

CHAPTER 36: UNTRUSTWORTHY

That night, Xavion didn't get an ounce of sleep. His brain kept replaying the image of Nethum's terrified face as Lucifer tore his heart right out of his chest. He was supposed to have classes that morning, but he couldn't bring himself to attend. Not with this deep ache in his chest.

It'd been nearly fifteen hours since he last spoke to Mal. Xav ignored all his texts about plans to meet up and talk. Xavion didn't feel like talking. He didn't feel like doing anything, besides getting revenge on Lucifer for all of his evil.

But Ramiel and Yahweh made a good point - he needed his powers restored before having any shot at beating Lucifer. Though that meant he needed to go back into his memory again and that was not something he was willing to do. He was stuck.

His thoughts dispersed from the sound of jingling keys as Cyfrin walked into their dorm holding a bowl of soup. "Hey buddy! I figured you could use something to eat since you've been in here all day. And since I kinda ate all of our snacks."

"Thanks," Xav said as Cyfrin handed him the food. "Has Malach been up your ass all day?"

"That would be an understatement," Cy answered with a snort. "Who do you think paid for the soup?"

His hunger disappeared. Placing the bowl on the bedside table, Xav fell back onto his sheets with a grunt. "Of course he did."

"I forgot that I wasn't supposed to tell you that..." Cy mumbled as he scratched the back of his head. "Well, can I eat it if you're not gonna?"

"It's all yours, man."

Cyfrin let out a squeal of happiness, going to town on the soup as Xav continued moping. "What even happened anyway? Malach told me most of the story but I still don't know why you're mad. Are you guys breaking up?"

Xavion's eyes shot open. "What? Of course not!" he snapped.

"No need to be so moody about it. It's a fair question! You've been ignoring him and every five minutes he's asking me how you're doing - not to mention, you've been moping around in here for hours. And you smell bad."

"Sometimes I wonder why I'm friends with you."

Cyfrin whined, putting the food down. "Just tell me what happened already! You know you're going to tell me eventually, so get it over with before I have to annoy it out of you!"

Xav sat up with a sigh as he adjusted the covers. "He didn't... he didn't do anything, alright? I'm not mad at him. I just need some space, that's all."

"Well if that's all, you should really just tell the poor guy. He's been a mess the whole day. Probably even more than you."

Guilt ate away at Xav's gut, but he couldn't bring himself to respond to Malach yet. The wounds were too fresh.

"I don't feel like talking right now," Xav mumbled quietly. "All I want to do right now is go to Hell and shove a knife through Lucifer's chest. That's the only thing that would make me feel better."

"Why don't you then?"

Xavion's eyes shifted to Cyfrin. "What?"

"Are you deaf? I said, why don't you?" Cy repeated.

"I don't know, maybe because he'd grab me by the throat and tear out my soul to torture me for all eternity?" Xav replied bitterly. "What a dumb fucking question. You've seen the guy. He'd murder me in milliseconds."

Cyfrin shrugged as he went back to devouring the soup. "I mean, yeah. If he was expecting it."

Xav stared at his friend, contemplating his words. He made a good point. Lucifer wouldn't be expecting an attack from him right now. Xavion still had the element of surprise on his side.

"Doesn't he think you're still your typical suck up self? If you just showed up right now, you could pretend to be visiting, and then POW!" Cy shouted, jumping on top of the bed and doing a karate chop in the air. "Knife through the chest! Or, you could kick him in the kiwis. That'll stun him for a while if you have enough force behind it."

Xavion tumbled out of bed, newfound determination replacing his previous despair and uncertainty. Cyfrin was right. All he had to do was take Lucifer by surprise. The rest would be a piece of cake.

"What are you doing?" Cy questioned as he watched Xav hurriedly put on a pair of shoes.

"Going to Hell to kill that bastard and get revenge for all his wrongdoings, what do you think?" Xavion opened the closet and pulled out his spear before rushing to the door. "Thanks for convincing me to do this, man. You're not a half bad friend sometimes."

