

CHAPTER 30: THE TRUTH

Many years ago...

Yahweh paced the halls of his palace-like abode, worry eating away at his soul. Beneath the clouds of Heaven were billions of humans in anguish, starving to death from a lack of resources. Humanity was on its last legs and, despite how hard he'd tried, there was nothing he could do to save them.

They'd sucked up all of the world's sustenance, and now all he could do was watch them perish.

"My lord," Laila, a guardian angel greeted him as she bowed her head respectfully. "The other angels and I have tried providing the humans with guidance, but we're afraid it's too late. They won't listen to reason any longer."

Yahweh slowly inhaled, staring at the earth that was now on the brink of collapsing. His eyes watered, but he could not allow them to shed. He still had people to lead.

"Call the counsel for an emergency meeting," he instructed her as he clearing his throat. "It's time for that plan we discussed."

Laila's eyes widened. "You mean—"

Yahweh rose his hand to silence her. "We mustn't discuss this without the other counsel members present."

The guardian angel quickly nodded. "I'll call a meeting immediately and gather at the arch."

Yahweh watched as Laila hurried off to find the other angels, sighing when he was left alone yet again. He didn't want it to come to this, but he had no other choice. He had to enact the plan. It was the only way to preserve the remaining supernatural creatures left, or else they'd inevitably succumb to a similar fate.

After collecting his lingering thoughts, Yahweh traveled to the arch and found the counsel waiting for him already. They were lined up in a circle as they whispered amongst themselves - until they noticed Yahweh's presence.

"Are you sure about this, Sire?" Ramiel immediately questioned him. "I don't mean to doubt you, Sir, but this will forever alter our history."

"Not to mention it will guarantee your eventual demise," Seraph added in worry. "There's no telling the effect it will have on you. It will require an incredible amount of strength."

Abbadon stepped in. "They're right, Sire. This will be the end of human civilization and you along with it."

Yahweh swallowed the painful lump in his throat. He'd been ridden with tremendous guilt and anxiety ever since earth began to deteriorate. He thought about it at dusk, at dawn, and every moment in between. This plan, despite the cost, was something that needed to happen.

"I am fully aware of the cost, and I am the one responsible for paying it," Yahweh told the fretting angels. "This happened under my rule. I am the one who needs to pay the price for it. It is the only way to ensure the rest of supernatural creatures are able to live in peace."

He exhaled, eyes trailing sorrowfully through the crowd of angels who reeked of fear to lose their leader. "I wish this had gone differently, but Malach will be a much better leader for you all than I ever was."

Laila's lips parted in shock. "But Sire—"

"This is not up for a discussion. I know what has to be done, and now it is time to enact the plan. If any of you aren't willing to be part of this, leave the counsel immediately."

He was met with silence. The angels did not want to partake in the spell, but they couldn't defy Yahweh's wishes, no matter how much they opposed the plan.

"Gather around," he commanded, and they quickly got to work.

Yahweh stood in the middle of the circle, stirring the magical concoction of elements together. The counsel intertwined their hands, beginning a low chant under their breaths that eventually grew louder and louder. Once properly mixed, his hands hovered over the potion as he began transferring half of his remaining strength into it.

Laila left her position in the circle, approaching Yahweh as the spell was nearly complete. "Are you ready, Sire?" she hesitantly asked.

Yahweh's gaze met hers, and for the first time ever, she could see the centuries of pain beneath his tired eyes. All the years of trying and trying just to continuously fail. And that look was enough to answer her question.

Her hands rested above his, eyes squeezing shut as she gave in and enacted the final part of the spell.

Unbelievable pain overtook Yahweh's body as his power was drained from his body. Though the physical pain was minuscule in comparison to his emotional suffering, so he continued. He held in place, a broken scream escaping his lips as half of his godly strength was torn away from him.

Suddenly, a bright white light erupted from between him and Laila, and then he fell to the ground as he went unconscious.

Abbadon and Seraph rushed to catch their collapsed leader, the sound of a baby crying catching the attention of the other angels.

Laila slowly turned around to reveal an infant in her arms - the supposed replacement for Yahweh once the child was grown.

"He's beautiful," Ramiel whispered, reaching out to caress the infant's head.

