

Cursed Blood - 67.Mourning.67[726 words]

It was a silent, deadly standoff. I could tell this whole thing -- my existence, really -- wasn't normal considering how no one knew what to do. Everyone wanted my loyalty, but none of them remembered I had human emotions and was capable of making decisions based solely on how I felt. The group of gods desperately wanted their Angel back, and I was beginning to realize why.

They had never mourned her. They just decided to she couldn't *possibly* die, so they reincarnated her.

She never had the chance to stay dead. These people couldn't cope with that, so they did their best to pretend it never happened by bringing her back to life.

Except she wasn't the same person. How could she be? She was meant to be dead.

They never mourned her, or felt the grief of her death. They were all prancing around in denial.

I set my lips into a firm line. I would send them back to their own world, and I would make sure they realized that it was okay for them to be upset over the loss of their friend.

"I may be a monster," I began, catching their attention. "I won't deny that. I certainly won't say I'm going to be perfectly fine in the head after all this... But the important thing is that I'm not Angel. I'm not."

"Of course, but you're her *reincarnate*--"

"She's *dead*."

Heavy silence followed. The red eyed man looked absolutely furious.

"She is dead. Gone. Fallen in eternal sleep," I repeated, ensuring the idea was stuck in their heads. "You tried your best, but she wasn't meant to be alive."

"We're gods, we don't live by human rules!" A god shouted. His body was covered in strange letters, his eyes a pale blue.

I looked him dead in his strange eyes and rolled my own. "Dying isn't just for humans, you know. It's for animals, plants, planets, civilizations... Gods.

"You can't be in denial anymore. You have to accept that you can die. You need to accept that she's dead, so that I don't have to kill anyone else," I told them, my eyes passing to each one of them. Most were in the painting hung in my room, but some were completely new to me. I could see features of their power in what they wore and the weapons they had, but I knew better than to see them as powerful, untouchable beings. They were just like I was, mourning. Grief-stricken. Confused, lost.

But one thing was clear for me.

"I want you all to be able to move on and accept her death," I sighed, "but if you refuse, I won't hesitate to fight each one of you. I meant what I said. Kill me to get me out of here."

Disturbed, anguished looks appeared on faces everywhere. There was even a god whose shoulders slumped forward as he bit his lip, trying to hold back his tears. He failed, and the woman beside him gently patted his shoulder.

"Is there really no way..," the red eyed man whispered, his voice cracking and trailing off.

I relaxed, my wings dropping to my sides. This was calmer, now that they'd seen me take down one of their own. I had enough power to make them back off.

That, and they're rather soft, I thought, they're all just... sad.

"Go home."

Surprisingly, a few of them actually did disappear. White flashes appeared each time a god vanished, presumably returning to their own homes. The speed of their departure picked up until there was only one left.

"Cloud."

I stared back at Red, which was the name I'd given to the pestering god.

"Yes?"

"I loved her," he admitted. "It was my idea to try to reincarnate her. I'm sorry for it."

"I'm sorry I stole her soul," I shrugged.

He looked at me with a pained expression, but soon brushed it off.

"This may not be the last time we see each other," he murmured, "but if it is, good-bye, Storm-Cloud."

"Wait a second."

He paused, his fingertips already glowing white. I leaned on one hip, crossing my arms.
"Do you know why that's my name?"

Red sighed. "Angel had a dragon she loved to play with whenever she visited a temple that was devoted to her. The dragon's name was Storm-Cloud."

His eyes trailed back to meet mine.

"I used compulsion to force your parents into naming you after the thing she loved."

With that, the god vanished.