

Untitled

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Submitted: February 5, 2006

Updated: February 5, 2006

A forgotten angel lost during the reign of the evil god Malvagità escaped and put on earth to grow up, Skyla begins to wonder about her origin since she could never figure out where she was originally born. A masteriose old woman who asks her for a

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1 - Prolog

The baby cradled protectively to her chest she runs through the halls of the mansion-like building looking behind her she stumbled slightly. The baby wailed in protest wanting sleep and not to be moved. The young woman hushed her softly and rocked her gently as she looked behind her once more. Darkness had fallen upon them quickly today. Malvagità, lord of Evil and Chaos got his day to reign. An evil god who had struck a deal with Buon, the head god, that if he didn't cause any trouble for a 10,000 years then for one day he would get to reign along with his rebel angels to freely wander.

Today was that day Malvagità got to rule. Everyone knew it, so everyone tried to flee. The woman holding the baby looked out the window to the darkness that seemed to become an endless black pit. The baby was wrapped in a white blanket, it was a girl. Long brunette hair braided neatly behind her and dull stormy-blue eyes hidden by puffy redness from her crying.

"Shh..." The woman whispered softly to the child, "It's alright..." she reassure the young child before setting her softly down grabbing a piece of chalk from her pocket. She drew a circle. In the circle she drew 12 signs of 12 gods around the edge of the circle and in the middle wrote the word 'earth'. She waved a hand over the circle with assurance as the ground began to swivel and move underneath. It looked like quicksand at first before like fluffy white cloud.

With hesitation the woman stood and picked up the baby once more kneeling before the circle she had created. Kissing the small child softly on the head she placed the baby softly on the white fluffy cloud smiling softly as she took something from her neck also. A beautiful Ruby stone with serpents wrapping around it and on the back engraved with 'noitcetorp evol'. She smiled softly, "Goodbye beautiful..." the woman whispered softly as the baby slipped through the clouds slowly her cries quieting and becoming soft giggles.

When the baby vanished beneath the clouds the circle vanished. The woman's own tears began to slip from her eyes.

"Anthea!" a loud voice boomed from behind her causing her to spin quickly and wipe away what tears had fallen.

"Malvagità?" she turned quickly to a large male taller than herself. He wore a black tunic with matching black leather pants. Cold eyes staring down at her that she swore would turn her to ice. She could feel her heart race rapidly as she looked up at the ruling god.

"The child..." he said simply holding out a hand to her. She looked like she didn't know what he was talking about, "Don't be daft, woman, Buon's kid...hand her over..."

"Surely I do not know what you talk about, the Young Mistress was in the nursery, and I have not seen her since you're reign started." A hand smacked her hard across her cheek causing her hold body to twist and fall to her knees in pain.

“I'll find her Anthea...so protecting her will only be your death.” He spat, “if she isn't in my arms by the end of this day I will make sure you are beheaded...” at that he turned and walked away from the woman.

Anthea, as she had been identified as, put a hand to her chest softly and looked down at the spot she had drew the circle *she is safe* she thought to herself *Malvagità will not be able to get her not until she is found once more.*

2 - Chapter 1

"Skylar...isn't that a guys name?" asked the woman behind the `Return

Here' desk as she once again scanned the brown low cut t-shirt I had gotten just the other day.

"Yea it would be if that were my actual name..." I recuperated as I picked at a hang nail on my left hand, a bad habit biting your nails was and I needed to get out of it but it seemed nothing would ever work I've tried that nasty tasting nail polish but I bit them anyway mainly because I'm always worrying about something or being somewhere. The lady looked at me...no actually she kind of glared at me like I had a second head.

"Well what is your name Mrs.?" She asked me, the blonde hair pulled up into a pony-tail behind her swayed as she asked her question; obviously she wasn't having that good of a day either.

"Skyla..." I answered, it wasn't the first time someone had accidentally added an R to my name I gave a sigh and looked at her as she once more re-swipped the ugly shirt I had gotten on accident.

"Odd name," she commented, like that was going to make either of our days better. I shrugged it off best I could and looked at her with the best smile I could plaster on.

