

CHAPTER 19: FEAR

Malach gulped. "What... what if I said he was a demon?"

Yahweh blinked, completely unfazed. "Is that why you think I'd be upset?" he scooped, seeming ended. "I don't discriminate against species. As long as two people share true love, nothing else matters." ^đ

The blonde fumbled with his hands. The two men stood in the middle of the hall, Yahweh desperate to understand why Malach seemed so hesitant to tell him his secret.

"Look, Malachi," Yahweh said gently as his tone turned serious.

"There's nothing you could tell me about this person that would anger me. I don't care if he's a demon. If you care for him, I care for him as well, no matter the information you're withholding." ^đ

"It's Xavion," Malach mumbled inaudibly.

Yahweh gave him a questioning look, silently telling him to speak up, and all of Malach's feelings suddenly erupted at once.

"Xavion, Lucifer's son!" he said in exasperation, freezing as he realized what he'd done. ^đ

It was dead quiet as Yahweh processed Malach's words, and the angel was overwhelmed with fear with each passing second. He was worried Yahweh wouldn't approve, or even worse, that he might try to separate the two. It was vital to him that his father saw Xav the same way that he did, not as some corrupt, filthy demon like the others.

Then, Yahweh laughed. Not a menacing or a mocking type of laugh. A genuine, hearty laugh. A real laugh. ^đ

"What's so funny?" Malach grumbled, relieved that the man hadn't blown up in anger, but concerned that he hadn't said anything yet.

Yahweh shook his head, wiping a tear from the corner of his eye as his laughter slowly died down. "Nothing, son. I just was not expecting Xavion to be the one to capture your heart. He's... an interesting choice, to say the least." ^đ

Mal nodded his head. It was an honest surprise to everyone involved. Malach and Xavion were polar opposites in every way possible, so the idea of the two somehow developing feelings for one another was baffling. ^đ

Yahweh and Malach made their way to the main dining hall, Yahweh bombarding him with questions about the demon. The staff served them dinner, a steaming plate of an assortment of different foods as they conversed.

The angel had a hard time holding back. The only person he had to talk to about his crush was Haven, so a lot of his feelings were bottled up inside. Having someone he trusted want to hear about them without ill intent was refreshing. ^đ

"So you don't know if he has feelings for you in return?" Yahweh questioned as he dug into his plate.

"No, he does," Malach said defensively, blushing when his father seemed unconvinced. "He hasn't said it yet, but I know he feels the same way about me that I do with him. I'm sure of it."

Yahweh hummed, taking a sip from his golden wine glass. "How can you be so sure?"

Mal shyly averted his gaze. "We might have... uh, done some... kissing." ^đ

His father suddenly became much more enthralled from the topic, putting down his silverware and leaning forward with a grin. "Oh? Who initiated this kiss?" ^đ

"I suppose I did," Malach mumbled quietly, embarrassed but eager to talk about Xavion to anyone willing to listen. "It was my first kiss. I liked it."

"Did Xavion?"

Malach's mind wandered back to the night they kissed. Xav's eyes had looked so pretty shining in the moonlight. The color had turned black, though a bit of gold shimmered beneath them. Then he remembered the way the demon had passionately kissed him back. How Xavion's hands wrapped around his neck as the kiss deepened. When their bodies pressed together so divinely. ^đ

"He did," Malach answered firmly. "Very much so."

Yahweh smiled as he watched his son go on and on about the demon. He loved seeing how happy Xavion seemed to make him.

"Well, have you told him how you feel yet?"

"No, but I want to," Mal answered honestly. "I'm not sure how he'll react. I know he feels the same, but he's not very good at talking about his feelings. I'm afraid to scare him o."

"When it's true, love will always find a way to be. Even if Xavion takes longer than most to accept the way he feels, the two of you will come together when it's right." Yahweh stood from his seat, motioning for a staff member to take away his now empty plate. ^đ

Malach stared at him intently, taking his father's advice to heart. He would do whatever it took to be with Xavion, even if that meant waiting until the demon was ready.

"Considering both of your statuses, a relationship will not be easy. There will be some who disapprove—and they may go certain lengths to stop it—but just because it might be hard, doesn't mean it isn't worth the fight," Yahweh explained gently. "If you love him, and he loves you, then nothing else matters." ^đ

Xavion stood alone in his childhood room, pacing back and forth. He couldn't believe the news Lucifer had told him. He regretted ever going on that walk with him at all.

"I think you're finally ready to hear about my plans, son."

"Plans?" Xavion repeated, not following.

Lucifer scanned the area to make sure there weren't any eavesdroppers around. He'd be able to sense them miles away, and once he was assured the coast was clear, he grinned sinisterly at his son.

