

So Called Angel

So Called Angel

By : Oakwood

(This is my entry for VintageBubblegumClub's Spark of Imagination Contest) When an angel falls from Heaven, he discovers that what he believed all his life was not true. Forced to take on his new identity, will the ones he loves be affected badly enough to turn against him?



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So Called Angel : Chapter 1

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Falling. It was all he could feel. Air. Cold air rushing past his wings. The earth lay beneath him, slowly drawing nearer. He closed his eyes, the sight was dizzying. His heart pounding, the wind whistling through his long white hair. Falling.

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He awoke in pain. All around him the field stretched out for miles. Moving was a chore. Ho moved his arm, but a streak of pain in his shoulder made him stop. The pain reached down his back, ending with a fiery burning in his shoulder blades. He managed to drag himself a few inches before the pain over came him and he collapsed.

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White. He remembered white all around him. He saw smiling faces and white feathered wings fluttering as a harp was played somewhere behind them. He remembered a bright light that he couldn't look at directly. It was The Lord Almighty. Heaven, he was in Heaven. Laughter and love radiated from all around. Then it happened. Dark clouds rolled in, thunder sounded in the distance. The angels were cowering in fear having never seen anything like this happen before. Lightning struck mere inches from him, he could feel the electricity in the air. He looked towards his friends and saw looks of fear in their eyes and on their faces. A tunnel of black cloud began to form around him; the faces of companions hidden from view. The air became cold, hopelessness and despair filled him. Suddenly his wings flared out, the majestic beauty of them stunning to those who looked upon them. The fall began. No matter how hard he tried, he could not slow his decent. The last thing he remembered was asking himself, "What have I done to deserve this?".

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The pain reached into his skull.. It was rolling through his mind. A dark, cryptic voice calling to him. He strained to hear what it said, but he could not make out the words. Just a deep growl, clutching his thoughts, pulling them apart and twisting them into nightmarish figures of themselves. Finally, he passed out in this unfamiliar place. Vulnerable. Broken. Alone.

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Hands. Warm and strong wrapped around his upper arms, pulling him across the sun baked ground. Footsteps falling softly in the dust, struggling under his weight. The breath he heard was laboured and the faint smell of mint hung in the dry air.

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His rescuer brought him to a small shack. Run-down and old. The stench of wood smoke was fresh in the room and a warm fire could be felt on his face. His body lay limp and lifeless on a dirty mattress, every spring could be felt digging into his ghostly white flesh. He opened his pale blue eyes and surveyed his new surroundings. The walls were wood, filled with knots and holes; as was the floor which was partly covered by a moth-eaten rug, the colour he was uncertain of. To his right a fire place had been built where a smokey fire was burning, the source of heat he could feel radiating on his face. A chair and table sat in the corner, lit by a single white candle. Scanning the room for other forms of life, his gaze came to rest on a small figure curled

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up in a pile of ratty blankets. He watched this figure until it moved, it made a noise like a yawn and rolled over. He could now see that it was a small girl. Her skin had a deep tan and her features were soft and feminine. Her hair was pulled back in a low ponytail, it was a golden colour though it needed a good wash. She looked no older than twelve or thirteen but that couldn't be. Why would a child of such a young age be living alone here? He could not see anything in the one room shack that betrayed the existence of another human being. He went to sit up, but the pain stopped him. He let out a small angry growl in the back of his throat to show his disapproval of his own body. There was a rustling from where the girl lay. He quickly returned his gaze to her, her eyes were open, searching his face. They were the colour of melted chocolate. She yawned again and stretched, before slowly lifting the blankets to get up. She was wearing a pair of badly ripped and dusty jeans, and a purple tee. Running her fingers through her hair to brush it she approached him, a look of concern on her face.

Chapter 2: Saved

She stood before him, not quite reaching five foot.

"So you're awake. Good thing too, I was about to give up on ya." She had a slight western accent, and when she spoke a small gap could be seen between her front teeth.

