

Into the Nephilim's Light

By Kal-EI85

Published on Lush Stories on 10 Sep 2012

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He would use his angelic light to strengthen her mortal spirit....

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"Why are you such a pussy, Ishmael?" Micah asked his younger brother suddenly as they walked together in the darkness of night.

Ishmael smiled at the question, "First off, where'd that come from and how'd I become a pussy all of the sudden?"

"Cause you still haven't told her have you?"

At his brother's words, Ishmael stopped dead in his tracks. He knew were Micah was going with his choice of words and decided to nip the entire thing in the bud right then and there.

"What happened to us young ones being wary of love, Micah? We've been through this so many times, brother. I love her, but my love could put her in grave danger."

"Not if she joins your light, Ish. You'd be bound to her as her guardian..."

"It has to be her choice though, Micah. I just won't be bound to her; she'll be bound to me as well."

Micah smirked, "You act as if she'd deny you, man."

"She could...if she ever learned the truth."

"Look at my situation young one. Janet didn't deny me." Micah replied speaking of his beloved charge.

"Jay's a woman of faith, Rachel isn't. I've thought of telling her, but every time I do the fear of her rejection runs cold through me."

"I understand..."

Micah was about to reply to Ishmael's explanation, but a sudden chill running through him caused his words to trail off. Ishmael immediately stood back to back with his older brother.

"I take it you felt it too?" He asked as each brother pulled a sword from their jacket.

They looked on as masses of pure darkness formed into three hellish creatures, three demons. Ishmael smirked as he could sense the demons' strength. They were all no match for either of them.

"Let me handle this, Micah."

"As you wish," Micah replied just before Ishmael ran at the demons, cutting at them with his blade.

Micah watched proudly as Ishmael effortlessly laid waste to the demonic forces.

"Damn, somebody's gotten stronger," Micah observed as Ishmael cut down the final demon opposing him.

The brothers watched as the demons were returned to Hell in a blaze of fire.

Ishmael sheathed his blade, "This is why I can't tell her, Micah. She'll just become another target of the Dark side. The Dark side attacking us is one thing; attacking the people I love is another."

"Not trying to be a downer here, but she might already be a target, Ishmael."

Ishmael's face became like stone with an expression of seriousness as he now stared a hole at his sibling.

"I'm just saying though, Ish. She could be a target and so just be on alert."

"Noted, just know if they move against her- -they fall." Ishmael said deadpan.

Micah smiled at his brother's seriousness. He remembered what his mother told him about their father. Strong, loyal, courageous, and full of compassion for those he cared about.

"You're just like our father, Ish." He said aloud.

"He was a guardian angel wasn't he? It's a trait, Micah."

"Hmm, if only you'd use his traits with Rachel."

Ishmael was about to respond, but he could only watch as his brother disappeared from sight. Now standing alone, Ishmael let Micah's words sink in. Maybe he was right. If Rachel joined with his light then he'd be fully able to protect her from the Dark side, but how could he possibly tell her the truth

about what he was...because the last thing Ishmael Wright was was a human being. He was only *half* human. The other half of his biology was angelic. Ishmael along with Micah was one of the many Nephilim (the offspring of angels and mortal females) or the half angels roaming the earth. He and Micah weren't brothers by blood; they were brothers by their angelic heritage. They both lived human lives, but unlike Micah, Ishmael didn't live a full one. He was twenty-two years old and since the age of sixteen (when he began to develop his powers and first encountered a demon for the first time) he never let people get intimately close to him for fear of losing them. He was a Nephilim, a soldier of the Light charged with saving humanity from the forces of Darkness until the *End of Days* when the forces of Heaven would defeat Lucifer and bring about paradise. He had a job to do and getting his emotions along with the ones he cared for involved would only serve to denigrate his mission. Thinking back on all the conversations he'd had with Micah about it though...maybe was time to let that fear go and truly open his heart, but with the demon attack tonight he was once again unsure about telling Rachel the truth. All the while another question remained. Would she receive the love he wanted to bestow on her?

