

# Prometheus

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*A REALLY OLD story I made about a character from the story I'm doing with FAC user Ageaus. It is about the banishing of my character Prometheus from the Angel city.*

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# 1 - Prometheus

----Prometheus----

“You mean like this?” the young angel asked her older brother. Her eyes were lit up by the glowing sphere surrounding her gloved hand.

“Very good, Selene. Make sure you don't let that flame escape, now.” Prometheus said with a small smile for his sister's success.

She nodded. “I'll make sure.” She said, looking around at the houses around her. If the flame managed to escape, it would surely burn something down. Then, a strong gust of wind came from behind them and the flame blew out of her hand and went hurtling towards a building, catching it on fire. “This isn't good! I messed up again!” Selene shouted, and then ran to get some water.

Prometheus stood, looking at the flaming building. “What have I done?” he asked himself. He flew above the building to see if there was anybody inside. When he saw nobody, he felt a bit better. Then he went to join his sister at the well.

They were a bit too late to save the house, but the two of them, along with the help of people nearby, put out the fire before it could travel to any other buildings. “Big brother is gonna be furious, y'know.” Selene remarked to Prometheus.

Furious was a very small word to describe the emotions of Reyon. Outside, he was handling it quite well. “I don't know what to do with you two. First off, which one of you burned down the building?”

Selene was not slow with her response. “I did it, big brother. I was trying to learn a spell, and it got out of hand... again” she added at the end.”

Reyon sighed and clutched his forehead. "Your spells always get out of hand, Selene. You can't even get the simplest spell straight!" He screamed, his fist pounding the arm of the chair he was sitting on. "You are becoming a true risk to the laws of Delos, and there's only one way I can deal with that." He rose. "Come here, Selene."

Selene hid behind Prometheus. "He's gonna tear out my wings, isn't he?" she shivered. "Don't let him, brother!" she sobbed, clinging to Prometheus's waist.

Prometheus held onto his sister's outstretched hand. "She's only a child, Reyon! Don't be crazy!" He then thought. There was only one way to save his younger sister now. "Reyon! I was the one who taught her the spell that burnt down the building! Take me instead of her!"

Reyon paused. He was shocked at his younger brother's choice of actions. When Prometheus made up his mind, though, there was no use arguing with him. "Very well, then. Come here, Prometheus." Prometheus stepped up to his brother, a stony glare on his face. Turning around, he bowed his head and closed his eyes.

The wailing of his sister was very loud, but not as loud as the screams that emerged from his lips as his wings were separated from his body. He also felt, though, that they might grow back over time, so he was just crippled for a few years and not a pure fallen angel. He knelt onto the ground, the pain unbearable to take.

He then felt hands helping him up. "Are you alright, Prometheus?" a female voice asked. His eyes opened, vision blurry at first, to see his sister.

"I'm... fine, Selene." He groaned back.

"Thank you..." she gulped, "...for saving me." She then clutched her brother's chest, sobbing. "You really didn't have to do that."

"I wanted you to have a better life here. I'm not sure where I'm going now, but I do not wish to stay

here.”

She looked up at her brother, tears in her eyes. “Does that mean I'll never see you again?”

He held Selene, wiping a tear from her cheek. “Of course you'll see me, Selene. You keep working on your magic and when I come back, show me what you've learned.”

She nodded. “I'll work hard just for you, Prometheus. I'll get those spells right.”

He smiled softly, and then straightened up. “I must leave now, sister. I might see you again in a few years.” He then strode out the doors of the palace, not sure when he would return...

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Despite what he said to his sister, he actually knew where he was going to go. He headed straight to Bubastis, city of the Faelonid. He knew on this trip he would be able to heal the wounds he had swimming through the river of healing, known officially as the Phobes.

He would've run to the river when it came into view, but the strain running put onto his back stopped him from that, so he just walked quickly. When he first stood in the river, the strength he lost from the long walk came rushing back. When he was completely submerged, he felt the open wounds on his back closing and shriveling to two large scars. Strangely enough, this made him grin. If he was a fallen angel, these wounds would've closed completely. His wings would surely come back after a decade or so.

After making it across the river, he continued his walk to Bubastis. He knew they would take him in there. The Faelonid were a very compassionate and caring race and would surely take him in.

When he arrived at the outskirts of the city, he knocked on the large gate surrounding the city. A Faelonid guard looked down from his post on the wall. “Who goes there?”

“A crippled angel in seek of hospitality.” He yelled back to the guard. The guard nodded and yelled words out to others. In a matter of seconds, the gates slowly opened and Prometheus strode inside.

Many of the people in the Bubastis marketplace stared at him as he headed toward the palace. Once he reached the palace, two spears blocked his way. “What is your business here, stranger?”

Prometheus pushed the spears out of the way. “I’m a crippled angel who wishes an audience with your queen.”

The two guards whispered to each other. Nodding, one said, “You may pass through, angel.” He thanked the guards and walked in.

Sitting at the throne was a middle-aged Faelonid in a dark grey gown. Next to her were two girls. On her right was a girl around his age that he thought was more beautiful than any angel he had ever seen. Her long brown hair was tied in a tight braid behind her and she held a wooden staff topped with an alabaster ankh. On the queen's left was a younger girl with shorter, light brown hair.

The queen cleared her throat. “You wished an audience with me?” she asked in a firm, commanding, yet gentle, voice.

“Yes, yes I did. I am Prometheus, younger brother of Lord Reyon of Delos.” He repeated the story of the events that happened in the angel city, which the Queen and who he supposed thought were her daughters listened to intently. “Now I am here,” he continued, “and I am wondering if you have an open position in the palace I could fill in.”

The queen nodded, scratching her chin. “Actually, we do need a new weapons master. Are you any good with weaponry?”

Prometheus nodded. "Been trained to wield a sword since I was young."

"Perfect! My daughter Bastet will lead you down to the armory. There is a room there already. Show him to the armory, Bastet."

The eldest of the sisters rose from her seat and stood in front of him. "Let's go... umm... what's your name again?"

"Prometheus." He repeated.

"Yes, Let's go, Prometheus." She said sheepishly. As she led him down to the armory, they talked very little, both of them shy of this newcomer. They then reached a room with a wide assortment of weapons. "As you can see, this is the armory." She said factually. "Your room is in the back." She then smiled. "Rest well, Prometheus."

"I'm sure I will." He said back, grinning. She then left him to get accustomed to things. The first thing he did was find the room and flopped down on the bed, glad to belong somewhere...