



The Lost Angels

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The Lost Angels

N. Lang

PART ONE: AWAKENING

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Chapter 1

The colors of the watercolor painting started to blur together in front of Lisa. Brown hair waved in the air. Jade eyes looked down. The woman's white robe just needed some finishing touches. Her wings expanded over floating castles. *Hopefully the public will like this at the gallery.* Unlike Lisa's last painting, which didn't even get a glance. It was an abstract painting of many colors; she'd thought it was good, but the public had other opinions. *Funny how I dreamt of this woman a few nights ago,* she thought, writing a name below the angel: Celestina.

Lisa stood back to admire her work. Her body tingled just looking at the angel's pixie face staring down at the city she was charged with. *I'm so tired, I should stop for tonight. But I only have a few touch ups left.* Taking her thin paint brush and dipping it in the brown paint on the pallet, Lisa hovered over Celestina's hair when a child crying next door made her hand jolt. She scrutinized her apartment wall. Lisa shook her head and went back to her painting. A few moments later there was a knock on her door. Lisa stopped painting, left the bedroom and went downstairs. *That time already?*

Lisa crossed the living room to the front door and opened it. There stood her sister, Sara, soaked through from the rain. Sara's gold bangs stuck to her forehead and water dripped from her straight long hair onto the balcony.

Sara stood tall and slim. Her eyes were accentuated with dark blue mascara that now ran down her face.

"Hey, sis," Lisa said, while Sara gave her a hug.

Sara turned toward the stairs. "Come meet your aunt, Kristy."

Lisa looked around the door to see a young girl, around fourteen climbing the steps, dragging a suitcase. When Kristy stopped at the

door, Lisa saw a young Sara that reminded her of herself four years ago. Kristy's brown hair was tied back in a ponytail. Her sparkling eyes made her skin light up, If only she didn't have a crease on her face.

"Hi, Kristy. I'm Lisa," she held out her hand.

"Hi," Kristy said solemnly, without extending her hand.

"Don't be rude, Kristy," her mother said.

"That's okay. Why don't you come in?" Lisa said.

"Could you just watch TV or listen to your ipod while I talk to your aunt?"

"Sure." Kristy sat her suitcase down then plopped on the couch.

"Can I get something to drink for you two?" Lisa asked.

"I'll have a Sprite," Kristy said, putting her headphones on.

"None for me," Sara said, looking at the painting of a park hanging on the wall.

Lisa handed Kristy a can. "I made some tea. I was hoping it would keep me awake." She told Sara.

"Sure." Sara sat at the kitchen table and Lisa handed her a cup.

"Did you paint that?"

"I did," Lisa said, looking at a multi-colored painting on the wall, sipping her tea. "I tried to sell it at the gallery where I work but no one seemed interested so my manager had me take it down."

"I'm sorry."

"It's okay. I'm working on something better."

"I shouldn't ask you to do this. Especially when I haven't seen you in years. I'm sorry I haven't called. I've been moving around. I just don't know who else to turn to. I don't think our parents have forgiven me yet."

"That was eight years ago. Now you're getting help," Lisa said.

"They will."

"I'm surprised you said you would take in Kristy for me," Sara looked down. "Especially after the things I've said to you."

"That's what families do. We forgive." Lisa held out her hand and her sister took it. *Something doesn't feel right.*

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“About Kristy staying for six months. Um, well...it might be longer.”

“Longer?” Lisa whispered. “How much longer?”

“Er...let’s say a year or longer.” Sara swallowed and tried to avoid Lisa’s glare. “I just need time to put my life back together.”

“Your life...what about my life?” Lisa spat.

Sara wiped an eye. “I need someone to look after her. I don’t want her following my path.”

“Doesn’t she have any other place to stay?”

“I trust you. I don’t want her to go into the system or to our parents. I don’t know what they’re like anymore.” Sara rested her hand on top of Lisa’s.

Lisa’s eyes softened. She sipped her tea then sighed. “I’ll do it for her.”

“I’ve already enrolled her in school. I’ve also slipped in an envelope that has money and a letter to her in her suitcase. I can’t bear to tell her now.”

Sara hugged Kristy and told her she’d return in six months.

“Why can’t I stay with my friend Holly in LA?” Kristy whined.

“Your friend isn’t an adult. She is,” Sara said pointing to Lisa.

Kristy gave her mother a hug. She looked at Lisa then shook her head. “Thanks, you’re an angel, sis.”

