

The Secret Story of the Well

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There's a well in the middle of the woods filled with magical creatures. Skyler Adams is dropped into the well during an expedition. Did Skyler survive? If she did, is she one of those magical creatures?



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The Secret Story of the Well : Chapter 1

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Flashback

The old oak trees towered over us like giants. Their leaves glistening with the afternoon's dew. The air, bitter cold, biting at our already icy red cheeks. Dead brown leaves and twigs carpeted the moistened ground. Our every step blended the mulch with leaves. We left a trail of footprints in the damp clay. Our miniature sounds echoed forever throughout the woods, never finding its way out.

"This is a little eerie," Rachael whispered to me. Her auburn hair, curled at the ends, swaying at her waist.

"Suck it up, Rachael! We aren't even there yet." Caleb snorted hearing Rachael. She looked at me and shook her head, telling me not to worry about it.

We wandered along the thick lumber cautiously. Our senses amplified, ready to run for cover, just in case something pops out suddenly. From the looks of it, it didn't look like any animals lived here. It only supplemented our fear of these woods. Twigs snapped at our sudden weight as we explored the area.

Mia walked in Brad's arm nuzzling her head into his shoulder. Rachael roamed besides me. Caleb strut in front of us, leading the way, his ash brown hair enveloped by a black beanie.

"According to this," he raised the map in his hands over his head, "we're almost there." His voice lingered into the woods.

"Really? I don't see a clearing *Cal*-" Mia mocked Caleb when the trees suddenly cleared and displayed a vast piece of land.

The land stretched out in an immeasurable circle. The edges are lined with towering oak trees. In the middle was a short circular wall of smoky grey bricks.

"I told you, Mia. *I* have the map for a reason." Caleb marked something on the map, folded it, and shoved it into his jean pocket.

"So this is the '*well*'?" Rachael drifted towards Caleb, who was already walking towards the grey stones.

Mia and Brad followed Rachael, hand in hand. I stayed where I was. Something in me didn't feel right... Mia fanned her jet black hair as she turned to face me, stopping both her and Brad. "C'mon, Skyler." Her smile had a little crook to it.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and stared at the well. Something really didn't feel right... Not only did the well give off a menacing vibe but, Mia's grin. "*Skyler!*"

I took a step towards her, forcing myself against my will. She smiled again and continued walking to the well with Brad. Step by step I caught up to the rest of our group.

We surrounded the circular stone wall and stared at it. Rachael and Brad studied what the well showed us.

Skyler...

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I looked around trying to find who called me. Everyone was busy studying the wall. The voice didn't belong to anyone here... It sounded gentle, like it caressed my whole body into comfort. No one here has that kind of voice, but it sounded like it was right next to me. I shrugged it off. It might be my paranoia deciding to act up.

"What's the *'secret'* to this retarded well, anyway?" Mia kicked the well's wall.

"Don't!" Brad jerked Mia away and she landed in his arms.

"What the heck, babe?! It's brick! It won't break." She pushed Brad away.

"It's not the brick he's worried about, idiot!" Caleb smirked. Mia pulled into Brad, offended by Caleb's words.

"The story, Mia, is a secret. No one knows for sure, but there is theories." Caleb walked to Mia. "Supposedly, this well contains creatures greater than humans, in more ways than one. I don't mean vampires, werewolves, or *your* twilight nonsense."

Mia pouted her cherry red lips at Caleb's comment. Rachael and I continued to listen while Brad studied the well further.

"This well 'calls' in us humans," he rolled his eyes and laughed at how into it Rachael and I are. "Anyway... There are only a very small percentage of people who actually hear the calls. Those people end up not being human at all. They are what is down that well, but were released when born. Like, to experiment and stuff. " Caleb walked right besides Mia and whispered into her ear, "Do you hear anything?"

Mia whimpered and pushed further into Brad's chest. Caleb and Brad started laughing. Mia punched Brad's chest and stomped over to Rachael who also laughed. That only made the guys laugh harder.

"They also say it could be a toxic waste site." Brad continued, laughing.

"I doubt it. I don't see any weathering that toxic waste could do." Rachael circled the well.

"Not the outside Rach! The inside." Caleb smacked the back of his sister's head.

She rolled her emerald green eyes at him as he walked up to me.

"Look inside, Sky. You're the one who's so perfect. Use that perfect eye sight of yours." Mia told me sarcastically. I shook my head, rapidly, side to side.

Come see Skyler...

The little brown hairs on my body stood up, piercing through the fabric I wore. That...could not have been a coincidence...

"You chicken?!" Brad imitated a rooster's call.

"No." I managed to whisper.

"Then look!" Caleb pushed me closer to the well. The wind began to pick up. It nipped at us, as if the wind were throwing microscopic ice crystals. They bit and scorched our exposed skin.

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Balancing myself I asked Caleb, "Ummm... What do I look for?" I wrapped my coat tighter around my body trying to keep the frigid air away.

"Anything worth looking at, *duh!*" He pushed my small frame and my stomach impacted the well wall.

"Don't be so rough on her *Cal!*" Rachael spat at Caleb.

The wind slapped my mocha brown hair in my face. I peeked over the wall into the well. Black was what I saw. Total darkness just like a black hole. I backed away suddenly chilled by the fact of its obscurity.