Laila stared at the baby, a frown upon her lips. "Something feels... wrong."

"What is it?" Ramiel asked in concern. "He appears to be fine to me."

Laila shook her head. "It's not his health in jeopardy. I think... I think the spell was wrong."

Seraph's eyes widened in fear, rushing over to them. "What are you talking about? We preformed it perfectly."

Laila opened her mouth to speak, but all words escaped her mind when the infant's eyes opened, and they were red.

"Are you seeing this too?" Ramiel choked out.

"His eyes are red!" Seraph exclaimed in terror. "How can this be? Only demons have red eyes!"

"I told you the spell was wrong," Laila murmured, watching in dismay as the infant went back to sleep.

Seraph glanced back toward Yahweh who was still unconscious in Abbadon's arms. "What are we going to do? We can't have a demon leading our people!"

"We bring him to Hell and do the spell again," Laila instructed, trying to sound confident despite her own fears. "And we do it right this time. We can't afford to make any mistakes again."

Ramiel's jaw dropped. "You want to just leave this poor, innocent baby with a bunch of rancid heathens? Do you hear yourself?"

Laila's eyes narrowed at him. "They won't hurt him, he's one of them."

"But he has half of God's power running through his veins. We cannot just hand over that kind of weapon to them!" Seraph argued.

"Relax," Laila brushed him off. "It likely didn't even work. I can't imagine a demon actually withholding that much power. He'll live amongst the other demons as if he were truly one of them."

Ramiel sadly looked down at the peaceful infant, hating the idea of abandoning him. "It certainly seemed like the spell worked to me," he mumbled to himself as all the angels began to bicker over what they'd do.

No one knew how long it'd take Yahweh to wake, so they had to make a decision quickly on his behalf. And eventually enough angels took Laila's side to go through with it, regardless of the potential danger.

That's how they made their greatest mistake.

Lucifer was in the midst of torturing a lost soul when a crying noise distracted his thoughts. He stood up in his chamber, leaving the soul behind as he followed the irritating sound.

He came across an infant, laying in a small bassinet. He could easily sense its demon nature, but that didn't explain what it was doing in his private chambers of all places.

He briefly considered tossing it into the flames with the other deceased souls, but when he picked up the infant, Lucifer felt a surge of power radiating off him.

"Baby hello there little one," Lucifer remarked, surprised when the wail quieted down in his arms. "While this certainly isn't ideal, I suppose you'll do, Xavion."

Present day...

"I can't believe you're not in any trouble at all," Xavion complained to Malach. "If you hadn't taken the blame for me, those assholes would've tried putting me on toilet cleaning duty for months."

Zisa chimed in, "Those are the kind of privileges you get when you're a god-to-be. Too bad you're only the son of somebody the angels despise."

Malach frowned. "All I did was talk things out with them. Most situations can be solved with just a little kindness—"

Xavion cut in, "If you finish that sentence, I'm seriously going to punch you in the face."

Zisa, Cyfrin, Malach and Xavion were all lounging around the dorm room, the demons snorting at Xav's threat.

"That old bitch was fuming after that water poured over her," Zisa snickered at the memory. "If Xav was the one who did it instead of Malach, he'd probably be expelled."

"I would never let that happen," Mal said firmly.

Cyfrin rolled over from his position on the bed, hair in his eyes. "Okay mister knight in shining armor. The next time I get in trouble, could you help me out too? Or is that privilege only reserved for people sucking you off?"

Malach's face paled from the vulgar accusation, sending the three demons into a fit of laughter.

An alarm went off Mal's phone, causing him to excitedly stand up. "My father will be arriving soon, I should get going."

"Yahweh is coming?" Zisa questioned.

