

The Angel's Revenge

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Acknowledgement

After so many years, I still have no words for this part. I still remember when I started. I was twelve at the time. I sat down, grabbed a notebook and said: "I'm going to write a book"

I expected my mom, Jessica Neelen, to laugh at me but instead she said: "Go for it. You can do this"

It was a slow start. I didn't have a plot in mind. Just some crazy ideas. Then I gained new friends. They helped me build up characters, gave me plot ideas and inspiration. But most importantly, they never let me give up. They kept motivating me, insisting me to continue.

So, from the deepest part of my heart, I want to thank you.

Thank you, Pedro Alves, (a.k.a Zennerich) and Pedro Henrique Silvestrini (a.k.a Robert) for giving me amazing characters with a fun personality. I have to admit that their personalities were sometimes difficult work on.

Thank you, Gustavo Blum, (a.k.a Croney) for helping me decide on battle styles, endings, plots and also for giving me an amazing character to work on. Pretty ironic someone at school grew up to look like him, huh?

Thank you, Pedro Linhares, (a.k.a Peter) for letting me use your love life in this story, though I might've made it too dramatic. Also, hadn't I told you not to make an overpowered character? Geez, a fire mage vampire... Less anime for you, my boy.

Thank you, Rodrigo Capella, (a.k.a Ludofeu) for giving me the best comical relief character ever. Thank you so much for putting your personality in this character. I believe Ludofeu is one of the best characters to ever be made.

Last but not least, I want to than Victor Hugo Coutinho (a.k.a Trevor) for not only giving me one of the most badass characters but always ordering me to keep on writing until late at night. I loved working with you on "Trevor scenes". It gave him so much personality...

Also, a big thank you to everyone who supported me throughout this adventure.

And thank you, reader, for reading this book.
Enjoy!

Prologue

☞ *Somewhere in the Feudal Era*

Finally, after two weeks without seeing each other, they were once more together. Right now, the couple is making out in their favorite clearing, close to border of the eastern territory, whose father of the girl in the clearing, Azumi, was lord of.

Of course, she knew that what she was doing was really wrong. Well, in her father's eyes, at least. She was a princess, and the boy in front of her, Shiori, her secret boyfriend, was just another poor villager trying to survive in their lands and people with some kind of social status, shouldn't be allowed anywhere near royalty.

The couple parted their passionate kiss and sat against an old tree. Azumi sat down in Shiori's lap, one hand caressing one of the two light blue, almost white, fluffy fox-ears he had on top of his head, the other hand playing with his white hair, which had an icy-blue shine to it in the sunlight, and her head in the crook of Shiori's neck.

Shiori was combing her blonde hair with his claws. Yes, claws. Shiori is a *kitsune*. Besides having fluffy ears and claws he has three fluffy white tails, which the end of was a pure blue. Anyway, his claws combed her hair carefully, occasionally scratching Azumi's scalp, sending shivers down her spine, while the other hand lazily rested on the black long-sleeved shirt she was wearing.

They spend their time together in silence, unaware of the black-haired man with blue eyes glowing with hatred standing behind a tree. He turned away from his hiding spot to report what he saw.

~

**Kitsune* – Japanese word for fox Demon.

☞ *Later that day*

Azumi had taken a bath in a hot spring to take of Shiori's smell – for some demons have a good sense of smell and can detect his smell on her if she doesn't take precautions – and now she is heading to her room.

Unbeknownst to her that some guards were capturing the one she most cared about and she would never be able to expect the big surprise that awaited her in her room.

The moment she opened the big wooden door, the blonde princess found herself against a wall. Two of her father's most loyal guards were holding her arms behind her back. They dragged her outside to the Altar. Azumi couldn't understand why the guards were taking her to the usually deserted Altar, which was now crowded. The fact that the Altar wasn't deserted made Azumi only more confused, until she saw what, or better, who was on the Altar.

