

The Prophecy

By

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***Free*editorial** 

The Prophecy

“The old world lies in the midst of ruin. A young girl from a small village is the only chance to save her people from the long-feared king of the land. Sent away for who knows how long in order to fulfill her destiny, she must fight alongside a foreigner. It’s the only way to save her land.”

That’s what the old prophecy says. A young girl from a small village. That’s where my story begins for *I am the girl*.

“Athena! The Elders wish to council with you!” My mother called as I awoke. My village is very large, yet we all know each other. Everyone knew everyone. We were one big family.

“Coming Mother!” I called, pulling on my shoes before boarding my hover board. Everyone has one here.

I rode to the waters of the crystal clear lake. The large oak recognized me and opened the door to the dwelling of the Elders in my village. As I strode down the spiral staircase, one of the Elders called out to me.

“Athena Genesis Aquarium, we have been expecting you, young one.” Sir Jargo, the High Elder, pronounced. “We have something important to discuss. It’s about the prophecy.”

“What is it?” I asked, stepping into the dome-shaped room. No one ever talks about the prophecy, due to the fear of the king. He’s a cruel man who’ll do anything to keep his throne to himself. The prophecy has always been a mystery. No one knew when it would happen or who the girl was, well...until now.

“You are the one spoken of in the prophecy. The time for you to be sent away for preparations will be here soon. About seven days. A week. We are sending you to Hawaii. There’s a boarding school there. That’s where you will be staying. We already have both students and teachers from our village there. They know who you’ll be working with.”

“You mean the ‘foreigner’?” I recalled. Most people would be afraid in my situation, but I, on the other hand, was ecstatic. My life has been confined to my village. Don’t get me wrong; I love my home. My friends and family are here, but I guess I’m ready for a change.

The following week, my mother took me to Kapoho, Hawaii. I took my hover board to get me around campus. Mother helped me carry my luggage to my dorm room. We were greeted by a cheerful girl.

“Are you Athena?” She inquired. “I haven’t had a roommate in three years! When they told me that a new student was going to room with me, I was super excited!”

Although the inquiry was easy enough to answer, I was at a loss for words. My mom took over.

“Yes. This is Athena. Please excuse her. She’s lived in the same place all her life. Athena’s just a bit nervous.”

“Oh I understand! I remember when I first came here. I was so shy at first. My name is Harmony, by the way. I’ll let you unpack. I’m going to be in the courtyard. See ya!” With that, the Asian girl left.

After I unpacked, Mother left, and I searched the courtyard for Harmony. Together, we went to the cafeteria. I don’t usually eat much, so I grabbed a salad, some corn, and an apple.

“I meant to ask, how long has your hair been like that?” Harmony asked me. “It’s really cool!”

I pulled my hair over my shoulder. The top half was jet black and the bottom was pure white. “It’s been like that since I was born. My mother had black hair, so I guess the white comes from my dad. Even when I try to cut to cut my hair, it’s always the same. Half black, half white. I’m not sure how it works myself.”

I looked down, hoping she wouldn’t notice my eyes. One was a spiral of violet and red, and the other was grey. Another mystery. My mother has brown eyes.

When we got back to the dorm, I immediately went to bed. I was *exhausted*. I closed my eyes, immersed in darkness.

“Athena Genesis Aquarium, it’s time for the truth to be revealed to you. Open your eyes.” It was a voice I didn’t recognize. I slowly raised the lids of my eyes to find them staring into an identical pair, but more masculine. They were slightly covered in white bangs, but not in a way that made him look old.

“Who are you?” I asked the man before me. He chuckled slightly.

“My poor girl. Doesn’t even recognize her own father. It appears I’ve been gone far too long.” His voice was soft yet stern.

“D-Dad?!” I was stunned. I had never even heard of my dad. I thought he had died!

“Ding ding ding. You have grown so much! You are such a beautiful young lady. Athena, I’m sorry. I’ve wanted to return to you and your mother a million times, but I couldn’t. I’ve been busy. After all, it’s not easy being an

angel.” My father spoke sincerely.

“An...angel?” I looked at him, confused. “What does that make me...?”

“You are half angel, but you have the same abilities. That’s why the prophecy chose you. Nobody else is strong enough. Not even angels. Your blood has the perfect combination of human and angel to make you undefeatable. Only you can save your village, and eventually, the world.” He touched my cheek delicately, as if it were made of porcelain. “Now that I can finally be with you, you will have the same abilities that I do: regeneration, healing, flight, flame, light, heightened senses, super speed, and strength. Although you may not see me, I will be. You will always feel my presence if you try. I can only offer guidance, but your partner can help. I have chosen him myself. He is not the kind of foreigner you’d expect, but he’ll do. He’s like me...an angel.”

“H-he?! It’s a-a boy?!” I exclaimed. “Dad, I-I dunno about working with a male.”

“Trust him. Now, I must go, but I’ll still be with you, my daughter. Good luck.” My dream faded. I awoke to my alarm.

My first day of classes. *Dad...* I thought to myself, focusing on my dream. I heard a reply. ***I’m here. I always will. You’ll be fine.***

I...can do this. This’ll be fun. I hurriedly got ready and ran out the door. I dropped my hover board and rode to my first class.

The moment I stepped in the room, I felt eyes on me. What was it? The guys were gawking, and the girls were giving what seemed to be a death stare. I picked up my board, wiped my hands on my light, ripped jeans, and found a seat.

A guy approached me. He was rather attractive. He had soft blue eyes and blond hair that went down his face in streaks that crossed his angelic eyes. I have never seen such a perfect complexion.

“Are you, by any chance, Athena?” He asked me, his voice like that of a million angels singing in harmony.

“Yes, that would be me. And you are...?” I found myself getting lost in his eyes. *Focus Athena! You’re here for a reason. You are here to save your people!*

“Michael. I know your dad.” He grinned. *Is he the guy?*

“Wait...are you the ‘foreigner’?” I looked intently into his eyes. Him being an angel would explain why I thought his appearance was so angelic.

“I am, actually. I suppose you know what you are?”

“Yeah. My dad told me in a dream.” My dad...Why did he choose Michael? ***I trust him. He'll protect you when I can't.*** Thanks dad.

“He’s a good man. We worked side-by-side for years. He always talked about wanting to see his daughter. I see why now.” The angel put his large hand on my cheek delicately.

“Hallion! Leave the girl alone. It’s only her first day.” Another guy, this time with black hair and electric blue eyes, ordered. His hair style was almost the same, but Michael’s was a bit finer.

“Kylan, you aren’t going to corrupt this one. I have direct permission from her father to destroy anyone that tries, not that you could corrupt her if you tried.”

“What is it with you and this ‘corruption’ stuff? You’re a sinner just like all of us.”