"What were ya doin' out theres anyway? Ya coulda died." For a youngster she wasn't afraid of telling it the way it was.

"Who are ya anyways? I ain't ever seen ya around here before." He began to answer her when she began again.

"I'm Angelique, but Papa calls me Angel 'cause I'm like his Guardian Angel or something like that." He smiled at the reference to angels.

"It sure is mighty fine to meet a young tyke like yourself. I'm Chase." She stood there, studying him.

"Well Chase, you were almost buzzard chow." Her tone was casual, almost happy, then it turned more serious.

"Why were you out there anyways? The nearest store is ten miles that way." She raised a thin arm and pointed in a general south-western direction. Chase thought over his response for a few minutes. "To tell you the truth, I don't know." He honestly didn't so he figured why lie?

"You don't know? We", I guess that's that." She turned on her heel and started searching through a pile of what sounded like metal objects.

"Are ya hungry? Papa went for more supplies, said he'd be right back." Chase sat up again, the pain was starting to fade but he knew it would take a while to completely disappear. He couldn't see anything that signalled another man.

"Uh Angelique, how long has it been since your papa left?" She paused her rummaging.

"It'll be three weeks tomorrow. Why?" She proceeded to pull out a pot, a large spoon, what looked like a can opener and a tin can.

While she cooked a pot of beans, Chase tried to stand. "I wouldn't try moving around too much. You've got two long nasty scars running down your back. They look infected." Chase reached around hesitantly with one hand. Carefully he touched the spot where his wing connected with his body when unfurled. The strip was warm and moist, hard and jagged around the edges. He brought his hand back around and saw that it had a little blood on it. Silver. The colour of angel blood. They must have been a wreck.

"Beans are done, get 'em while their hot." Angelique handed him a bowl of beans. He thanked her and began to eat.

Angelique sat across from him on the floor with her own bowl. "So, where ya from?" She asked him around a mouthful of food. Chase couldn't say

'I'm from Heaven but I fell. Can you help me get back?' She's think the sun had melted his brain.

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"I'm from up North."

"With all them polar bears n' snow? Wow, your lucky." He smiled.

"How?"

"Well, you don't gotta worry 'bout heatstroke or buzzards."

"I guess not." They continued to eat in silence, until both had scraped their bowls clean.

"Thank you Angelique." Chase then remembered his wounded wings. "Do you got a mirror I can use to, you know, survey the damage?" He gestured to his back.

"Oh ya. We ain't savages. It's over there." She pointed to a small bag. As Angelique cleaned up, Chase found the mirror and went outside for some privacy.

He removed the tattered remains of his shirt and angled the mirror so he could see his back. From what he could see, there were two long, red, gashes coated in his silver blood. Sighing, he unfurled his wings. They had a slight glow to them, and their colour was stunning in the sun's rays. Using the mirror he noticed a few oddly coloured feathers near the edges. Taking a closer look he realized that his once pure white wings were now spotted with the odd grey feather, varying in shades.

"What'cha looking at back here?" Angelique came around the corner placing an old ball-cap over her golden locks. She caught a glimpse of something white before Chase pulled his wings back in.

"Angelique I wasn't expecting you to be done cleaning up so soon." She rolled her eyes.

"Call me Angel, Angelique sounds too formal. And I know how to clear up in a hurry." Adjusting her cap to protect her eyes from the sun, she looked at him.

"So what do ya wanna do?" Chase surveyed the area. There wasn't much, mostly dirt, dust and a few shrub-like plants.

"What is there to do?"

"We could go to town." She suggested with a shrug of her small shoulders.

"Fine by me. Which way?" With that, Angelique pointed him in the direction of the town where, just a few weeks ago her Papa had been heading.

Chapter 3: An Angel's Guardian

Through a veil of cloud, Chase could be seen with a young girl at his side. Sighing, Iris ran a delicate hand over the image, blurring it. She looked over her clipboard. "Oh Chase, what did you do?" Ever since he had fallen Iris had watched him, it was her job after all. She was a Guardian Angel, the best around; Chase had been her student. Now it was her job to figure out what happened. She hummed a happy tune as she filled out papers.