On it was Shiori, his white hair, glowing an icy-blue color in the sun, was cascading down to the floor. He was shirtless. It would've been a beautiful sight if he wasn't kneeling and covered in blood because of the wounds on his back that a whip had given him. Behind his kneeling form was Lord Kazemashi. His reptile-like green eyes shining with amusement. In his hand he had a whip, covered in blood. Shiori's blood.

Lord Kazemashi watched as his second daughter was dragged up to the Altar. "What a pleasure to have you here with us, Azumi" he said when she was forced to fall on her knees.

Her icy-blue eyes flashed dangerously with rage and defiance but, in contrast with her eyes, she spoke calmly "What are you doing? Let the boy go!"

"Oh? And why should I? I'm just freeing you from a pest. I care for you, you know." He spoke with fake innocence. By now, Azumi was more, a lot more, than enraged. "Oh!? You care for me? If you cared for me, you would've been with me when I needed help, when Amilia, my 'oh so dear' sister, almost sold me to slavery, all

those times mom hit me, when William raped me, and you, father, if I can call you that, if you really cared for me you wouldn't be hurting the only one I truly care about" she yelled, making all the demons in the surrounding, including the Lord, wince.

The crowd around the Altar was beyond shocked to know the fact that the princess was treated so badly and by her own family, none the less. They all looked to the Lord, expecting him to deny it. But to their surprise, he nodded and admitted "yes, you're right. To say the truth, I wouldn't care if you died right now. But since that won't happen I, your brother and sister, William and Amilia, and your mother, Kath, all agreed on make you suffer all your life until the day you die."

The crowd around them was getting anxious; they didn't care much about the talking or family drama. As long as blood would be spilled, they would stay there, that was the only reason they were there, actually. They wanted to see blood stain the floor for their own entertainment while the king needed a crowd to scare and impress.

While he was speaking, Azumi looked to her brother, William. His face was neutral, but his eyes showed happiness, pride and victory. She looked a while longer and then a sudden thought hit her, *'he was the one who saw us and probably the one who told father'* she thought.

"Why William? Why are you doing this to me?" the blonde princess whispered quietly but loud enough for only her brother to hear her. He looked at blond girl, letting his eyes move over her body, noticing how she looked at him with despair and panic, knowing she is about to break. With a devilish smirk and answered, "why not, little sister?"

It was true. Why not do it? Since her birth her whole family hated her. So why, when she finally found happiness, why not take it away?

She was taken away from her thoughts when she heard a weak "I love you" from Shiori. Azumi looked to Shiori's bloody form and

started to feel guilt for putting him in this situation but quickly stomped the feeling away seeing no regret or some sort of hate in Shiori's blue eyes. She looked him in the eyes and said with all the love she had "I love you too". Seeing him smile weakly made Azumi's icy-blue eyes fill with tears, they both knew that what was about to happen was practically inevitable.

"Alright! Enough of waiting! Let me get this done" Kazemashi half-shouted. The crowd roared. It doesn't matter if the situation is right or wrong, they would always love some blood being spilled. The lord of the East put his left hand on the hilt of his sword that hung on the right side of his hip and unsheathed it. Time slowed down as the sound of metal scarping against leather was the only thing to be heard. All of the sudden there was a millisecond of silence and time clashed back to its normal pace as the crowd cheered.

Kazemashi lifted his sword into the air and before anyone could protest, he turned the sword and stabbed it through Shiori's heart. Slowly, Shiori's tails fell down to the floor lifelessly, blood trailed down his lips as he coughed a bit. His body started to fall side wards as thunder rumbled in the distance and a soft rain started to fall.

"No!" Azumi screamed on the top of her lungs as his body hit the floor. The guards aghast and almost deaf because of the loud scream loosened their grip on Azumi's arms. Taking advantage of that, she freed herself from their grasp.

The princess scrambled forward to Shiori and pulled him up on her lap, the feeling of guilt coming back tenfold and her tears were finally falling. "I'm sorry, it's my fault, I-" she cried, her voice unstable and panicked. "No... it isn't your... fault... Azumi... at least we... could say... goodbye... even though...it... un...fair" Shiori managed to say weakly whilst putting a hand on his lover's cheek. Shiori's erratic breathing started to slow down and faltered at times, he coughed up blood as his body started to go limp exactly when the rain started to fall heavier.