He shut the door behind him, leaving Cy still stood upon the bed with this mouth opening and closing. "I was just kidding... ah, whatever. Where did I put that soup?"

In his demon form, Xav walked up the stairs of Lucifer's castle. The time didn't change in Hell, but he knew his father would be resting around now. All he had to do was sneak into his room and shove the spear through Lucifer's heart before he realized what was happening.

Xavion nodded toward the guards as he entered the front doors. They quickly recognized him and waved him forward without a second thought. Chuckling under his breath at how easy his plan was going, he headed for Lucifer with confidence.

Once he reached his destination, Xav gently turned the doorknob as he tried his best not to make a sound. The door creaked as he pushed it open, making him wince in fear. He looked at Lucifer's sleeping form upon the bed to ensure he hadn't awoken from the noise. Thankfully, he was in the clear. For now.

As the door was open wide enough for Xav to squeeze inside, he gripped the spear so tightly his knuckles whitened. He slowly approached the bed and stared at Lucifer's sleeping form. His long black hair was splayed across the pillow, thin lips slightly parted as he breathed.

Xavion's hands shook as he raised the pointed spear in the air. He held the weapon above his head, trying to muster up every ounce of courage he had to plunge it through his father's heart. The fear surging through him was overwhelming, but he didn't know what the fear was of. Lucifer was vulnerable. Weak. Xav could kill him right now and that would be it. He had already won, so what was he afraid of.

Perhaps part of him didn't want to lose the man he'd known as his father all his life. Despite having no blood relation and Lucifer never even taking on the role of a dad, deep down he couldn't help but crave a paternal connection with the man. But he knew he would never get that no matter how badly he wished for one.

He reminded himself of the years of torture Lucifer made him endure throughout his childhood. He thought of the hateful words, he thought of all the abuse, he thought of the war Lucifer would start if Xav didn't do this. He wouldn't allow the man to hurt Malach or anyone else ever again.

Now, the ball was in his court. All he had to do was shoot it.

Xavion took a final deep breath as he steadied his grip. "Eat shit you old fuck," he whispered to Lucifer, ramming the spear right through his heart.

Lucifer's eyes shot open as he helplessly grabbed at the spear, a choked gasp escaping his lips along with a trail of blood. "S-son," he rasped.

"You started this war, but I ended it." Xav tore the spear out with a horrible squelching sound.

The feeling of victory washed over him like a tidal wave. Everyone from his childhood, all his teachers, classmates, Lucifer himself - all of them thought Xav would never account to anything in his lifetime. But he did, and he did it without the help of magic. He proved each and every single one of them wrong.

He turned to leave, the sound of Lucifer's desperate attempts to breathe filling the room. Though the struggling for breath slowly morphed into laughter, making Xavion's legs stop moving.

The door slammed shut as Lucifer's body dissipated into dust. Xavion inhaled, holding the spear tightly. What the hell was going on?

"Did you really think it would be that easy?" Lucifer's said with amusement in his voice, appearing in his desk chair as he swiveled around to face his son. "I could sense your presence the moment you arrived, though I was expecting a surprise visit. Not a murder attempt."

Xavion's breathing came out rapidly as hatred for his so-called dad overwhelmed all other senses. He had been so damn close. Now he was screwed.

Lucifer stood from the chair and brushed off his shirt, approaching Xav condescendingly. "Though I can't say I'm surprised. It's very on character of you to act rashly without considering the consequences."

"I knew the consequences. Killing you was worth it," Xavion spat viciously.

Lucifer laughed in his face. "I'd tear you apart limb by limb right here if I didn't need you for my plan," he murmured, lifting Xavion's chin with his fingers so that they were staring into each other's eyes with an equal amount of disgust. "Ideally this would've happened willingly, but you've proved yourself to be untrustworthy. Now, I'll just have to take what I need."



A/N

And y'all were expecting flu lmaooo