“You don’t know a thing about me. For all you know, I could be an angel.” I stifled a laugh, knowing that he is, in fact, an angel.

“What’s so funny? Huh, Sweetie? You think this punk is funny?” His bright eyes landed directly in front of me. He was looking into my eye. Please no. Look away.

I shut my eyes quickly to hide the oddity. I heard the guy called Kylan call me cute before going back to yelling at Michael.

“Hey! I told you that you’re not going to corrupt her! Get away!” Michael ordered as I opened my eyes. Michael looked like he was ready to knock Kylan into next week.

“You have no right to determine who she can get close to! It’s not like you’re her boyfriend or anything!” He’s not my boyfriend. More like...My guardian angel.

“Try something more along the lines of guardian angel.” Seems he thought the same. As he spoke these words, wings sprouted from his back. They were pure white.

I was at the boarding school for longer than I thought. I’ve been here for a year. I was fifteen when I left the village, and now I’m sixteen. Michael became my best friend. Him and my father taught me how to control my powers. The other people from my village included Lux, Max, and Apollo. Half of my teachers were from the village as well, and I knew them well. One of them was the schoolmaster in the village when I was younger. She retired

about five years ago and came here.

A vision came to me. Unlike the others, this one was a dream. It happened during the day, at lunch, to be exact. I was eating with Michael and began to experience an excruciating headache.

“Agh!” I shouted out as I held my temples. I began to drift into my vision, faintly aware of Michael calling my name worriedly.

I heard a woman’s voice quoting the prophecy. An image of the king flashed in front of me as a voice began to speak.

“Athena Genesis Aquarium. The time has come for you to lead your people into a new era. One of peace. The king you know is a dictator. He is unjust and cruel. He is unable to die of old age, which is why we send you, accompanied by a foreigner, to fight him and bring joy and justice back to your home. Only you can accomplish that. Just defeating him will not do. You must kill or lock him away where he will never be heard from again. Banish the unjust king.”

I saw my village, along with the others surrounding it, finally enjoying peace. There has not been justice nor true joy since he has become king, but in this vision, that’s all there was. No one was hurting or frowning.

I came back to my senses. Lying in the grass, I was faced up. Michael was looming over me. An expression of relief etched into his features as he saw that I was okay.

“Michael...I had a vision.” I held tightly to his muscled arm as he helped me up. “It’s time. We have to leave.”

“Okay. We need supplies. Let’s go to Mr. Ike.” Mr. Ike is one of the teachers that came from the village.

Michael supported my weight as we walked because I was still a bit light-headed from my vision. I don’t know how he’s so strong, but he always makes me feel tiny. Even without his super strength, he’s stronger than most people. His hands are twice the size of mine.

“Mister...Ike. I had the vision...It’s time.” I stammered, struggling to catch my breath. We weren’t going very fast, but visions take a lot of energy out of you.

“We need supplies.” Michael took over. “We’ll leave in twenty-four hours. Athena needs time to rest.”

“I’ll gather your supplies. Just meet me back here this time tomorrow.” The science professor instructed.

“Yes sir!” Michael’s voice was strong, but mine was alarmingly weak as we spoke simultaneously.

The angel led me to a bench beside the fountain in the middle of the courtyard. Neither one of us had afternoon, which was ideal. It was Friday, so nobody has classes tomorrow.

Michael put his arm around my shoulders and snuggled me to his chest. I put my hand over his heart, and he put his hand over mine. Taking in his warmth, I slowly fell asleep. I felt safe wrapped in his arms. I wonder why...

At some point, I partially woke up, but I was still half asleep. My eyes were closed, and I heard Michael talking to himself.

"She's so cute." He combed my bangs behind my ear. "I'll have to tell her how I feel after all of this is over. We've only known each other a year, but...I love her. What should I do? I want to tell her so bad, but it might push her away."

The next day, we returned to Mr. Ike to get our supplies. Mr. Ike told the principal and other teachers that we were going on a trip overseas with another school.

"Good luck fulfilling the prophecy. I believe in you. Both of you. You've grown so much since you came here a year ago. I have a feeling that the next time I go to visit my family in the village, it'll be free." Mr. Ike told us as he saw us off.

We're going to the island by boat. It was about the size of a pirate ship, but it had the technological advances of my village. Michael and I were the only ones going because it had autopilot.

"I guess we're off then." I stood at the rail, looking away from Hawaii. I was focused on the far off sun, now beginning to set. I was frightened, to be completely honest. I was given so much responsibility at such a young age. The fate of my village was up to me and everything I do, starting now.

Michael, seeming to have read my mind, smiled at me softly. "Athena, we'll be alright. I won't let anything happen to you. What kind of angel would I be if I let the only girl that can save an entire island die? I could get fired!"

"Shut up, Michael!" I shoved him playfully. You'd never guess it, but he's *always* joking around.

"There's that smile!" He poked my cheek. Michael...Why won't you just come clean about how you feel?

We traveled by boat for a week. By the time we got to land, I had begun to miss unmoving ground beneath my feet. We packed some extra food in a large bag, grabbed our other supplies, and got off the boat.

"It's so good to see land again!" I exclaimed as I stretched my arms out.

Michael's wings sprouted from his back as he stretched. "My wings are so sore from being hidden for so long!"

I summoned mine as well. Though they were smaller than most angel wings, they worked. I spread them out, and it felt so pleasurable.

"Stretching my wings never felt so good!" I smiled widely as I flapped them slowly, but not enough to lift me off the ground.

"You ready to go?" My guardian inquired. "We should probably hurry."

"Yeah. Let's go." We hid our wings and began walking into the woods. "Just so you know, I never left the village before coming to Hawaii, so I don't know the island very well."

"We'll be fine." He promised me. The sunlight was diminishing, leaving us in darkness. I summoned a ball of light to brighten our path.

Let's go save the island.

We traveled far every day, always stopping at about the same time every night. We tried to stay on the same schedule every day.

One night, something changed. A fallen angel appeared in front of me while Michael was gathering firewood. His wings were pitch black, yet you could see every feather in the dark night. He had dark eyes that appeared red and black hair.

"There you are." He spoke in a deep voice. "You do remember me, right? My eyes and wings are different, but I'm still the same guy."

I stood, stunned as he pulled me into his arms. I didn't recognize him, but I felt like I *should*. He smirked at me as I looked into his glowing eyes. They were the color of blood, his eyes.

"I have missed you, Athena. You've grown so much since the last time I saw you, six years ago." He gently pushed my hair behind my ears.

"I-I'm sorry, but I don't recognize you." I apologized, trying to search my memories for this man.

"Athena!" I heard Michael's voice call as he began to run towards us urgently.