"Makes you wish we had gone electronic like them." An angel with large grey wings, one crooked, landed beside her with another stack of papers. Samuel was Iris' go to angel when it came to human behaviour, he was also her partner.

"Sam would it kill you to 'lose' the applications?"

"Me, lose important documents? Never!" He replied in mock anger. "Besides you knew that this position came with a lot of work." He was a couple hundred years younger than her, but Iris respected him.

"I know, it's just that I can't figure out why Chase was suddenly taken to Earth. He has a clean record and everything."

"Maybe he was needed."

"Maybe." Iris fluttered her pink tinged wings. "Anything happening down there that would result in this?" Samuel pondered what she had asked.

"Where exactly was he sent?" Iris swirled the images in what looked like a small pool.

"Here." Samuel looked into the twisting cloud until it cleared to show Chase and the girl. The image struck a memory.

"I know that girl, not personally but I've heard about her. Her name is Angelique, lives in a small shack. Her Papa was recently sent to the mental ward two towns over. He was found wandering in the desert muttering something about angels." Iris took all this in.

"Thank you Sam. Keep me updated."

"Will do." He called to her as he flew back to his office. Iris studied the image again. Being an angel, she could see others wings even if they were tucked away. Chase's were beginning to darken which surprised her. He had always had the most beautiful snow white wings that sparkled in the sunlight. Iris took a crystal key from where it hung and unlocked the large filing cabinet. Inside there were hundreds, thousands of files with different angel's names on them. Each time an angel became a Guardian or a Guardian in training, a feather was taken and stored here. Becoming a Guardian was a permanent thing, for the only way to get out of it was to have the feather destroyed. These feathers had a special spell on them that once destroyed, the angel to whom it belonged was no longer an angel, but a human. This only happened if a Guardian took advantage of their abilities or did something unforgivable, such as to make a deal with a demon. Iris searched the files until she found the one with Chase's name on it. Opening it, she took out a perfect white feather. She put it back and returned to her work.

Samuel was digging through another stack of paper looking for a note he had written in 1818. He had written about the ways of communication back then and he wanted to compare it to communication in 2012. He

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finally found it and settled in his puffy armchair. "Let's see. Handwritten notes versus cell phones." Samuel was writing down the pros and cons of both when he felt the need to check up on his own person he was to watch over. He had been assigned to a middle aged man who owned a tavern in the town Chase and Angelique were heading to. His name was Santino, owner of The Dusty Dune. He never let anything involving money slide, and if you didn't pay you were looking for a fight. Santino would fight with tooth and nail until he got what he was looking for. This for Samuel meant that he always had to keep a close eye on him, as one false move could end in a wrestling match. Samuel fluttered his wings before heading over to see Iris before he left.

Iris was buried in a pile of work when her partner came in. "What's the news?" She asked from her desk which she sat behind, a mug of coffee in her hand.

"Just stopping by to see if you needed anything before I headed down to check on Santino."

"You're heading to Earth? You just got back last week." Samuel laughed.

"We all can't have desk jobs, some of us have to work in the field." She smiled.

"Well since you're going, can you maybe check on Chase? Don't let him see you though."

"Righty-o your majesty." Both angels laughed as Samuel bowed and backed out the door. He flew to a portal in the far eastern side of his heavenly home. H made sure the address was correct before jumping through and teleporting to Earth once again.

Chapter 4: Rattler's Junction

Following the dusty trail, Chase carried Angelique piggy-back style. "...and that's how Papa taught me how to catch a fish bare-handed." Angelique had been telling him stories for most of the trip. "Hey! We're here!" The tin roofs of a cluster of buildings was rising before them. Chase could see a couple of houses, a small grocery store, a stable and a sign hanging from a doorway reading: "The Dusty Dune".

"It sure is a small town." Chase said as he walked towards the centre of it.

