

# Angel Tears Excerpt (Another)

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*I honestly do not know where to put these chapters in my novel but I'll find a place some day XD This is another excerpt.*

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**Chapter 31 - Shadows**

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## 31 - Shadows

I stared at the couch across from me, aware that it should be occupied by Evan and Kin, but they were upstairs. There were no lights on. All of our eyes were extremely sensitive so we always kept them off. We still kept the lights because we had to at least act human, for our sakes. The only light that came through, however, was from the small skylight in the ceiling above the couch that I was laying on with Ian.

The skylight opened up to a seemingly endless black hole. I could see the tiny white specks glowing like the sparkles on a black, flowing dress. Without moving, I stole a glance at Ian, who lay at the other side of the couch. His legs extended behind me, mine in front of his. He had his fingers entwined, hands across his chest. His mouth hung open just barely and he made a very small snoring sound. Gray shadows were strewn across Ian's face, moonlight encircling his eyes, making him look like a raccoon. I was sure I looked about the same due to lack of sleep.

My eyes flickered downward – checking my watch. Two o'clock. Two o'clock in the morning and I still hadn't any sleep. The pain was still sickening. That was my problem. We couldn't figure out what was happening and the symptoms were getting worse. I could tell that even Evan was beginning to go mad from dealing with this.

Maybe I should get up and move around. That should help, right? Wrong. The second I got up, the pain increased so dramatically that my knees buckled under it all. I grabbed for the coffee table and the arm of the couch to keep myself from falling. Slowly, ever so slowly, I lowered myself to the floor and lay there, balled up and trying to keep my cool. I never did gain back the energy to haul my disobedient body back onto the couch, so I slept on the floor that night.

Darkness. A vast, black world full of shadows. That's what I woke up to, my eyelids too heavy to separate. I was laying on my back when someone sniffed from above me and something very heavy fell on top of me.

My eyes shot open as the air was forced out of my lungs. I groaned loudly, trying not to puke. "Ow," I moaned, suddenly annoyed. I sucked the air back into my straining lungs. Why do I always have to get hurt so early in the morning? I thought angrily.

Ian's face was embarrassed as he raised himself up off me. "Oh, God, Raine, I'm so sorry. I forgot I wasn't on the bed."

I sighed. "No problem, I probably deserved that." I brought myself to a sitting position with Ian's help and grinned. "Morning, Ian."

He laughed and said, "I roll over on you and all you say is 'morning, Ian'?"

"Well, what did you expect to hear?" I asked. Then I squealed softly but dramatically and girly, "Oh, Ian, how could you?! I hate you!" A smile formed on my lips and a giggle escaped my throat.

The expression was so funny. "Um...I think that was a wonderful demonstration of your inner girly-girl, but I think that if you wanted to reprimand me, you would've got Crow to beat me up." He laughed with me.

"Yes, that's probably exactly what I would do."