



SKY WARRIORZ
The Storm Over New York

A Novel for young adults and adults.

Author: Sandra Gilbert

Sky Warriorz
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Dedication

To my Children Amanda and Christian who have encouraged me through the years with writing. Also Christian whose wisdom helped me specifically in this project. I also Dedicate this to my other daughter Lucy and Granddaughter Darci and Delanie. I love all of you so much!

I also dedicate this to my Mother who has always stood by me through everything in life. The good times and the not so good. I Love you Mom!

*The I dedicate this to the children and youth who dream,
the parents who believe in them,
and the God who never stops fighting for us.*

Chapter One – The Storm Over New York

Night settled over New York City like a heavy curtain being drawn across the sky. The air felt different long before the storm arrived. It carried a tension that clung to the streets, pressing itself into the concrete and steel of the city. Wind swept through alleyways, lifting trash and loose papers into frantic spirals. Streetlights flickered as if unsure whether to stay lit. Then thunder rolled. Not distant. Not gentle. Violent! The sound cracked through the city, rattling windows and shaking fire escapes. A jagged line of lightning tore through the clouds, illuminating the skyline for a heartbeat before plunging it back into darkness. And just like that, the power went out.

Rain followed immediately, thick, relentless sheets pounding rooftops, flooding gutters, and driving the last remaining pedestrians indoors. Doors slammed shut. Stores pulled down metal gates. New York, a city that rarely slept, hunkered down and waited. But the storm was not the greatest danger that night.

High above the streets, beyond what human eyes could see, the sky was alive with movement. Another bolt of lightning flashed and for a fraction of a second, impossible shapes were revealed. Wings spread wide. Blades of radiant light clashed against shadows darker than the clouds themselves. The thunder that followed carried something else within it. It was an echo of conflict, ancient and furious. A war!

Evil had not arrived with sirens or warning signs. It never did. It seeped in quietly, disguising itself as anger, pride, and fear. Tonight, it had chosen the storm as its cover. At the edge of a long-forgotten block stood one of the city's oldest buildings. It leaned slightly to one side, as though exhausted from standing so long. Cracks split its walls, and graffiti scarred nearly every surface still intact. Windows were shattered, the glass long since swept away or crushed beneath careless feet.

People whispered about the place. They said strange things happened here. They said those who spent too long inside were never quite the same. Most people avoided it. Tonight, footsteps echoed through its hollow interior.

Water dripped from the ceiling as lightning flared again, briefly illuminating two figures standing near a jagged window opening that overlooked the dark city below. The first figure stood still, shoulders squared, hands clenched tightly at his sides. He was young and barely out of his teens. The weight he carried made him seem older. His muscles were tense, his posture rigid, his gaze fixed on the streets far below as if daring the city to challenge him. The second figure burst in behind him, soaked from the rain and clearly irritated.

“You really called me out here?” he snapped, glancing around at the crumbling walls. “In this storm? Man, this place is about to fall apart.”

The first figure did not answer right away. Another flash of lightning filled the room, revealing his face with jaw clenched, eyes sharp with restrained anger. “I heard you talked to the cops,” he said quietly. The words hit harder than the thunder.

The second man froze. “What? No way man, who told you that?” He took a step back, his voice cracking despite his effort to sound confident. “That ain’t true.”

Silence followed. The kind of silence that presses against your ears until your heart begins to pound. Then the first man laughed. It wasn’t loud. It was cold. He wasn’t amused.

“You think I’d bring you here without proof?” A soft, metallic click echoed through the building. The second man’s breath caught. Unseen by human eyes, something massive shifted behind the gunman. Its form was grotesque and its flesh twisted and burned as if forged in fire, chains hanging loosely from its frame. Its black eyes gleamed with delight as thin, shadowy strands extended from its hand, wrapping around the gunman’s arms, legs, chest, and head. Like a puppet. The demon leaned close, savoring the fear pouring from the room.

The gun lifted. Just as the trigger began to tighten, a sound tore through the storm of metal scraping violently across the floor. Light exploded. The demon screamed as something struck it with overwhelming force. Its body shattered like glass, fragments dissolving into light as it howled in agony. A single white feather drifted down through the air, landing softly beside the demon’s fading form. The gunman staggered backward, clutching his head. “What... what just happened?” he muttered. He looked at the man before him, no longer seeing betrayal, only confusion and exhaustion. “Get out of here,” he growled weakly. “If I see you again... you’re done.”

