

CHAPTER 34: RULE THE WORLD

The angels that'd been attending Malach's coronation rushed away from the scene in a mass crowd, trying to protect their loved ones in case they could be targeted next. Thousands of people were gone in mere minutes, trampling over each other to the exits and screaming as loud as their lungs let them.

Now, the crowd from the coronation was long gone, hiding in their homes as they witnessed Laila's head being gruesomely sliced right off her neck before pattering onto the ground like a basketball.

Yahweh and Malach stood alone before her corpse in silence. Laila had been close to both of them for a long, long time. Neither of them had any words to say.

Not only had they lost someone close to them, but Malach's big day was ruined. He'd been looking forward to his coronation his entire life. He dreamed about it and the thought kept his spirits up when he was down, but now that paled in comparison to the heavy loss he was feeling as he stared at Laila's dead body before him.

Xavion had been watching the scene unfold from his seat, not phased by the gore but angry his boyfriend's coronation had been ruined. Couldn't she have waited to die until after Malach was done?

Yahweh bowed his head as he mourned the loss of his friend and one of the highest ranked angels in the council. Reaching down to cup her cheek, he gasped when her eyes suddenly turned red as her lips began moving.

"This... is... war..." she whispered in a gravely tone that sounded nothing like her usual sweet voice, possessed by unknown dark magic.

Yahweh jumped back in surprise and horror, watching as her eyes turned lifeless once again before her body crumbled into dust. Within mere seconds, it was like she had never even existed.

Xavion had caught up to them by now, caressing Malach's back as an attempt to comfort him. "What the fuck just happened?"

Yahweh sighed, a tired expression upon his face. "That," he said, "was a message from your father, Xavion."

"Lucifer killed her?" Malach choked out, looking to Yahweh helplessly. "Laila was innocent! Why would he go after her?"

"To ruin your coronation," Yahweh mumbled. "This is the beginning of the war, my son. Laila was just a pawn in his game. To scare us and dampen our spirits."

"Well we can't just let him get away with this! We need to strike back!" Malach exclaimed.

Yahweh nodded. "This war won't end until either he or us is dead. We need to kill Lucifer."

"I'll do it," Malach announced. "In honor of Laila."

"No, let me do it."

Malach turned to Xav with wide eyes. "You want to kill your father?"

Xavion exhaled, determination written across his features. "I've spent my whole life trying to impress that asshole, trying to cater to everything he wants. But he never cared. He doesn't give a shit about me, all he wants is power. Now it's my turn to show him who he's been messing with - and get revenge for him ruining your coronation."

Malach tugged Xav into his arms. "As much as I'd love for you to get the satisfaction you're looking for, I don't think you're ready yet and I don't want you to get hurt. We haven't even mastered your lessons yet."

Yahweh cleared his throat. "About that..."

Malach pulled away from Xav's embrace to face his father. "What is it, dad?"

Guilt prodded at Yahweh's chest as he gazed at the unknowing look upon Malach's features. But had kept this secret from Mal for far too long. No matter how difficult it was, it was time they knew the truth. He was hoping it could wait until after the transfer of power, but now they had no choice.

"Laila had a theory about Xavion's powers. She thought that Lucifer had been repressing them to keep him from being too powerful," he began.

"More powerful than Lucifer?" Xav snickered. "You must be joking. I'm a child of the flames, but that's nothing in comparison to my father."

Yahweh gulped, looking away from Malach and into Xavion's eyes instead. "Lucifer isn't your real father, Xavion."

"Well obviously not by blood. The flames of Hell created me," Xav reasoned, oblivious to where Yahweh was going with this.

"Yahweh is your biological father," Ramiel suddenly interrupted.

"Ramiel!" Yahweh scolded him, wanting to share the news less blatantly than he knew Ramiel would say it.

Ramiel turned to Yahweh. "I'm sorry, Sire, but they must know the truth. I can't bear to watch any more of our kind die. Not after Laila," he said, holding back a sob at the reminder of his loss. "Xavion is harboring half of Yahweh's strength - he was the first attempt at creating our new God, but we cast the spell wrong and he came out as a hybrid half-angel half-demon instead."

Xavion blinked, looking from Yahweh to Malach in disbelief. "He's joking, right?"

"He doesn't sound like he's joking," Malach murmured, having to take a seat from feeling lightheaded.

"I'm your son?" Xavion garbled, unable to process this new information. "Your son, the son of Yahweh? Me? You can't be serious!"

Yahweh closed his eyes with a sigh. "I'm afraid it's true."

"What about me?" Malach whispered, betrayal washing over him. "If you gave half your power to Xav, you'd already be dead giving the rest to me if I was your real child."

Tears ran down Yahweh's face. "You aren't my real son, Malach. Not biologically, but I raised you."

"Malach's power comes from the council," Ramiel answered.

"Together, we aren't as powerful as Yahweh, but still more powerful than any other being - except Xavion of course."

Xavion and Malach met eyes, both overcome with confusion and grief. "You're saying that I'm more powerful than Malach?" Xav questioned, wanting to laugh at the idea.

"Yes," Ramiel nodded. "And now it's time for us to restore your powers that Lucifer has been suppressing. Then he can help us win the war and—"

"Can Xav and I have a moment alone please?" Malach cut Ramiel off.

"I'd like to discuss things for a minute before you start using my boyfriend as a war weapon."

"Of course," Ramiel bowed his head. "Though I advise you don't take too long. Who knows when Lucifer will strike next."

Ramiel walked away but Yahweh remained in his spot as the two boys stared at him expectantly. "Oh, I suppose that includes me."

Neither Malach nor Xavion said a word to him as he left. What even could they say after hearing such news?

Xav took a seat beside Mal, locking their fingers together. "Well... thank fuck we're not biologically related."

Despite the negative feelings that swarmed him, Malach couldn't help but laugh. "Yeah. That would've been horrible."

"As horrible as finding out your dad isn't your real dad, but instead your half-angel half-demon boyfriend's dad? Who was planning on basically killing himself today for you to take over?"

Malach snorted. "A little worse than that, yeah. Look at you being all optimistic for once."

Xavion rested his head on Mal's shoulder. "What can I say? It's the angel in me."

The two sat in silence for a little while, unsure of what else to say. Both were angry, hurt, betrayed - every feeling in the book, they felt it.

Xavion grew up emotionally stunted as a result of Lucifer treating him horribly his entire life, making him feel worthless for struggling with his powers when, in reality, Lucifer was at fault for it all. He was the one repressing Xav's abilities so that he could manipulate Xav into being useful for him. Lucifer never cared about Xavion. All the asshole cared about was power.

Malach had been lied to his entire life about his father. He wasn't the most powerful being in the universes - Xav was. Though instead of feeling angry, Mal couldn't help but feel proud of his boyfriend. He didn't want to harbor all these negative feelings inside. He wanted to move forward, end the war before it took more lives, and have a future with his Xav.

"You know," Malach began, "if you have half of Yahweh's power, and I have the other half, we can rule Heaven and Hell at one hundred percent. We can create real peace between our worlds and make things right, side by side, you and me, against the world."

Xavion grinned, tilting his head up at Mal. "Don't be such a fucking sap, but I'm in."



A/N

Double update because I left it on a cliffhanger <3