

Angelic Sinner

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A vampire-romance novel filled with slapstick comedy.

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Chapter 1 - The Angel

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~Angelic Sinner~††_____ Chapter 1: The Angel

"Abby!!!" my brother banged on the door. I didn't answer. I hoped that if I stayed silent, he would go away and leave me alone. Tai opened the door of my room. I could hear him walking around, looking for me, but he wasn't going to find me this time. I had found an extra good hiding place. "Abby..." he growled, sounding frustrated, "I know you're in here! Come out! I wanna talk to you for a moment." I stubbornly stayed put. I heard him mutter something, but I couldn't quite make it out. He wrenched the closet open, scaring me. He looked down, just like I expected him to do. When he saw nothing there, his shoulders sagged. "My god..." he said, sounding exasperated, "You're like a little kid sometimes, Abby..." "I am not!" I shouted. Tai's head jerked up to see me lying scrunched on the closet's top shelf. "A-hah!" he said, crossing his arms, "Care to explain?" I didn't answer. "Come on, it's not that bad," he said, "Grandpa's been all alone in that place for such a long time. And I need to do this, Abby, you know that." I looked at him, utterly outraged at the very thought. "B-But grandpa lives in a—" I began hatefully, "Those kinds of places are haunted! Don't you watch the movies?!?" "Abby, you're being immature. You still believe in ghosts? You're fifteen for Christ's sake..." I crossed my arms and closed my eyes stubbornly. I felt a little pang in my heart, just because of him. "It's not permanent," Tai said, his soft gray eyes drilling into my sharp blue ones, "It's only while I'm at Queen's..." I frowned. "I won't touch anything, not even if I'm asked," I asked, slowly giving it. His face brightened, and I held back a smile. I knew how much this meant to him, going to university and all. And when he got a good job, we could actually buy things—good things—like a computer. "You don't have to," Tai said, "Now will you come down? It's gotta be dusty up there to say the least..." I rolled my eyes. I slipped down, but as I turned to get down, I lost my grip and fell down onto my but. I heard my brother snicker. "Shut up, Jackass," I said viciously, "You should be glad that I'm so generous, Tai. If I were you—and I'm soooo glad that I'm not—I would be pampering me right about now." He rolled his eyes. "You're a ham..." he muttered, "Just finish packing, okay?" I shrugged. He walked to the door, but stopped at the frame. "Be ready by five, Abby," he warned, "We have to be at the station by half-past." "Yeah, Yeah..." I said, kneeling down beside some clothes that I had thrown on my bed in a hurry. I began to fold my old red t-shirt moodily. True enough, I had agreed, but I still wasn't looking forward to what was to come. I mean I liked where I live, and living where my grandpa did...well, I wasn't looking forward to it one bit. I sat dully, continuing to pack and fold, pack and fold, and pack some more. It was almost like I was in some sort of trance; it was that boring.

As soon as I got into the train station, I was pissed off. I didn't want to go at all, but my stupid brother basically guilt-tripped me into it. Still—I wasn't going to go down without a fight. We got on the train, not speaking to one another. As I sat down, I wrinkled my nose. "What's wrong?" Tai asked, looking at me. He sat across from me, holding a pamphlet for Queens. God, he had been reading that even after he got accepted... "It smells," I said. He looked at me, then lifted his head and sniffed the air. "No it doesn't." I crossed my arms unhappily. "Stop being so—" he paused to search for the right word, "—anal." I blinked. "You've been reading the dictionary again, haven't you?" I asked lamely, giving him a small frown. He really needed to stop that; he wasn't going to make and / or keep any friends if he continued. "No!" he snapped, "I'm just not uneducated like you!" I gave him a look. "You know I go to school," I said. He shrugged. "That doesn't mean that it necessarily shows..." he murmured. I kicked him in the shin. "OUCH!" he yelped, grabbing his shin gingerly, "You're really mean, you know that?" "Well now we're even..."