Club Sugar Daddies was packed with men at one 'o clock on an early Friday morning as they enjoyed a good drink and the company of the strippers there. All the strippers had a plethora of guys around them, but the one with the most at her stage was twenty-one year old Desire. Desire of course was the young woman's stripper name. The woman's real name however was Rachel Davenport. The name *Desire* came from her boss' and many others carnal desire to fuck her. Rachel was beautiful and she kind of looked like Christina Milian with an olive skin tone standing at 5'2" with long, wavy brown hair, light brown eyes, and a slender frame accompanied by full B cup breasts and a posterior in the shape of a ripe apple.

Every night men threw all amounts of dollar bills at her and tonight wasn't any exception. They also threw proposals for her to come home with them, but there was no way in Hell that was going happen. Thankfully this was her last show and she was dancing to her last song. She was tired and couldn't wait to go home. Sure Rachel was an exotic dancer, but stripping was just her job not her life. She was a bright, intelligent young woman in college trying to gain a degree in Psychology. She sort of felt like LisaRaye's character Diamond in the movie *The Players Club*. She had dreams beyond the stripper pole, but as the old saying goes; *you need money to make money*. The song she was stripping too ended. After picking up the money her feet Rachel headed to the dressing room. Luckily, no one requested a private dance so her night was over.

"Another great night, Rachel?" Her co-worker Ebony asked as she came into the dressing room.

"Girl, I'm just ready to go home. It's been a long night,"

"Mmhm, your man's coming to get you, right?"

Rachel let out a laugh, "Ishmael's not my man, Ebony."

"He wants to be though and I see how happy you get around him. I know you've thought about getting with him. Plus he's got a limp in his walk. You just know he's working with a big one in his pants."

Rachel smirked, "You're such a freak, Ebony."

"Oh, so you've never snuck a peek?"

Rachel's cheeks went crimson and Ebony took her blushing as a yes. Being honest with herself, Rachel had thought of Ishmael carnally and how could she not? He was so sexy. Ishmael was full blooded Native American with beautiful hazel eyes. He was 6'3", 195lbs of honey brown goodness and was built like God Himself sculpted his muscular frame by hand. He could grow his black hair long like hers, but kept it short and clean cut.

"Thinking about him aren't you?" Ebony asked breaking her train of thought.

Rachel rolled her eyes at Ebony's question before they embraced.

"All right Rachel. I've got to get going, girl. Be safe out here."

"You know I'm always safe, Ebony."

"Yeah, 'cause Ishmael's got your back."

Rachel smiled as Ebony left and said to herself, "Yeah, Ish always has my back."

Rachel let out yawn as she stretched a bit. After a strenuous day of classes and work she needed to unwind. She didn't have any classes later in the day, so she'd do all the unwinding possible. Her words, *Ish always has my back* replayed in her mind. Sometimes Rachel had to take a minute and reflect on how true those words were. Since the very moment they met during freshmen year of college, they instantly became friends. There was just something about Ishmael that made him likable and drew her to him. It was a *something* that she couldn't put her finger on. It wasn't his good looks or how he carried himself. All Rachel knew was that around Ishmael she felt comfortable, safe. A feeling she hadn't experienced in long time. She could talk to and tell him anything with no judgments and if there was anything Rachel Davenport knew more about...it was judgment. So much judgment came with knowing what her profession was. People shunned her (including family members) and slanderous rumors were spread, but no matter what was said Ishmael stayed by her side. She dealt the rumors until they became too much for her. She decided to move off her college campus into an apartment. To her surprise, Ishmael gave her the money for her first three months rent and aided her with anything she needed. Night and day if she needed him, Ish was there. Rachel was grateful for his help; all the while she couldn't help, but wonder *why?* One day she mustered up the courage to ask Ishmael and his response was that he saw something special inside within her...if only she could see it herself though.