"Tsk. This guy really annoys me." The dark-haired guy frowned. With a flick of his wrist, Michael froze where he was. "Such a nuisance."

He looked back towards me. "I am so sorry that he interrupted our little rendezvous." His smirk unnerved me. He lifted my chin gently with his finger.

“I’ve been awaiting this day for so long.”

“Waiting...for what day?” I was him. I was confused. What was he thinking?

“It’s amazing how long a guy that’s in love will wait to see the woman he adores once again. You have become even more beautiful.” With those words, he kissed me. It was deep and gentle.

As our lips parted, I murmured the words “Who are you?” A smirk formed on his face once again. The moonlight suited his strong bone structure well.

“The name’s Maxx. Well, I should be off. Until next time, my Dove.” Without even letting go of my wrist, he disappeared into thin air.

Michael ran to me as he was no longer frozen. He grabbed my shoulders gently. “Did he hurt you?”

“No. I don’t think so.” I answered honestly, putting my fingers over my lips. What did he mean “a guy that’s in love”? “Who was that?”

“He was a pure angel until six years ago. We were best friends, but now we’re arch enemies. Maxx is my brother.”

“Your brother!” I stared at him with obvious shock in both my voice and my reaction. “You look completely different!”

“He used to have blue eyes, like me, but they changed when he fell. My mom was blonde, and my dad had dark hair. Maxx is a year older than me.”

“He’s eighteen?” How could they be brothers? They act like they hate each other, and they both admitted to hating the other.

“Yeah. He’s an adult. Believe it or not.” Michael shrugged. “You sure he didn’t hurt you?”

“I’m sure. He just kissed me and said something about being in love. What did he do to you? Are *you* okay?”

“HE KISSED YOU!! I’M GONNA KILL THAT SON OF A—” Michael took a deep breath. “He froze me in space. He basically froze me and put me to sleep.”

“Michael, what were you about to say just now? Son of a...?” I asked him, knowing that an angel wouldn’t dare utter a curse word.

“Son of a gun.” He replied as if it were obvious. “What else would I have said?”

We joked around for a bit longer before cooking something over the fire. I fell asleep immediately after eating and used Michael as a pillow, like I had

every other night since we got off the boat.

I dreamt about my past. My memories clouded my sleep. They helped me remember. My best friend when I was younger was a younger boy named Maxx. He was two years older than me; sadly, he left the village when I was ten. He had black hair and the brightest blue eyes you could imagine. I don't remember his last name as we rarely used them.

I woke up to the blazing sun. Michael was combing through my hair gently with his fingers.

"Michael..." I spoke softly. The sensation of his large fingers gliding through my long hair was abnormally calming. I looked up to see a loving expression in his cheerful eyes. I could drown in his sea blue eyes. Is this... love? I've never loved anyone outside of a family type setting.

"Hey." He smiled down at me with his same gentle expression. "You sleep okay?"

"Five more minutes." I begged sleepily, not wanting to get up. I just wanted to lay here and enjoy the few moments of calmness I would be granted on this trip.

Michael chuckles at my drowsy response. "You are obviously a teenage girl. I hate to break it to you, but we gotta get going." He stood up slowly.

"Why? I'm tired. I don't wanna get up!" I complained like a three-year-old on the first day of school.

"Too bad, Princess. We're in the woods where getting pampered doesn't happen very often, and when it is, it's usually by some old creep."

"I'm not a princess." I moaned. Ever since I was little, I've hated being called a princess. I've always been a bit of a tomboy, so I didn't appreciate it. "I'm too awesome to be a prissy princess."

"Come on. We gotta get up." Michael urged, smiling. His smile was always graceful but strong at the same time. He really was exactly how you would imagine an angel.

"Ugh. Fine, but I'm *not* happy about it." I added emphasis on the word "not" in a joking manner. He always laughs about how slow I am in the mornings.

I forced Michael to help me get up. Stubbornly, I put all my weight into staying on the ground. He ended up having the need to expose his wings and fly upwards to get me on my feet.

"Why are you so dad gum stubborn?" Michael furrowed his eyebrow slightly. He always looked really cute when he does that.

“Because I’m a woman.” I shrugged simply. “It’s one thing we’re pretty good at.”

“I know *you’re* good at it. You are probably the most stubborn person I’ve ever met.” Michael grinned as he finally managed to get me to stand up.

“I’m mad at you.” I told him. “You made me get up. Why would you do that? I thought you cared about me.”

“Athena!” Michael laughed. “I *do* care about you! That’s why I’m making you get up! If you don’t wake up, you’re basically dead.”

“Whatever you need to tell yourself to justify being mean to me.” I joked, crossing my arms.

We continued on our journey. Michael and I walked for a few hours before stopping for lunch.

Once again, Michael went to gather firewood. While he was gone, Maxx showed up. Again.

“Did you miss me, my Dove?” Maxx asked me, jumping down from the tree he had been standing on.

“Maxx!” I exclaimed, startled slightly. “When did you get there?”

“Just now. Where’s my baby brother?” The fallen angel asked me, looking around with his blood-colored eyes.

“Gathering wood so we can maintain a fire so we can cook lunch. Why?” I tilted my head slightly as I made my inquiry.

“We’re alone.” He smirked and took a seat beside me. He thrust his hand into the air, creating a force field around us. “Have you remembered who I am yet?”

“I had a childhood friend named Maxx. Well, there were two, but their names were spelt differently. I realized how much you resembled one of them.” I looked into those intoxicating red eyes.

“That’s right. I knew you when you were three. We were best friends. That was before my fall. When I was still a pure angel. I fell when you were ten. They took me from my job as your guardian. When they gave the job to my brother, I realized that I had fallen in love with you. I couldn’t bare to see my brother watching over you in my place, so I left. I became infuriated when he left you a year before you went to Hawaii. I came back to take care of you and make sure you were safe, but I stayed out of sight.”

“I apologize for forgetting. I shouldn’t have forgotten about you. You were my best friend for a long time.” I frowned, ashamed of my forgetfulness.

“Don’t worry about it. You remember now, and that’s all that matters.” Maxx moved closer to me and placed a hand over mine. “I never stopped thinking about you.”

“Maxx...” I was at a loss for word as he began to lean closer to me. I felt so guilty for forgetting about him, but he doesn’t seem upset at all...

“I love you.” Maxx spoke softly as he pressed his lips against mine. My heart was beating violently inside my chest as his gentle kiss.

“Athena!” Michael shouted as he ran into the border between us that Maxx had set.

Maxx looked into my heterochromatic eyes one last time before disappearing. Michael ran up to me as soon as the field was gone and wrapped me tightly in a hug.

“I really hate that guy. He knows how I feel. If he comes around again, I *will* destroy him.” Michael promised me.