"Ya, I guess." Chase let Angelique hop down, stirring up a cloud of dust.

Samuel teleported near the back of The Dusty Dune, shaking a coat of sand from his wings to reveal their stormy colouring. Using a little angel magic, he changed his white sweater and pants into blue jeans and a checkered shirt. Samuel pulled his wings in before coming to the front of the tavern, swinging the door open and walking in.

"Ah, Sam! My good friend! What'll it be?" Santino believed that Samuel was his best friend because he payed well.

"Non-alcoholic water please." Some of the clearly drunk men laughed, Santino shrugged.

"Suit yourself." He found a not so clean glass and worked the rusting tap until it sputtered to life. Taking his drink, Samuel sat in the corner of the bar where he could see both the door and Santino.

Outside, Angelique was showing Chase around. "If you go see Miss Zuza on Fridays she'll read yer palm or tell your future. Papa tool me to see her before for some fun. She said I would have a tragic happening in my near future, but I didn't believe any of that garbage." Chase was only giving her half of his attention, the other half was concentrating on the strange feeling that was climbing up his back and the feeling that he was being watched.

"Angel, want to go get a drink?"

"Oh yes! Ol' Santino makes the best lemonade!" She ran over to the tavern, stopping to wait for Chase to catch up.

They both walked in and found a tabled beside the window.

"I'll go get our drinks." Chase got up and headed towards the bar. "Two lemonades please." The bartender turned around, wiping a glass with an old rag. While he made the drinks, Chase looked over the other people here. There was a small group of men at the back, singing and laughing. The only other customer was a man sitting in the corner. He looked strangely familiar to him, but he couldn't tell how. Shrugging, Chase grabbed the drinks, left some coins on the bar and returned to where Angelique sat.

"Hey Angel, do you know that man at the bar?" He sat down and passed her the drink. She looked over to where Chase had indicated.

"I ain't seeing anyone. You ok?" Chase whipped around in his seat. There, sitting in the corner of the bar, sipping his drink was the man.

"He's right there!" Angelique looked at him with concern.

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"Maybe we should head back home." She started to get up. How could she not see him? Was he going crazy?

"You're tight, let's head back."

Samuel watched Chase and Angelique leave. Sighing, he released the energy he had been using to appear invisible to Angelique. "That was close."

"What?" Santino turned towards him.

"Nothing, just talking to myself. Santino, do you think you could take care of yourself for the time being? I've got some business to attend to."

"Ya I can handle myself. Stay out of trouble ya hear?" Samuel waved to the man before exiting the tavern the same way the other two had.

Chapter 5: Shadows

By the time they got back to Angelique's place, it was getting dark. "I'll get us some supper." Angelique disappeared inside while Chase stayed outdoors, watching the sun set over the plains. He sat on a large rock, still warm from the day's sun.

"How am I going to get home?" He thought out loud to himself. Suddenly, he got the feeling like he was being watched again. "Angelique? Is that you?" He turned his head to look at the shack, but nobody was there. Chase looked around but all he could see was the shadows slowly creeping towards his feet as the sun disappeared. Then he heard it, the voice that had tormented him when he fell. It was as dark and cryptic now as it was then except now it sounded like there were two. Chase strained to hear what the voices were saying, when they detached from one another. The first voice faded away, leaving a low raspy voice in its place.

"Did no one ever tell you it's not nice to eavesdrop?" The voice was now coming from his left; Chase turned quickly to find the source of the voice. Something in the shadows moved.

"Who are you?" He called to the darkness.

"I am what I am. No more, no less." Chase had never liked mind games.

"Enough of this, come into the light where I can see you!" He glanced back to the house to be sure Angelique wasn't there.

"Can't." This was the only answer he got, one word.

"Well why not?" Chase was getting angry.

"That girl might come out." The voice threw the words at him.

"Fine, Later, when she's asleep." Chase turned away from the place this thing was, entering the shack he nearly walked into Angelique. "Angel hey, what's going on?" He didn't want her going out there in case that thing got her.