Ishmael pulled his car into the parking lot of *Club Sugar Daddies*. It was his fourth time at the club this week and he'd lost count of how many times he'd been there in the last three years. No matter how many times Ishmael had been there he'd never truly entered the establishment. It was a den of iniquity, which was no place for a Nephilim according to the angelic nature that guided him although his mortal fiber yearned to see what lie inside. His lips curled into a smile as his hazel eyes found Rachel coming from her work place. Unbeknownst to her, a light blue aura outlined her figure. It was an angelic safeguard in an effort to protect her against evil. Ish placed it over her the first day they met. Ever since Ishmael Wright looked into Rachel Davenport's eyes that very first time, he was stuck on her. He saw everything; what she did for a living, how lonely she was, and that her heart was shattered due to being used by many a man (agents of the Dark side). For years she'd been tormented, manipulated by the Dark side and because of it her spirit was taxed, waning away. Seeing all of this, he made it his self-appointed task to be there for her. He would use his angelic light to strengthen her mortal spirit. Over the past three years he was succeeding and as her spirit strength grew so did his love for her. His love for Rachel began as strictly chaste (as most angelic beings would love something), but as time passed his mortal emotions morphed it into a romantic one. He loved everything about Rachel, but what Ish loved the most was her smile. He loved to see Rachel smile. It was gorgeous, infectious to the point that he was damn near addicted to it.

"Hey Ish," Rachel said giving him the smile he loved so much.

"Hey Rachel, I know you're ready to get home."

"You know it," She replied entering the passenger's side. "I'm just trying to chill."

The half angel smirked thinking about the demons he'd slain earlier while starting up his car. He pulled out of parking lot and hit the open road.

"Chilling seems like the best thing to do."

After Ishmael's words, the ride to Rachel's was silent as Ishmael pondered about his demon encounter and Micah's words about Rachel possibly being on the Dark side's hit list. He wrapped a protective arm around her.

"Anyone give you any trouble tonight?" He asked caressing her shoulder.

"No, just the normal stuff. What've you been up to all night?" Rachel quizzed.

"Slaying demons," Ish answered honestly, wholeheartedly though Rachel didn't catch the seriousness of his tone.

"You must be tired, huh?"

"Yeah, I am."

Rachel laughed, "Didn't know *Devil May Cry 4* made you tired."

Ish shook his head at her response, "Well, it does sweetie."

Rachel nudged him playfully, "Just get me home, boy."

Not having to be told twice Ishmael put his foot on the gas and after a twenty minute ride; they made it to Rachel apartment. However, upon getting out of his car Ishmael felt the same sudden chill he experienced with Micah. The Dark side lurked near. He could sense demons around them.

He stood frozen in place causing Rachel to ask, "You okay, Ish? What's up?"

Ish in reply just glared at her, his hand reached into his coat gripping his blade.

"Rachel, I need you to get back in the car." He told her urgently.

"What's up, Ish?"

"Get in the car, Rachel." He told her again.

"Alright, you're starting to scare me. What's the matter?"

Ishmael didn't have to answer her question as the young woman let out a gasp and her eyes widened as a large body of darkness appeared. She watched in horror as the mass transformed into a demon behind Ishmael, who in a fluid motion of his blade spun around and cut the creature down.

"Ish, where you'd get the sword?"

"In the car," Ish ordered, which Rachel followed, watching in shock and confusion as three more appeared, all brandishing swords.

One demon came up behind Ishmael though he swiveled and traded blows of blades with it before slashing the creature across the chest and elbowing it to the ground. The other two were swiftly on him, their swords flashing, but Ish's blade swung around killing one instantly while wounding the other. He slew the surviving two demons as Rachel sat in disbelief of what she just witnessed, chilled by Ish's actions. He took her breath away with his skill and ferocity. She sat mesmerized as Ishmael glowed in a white light, but with a small jerk of his body caused the light to dissipate. Rachel got out of the car and her eyes met Ishmael's as he cleaned the demon blood off his blade. He walked past her towards his vehicle.

"I should go," Ish spoke not even looking at her. "They could come back."

Rachel gripped the sleeve of his coat, "Not until I get some answers and what the hell were *they*,

Ish?"

Ish sighed, "You wouldn't believe me if I told you, girl."

Rachel's hands found her hips, "I just saw you glowing, Ish. Try me,"

Sure, Rachel was freaked out, but it wasn't as if she could take back what she just saw or dispute whether what she just saw was real or not. She stood face to face with Ishmael, who held a short sword in his hand.

"Okay, those were demons and *this* was an ambush." Ish explained.

"So, I have demons after me?" Rachel replied with a gasp.