"Well my parents were a little odd so I guess it makes scene," I told her still keeping on my phony smile to make this a little easier for both of us.

The woman stayed quiet after that before picking up the phone and called over the manager. Within minutes a plump colored woman walked over in a beautiful multi-colored shirt and black skirt, her legs dressed in black stockings and flats. Her face containing little make-up only some faint red lipstick and eyeliner she had a natural beauty thing going on for her. She looked at the woman behind the desk and then looked at the tag as she typed in the number on the tag before looking at the woman who had been giving me a hard time about my name. The manager smiled at me and handed me a card for store credit and I took it without hesitation smiling.

"Thank you for your patents Mrs. And have a nice day..." the lady told me, I smiled and pocketed the card in my back pocket of the low riding jeans I usually wore the gray extra large shirt tucked in but loosely hanging out it got in my way so I had to pull it up. I sighed and headed out of the department store with the last of my nerves dangling off a piece of string. Pulling my abrasive honey-brunette hair up into a messy bun and hopped off the curb into the street to head to the bus that would take me home. Many people describe home as a place where you can relax and enjoy your own company. To me home is the last place I want to be and so I'll find almost anything to do if it meant getting out of my house. I hadn't bothered to look both ways but I guess I should have since this was the city of Mystic, Connecticut. Damn tourists always making things difficult...I myself not originally born in Connecticut, actually I never figured out where I was born. As I was walking across the parking lot to head home to the apartment I owned some idiot came speeding up. My hyper mode went bonkers or something because in a flat second before that car came in contact with my hip I was on the hood staring into the eyes of the frightened teenager who stared directly back at me.

I blinked when I realized what had happened. You know when you here those stories about woman who lifts up a car to save her poor child from a terrible accident? It was kind of like that except there was no kid involved and I wasn't a mom. I hopped back off the roof and tried to look as casual as possible.

"You should...uh...watch your surroundings when coming around a corner," I told the teenager still obviously shocked about my actions. I felt blood rush to my cheeks I wasn't even sure why I was

embarrassed but I was, probably because about ten to fourteen pairs of eyes were looking at me like I just committed a murder, or rather in this case just escaped one.

I jogged all the way to the bus stop, none stop before I reached the bench where I sat down thinking through the almost accident. An elderly woman sat next to me her cloudy gray hair curled around her ears as she pushed up the thick glasses that rested on the tip of her nose. She looked down into her purse scraping through it as though trying to find something she looked up at me as I sat there looking like an idiot staring forward as though looking something interesting.

"Excuse me Mrs." She said her voice not ancient but you could tell years of age and smoking had gotten to her. I turned my head to her and put on an easy smile my dimples showing as I tried to look as friendly as possible.

"Yes?" I asked her as I rubbed my shoulder softly the brisk fall coldness setting into me.

The old woman was bundled up in an old jacket worn out but looked like it had barely been used in her old age she smiled and raised a hand that looked like a pale colored raisin up to me, "I'm sorry to be a burden but I seem to have lost the dollar I had put in here for my ride home...would you be so kind as to spare one for an old lady such as myself?" she asked me. Aha the old granny card how could anyone say no? I hadn't even thought about saying no anyway by the squinting of her eyes and the gentle smile she gave me I knew she had been working and was probably close to retiring I guesstimated she was around 69 or so probably older but the discoloration of her teeth gave off she was a smoker so I took off a few years of what I would originally guess.

I dug into my pocket with a small smile as I pulled out a crumpled up dollar handing it out to the old woman who took it from my hands gingerly, "There you go..." I said rubbing my shoulder after she took the dollar. I thought I had timed this bus schedule thing perfectly so I wouldn't need a jacket I was way off I guess though. The old woman smiled and looked very grateful as she un-crumpled the dollar and kept it in her hand as we waited for the bus. Before she turned to me again,

"You know..." she told me, "many wouldn't help such an old lady out like you did..." she stated with a smile. She hadn't said thank-you but I didn't really need one. I gave her another smile Goosebumps running up and down my arm the look in the old ladies pale blue eyes kind of took me as a shock now that I could see them better since she wasn't squinting them so much. I shrugged at her comment.