“How you feel about what?” I asked him, acting as if I didn’t already know the answer, which I did.

Michael began to turn the color of his brother’s eyes. “Th-that’s, um, that’s not important right now. I’ll tell you...Eventually. I promise.”

That night, the same incident happened. Michael went to get firewood, and Maxx appeared. Maxx only shows up when Michael isn’t around, which is lucky for him.

“Hey.” I could barely see him tonight, due to the clouds covering the moon. My lack of sight made me a tad nervous.

“Where are you?” I asked, summoning a small ball of light. Even with the light, I couldn’t see him.

He wrapped his arms around my waist from behind me. “I’m right here, my Dove.”

I looked over my shoulder to find his face right next to mine. “You know, you keep making Michael pretty mad.”

“You’re alone at night with a guy, and you start talking about his brother. How do you think that makes me feel? I think I need an apology kiss.”

“Why don’t you actually let me see you first?” I asked. He was still behind me, holding me in his strong arms.

“Why? You think I’m hot or something?” He let go of me, so I whirled around. He was wearing the same black jacket as always, but the sleeves were rolled up, exposing his muscular arms. He was attractive. That much was true. “Now, where’s my kiss?”

I cannot believe what happened next. I actually kidded him! I did what he wanted me to do. That’s a first...

“That’s a good girl. So obedient.” He smirked in the light I had created. “Are you infatuated with me yet?”

“Don’t make me answer that.” I begged him. I actually did think about him all day. Well, all day since lunch. I think I actually *did* love him. He stared at my face as if it were a painting. “Please stop staring. It makes me nervous.”

“Yup. You’re infatuated with me. I can see it. You love me. That’s why you obediently kissed me. You *wanted* to.” He declared. Once again, he pulled me into his embrace. How did they always see right through me? “I love you too, Baby.”

“Am I a dove or a baby?” I asked before he kissed me once again.

“Hmm...Both!” He grinned at me. I began to slip into yet another vision. This one was a bit of a surprise to me.

I was wearing a wedding dress with Maxx as the groom. It was beautiful, but something was different. His eyes weren’t red; they were blue. I smiled as I boldly stated “I do.” The vision faded.

“Maxx.” I breathed deeply. “I had a vision. We...We were getting married. You and me...”

“Our fate. The High Angels have been kind to me. I guess we’re meant to be.” I began to collapse in his arms. He laid me gently in the grass.

“Your eyes were blue.” I was out like a light as I muttered these last few words. I faintly saw Michael coming towards us at a rapid pace.

I materialized in a full angel form. My human body still lay unconscious in the grass, but I was upright. The boys were arguing.

“What did you do to her?” Michael shouted, fury obvious in his voice. “And do *not* say nothing. She is unconscious in the grass.”

“I didn’t do anything. She had a vision. It was about a wedding. *Our* wedding. Me and her.” Maxx told his brother calmly.

Flames shot up from Michael’s hands. I have never seen him so angry. “Liar! I’ll destroy you!”

I ran in front of Maxx with my arms spread out, facing Michael. “Michael!

Stop! He's telling the truth!"

"Athena? How are you...? What's going on?" Michael was stunned. My wings were spread out with an unusual size. They were a lot larger now.

"I'm not sure myself, but I *think* this is only the angel part of me. The human part is still sleeping. That's why my wings are larger. I'm fully angel right now. Not human. I think." I explained to my best ability. "Please. Don't hurt Maxx. I...I think I love him..."

That's all I remember from that moment. When I woke up, both Michael and Maxx were lying on the ground, and I still had my full-sized wings.

The human part of me had returned to the angel part. To my surprise, my wings were still the same size as they were when the two pieces of me were separate. They were larger than Maxx's *and* Michael's.

"Do either of you remember what happened last night? It's all kinda fuzzy." I asked them as we ate breakfast.

"Yup. You said you love me." Maxx grinned as he put his arm around me. "And you convinced Michael to let me help you fulfill the prophecy thing. Something about the Fallen having powers that the Pure don't. Plus, if you're going to be infatuated with me, I might as well stick around so you won't miss me as much."

"I don't think *infatuated* is the right word here." I spoke to him bluntly. "I admit that I think I love you, but I'm not *infatuated* with anyone. You're the one that's infatuated."

"How exactly do you *think* that you love someone?" Michael asked. "Either you do or you don't."

"I've never really felt any love for another, human or angel, other than in a friend or family way. I don't know how it should feel. As a human, or half-human, it can be difficult to tell the difference between love and lust."

"Are you sure that you have any human part of you left? Last night, your wings were huge. Almost like an archangel's." Michael looked sincere.

"Can you show them so we can see if they're back to normal?" Maxx asked, moving his arm away from my shoulders as I nodded.

I sprouted my pure white wings. Sure enough, they were still large. I could've hidden all three of us underneath them, and Michael and Maxx are both about six feet tall.

"They're definitely like an archangel's wings. Your wings should not be that large with your human blood." Maxx gently touched the delicate, white feathers.

“Actually, it makes sense. Kind of. Her dad is an archangel. It’s in her genes. She has the wings of her father.” Michael glared at Maxx. “Stop touching her wings, idiot. You might hurt her.”

“Awe, Michael. Are you jealous?” Maxx cooed. “I hate to tell you this—actually, I quite enjoy it—but she’s mine.”

“I’m not jealous. I’m just looking out for her!” Michael declared. After looking at me for a moment, he held a horrified expression. “Athena. Look. At. Your. Hair.”

I looked down at my waist-length hair to see it mostly white as opposed to half white and half black. “What the...?”

“What’s going on? Any ideas, baby brother?” Maxx asked pointedly.

“She might be becoming a full angel. The human parts of her may be diminishing. Although it may not seem that bad, it actually is extremely horrible. The human part of her is what makes her capable of completing this job.” Michael explain somewhat calmly. “If that is the case, we don’t have much time. We have to hurry.”

“Let’s get going then.” I stood up quickly, allowing my wings to dissipate. “We have to save my people. My mother...”

As we walked briskly through the woods, Michael asked me about the vision I had the night before.

“It was just me and Maxx getting married, but there was something different about him. His eyes weren’t red like they are now. Rather, they were blue. I’m not sure why they were, but that’s what I saw.” I explained.

“Did you see his wings?” Michael asked like he had an idea that could explain the strangest part of my vision.

“No. I didn’t see his wings. Just my dress, him in a tux, and his eyes that were slightly covered by his hair.”

“I might know about his eyes. A Fallen *can* become pure again. It’s happened several times. Your dad used to be one of the Fallen. I think your vision may have been the future. Maybe Maxx gets a chance to become pure again.”

“Maxx! Please, if you get that chance, take it! If not for your brother, do it for me!” I begged.

