

BOUND
ANGEL WARRIOR
FILES
ALPHA MISSION

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Chapter One

One More Night

Somewhere in Northwest Alberta, Canada
During the fall of 1976

The sun dropped behind the tall mountains of Banff National Park in the west while the rays of light filtered through the pine trees. For Ron, the beauty heightened the blow of failure.

Their work here was finished. Sadness mixed with relief as the trees cast their shadows in the small meadow where a tiny log cabin sat.

Bruce, Ron's friend and fellow missionary, paid the disappearing sun and the approaching darkness no mind. The ongoing conversation with Jim took all of his attention, but Ron couldn't find himself to join the small talk while one thought circled in his head.

They had tried, and they had failed.

Five days on the Nakoda First Nations Indian Reserve while their families waited for them one hundred miles to the east. Five days of driving on small dirt tracks, bouncing over ruts and potholes. Five nights of meetings and then camping in an empty meadow.

Countless cups of coffee. Hours and hours spent in conversation. Some people knew enough English to chat, but most of the talk had to be translated into the native language of Stoney.

Not one person accepted Christ as their Savior.

A handful of people came to the meetings. They listened without saying a word or asking about Jesus. No one seemed to really care. Ron couldn't help but wonder how Satan's hold on these people would be broken.

Perhaps the chains of their religion held too strong. Tradition ran deep in these mountains, and their beliefs were wrapped up in their identity. Giving that up and accepting Christ after years of rituals and customs didn't happen overnight.

When God called him and Bruce to minister to this backwoods part of Canada, they knew it would take years to see Christ glorified in this region. But it was still discouraging at times.

Ron shifted on his feet, wishing they were sitting down. Jim never invited them into the cabin. As far as Ron could tell, it only had one room, and they knew Jim had seven children at home. Jim cheerfully carried out cups of coffee for them, and they stood around Bruce's van while they talked.

Tonight was different. Jim didn't act happy at all. He listened to Bruce but didn't contribute to the conversation much.

Ron drained his cup, eager to get on the road and see his family. "Thanks for the coffee, Jim." He handed back the cup. "We'd better get on the road."

Jim ignored the coffee cup and grabbed Ron's arm. "Please don't go! Stay one more night. My son, Gary, needs to hear what you have to say."

A small part of Ron wanted to tell Jim that they had held meetings for five days. If Gary needed to hear about Jesus, he could have missed one of his nights drinking and partying to come to the meetings. But Ron held his tongue.

"It's not the drinking anymore," Jim continued. "He's stopped that when our medicine man recruited him."

Bruce nodded slowly, treading on this subject carefully. "We've heard your medicine man cares much about his people and works hard for them."

Jim didn't respond to the comment. "Please! I want Gary to hear about your Jesus before it's too late. I know what he's learning, and it's not good. Please."

"How do you know what he's getting into?" Ron asked. The medicine men guarded their secrets closely, entrusting only their replacement with knowledge on how to appease and entreat the spirits.

Jim's dark eyes filled with fear. "If I say more, my life and my family will be in danger. It's not safe, even now. They're always listening."

“Where is Gary now?” Ron asked. “We could meet him now.”

“No,” Jim said. “I mean, I don’t know where he is, but he usually comes home in the morning. Just please stay one more night.”

There was only one thing they could say.

Ron fought back the exhaustion and said what they were both thinking.

“Of course we’ll stay.”

* * *

Nagid perched on the highest mountain peak and surveyed his realm. The night fell over Nakoda First Nations Indian Reserve, taking away the irritation from the sun in his eyes.

Although the large domain didn’t have many people, those who lived there feared and respected the demon lord’s power, giving him a peaceful and successful existence.

From his viewpoint, the bigger realm to the north lay open before him. The demon overlord who ruled it was lazy and inattentive. Nagid had plans of slaying the overlord and seizing the additional realm to gain more power and prestige.

But that would have to wait another day, for there was a bigger problem tonight. He hadn’t dealt with this particular crisis for centuries, and he hated how it forced him to stay close to the tunnel that led to his lair.

Most demons used the holes to escape to the center of the earth so they could avoid the holy angels, their immortal enemies. He had rid his realm of their adversary so thoroughly few demons heeded the normal caution.

Tonight he kept his escape in sight, and he didn't like the reminder of the enemy. As he glanced away from the dark passage, the skies grew dark from a cloud of demons blocking out the moon and stars.

The air pounded with the fury of their wings. They landed on the trees and rocks around Nagid. Once they stopped flying, they bowed to him.

A small demon landed close to him and began his report. "It is as you feared, my lord. Two men camp on the edge of the mountains. Several angels stand guard over them."

