

# Desperation -story-

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*This has been in the works for a while.*

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"Michael! Michael!" Ella sprinted down the halls, screaming in terror. "MICHAEL!"

"What? What?!" He appeared at the corner of a junction, looking over her frantically. "What's wrong?!"

"Nothing—Luci! I'm fine! Your brother—" She took a deep breath. "Luci's going to do something! He was standing up on the tip of the roof and I think—God, Michael! He's going to do something awful!"

"Do—" Michael's eyes went wide before he bolted and vaulted from the nearest window, his wings carrying him safely. "Lucifer!" He roared, rising into the air, looking around—looking for his brother.

"Lucifer!" His brother was higher than the absurd spires on his mammoth mansion-like home, hovering in mid-air.

His breath caught in his throat, he watched as his brother's wings drew closed, shrinking as he tucked them against his back, slowly falling back in a dive towards the ground.

"Lucifer!!" Pumping his wings, dread and adrenaline fuelling his speed, Michael shot towards the silver falling star.

Gritting his teeth as he strained towards his brother, the collision was sudden and jarring. Wrapping his arms around him, he bellowed, "What are you doing?!"

"Let go!" His brother wrangled about, crying out in a rasping voice.

"No, you crazy idiot!" Straining his wings to change their momentum from downwards to stable, Michael gripped his brother tightly. "Lucifer! Stop! Squirming!"

"Let go of me!" Luci flailed, one hand finding Michael's face and pushing him away.

They had been slowly sinking still, but Michael's breath froze in his lungs as he felt his wings hitch, threatening to buckle and allow them both to still plummet to the ground. He would have to land. "You fool! Do you want to take me down with you!?"

"If I have to!" His brother's form writhed and curled over Michael's knee, pushing the angel away.

Michael bared his teeth, shifting one elbow roughly into his brother's head. "Stop being asinine! You're going to make us both fall, and you're not taking me with you, you selfish spoiled child!" He gasped out the words, his muscles beginning to burn from the strain as he tried to control the fall back towards he ground. "You're not light, you know," he panted at the limp form in his arms. He spotted Ella leaning out a nearby window, yelling and waving her arms. "Kay, this way..."

They dropped ten feet as Michael struggled towards the window. "Lucifer! Could you give me a hand?"

The form in his arms was silent dead weight and utterly useless under Michael's laboured breathing.

"Michael! Come on! Just a tad further! You can do it!" Ella cheered. "Come on, love!"

Shifting his brother with a grunt, he found extra energy somewhere and propelled them towards the large open window, heaving his brother through it on the floor before he also collapsed onto the firm carpeted hallway.

"Michael, are you okay?" the brunette looked down at him with worried blue eyes. "You're fine?"

He smiled. "Yes." Taking deep breathes, he crawled to his feet again and cast a disgusted glance at his brother. "Fool."

The curled form didn't move.

Michael pulled back a foot to kick it but then sighed and shook his head. "Let's go, Ella."

"But—"

"He won't try it again."

The footsteps faded and a glance was cast over a shoulder, but a hidden face doesn't see the world around it, so he never noticed. Instead a small keening noise filled the hallway, interrupted every once in

a while by a rasping sob.