"A war is starting soon, and you're going to help me win it." ^đ

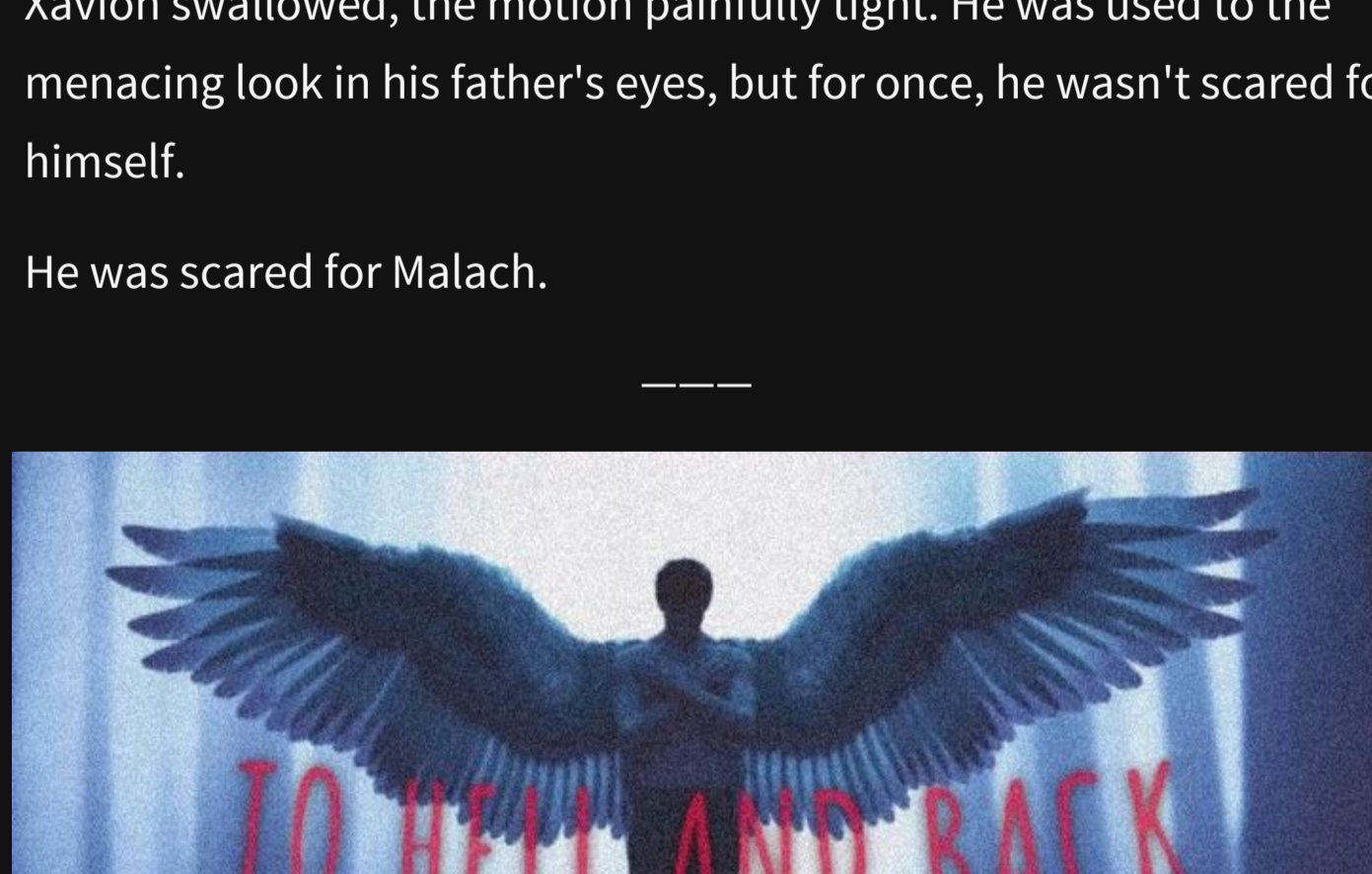
The memory echoed in Xavion's head, leaving him unable to forget it. It wasn't like he was against violence, that was blatantly obvious, but it was Lucifer's true intentions behind the war. It was what Lucifer wanted him to do.

"You want to start a war?" Xavion said in shock. "Over what?"

Lucifer dryly laughed. "In time, all will be revealed. But for now, I only need one thing from you, son."

Xavion swallowed, the motion painfully tight. He was used to the menacing look in his father's eyes, but for once, he wasn't scared for himself.

He was scared for Malach. ^đ



A/N

What do you guys think of Yahweh's reaction? ^đ