Lisa had a queasy feeling as she watched her sister descend into the darkness. Like she wasn’t coming back. Thunder boomed overhead, off in the distance, approaching fast.

Lisa put Kristy in the bedroom upstairs in her painting room. “That’s a nice painting,” Kristy said.

“Thanks,” Lisa said while cleaning up her paintbrushes. “Why does my mom have to go out of town for her drug treatment?” Kristy asked putting her purse down.

“Because New York has the best drug program,” Lisa said, unfolding the couch into a bed; she then put Kristy’s suitcase on it.

Kristy stared at a framed picture on the dresser of the two sisters. “Were you close?”

“Not really. She moved out with our father at sixteen when I was seven.” She coughed. “Well, everything in this room is yours.”

“Can I take a shower?”

“Of course. It’s your pl—place too,” Lisa replied, swallowing. “Just don’t touch the paintings or supplies, please.”

While Kristy was in the bathroom, Lisa wondered if she should do what her sister couldn’t and tell Kristy the truth. Lisa searched for the envelope. Five hundred dollars and the letter along with papers to sign for permanent custody.

Lisa’s hand began to tremble. *How am I going to tell Kristy?*

“I haven’t been here for five minutes and you’re already going through my stuff?” Lisa turned around to find Kristy at the doorway wrapped in a towel.

“I—I don’t know how to tell you—”

Kristy grabbed the letter from her and read it. She stood frozen, the paper shaking in her hand. She collapsed onto the bed. “Why?”

Lisa sat next to her and rubbed her back. “Your—your mom is just trying to do what she thinks is best for you.” She didn’t know what else to say, but she was sure more needed to be said.

Kristy’s tears flowed. “What did I do?”

Lisa wiped her own eyes. Definitely more needed to be said. *Now it really is your place.*



The next morning, neither one knew what to say to one another, so Lisa dropped Kristy off at school. Looking at her clock, she knew she’d have to learn to wake up earlier. *Kristy takes more time in the bathroom than I do. At least it gave me time to finish up my painting.* After getting her painting out from the trunk of her car, Lisa entered the small building across from the other shopping malls in the promenade. She never thought she would be late for work. Never thought she would have a roommate. *Can’t believe my*

sister would do this to me! She wanted to scream and hit something. Lisa pushed opened the door with her back, causing the entrance bells to ring.

“Morning, Maggie,” Lisa said.

“Hey Lisa,” Maggie said, she wore a black vest jacket and suit pants to match, and she came out from around the cashier counter to hold the door open. After Lisa brought in the panting she leaned it on a wall and unveiled it. Maggie gasped. “That’s so beautiful!” Her blue eyes sparkled in the fluorescent lighting. Maggie looked around on the fabric walls that gave the gallery a cozy feeling. Paintings of huge sea ships that came out toward you. Cities lit up at night. Lisa followed Maggie around a corner under some darkened art lights. On the wall hung nature paintings, the lights highlighting certain areas of grass and trees. She found a blank spot. “I think this would be good. People will see it when they walk in so maybe it’ll have better luck.” Maggie took the panting of the angel and hung it up. “I like it.”

“Thanks,” Lisa said, “even my niece liked it.”

“You babysitting?” Maggie asked.

“No. She’s fourteen. Last night my sister asked me to take in my niece for a few months.”

“A few months?” Maggie asked. “Now that’s a commitment.”

“That’s why I was late. Waiting for her to get out of the bathroom. It’s going to be tough times ahead.” Lisa looked at her painting with her arms crossed. “I have a good feeling about Celestina.” *Not to mention a strange one as well.*

Lisa and Maggie proceeded to open up the store. Lisa pinned her gold nametag onto her vest pocket. People were starting to come in and look around while some others looked in the window but kept walking. A couple with a child asked Lisa if there were paintings of ships and she pointed them in the right direction. While the parents looked at the paintings the child roamed around while Maggie

watched her every move. *I don't know why she doesn't put up a "KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR KIDS" sign.*

A tall man in a trench coat strolled by the window, his collar turned up against the wind. He stopped and looked back at the window with his shades on. It seemed he was staring right at Lisa. He stepped inside and strolled up to the counter. She considered herself tall, but she had to crane her neck to see his Adonis-like face. "How may I—" The man removed his shades, revealing jade green eyes. Lisa forgot what she was going to say.