Ishmael couldn't believe how calm Rachel was being at the moment. He could see that inside though that she was a jarred mess. He wanted to stop this supernatural episode of *To Tell the Truth*, but he really didn't have a choice.

"No, they were after me." He told her.

Rachel's eyes widened, "Why would the demons be after you, Ishmael?"

The Nephilim opened his mouth, but he halted speaking as fear gripped him.

"I don't- -I don't know if I should..."

Rachel caressed Ish's arm, "If you should what, Ishmael?"

"I want to tell you something, Rachel...but I don't know if I should."

"I think you *should*, Ish. You've always been honest with me, so why start hiding stuff now?"

Ishmael closed his eyes, letting out a breath while a great light flared behind him. The light was blinding, but Rachel couldn't look away as to her astonishment the light formed two shining wings. The light soon became too much forcing her to look away.

"Ahh," She groaned covering her eyes.

Ishmael opened his eyes again and as soon as he did so the wings vanished. In shock, Rachel hand found her mouth. Seeing her reaction, Ish backed away for her, but Rachel closed the gap between them.

"You- -you're an angel, Ish?"

The Nephilim dropped his head and picked it up, "I'm a half angel."

As Ishmael's words sank in lightning flashed while thunder struck the sky, and a steady rain began to fall. Undeterred though, Ishmael continued his thought.

"My father was an angel while my mother's human, but I think we should take this inside."

They entered Rachel's apartment. Standing in her living room, neither of them knowing what to do or say. Rachel was a shaken up wreck (even if she hid it though the young woman's hands trembling showed it) and Ish really didn't want to trouble her any further.

"Look," Ish spoke up. "I know it been a long night and a lot to take in, Rachel. I can go if you want me to."

"No, don't go. How could I let you leave after you just saved my life? If you weren't here I would've been dead for sure." Rachel replied holding her heart. "Plus, I can't have you driving out in a storm."

Ish smirked, "Is that an invite to stay?"

"Yes, it is." Rachel told him.

With everything that happened tonight she truly didn't want to be alone.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, 'cause I've got so many questions. Do you think you can answer them all?"

"I'll try my best. Are you sure you can handle it all?" Ish asked.

They sat on the living room couch chest-to-chest and for the next hour, Ishmael relayed everything she wanted to know, from his origins and his powers to meeting Micah and demon slaying. When finishing his tale, he let out an exhausted sigh. Rachel now knew his entire story. He felt like a large weight had been lifted of his shoulders. He felt like Clark Kent revealing his secret identity to Lois Lane and just like Lois, Rachel had accepted him for who- -well in this case *what* he was.

"Wow, that's quite a story." Rachel said once again taken aback by the whole thing.

"It's my life, girl...and it's not over yet. There's still more chapters to be written."

Rachel nodded, "No doubt, but with all those powers you have...do you ever use them?"

"Yeah, but always secretly. Angels never uses their abilities openly."

"What have you done?"

"Mostly healings...I healed a blind man last week."

"Let me guess, you were gone before he could thank you."

"Mhm, we heal and aid humanity because it's right, not for recognition."

"Why save me *openly* then?"

Ish smirked, "I'd do anything for you, Rachel. Besides, with the ambush I really had no choice."

"Okay, so what about a girlfriend, Ish? You must have had some growing up."

The half angel's cheeks became flush with red and he bit his bottom lip, which told her he hadn't. Rachel wasn't a church going girl, but she'd had a Religious studies course before and remembered the rules about angels and human females.

"Oh, sorry, you're not allowed to have one are you? You'll lose your grace or something, right?"

"That would be the case if I was a *full* angel, Rachel. I'm a Nephilim, so that rule doesn't apply."

Ish's facial expression saddened as he looked to the heavens, "It applied to my father though."

"I'm sorry,"

"No need," Ish told her holding a hand up. "He was a great father to me,"

"But the question still remains; why haven't you had a girlfriend, Ish? You must have been lonely all these years,"

"I have been...but I've had *you*, Rachel."

"Aw, but you still didn't answer my question."

"My kind can have significant others, but most maintain their purity until they find the one they'd want to be bound to."

Rachel sat pondering Ish's words a moment and replied, "So, if I understand you...you're a virgin waiting for the right woman. Wouldn't it have helped to go out and look for her a bit?"