The second man didn’t hesitate. He ran. Miles away, in a small apartment tucked between taller buildings, a woman knelt beside her bed. Her hands were clasped tightly, knuckles white, tears slipping silently down her face. “Please,” she whispered. “Keep my son safe. Bring him home.”

Outside her window, unseen by human eyes, a radiant figure hovered. He placed a hand gently against the glass and looked toward the storm-darkened city. Then he vanished.

The storm continued to rage. But something had changed.

The war had begun.

Chapter 2

Heaven was never silent. While storms battered the earth below, the realm above moved with perfect clarity and purpose. Light flowed endlessly in every direction, not blinding, not harsh, but alive. It carried warmth, peace, and authority all at once.

At the heart of Heaven stood the Throne. It was not carved from gold or stone, yet it outshone both. It existed beyond time and matter, radiating power that sustained all creation. Around it, angels moved in harmony. There were warriors, messengers, guardians, and seraphs—each fulfilling their calling with unwavering devotion.

The Heavenly Father looked upon the earth. He saw the violence raging in New York’s streets. He saw the gangs, the bloodshed, the broken families. He also saw the unseen hands manipulating rage and despair for darker purposes.

Every prayer reached Him. Every tear mattered. “The time has come,” the Father said. His voice did not echo, yet it carried across Heaven instantly, resonating in every soul present. A hush fell over the realm.

A young messenger angel stepped forward and bowed deeply. His wings shimmered as a scroll of living light formed in his hands. The words upon it burned softly, written not in ink but in divine fire. “Call forth the chosen,” the Father continued. “The darkness has grown bold. My children must stand.” The messenger did not ask questions. He never did. He unfolded the scroll. The first name glowed brighter than the rest.

Legend.

The messenger’s breath caught. Everyone knew the name. Legend was not simply an Archangel, he was a living testimony of obedience, strength, and humility. Stories followed him through Heaven, whispered not in awe of power alone, but of faith so deep it could move armies. Without hesitation, the messenger took flight. Legend lived far from the grandeur of Heaven’s central halls. His dwelling was simple. It was a small structure perched along a cliff of light, overlooking the endless expanse of creation. A single banner hung outside, marking his allegiance not to rank, but to the Father alone. The messenger slowed as he approached and knocked gently.

“Enter,” a calm voice said. Inside, the walls were covered with Scripture—etched in different languages, written in countless forms. Some glowed faintly, others seemed worn, as though touched often. Legend stood near the far wall. His armor covered only part of his form, simple but unmistakably powerful. A white cloth draped across his shoulder, marked with the symbol of his calling. His long white hair flowed freely, partially obscuring his face. A single sword rested nearby, undisturbed. “I know why you’ve come,” Legend said before the messenger could speak. The messenger swallowed. “Sir... the Father calls.” Legend nodded slowly.

“Tell Him I will come when He needs me most.”

The messenger bowed deeply and turned to leave—but as he stepped outside, a rush of light passed him. Legend was already gone. A single white feather drifted down and settled gently at the doorway.

The messenger moved quickly after that. The next names on the scroll led him to a wide training field filled with laughter, motion, and youthful energy.

“HEY! WATCH IT!”

The messenger barely had time to react before he was knocked to the ground. A young angel with spiky gray hair stared down at him, wide-eyed. “Oh-uh-sorry, mister!” Nearby, a girl lay sprawled beside a skateboard, helmet still firmly in place. She groaned and sat up, brushing hair from her face. “That was totally not my fault,” she muttered. The messenger blinked, then smiled despite being himself.

The Angelic Twins.

Dagger helped him to his feet, blade strapped securely to his arm. Peace grabbed her skateboard and slung it under her arm, grinning sheepishly. “You’re not hurt, are you?” she asked. “I’m fine,” the messenger said, brushing himself off. “The Father summons you. “Their expressions changed instantly playful curiosity replaced by reverent focus.

“Yes, sir,” they said together. Nearby, other angels gathered.

Isis approached first, her presence calm and steady. Riff leaned casually against a railing, guitar slung across his back, sunglasses hiding eyes far more perceptive than they appeared. “So,” Riff said with a crooked smile, “guess it’s one of *those* missions. ”Yes,” the messenger said. “All of you are needed.”