Everyone was already gone, the crowd, the lord and lady, the twin heirs, William and Amilia, the guards, everyone except for Azumi and Shiori. The only thing heard was the rain hitting the ground, Azumi's sobs and Shiori's coughs and gasps for air. Azumi silently gave Shiori one last kiss before his body finally gave up and fell limply against her. She watched as her tears hit Shiori's pale face and mingled with the rain. She stared blankly at the dead body. Her cries had slowly subsided.

She didn't care about the taste of blood in her mouth, she didn't care that she was covered in Shiori's blood, she didn't care that the rain was soaking her and she didn't care that she is going to Hell.

Yes, Azumi is going to Hell. When an angel loses itself to insanity or to the emotional pain, the angel goes to Hell and may come back as a strong assassin from Hell, dead or, as in most of the cases, never at all. Another reason she knew she was going to Hell was because she failed Shiori. She promised she would protect him at all costs but she failed him. She should've tried harder to help him.

Sooner than expected there was a deep rumble and a hole, blazing with fire, opened against an invisible wall. The second the Gates of Hell opened, horrible screams filled the air together with an almost unbearable heat. Behind the open gates there were people fighting, killing and torturing each other.

Azumi parted from the kiss, the rain freezing her to the bones, but at the same time washing the blood of her. She stood, looked once more at the Shiori's lifeless body, memorizing each inch of his body, and walked through the open Gates of Hell, promising to avenge his death. With a whisper she said goodbye to him one last time.

~

☞ *100 years later*

The Gates of Hell appeared where a favorite clearing of an angel and a kitsune once was. The blazing doors opened as a dark

chuckle echoed through the clearing, making birds fly away and animals run to safety. The aura of this unknown person was terrifying even for the strongest wolves and bears.

A girl wearing a metal breastplate, which had flower-like carvings in the sides, shorts made of wolf fur, two black wooden sheathes in X form on her back, that were partly covered by her waist-length blond hair and one sword in each hand, stepped out of the blazing gates. She was now a newly formed assassin from Hell.

“It’s good to be back” the girl said while stretching her neck until it made a satisfying popping sound. She took a step forward, spreading her black-feathered wings and took off into the skies. She was already making plans to get revenge on the death of the one she loved.

~

1 Chapter 1

☞ *Friday – Sharkon High*

Azumi sat down on her seat in the front of the class, just as the bell rang and other students busted into the class while chatting loudly about their plans for the weekend among other subjects. When all were seated, the History teacher started class.

The blonde girl didn't really pay attention to the lecture. It wasn't needed for she was the best student in whole Sharkon High. But that wasn't the reason she wasn't paying attention. What he was teaching she already knew, in fact, she was there.

It was actually the time she had most fun. She destroyed villages, seduced men and sometimes killed them, she could drink all she wanted and party all she wanted. That was from somewhere in the middle of the Feudal Era until the beginning of the medieval era. The time where demons were feared and rules weren't so strict which made breaking the rules easy and most of the time really fun.

The ring of the bell brought her from her musings back to reality. She gathered the few materials she had on her table and went to her locker. She didn't have a backpack with her, finding it annoying how people always managed to bump against the bag. To solve the problem, the blonde-haired girl decided it would be better to go to her locker after every class than having someone bumping against her backpack. Even though her solution costs her more time, Azumi believes it's worth it.

In the hallway, people avoided her gaze and stayed out of her way. But as soon as she passed them most of the girls glared at her, envying her beauty, while the boys looked at her lustfully.

Azumi knew about the looks she received behind her back. She also knew that the boys and girls didn't know that she knew about it. Not that the blonde-haired girl cared anyway.

Azumi, also known as the Ice Princess by the students, was infamous because of her cold ways. Since Shiori's death and a betrayal of a friend 275 years ago, that almost got her killed, she didn't want anyone close again, and no one really tried to be her friend, so it was a win-win situation for her and them.