"Um, is there a restroom I can use?"

She pointed him toward the back. She eyed his short black hair above his broad shoulders. *Where did he come from?* Lisa began filling papers in a drawer. Lisa noticed that the girl had started to trowel around, but that Maggie was keeping an eye on her without being obvious about it. The guy with the shades returned and, walked up to the desk. "Can I ask you something? Who did that painting of Celestina?"

"That would be me," Lisa said.

"Lisa Gale," he read off her nametag. "Very elegant. Looks so real. I'm Joe. I just moved here."

Lisa held out her hand. "I hope you like it in our little Haven City." She smiled. Can I be your personal tour guide? "And what do you do?"

"I'm a mechanic. I work out of my garage for right now. I was just getting some spare parts when I needed to stop. I'm glad I did because I wouldn't have gotten to see your painting. I need to go, but I'll be back to see what else you've painted." Joe's trench coat swept the brown carpet as he headed toward the door. "I like your red hair by the way, it means you're a fighter. You can take life when things are rough." Then he slipped out the door. *He felt so familiar when I touched him. Like I was someone else.* A shatter from the back made her spin around. Lisa grabbed the broom and dustpan then entered the back to find a small snow globe in pieces on the floor with a small painting that was inside. As she picked up the pieces she glanced at the mother talking to the girl, who

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apologized to Maggie. Next to the girl Lisa saw a glowing cloud of an orb. It vanished instantly. Lisa stared in awe, then shook her head. Coming out of her trance, she finished cleaning up the mess, thinking that she had never seen anything like that. A few minutes later the customers gave Maggie some money and left.

Lisa dusted off the artwork in the store. "So, um, about that girl..." *Did you see anything strange?*—she wanted to say. "I mean globe, at least we have more, right?"

"Of course," Maggie said.

"The painting inside the globe is a popular item by a local artist, isn't it?" Lisa asked.

"Yeah. He's gotten huge everywhere."

Lisa's heart raced. *I would love to be like that someday.*

At midday, Lisa called Kristy on her cell phone to see if she needed a ride home but she said she'd walk. Hanging up the phone, something caused her heart to stop cold. From the store's doorway, someone in a black hooded-robe stood, gazing at her. She hadn't heard the door chime at all. The few customers in the gallery did not seem to see the robed figure either. She looked back at the spot but the figure was gone. Had she really seen the ghostly image? Maybe it was stress from everything. Not getting her painting sold, her sister leaving her with Kristy and all on top of starting this new job.

After work, she headed to her car. Stepping outside, a chill crawled up Lisa's spine, and it wasn't the cool air. Four men emerged from the darkness.

"The Master wants you dead," a man in the middle said. He was dressed in black with a silver hoop in his eyebrow. One man behind him wore ripped jeans while another had a knife in his hand, grinning. All were tall except the last man who was medium build. He had gold chains dangling from his scrawny neck.

A foul stench filled the air. "What?" Lisa asked stepping backward. She gripped her purse in one hand and made sure her keys had the

sharp edge sticking out. She had two weapons ready. Her ears started pounding.

A man appeared in front of them blocking her path. It looked like the guy she'd met that morning, in the shop.

"Jo—Joe?" Lisa asked, swallowing.

Joe glanced at her. A glance that told her to run, but she froze.

"This doesn't concern you," the guy with the earring said.

"It does now," Joe said, with a poker face.

"Get him."

Lisa watched in horror. It looked like a film playing out in front of her. A blade materialized in Joe's hand as the guy with the knife rushed him. Joe stabbed him in the chest,

instantly killing him. The second guy with ripped jeans came charging from behind. Joe kicked backwards, causing the guy to slam onto the ground. Joe yanked the knife out of the man's chest before him as he fell, spun and kicked the approaching man who wore the chains, then turned and threw the knife into his neck.

Lisa felt her breath catch in her throat. *Have I finally snapped?* Then she heard Joe's voice.

"Behind you!" He stood inches away, slid his bloody knife to her on the ground. Lisa quickly picked it up, turned around and slashed the side of a fourth man's face, adrenaline coursing through her veins.

The man in black flinched, touching his face in pain. "Bitch! Kill her!"

A fifth man, with spiked hair, stepped out of the shadows. He ran up to Lisa and was about to strike, but Joe appeared in front of him.

Lisa dropped the knife and backed up on stumbling legs. Her hands were beginning to shake. She clenched them together forming fists. *Must have been something I ate*, she thought, trying to remember to breathe.

