others in Raphael’s Seven were wary of her, Illium knew her mortal heart and the fascination it held for Raphael . And he had vowed to protect her since.

Raphael always knew what Illium felt. He had send a single message.

'Do it fast.'

Coming from someone who was happily mated, Illium was willing to obey. But something held him back.

“Make him tell her, Naasir.” Aodhan cut in.

Aodhan, his best friend and other half of his heart, had that patented long suffering exasperated look all his loved ones had while dealing with him .

“You are being stupid about this,” he continued.

Nassir simply looked from one angel to another. One, an icy sculpture of blinding light refracting from diamond bright wings; the other poised like a modern day David with wild hair and vibrant blue wings .

“And what if she hears about it from Ellie? Or Mahiya? Or Jessamy? or Youtube, for Legion sakes? She has a right to hear it from you and you acting like an ass isn’t going to----”

Illium was half smiling about the choice of swear words when Aodhan trailed off and lightning split the sky- lightning the exact colour of his new wing tips .

“Time’s up, Bluebell.”

Naasir jumped off the terrace and Aodhan followed.

"Do something fast ."

They must have caught each other, but he didn't look. His attention was on the goddess that appeared on the edge of the balcony.

She was, to borrow from internet language, *a smol bean*, hardly reached his pectorals. She could hide under his wings and she would be invisible. They had tried that one time he smuggled her into the Refuge. Not that she needed to hide, or hide under wings to become invisible. She was far too powerful and assumed a non-threatening facade for convenience. But today, her inner core showed.

Her dark eyes had an iridescent amethyst circumference around the pupils. Her hair glowed the same, as if in an amethyst fire. Smoky tendrils were escaping her pixie cut hair. She had long hair when she had first awoke, though she kept changing hair styles since, and settled on a pixie cut, for now .

It was the beginning of the Cascade. Illium was accompanying Elena in the sky, when the sea churned. A storm had come out of nowhere and they had sought refuge on the bridge. In minutes, the deluge poured out and there appeared a sea nymph before them.

That's what he called her in his head untill they figured out her name.

She was thin and dripping wet, had worn nothing but her long heavy hair, draped just right to cover her. She did not protest when they covered her in a blanket and Illium carried her to Raphael's tower. She wouldn't speak in the beginning, just look around in a dazed wonder. And when she did speak, nobody understood her language.

It was when Elena was visiting and Raphael accompanied that she first spoke. The mystery woman sat up, pointed and asked about his mother by name.

That was the time everyone realised that she was not a homeless, mentally challenged woman; but some kind of immortal . After Keir looked at her, they realised that she had lost her memories. And later Caliane, Raphael's mother, one of the oldest ancients who was alive and around, met her. Then they realised that she was lost from memories as well.

Slowly , she regained some memories. She remembered her name. She recognised the Refuge, but not the gorge that was Illium's favourite playground. And proceeded to give him a heart attack when she "flew" down to inspect it. Because, you see, she did not have any wings.

Today, she wore the light leather armour of warriors, paired with kid boots that were a gift from him given at the beginning of their budding friendship .

Her only adornment was a silver bracelet with black stars that were throwing stars in disguise and the bracelet itself was a garrote in disguise .

Useless in truth, because she could kill with a thought; pluck out hearts and sever arteries with minimal use of her powers . But she had glowed when he gave the gift and listened excitedly when he explained how to work them. He was quite deflated when he later learned from Galen that she didn't need them. But a few days later he received another call. This time from Galen's mate, Jessamy. She reported that an excited ancient had decapitated seven rogue vampires in a place of worship in India, by using not her powers, but a silver garrote and throwing stars . When asked why she did not use her powers she had said that it was a gift and gifts were meant to be used well. Though most everyone believed she was talking about her powers, Jessamy understood what she said and called a delighted Illium . And he strutted around for days afterwards, according to Aodhan.

Now, he did not strut or pace. He stood motionless. She stood less than a feet away.

"Illium", her soft voice had once sung the skies to rain and thunder. It held an uncertainty now.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

He shook his head, shaking away thoughts that wandered.

"Will you show..-" He spread his wings before she could conclude.

She gasped and stepped forward with an arm raised to touch. And stopped just as suddenly .

When she would have backed away, he cried,

"No",

and caught her arm to pull her forward.

"Touch me", he breathed. And wisps of her hair at the temples blew softly away from her face.

"Please", he added. And she raised her face to him as she raised her arm to touch the resplendent wings. A shudder ran through him, as he closed his eyes.

He felt when she moved, her fingers trailing through his feathers, caressing each filament . She circled behind him and laughed, a soft tinkling that always made him join her. But not now, not until she said,

"Now you are Sparkling Bluebell."

And he threw back his head and laughed.

"Close your wings," she commanded as she stepped close to his back.

His wings obeyed, and she closed her arms around him, her palm on his heart, her body a warm weight on his back. He shuddered, barely holding himself together, when she pressed a soft kiss to his wing joints at his back; the tingle felt deep in his soul .

"Now you are well and truly claimed, my Bluebell, " Arya whispered.

He whipped out in a turn too fast and grabbed her by the waist and then took off into the skies.

And when they were high enough, he sealed their fate with a kiss and promptly fell. In a dance.

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