Since that betrayal she promised herself to never have a friend again. It proved not to be difficult but the loneliness was hard to endure. Of course, she had one friend but she considers him as a brother, so he didn't really count, but also, it's always nice to have more than one friend to count on.

She unlocked her locker and switched her History books for her Math book. She adjusted her navy-blue skirt that stopped just above her knees and her white polo shirt which, above her heart, has the school logo engraved. The Ice Princess locked her locker and headed towards her next class. Her tattoo of a pair of black wings on her shoulder-blade slightly appearing through her shirt.

~

☞ *Azumi's home*

Azumi lives in a two-story mansion. Its walls were painted in the purest white, which gave it an angelic glow, but best of all, in Azumi's opinion, is that the mansion was hers and she bought it with her own money.

She received the money centuries ago, when she was hired by a king as his personal assassin, in the medieval era. After he died without an heir, she took all of his money since it was written on the contract she had signed. It was only in the contract because the king's counselors thought she would already be long dead when their king died. Anyway, since that day she spared the money and after many years the boxes with coins were worth a lot. The blonde girl sold a few coins and thanks to that she is now rich.

The Ice Princess' tattoo began to burn, it wasn't painful, it was just bothersome. She knew it was time for a new mission. Azumi sighed and quickly walked through her front garden, stopping a few times to appreciate the bushes with black roses around her. As soon as she reached the porch she jumped over the steps and opened her front door.

Azumi walked to her room and entered it. The room was huge. The walls were pure white and all the furniture was a dark brown. The sheets of the master queen bed are a dark shade of purple with black details. The marble floor was pitch black with small random white spots in it, making it look as if you are walking in space.

A few feet next to the door there is a big television screen hanging on the wall and a tv stand under it. On the wall opposite side of the television was the master queen bed and the door to the bathroom. On the left side of the bed was a built in closet and to the right was the aforementioned bathroom door and the glass doors that lead to a balcony.

Azumi stopped in front of the television. She pressed a few buttons on its side and took a step back. A few cracking sounds were heard coming from the wall. The wall behind the TV stand went backwards then slid sideward while the TV stand sunk into the floor. A stand full of weapons of all varieties, from the oldest swords to the most modern guns, came forward with a slight hissing sound.

The girl picked up her favorite weapon, the twin swords called Yin-Yang – for one hilt was white, the sword of healing, and the other was black, the sword of death – and also picked up a white pistol that had a drawing of a black rose on it, just in case something went wrong. She laid her weapons on the bed while the wall went back to its normal state.

The Ice Princess put on a pair of black jeans and took off her white shirt while a robotic-like voice in her head told her the location of her mission and what she is fighting against.

Just as the voice finished talking, Azumi walked to a hidden corner between a wall and the closet where her breastplate laid. She grabbed it and carefully put it on. The breastplate, on her back, started four inches under her shoulder-blade, leaving only her lower back protected. The inside of the breastplate was made of soft and fluffy rabbit fur which made it comfortable against the bare skin and warm on the cold days.

Azumi went to her bed put her pistol in the back of her pants and opened her wings. Two black-feathered wings passed her flesh and stretched straight out of Azumi's back, taking at least two meters of space each before she relaxed them and folded them. If her wings weren't black, she would look like a modern archangel. The girl tied her hair in a high ponytail and picked up her twin swords putting them in X form on her back.

She opened two glass doors that lead to a balcony and stepped outside. The Ice Princess flexed her knees and jumped. While falling Azumi spread her wings and flew in a neck-breaking speed to the location of her mission.

~

☞ *Forest Reserve*

When Azumi reached the edge of the forest where the weak and gruesome goblins, that she was ordered to kill, resided, she slowly descended. When she was low enough to fall without breaking a bone, Azumi folded her wings and landed gracefully after a few moments of free fall.

The robotic voice started directing her through the woods to the location of the goblins. The Ice Princess noticed she was going to the darker side of the forest and shrugged, going back to following the directions of the voice, not worrying much about getting lost. "*It's here*" the robotic voice said in Azumi's mind as she entered the darkest clearing of the forest.

