

## PROLOGUE

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Over six centuries ago, something tragic happened.

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The human population was growing too large, too quickly. Hungry bellies were left unfed while millions died from starvation and dehydration every day. There weren't enough resources to keep up with the abundance of people, and the numbers were only continuing to rise beyond capacity.

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The loss of trees and vegetation due to deforestation led the Earth toward climate change, desertification, soil erosion, flooding, and greenhouse gases. It destroyed forests and the homes of living creatures that were otherwise peaceful beings.

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Pollution had caused too much damage. Global warming melted the poles, heightening sea level and flooding. The contaminated air introduced chronic respiratory diseases in the few survivors left, their deteriorating bodies unable to handle much more.

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The gas from cars emitting carbon dioxide into the air, trash being dumped into the ocean and streets, cutting down healthy trees for land—humans killed the Earth. God, Yahweh, gifted them with life that they selfishly destroyed.

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After the world finally collapsed, he felt like a failure. He failed his people he swore to protect. Though it was easily the fault of humanity, the kind-hearted man took it personally. Though Earth was ruined, Heaven and Hell remained. He still had a reason to exist despite living in the agony of being unable to save his people. Knowing that a change had to be made but not able to change it himself, he had a son, Malach.

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Malach wasn't born like any other being in history. Unlike him, every angel had once been human. He was created through a spell—through magic no one had ever witnessed before. Yahweh and his angels harnessed all of their power into an entity that was previously beyond comprehension, creating the perfect leader to take over Yahweh's role.

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Malach was designed from birth to be the new God. A better one that wouldn't let down his people.

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Though sorcery so strong doesn't come without a toll. A sacrifice had to be made. Such a powerful creature couldn't be born simply from magic. Energy cannot be created nor destroyed. That force had to be transferred to him through someone else. Through Yahweh.

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Yahweh utilized half of his strength when Malach was first born and would complete the process once he became mature enough to handle that great responsibility. He quickly grew weak but held on until his son was ready. Of course Yahweh never told him this in fear of Malach refusing to take his position, knowing that his father would soon die after. But Yahweh knew that the boy would be strong enough to move on from the loss. He had to. Everyone was counting on him.

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Yahweh and his angels knew that humans were no longer an option since they were inevitably prone to self-destruction, so they rekindled the planet with a different plan this time. A world composed solely of the supernatural. They knew these creatures wouldn't be ignorant enough to ruin such a gift.

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After nearly three decades of reshaping Earth, it was finally complete. Angels, werewolves, vampires, witches, elves, mermaids, incubi, and faeries were to live upon the newly-constructed planet. This time Malach would guide their souls and keep the peace in the way Yahweh failed to.

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Though, surprisingly, Yahweh had one more goal in mind. He had such faith in his son that he was certain Malach would succeed, deciding on a choice that everyone advised him against. But he was a man full of too much hope and kindness. It was his dream for all to be united as one family where everyone would only spread love.

All means all, and that included demons.

Lucifer initially laughed at the proposal, thinking it was some sort of ridiculous joke. He soon realized that Yahweh was being truthful, as was his true nature, and contemplated the bizarre offer.

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Lucifer nor his demons desired anything to do with other species. They were cruel creature that only sought out their own pleasure. Whether Earth was healthy or not didn't matter to them one bit. That was why the demons were in shock when Lucifer accepted Yahweh's peace treaty.

No one ever understood why Lucifer made that decision, yet not a single demon dared question him. The devil was an unforgiving man that wouldn't think twice about ripping out another's soul if they so much as approached him when he was in a bad mood. Which, of course, he always was.

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Funnily enough, Lucifer had a son of his own around the same time. Xavion had a unique introduction to the universe as well. He was a child born from the flames of Hell. This wasn't a unique occurrence, though definitely a rare one. Those born from the flames were considered a sacred gift. They only appeared when something dark was coming in the near future and the child would be a vital savior for Hell's continuation.

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And Lucifer immediately knew the demon was the key he needed to unlock his plan. Xavion was quickly claimed as his son and again no one questioned Lucifer.

Though in hindsight... they probably should have.

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