

Fall from Grace
By: Katherine B.

"My army will march down here and crush you!" The angel thrashes against the hold of the guards. "Release me at once!" The guards may as well have been moving steel, for she cannot move an inch and receives no response to her outbursts. She is roughly thrown into a cell and the door slams behind her. Sobs wrack her body, and she screams obscenities at anyone who passes. However, that only consists of the two guards, a young man named Xavier who delivers her food, and her captor; who just happens to be the demon prince.

As the weeks pass by, hope slowly ebbs away until she can only feel anger.

Glowing chains encircle the prisoner's slender wrists. Her skin is deathly pale, her violet eyes are void of sparkle, and the once beautiful dress, reduced to rags. The door is opened, and a man walks in. "Hello my sweet, have you enjoyed your stay?" He mocks. She greets him with silence. "I could have you killed you know." At this, he is met with a harsh laugh. "I dare you." The man snatches her face and yanks it towards him. Her gaze is defiant. "Watch your tongue darling, wouldn't want it to be removed now would you? Besides, a tongueless wife is hardly fun." With a satisfied smirk, he kicks her against the wall. Her wings collide with the stone, and the air is stolen from her breath. A grunt escapes her gritted teeth. He hesitates, for the slightest bit of a second, but then continues on his way out the door. Adele Cosmos would become his wife, willingly or not.

The next day, Zaine makes another appearance. "Have you decided yet?" He inquires. Adele lifts her face up from the ground, and after a slight pause she replies, "My answer has not changed." Zaine narrows his eyes. "Shame." He slides a dagger from his belt and twirls it around. Adele closes her eyes and a lone tear streaks down her cheek. One of the greatest army commanders, reduced to a pathetic mess. Her face hardens into a mask of indifference. If she was going to die, she wanted to go strong. She lets out a hitched breath as the dagger enters her body and she crumples to the floor. Zaine yanks the dagger out of her abdomen and wipes the blood on his pants. He then proceeds to walk out the door.

7 minutes later, Xavier comes to deliver the food. "Adele!" A clatter echoes off the stone walls as Xavier drops the tray and hastily unlocks the door. Blood pools on the floor as he cradles her head. "Hello, little brother." Xavier whips his head around to find Zaine, standing in the doorway, a dagger in his hand. His glare is smoldering, and Xavier returns the look as he pulls Adele closer to him. Zaine sneers, "Somehow, I feel that I will enjoy your death much more than hers." The dagger whistles through the air and meets Xavier's back. He cries out in pain and slumps against the wall. With a scoff, Zaine leaves the dimly lit corridor.

I shoot up, gasping and covered in a sheen of sweat. Who were those people? Angels and demons, they didn't exist, they were, after all, mere myths. I tumble out of bed and get ready to leave for school.

"Okay class, I'd like for you to meet our new student, Xavier Sharde." I perk up, we didn't get new students very often. I glance at him and for a second, our eyes collide, his are silver, and he looks just like the dead person in my dream. I can see the bodies on the floor and the blood

staining the ground. I'm brought back to reality when Mrs. Esdras calls my name. "Evelyn Cosmos, please raise your hand, you will be showing Mr. Sharde around." Next period comes, and Xavier follows me like a lost puppy. I move to open my locker but he leans on the door and says, "This might sound extremely weird, but do I know you from somewhere?" "No." My answer is clipped. His constant questions were getting on my nerves. I glare at him, "And get out of my way before I disable your walking skills." I hiss. He raises his hands in surrender and backs away from me, muttering, "Okay, you don't have to make it such a big deal." I bristle at his comment but ignore him. I had more important things at hand. After that incident, he remained silent for the rest of the day.

After the long and exhausting trek home, I trudge to my room and flop onto my bed. For some reason, I keep thinking about Xavier and every time my eyes are closed, the dream keeps replaying inside my head. Something about Xavier is different, and it bothers me. I feel like I'm missing something here, something important.