

Chapter 77

Lucifer Pov

A blast of bright energy hit me as the link I implanted in Ava's mind was blocked. I recognized its signature at once and went into Tartarus to confront the source. The fact that he still held enough power to communicate with the outside world meant my runes were not strong enough. I had Typhus, God of the Dragons, trapped here eons ago after I caught him trying to sneak a mortal soul from my own realm. Other gods were not permitted to enter another's realm without the proper authorization. Doing so and getting caught meant imprisonment in the realm. The nature of the consequence depended on the ruler of the realm. Typhus should have known better than to try to steal a simple human soul from my realm. The dead do not leave without my consent.

"FUCKING DRAGON!" I growled into the darkness of the endless black hole. A deep laugh could be heard coming from it.

"You think this block will keep me away; you are mistaken. You have only sped up my plans," I said to him. The laughter ceased at once.

"Your mistake, Lucifer, is thinking the little angel is the only one who can defeat you. She is not the only one with great power. My legacy survives, Lucee," Typhus mocked back. His legacy?

"What do you mean by legacy?" I demanded to know at whom he laughed. He always spoke in riddles. Stupid fucking gods. They are the next on my list to wipe

out. I left that dark pit and saw Ana, who had been spending a lot of time with both of her slaves doing hell knows what. She appeared in front of me at once, on one knee, ready to serve. Always ready to serve. She may yet be my finest creation.

"Father, is the ceremony complete?" She asked me. I smiled, knowing it was. I now only needed a little more of Ava's expression power to have enough to escape this prison. The more of Ava's power I took, the more the darkness I instilled inside her would fester. Soon, she would have no choice but to be mine. The darkness would send her straight into my arms.

"It is," I told her, and she smiled.

"Good. I cannot wait for you to reclaim the earth and destroy all of your enemies in the process." She said it happily, but the glint in her eye was one I had easily come to recognize in this realm. It was those with their own agendas. I held out my hand, and she rushed up to kiss my ring. After she did, I yanked her hair back and looked into her eyes.

"Father," she said, looking up at me in fear.

"I don't know what you're planning, Ana, but if your plans interfere with my coming into power, burning you in the pit will be a mercy compared to what I would do to you. Do you understand me?" I told her. She nodded.

"Yes, father," she said, casting her eyes down. I released her, and she backed away with her eyes cast down before turning back around to leave me. Had I been paying closer attention, I wouldn't have missed the smirk that appeared on her face.

Ana Pov

"Psh," I said to myself. The plans I have been making lately with Emilio and my newest creation were close to completion as my birthday approached. The beauty of the plan was that all I needed Father to do was finish his own plans, as my plan relied

completely on the success of his, which he was close to doing. We could all feel it. The bounds of the realm were breaking as long as he kept drawing on Ava's angel blood. Soon. Very soon, my plan will come into play, and my father won't know a thing!

"Emilio, fetch our latest weapon," I commanded him when I entered my room, to which he nodded and left. A second later, he appeared with someone who I believe will help turn the tide of battle on our side, should we fall. I always thought Emilio would have been my fondest creation, but I was mistaken. Slade, the name I gave my newest creation, is no doubt the strongest of them all and will soon be able to prove it.

Ava Pov

I tossed and turned as my dreams haunted me. I dreamed of looking at myself in the mirror-pale, dark, and mysterious. My eyes were no longer the purple I had always seen. They were purely black. My skin was paler than the moonlight on a dark night. My usual brown hair was waist-long and darkened even more to a deep shade of black. My black eyes held specks of purple as my power of expression ran coarse through my entire body. I was feeling absolutely chaotic, and I liked it.

'Of course, you like it." I heard a voice say it from behind me. I turned around, only to see Lucifer standing behind me in a white shirt and black slacks. His black and white hair hung around his shoulders. His black and white eyes were trained only on me, like I was prey, and he was the world's deadliest predator. I looked around myself, only to realize I was in his throne room.

"Demon," I spat at him. He smiled.

"Now is that any way to greet your new master?" he said to me, sitting on his throne.

"I will never be yours," I spat at him, though I couldn't deny how hot he was looking at me right now as I checked him out. Wait. What the fuck am I thinking? I shook

my head to clear myself of the horrible thought. He smirked, as if watching me fight myself.

"I wouldn't be too sure of that, little angel witch. You thought the only exchange was that I took your power and have been siphoning it. You're only half right about that. Since I took your power, you have been taking some of mine. Your angel blood recognizes my blood as its own and therefore proclaims me your lover. You're mate. You're master.