"Well, I'm not like many people..." I told her as I smiled and looked down the street. Before I looked at her once more as she extended her hand to me,

"Laura Tyal..." she said with a smile.

I took her hand and gave it a firm shake and for an old lady I had to admit she had a matching one. I tried not to laugh as I pictured a lady of her status working out to build muscle, "Skyla Wallgre," I answered.

It didn't take long for the light blue bus to come turning around the corner I rubbed my hands softly together they were numb by then and me and Laura had been chit chatting the whole time I told her how I came from Connecticut to Italy because the big life just wasn't really me. She told me how her cat, tiger, always through up when he ate too much. She seemed to have a great interest in my past for reasons I'm not sure but as the bus pulled up we both stood she smiled softly.

"Where are you heading to anyway?" she asked me with those dull blue eyes. I did my best to smile at her as I gave my dollar to the money slot and headed to take a seat grabbing one before Laura sat down next to me to get my answer.

"Home really, I have no where else to be..." I told her looking out the window before to Laura with a small smile.

"Oh then I must insist that you come to my place for a cup of tea, you are a very interesting person, Skyla," she stated with a smile and those brilliant dull blue eyes peering into me like hypnotizing me to go with her. I didn't think it over before I started nodding.

I backed up my nod with, "I'd like that, thank you," Something must have been going on. First I barely miss getting hit by a car and now some old lady finds me interesting?

It didn't take us very long for us to get to Laura's house in fact if I had to guess it only took about 10 to 15 minutes. Her home looked like it belonged to a smurf. The outside was a nice cream color though with two windows and a mahogany door beautifully hand crafted. She led me inside the smurf house where the inside was that beautiful cream again but on the apposed side a nice deep sea blue. Although it looked small on the outside it was quiet large on the inside there were two couches on each side of the blue walls. A resting area no doubt the room split off into three other rooms. From where I stood I saw, a bathroom, a kitchen, and what I guessed, her bedroom. I blinked slightly looking at Laura with a small smile.

"Gosh, Laura, you have such a beautiful home if a little small," I told her in all honesty as I took a look around her home. I sat down on the plump red couch that sat along side the left cream-colored wall. Although it was comfy to the eye, sitting on it made it felt like it hadn't been sat on in ages. I made myself comfy as best as possible on the rock couch wondering if the other one was this hard.

Laura looked at me with a small smile that I returned back to her as she walked into the kitchen to get us some tea as she had promised me, "Why thank you, Skyla, that is an awfully nice thing to say," she told me from the kitchen; her voice from there filling the whole room I was in.

"I think I was born to be nice," I stated with a small laugh as I shifted again once more to get comfortable once more looking around at the small pictures that dangled from a hook on the wall. They were by artists I didn't recognize; I was never really into art.

From the kitchen I could here something being mumbled but I didn't ask what it was. I continued to slowly look around the crème and blue colored room fascinated by this old woman's taste in art and fashion designing. I turned towards the door as someone pushed through it harshly and quickly.

"Laura, You home?" the person who now began to gain distinct features called through the house. It was a tall broad shouldered man with dark-brunette hair with faint blonde streaks sticking out everywhere but still able to move. He had drop dead gorgeous hazel eyes. He was built, I could tell by the way his loose white-silk shirt moved against his arms and chest but fell loose at his stomach. He had on a pair of black leather pants...I would have fell off the couch if his gaze hadn't turned to me stopping me dead. I put on the best smile I could and gestured towards the kitchen.

"She's making tea," I told the man as he looked at me. He didn't smile in fact the frown he had on when he came in stayed right in place as he looked at me his thin sleek brows crunched together probably with curiosity on who the hell I was. He acted like I was goldy-locks and he was papa bear coming to find me on his hard couch.

"Who are you?" he asked me without so much as giving me time to answer he shot out another question, "what are you doing here?" I noticed he had an English accent it went beautifully with his body.

I kept a smile best I could in this situation, "I'm Skyla," I told him, "Laura invited me back here for a cup of tea as thanks for the dollar I gave her for the bus."

