

Leigh??

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Hm...this is a bit different from my other stories. It focuses on the other creatures e.g. sylphs, winged unicorns etc. instead of dragons/vampires/werevoles etc. anyway. just trying it out. tell me what you think. xx

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1 - What The Hell?

Leigh had been sleeping peacefully in bed. It was, after all, three in the morning. And at three in the morning, nobody would expect to be woken up because their ex-boyfriend suddenly appeared next to them in their bed. They expected to wake up at six by their alarm clock so that they could go to work. Leigh Parker, being a normal human being, at least, that's what she thought she was, had the same expectations.

So it was very surprising, in fact, it scared the shoot out of her, when she woke up and found Rick Doran in her bed, sleeping next to her.

"Gah!" She sat up and looked around wildly. It was her room, and it was her bed. She didn't get completely drunk and crashed into Rick's place, making a complete fool of herself.

So why the hell was that poor excuse for a human being lying next to her in her bed?

She reached over and prodded him. He groaned. She prodded him again. He slapped a hand at her. Leigh pursed her lips and slapped him in the face.

"Yow!" Rick yelped, opening his eyes. A grin stretched across his face when he saw her glaring at him, and he sat up. "Hey beautiful."

"Don't hey beautiful me. What the hell are you doing here?"

Rick yawned and stretched. "I needed a place to crash."

"And how is that place my place?"

"Why not? Your bed's big enough for two. And even if it wasn't, we could cuddle up together."

Leigh threw her pillow at him, disgusted. "What is *wrong* with you? How did you even get in here?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out. Or rather, to try to find out."

"Get out. Now."

Rick yawned again. "No. I'm tired."

"Rick, this is *my* place. And you're in *my* bed. Get. Out."

"But babe, it's three in the morning."

"Exactly! There's no reason that you should be in my bed at three in the freaking morning. Now get lost."

He suddenly reached over and grabbed her by the waist, pulling her close to him. "But I want to stay here."

She ignored the shivers that ran up and down her spine when he touched her and struggled to break free, but he wouldn't let go. "You don't get what you want anymore. Let go of me."

He didn't listen. But then he never did. Not even when they were together.

"Rick, it's three in the morning. I'm not supposed to be awake for another three hours. Go the hell away and leave me alone so that I can sleep."

He began kissing a trail up and down her neck. "Even if I did leave now, you wouldn't be able to sleep anyway."

"Oh?" she breathed, trying to focus. "And why is that?"

"Because you'd be thinking about me."

She snorted. "Yeah. You and your big ego." She pulled at his arm which was around his waist. "Rick, let me go now. If you want to crash at my place, go crash on my couch."

He let go of her then, sitting up. "Really?"

"Yes," she said through gritted teeth. "Now go crash on my couch before I crash you into the couch."

He laughed. "That I'd like to see."

"Rick. Just...please. Get out of my sight. Go hide in the kitchen or something."

He folded his hands behind his head and leaned back onto the headboard.

"Rick!"

"You are so cute when you're angry," he said, chuckling.

"Oh, screw you."

His grin grew. "Yes please."

She threw another pillow at him. "Will you *please* go away? Shouldn't you be with that slut of a girlfriend you have?"

"Dumped her. Well, not really. I was never really with her."

"Oh, that's why I saw you two in bed together three months ago. If I'm correct, that's also why I broke up with you. And you two were in *my freaking bed*, too."

“That was an accident.”

“No, an accident is if you had another chance, you’d do it differently, and the only way you would’ve done things differently was do her differently, so it’s no accident.”

“No, but I would’ve done it so that you wouldn’t find out.”

Leigh closed her eyes and clenched and unclenched her fists and willed herself to keep calm. “Get. Out. Of. My. Room.”

“Aw, Leigh. Come on.”

“Rick, I have to get up for work in three hours. It’s my first day of work. I do not want to be late for my first day of work.”

“Have you forgotten that it was because of me that you got this job?”

She snorted again. “Oh, really? And what did you do? Did you sleep with the boss?”

He shrugged. “A couple of times.”

Leigh sighed and buried her face in her hands. “You’re incorrigible.”

Rick smirked and slid back down into the bed and held open his arms. “C’mere.”

Leigh blinked for a few times. “Excuse me?”

“You know you sleep better when you’re warm and tucked up and I realised that your heater isn’t working—which is kind of bizarre, seeing that it’s the middle of winter—and that you don’t have anyone to tuck up to. Been kind of lonely these three months haven’t you?”

