

CHAPTER 35: A BURIED MEMORY

"In order to kill Lucifer, you're first going to need your powers back," Yahweh explained as Xavion intently listened. "Laila had suspected that Lucifer was the one suppressing them all these years. The only problem is we don't know exactly how."

Xavion, Malach, Yahweh, and Ramiel stood in the normally bustling council hall. There was always activity going around outside, though all of Heaven was locked away in their homes as they witnessed Laila's brutal murder. It had never been this quiet in centuries.

"So we have to fix a problem we don't even know how to solve?" Xav questioned, sounding unimpressed. "How am I supposed to get my powers back if we don't have a clue where to start?"

"We never said that," Ramiel said. "The only way to suppress a God's powers is to put a block in their mind with dark magic when they're very young and defenseless. Somewhere, deep in your brain, there's some sort of wall built by Lucifer. All you have to do is climb that wall."

"I'll put you in a comatose-like state with my magic. You'll be able to walk through your memories like it's real life, and find the wall that way," Yahweh gently explained.

Xavion glanced at Malach unsurely. "Is it just me, or is this not making any sense?"

Malach clasped Xav's shoulder, ushering him to take a seat on one of the empty wooden chairs. "Don't think of it so much as a wall to climb, and more of a barrier to break. You'll know when you break it."

Xavion felt uneasy about the situation, but they didn't have any other option. If they wanted to win the war then they needed to have the upper hand. They needed Xav.

All his life, never once had he felt needed. Even Malach would flourish and do great things without him. But for this, Xavion was the only hope they had in defeating Lucifer, so despite having no idea what he was getting into, he obliged.

"How long will this coma thing last?" Xav asked as Ramiel cleared one of the desks, guiding him to lay down on it.

"I haven't used my powers like this in a very long time. I'm not sure how long I'll be able to hold it, but it should hopefully last at least a few minutes." Yahweh took one of Xav's hands, holding onto it tightly.

"But you take as long as you need to find what you're looking for. We can do this as many times as it takes to unlock your powers."

Xavion swallowed the lump in his throat, nodding. He rested his head back against the hard table and closed his eyes as Yahweh held his hands above Xav's face, palms glowing with orbs of blinding light.

"Let your body go numb, then find the barrier and break it," Malach whispered, "I believe in you, Xav."

Xavion focused on the sensation rumbling through his body. His shoulders felt lighter, his figure lifting into the air, and then he heard a child's laughter echoing in his ears.

"This way, Nethum!"

Two little boys ran through the halls of Lucifer's castle, Qarinah hot on their heels. Xavion soon recognized one of them as his four-year-old self. Beside him was his friend, the son of one of Lucifer's servants.

"You boys get back here this instant!" Qarinah shouted as the two boys sprinted ahead of her. "Lucifer will have all three of our heads if he sees what you've done!"

Being so young, Xavion had no idea what she meant by that. All he knew is that he was having fun with his new friend. Fun was something he never got to have. If he wasn't locked in his room, then Lucifer was yelling at him about something. He just wanted to have a good time with Nethum. That's why they snuck into Lucifer's room, trashing the place like kids often do.

"You'll never catch us!" little Xavion roared, clothes disheveled and face covered in marker.

The two boys suddenly came to a halt. It was like their legs weren't their own anymore, frozen in place.

"What the heck?" Nethum said in confusion, unable to move. "What's going on?"

"Oh have mercy," Qarinah whispered in fear, face going white.

There, Lucifer stood. His hand was outstretched, holding both boys in place. And he looked absolutely livid.

With the flick of his finger, he brought Nethum, who was trembling with fear, forward. "A servant's son trying to make a mockery of me," Lucifer growled. "How pathetic."

"Father! Father, let him go!" Xavion wailed, trying to get to Nethum but failing. "It wasn't him, it was me!"

Lucifer ignored him. "Your family will be executed and served as meat for the hounds," he roared to the little boy who wet himself in terror.

"And for you..."

"Father, no!" Xavion screeched as Lucifer shoved his hand through Nethum's chest, ripping out his heart and dropping his corpse to the floor.

Lucifer's spell was lifted, and Xavion fell to his knees as he sobbed over the dead body of his friend.

"Don't go into my room ever again," Lucifer said, voice void of emotion as he tossed Nethum's heart onto the floor beside him. "Or else next time, this will be you."

He stomped on the heart, making blood splatter all over little Xav. Xavion cried into Nethum's shirt that was covered in blood, wishing his father was dead.

"Xavion!" Qarinah yelled, grabbing his sleeve.

"Nethum, no..." Xav wept, clinging to his corpse.

"Xavion!" she yelled again.

"Leave me alone!" he bawled as he curled into himself.

"Xavion!"

Xavion shot up, tumbling off the desk with a scream. Sweat poured down his face as his clothes clung to him, uncomfortably damp from how overheated his body was. His chest was heaving, lungs unable to catch a proper breath of air. None of his limbs would stop shaking.

For a moment, he forgot where he even was - what they were even doing. Until he saw Malach hunched over him, desperately shaking his face.

"Xav, can you hear me? Are you alright?" Mal choked, searching his eyes for any sign of recognition.

"What the fuck did you do to me?" Xavion rasped as he shot daggers at Yahweh with his eyes.

Yahweh bent down beside them, concern flooding his features. "I only sent you into your own mind. What happened? What did you see?"

Xavion was still panting, body buzzing with fear. That was a memory he had buried deep down a long time ago. He forbade himself from remembering events like that. It brought up too many feelings that he never wanted to experience ever again.

"I'm not doing that again," he spat out viciously, pushing Malach and Yahweh away from him as he dizzily stood up. "I don't give a damn about the war. Figure out another solution yourselves and leave me the hell alone!"

In an instant, his walls were all back up. He needed to protect himself. He couldn't get hurt again.

"Xav, what happened in your memory?" Malach asked, reaching out but Xavion slapped his hand away.

"I said leave me alone!" he roared, demon form coming over him as his eyes burned and thick, red horns began protruding from his skull.

Ramiel stepped backward, horror across his face. Even Yahweh's jaw dropped as Xav's voice morphed into a deep gravelly noise.

"Figure out the war your damn selves," Xavion hissed. "I want no part in this."

He turned away and stormed out of the building, ignoring Malach's pleas to stay.



A/N

Thoughts on this chapter? What do you think will happen next?