"We don't seek out our beloveds. They normally find us, Rachel. There are conditions involved too,"

"Conditions?"

"The woman and I will be connected not just physically, but we'll become attuned mentally and spiritually. It then becomes my duty to watch over and protect her. My angelic light becomes joined with her soul."

Much to Rachel's surprise, she understood Ishmael's explanation. As she listened, she also began form her own thoughts and assumptions. There had to be a reason why he was telling her all this besides just being honest. She swallowed hard before the most obvious question to ask leapt from her throat.

"Would you have any idea who she is or what she'd be like?"

Ishmael knew the answer to her question, but feigned thinking about it.

"She'd be a woman that's beautiful and caring, of great perseverance with the light of hope in her heart. If she joined with me, I'd give her all the love she's been lacking in her life while protecting her with all my might. I'd fill her life with my light. Only *if* she'd join with me, but it has to be her choice."

While Ishmael spoke these words, Rachel watched his eyes become serious and lock on her. She knew he was talking about her and a chill run up her spine as he glared at her. His gaze was filled with great passion and *real* love for her. The power of his gaze was so intense that she could literally feel it and made her creamy liquids flow, moistening her panties.

"Mmm, if- -if you're going to do all that than there's no doubt she'll join with you."

"Will she now?" Ish asked softly. "If she does...there's no going back from it."

Rachel smiled, "She wouldn't still be sitting here if she wasn't."

Ishmael captured Rachel's face in his hands and planted a kiss on her lips. He ran his fingers through her hair as his soft warm tongue slid gracefully into her mouth before pulling it out, then plunging it back in again. After a few a minutes of Ish kissing her, Rachel began to kiss him back. The kiss alone was almost enough to make her cum though suddenly Ish ended it.

"One last time, Rachel...are you absolutely sure? I love you regardless if you back out now."

"I love you too; Ishmael...but I don't want this. I *need* this; I need you in my life. You keep me on the straight and narrow. Without you I know I'll fall away,"

"That's exactly why you found me, Rachel, so you wouldn't fall away,"

Ishmael initiated another kiss. His tongue slipped back into Rachel's mouth, circled it above her upper lip, and kissed her lips again. As they were immersed in this new lip-lock, Ish's hands found Rachel's breasts. She let out a moan as he caressed them gently. Ishmael's lips found the crown of her head as he picked Rachel up. In response she kissed his cheek while wrapping her legs around

his waist as Ish carried her to her bedroom. Raindrops tapped Rachel's bedroom windows and thunder rumbled as they entered.

When Ish placed Rachel on her feet, she lost her balance as her knees wouldn't stop shaking. She felt as if it was her first time all over again. Ishmael held her up though, kissing and beginning to undress her. His touch was oh so soft, making Rachel moan as he slowly removed each article of clothing she had on. The first to go were her shoes followed by her pants, then finally her shirt. She now stood in a pair of red lace bra and panties. Rachel couldn't help, but notice that as she was disrobed Ishmael's eyes never left her frame. Having never seen a woman naked before he savored the thought of seeing her in the buck using one hand, he unsnapped her bra and pulled it off. He slipped his right hand into her panties past her moist pussy hairs. He wanted to know what her inside felt like and parted her vaginal lips with his middle finger, tracing the entrance of her throbbing core. Gently fingering her; he found Rachel's vagina to be wet, warm, and tight. The feeling drove him to want to ravage her, but kept his composure.

"Ooh, damn that feels good." Rachel moaned as Ish's fingers pleased her.

"For a virgin, he damn sure knows what he's doing." She said inwardly, but Ishmael read her mind.

He smiled at her thought and told her, "Lie down."

Rachel followed his command and fell back on bed. She watched intently as the Nephilim removed his choice, but when it came to his pants she took them off. Unbuckling his belt, she watched them fall to his ankles revealing a massive erection protruding from his boxers. Ish had to be about ten inches and just looking at it turned her on even more. He joined her in bed and held her close as their lips and tongues were intertwined by passion. Ending the kiss, Ishmael focused on her breasts. Her nipples were hard and longed to be touched though he did them one better and took them in his mouth, licking and sucking.

"Mmmm," Rachel moaned as his tongue flicked across her breasts.

