

## CHAPTER: 32 THE PRELIMINARY

The clouds wizzed beneath his feet as Yahweh sprinted through the gates of Heaven. Angels watched in bewilderment as their leader ran past them like a madman.

"Laila! Has anyone seen Laila?!" he heaved, asking everyone in his eyesight frantically. "What about Abbadon? Seraph? Ramiel? Any of them?"

♫

"My lord, are you alright?" one of them asked in concern.

Yahweh couldn't even take the time to reply. He rushed past them, desperately searching for any of the angels he'd named. Those were the only ones he who'd been present at The Preliminary - that's what they referred to the incident prior to Malach's creation as.

"Laila! Seraph!" Yahweh called as he ran further beyond the gates.

"Ramiel! Abbadon! Oh, where are you fools?"

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"Sire?" Laila gasped, fear igniting in her veins by the sight of Yahweh so panicked.

"I need you to find Seraph, Abbadon and Ramiel immediately. Bring them to the counsel room at once." Yahweh cleared his throat and avoided her worried eyes. "It's about The Preliminary."

Laila's lips parted. "You don't mean..."

"Laila, find them now."

Her fingers went numb. That could only mean one thing.

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Once gathering all of them, Yahweh stood in front of the four angels with no emotion clear on his face. For once, he wasn't quite sure of what to say.

The counsel room was large and curved at each corner. A row of wooden desks were at the front with seats across from them. It was mainly used for important meetings - which there hadn't been many of in decades. Though there was likely to be many, many more now.

"You said this is about The Preliminary, right?" Laila asked. "Can't that only mean one thing? That you've found—"

"There wouldn't be anyone to find if you all had listened to me in the first place," Ramiel interrupted bitterly. "If only someone had warned you that a certain demon might end up here eighteen years later, angry and seeking revenge."

"Is this the reason I've heard rumors about a war? It's over The Preliminary?" Abbadon whispered to Seraph.

Yahweh sighed, looking each angel in the eyes. His heart felt too heavy in his chest, like it was so full it could burst at any moment.

"His name," Yahweh murmured, "is Xavion."

Abbadon choked. "Sire, are you talking about Lucifer's son Xavion?"

Yahweh nodded. "He's also Malach's boyfriend."

♫

The angels blinked at the god as they tried to process everything he was saying. Seraph was the first to speak up, standing up from his desk.

"So you're telling me that the baby we messed up eighteen years ago is now the next ruler of Hell?"

Yahweh curtly nodded. "That is correct."

"And he's still harboring half of your power?"

Yahweh coughed uncomfortably. "Also true."

"And he's now dating your son, the next ruler of Heaven?"

Yahweh was le speechless. Even he didn't know how to make the situation seem any less bad.

Abbadon cut in, "But if Xavion is with Malach, doesn't that mean he's on our side?"

"That could make the war much easier," Laila hummed. "We'd have a spy close to Lucifer."

Yahweh frowned. "Don't refer to Xavion as a spy. He's the only biological son I have."

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"I apologize, Sire," she said with a small bow. "Have you told Malach that he was created by the high ranking angels and not your powers yet?"

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"No, no I have not," he answered, sounding glum. "Though I'll have to soon."

"What about Xavion? Does he know everything?" Abbadon questioned.

Yahweh sat down on a desk chair. "I'm afraid he doesn't have a clue," he murmured. "We met once when Xavion was young. I had no idea it was him back then."

"I need to go to class before I'm late, but it was nice meeting you, Xav!" Malach said in a cheery voice, hugging Yahweh goodbye.

"Don't call me that," Xavion grumbled.

"I'm Yahweh," he introduced himself before Xav could go. "If you have any trouble making friends, stick with Malach. He's a good kid - though he might talk your ear o , " he chuckled.

"Why would I be friends with an angel?" Xavion rudely sco ed.

Yahweh frowned, pondering over the abrupt question. "Well, what's so wrong with angels?"

"They're disgusting creatures! They're bad and awful and I want nothing to do with them! Never mind Malach," the naive demon hissed.

"Why?"

"They... they just are!"

Yahweh almost chuckled at the memory. "I don't think he even knows his true capabilities. Malach has told me everything there is to say about that boy, and it sounds like he's had immense di iculty with his powers. He's been teased in school and outcasted for it."

"Sire," Laila laughed like she didn't want to believe it. "Xavion could light the world on fire if he wanted to. You're telling me he's eighteen years old and hasn't come close to unlocking his abilities yet?"

Seraph chimed in, "That doesn't make any sense. Something has to be blocking him from using his powers. He has half of your energy running through him - something is o ."

♫

"What could be blocking his powers? That sounds crazy," Ramiel said.

"No, no. I think Seraph has a point." Yahweh scrunched his brows, deep in thought. "Xavion is much too strong to be having troubles like these ordinarily. But what would have the ability and desire to stifle his power?"

Laila leaned back in her seat. "I have a guess."

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"I don't know why this is so hard," Xav groaned, collapsing on the bed after failing the lesson for the twel h time.

"You just have to focus on your emotions a little bit more. Come on, you're so close sweetheart," Mal encouraged as he tugged Xav's leg, pulling him to the edge.

♫

They were practicing bilocation - projecting an illusion of someone or something. It had been an hour and Xav was still getting nowhere.

"I am focused! I'm not upset or angry about anything. I don't know why it's so goddamn hard for me and not everybody else."

Malach o ered Xavion a sad smile. "So what if it takes you a little bit longer to fully grasp it? By the time we're done, you'll be the best bilocationist in the world!"

"What the hell is a bilocationist?" Xav snickered.

"You when we're finished. Now up! Up! We have much to learn!"



A/N

A lot of information in this one, sorry! What are your thoughts? Were you expecting any of it?

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