"You think you're going to kill me too, do you?" the man with spiked hair taunted, circling Joe.

Joe slipped his hand under his long coat. "I don't think," he said. "I know." Before the man could do anything, Joe brought his hand out

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holding a sword and slashed the man's neck. Joe looked at the sheen of blood dripping off his weapon. "Made me ruin a good sword." Joe looked at the last guy standing, whom Lisa had cut. "Your turn."

"You don't get it," the guy in black said. "When we get the Heart there will be nothing but hell, and you can't do a damn thing about it." He merged into the darkness.

Lisa stood there, unable to say anything. She wanted to run but couldn't. Joe's sword dissolved into the air. He then waved his hand over the ground. The bodies seeped into the pavement along with the blood. Lisa gasped. He had erased the nightmarish scene. No sign that any fighting had ever taken place. Not even a drop of blood.

"What?" Lisa felt like her mouth couldn't move along with her body. "Who are you?"

Joe waved his hand across Lisa's eyes.

Lisa blinked, feeling like she had come out of a daze, not remembering anything of the strange men or Joe's quick rescue. How long had she been standing in the parking lot? She thought she smelled sulfur but couldn't determine the source. She got in her car and gripped the steering wheel. Turning on her high beams, she merged into the heavy traffic of Haven City and drove off. She hoped this sort of staring episode didn't occur around Kristy. *I'm supposed to be taking care of her. I can't let her down.*



Lisa fixed spaghetti for dinner. Kristy was quiet, slumped in her seat, moving her meatballs around, occasionally eating her noodles. Lisa's chest tightened. She had never had to console anyone before. "How was school?"

Kristy shrugged. "It was okay."

"You have any favorite classes?"

“Science, I guess.”

“At least it’s the weekend. Any boyfriends?”

“Not really. I just hang out with this one guy.” Kristy let some noodles drop from her fork. “He has no parents either.”

Lisa licked her lips. “I’m not used to having anyone around but...”

“May I be excused? I have a lot of homework.”

“Of course. I have some painting to do anyway,” Lisa said.

Kristy placed her plate in the sink and slumped onto the couch.

Lisa heard her digging through her bag as she put the few dishes in the dishwasher. *Maybe she isn’t ready to talk about it yet.* Lisa heard Kristy sniffing behind her. She turned to see her niece dabbing at her eyes. *She needs me.* Lisa headed to the couch when the room warbled before her. She shut her eyes to calm her head, the next step she took her legs collapsed underneath her. She opened them to an unexpected sight.

Lisa was outdoors, wearing a blue bell dress standing on a marble walkway. Many castles hovered in the distance, hanging in the sky among the clouds, sparkling, looking like a city. A harsh wind brushed the grass around her, then a shaft of darkness burst through the clouds disrupting the beauty. “Mother! Joe!”

She blinked and saw Kristy bending over her. “You okay?”

“Yeah...yeah. My legs just went to sleep.” Kristy helped her up. *What was that?* Lisa stopped thinking when she saw tears shimmering in her niece’s eyes. She hugged Kristy. “We’ll get through this,” she said, rubbing her back while Kristy let tears flow onto her shoulder.

“You’re not going to give me away? I thought you said you’re not used to having someone here?” She asked drying her eyes.

“I’m not, but it doesn’t mean I’m throwing you out. I’m glad to finally get to know my niece.”

Kristy’s shoulders shook. “I won’t be any trouble.”

Lisa smoothed her hair. “I know you won’t be.” *I’m more afraid I may be the trouble,* Lisa thought.



Lisa drove to the store to pick up some items with Kristy. She had called her mother last night but couldn't bring herself to tell about her older daughter's rash decision. Lisa only said her sister went on vacation and needed a break, which was kinda true. Going into the Fluffy's grocery store in one of the two entrances, Kristy grabbed a basket while Lisa started scanning the aisles. The aroma of fresh baked bread drifted from the bakery. As she took in the variety of food, another basket slammed into Kristy's. The woman clutching the basket had long hair, the color of a raven.

"I'm sorry. I'm looking for my son. He's fourteen, short brown hair, a red t-shirt with a soccer logo."