"Nothing." I said so simply. Caleb smashed me against the wall again.

"Look inside, Sky! Don't be stupid. Get your head in there!" Caleb said into my ear aggressively.

I nodded. "Help me up then."

He grabbed my skimpy hips and hoisted me up on the wall. He let go, stepped back, and let me do what he asked. I saw something. Little white dots flying around. They looked like stars in a pitch-black sky. I also heard something. It sounded like people trying to talk over static. The voices were very quiet though. I couldn't hear. Then the static stopped and so did the dots.

When you fall, don't scream... You'll make your fall deadly...

"What you say Caleb?" I pulled myself up, praying hard it was him that said that.

"I said bye!" He clutched the back of my thighs and tried coercing my body to fall in.

"Caleb! *No!* What are you doing?! Please, *noooo!*" I yelled in a voice that didn't even feel like it was my own. It birthed from the deepest part of my lungs. My palms held me and kept my body from tipping into the darkness.

I managed to kick my upper body out of the well for just a second and saw what was unfolding before me. Brad held Rachael. His hand clamped down onto her mouth, muffling her cries. Rachael kicked her legs vigorously. Her eyes turned into an olive green. Her auburn hair sticking to her watered cheeks. Caleb trying to push me into the malignant abyss and Mia smiling her ruby lips, wide as ever, in front of me.

"Noh! *Nooooh!* Mia no! Please, no. Help me!" I bawled my lungs out into the bitter air.

Don't yell, Skyler....

Mia hooked my wrists into her hands and pulled them away from the wall, smiling with the crook she used before. "You're not so perfect anymore, darling."

Did they plan this? Caleb nudged me and I silently fell into the somber chasm. They faded out of sight ever so slowly as I fell. My face had no expression whatsoever. Not sad. Not angry. Not nothing. A tear fell into my ear and I whispered, out loud, to myself, "What's happening?"

The deeper I cascaded into the never ending hole I went slower. It got a lot colder, too. I couldn't see anything. I felt like the walls were squeezing into me and as I fell, I avoided each squeeze. I couldn't breathe.

Close your eyes....

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I fastened my eyelids together and my body came to a sudden stop. I lay horizontal and centered in the circular hole.

"Breathe, Skyler." The caressing voice stood right next to my ear. I took a deep breath in and my body felt like it's ripping through my skin. My skin stretched and burned in an increasing boiling temperature. My body convulsed as it stretched and changed. Everything stung as I inhaled my breath.

"Continue. It'll help, darling."

I complied. I inhaled quickly and exhaled slowly. The stinging went away as I stabilized me breathing.

I opened my eyes and looked up. There they were. Mia smiling, Caleb smirking, Brad choking on the tears he held back, and Rachael crying her eyes out. How could I see them now, but not when I was falling?

"Sky! Sky!! *Skyler!!!*" I heard Rachael yell into the well. Her tears falling on my arms.

I opened my mouth to yell back to her but was quickly cut off by the woman, I was hearing all along, now next to me. "Don't bother. She *can't* hear you..."

Chapter 2: The Secret Story of the Well Chapter 2

I grazed my finger on the wall as I navigated myself through the halls. My pale digits bobbing along the stones. The wall was made of brown, gray, red, and a bit of black stones. My feet slapped along the black cobblestone floor with each leisure step I took to my destination. Green leaves popped out of the wall and each cupped a bubble of light. They lit the hallways with a peaceful glow. The smell of evergreen pine engulfed the area with its musky aroma.

I turned left, leisurely walked a couple of feet, and made an immediate right. I stood before a thick brass door.

"Lady Sandra?" I gently patted the door with my open palm. I waited with my hands tangled in a ball in front of my white sheer skirt, that fell to my knees.

The heavy brass door slowly creaked open showing, the beautiful, Lady Sandra. Her slightly red, long, brown hair tumbled to her slender waist. Her bangs cupped her forehead emphasizing her different colored eyes. One eye glistened a deep violet hue with dark purple lining the pupil. Her other eye was a cloudy, muted shade of gray that had white-rays line the iris. She had soft, pale features with the plumpest red lips I've seen. She wore a tight, black corset and a matching black flowy, ankle-length, skirt.

"Yes, darling?" She walked out of the shadows and closed the door behind her.

"Today is the day she-" I swallowed my sudden nervousness. I cleared my throat and continued, "I was just wondering if I could go out today?" I looked down at my, white, feet.

"You may." Her red, plump lips curled into a toothless grin. I smiled and jumped up and down, excited.

I brought her into a tight embrace. "Thank you, Lady Sandra!" I squealed and hugged her tighter.

"Have fun, Skyler." Her voice so gentle it always felt like it caressed my body into comfort. She was the one who called out to me the day I fell in.

I nodded rapidly and ran through the halls. I bumped into quite a bit of people, but they didn't mind, knowing today was the day... I made it to a circular dead end, only it wasn't a dead end. This was the bottom to the well. I looked up and saw the slightly purple, clouded, sky.

I closed my eyes, took a deep breath in, and launched myself out to the top of the well.