“For you, I’d do anything. I would let the entire universe fade into nothing if it meant saving you.” Maxx smiled slightly at me as he responded. I knew he’d say something like that, but not something so extravagant.

“Maxx...” I looked at the ground to hide my reddening cheeks. I’m not sure why I did. I should’ve expected this from him.

“Would you stop that?” Maxx demanded, looking away from me. Was he... flustered? Why would Maxx Hallion be flustered though?

“Stop...what?” I searched his chiseled features for any clues about what he meant. What was I doing?

“Stop being so cute! I’m already straining myself to focus on the task at hand. When you’re all cute and stuff, it makes it harder for me to concentrate.” His cheeks turned red.

“Hey Athena, is that your village?” Michael nudged my shoulder to show me what looked very much like my village.

“Looks like it.” I smiled, glad to finally be home. “Let’s go home. The Elders are probably expecting us. They all have foresight, so they should have seen us coming.”

I took off in the direction of my home. My mother was standing outside the house I grew up in.

“Mother!” I called out to her. She smiled and began to come towards me joyfully. She didn’t look any different than she had when I saw her last year.

“My daughter! My beautiful daughter!” She hugged me tightly as the boys walked up behind me. “And who are these gentlemen?”

“Mother, this is Maxx. Remember? We were friends a while back.” I gestured to the tall guy with black hair. Please don’t notice his glowing eyes. How would I explain that?

“Maxx! Of course I remember! How could I forget? You’ve grown so much! How have you been?”

“I’ve been well, but I’ve missed the village. I’m sorry to have left without so much as a goodbye.” Maxx spoke formally.

“I can’t get over how much you’ve grown! Last time I saw you, you were only twelve years old and would barely talk to me!”

“I *am* an adult now. I was only a child when I left, and I completely regret leaving. I missed Athena growing up.” Maxx made a gesture towards Michael. “This is my brother, Michael. Michael, this is Athena’s mom.”

“Nice to meet you. Your husband always talks about how beautiful and kind you are. He really wished he would get to see you more often.”

“You’ve met Gabriel?” My mother exclaimed. “I haven’t seen him since Athena was a baby! How’s he been?”

“He’s well. Gabriel has been helping Athena and I prepare for what awaits us. He has been like a mentor to me ever since I started my training.”

“Mother, Dad told me that he wanted to come back to us, but he couldn’t. He’s been too busy with his work.” Mother deserved to know that he didn’t just abandon us.

“Let’s talk about that later. The Elders have prepared a large festival in your honor today. They foresaw your coming.”

“See? What’d I tell you boy?” I elbowed them both in the ribs before following Mother into the plaza where the village festivals were always held.

The village had never been so festive! We usually had a festival four times a year. One for every season, but this year, my village had five. Everyone was celebrating, from the oldest to the youngest. It was great. Maxx, Michael and I were relieving stress built up in preparation for the task ahead of us. My entire village was happy, until *he* came. The King.

He looked a lot like Maxx. Almost identical, actually. The only difference being his grey eyes. He spoke with a deep voice.

“Why are you throwing a party without inviting me?” He grinned, looking around. “My brothers! Maxx *and* Michael. It’s been a long time. How have you been?”

Maxx pushed me behind his back. “What do you want, Malik?”

“What are you trying to hide from me, *little* brother?” The King smirked as he attempted to see behind Maxx.

“One, you are only four minutes older than me. Two, I am not hiding her. I am *protecting* the most precious thing in the universe in my eyes.”

“Let me see her.” The King demanded as I put my hands over Maxx’s broad shoulders. “I want to see this ‘most precious thing.’”

“No. she is mine, and you can’t have her. I won’t give her up to anyone, even my twin brother.” Wait...Twin brother? I never knew that Maxx had a twin.

“Maxx, please. Just move out of the way. I really don’t want to hurt you, but if that’s what it takes, I will.” He looked sincere, but also threatening.

Slowly, I came out from behind him. Maxx tried to stop me, but it was my turn to protect *him*. “Maxx. Please. I won’t let him hurt you if I can stop it. You always protect me from any and all harm, and you always have. Let me

return the favor. I love you, and I will *never* let an imbecile like him hurt you.”

“What did you call me?” The King glared at me. He looked angry, yet his voice and expression showed deep respect.

Boldly, I stood up straighter and spoke strongly. “Did you not hear me? Open your ears. I’ll say it once more, but that’s it. I love him and will *never* let an imbecile like you hurt him. Got it? Or do I need to put it in simpler terms?”

Malik chuckled slightly. “I see why you adore her, Maxx. Not only is she drop-dead gorgeous, but she’s bold. She would make an excellent queen.”

“She’s not for you. Athena is pure, and you, brother, are the lowest scum on the entire planet.” Maxx shot daggers at his brother. “I love her, and I would die before I give her up to the likes of you.”

“Then I’ll just have to take her.” He grabbed my wrist, pulled me close to him, and waved a hand in front of my face. “Sleep.”

I was out like a light. What was going on? I didn’t know. I woke up with a rope tied around my wrists in front of me, sitting on a stone floor.

“I see you’re finally awake.” Malik approached me from a shadowed corner. “You know, I’ve wanted to find a queen for a while now, but I haven’t found the girl, until now, that is.”

“Let me go.” I ordered as I gave him a death glare. “You don’t know a thing about me. I *will* destroy you.”

Malik laughed slightly. “You sound like Michael. Listen, I don’t want to hurt you. You have no idea how much I know about you. I’m the king, remember? You’re Athena Genesis Aquarium. You’re sixteen years old, and your mother is a surgeon. Am I correct?”

I watched him intently before making an attempt to get up, using the wall for support. “Is that all?”

“You know, if you want help standing up, just ask.” Malik came closer to me and grabbed my hands gently. Carefully, he lifted them to assist me in getting off the cold ground.

“Thank you.” I muttered aggressively, looking up. Finding his eyes directly in front of my own, I froze. Why does this always happen?

“Your eyes...” Great. He was staring. Why did I *have* to be graced with the eyes of my father?

“Yeah, yeah. They’re weird. I know. I have heterochromia. What’s your point?” I asked him, suddenly angry that he was talking about the rarity that was my eyes.

“Weird isn’t the word that I’d use. More like beautiful. I love your eyes.” He pushed his face closer. Dang it. He’s got me against a stupid wall, so I can’t back away.

“Please stop staring.” I shut my eyes tightly and turned my head to the side in a sharp motion.

“Look at me.” The King spoke with a tender voice as he used his hand to move my face by my chin. “I won’t stare. I promise.”

Hesitantly, I obeyed. He moved his hand to my cheek. “You really are beautiful. It’s breathtaking.” He began to run his hand down my hair.