It was near dark by the time we actually got to my grandfather's house. I stumbled on the stony path up to the door, hauling

my suitcase behind me. ‘What a gentleman...’ I thought acidly, looking at Tai, ‘Doesn’t even bother to help me with my suit cases or nothing...’ “Why are you looking at me like that?” he suddenly asked. I looked away from him. “Like what? You’re imagining things,” I said, my voice clearly giving away the fact that I was hiding something. He eyed me suspiciously, but didn’t question me. “Grandpa, we’re here” Tai said happily, stepping through the threshold. As soon as he opened the door, I felt a chill go down my spine. This was not where I wanted to be, not one bit. The whole house was soaked in an unflattering darkness that made my skin crawl. I couldn’t see all that much, the light was dim, but from what I could see, the furniture was old and fairly moth-eaten. The carpet, which was either a dark blue or a musty brown, was covered in a thick curtain of dust. Apart from that, I could see my breath hang in the air in the form of a cloud. “Hello, Tyler.” I nearly jumped out from my skin. My grandfather stepped out from one of the many dark corners of the living room. “Hi-ya Grandpa,” Tai said, waving a hand. My grandfather jerked his head into what I took as a friendly nod. “And you must be...young Abigail Williams, yes?” I nodded. The last time that I met my grandfather, I had been with my mom, and I had been in her arms the whole time, crying, sleeping or eating. “Well, haven’t you grown up,” he stated formally. There was an awkward silence, in which time I took to observe the old man that was my grandfather. He had a beard that was grizzled and thick, with a wrinkled face that, unlike the old men that we portrayed on television, didn’t seem to show all that much warmth. His weight was put mainly on a long slender black-ivory cane whose handle ended in a skeleton’s head. I drew my attention away from it. It creeped me right out; I was never the type for spooky things, especially skulls and that. “Well come on in,” he said, stepping from the hall, inviting us in, “Don’t waste the air conditioning or the bodies will rot.” If I had felt any form of cold before, it was nothing to how I felt as I stepped further into the house. My guess was that it didn’t even have a thing to do with the A.C., either... “Abby, I just put your stuff in the room you’re staying in, okay?” I turned to see Tai get back from the hallway. “Y-Yeah, sure...” I said. Tai hugged both me and my grandfather before leaving. Both he and I stared at the door after Tai, but I had a feeling it wasn’t because my grandfather really felt weird alone with another person, like I did. “He’s too chipper, that one,” my grandpa growled. I blinked, preparing to gulp. ‘Too chipper?’ I asked myself, ‘Wow...’ “Do you like to eat?” my grandfather asked, squinting his eyes at me. I blinked. What kind of question was that? “Umm...yeah,” I replied, not sure why he would ask something like that. He closed his eyes firmly before saying, “Then you better learn how to cook.” With that, he stalked off, but not before saying, “And make sure you don’t leave the door open that long again—it makes it too hot in here. No guests will like that. They came here to either say good-bye to lifeless corpses or to buy a coffin. They don’t need it warm.”

So there I was, left in my grandfather’s living room, with cold shivers shooting down my back, from both the cold, and, well, the fact that he was harboring dead people, both which I found to be quite uncomfortable. ††††

Living with my grandfather was pretty much the most bang off thing to my regular life that was possible. When I lived with my brother, he would cook, talk with me at dinner about how school went, and then do dishes. Here, however, all which were once Tai’s responsibilities were now mine, and I hated it. Never in my life had I even paid a thought to what Tai did for me at mean times. Now, however, I knew what he did. All I needed to do was hug him and love him for it when he got back.

My grandfather seemed not eat—at all—so I got off easy and only had to do my own dishes. Still, it wasn’t all that fun. I stood grudgingly by the sink, scrubbing my dishes in silence, then I heard the doorbell ring. I shook the soapy suds off my hands over the sink before rushing to get the door. Almost tripping over the hem of the carpet, I reached the door and yanked it open. My heart nearly stopped dead in its tracks.

He had the fairest of skin, like a fresh snow, silvery blond hair and thin, pale, hazel eyes—it was like having an angel ring my doorbell. “H-H-H...” The word ‘Hi’ just would not come out from my lips. He looked at me for the briefest of moments before asking, “Is Mister Jerry Williams out tonight?” My heart went from not beating to pounding in a mere few seconds. I felt my face go a brilliant shade of red. “Umm...He...He.....” He