Riff nodded, serious now. “Alright then. Let’s go.”

Across Heaven, the call continued. Kiyoshi and Sakura paused their strategy discussion instantly when the messenger arrived. Sword lifted his massive claymore effortlessly, fastening it across his back. Iron Wings stood silently, armor gleaming as he prepared to fly. No one questioned the summons. They all felt it. Something significant was unfolding.

Finally, the last group assembled. Dante clasped his shield, Maian extinguished the holy fire around his fists, Skye rose from her seat with a thoughtful nod, Jasmine adjusted the cross around her neck, and Eagle Wings closed the book he had been reading with quiet reverence.

Fourteen warriors stood together.

Different backgrounds.

Different gifts.

One purpose.

They gathered before the Throne and bowed as the Father rose. “My children,” He said, “you will go where My light is most needed. You will protect the innocent, confront the darkness, and prepare hearts for redemption.”

He paused. “When you arrive... you will know.” They did not ask for more. They unfurled their wings.

And in an instant, the Sky Warriorz were gone.

Chapter 3

The storm had followed Elizabeth Smithson home. Rain streaked down the narrow windows of her apartment as she fumbled with the lock, grocery bags pulling painfully at her fingers. The hallway light flickered once, twice, then steadied, casting tired shadows along cracked walls and worn carpet.

“Please work,” Liz muttered, twisting the key. The lock clicked open, and she nudged the door closed behind her with her foot. The apartment greeted her with silence. She reached for the light switch. Nothing. The bulb flickered weakly before dying completely. Liz sighed and leaned her forehead briefly against the wall. “Of course.” She set the bags on the kitchen counter and stood there for a moment, listening to the rain pound against the building. The space was illuminated only by the blinking red light of the answering machine. Even though she had a cell phone she kept a landline for home emergencies as the cell service could be spotty. Three new messages. She pressed the button for her messages as she opened the refrigerator, which revealed little more than condiments and an empty shelf. “Hey, sis,” her sister’s voice filled the room. “I know you’re back from the reunion. I’m sorry I couldn’t come. Call me, okay? I really want to hear everything.” Liz smiled faintly. She missed her.

The next message was a telemarketer, quickly ignored. She turned on the television for background noise. “Severe thunderstorms expected to continue,” the weathercaster said. “Some systems may become dangerous.” Liz glanced toward the window. The clouds outside hung low and heavy, threatening to burst again at any moment.

She caught her reflection in the darkened screen as she observed her pale skin, tired green eyes, black hair falling unevenly around her face. At twenty-two, Liz often felt suspended between who she had been and who she was still becoming. “One more step,” she whispered. “Just one more.”

A loud knock at the door made her jump. She startled back with a hand over her heart before realizing who it must be.

“Liz! Open up!” Sunnie? Is that you?

Relief washed over her as she unlocked the door. Sunnie burst inside first, brown hair streaked with blonde highlights damp from the rain, a grin already on her face. Devan followed close behind, green-dyed hair plastered to his forehead, jacket dripping water onto the floor.

“You forget we were coming?” Sunnie teased.

“I just got your message,” Liz said, laughing softly as she closed the door.

Devan glanced around the dim apartment. “Still going with the haunted-hospital vibe, huh?” Liz shrugged. “I’m just glad the walls haven’t started bleeding.” That earned laughter from both of them. They had learned long ago that humor was sometimes the only thing that kept the darkness from winning.

Morning came too quickly. The rain had slowed to a steady drizzle, but the clouds remained thick and unmoving. Devan’s car idled at the curb as Liz and Sunnie climbed in, scrubs crisp and clean, nerves buzzing beneath the surface.

“Ready for the big leagues?” Devan said, far too awake for the early hour. “Five months in the ER, and then Harbor’s Light becomes official.” Liz raised an eyebrow. “You’re suspiciously cheerful.” Sunnie laughed. “How much caffeine did you drink?” “None,” Devan replied. “Just grateful.”

They drove in silence for a few moments, passing through neighborhoods that changed block by block. Familiar streets gave way to boarded-up storefronts, graffiti-covered walls, and corners where tension hung thick in the air. As they approached Main Street, flashing lights appeared ahead. Police barricades blocked the road.