“Oh, piss off,” Leigh grumbled, climbing into bed next to him. “And keep your hands to yourself.”

He smirked again. “I’ll try.”

2 - A Very Unusual Job Indeed

“Let me tell you,” Rick said, following Leigh around her flat as she went around looking for her underwear which Rick had so unceremoniously ripped off about five minutes after she had crawled into bed. “You’re going to be working in a very different environment.”

“Look,” Leigh said as she hopped around, pulling on her underwear and her jeans. “I appreciate the pep talk, but it’s just a job. I’ll handle it.”

“Don’t say I didn’t warn you,” he called after her.

She slammed the door shut. Then she opened it and stuck her head in. “By the way, make the bed before you leave.” She slammed it shut again and jabbed the button for the elevator twenty three times before it arrived.

She hurried down the alleys—they were shortcuts—and into the glass building that was at the end of a street.

She burst in and everyone stared at her. She looked down at her watch. She was two minutes early. Good.

She went up to the receptionist. “Hi...I’m Leighana Parker. I’m supposed to be—”

The receptionist held up a hand for her to stop talking and picked up the phone with the other. “Ma’am,” she said into the phone. “Miss Parker is here. Yes, the new one. Of course.” She put down the phone.

“Take the elevator up to the highest floor. Then turn left and go through the glass door.” Without even looking at Leigh, she turned back to her computer.

“Uh, right. Thanks.”

Leigh followed the receptionist’s orders and found herself in a big office that consisted of a big desk and a chair. Someone walked in just a bout a second after she did.

“Miss Parker?” the woman asked.

“Hi.”

“You’re the one Rick Doran recommended, aren’t you?”

“Uh, yes.”

“I’m sure you know what you’re going to be doing?”

“Actually, no. Rick hadn’t—”

“Do you know the nature of your work? The people you’re working with and for?”

“Uh...no, not really.”

The woman slammed her hand down on her desk. “Trust Rick to do something like that.”

Leigh agreed heartily inside. “Uh...it’s nice to meet you...”

“Just call me Ma’am.”

“Right. Nice to meet you, ma’am.”

“You will be working with Miss Clare for Miss Silk. Go down to the seventeenth floor. Miss Clare will fill you in on the details.”

“Yes, ma’am. Thank you for your time.”

The woman turned abruptly away from her, sat down at her desk and started doing some paper work.

Okay then. Glad to see that these people dwelled on courtesy and etiquette.

Leigh took the elevator down to the seventeenth floor. When she pushed open the door and peered inside, she saw a teenaged girl clad in a black cloak painting her toenails deep purple.

“Uh...hi,” she said.

The girl looked up. “Are you Leighana?”

“Yeah, but just Leigh is fine.”

“I’m Soryl. Soryl Clare. We’re working for Lorelei.”

Well those names weren’t weird. At all.

“Oh. Uh, I don’t know what I’m doing here at all, and the boss said that you would fill me in...”

“What do you mean you don’t know what you’re doing here?”

“Um, am I a secretary, or some kind of internship, or what?”

“Technically, you’re a mix between those two. Do you know what we are?”

Leigh held in a snort. “Uh, human?”

Soryl stared at her for a while. “No,” she said finally. “Wow, you *really* don’t know what you’re doing here, do you?”

Leigh raised her eyebrows, not really understanding, but she smiled anyway. “No, I guess not. So uh...what are you?”

“Well, Lorelei’s a sylph.”

“What’s a sylph?”

Soryl sat up in her chair. “You don’t know what a sylph is.”

“Is that so surprising?”

“Uh, extremely, since you’re working for one.”

“What...what the hell’s a sylph?” Leigh was getting impatient now.

“A sylph is, according to google.com, a soulless elemental being that is believed to inhabit air.”

Leigh blinked a few times. “What? I thought it meant something like a graceful woman.”

Soryl stood up. She was almost as tall as Leigh, which was impressive as Leigh was very tall. She stood just in front of Leigh and brought her face close.

“You live in a world that consists of paranormal beings, and from this day on, you’re working for one,” she said in an *I’m speaking to an idiot* tone. “Does that make it any clearer for you?”

Leigh took a step back. “Ha-ha, very funny,” she said, shaking her head.

Soryl sighed. “Lorelei!” she called. “We’ve got a nonbeliever.”

“Not another one,” a tinkling voice sounded from the next room.

“Take a look for yourself. She’s human, too, I think.”

