

Broken Wings

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Broken Wings

by [RomanceAddictReader](#)

Summary

It's not that I wanted to die.
It's because I had to.
Because the men I loved couldn't live if I were to breathe.
And for that...for that I would die.
For them.

Notes

This is new direction if Illium and Aodham were to find a relationship with each other and another woman.

Chapter 1

Lily rubbed her wrists, annoyed with herself for once again allowing herself to be caught. She hated vampires. Hated the way they always wanted to control humans even though she knew it wasn't the vampires in control, but the angels.

Lily feared angels even more.

But she didn't have time to think about that.

The damn vampire had thrown her into the dark and dank basement after having her tied up in the back of the van for most of the day. This was the second time a vampire had kidnapped her.

The. Second. Time.

It was beginning to get a little annoying.

She wasn't a Guild Hunter. Wasn't a warrior any longer. Just a turned-human who happened to have the perfect combination of blood and scent that made vampires want to lick up every inch of her until they tasted and fed.

She hated her blood, hated the scent of her skin, hated everything.

Because the damned vampires kept trying to keep her for themselves.

She wasn't a blood whore and didn't plan on being a kept pet in her lifetime. But no matter what she did, she couldn't seem to keep safe. She'd just been lucky that the angel who owned the vampire's sentence had learned what he was doing.

The angel who had rescued her the first time would forever send nightmares over her body.

He was even crueler than the vampire but business was business and keeping a human pet unwillingly was bad for business.

Lily let out a breath and tried to control her heart rate. The vamp would be able to hear her panicking and she couldn't have that. He'd probably like it. The basement smelt of mold and rust—she prayed it was rust and not dried blood.

There was a small window above her on one wall, but she couldn't reach it, nor would she ever be able to fit her hips through the damn thing. There didn't look to be a way out, but maybe she'd figure out a way eventually.

She refused to die here.

Refused to die like the others.

But as each minute passed, she knew she might not have a choice.

A loud metal screeching sounded overhead and she ducked instinctively.

Someone was here.

The metal door flew off its hinges and Lily pressed her back to the wall as far away from whoever had shown that immense strength. It didn't make sense that it would be the vampire, but he could be in a rage and not thinking.

And if he were in a rage...

She pushed that thought out of her head, cursing herself for not having a weapon.

If this were to be her death, however, she would face it head on. She would not cower—and there wasn't a way to do so in the basement as it was.

When the light from the now open door slid through the room, she sucked in a breath.

No, not a vampire.

Not even close.

An angel.

A beautiful angel with blue tipped black hair and blue wings edged with silver.

She knew this angel though he didn't know her.

Illium.

The Bluebell of New York.

One of the Archangel of New York's seven—the group of his most trusted men.

“There you are,” he said with a wide smile, his gold eyes dancing. “We’ve been looking all over for you.”

We?

“Are you hurt? Need help getting out? I don’t see cuffs or a chain, but you never know.”

“I...” She cleared her throat. “I’m fine. Why are you here?”

“To rescue you of course,” he said with a wink.

Well hell.

Maybe she'd truly died and this was her heaven. Angels and all. Because there was no way the sexiest angel in the land would be there to save her.

Not even for her blood.

To be continued...

Chapter One

Chapter Summary

Lily meets the others.

Lily isn't wasn't sure what she'd gotten herself into but she sure as hell new she needed to get out of here. There was *no* way she'd ever thought she'd be in this situation but now she wasn't sure she was going to be able to find a way out of it.

"Did he hurt you?" Illium asked, his voice low. He lowered he head so she could see the tips of his gold eyelashes and she held back a shiver. It really wasn't fair a man could be so beautiful.

"I'm fine," she said, trying to keep the strength in her voice. She was anything but fine. She hurt all over and she hadn't eaten in longer than she could remember. But she couldn't be weak. Weakness killed. She'd learned that long ago.

Illium reached out to cup her cheek and she swallowed hard, looking into those eyes that she swore saw more than she wanted to. "You're lying. BUt we'll keep you safe."

She froze. "We?"

"The Tower. Why wouldn't we keep you safe?"

She tried to shake off her disappointment. It wasn't as if Aodam knew who she was.

She was just a warrior without a sword.

A legacy without a memory.

And a daughter who's father had abandoned her.

Not of his own choice.

But then again, Dimitri hadn't looked for her in all those centuries either.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Home

Illium grabbed her close, and soon they were airborne, free amongst the clouds, her hair in the wind. She hung to him, her mind going a million miles a minute as she tried to reconcile what had happened.

The darkness had taken her. Despite her strength and her past, the darkness had come for her and she hadn't been strong enough to fight it. She still couldn't quite believe that after all this time, she hadn't been strong enough.

Centuries.

She'd spent centuries growing her skills and strength. She'd become part of an Archangel's Consort's *Guard*, and yet hadn't been strong enough when her enemy had come after her.

Or rather, her father's enemy.

Not that her father knew she existed. Until the glamour had faded, she hadn't known he had either, yet why didn't he know now? Why hadn't he come for her?

Why had it been these two. The two that plagued her mind and her heart. SHE'd never been part of them and she knew it. So why did it matter now?

"You're thinking loud enough for wake the dead, Princess."

She scowled over all Illium. "Don't call me Princess."

"The more you say you hate it with that gleam in your eyes, the more I'm going to want to call you that. You know me."

I did know him.

And that was the problem.

That was always the problem.

Time

Chapter Summary

The path home.

"The shower is in there," Illium pointed, trying to keep his raging hard-on and temper under control. That was always the problem when it came to Lily. Ever since he'd first seen her, he hadn't been able to breathe when she was around. He'd only ever had this with one person before...and not with the one most thought of it when came to the blue winged angel in their memories.

(More to come)

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