Moving southward, his lips and tongue trailed down in between her legs, but Ish moved past her panties, kissing on her inner thighs. Every time he kissed her down there, an erotic jolt shot through her. Rachel's eyes met Ish's as he finally although slowly took her underwear off. His lips softly kissed the center of her love core causing her to shudder. Ishmael tantalized her labia lips a bit with his tongue before the tip of it hit her clit and Rachel jumped.

"Shit Ish!" She screamed.

Ishmael didn't respond to her, he just continued to lick and lap her pussy. Rachel's hand found the back of Ishmael's head. He was licking her *just right* as if he knew exactly how to please her. Hell, with him being a half angel he probably *did* know. The way he was servicing her, the nut was building up and she could've exploded at any moment.

"Oh God...don't stop," She urged.

Doing as he was told, Ishmael placed the tip of his tongue on Rachel's clit while she looked on with a look of sheer appreciation on her face. She couldn't wait for him to be inside her. Ish gazed up at her and began lashing his tongue across her clit starting fast and slowing down from time to time. Rachel never knew that the feel of someone's tongue on her clit could feel so damn good. Deciding that she was ready to cum, Ish targeted the center of her clit. He licked and sucked until she couldn't take it anymore.

"Please don't stop, Ish! Ooh...yes...ahh...I'm cumming! I'm cumming! Ahhhhhhhhhh!" She shrieked as she rotated hips in his face.

Ishmael came up from in between Rachel's legs, kissing his way up ending with kissing her lips, letting her taste her own juices.

"You taste very sweet." Ish told her sincerely.

Ish slid his boxers off before wiping the rest of Rachel's cum away with the back of his hand and climbed on top of her giving beautiful her face sweet kisses. He gripped his cock and rubbed the head across her opening before sliding into her creamy middle.

"Aw...shit," Rachel moaned as she felt Ish's manhood enter her gently.

What she was feeling at the moment was indescribable. It was as if she had been transported to Heaven and a half angel had taken her there. This wasn't just gentle sex; Ish was making love to her. His ten inch member moved in and out as he gave her strokes were slow, deep strokes making the bed hit the wall.

She scratched his back in bliss and moaned, "Shit Ish...you feel so good,"

"Ahh...so do you, baby." Ish replied picking up his stroking pace.

"Fuck!" Rachel yelled as he hit her with a hard thrust.

With each thrust, Ishmael could feel himself coming closer to his climax. The heat from her and the tightness of her walls were helping, indeed. Soon, he had to clasp a hand on her bare thigh as Ish drove deeper into her, causing Rachel to scream out in pure pleasure.

"Mmmm....ahh," She groaned as he began giving her his final strokes, which were so strong she thought the wall would collapse when he came.

"Rachel !" He screamed filling her up with his love juices.

Ishmael came hard and he felt as if he'd been drained of all his bodily fluids. He rolled off of Rachel

and began convulsing a bit. Seeing this, Rachel wrapped her arms around Ishmael and held him tight.

"You okay, Ish?" She asked kissing his forehead.

The convulsions only lasted a moment, but the half angel didn't reply for a bit. His orgasm made him dizzy as well. It took him a minute to regain his wits about him.

"Yeah...I'm fine." He finally replied. "I'm more than fine actually."

"I know what you mean. We're joined aren't we, Ish?"

Ish kissed her lips, "I see you feel it too. What's it feel like?"

"It feels- -I feel...at peace. The world's brighter and all things are possible," Rachel explained. "This is how you see the world isn't it?"

"Yes, and it's only gets better, Rachel. Though there will be hard times ahead."

"Whatever hardships we face...we'll face it together."

With everything that had transpired tonight Rachel was exhausted. She tried to stay awake, but after a yawn she cuddled to Ishmael and fell asleep leaving Ishmael awake with his thoughts. Glaring at Rachel, the Nephilim couldn't help, but smile. He kissed her forehead and stared at the ceiling. Rachel was finally by his side...where she belonged, but just loving her wasn't the only reason he needed her. She'd strengthen his light in the time to come and he would need it. The hard times he spoke of were fast approaching as it was September and the date of the Apocalypse, *December 21, 2012* drew ever so near.