

## Chapter 034|Love triangle

~ True love is like seeing ghosts; we all talk about it,

But few of us have ever seen one.

"And why would you do that? Disrupt the natural course of things that are supposed to take place?"

"When have you suddenly started to care about not disrupting the natural course of happenings? Your existence alone is a diversion of nature and your foul nature you have made men inhabit is the root of every problem we face up there."

I chuckled, "Rob is dead, Rudolph. You should let things be."

Her heavy yet I bet very expensive Italian cologne wafted into my nose before I saw her, few feet away from me and Rudolph who had already stopped talking because though his back was facing her, he had sensed her presence and scowled at me briefly then walked away.

Titiana took slow steady steps towards me, eying Rudolph's back while looking at me, curiosity shining in her eyes and I could tell she must have heard the last part of my sentence.

Hate? Humans never truly figured out the true nature of this word and the few that did were termed monsters by those who use it frequently because, for someone who claims to hate a person, Titiana cared so much for her subject of spite. But I really couldn't fault her, that's a human dynamic of hate. You only hate when you care enough, just like a true atheist is one who has once had great faith, the rest are just

foolish wandering humans scared to conceive the thought of my existence, of hell, of punishments.

"Who was that Man?"

I arched my brow, "For someone who said and I quote, 'I don't really care why you would want to hurt someone you truly care about but trust me I don't mind' you're beginning to ask so many questions."

"That was before we \_\_\_\_" she trailed off and averted her gaze, "Why are you with me when you care so much about her obviously? Why do you let me hurt the one you love? Because these past few days though you have been the perfect boyfriend, driving me to practice, staying behind the bleachers and watching me, getting me ice cream, buying me stuffs, listening to me regardless of how annoying I know I could be. I know you don't want me. You have never looked at me the way you do her, you aren't as happy

as you were with her, and you certainly act like being with me is a punishment of sorts which is absurd because you don't in any way strike me as a man who would do what he doesn't want to do." She placed her hand on my chest. "You are no pushover. So tell me why are you with me?"

I shrugged her hand off me and gave her the most polite of looks I could muster, "Why do you suddenly care?"

"Because I want to be sure this isn't some sort of game to you."

I snorted, arching a brow at her. This was all a game to her, that was her terms, and preconditions and also one of the reasons I loathed humans. Their inconsistency and confusion were disgusting and disturbing.

"But this has been all a game to you. Get back to Prudence. Take a couple of pictures and be even."

"Not anymore."

I frowned, already aware of what delusional games, heaven was playing with me in conjunction with Cupid and honestly, even the Lord knows I can't stomach a love triangle with every other thing spiralling out of control right now.

"I love you, Law."

I clenched my eyes tight as she confirmed my suspicions.

"You don't know what is Love, Titiana." I simply replied before facing my back towards her and temporarily making her forget all that she had heard because the last thing I needed was for her to go

ratting this out to Amelia. That too would happen but at the right time when it would come in handy.

"Wait for me." I howled at Rudolph whose legs dropped to the ground, the minute he sensed my dark aura next to him.

"Why are you here?"

"Because I hate Chemistry, teenagers, and I know you need someone to get their hands dirty since you'll be damned before you do anything that goes against the edict and we are going to a prison, a world in which its inhabitants have no business in saintly missions."

Rudolph glared at me briefly but he didn't say a word, already acknowledging that he would need lots of my help since he couldn't afford to taint his white garb.

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"Forget about this being a sin, isn't this like punishable by law?"

I rolled my eyes even as I tugged on the "borrowed" yellow tracksuit worn by all the inmates. And by borrowed I mean, I knocked out a warden unconscious, posed as him, did the same to two other inmates in his ward, took their clothes, handed one of the uniforms to Rudolph who was beyond petrified and now we both strode into prison like we belonged there.

Okay, not exactly we. I did the fitting in while Rudolph clung unto me like a scrawny lost mouse and gulped every time a stereotyped junkie which ticked off bald headed, tattooed, and muscled guy boxes glance at him.

"I did tell you, you didn't have to come in. I'd have been in and out sorting out the issue without a hitch." I found myself repeating to Rudolph because although I hate repetition, the blonde angel beside me seems hard on hearing.

"Yes, that's right? I should allow a guy who kills just because he feels like it into a prison yard full of men nobody really cares about alone. Talk about recipe for disaster."

I nodded slowly in agreement, sitting quietly beside a disgruntled old man while staring at a green liquid substance in an enamel that was supposed to be lunch. Rudolph audibly retches and I rolled my eyes.

"Firstly, you were right. Myself and a bunch of law breakers and psychopaths would amount to no good, but you acting like someone's bitch would surely attract attention to us and I'd have to do something to

save your angelic ass which might involve missing, unable to account for bodies so quiet it down, would you!" I whisper yelled even as I scanned the crowded prison cafeteria of sorts searching for Amelia's brother.

"Hope this isn't ilegal?"

"I don't know. Two men are passed out unconscious and barely dressed. We are wearing their clothes. Does that sound morally upright to you? Well that's a 'is this a good thing to do?' Answer to your question and legally, yeah this is fine. Nobody has ever tried to break into a prison, impersonating prisoners. It is always a reversed case so I don't think laws have been put into place to punish maniacs who would choose to eat something that look so much similar to algae and decide that prison is the perfect secluded spot for a vacation."

Rudolph nodded even as I resumed looking for who I was just realizing I had no idea of what he looks like. Yes, I know there are popular beliefs that I'm all knowing but that is untrue. I just happen to wander aimlessly, to and fro, and always manage to stumble upon juicy secrets, scandalous thoughts, desires, and tamed wants that I help unravel.

As I turned to ask Rudolph what our guy looks like, a tired looking guy who didn't fit into this room and stuck out like a sore thumb walked in.

Blonde long unkempt hair stuck to his sweaty forehead, someone brushed himself against him intentionally, calling him pretty boy and the whole room had a good laugh as he fell to the ground, stood up, cleaned his body, and continued his journey to his seat I guess amidst jeers and mocking taunts.

Even though it was crazy and the two siblings though

biologically related, looked nothing alike since Amelia was merely reincarnated not created, he reminded me so much of his sister trying so much to stay out of trouble, stay afloat, keep his head down. Only his fisted hands showed he was upset, but his face gave nothing away even as he sat down on a booth adjacent to ours.

"Why would anybody want to kill this guy?" Rudolph voiced out my thoughts.

"That's what we are here to do. Find out so get comfy buddy and my cellmate because it is going to be a long tiring frustrating night."

We returned back to an uncomfortable bunk bed and although I was aware Rudolph was wide awake since he needed hymns and the peaceful tranquility of heaven to transit into such level of peace, I knew he was much rested than I was as the thought of Amelia

seemed to be heightened that night and regardless of my disbelief, I couldn't help but acknowledge it only made sense if my overwhelming unrest was because across our bunk was a room where a piece of her laid, an imperfect failure of a brother but family nonetheless. An ache but this ache she loves regardless.

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