

# **Destruction**

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*Shonen-Ai/Slash? Just another little piece, an old idea of mine. Heaven's falling down...*

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## Destruction

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It was destruction, but it was brilliant.

I watched as the dark gray sky of the earth lit up from the flare of heavenly light, illuminating everything for a brief moment in a blinding flash, a shock wave of silent sound slamming through me, cracking the stone beneath my feet and leaving my ears ringing and my mind numb.

And then I saw the broken pieces of rock hurtling down, slamming into the earth with enough impact to send pebbles bouncing inches up in the air and old, huge trees to crash to the ground, bared, gnarled roots curling like fingers in the stale air.

I stared up at that dying center of light, watching the pieces of wall and floor and ceiling all come crashing down in crumbled shards. I didn't move as they thundered to the earth around me.

I smiled. The City of Angels was falling.

And then I saw them.

Small, at first, nothing more than specks of black on a stormy gray background, but then they came closer and I saw them clearly.

Their slim, once-perfect bodies, clothed in white and silvered robes which rippled as they hurtled through the air, falling, falling. Always to fall.

I wanted to laugh as I saw their weak little bodies dropping like the lifeless rocks from the sky. Torn of their immortality, torn of their beauty, their power, their pride.

And most of all, torn of their wings. The very essence of who they were, ripped from their bodies, the feathers scattering and fluttering softly, slowly, sadly through the air, a final dance and remembrance of their lost glory.

This was what it was, after all. I stood there while the ruins of their City and their bodies and their feathers rained down, and it made me want to laugh and scream at them, taunt them in our final victory. But I forgot all of that in an instant.

Because then I saw you.

No matter how far away, no matter what illusion they wrapped you up in, I would always recognise you.

You, out of all of them, was so different, so unique, so impossibly flawless. Except for me, of course.

I felt my breathing catch in my throat as I stared at you, long strands of hair falling around your perfect face, I wanted to touch them, I wanted to stroke your cheek, kiss your lips, bid you to open those gorgeous eyes of yours.

You were nothing less than perfection, and even as you fell, I felt the elegance and saw your perfect features, saw your soft, golden skin through the thick, ugly white robes over your body.

I watched you fall, stone and angels slamming into the ground all around me, feathers drifting down in a silent dance, mourning.

I didn't even move, I knew I didn't have to, we were meant to be together always, we were meant to be like light and dark halves, we were meant to be.

I just raised my hands, held them out as I watched you come plummeting down at me, you were the ocean to extinguish my burning, raging fire, you were the soft, warm sun to my dark, sad crescent moon.

I caught you in my arms, and you were light as a feather, for you were so perfect, so holy, how could you

be anything else? The instant we touched, I felt a shock like thunder through my every nerve and fiber, and that was okay, because I had you now, and I swore to myself, I'd never let you go.

I held you close, feeling my heart miss a beat as I stared at your soft, calm face, framed by your long, silky hair and the thin, silvery chains threaded around your forehead. I leaned down and pressed my lips against them gently, feeling the metal, so cool on my skin, little bumps rising against my mouth.

I touched your hair, brushed it from your face, smiling as I gazed at your perfect, innocent face in the dusky, flickering light. It was like heaven lost its light once you left its skies, and I had them now all to myself.

I leaned close against you, smelling that perfume-like scent, faint, tantalizing. I breathed out slowly as I took in your sins, your faint, blurred shadows lurking over your perfect, tanned skin, leaving you innocent, sweet, chaste.

The smell of sin was so delicious, but it wasn't something that belonged on you, no matter what you had done. You were like pure spun gold, crystalline, radiating perfection and beauty.

I fingered the smooth robes around your neck, hating their bleached, colorless white, it didn't suit you. I grinned as I stared down at you. You'd look good in black. You had looked good in black.

I ran my other hand over your back, gazing at where your wings used to be. I curled my own black, velvety wings around us as I studied the crimson flowers of blood embroidered over you, but I wasn't worried about anything. You would heal, I would heal you.

I brought you closer against me, and I kissed you on the lips, feeling your warmth and melting at the brush of our mouths together.

I pressed apart your lips with my own, then slipped my tongue inside, reveling in that dark, sweet interior of yours that I could finally touch whenever I wanted to, that I'd yearned to make mine for what felt like eternity.

I moaned softly as I pressed against you harder, taking as much of you as I could inside myself, so I could claim you as rightfully mine and I could bask in your perfection forever.

I felt you stir beneath me, and I pulled away.

I watched you open your eyes and look at me, and I smiled.

You were destruction, and you were beautiful.

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