*I need to do something! If I summon my wings, they’ll get crushed by this dang wall. Dad, what do I do? **Stay calm. I’ll take care of it. Michael is on his way. Maxx is with him. I just hope they hurry. And if they don’t? I’m not sure. I don’t know much about their brother. Gee, thanks Dad. I’m trying the best I can here! It’s not like I can abandon all of my duties to appear and take care of the punk that thinks he can just take my daughter against her will. Why not? It’ll only take a second. He just needs to back away from me, and I can take care of it from there.***

“Why are you so quiet?” He searched my face and recognized my horror. “I promise you, Athena, I mean no harm.”

“Sir. We have a situation. It’s your brothers.” It was a voice I recognized very well. I knew this voice anywhere. Kylan.

“Kylan!” I exclaimed. “What’s going on? Why are you here?”

“Kylan, entertain our guest.” Malik ordered, finally backing away from me. He was hesitant as he began to move.

Kylan smirked at me as he came closer. He spoke to me with the same flirty tone that he had when we first met. “Hey Sweetie.”

“Kylan.” I spoke through gritted teeth. “What are you doing here?”

“Surprise! I’m a demon, doll face.” His grin sent chills down my back.

“You’re a what?” I looked at him with a grave expression. “What’s wrong with you?”

“Hey, not everyone gets a choice. I was *born* a demon. You can’t exactly change that. I tried. Besides, it was kind of fun to watch you begin to train to try to defeat Malik, only to fail in the end.”

“You may not have a choice to *what* you are, but you can always decide for

yourself *who* you want to be.”

“You don’t know a thing about me. Being bad is literally in my blood.” He grabbed the rope binding my hands together and pulled me towards him. “You were born a pure. You have a choice to be whatever you want, and you have even more choices because you’re half human. Only the highest authority in heaven can change that. I’ve *tried*.”

“Kylan, look, I know there’s no way for me to understand exactly what you’re going through, but I can help you figure it out. You don’t have to do this. You always have a choice about who you are. There’s always a way.”

“Why are you so innocent?! It’s so annoying, yet abnormally alluring.” His blue eyes began to turn red as he stared into my pupils.

“Please. Let go of me.” For the first time since my expedition began, I felt fear. I didn’t like the devilish look in his eyes. It was glinted with death.

“Not happening Sweetheart.” His voice had dropped almost two octaves.

“What’s going on?” I tried to move away, but his grip was too strong. I closed my eyes tightly and felt something. It was something inside of him. He wasn’t full demon. Kylan had traces of human inside of him. That was one thing I was sure of. Suddenly, it was clear. He was going full demon, just like how I was starting to go full angel. “Kylan! You aren’t completely demon. I can feel remnants of human DNA inside of you. I can help you if you just let me.”

“What can *you* do? You aren’t a *full* angel. You’re a *human*. Humans have no power over demons.”

“That’s it. I wanted to be nice about this, but you give me no choice.” I spoke softly yet boldly at the same time. My large wings sprouted from my back. I began to speak with confidence as my body rose into the air. “Demon, I rebuke you from this *human*. I know not what he will become with you banished, but I *do* know that he will be able to live in be. Now be gone!”

With these words, a dark red shadow rose from Kylan as he began to levitate. The red color left his eyes, returning them to the blue color I had always recognized. Large wings began to sprout from his back. One was black and the other white, showing that he had a choice.

I heard rushed footsteps coming down the stairs in the far corner. It was a girl. She was rather pretty with platinum hair that nearly reached her knees. Her black dress matched her wings. The girl had glowing silver eyes. “Kylan! What did you do to him?”

“I only gave him a choice to decide how he wanted to live his life.” I told her, landing on the ground. I have no idea what’s happening from his

perspective, but I hope he chooses the lighter path. Kylan was shrouded in a glowing white mist.

Well done, Athena. Thanks Dad, but could I do that with Malik? I doubt it. He made his choice. If you did rebuke the demon part of his soul, he may very well make the same choice again. Couldn't Kylan choose to be a demon again too? Yes, but it's improbable. He was only a demon because his father was one. You did well to see the humane part of him. I'm a proud father today.

Kylan slowly fell to the stone floor. The wing that had been black started changing. He'd chosen to be pure. A smile formed on my face involuntarily. The black-haired angel collapsed as soon as he was fully on the ground.

"Kylan!" The girl ran up to him and hugged his body. "Are you okay? What did she do to you?"

"Ebony. When you are given a choice, pick the lighter one. It's much more beautiful." Kylan looked to me, smiling. "I don't know what you did or how you did it, but thank you."

"Any time, but I'm not sure I did that much. You made the choice." I nodded at him.

"Without you, I wouldn't have a choice at all. I never thought that I would ever have any chance to be pure. You taught me something. Never give up hope. There will always be a way, if you are willing to look for one. You may need help, but nothing is impossible." He stood up. "I had given up hope of being good, but now, I know that anyone can become better."

"I hate you!" The girl named Ebony shouted at me. "You changed him! He's not the same Kylan I fell in love with!"

"Eb, I *have* changed, but not that much. The only thing that's changed is what I am and a new sense of hope. I've changed for the better. I'm still the same Kylan that loves you, and I want you to feel this hope. Please, become pure with me." He gently grabbed her small hand.

Angrily, she yanked her hand away from him. "Stop. You are *not* the same! You were a demon and now...Now you're an angel. The difference is *huge*! I want my demonic boyfriend back." Tears began to form in the corners of her eyes.

"I'll never be a demon again. I'm sorry, but I enjoy the lighter path I have turned to. I have repented, and there's no going back."

The small female turned to me. "I should kill you! Do you know what it's like for something this major to change? Nothing will ever be the same again!"

“Actually, I *have* had something change this drastically in my life. It was only a year ago. I went from being a normal human to girl in a village where everyone knew everyone to being a pure angel in a place where nobody knew who I was.”

“YOU DESERVE TO DIE!” She shouted as she started to run towards me.

“Athena!” Maxx’s voice rang out as a force field formed in front of me and around me.

I looked up to see Ebony staring at me, directly in front of the transparent field protecting me. She cursed under her breath and turned around sharply.

“What’s wrong with you?” She shouted at Maxx. “We are the same. We are both Fallen, yet you protect this girl! She needs to die!”

“I will not allow you to cause her harm. Athena is under *my* protection. I don’t care that she’s Pure and I’m not. That *will* change.” Maxx spoke strongly and with conviction. He was going to become Pure again. For me.

“Maxx!” I smiled at him. “Your timing was perfect!”

“What? No ‘I love you, Maxx’?” He smirked slightly of me.

“Shut up.” I rolled my eyes at his slightly flirty comment. I honestly wasn’t sure if he was joking or not. “But what about Malik and Michael?”