"I was coming to get you, food's done." She gestured to the small table where two plates of salted pork, bread, butter and cheese sat.

"Thank you Angel, how am I ever going to repay you?" In a whisper too soft for him to hear, Angel told him.

"You could stay."

"What was that?"

"Nothing." She shrugged before leading him to the table.

When they had eaten and cleaned up, Angelique found Chase some blankets he could use to help make the mattress more comfortable. "Why don't you sleep on it?" He asked her.

"I've always slept over there, it's my spot. Is there something wrong with that?" Putting his hands up, Chase laughed.

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"No miss there ain't nothin' wrong with that there spot." He faked her accent, sending her into a fit of giggles.

"It's getting late." She yawned.

"Yes it is. So I guess this is goodnight." Angelique climbed into her mess of blankets and settled in for the night.

Chase waited until she was asleep before he snuck outside to where he had been earlier. "I'm back." He said to the darkness. There was no answer. "Are you kidding? He's probably not going to come back anyway." Chase turned to come back inside when he felt the familiar feeling down his back.

"I'm back as well." Chase faced the darkness again.

"Angelique is in bed, now come out." He waited without hearing anything. Then, as if the shadows were melting, a figure oozed out from them. Chase could see two thin arms with bony fingers and sharp, jagged nails. Legs with knees that stuck out at angles; every bone could be counted in the torso, along with multiple scars and harsh lines. The skin of the face was stretched over the bones underneath, the hair was thin, straight and black. He looked into the creature's eyes. They were two black orbs in its face, deep and sunken in the sockets.

"What are you?" Chase drew back from the sight before him.

"I am what you see." The thing's rasping voice answered, revealing rows of sharp, pointed teeth. "A creature from the darkest of shadows, born of fear and evil. I am a Demonic Veytallic." Chase scrambled to remember what a Demonic Veytallic was. He remembered a book with them in it. It said that they were the offspring of a demon and a spirit trapped in the Underworld. They were only allowed on Earth's surface when fulfilling a deed for their master.

"Why are you here?" The Veytallic looked at him. As it spoke it morphed into a human with black irises and pure black wings, like an angel.

"I'm here on a mission. A very important mission."

"What does Angelique's place have to do with that?" He was worried for her safety from this monster.

"Not her, you." It pointed a long finger at Chase. "Tell me Chase, have your wings been changing?" Chase was afraid. If this thing knew his name and his wing state, what else did he know?

"Why do you want to know that? And who are you?" The Veytallic laughed.

"I need to know to complete my mission. And as for who I am, does the name Natus ex Tenebrae ring a bell?" Chase thought the name sounded Latin, but how did he know that? He had never spoke a word of Latin in his life! "Let me help, think to the days before you were accepted into Heaven." He spat the last word out. "Think to before Earth, to the beginning of your existence. What do you remember?" Chase did as he was told.

"I remember darkness and evil and power." He wasn't sure where he was getting this from. Without him feeling it, his wings unfurled.

"Ahh, I see you've reached the age." The Veytallic said, examining his wings.

"What age?" Chase was curious but also frightened.

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"You mean those good for nothing angels never told you?"

"Told me what?"

"Told you about your true origin?"

Chapter 6: The Truth

Chase sat down on the rock, not taking his eyes off the Veytallic. "So what about my origin? I was told my parents died in a freak fire outburst, and my aunt adopted me. When I, you know, died, I was accepted into Guardian Angel training." The Veytallic was laughing.

"Of course that's what they want you to believe. Angels will make up any sob story to cover up the real stuff." Still in his human form, he sat cross-legged on the ground before Chase. "Let me tell you what you really are." He paused, looking up at Chase with those cold, black eyes. "Chase, or should I call you by your real name, Nascitur Ignis?" The speaking of the name unlocked hidden memories in Chase's mind. He remembered fire, lava all around. Smoke, thick and black filling his lungs. His eyes. A wall of flame erupted in front of his view, when it faded the Veytallic was smiling it's pointed smile. "Yes Chase, you are a Demonic Veytallic." It washed over Chase like a wave.

