

# Fallen

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*Sometimes the truth can hurt. Other times, it could save your life. One way or another, it always hurts somebody. Even you. We think the truth can be a way out of trouble. But it isn't always, life is cruel, the truth is too. But lies hurt the most.*

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# 1 - Fallen

Becky walked down the street to her friend's house. Becky has long brown hair, hazel green eyes, and pale white coloured skin. She was wearing a black cloak, black boots, a purple top, and a long raven black skirt. Becky was part of a Wicca coven, the youngest with in it, and also the most powerful. She had, had a choice once, black or white magick. She chose white, but her sister 'Blaze', now known as 'Shadow' had chosen black. Blaze had long black hair, and taunting green eyes. She had pale white skin, different from Becky. Most people wouldn't think they were twins. But now they were rivals. In both love and magick. Blaze and Becky had both fallen for the new boy in their school. Matt.

Matt wasn't your average teenager. He was...different...in a way. Not like the normal boys. Maybe that was why they fell for him. He had brown hair, and raven black eyes, which were hidden behind sun-glass's. He always wore a cross necklace around his neck, he hadn't ever taken it off from anybody's knowledge. . Even when the teachers asked him to take it off, he had just walked out of the classroom, and ignored the claps from the students, and the shouts from the teachers.

Strangely enough, Becky, Blaze, and Matt were only fourteen. Becky and Blaze had only just gotten their powers, and Blaze had tried many spells on Matt to make him love her, but none had succeeded. Becky hadn't tried anything. When she had fallen for him, she had then tried to avoid him, everything she had to talk to him, or see him, she would feel her heart beating fast, and her stomach as if it had been turned upside down.

It was Monday when I saw Matt again; Blaze had walked in beside me. She was the most popular girl in our school. I never wanted to be, but was too. I was the second most popular for my kindness. I walked to my classroom silent.

Blaze and I hadn't talked to each other for about two years...that is...if you didn't count being paired up by the teachers and our parents making us talk. I spotted Matt, again, he was sitting at the back of the room, in a corner. But strangely enough, he was sitting next to the seat I usually sat in. I looked about, hoping there was another seat, but there was none. I sat down unwillingly as the teacher came in, and watched the expression of jealousy on Blaze's face appear. I closed my eyes.

When class had finished, I ran out of the classroom, straight to my locker. I shoved my books in, and grabbed the ones I needed for my next class; I put them into my backpack in a rush, and ignored the hellos from all the girls who walked past. When I got to my next class, I realised he had somehow gotten the seat next to mine again. I looked about it, and suddenly didn't feel so well. The last person I saw was 'Amy' one of my friends, who had run towards me. She kept asking me questions, about something, but I couldn't hear her. I fainted.

I woke up in the sick bay, Matt and Amy talking to each other, I looked at them both, watching from the corner of my eyes. Just then I realised that Matt was holding my hand. I pulled it away with the strength I had, and saw them both stare at me. I sighed, and closed my eyes.

"Becky? Becky are you alright?" I heard Amy say. I didn't say anything. My mouth was so dry, and I knew I had a sore throat now.

I felt Blaze's presence as she walked into the room. Her presence made it feel cold, and I could feel her aura of darkness, and cruelty. That's all I could feel as she entered. I watched as Amy backed off. Blaze lent down over me, and whispered

"Stay away from Matt...he's mine..." I looked at her, and shook my head, forcing myself to speak, even though it was painful.

"Matt...isn't yours...or mine...he belongs to no one..." Matt and Amy looked at me, I didn't know they

could hear. Blaze smiled evilly, and gave Matt a wink before leaving. I saw Matt's expression of fear, and realised then that the reason he was always sitting next to me was because he liked me. After school, Amy came to the sick bay with Matt again. They offered to walk me home, but I refused to go with them. I had been sitting in the sick bay all day. I didn't feel like talking to anyone, I just wanted to be by myself and think.

When I got home, my mother told me that a boy named 'Matt' had called. I sighed, and went up to my room. It had been painted black, and dark purple only a few days ago, from its old colours pink and purple. I hated bright colours now. Most of my friends thought I was a Goth, not just because of the fact I hated bright colours, but because I acted like one, and had skull things all over my bag, books and room. Most of my cloths were black, my shoes were black or dark colours, and I hated light. But deep down, I knew I wasn't a goth, just an insecure teenager. Or so I thought.

That night, I felt like my Wicca side tugging me from the back of my mind, telling me to do a spell. I crept downstairs, and could've jumped out of my skin when I saw what I did see. Matt! Matt and Blaze, they were on the couch, and kissing. I walked into the shadows hurt. I had thought wrong. The only reason he hanged with me, was because he wanted my sister. I ran into the kitchen on my tip toes, and chanted something, a big black book appeared. Marked 'Book of Spells' I opened it, blowing the dust off it. Only I knew about this book, grandma had given it to me before she died. I scanned through it, until I found a spell saying 'To cure a broken heart' I read through it...

To cure a broken heart...

You will need...

Two red and pink candles,

White or blue paper,

Blue, red or white ink

A open fire,

Salt to cast a protection circle with,

Your heart...

What to do:

Cast the spell during the witching hour, chant the words:

"Let my soul be released, without pain, or sorrow,

Let my heart be cured from the heartbreak i'm in...

Cast this spell, make it work tomorrow,

Let my soul, spirit, and heart be freed.

Make it tomorrow, make it work...

So Mote It be!"

I sighed, and grabbed all the stuff from the cupboards. I tried to get the picture out of my head. Yes, Blaze had won, but my heart was broken, and now I was trying to use magick to fix it...

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Later on that night, when it was close to midnight, I started to cast the spell. Blaze was now upstairs with Matt. I didn't care. Or hoped I didn't. I walked into the middle of the circle, and sealed it. I was about to

start the spell, when I saw a black figure walking around. I shivered. 'Is it a dark spirit? or a human? What is it...' I looked about. Nothing else, only the moon, stars, the pitch black sky, the figure, and me. I ignored it, and started the spell finally. The figure walked towards me, and then ran at me. Knocking me out of the circle. I screamed...