

Joey barges his way into his sad attempt of a hotel room. "Again, I have no guts to talk!" Joey throws his bag hard to the floor. He grips his hair tightly, still full of frustration from earlier that day.

"Joseph, Joseph. Why do you put yourself through so much pain?" The soft, tender, soothing voice echoes through Joey's mind. Yet the mouth of the woman lying on his bed doesn't move.

Joey glares at the white woman, who lays on her back and looks up at him upside down. "You don't understand, do you?"

"It has been a while since I was alive." Her mouth moves this time, "350 years to be exact. But I haven't forgotten the pain of frustration. What you feel, I feel. You forget that."

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever. Just go poof please. I don't care if you are my guardian angel - I want you to leave me alone."

The woman scoffs and rolls her body over. She rests her head in her hands, her long, straight red hair falling in her face. "I would love to see you try, my foolish earthling."

Joey growls and twirls on heels, falling back first on the glowing woman. His body goes through hers and she slowly lets her body float up into the air. She lowers herself to her feet in front of him.

"Technically, I don't have to hear from your lips what happened today. I lived it with you. What I would like to know is what exactly is causing your pain,

Joseph." The woman lays her body down on top of Joey's, not falling through him. She plays with the strings on his sweatshirt.

Joey touches her soft, red hair. Being able to have physical contact with a spiritual being is only possible for those who have tasted death. She is in his life to keep him from destroying his only second chance.

"I can't admit to him I like him."

"Why not?"

Joey stays silent. He has many reasons to why he can't admit to a beautiful blond boy why he feels a strong attraction to everything about him. But there is one that-

"You don't accept yourself yet Joseph."

He hates it when she reads his thoughts.

"Until you can do that, mister, you can't tell him anything."

Joey sighs. "How can I accept myself?" He looks into his angel's bright green eyes. They remind him of the beautiful blond he spends every day with.

"I don't know, how can you accept yourself?" Her body floats up and she hovers on her feet.

Joey sits up and pouts. "Stop doing that."

"Doing what?"

"Making me think!"

"That is what you get for choosing to be sent to earth as a human."

"Why didn't a choose a dog? Dogs sniff each other's butts. That sounds so easy right now."

"There was a reason why you chose a life as a human. You'll realize it when you age more." The woman rests her hands on Joey's face. She places a tender kiss on his nose and forehead. "Sleep on it Joseph."

"Oh, Angie... without you as my angel..."

"You would be an angel yourself." She pats his cheeks hard, almost a slap. "I won't let you make the same mistake I made. Well... again, anyways."

"Thank you." Before Joey can place a kiss upon her lips, she fades into a beam of light that descends from the small window in his hotel room. The light fades with her figure and Joey is left with his thoughts.

"It's tearin' up my heart when I'm with you. But when we are apart, I feel it too. And no matter what I do, I feel the pain - with or without you."

TA-DA!