I sat myself down on the grey well wall and waited. The air whipped my white hair in my face and across the growing purple sky. White clouds floated around making it a dreamy sunset. I pulled my flying hair out of my face. The white hair intertwined in my fingers. I miss my brown hair. I crave seeing my thick, chocolate hair run from my scalp to my upper back. My jet, black, feathered wings flapped at the exciting memory of my old appearance. Everything about me changed the day I fell in this well. My eyes were now the same color of white that surrounds the iris. All you could see is my black pupil. My skin turned from a peachy white to dead white. Almost gray. Caleb was right about the well. Well, kind of. It did hold magical creatures, me ending up being one, but not only creatures. There are also people, like from the movie X-Men...that have powers.

"I'm coming up, Sky! Watch out!" And out flew the one who said they would. She sat opposite of my crossing her bare feet.

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"Good morning, Skyler!" Zea beamed with her smiling peach lips. Zea had curly-curly, azure blue hair that tickled her shoulders. Her eyes were a solid steel silver. Her skin glowed with her bronze complexion. She had two adjacent scars on both her left and right temples. She wore a long-sleeved silver shirt with thumb slits and black leggings.

"Morning, Zea!" I smiled back. Zea was only thirteen.

"Today's the day, huh?" she dug her shoulders into the base of her skull, overjoyed.

I nodded, me too, thrilled. Zea looked around the landscape before us. "She's coming, Sky..." She played footsie with me.

"Finally!" I kicked her back, playfully. Zea was the wind. That was her power. She could see wind, manipulate it, and feel, what the wind hit, herself. That's how she knows someone's coming. The irony about her is that she can't survive with the air in the atmosphere, only the oxygen in water. Her body stores the oxygen, like a car survive on the gas it slowly burns.

My wings stretched when I heard a twig snap out in the woods. "Is that her?"

Zea pulled her blue curls out of her face and giggled, so captivated. "Yup! She's coming through the trees in-" she paused, closing her silver eyes, and continued, "now!"

When Zea said she would pop out she did. She came every year on this day... The day I was attemptedly murdered.

"Is her hair naturally that shade of red?" Zea asked as Rachael walked over to the well. She held a myriad of daisies in her hand and an envelope.

I laughed, "Yes! Just like yours is naturally that color of blue." She pouted at my sarcasm. She's never liked it.

"Does she know your alive?"

I bowed my head down looking, passed my dangling feet, into the ominous dark hole. After Mia, Caleb, and Brad, Rachael came every year, leaving me a note and flowers. The flowers were always different.

"No... But I think she knows I'm alive. Why would she come back to a traumatizing memory only to traumatize herself more. I think she feels the aurora I radiate." I pulled my head up watched Rachael advance towards the well, tearing up as she did so.

I looked away from my crying friend, bottling my own tears. It kills me that even though I'm right here, in her plain sight, she can't see me. I ached, knowing that know matter how loud I force my lungs to yell, she can't hear me. I mourn to talk to my best friend and to tell her I'm alright. I'd leave her a letter, but Lady Saura informed me it was really dangerous to do so. She said it was forbidden to interact with the world out of the well. I have no intentions on letting all hell break loose and disappointing the one who saved me.

Rachael sobbed as she approached us, standing right next to where I sat. Her auburn hair stuck to her runny cheeks. She sniffled a bit and cried, "I'm so sorry, Skyler.... Please forgive me for not knowing what their intentions were." She stopped and choked on her bulky tears. They stormed out of her eye sockets, like lighting from clouds, leaving her gasping for air.

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My heart felt like bursting. I glanced over at Zea and she silently cried. I wasn't crying, but she was. That was my power. I can bottle up every emotion. Not only mine, but anyone around me. I can also make people feel any emotion I want them to feel. I unlike, Zea, come with a flaw. The emotions I bottle up sooner or later burst out of me, violently. I have to be contained in a vault and it lasts about an hour. Don't think the vault quiets me down. When I said violently, I meant it. After the breakdown, though, I'm as bubbly as soap. Lady Sandra says I'm the only one recorded with this power, and it can be very useful in time of need.

I heard Rachael calm her tears. Zea still quietly cried as if Rachael were there to visit her. I decided not to bottle her tears, so she can experience a couple of things. She is only thirteen.

"I'm sorry for crying so much, Sky," Rachael gave me a little smirk, "I miss you." Her smile frowned. The corners of her mouth quivered as she said, "I miss you, Sky. I brought you a letter again." She dropped the envelope in the well. Zea followed it with her watery eyes.

"I brought you daisies this time," she managed a smile, but her corners shook harder. She wiped her cheeks with her coat sleeve. "Take care of them, Sky! Don't be lazy, put them in a vase, and water them every once in a while."

I giggled, muffled, by the tears stuck in my throat. Zea's tears seemed to roll faster down her bronze cheeks. It felt good for her to talk to me as if I were there. Too bad I can't converse with her...

Rachael came closer to the well. "I love you, Skyler Adams. Don't you forget it!" She dropped the daisies in. She stepped back, looked at the well for a while, and bowed her head.

"What's she doing?" Zea asked as she wiped her tears away.

"Praying, Zea. Praying she'll get to see me again."

Chapter 3: The Secret Story of the Well Chapter 3

"Athenai!" I pushed through the greenery that filled my doorway. Walking into my room, I settled the letter on the grey wooden table in the left corner of my room. I crossed my legs as I sat on my tall, full bed that was glued by one side to the wall. It was opposite of my desk, on the right.