blinked, waiting patiently. It was the very least I could do to keep restarting my words, hoping that I would actually be able to finish. He seemed to be accustomed to this, which helped me feel a little less embarrassed. ‘That means that he’s used to having this reaction from girls!’ I reassured myself. “Ah, James...” I jumped. My grandfather had crept up beside me without my knowing. ‘James...’ I thought, slowly. That name, James...to me, it sounded as though it had been derived from the angels themselves, so it suited him wonderfully. My heart pounded. James inclined his head gently and said, “Have I found you well, good sir?” My grandfather nodded and tilted his mouth to the side, stretching the few scars on his face. I knew he had attempted to smile, but it still creeped me out. “Indeed,” grandpa said. He opened the door widely, and James walked into—more like glided with gracious posture—the house, passing me a small glance as he did. After my grandfather closed the large door behind him, he said, tossing his left hand carelessly in my direction, “This is my grand-daughter.” I offered my hand almost a little too quickly, eager to, in any way, familiarize myself with him. He took no notice, but instead looked me in the eyes. I guess that he must have seen my face go even redder than before, because he closed his eyes gently and said, “A pleasure to meet you, Abigail.” He didn’t take my hand, but I felt as though he had. I blinked. ‘How did he...?’ “I’m supposing that you’re here for your brother’s...” my grandfather said, leaving the rest of the sentence hanging in the air. James didn’t answer right away. “That...among other things,” he replied finally, opening his eyes slowly to look at my grandfather, who, as I now saw, had gone a bit pale. The old man fidgeted before saying a delayed, “Ah, yes. That. Well, come in then.” “Abigail—lead our guest to the sitting room, will you?” my grandfather asked distractedly. I felt my face go hot as I saw James turn to me. “S-Sure...come with me...” There wasn’t all that much to lead him to, but I knew that my grandfather just wanted to be polite. ‘Still...The fact that gramps is so distracted makes me uneasy...Maybe he’s the son of gramps’ boss?’ I wondered, referring to James. He sat down contently, his eyes closed, as if he were thinking of something pleasant. “So...” I said, eager to hear his voice again, “Do you live around here?” ‘Hah! You smart devil, Abby!’ I thought to myself, ‘Talking to him and getting to know where he lives! They don’t make ‘em smarter than me!’ “Yes,” he replied. He didn’t continue, although I was greatly hoping he would. “And by ‘around here’...Do you live beside us?” I pressed. James opened his eyes and focused them on me. “Well aren’t we a little curious...” He said softly. It wasn’t an insult; the smile played upon his face told me that. I laughed a little. “Sorry...It’s the way that I am...” I said, looking down at my feet. Just then, we were interrupted by a large bang. I jumped. “There it be...” my grandfather’s voice came. I looked, and to my horror, there, on the ground with his hand resting on it, was a coffin. It was, I noted, too small for a regular person, which meant... I clapped my hands to my mouth. “Oh my gosh!” I cried, jumping right out of my chair. Recalling the conversation between my grandfather and James, I had been able to put two and two together. “Is there a problem?” James asked, not showing any particular emotion at all. I pointed to the coffin and slowly said, “Y-Your little brother...I’m...I’m so sorry...” James stared at me for a long time, his eyes narrowed, not in hate, but in a calculating look. He cleared his throat before saying, “Ah yes...Thank you very much.” My heart definitely went out to him there; I couldn’t ever imagine losing a sibling at such a young age. I watched in silence as he picked up the coffin unceremoniously, like it weighed a meager five pounds or something, and carried it off to the door. “Thank you, Jerry, for the coffin...As for the other item...” James said softly, his lips barely moving, “...I shall see to that in a few days.” He turned his beautiful pale eyes onto me and gave a slanted smile that seemed to send erotic shivers down my spine. “Farewell... Please do sleep soundly.” My grandfather nodded weakly, and I stayed silent. His leaving greeting had left me feeling a little bit odd; after all it was such a different thing to say. But I seemed to make an exception, being that it was James who had said it and all. Even though he had been gone for at least ten minutes, both my grandfather and I stood, staring at the spot where James had left, no one saying anything for a while. “So... What did you think of that boy?” Grandpa finally asked, his voice really quiet. I turned to look at him. “James?” I

inquired, as if I hadn't been staring at the guy the whole time, as if I wasn't repeating his name over and over again in my mind. "You don't find him... strange?" he asked, his eyes narrowed weakly. I blinked and stared at him. "Weird? No. But he does seem... amazing," I said breathlessly. My grandfather looked as if he was about to say something, like he was alarmed, but decided better of it. He turned away from me doubtfully, not saying anymore than a small muttered, 'goodnight.' I smiled slightly, pleased at how James' smile had treated me. N