His frown stayed in place, I didn't know why but I could almost feel how much he didn't want me there, "You said Laura was-"He didn't get to finish his sentence before the old woman walked back in, causing his gaze to peel from me to the old woman. He cocked one of those sleek eyebrows in curiosity, "Are you serious, woman?" he asked the old lady who looked up at the man shaking her head sighing.

"Well it's a lot better then just looking like myself you bloody fool," Laura hissed. The hunch I thought she had straightened out so she stood at about 5'1" not to much of a difference then when she was hunched over. After setting the plate down on the table in between the two couches she reached up and pulled off the dusty colored wig letting long locks of dark black hair pour out from under it falling into frame around her face and dribbling down her back as she looked at the man she put her hand on her face and pushed back. Like she had just preformed a super fast face lift the wrinkles she had vanished leaving flawless skin and the same dull blue eyes (I realized that her being from around here was a lie, too, because she had a matching accent like the man) The woman, whom I still assumed was Laura, through the wig onto the opposed couch from me and put her hands on her hips, "What if somebody recognized you Walker?" she asked him.

My gaze fallowed back to the man that Laura identified as Walker as his eyebrow regained its regular position, "Who is going to recognize me, Laura, really?" he asked putting his own hands on his hips looking at her. I was to busy to try and figure out what kind of makeup she used to give herself those wrinkles, and why she would give herself wrinkles in the first place, most people I know don't want them but this girl just simply put them there...oh god...I wasn't talking to convicts was I?

"Well at this moment I'm not very sure but you never know Walker!" she stated throwing her hands up in the air before turning to walk back into the kitchen apparently both of them had forgotten I was here.

"Well I suppose I should be g-..." I was about to excuse myself when Laura came rushing back in with an apologetic face on.

"Oh, Skyla I'm so sorry, Walker here kind of got my mind all mixed up...do you take sugar in your tea?" she asked me with a small smile as she returned back to the tea that was sitting on the coffee table. I looked up at her blinking a moment.

"Um, yes, please, thank you," I said with a small smile as she dropped two sugar cubes into my tea placing the saucer and cup into my hands as I reached for it. I looked back up at Walker who was looking at me intensely. I smiled at him, a smile which he still refused to give back.

"Your, who again?" he asked me.

Laura answered before I even had the chance to, "This is Skyla, Skyla this is Walker," she stated as she took her tea and sipped on it slowly looking at him then at me, "She's from around here," she stated before turning her gaze back to Walker who had finally moved his gaze.

I kind of couldn't help but get a since of pride that I was from around here wither it was a good thing or a bad thing. Walkers gaze was back on me I could feel it oddly enough.

"And you brought her back here why?" he questioned, it didn't take me to long to come to the

conclusion he didn't like me to much. Laura, thwaped him on the shoulder with the hand that wasn't occupied by her tea cup, he didn't even move.

“Because she was a very kind lady and I was really interested in her past...” she stated I could here the emphasis on the two words but I wasn't sure why she had done that, “What I can't try and make friends here?” I blinked looking back and forth between the two getting lost in there little code talk.

I blinked slowly. Laura waved her hand at me in order to dismiss the topic on why I was actually here. She looked at me smiling softly.

“Well, It doesn't really matter why she's here I just get lonely when you're not around and I needed someone to talk to,” she stated before looking back at Walker and the look she gave him I kind of figured it was the sign to we'll-talk-later. Laura sat down next to me with a perfect posture looking absolutely comfortable on the still rock hard couch. She took a sip of her tea. I blinked as Walker headed into the kitchen obviously wanting nothing to so with the girl talk that was about to happen.

“Your husband?” I questioned her looking at her as I took another sip of the warm tea. Laura shook her head almost in shock that I asked,

“No, no, no!” she stated in protest, “Walker isn't the kind of man you would want for a husband he's to...” she waved her free hand around a moment as though looking for the right word to use, “I don't know...self-closed,” she finally said.

I cocked my own brow looking at her, “Self-closed?” I parroted.

“He doesn't open up to many people...I've barely gotten him to talk to me about himself his likes, hobbies, past...we're partners and the only thing he seems to care about is getting this job done...”

“What job?”

“Nothing...it's not important.”