“Michael’s taking care of my twin. You know, making sure he’s entertained while I take care of my baby.”

“Ebony.” Kylan approached the small female. “Athena is on the right side. You’d be smart to take the brighter path I did.”

“Kylan! Stop it! I don’t want your ‘brighter path.’ I quite like the dark road. I’d rather be a demon than a boring Pure.”

“What are they talking about?” Maxx looked at me with a confused expression. It was rare. He always seemed to understand everything.

“Oh yeah. I rebuked a demon. Ebony is mad that I turned her demon boyfriend into a Pure when all I did was give him a choice.” I explained simply, as if it were something that happened every day.

“You rebuked a demon! Athena! Only the highest angel authorities can allow a demon to make a decision to become Pure! Do you know what this means?” Maxx looked at me proudly.

“No, not really. I’m still kinda new to this angels and demons thing.” I shrugged.

Ebony commenced to shake. "He's right! I hadn't realized that before. What's wrong with me? I sincerely apologize, my lady. Please don't kill me." She bowed slightly.

"Why would I kill you?" I asked her gently. "There's only one person I'd ever kill, and that's only because it's my destiny to do so."

"My lady, do you not understand? I tried to kill you. Under normal circumstances, I would be punished severely."

"What's with this 'my lady' junk? I'm not a noble or anything." I looked at her.

"Actually, you kind of are. Not even Archangels are granted permission to turn a full demon into a Pure. Only High Angels are able to do that." Kylan told me as Maxx's force field disintegrated. "There's only ten of them...or eleven now."

"Really?" I looked at my hands. "So I'm a high angel? I'm not sure I fully understand."

Angels. The same ten. They never died, and never will, and there's never a new one, until now, that is. My daughter, you have no idea how proud of a father I am at this moment. My baby girl was chosen to be a High Angel, which has never happened before. High Angels are the equivalents to gods in many religions. The ten of them just appeared and created everything. They are the ones that write destiny. This moment was already known to them before you were even born, my girl.

"I'll explain in further detail when we get this prophecy thing figured out." Maxx promised me. "Now come on. Michael needs us."

I ran up to him. When I got close to him, he grabbed my wrist and pulled me into a hug, untying the rope around them in the process.

"I love you." He whispered in my ear before kidding me deeply. "I was so worried. I know how Malik can be."

"I'm fine...I...I love you too." I looked into his eyes as our foreheads touched. "We should go help Michael."

Ending our hug, we ran up the stairs to find Malik making his way to the stairway. "My queen! What are you doing here?"

"I'm...I'm not your queen, nor will I ever be." I scowled at him. "Where's Michael?"

"Yeah, he kinda passed out." The demon shrugged. "Should be fine after a while."

Malik thrust his hand out towards Maxx. Maxx collapsed to the cold, cemented ground after shouting out “Gah!”

“How dare you?!” I shouted, flames forming on my hands. “They’re your brothers!”

“The thing about men is, we can be very passionate. Sometimes, we’ll do whatever we need to in order to get what we want.” Malik began to walk towards me. “You see, Athena, what I want...is a queen, but not just any queen. You. I am a man after all, so I obviously want the most beautiful girl, which is a description I would definitely give you. And what king doesn’t want a bold wife? Another was to describe you. It’s simple. You have the exact qualities that I look for in a bride. *My bride.*”

“You’re forgetting one thing. A bride should love the groom more than any other man. I do not feel that way towards you. The only man I would *think* about making my groom is Maxx. I would give up anything for him. My life if I had to.”

“You’ll learn to love me. It’ll come eventually. Besides, what girl doesn’t want to be part of a fairy tale and become a queen?”

“I gave up on living a perfect fairy tale life when I was about four. I’m a realist. Fairy tales don’t always come true. I’m lucky to have found a guy that loves me as much as Maxx does. That’s a concept you won’t ever understand until you start showing people some respect. You never know who you could be talking to.” My body began to glow as I rose into the air. “Look at me. I’m small, and you’d never guess that I am a High Angel. I can purify anything. Even full-blooded demons. Did you recognize that part of me?”

The light that my small body emitted grew and grew. It became blinding. Suddenly, it disintegrated, and I couldn’t believe my eyes.

When the light dissipated, Malik was kneeling on the ground, clutching his side. He looked up at me with a horrified expression. “What...was that?”

“I don’t quite know myself.” I told him honestly. “But like I said, I am a High Angel I suggest you do not further try to fight me and my comrades. You do *not* want to see what happens when I finally feel like fighting back.”

“It was never you that I was fighting. It was my brothers who dared to attempt to take my bride away from me.” Malik made a sad endeavor to stand up, ultimately failing. Groaning, he continued his efforts only to blunder each time he tried.

“Face it. You aren’t strong enough to overcome a blow from an angel of

such high authority. I could purify you, if that'd be easier for you. As I see it, you have a few choices. Become Pure again, be banished for eternity, away from all forms of life, or be killed here and now. The choice is yours, but know that if you become Pure again only to fall and become a demon again, we will find you, I'm afraid your choice won't be a choice anymore. What's it going to be? I can feel remnants of the once-powerful Pure inside of you. It's not too late to go back. Just give me the word and you'll be back to being an Archangel. If I were in your situation, I'd much prefer the option of becoming an angel again to banishment or death. There is no comfort in those options."

"Fine. I choose...I choose—" Malik began before being interrupted by Maxx beginning to stir. He commenced to talk faster. "I want to be Pure again!"

"Very well." I nodded before rebuking the demon inside of him. "Demon, I rebuke you from this angel. I know not what path he will follow in the rest of his life, but he will at least be alive and happy. Now be gone!"

Just like before, Malik's body rose into the air and began to glow. Wings arose from his back. One black and one white. Almost instantly, the black became white. A smile formed on his lips as he made his descent. He stood strongly on his feet.

"Thank you, and I'm sorry. I forgot how good it felt to have wings. Demons lose their wings when they make their commitment to the darkness. I guess it was controlling me."

"No need to apologize. It's alright now. You're Pure again, and your brother will be joining you soon." I looked at Maxx. "Poor guy."

"Yeah...I feel kinda bad about that..." Malik approached his brother and helped him up. Knowing he must be heavy, I wrapped Maxx's arm around my shoulder to help support him. On the way out of the castle, Malik called off his men and ordered them to carry Michael back to the village.

We took the two to the village infirmary. I grunted as we pulled Maxx onto one of the patient beds. Why did he have to be so stinking heavy?

"By the way, how *did* Michael pass out? I know it wasn't from injury, as Pures have the ability of regeneration." I asked Malik as we waited for them to wake up.