Devan slowed the car. “That’s not good.” An officer waved them toward a detour. Sirens screamed in the distance—too many, too close. “What’s going on?” Sunnie asked quietly. Devan shook his head. “This isn’t normal. Even for here.” A sharp crack echoed faintly through the air.

Gunfire!

Liz’s stomach tightened. They reached Mercy Medical just as ambulances began pulling into the bay one after another. Inside, the Emergency Room buzzed with urgency. Dr. Henson met them near the nurses’ station, his expression grim but controlled.

“This is going to be a rough day,” he said. “Gang violence. Multiple gunshot and stab wounds. Rescue squads are still inbound. Some teenagers doing early-morning street outreach were caught in the crossfire.” Liz felt her chest constrict. “I’m assigning each of you to a different attending physician,” Dr. Henson continued. “Stay focused. Do exactly what you’re told. I’ll check on you later.” “Yes, sir,” they said together.

Before another word could be spoken, the ER doors burst open.

“Incoming!”

Stretchers rolled in rapidly. Voices overlapped. Blood stained uniforms. The controlled chaos of emergency medicine surged into full force. Liz followed her supervising doctor, heart pounding as she moved automatically, handing supplies out, holding pressure,

listening, and learning. Somewhere in the noise, she realized something unsettling. She wasn't afraid. She was exactly where she was supposed to be.

High above the hospital, unseen by human eyes, wings hovered. Skye stood near the ceiling beams, her gaze sharp and watchful. Jasmine paced near the waiting area, humming softly as she steadied frightened hearts. Peace and Dagger moved quietly through corridors, alert and ready.

Outside, Iron Wings stood immovable near the ambulance bay. Riff leaned against a rooftop edge, guitar resting against his back as he scanned the streets below. Eagle Wings circled high above, spear gleaming faintly through the clouds. And higher still, Legend watched.

The war was no longer distant. It had reached the emergency room.

Chapter 4

The Emergency Room never truly slowed. It only changed rhythm. At times it surged like a tidal wave with voices raised, feet running, stretchers rolling through swinging doors. Then, just as suddenly, it would fall into a tense hush, as if everyone were holding their breath at once.

Liz wiped her hands on her scrub pants, barely noticing the smear of dried blood at her wrist. Her heart still raced, but her movements had become steady. Focused. Purposeful. She was learning fast.

Then the doors burst open again.

“Incoming...gunshot wound!” a paramedic shouted. “Male, late teens. Possible gang affiliation.” The stretcher rolled past her, and Liz’s breath caught. He was young. Too young.

Dark hair plastered to his forehead with sweat, jaw clenched against the pain, eyes blazing with fury even as his body trembled from shock. The bullet wound was dressed roughly, blood seeping through the bandage.

“That’s Prophet,” someone whispered nearby. Liz felt the name settle heavily in her chest.

Leader of the Gatekeepers.

Feared.

Violent.

Untouchable.

The doctors moved quickly. Orders were barked. Instruments passed. Liz found herself standing closer than she expected, holding supplies as Prophet cursed under his breath, muscles straining against unseen restraints of pride and pain.

“Don’t touch me,” he snapped. “I don’t need help.” “You’ve been shot,” the attending physician said firmly. “You sit still if you want to live.” Prophet laughed bitterly. “Figures.” As they transferred him to a room, his gaze flicked up—and locked with Liz’s. For just a moment, something flickered behind the anger. Not weakness. Confusion. Or Fear. Then the walls slammed back into place.

Hours later, the pace finally slowed. Liz sank into a chair in the break room alongside Sunnie and Devan. None of them spoke at first. They were exhausted in a way that went deeper than physical fatigue. “That was...” Sunnie started, then stopped. “I don’t even know how to finish that sentence.”

Devan leaned back, staring at the ceiling. “I knew the ER would be intense. I didn’t expect it to be like this on the first day.”

Liz's thoughts kept returning to Prophet's eyes. "I can't stop thinking about him," she admitted quietly. Sunnie looked at her. "The gang leader?" Liz nodded. "He's not much older than we are." Devan sat forward slowly. "You feel it too, don't you?"

Sunnie swallowed. "Yeah." Silence filled the room again—until Liz spoke softly. "Can we pray?" Neither of them hesitated. They joined hands right there in the break room, the hum of vending machines and distant footsteps fading into the background.

