

Did we do this to you?

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She's an angel shot down from the sky. KisameTeneka Oneshot

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Teneka sat on the window seal, looking longingly out into the night sky. The moon lit up her face and made a glow like aura around her lithe features. Her black hair shined in the dim light and her aqua-eyes gleamed. One leg curled up to her chest while the other lazily draped over the side of the window; her left arm set on her knee and hand propped against her chin; she leaned back against the wall.

"Can you see it?" Me and Sasori sat at the small table in the livingroom. I was about to ask what he ment, but knew already. "A broken doll made of glass. Such a fragile thing, should be handled gently." I stare at his emotonless eyes. "She's not fragile." I watched as her sillouet moved slightly. "Now she's all bloody and chained down. Can't you hear her screaming?"

As soon as he says that, even before I can hear what he says, a high pitched scream reached my ears; tearing my insides apart. I can see her now. Blood covered wings on her back, the chains around them holding her tied to the ground and preventing her from flying, even though there's no flying with wings as broken as they are, wounded, deep red cuts everywhere, still freshly bleeding. She holds her head with her hands and screams in the emptiness, with no longer any air to carry the cries fruther.

"Aww, poor angel, who shot you down and cut your wings?"

Teneka fell over onto the ground, almost like she was knocked out cold. But she still looked beautiful, like an angel. Deidara stood up and walked over to her; leaning over, he picked her up and carried her over to the couch adjacent to where me and Sasori sat. A small trickle of blood rolled from her mouth as she coughed up a small ammount of blood. "Help me...." I hear her say, I walked over and sat by her head. "Angel, did we do this to you?"

"Hold me..... Mend me..... Please?" I nod slightly and shift closer to her. I lift her up a little and pull her upper body on my lap. I close my arms around her and rest my head against the wall behind the couch. Now I can really feel her trembling, and shaking, too much, her body is giving up on her. Everything inside of her is turning against her, gradually demanding her to die. But fallen angels don't die, we shot her down and she fell down on earth. Now there's no hell and no more heaven for her left. And we're the ones who shot her, we're the ones to blame. Teneka is ice-cold and sweating madly. She asks, she pleads me to kill her, but I can't. She's shot, she's cut, she's sick, but she can't be killed. Angel, you're still beautiful. But, dear, what have we done to you?

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