

## Chapter 030|Owned, bound, belonged to me

I loved her against reason, against promise, against peace, against hope, against happiness, against all discouragement that could be.

I walked to the bus stop, a grim look on my face and my mouth in a thin line.

I didn't know if it was during lunchtime as I chatted with Troy or after when mine and Law's arms had brushed against each other while we had both entered the classroom at the same time yet he had stared straight ahead like he didn't feel anything like he didn't see me, couldn't. Almost like I never existed.

The rest of the Literature class would be what my former self would call normal but nothing was normal

about not receiving any annoying yet beautiful notes targeted on your forehead, nothing was normal about not having anyone readjusting and making a helluva noise just to get your attention with his chair and it felt so weird that no hand was hanging a little bit below my back.

It was funny how I had spent years building walls that has been barrelled through by one person, every part of the broken bricks he imprinted a part of him into, he stored an unforgettable memory in the broken pieces which were ridiculous since the pieces were countless and the time we had spent together brief but they all had fit among the thousand broken shiny walls.

Him tucking my hair behind my ear and touching the nape of my neck in the process aware of how sensitive I was there while giving me a cheeky smile, warming my heart with his smiles, caressing me even without touching me with his eyes. I didn't know how

but there were just a lot of memories, way too many times he had dazzled me with pearly whites and made my knee buckle as his dimples deepen due to goofy grins.

But as I took a walk home from the subway station, I realise that it had hurt so badly and though I couldn't remember when it had stopped hurting, it didn't anymore and somehow I was aware that was worst.

The pain was a feeling, anger made you hold on to something, makes you alive but the numbness that spread through your body, that massaged my shoulders and gave me a foolish sense of peace makes you die within. Keeps you down and miserable. Makes waking up from sleep hard and walking through the school hallway, impossible, knowing you might run into Titiana and her minions with her head held high and a self-confident grin plastered on it that without words said Check Mate.

I had promised to text Law when Ron had asked me why he had ditched their outing with a smile and the next morning with a bigger grin I informed them that the housekeeper had told me that he was really sick hence why he hasn't been in school, a day before. Oh... I think I forgot to mention that I have already lied about his attendance to them because I say so many lies at ease now, I have lost count.

My tummy growled. There was food in the fridge but I barely registered any urge to eat as I on autopilot wore another hideous hoodie and black shorts. Then wore mom's black boots. Mine was still wet and soaked from when I and Law had gone to the movies. It had rained and on our way back I was inspired by whatever gland that was released in a girl's head to do foolish stuff when she is with a boy she likes, to ask a confused Law to stop the car, then I had unbuckled my seatbelt, ran out of the car and danced

in the rain. He had joined me chuckling and calling me a hopeless cause he loved. He was right about me being a hopeless cause but the love? He won't even know its texture even though it comes up and hit him hard on his face.

Deciding not to throw myself a pity party, I left for work even though I was way early but I ended up doing exactly that because every strange person I looked at, every face I saw and things all had a piece of Law in it. His memories taunted me, the thought that he had been with me, held me, told me he once loved me terrifyingly began to feel like a long hallucination caused by my overactive imagination. And when I had seen a little boy with a guitar pick, so little and by every normal person completely insignificant, I knew I would have cried if not that I was too tired to even do that because just like a guitar player, Law had expertly played my heart with his guitar pick, strumming effortlessly and with so much

talent.

I thought of Law Tyler who was frighteningly turning into my bane of existence aware that I'd spend tomorrow seeing him act yet again like I didn't know what his house looks like and hadn't confiscated his clothes he had lended be because it smelt like him.

△ Law's point of view △

Humans had always had it easy I thought with scorn as I searched the hallways filled with throngs of gullible, ignorant and greedy creatures looking for my only source of light, the reason I wasn't swallowed completely by the darkness that I was so much associated with.

She was speaking animatedly to her best friend and only friend, because of me, and for the umpteenth time, I wished the edict allowed me to read her mind,

to know what she was thinking, to assure her that I was playing no games and as fucked up as everything looked right now and sounded this has to be done else she'll suffer because although I wasn't playing a game, the elders upstairs was.

They was playing a fucked up game with their accursed and cursed punishing them every millennium for ever thinking they could get away with rebelling against him, tainting his hallowed abode with an impurity that should be unprintable in the hearts of the saints.

"Baby!" Titiana screeched so loud to draw not only my attention and I could tell, Amelia's too because her brown pools met mine for a split second before she turned back to continue whatever she was saying to her friend while I gritted my teeth trying to remind myself I needed to get through this for not only my sake but Il mio fiore di loto. It wasn't something that

was up for bargains or aimless gambling because although our separation hurt me in a way that words just made the deeply regularly stoked affliction inside of me, seem mundane and unimportant. This has to be done.

"Are we still going to surf today?"

I regarded her coldly aware that the ice princess with Daddy issues in front of me couldn't surf to save her life, I reminded myself why it'll be a bad idea to snap her slender neck like a twig. For one, Rudolph might just throw a banquet in heaven to celebrate that I'd gone against the edict and brazenly lie to hide his ulterior motives by saying that a soul which had pledged worship to me has found its way back to the edicts.

Another person who made me rethink if I couldn't just once go against the edict concerning the snapping of



neck thingy and just erase everyone's memory after was now next to Amelia.

I didn't want to hurt the human kid who seems to have grown an unhidden infatuation with Amelia. I knew that was what would happen when I finally acknowledge her, have her in my arms, and remove the veil that covered her but I still haven't come to terms with anyone entertaining thoughts she could be theirs.

Without argument, void of doubts she was owned, bound, and belonged to me even before her very existence and the thought that nobody was aware of this fact made me want to bash something or a particular someone who has holding Amelia's hand and laughing.

I stood up not sure I had the grace to resist anymore the overwhelming urge to walk towards that seat and

rip the pretty boy's head from his body or perhaps warn him to stick to trying to fix his dysfunctional family, well if you call a woman who blames you for the fat rolls on her thighs and every other imperfection she notices on her once blemish free body, that.

But the thought of losing Amelia forever. Never seeing her face, hearing her voice, holding her in my arms, and basking in her innocence sent me leaving the cafeteria hurriedly. He wasn't worth it. A thousand storms, fifty almost impossible least ideal must do in the edict, the tempestuous storm I was forced to weather and every other thing that had made every millennium seem more difficult, Herculean even but yet I had scaled through, succeeded, wasn't worth it.

I rolled my eyes wondering if I just had a knack for being purely unlucky today or if the heavens seemed to have unfolded the books of my transgressions today and were punishing me relentlessly without

giving me time to catch my breath.

"What do you want?" I snarled at Rudolph who seemed amused. Glad my love life was keeping him company enough since his job as archangel made him doze a couple of times than was appropriate and stifle a yawn all the time, I drily thought while I wondered if he wasn't up for promotion yet because although I didn't care about the dipshit, I really hated that the one angel who also harboured feelings for Amelia was my messenger.

"I come bearing news from the 24 elders regulating the edict," he beamed and I frowned wondering if I really stretched my cheeks so wide at people while I was an angel making them totally uncomfortable.

"And why are you smiling especially since you are suspiciously turning to be a messenger of doom and your last message wasn't in the least desirable."

His grin dropped even as the familiar glare that was more original and a scowl was etched on his face.

"Let's be truthful. You and I know you don't deserve Amelia with all your devilish ways."

"And you do?"

Rudolph's eyes hardened even as he brought out the scroll, from his satchel which was sealed hence even I could tell he wasn't aware of this message.

That just made me more apprehensive.

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