"God," Liz whispered, her voice trembling, "we don't know how to fix any of this. But You do. Please give us wisdom. Protect everyone here. And help us see people the way You see them." As she finished, a stillness settled over them.

Not empty.

Full.

The thought came gently—but unmistakably. *Go to him.* Liz opened her eyes. Devan was already looking at her. "You heard it too," he said. Sunnie nodded slowly. "Prophet."

Fear stirred in Liz's chest—but beneath it was something stronger. Obedience.

Prophet's room was dim when they entered. He lay rigid on the bed, staring at the ceiling. The moment he saw them, his expression darkened. "Get out," he snapped. "I don't want you in here." "We just came to check on you," Liz said carefully.

"I said get out!" He grabbed the bedpan and hurled it across the room. Devan ducked just in time as it crashed against the wall. Liz didn't flinch. "We're not here to judge you," she said quietly. "We're here because we care." Prophet laughed harshly. "You don't even know me." "No," Devan said, stepping forward slightly. "But we know pain." That stopped him.

Just for a second. Footsteps approached, heavy and authoritative. Two officers entered the room. "Time to move him," one said. "Secured medical facility." Prophet cursed as they lifted him from the bed. As they wheeled him past, Liz stepped closer. "The four teens you hurt," she said softly. "They're going to be okay." (This was the kids doing street ministry)

Prophet froze. "They forgave you," Sunnie added. Devan held out a small Bible. "They wanted you to have this. They said... Jesus loves you." Prophet stared at the book like it might burn him. "Keep it," he snapped as the officers moved him forward. But he didn't push it away.

Outside the hospital, chaos threatened to rise again. Gatekeeper members gathered near the transport vehicle, shouting, throwing cans and rocks. Officers tense up. None of them could see the figure standing calmly between the crowd and the police.

Iron Wings. His armored wings flared slightly, unseen force holding violence at bay. Nearby, Kiyoshi and Sakura watched from the rooftops, ready. Riff's fingers brushed his guitar strings softly, a low chord vibrating through the air. Above them, Heaven held the line.

That night, Liz lay awake long after Sunnie and Devan had gone home. She prayed for the four teens who had surgery that day. She knew they would be okay. She prayed for the city. and she prayed for Prophet, because somewhere deep inside, she knew something had shifted. He was not the enemy. And the enemy knew it.

Chapter 5

Steel doors closed with a sound Prophet felt in his bones. The echo rolled down the corridor long after the guards had moved on, bouncing off concrete walls stained by years of anger, regret, and despair. The air inside the prison felt heavier than the storm clouds that had followed him here, pressing down on his chest until breathing itself felt like work. This place ran on fear. Prophet had once ruled by it. Now he stood on the other side.

He was processed quickly. Bandages checked, paperwork signed, eyes watching him with a mix of caution and curiosity. His reputation had arrived long before he did. Whispers followed him as guards escorted him into the prison medical wing. He ignored them. He had learned long ago that attention was either fuel or a weapon. Right now, he needed neither.

The small Bible sat untouched on the metal table beside his bed. He told himself he didn't care. But every night, when the lights dimmed and the sounds of the prison settled into a low, restless hum, his eyes drifted back to it.

He remembered the doctor's voice.

The intern's steady gaze.

The word *forgiven*.

It didn't make sense. It made him angry.

Across the prison complex, Skullz smiled. He lounged casually in his cell, arms folded behind his head, listening to guards laugh just outside his door. They liked him. He had made sure of that. Money, favors, promises—currency moved easily even behind bars. But even Skullz felt it. Something had changed. The shadows in his cell seemed thicker than before, stretching unnaturally when the lights flickered. Whispers brushed against his thoughts that were slick, convincing, and hungry.

You're still in control. This place doesn't own you. You were made for power. Skullz grinned and listened. He always had.

Weeks passed and Prophet healed slowly. When the day came for him to be transferred into general population, the prison yard went quiet. Men froze mid-step. Conversations died. Eyes tracked him as he walked through the gates, posture straight, face unreadable.

Some stepped back instinctively. Others watched carefully. Prophet scanned the yard, mind already working as he was measuring threats, alliances, survival routes. Old instincts stirred, familiar and dangerous.