"How?" Was the only word he could choke out.

"Your daddy was a demon, a very powerful demon at that. He fell in love with a human. He turned her into a temporary spirit so he could bring her to the Underworld. Then, you were born." Chase was shocked.

Iris was flipping through Chase's file again, trying to find something she may have missed when she came across a piece of paper, yellowed with age. It was stuck to the back cover. Carefully, she peeled it off. It was written in slanted handwriting that she didn't recognize. Iris studied it, deciphering the words one by one. Hours passed, her eyes hurt from the writing, but she finally had the letter figured out. Sitting back she read it, then read it again to be sure she had read it right. Stuffing the paper in her pocket, she flew as fast as she could to the teleportation area.

Samuel had found the shack in the middle of nowhere. He couldn't see anyone, the shadows blocking his view of the area. He fluttered a strange feeling from his wings, it made them feel cold and heavy. Samuel silently came to the side of the building. He could sense Angelique inside, but not Chase. Beginning to worry, he crept to the back of the shack. He could feel something. Something evil, and Chase was back there with it. Not wanting to give himself away, he stayed where he was.

Chase was speechless. "How did I not know this?" The Veytallic was silent. "How did I not know I was one of you?"

"Because you weren't old enough to go through the change, but now you are. Soon your wings will be as black as mine and your eyes will lose their colour." Chase didn't say anything. "My job is to bring you home and train you."

"Why you? Why were you chosen for this job and not some other Veytallic?" Chase wanted to know why he was so special.

Iris appeared behind Samuel, startling him. "Iris? What are you doing here?"

"There's no time to explain. Read this." She thrust the letter in his face. He took it and in the faint light cast from their wings he read it.

"That's not possible, we would have seen it." He was not pleased with what he had read.

"I thought so too but it explains everything. The dark clouds, his disappearance, everything."

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"Do you think he knows?"

"I hope not?" The two angels listened to the voices coming from the shadows.

"That feels like a Demonic Veytalic." Samuel had studied these creatures a few years ago. "Someone will have to go after it."

"What about Angelique?" Iris was concerned for the girl.

"I'll get her and bring her to Santino, he's the closest thing she has to a father right now."

Samuel teleported inside where he found Angelique awake and frightened.

"Who are you? Where's Chase?" Samuel didn't want to scare her.

"I'm Samuel, a friend of Chase. We need to get you out of here." She backed up.

"Where is he? And why am I hearing voices?" Samuel took a step closer.

"I'm not going to hurt you. Chase is..." He didn't know how to finish that sentence without giving anything away. "It's complicated." Angelique didn't move. "Please Angelique, he wouldn't want you getting hurt." She hesitated before inching closer.

"What's out there?" She pointed to the window where the voices of Chase and something else could be heard. Samuel sighed.

"When this is over I'll explain everything." The voice she heard truly frightened her, having no other choice but to trust this guy.

"Ok." Samuel took her hand and teleported into town to bring Angelique to Santino.

Chapter 7: Fire

Iris slowly came out from where she stood, what she saw horrified her. The Veytalic, once again in it's demonic form had its boney fingers wrapped around Chase's wrist. He appeared to be trying to pull him into the shadows where an evil presence could be felt.

"Chase!" His head snapped up and turned to face Iris.

"Iris what are you doing here?" The once bright blue of his eyes had begun to fade into a dark blue, almost black. "You need to get out of here, now." His voice had a slight echo to it. Iris took a step closer to him.

"Chase I know what you are and you can't go with him! It will only make things worse." The surprise on his face took a moment to register before he spoke.

"It's the only way I can protect you guys. I won't be able to control myself. What if I hurt you? Or Samuel? Or even Angelique?" The Veytalic at his side was growing impatient.

