

Angel's Kiss

By bajachick

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this is a story of four sides, the north, east, south, and west all fighting each other for power. it is a story of true love, pure innocents, bitter rivalry, and bitter hatred. It is still a work in progress.

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1 - War Lives Cold

The smell of war was everywhere, staying the same as it has always been, cold, fowl, and of course uncomfortable. The ringing and clashing of swords and axes were unbearable, and the swishes and thuds of bows and arrows were enough to make anyone flinch.

Four sides collided, North, South, East, and West, all fighting each other, all full and controlled by hatred, revenge, and power. Sides that should be living together in peace and harmony as brothers, only quired and fought as close enemies.

The saying was true "keep your friends close and your enemies even closer." Every man has lost what part they are in, they lost family and friends, all gone by hatred and revenge.

Neither sides helped each other when one was in need, they only saw each others problems and weaknesses as a chance to attack. War was everywhere, and nobody could tell which side was good or which side was bad, through all their differences they only had one thing in common, they were all bad.

Darkness was everywhere. No one could see the light or the power of love, forgiveness or even mercy.

Many were killed by day, and many more by night. Women and children who were innocent and poor were sadly killed. Many childrens cries could be heard, their hearts beating and screaming, asking "where has love gone?!" their souls crying "where is God?"

The word hatred is strong and the word war is even stronger, and sadly when they are put together it is a plague of all plagues. It seems that the dark angel was in control, tearing apart hearts from love and souls from God.

The war went on for what seemed like forever, many were killed thousands perished. Soon demons and fowl creatures were in the war. It has seemed that these fowl creatures were created and formed by mans cold revingful hearts. It was like when man died their souls would linger and transform into vicious creatures seeking to fight once more.

Then in all the darkness, a small twinkling light appeared. Could it be hope? Could it be good fighting its way back into the world to make itself known once more?

It was said by the elders of all sides that there was a profacy, a profacy that would change the world forever, and that only one foolish enough to believe in it. Everyone always questioned whether it was true or not. The profacy gave many hope and it started to strenghten hearts, but sadly everyones hearts that were slowly turning good had quickly fell back down harder than ever. No one knew when the profacy was going to take effect and many risked their lives either to fight for it to happen or not.

Over many years the war went on fowler, colder and even more uncomfortable. For sure all hope was lost, or was it? Finally One hundred years later the profacy had begun.