"Athenai? Come over, please." I raised my voice, short of a yell, to my friend, whose room was one more down the hall. I sat there, waiting for Athenai, and stared at the daisies blossoming in my hold.

"What?" A light, lilac colored hand moved the hanging vines that fell from the top of the doorway.

"Come." I smiled as she entered the room. Athenai's strawberry blonde pixie haircut had hot pink leopard spots imprinted on it. She had very wide grey eyes that were absolutely stunning.

"What's up?" she shot onto my bed making the springs uncross my legs and shoot her chubby body upwards.

"Make me a vase, Athenai?" I batted my long white eyelashes at her. "Pretty please?" I thrust the herbage in her face for emphasis.

Athenai's eyes quickly grew wider and jerked her head back as she inhaled the daisy's fragrance. In the midst of her wincing and coughing, she stuttered, "You sure you want *those* in a vase? They smell like Willa's used diapers!"

I squinted my eyes at her making the only contradicting color in my eye show. Her face fell with a fearful expression. I loosened my stare and pleaded, "Pretty please with bacon on top?"

She sat upright on the bed laughing. The screws on the bed squeaked as our weight shifted on the mattress. "Why *bacon*?"

"I'm allergic to cherries," I smirked, "and everyone loves bacon! *So?* Can you use that wonderful pottery power you possess and make me a vase?"

She tilted her head trying to look mad, but her eyes were too wide to let her eyebrows curl inwards.

"It'll mean the *world* to me if you doâ !..!" I crossed my fingers behind my back.

"Fine," she gently rolled her smoky eyes. "What shape?"

"Thank *you*, Athenai!" I gave her a quick, heartwarming, hug as we still sat on the bed. "Bottom heavy, but have it thin upwards to the thickness of the stems put together."

"*Do-able*. I'll bring it when I'm done." She took the floral arrangement from my grasp and strut out my room to her own. I whispered my gratitude.

I glided to my desk and took hold of my letter. I ripped it open as I walked to the middle of the room and fished out a daisy rimmed paper. I unfold it and read, silently, out loud.

'Dear Skyler,

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I miss you! A lot! Penelope is turning three next month! Oh, how much I wish you could be my baby's godmother/aunt. If you could just see-

Bamm!!

The quick burst of energy shoved me to the floor; making my forehead slam into the floor. Pebbles and dust crumbled off the walls and flooded the halls. I rolled onto my elbows and yawned to get rid of the blinding ring in my ears. As the technique suppressed the ringing, I heard everybody screaming in a terrifying horror. Their yells, both high-pitched and husked, engulfed my sense of hearing. It sounded horrible to hear everyone birth their screams from the bottomless pit of the lungs. They cut the dust in the hallway as they ran by, crazed.

I raised my palm to my head. My white eyebrow throbbed into my hand. "Ahhh!" I winced as I applied pressure.

Don't you dare move, Skyler!

Lady Sandra's voice bounced in my head. That was her power; mind reading and being immune to everyone else's powers. Invulnerability, I think, is what she called it. That's why she was chosen to lead the girls in the well.

"Everyone get to the vault! *Now!*" Sir Vlaldimir, the boy's leader, hollered over the cries and dust. They only whimpered louder and shuffled faster at his words.

Sir Vlaldimir pulled into my doorway. "Skyler. Thank *God* you're alright!" He jogged over to me. "We need your help! C'mon." He pulled into his arms and carried us both through the crowded halls.

My head instantly felt gravity try pulling it down. It throbbed with the hit I just endured. My ears burned with the screeching of my colleagues. Sir Vlaldimir flew through the dust and we appeared at the well's landing zone.

Lady Sandra, Floraida, Hunter, Lucidia, and Gene stood in a circle, imitating the well's walls. The girl's eyebrows burrowed into their foreheads as the guy's clenched their jaws frustrated.

As Sir Vlaldimir put me down, I ran to Gene. I buried my face into his broad chest and whispered, intended for everyone before me, "*What's going on?*"

Chapter 4: The Secret Story of the Well Chapter 4

The walls continued to contract with the constant mysterious blows. The clusters of pebbles and dirt lost hope and clattered to the floor. Everyone was now sealed in the vault except for the seven of us.

"Ready?" Gene cupped my face in his toned palms. His teal green eyes searched mine for an answer. His brown hair was messy and littered with dust and dirt. I turned slightly to find Hunter looking at us. He didn't notice me, though.

"I sure am!" Lucidia snorted. "Let's open that can of whoop-ass!" She fisted her peachy fist in the air.

"We aren't fighting, Lucidia!" Lady Sandra ordered, "We are going, only to find out what they want. And watch you language, young lady!" Lucidia pulled on her two-colored hair. It was a dark-chestnut brown on the top and slowly lost its color at the ends to a platinum blonde.

My fingers intertwined with Gene's shirt, scared. Lady Sandra said that there is more than one well; they are scattered all around the world in the middle of nowhere. Not all wells are for the good, she said, and she thinks she knows who it might be. But why would they be here? Why would they come looking for *this* well?

"What if *they* start fighting?" Floraida's squeaky voice questioned.

"Don't jinx it, flower child!" Hunter blurted, crossing his long, thin arms over his chest. "Are we going or not?"

