



Logan's Unexpected Angel

Rebekah Hansell



Logan sat at his usual corner of the dimly lit bar, a permanent scowl etched on his rugged face. His large, muscular arms rested on the worn counter, steam rising from his forgotten mug. He radiated an aura of 'do not disturb,' content in his grumpy solitude.



Suddenly, the heavy bar door swung open, bathing the room in a burst of golden sunlight. Standing in the doorway was Rebekah, a vision in soft, flowing clothes, her smile bright and genuine. Other patrons, usually focused on their drinks, turned their heads, eyes wide with surprise and admiration at her radiant presence.



Logan, initially unfazed, felt an unusual tingle in the air, like static electricity before a storm. He slowly lifted his head, his eyes narrowed in suspicion, trying to pinpoint the source of this odd disruption. Unconsciously, his large knuckles cracked with a soft pop, an automatic reaction to the sudden shift in his environment.



He saw her clearly now, laughing softly with the bartender, her face radiating warmth and kindness. Her hair seemed to shimmer, and Logan's usual scowl softened just a fraction, a thought forming in his gruff mind: 'Angel.' He had never seen such pure brightness in this gloomy place.



Rebekah tripped slightly on a loose floorboard, and a colorful, vibrant flower tumbled from her small basket, rolling directly towards Logan's foot. Before she could even bend down to retrieve it, Logan's hand, surprisingly quick and gentle, scooped it up. He held it out to her, avoiding eye contact, a faint blush creeping onto his cheeks.



Rebekah's eyes sparkled with gratitude as she took the flower, offering him a warm, genuine smile that could melt glaciers. Logan, caught off guard by her kindness, felt a strange flutter in his chest, a sensation he hadn't experienced in ages. He quickly looked away, utterly confused by his own reaction to this unexpected encounter.



As Rebekah settled down at a nearby table, her laughter echoing softly, she glanced back at Logan, who was still standing awkwardly at the bar. She offered him another sweet, inviting smile, her eyes twinkling with a friendly charm. Logan felt a peculiar pull, a desire to be near this unexpected source of brightness.



With a gruff sigh that was more habit than genuine annoyance, Logan slid off his stool and slowly approached Rebekah's table. He cleared his throat, trying to sound casual, and awkwardly asked if she needed anything from the bar. His voice was deeper than usual, but his eyes held a flicker of genuine curiosity.



Rebekah, unfazed by his gruff demeanor, simply patted the empty chair beside her, inviting him to sit. They shared a quiet moment, talking about simple things, and Logan found himself listening intently. A rare, almost gentle expression softened his face as he secretly still called her 'Angel' in his mind, feeling a warmth he hadn't known was possible.



As the evening ended, Rebekah waved goodbye, her smile leaving a lingering warmth in the air. Logan watched her go, his arms crossed as usual, but there was a definite, almost imperceptible softness around his eyes. The bar felt less dim, his world a little brighter, thanks to his unexpected angel.