The blond girl was glad she wasn't human. If she had been human, she wouldn't be able to see her hand in front of her face and also, she would be long dead by now, probably reincarnated, considering how long she has lived. But being the supernatural creature, she is now, Azumi could see the clearing as it was daytime and, if she doesn't get herself killed, she will live many centuries before she died of old age.

Azumi looked around while walking to the center of the clearing. *'I'm surrounded'* she noticed as she reached the center. It wasn't incredibly hard to figure out that she is surrounded, a few bushes were moving too much and Azumi was pretty sure trees didn't breath and neither did they have legs sticking out of them.

She rolled her eyes while they whispered between themselves. When they got quiet, she only had time to draw her swords before five goblins jumped out of the trees and from behind bushes. They landed in a circle, with Azumi in the middle.

"Ah, a female human. It's a long time I ate one" the ugliest and smelliest goblin, obviously the leader, in front of Azumi stated. He looked at her with hunger, his mouth clearly watering as drool dripped down his mouth onto the grass. For a moment Azumi pitied the grass before focusing back to the situation at hand.

"But, boss, it has wings. Are you sure it isn't a *tengu*?" One of them, that had no teeth, asked. His drool flew every direction, a few droplets hitting Azumi which made her glare at him in disgust. Before anything else could be said, Azumi flexed her wings and legs. When the leader opened his mouth to answer the toothless monster, Azumi gripped her swords tighter and jumped forward and only swung her sword with the black hilt, Yin.

Azumi landed a few seconds later, one meter from where she was earlier, and all the goblins fell behind her. All of them were beheaded. The Ice Princess sheathed Yang and swung Yin downwards, making globs of flesh fall on the grass and she swiped

*Tengu - legendary creature found in Japanese folk religion traditionally depicted with both human and avian characteristics

her sword against the loincloth one of the dead goblins to clean the sword from the yellowish green blood.

Leaving the clearing, she felt a presence. Azumi dismissed it, assuming it was the creature who took the body and soul of the creatures she killed to Hell and flew upwards. When she came over out of the tree line, the blonde-haired girl blinked a few times so her eyes could adjust to the daylight and headed home.

~

2 Chapter 2

☞ *Monday – Azumi's Home*

Azumi sighed, she had just taken a bath and was getting ready to go to school. Like everyone else, she didn't like Mondays. There was a good side to this Monday though; she had the day off as a Hell assassin. In other words, she didn't need to kill any trouble making creatures today.

The Ice Princess threw the towel she was using to dry her waist-length blonde hair on the bed. She walked to her walk-in closet and opened its doors.

At first glance the dark brown closet looked like a small normal closet, but inside it was the size of a small apartment room. It kind of reminded Azumi of Narnia. Most of her clothes were hanging on a beam which is controlled by a remote control. The remote control moved the beam until the selected clothes are in sight and easy to reach.

The Ice Princess opened her closet and grabbed her undergarments and uniform, which were folded neatly on a shelf near the entrance of the closet. She let the towel she had around her body fall to the ground, not caring if the neighbors could see her naked form or not. First of all, it wasn't like she has any neighbors and second, she had lost her modesty a long time ago. She laid her clothes on the bed and calmly put on her uniform.

Azumi walked to the television and pressed the same buttons as Friday. While the wall was shifting once more with a cracking and hissing sound, the Ice Princess grabbed her hairbrush which was on the brown chest at the end of her bed.

She walked back to the television brushing her wavy hair and came to a stop by the stand. The blonde girl laid her brush on the stand and picked up a complete black sheathed dagger and fastened it to her thigh, under her skirt, so it wasn't seen. She

never knows if she's going to need it or not. On most days she doesn't need it but it's better to be safe than sorry.

Azumi grabbed her brush and walked out of her room as the wall went back to its normal state. She walked through the corridor towards the stairs and continued brushing her hair as she went downstairs to eat her breakfast.

~

☞ *Sharkon High*

Azumi was walking through the empty hallway, her footsteps barely audible. Even though lunch time would be over soon, everyone was in the cafeteria. Not only because it was a rainy day but also because the most powerful and popular gang of Sharkon High, maybe even of the town, the Untamed Demons, decided to come to school.

