

Fake Tears

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This just came to me one day.... i have most of the ideas in my head and i know where is going but just haven't put it all into words yet. I hope you like it

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1 - Too Late

The melody rang in Angela's ears. "This is the story of a girl, who cried a river and drowned the whole world ..." The irony of this song would never occur to Angie. As it spilled from the ceiling speakers Angela ran with all her will, pushing to new limits, she pumped her injured legs and squeezed out the last of her strength. She might still have time. There might still be time. These were the only thoughts she let through to her head. It was all she could do to keep her mind from the encroaching pain. No, don't think about the pain. Not now. Not when you are so close.

She reached the door. Could she risk stopping? She might just collapse, and then all would be lost. With one fluid movement she reached out for the door knob and turned it without ever losing any speed. Her heart was pounding so hard in her chest it threatened to burst through her rib cage. She was in the room. She made it here without expiring. Where was Maria? Marcus?

Oh, no. It's too late. No, she pushed the thought from her mind. There was no time for jumping to horrible conclusions. There still could be time. She was just early, that was it. They weren't here yet. She beat them here. It was okay. All she had to do was wait. Slowly she let herself fall to the ground. It would be best if she caught her breath. She needed to clear her head, because when they did come she would have to be rested enough to stop them. Stop this from happening. Make things right. Yes, this would all be over soon. All she needs is to rest ...

These were her last thoughts. She closed her eyes and let out her last painful breath as her lifeless body slumped onto the cold hard floor. Seconds later, the door on the other side of the room flung open. "We can perform the ritual in here." The young girl was saying to the person behind her. Then she turned to see the body lying across the floor. "Angie!" She screamed and rushed to the girl's side. "How could this happen? What went wrong? Sis! Sissy, wake up! You have to be okay!" She sobbed over the dead body.

The man behind her had entered the room. "You know what you must do." He said standing over the girls. "To make this right again we must perform the ritual as planned and this will have never taken place. You can save your sister." He extended his hand. "Hurry, before our time is up." She took it, leaving her sister on the floor. With one last tearful look she whispered. "I will save you. I promise. I'll fix everything." Then the room went dark.

2 - fethin memories

She woke up drenched in tears and sweat trying to recall the nightmare she had just escaped. Angela turned to her husband for comfort but his side of the bed was empty. He wasn't there. He was never there. She let out a heavy sigh and her breath steadied. Fresh tears fell at this thought. When was she going to learn not to cry over him. They had been over for a while now. Neither of them could admit it though. So they just went through the motions. Even when he was there he was gone emotionally. Guess they were right. We are too young for married life.

Angela let out a long sigh. Doesn't matter anymore. She looked at her clock, it was two thirty in the morning. She let out another sigh, no more sleep tonight. Might as well start the day.

It was pitch black, but Angie knew her way around. Picking up her robe along the way, she maneuvered her way to the bathroom and turned on the water for a shower. Angie was always showering. She could never get clean enough. But then again, how do you scrub away the dirt and grime from a tainted soul?

As she disrobed and entered the steaming stream of water, morbid memories flooded her mind. Not even one year ago she had almost died in this very stall. The once clear water turned blood red right before her eyes as she relived that fateful day. The wounds were self inflicted of course. Tired of the constant filth that had stained deep within her skin and the emptiness that consumed her every time she thought of the cage she created for herself, she entered the ice cold shower fully clothed and proceeded to scrape herself clean with her trusty razorblade.

Had her sister not come by to bug her at the right time Angie would have succeeded in her own destruction. The girls had kept their tragic secret to this day. Not like her husband would have ever noticed. The blood faded away, rinsed clean by the clear water and her memories fell away as well.

She finished washing up and dried herself off, trying not to look at her scars. After dressing, she had a cup of coffee. Caffeine, the best legal drug. Feeling slightly better, Angela decided to go to the GYM. Maybe a good work out would take her mind off of reality for awhile. She grabbed her sports bag and headed out the door.