Lisa looked into the woman's light coffee eyes, magnified by her glasses. An image of a tall teen with unkempt brown hair wearing a red shirt appeared in her mind, showing him outside the store bouncing a soccer ball off his head. Lisa shook her head in astonishment. What was that? It took her a moment to answer. "I think I saw him," Lisa said slowly. Turning around Lisa led the way toward the other entrance outside while Kristy and the woman followed.

Just like in her vision, there was a teenager, Kristy's age, with brown hair wearing a red shirt, bouncing a soccer ball off his head. "Tommy!" the woman with glasses barked. Tommy picked up the soccer ball. "I told you I would pick you up at the videos. Why didn't you wait?" Lisa could only stare at the teen whose image she'd seen in her mind. *That can't be possible!*

"Sorry," he said to the woman. Then he turned to Kristy, "Hey, what's up, Kristy?" Tommy asked.

Kristy smiled. "Just hanging out with my aunt. This is who I told you about from school," she said to Lisa.

"Well maybe you can learn something from her and not wander off." The woman thanked Lisa for her help, and stepped back into the store with Tommy in front of her.

As they walked away, Lisa saw a young feminine figure at the mother and son's side for a brief moment. The girl had curly ginger hair, wings folded down her back, and wore a lily white robe. She faded into celestial light. Lisa stared after them in disbelief.

Trying to shake what she had seen, Lisa picked up some chips and soda for Kristy. She passed by the Frappuccino's, reminding her of when she and Maggie were Kristy's age a few short years ago. When they downed tons of those and talked about all the things they wanted to do. Have a career, get married, have kids. But she had hoped to be older when she had a fourteen year old to care for. As she and Kristy stood in line, she said-"Tommy seems nice."

"Yeah," Kristy said.

Lisa turned to see the woman in glasses and Tommy behind her.

"I'm Rachel, thanks again for helping me find him," Rachel said to Lisa.

"Not a problem." Lisa tried not to look too hard for the woman with wings. "I'm Lisa and this is Kristy."

Within moments Lisa saw more winged women and men in white robes standing next to kids and families. No one else seemed to notice or care. Lisa squeezed her eyes shut, then opened them to find the winged people still there. As quick as they appeared, all the people in robes turned into orbs and vanished in thin air.

"You okay?" Rachel and Kristy asked together.

Lisa forgot Rachel was right there. "Uh, yeah." Lisa squeezed her eyes shut. "I must be tired," Lisa said, setting the bags of chips and box of Coke on the counter.

"I hope you get some rest," Rachel said, after Lisa paid for her groceries.

"I hope so too. It's nice to meet you, Rachel." Lisa said, putting a couple of bags into her basket. Stepping outside into the sunlight, she pushed the basket to her car while shaking her head. *I must be losing my mind*, she thought. With a sigh, she mumbled, "No more watching re-runs of Twilight Zone."

"You okay, Aunt Lisa?" Kristy asked. "You're not going to go zany, are you?"

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"I'll be fine. The last few days have just been hectic is all." I think I'm already zany.

Chapter 2

Down an abandoned alley, Joe stood in front of a black robed figure, his face hidden underneath a cowl. “So, how's the Underworld?” Joe asked.

“He's got demons searching everywhere for the Heart. No telling where the pieces landed.” Ben paused. “How's the girl?”

“She is safe for the time being,” Joe said. “You don't know why the demons attacked her, Ben?”

“No. Dakon confides in his master alone. No demon is present. You think this girl has something to do with the Angelheart? Maybe she found a part of it by accident?”

Joe shook his head. “I don't know.” Looking at the pale, sapphire sky, he remembered erasing Lisa's memory of the incident of him fighting with the men earlier in the evening.

“Is there something else troubling you?”

“I walked into her gallery and saw a painting of the Queen. Lisa said she painted it. Then when I fought Dakon she could see through the veil of invisibility.”

“Maybe she's a soothsayer?” asked Ben.

Joe thought for a minute. “Could be. Maybe the demons want to use her to find the Angelheart?” Ben's dark eyes gazed at him from beneath the hood. He had a feeling Ben was thinking the same thing. “I need to talk to her, find out what she knows.”

“I'd better get back to the Underworld,” Ben said.

“Sounds like our mission isn't as easy as the Queen thought it would be. Keep an eye on her,” Ben said. “Oh, yes. And the demons are growing from their infancy to being full grown in no time at all. Dakon will do anything to find it this time.”