“Peace be with you.” The voice was calm. Too calm. Prophet turned sharply. The man standing before him looked nothing like the prison legends he’d grown used to. He was solid, confident, but carried no visible tension. His eyes were steady, his posture relaxed. “I’m Angelo,” the man said. “Looks like we’re cellmates.” Prophet scoffed. “You picked the wrong bunk.” Angelo smiled gently. “Maybe. Or maybe God didn’t.” Prophet snorted and walked past him. But that night, when the cell door clanged shut and darkness settled in, the man didn’t move away. Angelo sat on his bunk, a Bible resting in his hands. “Why aren’t you scared of me?” Prophet demanded suddenly. Angelo looked up, thoughtful. “Because fear isn’t in charge anymore.” That answer haunted him.

Days turned into weeks. Angelo never pushed. Never preached. He prayed quietly. He listened. He treated guards and inmates alike with respect, especially when they didn’t deserve it. Fights broke out around them. But never near Angelo. The inmates noticed. So did Prophet. One night, the whispers came again. Louder now. Sharper. *You don’t need this weakness. Power is who you are.* Prophet pressed his hands against his temples, breathing hard. “I don’t know how to live different,” he muttered, more to himself than anyone else. Angelo placed a hand on his shoulder. “You don’t have to know how,” he said softly. “You just have to ask.” Light filled the cell. Not blinding, but warm. Something inside Prophet cracked.

Chains he hadn’t known were shattered, one by one. He fell to his knees, sobs tearing free before pride could stop them.

“Forgive me,” he cried. “Change me. I don’t want this anymore.” Above the prison, unseen by human eyes, the sky ignited. Legend hovered silently as Heaven held its breath. And Heaven answered.

Elsewhere, Skullz screamed. The whispers had changed. They no longer promised power. They demanded payment. Dark chains wrapped around him, tightening as he fought and cursed. Shadows pressed close, mocking and merciless. His Life ended this night.

Above him, Jesus stood. Tears fell. Mercy had been offered again and again. When morning count arrived, Skullz lay motionless on the floor of his cell. The prison erupted into chaos. Sirens wailed. Guards shouted orders. The atmosphere was shifting in the prison.

But in one small cell, peace reigned. Prophet slept for the first time in years without fear.

High above the prison, the Sky Warriorz stood watch. Sword rested his claymore against his shoulder. Iron Wings patrolled the perimeter, armor gleaming faintly. Kiyoshi and Riff monitored the spiritual pressure as it receded like a dying storm. This place mattered. Lives were changing and the enemy knew it.

Chapter 6

Spring arrived without announcement. The storms that had choked the city for months loosened their grip, retreating into scattered rain showers and soft gray mornings. The air still carried the scent of wet concrete, but something new lingered beneath it, possibility.

Elizabeth Smithson stood on the sidewalk, keys cool in her palm, staring at the modest brick building in front of her. The sign above the door was simple.

HARBOR'S LIGHT – FREE MEDICAL CLINIC

Sunnie bounced beside her, unable to stay still. “Say it again. Say we did this.” Liz laughed softly, eyes stinging. “We did this.” Devan stepped back, hands on his hips, taking in the freshly painted windows, the ramp they’d installed, the donated benches along the wall. “All those late nights. All those ‘are we crazy?’ conversations.” “We were,” Sunnie said. “But for the right reasons.” They had all finished their internships and passed their medical boards and now they were fulfilling their dreams of helping poverty ridden areas.

Inside, the clinic hummed with nervous excitement. Volunteers moved through the halls, organizing supplies, testing equipment, smoothing table paper like it mattered, and today, it did.

Down the street, another building buzzed with warmth.

Liz’s mother stirred a massive pot of soup, steam fogging the windows as laughter spilled out onto the sidewalk. A hand-painted sign read:

SOUP KITCHEN – ALL ARE WELCOME

People began lining up long before opening time. No one was turned away.

High above all, unseen wings hovered. Isis moved quietly through the clinic, her presence calming anxious hearts. Skye lingered near the exam rooms, hands glowing faintly as she eased pain before doctors even reached it. Peace sat cross-legged on the roof, skateboard resting beside her, humming softly. Dagger stood near her, eyes sharp, scanning the street below. Riff leaned against a nearby fire escape, strumming low, steady chords—music woven with protection and peace. The Sky Warriorz hadn’t left. They were guarding something sacred.