Nagid snarled a response, but the smaller demon had more to say.

"The two *Christians*," the imp sneered, "are going to meet with Gary in the morning."

Nagid backhanded the infuriating messenger with all his rage. The creature tumbled through the air and crashed into a tree, not quick enough to spread his wings before the collision.

"Gary is mine!" Nagid seethed. He turned away from his subjects who had gathered to receive his orders and started planning to rid the region of the enemy. "He shows promise I

haven't seen in centuries! I have plans to use him."

Up to this point, not many missionaries had ventured into his territory. He controlled the area through one family who passed the responsibility down the generations.

The medicine man was about to turn over the work to the young man, Gary. If those missionaries got their hooks in the young man, Nagid's rule would be gone.

"How did these Christian men even contact Gary? I thought you'd been keeping him oblivious to the world through alcohol," Nagid yelled.

None of the demons dared to answer.

"It doesn't matter," Nagid said. It had been centuries since he faced an angel, and he wasn't about to do it tonight. "Go now. Before these Christians have time to meet with anyone. Tear the angels apart. Then kill the humans so no missionaries dare enter my realm again."

Silence met Nagid's words. No one moved, hoping someone else would be ordered to follow these new commands.

One of the braver demons found his voice. "Who, my lord? Who do you want to attack the enemy?"

"All of you," Nagid roared.

Demons leaped into the air, yelling and creating a flurry of wings in the air. While he watched them go, he couldn't shake a feeling of

impending doom. All of his plans would collapse if they failed tonight.

He wasn't even certain his host of soldiers would be enough to defeat the angels. The demons hadn't fought for years. With a roar, he drew his sword and sliced through the nearest tree trunk. He watched it fall to the ground without any satisfaction.

There had to be something more he could do. Then he remembered another way he could fight the angels.

Before Nagid left to go the opposite way, he turned to the departing demons and bellowed, "Get rid of them! Before they speak of Jesus! Before any hear that name! Kill them, and let them face the One they serve!"

Chapter Two

Ostrich Wings

Eliezer eyed the cloud of evil spirits and pulled out his sword, knowing they faced a coming battle. Beside him, Simiel also studied the approaching storm.

The other angel barely reached Eliezer's shoulder with his short, stocky stature, but his strength far surpassed any other Eli had met.

Their differences always stood out to him. Where Eli was tall with ash-blond hair and hazel eyes, Simiel had dark red hair and brown eyes. However, they possessed the same burning fire to worship the Creator and vanquish evil.

When Eli received word of this mission, he couldn't have been more pleased to hear that his good friend was appointed the leader. While he wished they had a few more warriors with them, the Creator knew the plan and purpose for this mission.

Simiel returned his glance. "Are you ready?"

"Always, Sim." Eli used the informal shortening of his friend's name. He grinned. "I have to be. I never know what you're going to do. The one and only time we make a plan, you change it in the middle without telling anyone."

Sim smiled, recollecting the past mission. "Ah, if I remember correctly, you were leading that one, Eli."

Eli rocked back on his heels. “I thought I was. Until you took matters in your own hands.”

Sim laughed at the memory, momentarily ignoring the approaching demons and the fierce battle that would soon begin. He’d never forget Eli’s face when he saw a way to improve the plan a bit.

Then Sim sobered. His attention returned to their task at hand. “There are many, Eli. Perhaps more than we’ve ever faced. We should have more angels to fight with us.”

“The Creator fights for us,” Eli reminded his friend. “We need only follow His commands. And besides, we are not alone.”

Sim turned and examined the tent behind them. It sat beside a small campfire that had burned to embers. He nodded. “No. We are not alone.”

* * *

Ron rolled over, unable to get comfortable on the hard ground. He normally loved to camp, never finding sleep an issue when surrounded by God’s creation. But tonight he just couldn’t doze off. He wasn’t sure if it was the rocky ground or if something was wrong.

Bruce lay on the other side of the tent, snoring in happy abandon. His head almost touched one side of the canvas, and his feet

pushed against the door. Ron was having a hard time not envying his friend's ability to sleep.

He shifted. *Are you trying to tell me something, God?*

The prayer went unanswered. He sighed and rolled over, trying to find a comfortable spot. Bruce let out a long rumble again, and Ron held back a groan.

Earlier when they had set up camp, Ron had started to think something was wrong. Now he couldn't stop the doubt that bombarded him.

We're wasting our time. We've been here for five days, and not one person has showed interest in Christ. Why should meeting with Gary be any different?

Ron rolled over to his side and prayed for rest, but his eyes refused to close.

What are you saying, Lord? Should we go home? Was it a mistake to even come here?

Again Ron waited. No answer came, and he finally drifted into a fitful sleep.