What the hell? Leigh was about to turn and run out of the office and maybe the building screaming for help when she saw a body of swirling air—wind?—float out of the room.

Her eyes widened. “What the hell is that?”

“*That*,” Soryl said drily, “is Lorelei.”

“What?” Leigh closed her eyes, shook her head and opened them again. The gust of wind was swirling around more slowly now, forming the shape of a graceful slender women’s body. There was no accurate or adequate way to describe it. It was like a woman, except she was made entirely out of air, and because of that she should be invisible, but you could see her anyway.

“Hello,” the body of air greeted her in its twinkling voice. “Leighana, is it?”

“Uh...Leigh,” Leigh stammered. “Leigh is fine. You’re...Miss Silk?”

“Yes, but call me Lorelei.” The body of air seemed to solidify and a graceful, beautiful young woman about a few years older than Leigh materialised. She reached out and shook Leigh’s hand firmly. “Nice to meet you.”

“Uh, likewise. You’re...human now.”

Lorelei shrugged elegantly. “All sylphs can take on the form of a human if they are powerful enough.”

“So...what can I do for a sylph? Not that I don’t want to work for you or anything, but aren’t you magical and powerful and can do anything and everything? Or something like that, anyway.”

Lorelei laughed, and it reminded of Leigh of tinkling bells. “I’m a sylph, Leigh, not God.”

Leigh frowned. “You believe in God?”

“Why not? If sylphs, fairies, vampires, dragons, werewolves and other paranormal beings can exist, then why can’t God?”

Leigh shrugged. “I suppose you’re right.”

“Do you want me to give Leigh a tour around The Passover?” Soryl asked.

Leigh frowned again. “The Passover? Isn’t that a Jewish holiday?”

Lorelei smiled. “Yes, but it’s also the name of the company you are working for.”

“But...why would someone want to name their company after a holiday?”

“Leigh, do you know the story behind the Passover? Why do they call it the Passover?”

“It’s when God freed the Israelites from the Egyptians isn’t it? God told the Israelite families to sacrifice the firstborn lamb of their flocks and to paint the blood across the sides and the top of their doorposts. And in the middle of the night the Angel of Death went through Egypt killing every firstborn child in the house except for the ones that lived in the houses with blood on them. That’s why it’s called the Passover, right? Because the Angel of Death passes over the Israelites’ houses?”

“You’re absolutely right. For someone who doesn’t believe in God, you know quite a lot.”

Leigh grinned sheepishly. “My ex-boyfriend had an extremely religious friend. He’s the one who got me this job, actually. My ex-boyfriend, that is.”

Lorelei was intrigued now. “Oh? Is it anyone I know?”

“Um, Rick? Rick Doran?”

Lorelei and Soryl exchanged a look before nodding.

“No wonder he’s your ex-boyfriend then,” Soryl said, combing her long black hair with her fingers.

“What do you mean by that?”

Soryl smirked. “I take it you’re the one who broke up with him?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

Leigh bit her lip. “He was cheating on me.”

“Exactly.” Soryl’s smirk was triumphant.

Leigh frowned. “How would you know? You’re a kid yourself.”

Soryl scowled. “I’m seventeen.”

Leigh shrugged. “I should’ve known. Rick would screw anything as long as it was older than sixteen.”

Lorelei laid a gentle hand on Soryl’s shoulder. “Why don’t you get back to your work? I’ll give Leigh here a tour.”

Soryl nodded and went back to painting her toenails.

“Soryl, when I said work, I meant *work*.”

“Sorry, Lorelei.” Soryl took her feet down from the desk and started working on whatever she was supposed to be working on.

“So uh, Soryl isn’t a sylph, is she?” Leigh asked as they were in the elevator.

Lorelei laughed her tinkling-bells laugh. “No. Soryl is a grim reaper.”

Leigh choked even though she wasn’t eating anything. “A grim reaper?”

“Well, a grim *reaperess*, I suppose. It’s quite rare, really. Reapers are usually male.”

“I thought there was only one grim reaper and that he—well, it was a skeleton.”

Lorelei shook her head. “Do you know how many people die everyday, Leigh? There cannot possibly be only one grim reaper. He—or in this case, she—would die from the work overload.”

“Well if Soryl has her work to do, then why is she still working for you?”

“The Passover is way to use her, because she is new, young and because she is female. It is hard for her. She suffers because she longs to help the people move to the Underworld.”

“The Underworld? That sounds...scary. Doesn't Hades rule it or something?”

“Yes.”