Sir Vlaldimir nodded and reached his palm toward Lady Sandra. "Three," he started to count off. Lady Sandra took his hand and we each followed. Our arms connected us, forming a circle. Since not all of us here could fly, this technique was used. "Two." My wings pierced through my porcelain skin, readying for our anticipating flight. "One!"

Our seven bodies zoomed through the deep well, out, and toward the still purple clouded sky. Our feet slowly descended on to the moist ground.

Tuck your wings in, Skylerâ †

I swiftly followed her orders. The slight sting of my recollected wings made me wince. Couldn't she have just told me that out loud?

"Where are they?" Gene wrapped his arm around my waist. His confusion was understandable. No one was out here except us. Only the distant trees, that circled the area, were standing by us. Other than the freezing wind, we just heard our breathing. Floraida bent her knees and twisted her tanned fingers in the short grass. Her honey-hazel eyes, which were spotted with burnt orange spots, closed. The grass shimmered into a bright green and grew around her tiny hands, enveloping her arm to the elbow. She took in an audible deep breath.

Her head jerked back, making her wavy, honey brown hair fall from her petite shoulders. "They're here, alright." She assured with a slightly higher pitched voice.

I looked over to Sir Vlaldimir, who nodded at Floraida's discovery. His pupils dilated, smaller to bigger, around his moonlight colored eye. He was scanning the area, as his powers were enhanced vision and memory. "There!" He pointed at the six indentations that lined the ground thirty feet away.

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"*Bravo, Vlaldimir*," a woman clapped as she made herself, a young woman, and a man visible.

"Ursula," Lady Saundra gasped the older woman's name through gritted teeth.

Ursula began to laugh, maniacally, "Yes, Saundra. *I'm alive*." The young woman beside the grey haired witch took slow steps toward us.

"Don't you come any closer," Lady Saundra scared the black haired maiden. "Why exactly are you here, Ursula?"

"Can't I just to visit my good ole' friends," Ursula said.

"I'm asking for the truth, so don't sugar coat me, Ursula!" Lady Saundra made her intentions clear.

"*Fine*," Ursula began. "I want to show the world we exist," her yellow eyes fixed on Lady Saundra, "I, also, want my revenge." She chuckled to herself making both her companions smile.

"No!" Lady Saundra walked a few feet in front of us. "Our elders have forbidden it, Ursula! *You*, of all people, should know why." The last phrase caught me off-guard. Why should Ursula know?

"In all good reason, I suppose," Ursula acknowledged Lady Saundra and initiated her walk toward us. "But Saundra, both you and I know that that isn't going to stop me." She caught up to the girl. She placed her hand on her shoulder, kicking her black braid off, and whispered something into her ear.

The girl's eye color altered to a carmine red. The dark, solid color dispersed from the pupil outwards, filling the iris completely. She looked straight at me with a bitter, evil smile stamped to her face. I stared right back.

"I came to make a deal, Saundra." Ursula tapped her hand on the girl's shoulder. "Right, Avalon?" The girl nodded, yes.

"What kind of deal?" Sir Vlaldimir made his way next to Lady Saundra. The opposing trio crept closer; Avalon's stare never leaving mine.

"Help us," the man spoke as they stopped, a couple feet from us.

"No," Lucidia croaked. The man smiled and tried walking toward her.

"Nico! We aren't here to harm," Ursula stretched her arm out; Nico, idiotically, slammed into it. "Yet," he mumbled, but I only heard it. And he knows I'm the only one who did as he confirmed it with a wicked grin.

"Help us with my goal," Ursula continued her proposition. "Don't you want to be known?"

"It's *forbidden for a reason*, Ursula!" Sir Vlaldimir snapped.

"Help us or *we'll* do it ourselves," Avalon glared at me. Lady Saundra slightly caught on to her intimidating stare.

"We won't let you do that," Hunter dared. I looked back at him realizing his long, ash blonde hair was in a mess. He smiled at me. When I turned back around, my previous stare resumed.

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"So what is it going to be, Sandra?" Ursula ignored Hunter. "Avalon and I are getting pretty impatient." She caressed Avalon's head from the top to the end of her braid. Avalon extended her arm outwards and gracefully opened her palm revealing dancing white and blue flames.

"What makes you think you could do it yourselves?" Hunter crossed his arms over his chest.

Avalon let out a slight puff of evil laughter; her smile reaching maliciously from ear to ear. "Her."

Her eyes reddened a deeper hue of red as she pointed a white flame at me.

Chapter 5: The Secret Story of the Well Chapter 5

I gasped softly at a loss for words. Everyone now faced me; questioning the reason Ursula would want me. I don't blame them. Why *would* she want me? How would I be much help?

Lady Saundra quickly dropped her head, swallowed, and turned to face Ursula. Even though she obviously knew the answer, she still asked, "Why do you need her, Ursula?"

"She's special," Ursula smirked and bobbed her head to look at me.

"How do you know me?" I spat with growing aggression.

"We might be outcasts, but not socially deprived people," Avalon huffed, insulted. "And even if we were, your name would still get around. That's howâ *special*â you are." She chuckled as she crept closer to me with every word. She reached her white-flame tipped fingers to my chin, smiling.

Lady Saundra effortlessly slapped Avalon's approaching hand away and grabbed her by the chin viciously. "Special, she is, but she's not going with you!" She violently let go of Avalon's chin and pushed her back to her previous spot.