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Joe nodded his understanding. "I'll see you later friend. Report when you have more news." He hated that his friend was stuck down in the Underworld around that awful stench. He also knew that a half demon could enter all three dimensions; the Underworld, Earth and Heaven. He had hoped they would have been home by now. On his way to his apartment, among the streets, a foul odor swept through the air. Joe ran into a young lady with long copper hair, dressed in dark clothing. Her frozen blue eyes stared at him. Her hands had lost their color. Her fingernails were black with decay. Not at all like he remembered her.

"What are you doing here on Earth?" she asked.

"The same as you, Keera," Joe said. "You know you can't tune in on it anymore."

Stepping closer to him, Keera licked her cold lips. Her breath smelled rotten when she spoke. "I can tune it in a lot better now with the greater power." She whispered into his ear. "Come join the winning side Joe, Earth and your kind are doomed. Besides, don't you want back what we used to have?" she said, running a long nail down his face.

"What I want is you monsters burning alive just like..."

Keera socked Joe in the gut. "Your skills could have served him well. No matter. We will find the Heart. When we do the one thing that will burn alive is the Earth with all the humans in it." She walked away.



Keera ducked into an alley. Looking around to make sure she was alone, Keera turned her palm toward the ground.

A hole with a crimson outline appeared. She jumped into the hole and vanished from the alley.

She landed on a rigid rocky surface surrounded by water that looked like ink, the whole place smelled of sulphur and death. In front of her a sable boat sat with a skull on the bow. A sharp high fork was in the stern.

She climbed in and the boat glided across the water. Reaching the other side of the shore, it stopped.

Keera got out, walked up three steps to enter a huge cavern area. Several figures wearing dark and scarlet robes with hoods hiding their skinless, pale faces swept through the cave silently, going toward their destinations. She came to a swinging bridge with flames crackling and spitting up underneath the bridge. Strong choking ashes filled the dead air while fire shot up on both sides.

After crossing the trembling bridge she continued walking until she reached two large doors. Opening the doors she stepped into a big dark chamber. A walkway leading to a low platform with a tall, throne chair sat in the middle.

A shadow sat in the chair. Keera stepped across the walkway with her head held high while geysers of fire shot up on either sides of her. "Master, I didn't find one segment, however, I did see Joe. He is searching for the Heart as well."

The Master wore a black robe with a voluminous cape. He removed his hood to reveal a deep slash on his pale face.

"Joe? He is no concern to us. Joe will die along with Earth when the Underworld rules. And that human will pay for what she did." His heated eyes burned.

"Now leave, I must speak with my Master." Keera bowed, then left.

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An image of a figure that wore the same dark color robe as Dakon emerged. Underneath his hood, it looked as though he had no face. "You have failed at killing the girl," a deep voice said.

Master Dakon stood in front of Master Alastor. "Master, Joe got in the way. He is also searching for the Angelheart."

"I know," the Master said. His hands hidden in his sleeves. "We will defeat these Angels this time." He nodded to a corner. An image of Lisa's face appeared. "First I want her dead."

"How could a mere human ruin the plans of the Dark Lord?" Dakon asked.

"Ours is not to question," his master boomed. "There is something about this human the Dark Lord does not like. Don't get so focused on her that you forget about the Angelheart. When we get it, the Angels in Heaven will fall. Then Hell will prevail. Now kill her and find the Hearts!" The Master ordered and then disappeared.



Joe stood surrounded by fog so thick he wanted to gasp for air. In the distance a light got closer and bigger until it was right in front of him. A woman wearing a gold dress that matched her wings floated in midair. Her face hidden by a sea of clouds.

"Who are you?" he asked.

The woman didn't say anything, only held out her hands, in a cupped shape. Four objects appeared. Two were shaped as slanted lines. The other two, hook shapes. The four objects forged together to form a heart that shone

with such golden, radiant light that it caused Joe to shield his eyes.

“The Angelheart!” Joe exclaimed. As he looked at the glowing angel, she disappeared. Another woman stood in her place with suntanned hair wearing a blue dress. Her pixie face parted the fog.

“Princess?” he whispered.

Joe sat up in his bed breathing hard.

“It can't be her!” Joe went downstairs into the half kitchen catching his breath. He got a glass of water. “It just can't be, I saw her...”

He saw a succession of image flash through his mind; A woman with long jetty hair wearing glasses. Then two men. One with long black hair and dark olive eyes. The other one had pine nut hair and light heavenly eyes. *What does this mean, who are they?* He stared out the window in wonder.