At the Clinic the first familiar faces arrived just after opening. It was the youth that had been caught in the crossfire that they helped at the hospital while they were interning. Darci stepped through the clinic doors with a bright smile and a clipboard already in hand. "You said you might need help at the desk." Liz hugged her without hesitation. "We always need help."

Seth and Miguel headed straight for the soup kitchen, laughing as they tied aprons around their waists. Krystal followed close behind, serving trays with quiet confidence.

They had all healed physically. Something deeper had healed too.

Later that afternoon, Liz looked up from sorting charts and froze. A man stood hesitantly in the doorway.

Prophet.

He looked thinner than she remembered, his posture unsure, hands clasped tightly in front of him. But his eyes were different. Clearer. Lighter. No anger. Only humility. He swallowed. "Angelo said I should come." Sunnie stepped forward first, smiling warmly. "I'm glad you did." Devan extended his hand. "Welcome." Prophet hesitated, then shook it.

Prophet shared his story of redemption while he had served his time. "I don't know where I fit yet," Prophet said quietly. "But I know I don't want to go back to who I was." Liz met his gaze. "That's enough. For now, that's more than enough."

From across the street, shadows shifted. Not all darkness had retreated.

That night, Prophet met with members of his former gang. Some listened. Some scoffed. Some followed. The alley was narrow, the air thick with old resentment. Prophet barely had time to turn before a gunshot shattered the silence.

He fell. Sirens screamed in the distance. Liz ran from the clinic and pressed her hands against the wound, tears blurring her vision.

"I'm sorry," Prophet whispered. "I wanted to do better." Liz shook her head, voice breaking. "You did. You really did." Don't give up Prophet, you can still make a difference. You must hang with me.

The sky split open.

Light poured through the darkness as Jesus stepped forward, arms open, eyes full of love.

"Well done," He said gently.

Prophet's soul started to rise whole, free, and unburdened. As Jesus looked at His new recruit. He said, It's not your time yet. You have a mission ahead of you. Devan ran across the street and helped Liz get Prophet back to the clinic. Change would soon take place.

The city mourned but it also listened. Weapons were laid down. Meetings happened without bloodshed. Prophet had recovered and was on His mission to bring peace through the boroughs.

The war wasn't over. But something had shifted. Hope had taken root. High above the city, Legend watched silently. This was why they fought.

Chapter 7

Darkness does not surrender quietly.

The night Prophet almost died. The city seemed to pause as if New York itself sensed the weight of what had just occurred. Sirens echoed and then faded. Streets emptied. Windows glowed faintly as people watched from behind curtains, uneasy but unaware of the unseen battle raging above them.

The enemy was desperate now. Demons poured into alleyways and abandoned buildings, their influence thick and aggressive. They whispered into wounded hearts, stirring rage where grief lingered, fueling revenge where forgiveness had almost taken root. This was their last stand. Above the city, Heaven answered.

The clouds tore apart as light pierced through the darkness, brighter than lightning and steadier than the stars. For the first time, the Sky Warriorz did not remain hidden.

They descended.

Legend appeared first suspended in midair, wings spread wide, light radiating from him like a rising sun. Darkness recoiled instinctively, shadows unraveling in his presence.

Iron Wings struck the ground near a crowded intersection, armored wings flaring outward as an invisible barrier formed between civilians and the encroaching evil. Fear melted away where he stood.

Sword followed, planting his massive blade into the pavement. The impact sent a ripple of holy authority through the streets, cracking the enemy's hold on the territory.

Across rooftops and intersections, the others moved in perfect unity.

Peace launched forward on her skateboard, rolling effortlessly along the edges of buildings and rails. She leapt impossibly high, landing amid a cluster of shadowy forms. As her wheels hit the ground, Holy Spirit fire erupted outward, shattering the darkness like glass. She laughed, not in mockery, but in joy.

Dagger stayed close, blade flashing with precision as he guarded those fleeing below. Every strike was careful, purposeful and never reckless.

Riff's guitar roared through the night. Each chord carried power, vibrating through the streets like thunder. Wherever the music flowed, fear loosened its grip.

Kiyoshi and Sakura moved like living lightning, blades cutting through lies and spiritual chains as much as enemies. They were calm, focused, unstoppable.

