

The Dance of Forever

They both had danced this dance throughout the years, different places, different times, nothing changed. Well, nothing changed until now. The ballroom had that turn of the century charm. Gaudy carvings of cherubs and demons adorned the ceiling and tops of art décor pillars. Huge black glass mirrors stretch across the walls of the room. The wood floor was a deep red, almost like blood. He wore his dark blue suit. It went so well with his green eyes. She wore an off-white ball gown with gold vines that traced the edges of her body.

They twirled and danced. Equals in every way, never giving in but never letting go. This time was different from the many other dances they have danced. It felt like time had slowed and they could have danced forever. She couldn't understand what about this time was different. Was it the way she caught his soft smile in the mirrors when he looked at her? Or the way his touch was gentle and yet, so possessive? She could have sworn that she saw his wings of the purest white reflected in the mirrors as they danced.

The clock struck Three.

He pulled her close, kissed her with such passion and heat, that she didn't know what to do. He told her then that he was leaving. Pressure from the higher powers felt he needed to be replaced. That's when she became the white fire that had been growing in her heart.

The rage caused her to scream, the glass mirrors bust, the shards looked like falling snow, casting rainbows of light across the room. Her heart was broken, like the glass shattered across the floor. The anger that had consumed her entire body moments before was now nothing but smoldering ash. He stood there, the tears on his face left aching wounds in her soul.

Ever see a Devil cry? A simple question, one she had been asked so many times before. eons and eons of a silly yet deadly question. Before she would joke and laugh like the rest of the crowd, but now, now she had a real answer. Yes

“No. No, they can’t.”

“I have no choice. I’m sorry, love.”

He wiped the gold tears from her face, his hand fell away as he turned to the door. Her blue eyes lit up with fire as she grabbed his hand.

“No. Let’s go.”

He stopped and looked at her. His eyes searched her face for the truth.

“I mean it. Let them fight their war without us.”

She pulled him to her and kissed him with a passion that matched his own. The shock on his face was enough to make her smile.

“I love you, despite everything. Maybe even because of everything. Come with me, stay with me, forever.”

“They will track us down.”

“I don’t care. As long as I have you, nothing else matters.”

They used to ask him “Have you ever seen an Angel kiss a Devil?” and he would joke and laugh but now, with all of his damned black heart he could answer with truth.

Yes, and her lips tasted of eternity.