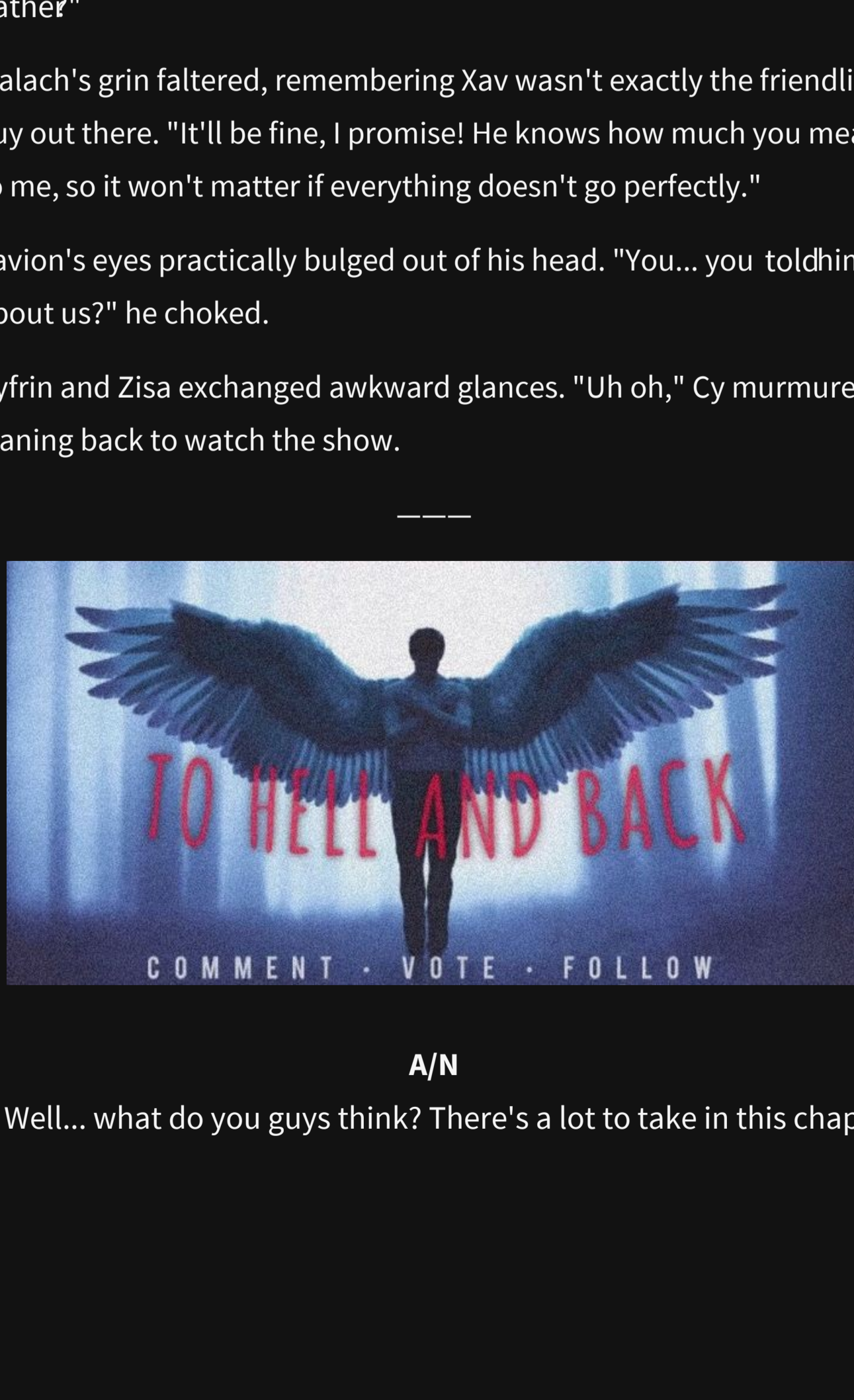
Malach nodded. "It's supposed to be part of my punishment, but after I explain what really happened, he won't mind," he told them as he gathered his belongings. "I'm actually glad to see him. I think he'll like you a lot, Xav."

Xavion almost coughed up a lung. "You expect me to meet your father?"

Malach's grin faltered, remembering Xav wasn't exactly the friendliest guy out there. "It'll be fine, I promise! He knows how much you mean to me, so it won't matter if everything doesn't go perfectly."

Xavion's eyes practically bulged out of his head. "You... you told him about us?" he choked.

Cyfrin and Zisa exchanged awkward glances. "Uh oh," Cy murmured, leaning back to watch the show.



A/N

Well... what do you guys think? There's a lot to take in this chapter!