

The Feathers of An Angel

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Submitted: April 3, 2009

Updated: April 3, 2009

Gah. I posted this once, and it disappeared. Either it's the site or my computer. Anywho, this story follows a teenager named Fate, and his best friend, and crush, Nami. All is going well...Until he acquires a curse.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/xbluestarx/55948/The-Feathers-of-An-Angel>

Chapter 1 - The Beginning

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1 - The Beginning

Feathers flew into the air, slowly floating to the ground, dropping without a sound. The blowing wind was hardly audible and the moon shone greater than any other light. Its bright beams directed toward the earth, a few of the rays moving toward a cave, perfectly hidden between two large oaks. A figure moved toward the entrance, as the moon shone upon it, giving out the vision of a boy, with white hair, whom was also dressed in white.

He was special in a way that many others were not. Something a person would look at and think they were crazy for seeing it. Only he knew of this little secret, that he was truly an angel. The kind that only roamed the heavens, the kind with whites made of pure white feathers. But, - Why was he here? He loomed by the entrance, suddenly taking one hand, brushing back the leaves and brambles. He jumped back, startled as a voice sounded.

"Enter," It spoke, sounding a bit female, though it was hard to tell. The white winged boy held his breath, and entered the secret cave, as a draft broke through, giving him a good shiver. The cave was lit with rocks, and holes in the cave where the moon shone through. Another light stood at the end. It showed the vision of a woman, large, with a fierce glint in her eyes. She was glowing white, or a faint, bright Grey. She wore a long robe, and held a scepter of some sort. She looked upon the boy, a grimace overcoming her smile. Was it the way he looked, that made her draw back?

"Please, tell me, why am I here. What has happened to me?" The boy asked. It was obvious that the helpless teenager had no idea of what was going on, and had no clue why he had these wings. He shivered once more as the woman lifted her scepter, stabbing its end into the ground so it would stand. She got up from where she was, and gracefully moved toward him, her feet only a few inches above the ground. For she moved as if she were a ghost, as if she could fly to the moon and back without any space shuttle. She took her index finger, and placed it lightly on his forehead. He could feel a deep pain surging through his forehead and his skull. He gasped, and tried to pull away, but nothing would work. It was as if his feet were glued to the ground.

This continued, until the pain started to dull away. He drew back away from her, touching his forehead, curious to know what happened to it. He looked at the shimmering walls of the cave, realizing that there was a mark where she had touched him. It was made up of a large dot surrounded by wisps that looked like clouds. It was small but easy to see with its glow. It gleamed the same color as the woman did. A faint white. He gasped, turning to look at the woman, "What did you do to me!?"

That was when he heard her speak. It gave him a shimmer as she explained it. As if he were dreaming. "I have called upon you to embark on a journey no other human can. Where you must use this gift I have chosen for you, to protect this planet that you call home." The boy couldn't help but to glare at her as he listened. She carried on, "You see. With this gift you will experience the usefulness of change."

He wanted to ask her a question, but it was no use. She continued, as if she were trying to cut down on time. "Don't worry Fate. The faith of this world rests in your hands. You'll figure it out soon," She said, then started chuckling like an old witch in the fairy tales, meant for young children. "Why have you summoned me here? Can't you see I'm only an average kid. I can't-," She cut him off with a simple wave of her arm. Her vision was slowly fading. He couldn't believe this. Save the world? That was, - No. He refused to believe it. As he watched her appearance fade away, until there was not a trace of her, he turned toward the exit. He lifted his hand to his forehead once more, feeling the newly made mark. The skin underneath it was warm, but it seemed as if it were never there. His reflection stood in the stones still, showing his appearance as a winged boy.

As he moved toward the exit, he felt a sharp pain, ebbing away at his spine. The wings that stretched on his back started sinking back into his bone, causing an extreme pain. He gasped, hunching over as they moved back in. "Dang this! This is, - It's like a curse," He said, as he could feel the pain ease away. He looked back at the glimmering walls. Noticing that he had no wings. It was..over? He grimaced at the thought of it all, finally taking an exit out of the cave. The moon was a little bit past the middle of the sky. It had seemed only a second ago that he woke up in his bed, completely human. But hey, - The wings were gone right? So there was no freaky curse. It must've been a dream, He thought with a slight daze. Fate narrowed his eyes, as he soon found his house in the distance. "After this, I'm going to need a long sleep..." He grunted before taking a quick break. He figured he might as well forget this night. Besides, if he told anybody, they'd think he was crazy. That's how things are in this town, he thought.