Ursula grew angry as Lady Saundra man-handled her black-haired maiden. She charged at me, seeking revenge.

Gene instinctively shoved me behind him. Hunter simultaneously launched to me, pulled my stumbling body farther back, and fastened his grip on me. Floraida, Lucidia, and Lucidia's copy joined Gene's barricade. Hunter squeezed me into him harder, clearly scared for me, behind everyone.

Ursula laughed wickedly as she jerked back, almost bumping into the newly formed barrier. Her vile laughter was cut short by, a now threatened, Lady Saundra. "*We* aren't going to help you! No deal will be made, but *do* mark my words, Ursula. You continue with this fantasy of yours, we will do *everything* to stop you!" Lady Saundra's voice grew deeper and louder as she called out all in one breath.

Ursula's anger boiled from top to bottom; steam threatening to make itself literal. Her knuckles whitened as she tightened them by sides of her thighs. Her breathing became heavy and all of her body tensed. Through clenched teeth, slightly spitting, she forced, "Then I guess we'll just *take* her!" At her words, Nico and Avalon sneered and prepared themselves for the anticipated kidnap.

Avalon's body became engulfed with red-orange flames and her braid sparked wildly into a white flame. Her eyes flared redder than red itself. Nico flipped out a switchblade and expertly juggled it in his hand. Avalon took a deep breath in and lashed a single, thin flame at Lucidia; one that would have scarred her forever. Lucky enough, Avalon whipped Lucidia's duplicate.

"Oh! Hells-naa! It's *on*!" Lucidia sassed and four duplicates of her were formed; each pulling out a dagger instantaneously. The five of them bolted toward Avalon.

Nico took the now empty spaces Lucidia left in the barrier, as an opportunity and launched his blade straight at me. A thick, animated vine suddenly sprouted from the ground catching the blade mid-flight. Floraida clucked her tongue and waved her finger side to side, rhythmically. Nico gasped sharply as the vine slipped back into the ground with his blade.

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Hunter let go of me and dashed toward a dumbfounded Nico. Gene followed in pursuit. As Gene sped in front of Hunter, he jumped into the air and morphed into a round, metal shield. Hunter snatched Gene's morphed body and flung him skillfully, like a Frisbee, toward Nico's head.

Lady Saundra fought hands-on with Ursula; each battering each other to a pulp. Blood trickled down Ursula's eyebrow. Lady Saundra's bottom lip pouted bigger than it already was.

Sir Vlaldimir rushed over to help Lucidia, who now was too hurt to keep her duplicates alive. He cleverly used his speed and kicked Avalon's chest, sending her flying backward. Her body hissed as the dirt extinguished her flames. She quickly propelled herself up off the ground, snatched one of Lucidia's duplicate's dagger, and fought off both Lucidia and Sir Vlaldimir.

I stood there, watching people fight for *my* safety. Anger and adrenaline filled the air around me, making my knees go weak. My dainty knees gave up, bent, and folded me all together to the ground. I couldn't breathe. My arms stretched out and held my torso up. No matter how deep I inhaled, it felt as if nothing was filling me; nothing for me to survive off. My heart stopped, followed by the blood in my veins. Time slowedâ

Floraida turned around, fanning her wavy, caramel hair. She felt my motionless weight spread across the greenery. She started to scramble toward me, but stopped abruptly as she saw a tear slide down my cheek.

Her face, which was plastered with worry a second ago, now fell into a fearful expression. "Lady Saundraâ" she cried as she backed away from me. I saw Lucidia, Sir Vlaldimir, Avalon, Gene, Nico, and Hunter stop fighting and quickly face Floraida's distress call. As they noticed her gaze lay upon my violently convulsing body, they dropped their weapons and arms and began to back away.

"Ursulaâ" Nico's shaky voice lingered.

"What!?" Lady Saundra and Ursula snapped in unison. Still in their fighting stances, they cautiously looked for the urgent matter that ended their fight. When their eyes landed on me, their postures went slack.

The emotions I bottled were threatening to burst. My breathing grew heavier; making it harder to keep the little each breath gave. I rolled over on my stomach as my back began to burn. My wings fluttered out and their bones began to contract. I cried out in pain.

Ursula stumbled backward, keeping her gaze on me. "This isn't over, Saundra. We'll be back," her voice shook with fear. Nico and Avalon zoomed to her, joined hands, and disappeared.

"Vlaldimirâ Take everyone into the vault and don't let anyone come out 'til I say so!" Lady Saundra commanded with a fright in her voice. No one moved; just stared until they saw the overflowing tears in my eyes.

"*Now!* Run," Lady Saundra scolded them with a more aggressive tone. This time, they didn't have to be told twice. They scurried to the gray, circular brick well wall; running faster than I'd ever seen them run before.

Sir Vlaldimir helped everyone jump into the deep chasm and looked at me, then to Lady Saundra. She nodded for him to proceed and with that he forced himself up the wall and into the well.

"Don't hold it, Skyler. You're making it hurt more, babyâ" Lady Saundra whispered from a distance.

Let goâ

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Her soft, gentle voice was the last thing that went through my mind before everything went black.

