

Fool Me

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Warren Wothington III (Angel) has just lost the love of his life and doesn't know what to do. Grace, the closest one to him, has opened her arms to him, but will he accept them. Will he make her his own or continuously bask in what was lost?

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Chapter 1 - He ain't Sober

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1 - He ain't Sober

Angel sat on the roof of the mansion letting his tears mix with the rain. He wanted to die, he wanted to rip free from the pain that shredded his insides; he wanted Demeter back. He knew she was leaving, but it didn't hurt any less, in fact it hurt more. She had told him straight forward when he asked her for clarification on the rumors, it was what he wanted her to do. They never lied to one another it wasn't a part of their relationship, but Angel couldn't help but feel that the truth she told him was only the half of it. He played one of their conversations over in his mind, remembering how he had probably played a part in her decision. He told her that he was behind her one hundred percent, but somehow he didn't feel that she had the same support.

"Demeter." He whispered as the thunder crackled loudly overhead. His stomach twisted, making him want to puke so badly. "DAMMIT!" He screamed. It echoed through the grounds, probably waking a few of the children from their dreams. He didn't care, nothing mattered anymore, she was gone and she took everything with her; including him.

Angel tussled his drenched hair, pulling it away from his forehead. The blond mess on top his head kept falling against his face, blocking his vision on occasion. He sighed and stood up from his crouched position. He stood on the edge of the roof and looked down at the ground far below. He was going to jump; he'd been planning it for months. It hadn't even occur to him that it might be the wrong thing to do, or that he'd hurt the people he longed to protect.

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Grace paced through her bedroom angry at Demeter for hurting Angel. She had no right to break his heart! Grace slumped down to her knees, it killed her to know that for once her healing powers were null in void. She couldn't help Angel, he refused her; he always refused her. He didn't love her like she wanted him to, he never would. Demeter had stolen his heart first and she hadn't even tried. Angel talked about her like she was a goddess, like she could do no wrong when the reality was the complete opposite. She did everything wrong! She took advantage of Angel's naiveté; she led him on and pulled him further into her façade. She made sure that he would be dead inside before she stepped foot out the door.

Grace let a tear fall into her open palm. She would never get her chance. She loved Angel more than he or Demeter ever knew. She deserved to feel loved in return; she had a right to be with the only man that made her glow from the mere sight of him. Angel was meant to be with her, she could feel it deep down. She understood him better than Demeter ever could, but he wouldn't let her prove it. Instead he chased after the girl, trying to make her come back and love him, all the while running past the girl who already did.

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Jess lay on her bed, tossing and turning uncomfortably. Sleep kept a fair distance. She sighed and hugged one of her pillows close to her chest; she wished she was with her daughter Elizabeth. Everything would be good if she could look into her daughters face and immerse herself in the dimples that were created each time she smiled. Thinking of her daughter brought a chill down her spine, which

wasn't an unusual thing. Her daughter was associated with the Gang and the Gang was the worst possible memory that inhabited her body. They controlled a part of her; they induced a fear in her that never went away. The Gang was the reason that she refused to get close to anyone....except Angel.

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Angel breathed deeply, trying to give into the temptation that suddenly filled him. It was just a step away, just one step and everything would be fine. He kept telling himself that it was the best thing for everyone, for himself. The pain that he was left with was too much to deal with. He wanted to tear his wings off so they couldn't disobey his attempt, but the single step that he needed suddenly became one hundred.

"She won't come back any faster, Angel."

He spun on his heel to face her. She looked at him as if he was all she saw; his body began to ache. She stepped toward him with an outstretched hand, beckoning him to come to her. He obeyed with hesitance. He took her hand, allowing her to pull him close to her body. It was just a hug between friends, but to him it felt like more. It felt like she was back in his arms giggling at the dumb joke he'd just shared with her. It felt like she was underneath him again calling out his name to let him know her appreciation. He bent his neck and kissed the woman that held him tight.

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Grace's heart pounded feverishly as she stared at Angel's naked body next to her. He slept peacefully under the thin sheet that barely covered him. His wings were pulled close to his body, but shielded her from nothing. His abs rippled with every breath he took, causing her stomach to jump each time. A guilty smile curled her full lips. She hated herself for doing the very thing she hated Demeter for. She had taken advantage of Angel when all he needed was someone to listen to him. But his silent cries had pounded in her ears, breaking her with every scream. He was hurting so badly, all she wanted to do was convince him that better things existed. Instead she slept with him out of spite for the woman that had created the hollow cavern that was now his heart.

Angel began to stir. Grace looked away and stared at his boxer shorts as they lay next to her lace bra. Goosebumps ran up her arms as she remembered removing them. She sucked in a sharp breath. This isn't right, she told herself. She couldn't do this to him; she couldn't unless he wanted to.

"What are you thinking about?" Angel asked in his sexy voice that always reminded her of caramel. She turned to him and smiled. "You." She said.

"Why?" Her stomach turned. She forgot why.

"Because you need someone to worry about you." She giggled.

He smiled at her and she melted. "Do I now? I would have thought that everyone would have stopped worrying about the pathetic Angel."

Grace shook her head. "No one ever stopped worrying about you, we just stopped trying to convince you." She admitted. She looked at Angel, staring into his baby blue eyes. She regretted what she was going to do before she even knew what she was going to do. "She isn't coming back, Angel."

A sudden sliver of pain passed through his eyes, but was gone as quickly as it came. "I know." He said.

He looked at the sheets then back to her. "I've known since the minute she left."

Grace hadn't expected him to agree with her. Her body had tensed up as soon as she had said the words. She was expecting an argument, a verbal warning to stay the hell away from him, not a confession.

"Why were you on the roof last night?" she asked. She had found him in the biting cold rain, with one foot on the roof and one on the ledge.

Angel sighed and looked back down at the sheets. "To jump." He stated plainly. He had no need to hide his reasoning, Grace had always listened before.

"Why? Did you think it would solve something? Did you think that no one would notice you were dead?" Grace blurted the questions out as they came to her mind. She sighed, holding back the lump in her throat. "Did you think about me?" she asked silently.

Angel looked at her, his heart breaking all over again. He hadn't thought of her, he had no reason to. Not then...not now. She was a friend that was it.

"Yes." He lied.

Grace stood up from the bed. She pulled on her clothes slowly. She bent down and kissed him, lingering a little too long. She walked to the door and let herself out. Now it was her turn to be pathetic.