* * *

"They need to be praying," Eli said. The men's tent remained quiet, except for a snore once in a while.

Sim nodded. "That would be nice."

Eli grinned, although he didn't feel the humor. Before he could reply, the cloud of demons descended around them. Landing on

branches that bent under their weight, they leaped from tree to tree, brandishing their long, black blades.

Their faces twisted in hate while they studied their enemy. Every demon present bore the scars of soldiers. The overlords remained without marks since they rarely fought. Tonight the overlord was hiding from this battle, too concerned with saving himself.

Eli could not imagine serving one who wouldn't even enter a battle. His Lord had not only fought in the greatest of battles, but He led the fight by becoming a human and dying so humans may know the Creator's forgiveness and love.

Eli and Sim drew their swords and regarded one another for a moment. There was nothing to say. They would fight until they vanquished the enemy or their part of the battle was over. While they didn't die like the humans did, they could be taken out of the fight forever.

Whether or not that would happen tonight, while the two angels held a sword, they would not let their charges be harmed or even harassed.

One large demon dropped from the air in front of them and sneered. "You shouldn't have come here."

Neither of the angels replied.

The demon spread his long, dark wings. "Don't you wish you had these? If you had been

wise enough to follow our Great Lord, Satan, then you could have wings. Aren't they magnificent?"

Sim regarded the demon with no emotion. His long sword was in his hand, ready to cut the demon down if he came closer. "For an ostrich."

Eli allowed himself the slightest of grins.

The demon's eyes darted to the tent and then back to them. "You have one chance to save your precious little Christians. Wake them up and get out of here. If you do, we won't hurt you or them. But if you decide to be stubborn, we'll dispatch you to Heaven and show these humans what it's like to feel the heat of our blades."

Sim stepped closer to the vile spirit. "The Creator has commanded that we come. The time of darkness here will soon end. The fear you use to keep these people in chains will be shattered with the cry of redemption. You can do nothing to stop it. You can only watch while the power of Christ's blood overcomes you."

The demon shivered at the name of Christ but recovered quickly. "You should've taken your chance to leave, fools. Make sure to tell your Maker why your charges died a painful death."

The demons watching in the trees roared like they had experienced a great victory. The demon on the ground in front of the angels

jerked like he just realized he faced the enemy alone.

“Get down here,” he yelled at two demons in the closest trees.

They obeyed, gliding down without haste. They landed in front of Eli and swung rusty blades through the air close to his face.

The demon in front of Sim raised a blade and swung low at Sim. The angel coolly stepped back. With a smooth move, he blocked the blow. The demon hissed and attacked again.

Eli blocked a strike from the demons. Seeing his speed and strength, they changed tactics to prodding with their swords instead of swinging.

He backed up and circled closer to Sim. The resounding blows reassured him that the demon hadn't overwhelmed his friend. But while the tall angel wasn't paying attention, one of the creature's swords ripped a hole in Eli's sleeve.

The demons watching in the trees howled with victory. The evil spirit glanced at his audience in triumph. Eli hoped the demon enjoyed the second to the fullest because the creature had made a fatal mistake by taking his eyes off the angel.

Eli swiped at the demon's neck. As the blade cut, the darkness ripped apart to reveal the fires of Hell. The air roared with the burst of sulfur. The demon shrieked while pulled into the burning pit by an invisible force. The darkness returned, leaving only one demon facing Eli.

Exhilaration surged through the tall angel. *We will defeat these foes!* He spun and slashed at the second demon. Beside him, Sim overpowered the demon he was fighting. Two more flashes of fire brightened the night, and the demons disappeared from Earth forever.

Sim caught Eli's eyes and gave him a slight grin. With their leader down, the other demons would lose their nerve and flee into the night. It wasn't in their nature to sacrifice themselves. They'd rather watch someone else attack.

The demons grew still in the trees. Perhaps they were in shock at what they had witnessed. Three of their soldiers were gone. Never to return. They risked the same fate if they began to fight the angels.

Eli shifted, waiting for the flurry of wings to sound the retreat. But the evil spirits lingered in silence.

What are they waiting for?

Without warning, they let out a roar that echoed through the trees, like they were responding to an order only they could hear. The demons pushed off the trees with renewed vigor and strength while they circled through the air. The trees swayed from the force of the demons' wings pounding the air.

Something had happened. Eli backed up to the tent with Sim at his side.

"What's going on?" Eli asked Sim without taking his eyes off the horde of vile creatures.

Sim shook his head. “Perhaps their overlord is working up some support for them. Whatever it is, it isn’t good.” He turned to the tent and spoke softly to the men inside.

“Wake up! You need to pray.”