Chapter 6: The Secret Story of the Well Chapter 6

I lay, on the left side of my body, on my bed that was nestled into the corner of my room. I stared blankly at the planked wood wall and remained motionless; my eyes thoughtlessly tracing the pattern of the bluish-gray lumber that lined the whole wall. I've been awake for a while now, thinking about the recent events. I thought about Ursula, Avalon, and just plain thought.

Why am I so *special*? I know I'm the only one with my set of gifts, but does that really make me *that* special? My powers are practically useless when fighting. There's no use for them! Let's seeâ If I did use them, I'd vacuum all the anger and adrenaline of my opponent. But that wouldn't workâ After they'd calm down, they'd just remember what they were doing and continue. So, Ursula, how does that make me so special?

What did Avalon mean by, 'my name would still get around'? Why would it even be flying about? I'm no different than anyone here. Other than me being the only one with feathered wings, no color in the iris of my eye, and the contracting of my body when I have an 'episode', I am the same! I was called to the well like everyone else. No. Scratch that. I was pushed down here. Nonetheless, I was meant to be here. Like-everyone-else! Why aren't *their* names going around?

I don't understand, really. Not so long ago my so called 'friends' attempted to murder me; to rid me of existence. From jealousy, may I add? I never meant to be envied; never meant to make someone grow the anger to plot my murder. I was me. I lived by myself, hung out by myself, made money for myself, studied for myself, and you-know-what? Even talked to myself! Why would someone envy such a pathetic being? If anything, I envied Mia. Rachael and Brad were the only friends I ever really had, while she had the whole world. Brad didn't turn out to be the friend I thought of him as. I will *never* understand Mia's jealousy, Caleb's accompaniment to Mia, and certainly not Brad's betrayal.

And now! Now I'm wanted; wanted more than a Golden Ticket in the movie, 'Charlie and the Chocolate Factory'. I was fought for. Blood would've been shed, only to have their hands on me. How does one deal with such conflicting scenarios?

I groggily sat up in my bed, hugged my legs to my chest, and cuddled my chin into my knees. Everything was clean; dust and pebbles were plastered back onto the wall. The floor was brushed off and shined. My desk and bookshelves were neatly organized and the vines that hung in the doorway were now untangled.

Other than the planked wall, the rest of the room was covered in cobblestone that was painted over with an icy blue paint. My gray desk sat across the room, opposite of where my bed lay. On each side of the desk stood two bookshelves, four in total, accompanied by potted greenery. My desk contained a couple of stacked antique books, sketchbooks, and a can filled with paintbrushes, pencils, and pens.

Next to the vined doorway, a wall stretched a third through the room and formed the restroom. The door to the restroom stretched a couple of feet from the end of my bed. The restroom housed an extra small room that I use for my closet. My whole bedroom isn't that crowded, or small. It's roomier than it sounds.

I slid off my bed sluggishly and began to fold the covers. I tucked the pale yellow sheets' corners in securely, threw the cerulean blue comforter on top of the sheets, and fluffed the matching, in color, blue pillows. I arranged the pillow ensemble neatly at the head of the bed.

"Skyler?" I turned to my doorway as I caressed the wrinkles off my comforter. I quickly smiled at the sight of Gene. Just the person I needed to get my mind off a few things. He leisurely walked toward me.

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"Hey," he chuckled as he brought me into an embrace.

"Hey." I playfully squeezed him back.

After a while or so of hugging, he pulled back and looked me in the eye, smiling. His hands caressed my lower back and rear, while my fingers combed through his hair.

"You feeling good?" he smirked as he pulled me in closer to him.

"Yeah," I giggled as I bit my bottom lip. Quite honestly, I was feeling very bubbly. I always feel like that after an episode.

"Of course," his eye lids grew heavy as they saw me biting my lip. He suddenly lifted me off the ground. I wrapped my legs around his waist as his hands tightened around my arse. His lips consumed mine and I moaned in bliss. As he kissed me passionately, he slowly walked us toward my freshly made bed.

"How long was I out this time?" I asked, breathless, as he stretched me over the bed. I looked into his lust filled eyes as I unbuttoned his shirt and waited for his answer.

"Five days," he groaned as he threw his shirt across the room. He nuzzled his face into my neck and began to shower me with kisses.

Not bad. The last episode I had, knocked me out for two whole weeks. Lady Saundra explained that it was from the emotional and physical exhaustion that my body goes through, through the duration of the episode. The longest I've been unconscious was a month and a half. Everyone got scared and thought I was dead, but Lady Saundra felt me dreaming. So, thanks to her, I was saved from being buried six feet under somewhere.

"What happened after-" I started, but was interrupted by Gene's finger pressing on my lips.

"It can wait, Sky," he ordered. He continued to kiss my collarbone and raised his head to look at me. I laughed and joined into his kisses.

~*~

"Lady Saundra," I whispered as I gently knocked on the thick brass door, "I'm awake." I heard some intense shuffling inside the room for a few seconds then the door slowly creaked open. Lady Saundra closed the door shut behind her and brushed off her dark purple corset. She looked up at me after she dusted herself off and smiled at me.

"Yes you are," she beamed. She placed her hands on my shoulders and pulled me into a hug. I hugged back smiling just as wide; maybe even wider. "Good afternoon! You were out five days, dear."

"Oh! I know. Gene told me," I blushed as I pulled away from her embrace. I looked down and fiddled with my fingers.