"He must come! Leave now you stupid angel!" Iris stood her ground. Suddenly dark shadows shaped like demonic creatures started reaching out and gripping her faintly glowing wings, clawing at her.

The Veytalic began pulling Chase further away, he could see a face hidden in darkness. The eyes glowed like two burning coals in its skull.

"Let her go!" At his voice the shadows paused, Chase felt an energy coursing through his veins, a burning that felt it would eat through his skin if he didn't release it. Reaching inside himself, he let that power out. A warm sensation rushed through his fingertips, looking at them he saw flames burning from them; his vision was rimmed in a light glow. The Veytalic dropped his wrist and stepped back as the shadows it had created slipped away.

Iris stood wide-eyed as flames came from Chase's hands and his eyes glowed with a bright light. The shadows loosened their grip on her wings. "How are you doing that?" She had never seen anything like this happen.

Chase cut the flow of his new found power. The flames died away until they were gone and the shadows once again crept closer. "I don't know how I did that." He looked up at Iris.

"You haven't figured it out yet?" The Veytalic looked at Chase. "You're a Demonic Veytalic, or as we now know, a Fire Veytalic." Both Chase and Iris looked confused. "Sometimes a Veytalic is born with special abilities. Chase here was born in the flaming region of the Underworld giving him the powers of fire. This makes him a Fire Veytalic; I on the other hand harness the powers of darkness, making me a Demonic Veytalic." Chase took all of this in quietly.

"What exactly was your mission?"

"I suppose I can tell you now. My mission was to find the lost Prince, you. Then I was to bring him back home."

"What if I don't want to go back?" The Veytalic laughed.

"You have no choice. Being a Prince means that your daddy was and still is the King of the Underworld. If you want to disobey his orders, go right ahead."

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When he said this, a figure slowly stepped out of the shadows where the Veytallic had been dragging Chase. A slick, black cloak was wrapped around its long, thin frame. Skin as pale as death was scarred and blistered in places. His hair was shiny and black, held back with a dark satin ribbon. The eyes lost their flaming appearance, now replaced by a shade of blue that matched Chase's. When he spoke it was a voice Chase recognized; sleek, dark, and cryptic.

"Chase, it has been so long since my gaze fell upon you. You have grown into an excellent Prince, although the choice in babysitters was far from perfect." Chase felt drawn to this figure, but he didn't dare move any closer. "Come now, it is rude to not greet your father when he speaks to you." Without realizing it, Chase had begun walking towards this man. A smile slid across the man's face, Chase couldn't control his own movements.

"Chase snap out of it!" Iris cried to him, but the power over him was too great.

"Silence you winged freak or I shall banish you to the deepest pit of the Underworld!" The man's voice radiated with power that cut Iris' voice away. Turning back to Chase, he beckoned him with one long finger. "Come my son. Come rule at my side as one of the most powerful Veytallics in history!" A crazed look passed across his face. Chase was powerless against this ancient energy. He stood before this powerful creature, felt the energy pulsing from him. To his right a portal was opening. Opening to take him home, where he would be with his own kind, not having to worry about hurting anyone. The man swept an arm towards it, making Chase enter first. Bowing his head, he obeyed. He thought of Iris and Samuel, of all the angels that had taken him in. He thought of Angelique and Santino, two innocent lives that could have been ruined. He heard Angelique's voice calling out to him one last time. He looked up suddenly, it had sounded so real. The man moved closer towards him, trying to block his view but Chase had seen it. An old pick-up truck, ready to quit was rumbling across the sun-baked land toward them. From where he stood before the swirling vortex, Chase could clearly see Angelique shouting from the passenger seat. Old Santino driving the truck to its limits was hollering beside her.

The truck hit a bump, breaking the front axle and sending the whole thing spinning. "No!" Chase tried to run to the mass of metal as it crashed into a rock. The hand of his father held him back. He watched helplessly as the engine caught fire, exploding in the starry night. "Please, let me go!" The grip on his shoulder tightened as he was forced towards the swirling vortex.