“So...everybody has a different job?”

“Technically, no. We start and do things different but we all end up at the same goal, in a way. Our goal is to transport people's souls to either the Underworld or Heaven after they die. Souls who are not collected stay on this earth as ghosts and wanderers.”

“This is so screwed up,” Leigh complained. “The Underworld is a Greek myth, and Heaven is where Christians go after death. Does that mean all non-Christians go to hell? I mean, the Underworld?”

“No. All good people go to Heaven. Everybody is free to believe what they want to believe in. Religion does not affect a person and whether he or she is good or not.”

This was majorly screwing up Leigh's brain. This was not the world she had grown up in and lived in. This world was foreign to her. This was not how she knew the world.

“I know it is a lot to take in,” Lorelei told her gently.

“So...what's your job as a sylph?”

Lorelei's face clouded over a little. “It's quite complicated, and some people render us useless, but we are elementals of air, and we take care of a specific human until they die.”

“How?”

“We control the air around them, the air they breathe, what they see, how they see it. We can control the weather, the clouds in the sky.”

Leigh tried to understand, but there was just too much to take in. “So...how can Soryl and I help you? What do we help you do?”

Lorelei shrugged. “Paperwork. We constantly have to be with a human, and there's a lot of paperwork that has to be done. You will understand tomorrow when you start work properly. As I am a more experienced sylph, I can take care of two humans at a time.”

“So...are everybody here...immortals?”

“Almost everybody.”

“Oh, good. So I’m not the only human.”

Lorelei looked at her then. “Who said you were human?”

Leigh blinked. “Well...I don’t fly, I’m not made of air, and I don’t go around wearing black cloaks and carrying scythes, so...”

Lorelei sniffed a couple of times and frowned. “You don’t smell like human.”

Leigh’s eyes widened. She wasn’t human? “I’m...I’m not human?”

“Well, humans smell the same. At least, to us immortals. You’re...not quite human.”

“So...I don’t smell as bad?”

Lorelei laughed. “You can say that. Let’s go. I will start the tour.”

3 - (no name yet)

Leigh took out her key and was ready to unlock the door to her home when she realised that the door was already open.

“That irresponsible useless piece of crap,” she muttered. “He could at least have had the decency to close the door properly when he left.”

When she got into the bedroom, Rick was there, reading one of her magazines.

“Do I want bigger boobs? Yes please,” he said, grinning, taking up a pen and marking her magazine.

“What are you still doing here?” Leigh demanded. “And why is the bed still unmade?”

“Well, you said that I should make the bed before I leave. And technically, I never left. So...does that explain the mystery of the messy bed?”

“Leave. Now.”

“But I’m so comfortable.” He put down her magazine.

“Get up.”

He smirked. “If you insist.” He threw the covers off the bed, swung off the bed and stood up.

Leigh yelped and looked away. “You—what—God!” she picked up a pillow and threw it at him, and he dutifully used it to cover up his...area. “Go get dressed now. I mean it.”

“Why don’t you dress me?”

“Put on your freaking clothes now!”

“Okay, okay, jeez.” He walked off to the bathroom, dropping the pillow and picking up his clothes along the way.

When Rick came out of the bathroom, Leigh slapped him across the face.

“Hey!” He yelped. “What the hell was that for?”

“You,” she threw another pillow at him, “didn’t tell me that I was going to be working with a grim reaper for a sylph!”

“I told you that you were going to be working in a different environment.”

“Different? *Different?* That’s the understatement of the freaking millennium!”

He caught another pillow and put it down on the bed calmly. “Well, how are you taking it?”

“Not very well.” Leigh sat down on her bed, sighing. “Lorelei—my boss—told me that I wasn’t human. At least, not completely.”

Rick grinned. “I knew you didn’t smell as bad.”

“That’s what I said. But...what the hell can I be?” She looked up. “Wait a minute, what the hell are *you?*”

“I’m part of the jury.”

“The *jury?* What’s the jury?”

“They decide whether the people go to Heaven or the Underworld.”

“So...is there a judge?”

“No. Just the jury. It’s just like a jury in the jury court.”

“But who are you to decide whether each and every person deserves to go to Heaven or not?”

“We don’t. At least, not each and every one of them. There are some cases when the person—well, the soul’s level of goodness and badness or too...balanced.”

“...how does that work?”

“Well, for example, let’s say that Bob’s life started at twenty-three and on that day he killed a man, but died an hour later trying to save a woman. Well, killing a person and saving another were the only two things he had ever done in his life. Is he good or bad? Of course, in real life the souls who face the jury have done a lot more things.”