"Okay, sweetie. I'll see you later at dinner," she smiled at me. She turned to her door, but I caught her by the arm to keep her from completely turning. She eyed my hand that clutched her arm then looked at me; her face littered with creases filled with worry.

"Actually, Lady S', I was hoping I could talk to you. Ursula's words have had me thinking and I was hoping you could help clear some things up." I dropped my hand and waited patiently for her response. Never did we

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have to wait for her response. She always answered so quickly, like she knew what we were going to ask. Why hasn't she said anything?

"Lady Sandra?" I ducked a little to find her wondering eyes. Our gazes locked and she opened her mouth, but shut it as quickly as she opened it.

"It's not a good time right now, darling. I do apologize. Maybe later?" She smiled as she stuttered the last part put as a question. It was the fakest smile I've ever seen since Mia.

I opened my mouth to reject her selfish decision, but she quickly shut me up. "I'll see you at dinner, Skyler. We're having roast beef with assorted vegetables. Yum! Doesn't that sound *yummy*, Skyler?" her smile grew as she said the last part. She turned around, walked back into her office which was also her bedroom, and bolted the brass door shut.

I stared at her door utterly confused. Butt hurt, even! *No!* That doesn't sound '*yummy*' at all! How could she just do that? She's never done that! If anything, she'd refuse to let me walk away until I finished talking. Oh my goodness! How could she seriously just do that?! I raised my fist to the door and as I was about to punch it, a hand caught me.

"Don't. I don't know what got you angry, but I suggest you don't, Skyler," Sir Vlaldimir pulled me by the arm away from the door gently.

"H-h-how could she just shut the door in my face, Sir Vlaldimir? Can you tell me?" I yanked my arm from his grasp.

"I don't know what to tell you, Sky. She's your supervisor." He sighed and dug his hands into his pockets.

"What?! When have you ever pulled that supervisor *shit* on anyone?!" I spat completely frustrated. What is up with them?

"Skyler! Calm yourself down and watch the way you speak to me!" He cautioned with the sternest voice I've ever heard him use. What?! The way I speak to him?! That's how he told us to talk to him; like if we were his friends!

"Whatever!" I stormed off with my eyes closed and took a deep breath in, noticing my anger. I tried to vacuum it all up as I walked back to my room.

I jolted into my room and smacked the twig, which popped out of the cobblestone, into the wall. The vines that hung in the doorway instantaneously turned into a completely thick, wooden barrier. It looked like the trunk of a tree, except wider, in the shape of a rectangle, and no leaves.

I slumped onto my bed, my hands catching my head as I leaned forward. My fingers intertwined with my icy hair and I pulled as I groaned the anger that still existed in me. I let go and jerked my back into a straight position. I closed my eyes, yet again, and inhaled deeply. Following my deep inhale, I exhaled ever so slowly.

"What riled you up so bad?" I turned to the husked voice that came from my bathroom doorway. Hunter leaned on the frame as he looked at me.

"Nothing. Where's Gene?" I asked, clapping my hands on my knees as I got up.

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"He went to our room to catch up on something Mister V' asked him to do," he explained, walking toward me. "Why are, well, *were* you so mad?"

"I was angry becauseâ" I lingered as I tried to find the perfect words to explain.

"Because," he laughed and flopped onto my bed, pulling me with him.

"Be-cause," I giggled. "Lady Sandra shut the door in my face *and* because Sir Vlaldimir demanded respect," I sighed out all under one breath.

"Since when-" Hunter began, but I quickly stopped him by shrugging.

"I have literally no idea! So don't ask. That's why I was angry." I looked at him as he lay beside me.

"Well that's weird of them," he said. He raised his hand and brushed the hair on my cheek behind my ear.

"I know. Guess what!" I shrieked as I straddled him.

"What?" he chuckled as he took in my new position.

"We're having roast beef tonight at dinner," I gasped jumping like a little toddler, "with assorted, fucking, vegetables! Doesn't that sound yummy, Hunter?" I opened my mouth wide to express my exaggeration as I stopped jumping.

"Lady Sandra?" he raised an eyebrow at me as he giggled at my sarcastic act.

"Yes," I groaned. "So what happened after I passed out?" I grinned mischievously.

"Skyler, I was told not to say anything." He tightened his grip on my hips, scared for my reaction.

"What?!" My voice echoed through the room. "You too?"

"If it makes you feel any better, I don't know anything since we jumped in. They've been very quiet about it." He sighed.

"Then why were you told not to say anything if you didn't know anything in the first place?" I questioned him and stared deep into his eyes for the slightest hint of lie.

"I don't knowâ" he questioned himself. I saw him fight with his memories as he kept on pondering. He looked up at me with a worried look in his eyes. "That's really weirdâ" he mumbled to himself. I nodded my head in agreement as we both thought about it.

After a while he gave up thinking and grinned, "Did you say assorted vegetables?" I laughed and rolled off of him.

"Yummy, right?" I rolled my eyes and we both began to laugh. He stayed with me and talked as we waited for dinner time to come around.

A/N: This chapter was meant to describe a little more of her room, the weirdness going on, and her relationship with both Hunter and Gene. Hope you liked it:P And don't forget to LIKE it and please leave your thoughts:D

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~CarlsC:

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