They had a specific table in the cafeteria where they would have lunch. Everyone was around their table, some were there to try to catch the boys' eyes and become their next girlfriend while others trying to join them, since they lost one of their members not long ago in a fight. At least, that's what they had said. They didn't even know if the last member was real since they'd never seen him.

The Ice Princess opened her locker and took out the books for her next class. With her materials in hand, she closed her locker and continued walking her way down the hallway. She had a feeling she needed to go the other way but ignored it and kept on walking.

Closing into a corner that turned to the right, she heard female high-pitched voices and loud clacking sound of heels hitting the ground getting louder by the second. Suddenly, Azumi felt something similar to lightning strike here exactly where her tattoo was but just as soon as the feeling came, it was gone.

'What the hell was that!?! Since I have this tattoo it never did that! I got this tattoo 50 years after Shiori's death!! And that was what?'

825 years ago? In all that time it usually burns either hot or cold. When it's hot it means a mission, when it's cold it means.... What did it mean again? Oh yeah, it means I failed or something like that... But that's not the point. Why did it shock me?' Azumi thought while trying not to panic.

The Ice Princess was so deep in thought trying to figure out the meaning of the shock that she didn't notice the group of people in front of her. That was, until she bumped with full force into the only male surrounded by a group of girls. That male was Sin, the leader of the Untamed Demons.

Azumi got down and picked up her stuff, which had fallen when she bumped into Sin. After she made sure she had everything she got up and walked, her shoulder slightly brushing Sin's when she passed him, ignoring the tense silence and the hateful glares the girls sent her.

Sin stood there, perplexed, his mouth hanging open, not even noticing the girls clinging to him and soothing his white polo shirt while flirting with him. Never, not even once, had a girl accidentally bumped into him and actually ignored him. Curious to know who that girl was, he turned to the brunette that was next to him with all her body pressed against his side and clinging on to his arm.

"Hey, who was that girl?" he asked in a sweet seductive voice. The brunette with brown eyes looked up at him and leaned in closer, putting her hands lightly on his muscled chest, their noses almost touching. Even though she was wearing high heels, she needed to get higher to reach him. "That, cutie, was Azumi, the Ice Princess" She said, her voice dripping with venom when she talked about the Ice Princess and dropped back on her four-inch-high heels.

"So that's the infamous Ice Princess, huh?" Sin murmured quietly, shocked that she was actually like the rumors he heard about her and how similar she is to the black winged creature he saw back in the forest a few days ago. "Well then, let's go to class"

Sin announced just as the bell rang, he sounded like he couldn't care less about what he just learned, but in reality, his thoughts were reeling about it.

~

☞ *Chemistry Class*

"Today, we will have a different lesson, since all the chemistry classes up until now were boring and having many formulas to remember. So-" Just then Sin barged into the classroom, interrupting the teacher. "I'm glad you decided to join us, Sin."

Ignoring the teacher, he walked lazily to his seat in the back. He balanced the chair on its hind legs, put his arms behind his head and rested his head on the wall behind him while closing his eyes. His wild black hair with red highlights having a huge contrast on the white wall behind him.

The teacher, Miss Rosalynn cleared her throat glaring at Sin and continued speaking "As I was saying, in today's class you will do a project with a partner-" she was interrupted by the cheers of the students. When they noticed her glare and calmed down she continued "with a partner that I will choose" there were a few murmurs and groans of disappointment from the students.

Azumi, who was in a seat in the front, sighed inaudibly. *'Great now I won't have time to figure out what happened earlier because of some random school project. Guess it will have to wait for a while. But still, it will delay my plans...'* She thought, already trying to rearrange her plans.

"Alright now, quiet down, I'm going to say the pairs I had made for you. If you're bad with memorizing, write it down on a paper, because I'm not going to repeat it" Miss Rosalynn instructed, picking up a piece of paper that was on her table. "Oh, and remember, starting from next class you will sit with your partner until the end of the project."