This intrigued Leigh. “Tell me the hardest decision you’ve ever had to make as part of the jury.”

He shook his head. “Sorry. These things are strictly confidential.”

Leigh sighed. “I thought so. I’m really curious though. If I’m not human, what am I?”

Ricky leaned close and inhaled, breathing in her scent. “You still smell kind of human. Just not entirely. Maybe you’re half human.”

“How is that supposed to make me feel any better?”

He shrugged. “You never asked me to make you feel better.” He smirked. “I certainly have a few ideas on how to do that, though. All you have to do is ask.”

She rolled her eyes. "Whatever." She stood up and looked down at him. "Rick, you're going to have to leave now. I was more than kind when I let you stay last night, and you weren't even drunk!"

"Well, I don't remember you having any complaints on what we were doing," he said, still smirking and raising an eyebrow.

"A poor lapse in my judgement. Rick, you need to leave. Please."

"Why can't I stay?"

"Why? *Why?*" Leigh resisted the urge to slap him across the face again. "Because we're not together anymore."

"A minor detail that can easily be fixed," he said hopefully.

She pointed at her bedroom door. "Out. Now."

"Babe..."

"No, no, no. You don't get to babe me, Rick. Out."

He stood up, running his hand through his tousled blonde hair. "I understand that, I guess. But can you please let me crash at your place? I'll sleep on your couch and your couch only. I promise."

"What? Why?"

He smiled weakly. "It's nothing. I just...can't go back to my place."

"Why not?"

He looked at her pleadingly. "It's nothing. Please, Leigh."

She looked at him suspiciously, but finally gave in to his adorable puppy dog eyes. Rick had beautiful chocolate-coloured eyes. "Fine," she grumbled. "But you're going to have to do the chores."

"No problem."

"And you're going to have to pay half the rent."

"Of course."

So he wasn't broke. Leigh shrugged. Before, she would've offered to help out, but he wasn't her problem now. "You're sleeping on the couch," she reminded him before heading for a shower.

?

Rick came in when she was in the middle of her shower.

“What the hell are you doing?” she screamed at him, grabbing for a towel.

He waved away her question. “Please. As if I haven’t seen them all just this morning.”

She pursed her lips. “Rick. I’m going to say this once and once only. Get out.”

“I want to take a shower.”

“You’ve had a million chances for a shower. How about when I was at work this morning? You could’ve taken a shower then.”

“Let me rephrase my sentence. I want to take a shower with you.”

“Yeah, that’s not going to happen anytime soon, buddy, so go away.”

He sat down in the middle of her bathroom floor and lit up a cigarette.

“Rick! No smoking!”

“Jeez. What *can* I do?”

“Uh, leave?”

“Except for that.”

“Well, not much, really.” She finished off her shower and wrapped her towel around her. “The shower’s free now,” she said before leaving the bathroom and abruptly slamming the door shut in his face.

She sat down in her bed, groaning as she buried her head in her hands. Her life was not at its best right now. An ex-boyfriend who won’t stop pestering her, a job with immortals and the fact that she probably wasn’t human herself.

The fact that she wasn’t human was kind of cool. But it worried her that she didn’t know what she was. What if she was half vampire and actually had a secret lust for blood?

“You’re not a vampire,” Rick said, coming out of the bathroom.

“What—”

“I can read minds. It’s quite useful really. And I can tell you that you’re not a vampire.”

“Why not?”

“If you were a half vampire, you’d burn down from the inside out slowly and die at the early age of seventy.”

“Ew. Why?”

“Well, if you were half vampire, the vampire part of you would try to devour the human part of you, if you know what I mean. If you’re lucky, you become a full vampire, if you’re not, you die. Chances are that, well, you die.”

Leigh grimaced. “How do you know that I’m not a half vampire? I could be burning down from the inside out right now.”

“No, you couldn’t, because if you were, you’d be suffering from major heart problems.”

“I pity the half vampires.”

Rick shrugged. “Not many vampires and humans mate anyway. Well, actually, they do, but most of the humans are killed in the process.”

“I’m assuming that this is called rape. No human with a straight mind would possibly want to die during sex.”

“It would be quite a...erotic death. The human wouldn’t suffer.”

She went into the kitchen and opened up the fridge to see what she could have for dinner.

“Oh, by the way,” Rick called from inside her room. “You’re going to have to restock the fridge.”