"He was using too much magic. Angels can still be overwhelmed and pass out from exhaustion, you know. It happens to the best of us."

"I still can't get over how similar you look to Maxx. It's so weird looking at someone that's almost identical to the man I love."

"We *are* twins, you know. It kinda makes sense that we look alike. You're

really in love with him, huh?”

“Yeah. I guess I am. It’s like, if he died, I’d have nothing else to live for. I’d give up my life for him. Before him, I had never really known what it meant to love a man.”

“Athena.” One of the nurses, Melody, spoke softly. “Maxx is awake. He wants to see you. Urgently.”

I stepped inside the large room and found the bed that we had laid him on. I grabbed his large hand gently.

“Hey,” I smiled softly. “We did it. My people can finally live in peace.”

He sat up and grinned. “I’m glad. I’d do anything to help you, but I need you to do something. It needs to be done as soon as possible. It literally means life or death for me. If you don’t purify me soon, I probably won’t survive. My brother’s attack hit me right in the heart, and the Fallen can’t regenerate like Pures can. Do you have enough strength to do it? I understand if you aren’t.”

“Are you kidding?” I exclaimed. “I *always* have enough strength to help you. You *are* my strength. Come on.” I led him to a small clearing where no one would disturb the purification process. *Father. Give me the words.* “Dark spirit, leave the body of this angel that he may live in peace. I will not let you weigh him down in his current state. He will be able to live peacefully and happily with you separate from him. Now, be gone!”

Maxx rose into the air and produces a strong light. When it faded, Maxx was standing with new wings. White wings. He was Pure. Three purifications in one day.

My vision became slightly blurred as I began to collapse. Maxx ran to me and held me before I hit the ground. “You did it. I’m Pure again.” His eyes were the color of the sky.

I smiled as I drifted into unconsciousness. As I slept, I was surrounded with a shroud of darkness. It was trying to get me. Trying to get me to mess up. Trying to make me fall. My light power was unrelenting as it fought the darkness that no doubt was inside me and trying to take over my body. I can’t fall. It’s not possible. Not for me.

When I woke up, I was in an unfamiliar environment with Maxx sitting beside my bed. I slowly sat up, catching his attention.

“You’re awake.” He pointed out the obvious like always. “I was so worried. You were unconscious for about a year. I was beginning to think that you

wouldn't wake up at all, despite having a pulse."

"I was asleep for a year!" I let my mind process this new information. "And you're still waiting for me?"

"Why wouldn't I? I...I'm in love with you." He held my hand with tenderness. "And it was kinda my fault that you lost consciousness in the first place."

"Don't you dare think that for a second!" I scolded him. "I would much rather be unconscious for a year than have you die when I could've easily saved you. I was *my* choice. I don't regret it at all. I would do it a million more times if I had to. I would've *died* if that's what it took to save your life. I love you with all my heart. Please don't blame yourself for this."

"Athena..." Maxx looked at me with admiration evident in his eyes. "I really do adore you."

He kissed me once before dropping to his knees. Is he going to...? "Athena Genesis Aquarium, will you give me the honor being your husband?"

Grinning uncontrollably, I nodded my head. "Yes, I'd love to."

Maxx stood up and slipped a ring on my finger and kissed me lightly. "I've carried that with me to visit you for a year. I wanted it to be one of the first things you heard and saw when you woke up."

Michael and Malik came out of hiding and made an announcement. "We got the picture, Maxx!"

Michael smiled at me. "Welcome to the family, sis."

"You got your brothers to hide so they could take a picture when you proposed? I didn't realize that people actually do that."

"I wanted us to be able to share this moment with our kids." Maxx smiled as he sat next to me.

"One thing though. I'm still technically a teenager. So I'm too young to actually get married yet."

"Simple, we take a year to plan the wedding." Maxx shrugged as if he knew exactly what I was going to say.

"You've really thought this through, huh?" I grinned. He must've been really excited to propose.

That afternoon, I went to meet my dad in person for the first time. When Maxx and I got to his house, Dad was eating dinner.

I smiled when I saw him. He was about a foot taller than me, had white hair

like me, and heterochromia. I almost looked like a tiny version of him. “Hey dad.”

“Athena, you’ve finally woken up.” My dad rubbed my white bangs. “You know, first thing this loser did when you got to Heaven was ask if he could propose.”

“Really Maxx?” I looked up at his now blushing profile. “That’s sweet, even though I was unconscious.”

“Sir, you weren’t supposed to tell her that.” Maxx complained, scratching the back of his head with his free hand.

“Why wouldn’t you want me to know that?” I squeezed his hand a little harder. “I think it’s sweet that you were so eager to propose to me.”

We hung out with my dad for a while before Maxx took me to the house that I didn’t know I owned. It looked very similar to my house back at the village.

When I woke up, I immediately took a shower. I didn’t remember the last time I had one, since I was stuck on a boat for a week without one and in the woods for a few days after that. On top of that, Michael was almost always watching me to make sure I was okay. I passed out for a year without getting a chance to shower.

Any parts of my hair that were still black became white by the time I finished. I quickly braided my now fully white hair and got dressed. I wore the clothes that I found in the closet of my new bedroom.

By the time I finished doing my makeup, all three of the Hallions were at the front door. They were going to take me to meet the other High Angels.

There were five females and five males: Ariel, Angel of Nature, Carmen, Angel of Harmony, Dove, Angel of Peace, Kalila, Angel of Love, Savannah, Angel of Destiny, Eden, Angel of Fate, Micah, angel of miracles, Nathaniel, angel of warmth, Joseph, angel of integrity, and Isaac, Angel of Strength. They all looked very similar. The only obvious differences between the girls were their eye colors, hair styles, and hair colors. The guys were basically the same, but had the same hair style throughout and different senses of styles. I fell to my knees in the presence of their holiness.

“Please, no need to bow to us. You are one of us too, Angel of Youth.” Savannah smiled at me. “If you’re alright with that title, that is. I mean, you are youngest of the eleven of us. I think it fits.”

“I would be honored. Thank you.” I bowed deeply to the Angel of Destiny.

Eden took over. His voice was deep and masculine as he made his

announcement. “Tonight, there will be a festival in honor of our new Angel of Youth. Angels from all yokes of life will be there. From the younglings who have yet to receive their wings to the oldest who have lived almost as long as I have.”

There’s my story. Don’t get me wrong. It goes on for much longer. I retain my youth as I work with younglings and bless new mothers everywhere. I’m almost like a nurturer in a way. I spend my spare time with the young Angels in training. My kids are amongst them now. I never knew this was how my life would end up. I never thought I’d be something similar to a god in other religions. The possibility never crossed my mind, but I’m glad. Maybe you’re the next me. We’ll be watching you. After all, we have already written your destiny.



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