

## Chapter 033|Just like a Devil

~You go about trying to fix everyone but you're the one that is broken.

### Δ Law's Point of View Δ

I have always known when something bad was going to happen to Amelia. No, apart from making sure she was born into poverty and making her life difficult by relation, I haven't orchestrated the other bad happenings in her life although I had indirectly been the cause somehow.

So that day was not any different. It was a gut feeling, a foreboding that has not left me ever since that morning.

I shoved Titiana who has been a lot more clingy recently off my body knowing that I was going against the agreement I had entered with the elders: Be nice to Titiana and get a shortened sentence to be with her.

Although, I knew the intent was to drive Amelia farther from me and hurt her while at it but I was already days gone trying to satisfy the sadistic entertainment of the men above to complain but at that moment nothing matters even as my eyes roamed the cafeteria and landed on Amelia which eased me a little but did nothing to calm the alarm that was going off continuously in my head.

I stood up and strode out of the cafeteria the minute I sighted a troubled Rudolph hastily walking out aware that his senses must have been notified of what was happening and if he was bothered and looked alarmed, whatever was about to happen went

contrary to heaven's will (This rarely happens but sometimes human actions influence the serialization of happenings on Earth) and he was worried for Amelia.

An ally wasn't bad even though he was an angel that I have always secretly despised and who was in love with Amelia. Okay, it was a lot worse but at that moment I could stomach my displeasure because only Amelia matters.

"What is happening?" I snapped at Rudolph not able to contain my impatience and the worry that gnawed below my belly.

"Now why should I tell you? You selfish creature!"

I rolled my eyes already anticipating the path that Rudolph wanted threading where something terrible happens to Amelia and he blames it all on me

because of my initial decision to make her born into squalor and a few other requests granted to me by the elders which I had thought would make having her in my life easier this millennium. I was so wrong.

"Just do tell especially since whatever is sure to happen isn't of any benefit to the heavens."

His eyes narrowed in suspicion, "And most times whenever that happens it is basically because of your tempting evil activities here on Earth. You liar, cheat, thief." His eyes hardened even as he snarled at me and his face contorted in disgust, "Devil."

"You wouldn't believe that I would do anything to hurt Amelia now, do you?"

His hoarse laughter escaping his lips made me grit my teeth aware the minute that question escaped my lips was an opening for him to taunt me.

"You, Lucifer? You made her fall! She is now on Earth among pitiable, dirty, disgusting creatures because of you!" He scoffed, "Let's just say you didn't know how to love right at that time, but its been thousands of years, and every millennium you meet Amelia but yet you still show the same trait of your selfishness. Because you're the devil after all and you would never know the meaning of love and how much it centres on giving unselfishly rather than taking again and again and again!"

I tucked my hands into my pockets and look away at his words. Unmoving, cold, and indifferent just like a devil is imagined to be.

"Saint Rudolph you said it yourself its really been thousands of years but yet, you still haven't gotten over the fact that Amelia chose me, over your pure and right way to love, over your selflessness! She has

chosen me again, again and again."

He grinned at me, flashing me pearly whites that irritated me.

"Oh come off it. If you considered me that less of a threat why did you deal Amelia with poverty, insecurity, an unresent father and her only brother? The one person she had in this big lonely world, what did you do, Satan? You didn't let him be, you sowed a seed of such lofty vain sinful dreams in him, tempting him to a life of crime."

I should tell him that I had nothing to do with Rob, Amelia's brother getting mixed up with bad company but you only do that when you have some ounce of goodness in you, I take credit for every bad thing that happens on Earth. Humans blame me, Angels blame me for the most despicable things so, of course, my heartlessness was what I thrived on. I fed on the fear,

the awe, the shock.

"What is this really about, Rudolph? Because all you have done since we started discussing was complain. Rant. Remind me of things we are both aware of. I have always been a thief so yes, I'm undeserving of Amelia but I stole her heart regardless, a liar so nothing I'll say would make a difference, and I'm every other bad thing you could think of but that isn't new under the sun. So tell me? What is it this time?"

"Rob."

I shrugged, "What trouble has that ball of recklessness gotten himself into this time?"

He gave me a sidelong glance hesitant to say another word for a while so I waited, used to this routine knowing that worry for Amelia would make him break soon.

"Death. He is going to die at noon tomorrow. He'd get into a fight, be stabbed and would almost be dead before the prison warden would find him, unconscious and soaked with his blood."

I frowned, "That is messy and gory."

"That's all you have to say?" Rudolph snapped, "You aren't worried about how shattered this would make Amelia but only concerned that he would mess up the floor of the prison?"

"I'm the devil, after all, you don't expect me to care about a foolish man who has made a ton of bad choices and had only been a source of worry to Amelia, do you?" I'd rather he die already let's get his phase over with, I added in my head knowing that although Rudolph's nature doesn't allow for anger, he was 50 per cent human at this point and pushing him

to a point where he ditches his heavenly calm won't help my cause, especially with the big men pulling the strings upstairs.

"No, I expect you to care for Amelia's brother. Don't you get it?!"

I shook my head mockingly, a wry mocking incredulous grin on my face. "No, I don't. Please enlighten me."

"She still loves him. Foolish, a headache, problematic. She can't help it. She loves him regardless but I won't expect you to understand this, so out of my way let me try to avoid this disaster from taking place since you don't seem to give two fucks about a criminal in a prison cell."

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