Skye knelt beside the wounded, hands glowing as she healed even as chaos surrounded her. Pain faded wherever she touched.

Isis moved through the crowds unseen, her presence restoring courage to hearts that had nearly given up. Hope followed in her wake.

Eagle Wings soared above, spear gleaming as he intercepted regrouping forces, driving them back with relentless precision.

Above them all, Michael and Gabriel's legions pushed forward, forcing the remaining darkness into retreat.

On the ground, gang members froze.

Weapons slipped from their hands.

Some fell to their knees.

Others wept openly.

They could see them now—not clearly, not fully—but enough.

Light. Wings. Power that spoke of something greater than fear.

In a dark corner of the city, the newest would-be leader of the Gatekeepers lay wounded on the pavement. Invisible chains wrapped around his soul as hands from below reached upward, dragging him toward the fate he had chosen.

Above him, the face of Jesus appeared in the clouds, just as it had with Skullz. Tears fell like rain. Mercy had been offered. Tims and time and again. With a final cry, the chains pulled tight—and the darkness retreated. Silence followed. Not the silence of fear. The silence of awe.

As dawn approached, the last remnants of shadow dissolved. Streets that had once echoed with gunfire now lay still, bathed in early morning light. The Sky Warriorz stood together one final time for this mission, watching as the city breathed again. Their mission here was finished.

For now.

Chapter 8

Morning arrived gently.

The storm clouds that had darkened the city for weeks finally broke apart, allowing warm sunlight to spill across rooftops and sidewalks. Puddles reflected the sky like mirrors, and the air felt lighter—cleaner—than it had in a long time.

People stepped outside cautiously at first. Then more followed. News cameras gathered near the town square, reporters speaking in hushed, uncertain tones. No one could fully explain what had happened overnight. There were no official statements, no headlines bold enough to capture it. But the city felt different.

Music rose softly at first—steady rhythm, simple melody. Someone clapped. Someone else joined in. Voices followed, blending until the square was filled with sound. Not performance. Praise.

Hip-hop beats layered with harmony, words lifted toward Heaven, rather than shouted into the void. Hands rose—not in surrender to fear, but in freedom.

Elizabeth stood near the edge of the crowd beside Devan and Sunnie, tears streaming freely down her face. “I’ve never seen anything like this,” Sunnie whispered. Devan shook his head slowly. “We prayed for change. I didn’t expect... this.”

Liz closed her eyes as warmth washed over her, not overwhelming or dramatic, just steady and sure. The Holy Spirit moved through the crowd like a living presence, touching hearts, healing old wounds, restoring what had been stolen. Nearby, Darci laughed as she hugged Krystal. Seth and Miguel clapped along, their joy infectious. Liz’s mother stood with other volunteers, hands clasped over her heart as she wept openly. Pain had not vanished. But it no longer ruled.

Above the square, unseen by most, the Sky Warriorz stood one last time. Legend watched with quiet satisfaction, light softening around him. Iron Wings folded his armored wings and nodded. Sword rested his massive blade against his shoulder. Peace rolled her skateboard forward, grinning. “This part’s my favorite.” Riff strummed one final chord, smiling softly. “Mine too. “One by one, they faded from view—not gone but unseen once more. Their work here was finished.

That evening, Harbor’s Light stayed open late. Patients came not just for treatment, but for prayer. Conversations happened that would have once turned violent. Apologies were spoken. Forgiveness offered. Liz and her team called the local hospital and checked on Prophet. He survived surgery and was going to be okay.

The soup kitchen was busy with two meals a day they served and never ran out of food.

For first time in a long while, New York slept peacefully.

Epilogue

Harbor's Light stayed busy.

Violence didn't disappear overnight, but it lost its grip. Clinics filled instead of jail cells.
Community meetings replaced street fights. Music replaced sirens more often than not.

Stories spread.

About a gang leader who found redemption.
About teenagers who chose forgiveness.
About doctors who prayed before they healed.

People talked quietly about angels.

Some believed.

Some weren't sure.

But everyone knew something had intervened.

High above the city, fourteen warriors stood watch—guardians of light, protectors of hope.

Because evil would rise again.

It always did.

But this city had learned something powerful:

Prayer matters.

Love intervenes.

And when darkness rises—

Heaven fights back.