Chapter 8: Answers

Angelique could feel the heat from the flames licking her face, and burning her skin. Opening her eyes she saw Santino slumped over the steering wheel, a deep gash in his head. She tried to move but couldn't; a piece of the truck was pinning her in her seat. Nothing worked, she was trapped. Angelique was about to give up all hope of freedom when her door was ripped open. Samuel was rescuing her!

"It's going to be all right, I've got you." He slid her out from her place and gently carried her to a safe distance from the burning truck.

"Chase, where is he?" She needed to see him to make sure he was safe.

"You should be worrying about yourself first. You got hurt back there, you could have gotten seriously wounded." Samuel was checking her injuries when she caught sight of a swirling mass of what looked like black cloud. Being pushed into it was Chase!

"Chase!" Angelique jumped from where she had been placed and ran as fast as she could towards him.

Chase was fighting with all his strength against his father. "The sooner you leave the easier this will be. For everyone." As he said this he turned to face the oncoming Angelique. "Well, well, have we got here? A small child unaware of the certain doom she is facing?" An evil smirk was on his face.

"Don't touch her!" Chase now free of his grasp sprinted to meet Angelique. He hugged her before whispering in her ear. "You have to leave, it's not safe here. I'm not safe." She was confused.

"What do you mean?"

"I can't explain." He felt an icy chill run up his spine.

"How touching. Too bad I'll have to split it up!" Chase's father was a few feet from them. He cast a wall of shadow between the two, trapping Chase in a circle from which screams of pain could be heard.

"What are you doing to him?! Let him out!" Angelique pounded on the wall.

"Do you think you can beat me little girl? Ha!" He grabbed her arm, his nails puncturing the skin, leaving drops of blood behind. She squirmed to free herself, but his grip only tightened.

"Foolish girl! You are but a mere speck in my eyes." His eyes glowed like two hot coals, his free hand conjured a ball of flame. "Let me add a few more burns to that pretty face!" An evil cackle escaped his lips while Angelique cried out.

"Let her go." A cool, commanding voice pierced the night air. Both glanced in the direction it had come from.

Where once a wall of shadow had trapped Chase, now stood a figure dressed in black with flames sewn into the material. His hair was living flame, dancing around his face. His eyes were bright blue, his wings pitch black.

"Chase. You have finally released your inner demon." His father grinned, clearly pleased.

So Called Angel

"I have father, now let her go." A column of white flame burst around his father, burning him but not harming Angelique. She ran to this new Chase.

"Is that really you?" She reached out a hesitant hand.

"It is Angel, but in this form my name is Nascitur Ignis." Chase smiled and wrapped his arms around her. A thunderous screech could be heard within the fire, a flash of black light signalled the dismiss of this dark creature.

Letting the flames die, Chase slowly morphed back into his regular form. Samuel and Iris flew over to them.

"Chase you're a Veytalic?"

"Yep, explains a lot actually." He ran a hand through his now white hair. Angelique looked at the two angels beside her.

"Are you guys angels?" Iris, Samuel, and Chase all exchanged looks. Iris appeared to be having a silent argument with Samuel that involved a lot of foot stamping, nostril flaring, and eye rolls. Angelique looked at Chase for help. He laughed and picked her up, setting her on his shoulders where she rested her chin on the top of his head.

"Chase, I was really worried 'bout you back there. I thought you were a goner!" He chuckled.

"So did I Angel, so did I." He then turned back to the argument which had gained some volume.

"We can not just go blurting stuff out to everyone who asks!" Iris was nearly shouting at Samuel who only stood about a foot away.

"I think we can trust her." Samuel glanced over at Chase and Angelique before bringing his gaze back to his partner. "Besides, she seems different." Sighing, Iris threw her hands up.

"Fine, but if we get punished I'm not filling out all the paperwork." Samuel turned to face Angelique who was still riding Chase's shoulders.

"Angelique, in order to answer your question of Iris and I being angels, we will need to start at the beginning. The very beginning."

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