

CHAPTER 39: HAVE FAITH

Malach was a disaster. It'd been hours since Xavion went on his suicide mission. Time passed, but still no one heard a word from him. It was killing Mal.

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He couldn't rid himself of the horrible ache in his lower stomach that things had gone terribly wrong. Xav could be out there somewhere, injured or worse, and Malach was here. Laying alone in his bed as he allowed anxiety to overwhelm him.

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He'd never forgive himself if Xav didn't come back. Turning over in the sheets that felt too hot, he sighed. How could he let this happen? His Xav was just out of his reach, so close but millenniums away at the same time.

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All Mal wanted was to keep him safe.

Rain began to hit the window, bringing the angel back to reality as the noise calmed him. Worrying like this wasn't going to help anyone. He had to do something.

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That thought alone was how he ended up in Heaven, interrupting Yahweh's rest at four in the morning.

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"Dad, wake up," Malach said, shaking his arm. "Xav is in trouble."

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Yahweh was startled, blinking in surprise as he registered what was going on. "Malach?"

The angel flicked on a light, rushing to his father with a grave look in his eyes. "Xav went to Hell to kill Lucifer before unlocking his powers," he explained. "We haven't heard from him in hours and I have a horrible feeling he needs me. I have to get to him, dad. I need to save him."

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Yahweh glanced at Malach, seeming unimpressed. "You should really have more faith in him."

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Mal's jaw dropped in offense. "What?" he gawked. "Of course I have faith in him! But we both have seen what he is and isn't capable of yet. You can't possibly tell me you think he's ready to take on Lucifer..."

Yahweh turned the lights back on with the snap of his fingers before reassuming his previous position. "That boy is a god. Maybe he wasn't ready going in, but he'll be ready when it counts. I know he will, son."

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"What if he isn't?" Malach quietly whispered, terrified by the thought of Lucifer hurting Xav.

"You're underestimating him, Malach. And of all people, I think he could use your support the most right now."

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That broke Malach's heart. Yahweh was right. If anyone was going to believe in Xav, it was Mal. Mal was always one of the only people there for him, believing in him, helping him, loving him. And if he was going to win he'd need all the support Malach could possibly give.

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Xavion was ready to let go. He could practically taste the relief of completely surrendering, but he was broken from his thoughts by pressure on his shoulder. It felt warm, comforting - familiar even. For a moment, he felt safe.

"Xav?"

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Xavion looked up, wanting to sob in relief when he saw Malach's concerned eyes staring back at him.

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"Come on, Xav, I came to rescue you." Malach pulled the boy to his feet before embracing him. "I've been so worried about you."

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Xav tightly clutched his boyfriend, finally letting out all of his repressed emotions. A trail of tears leaked down his face as Mal squeezed Xavion even tighter.

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"It's okay," Malach soothed, "You can relax now. I've got you."

Xavion melted into his arms as his fear began to dissipate. He let himself calm down. With Malach on his side, Lucifer didn't stand a chance.

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Then he hesitated. Where was Lucifer?

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"Everything's okay now," Mal murmured, gently cradling his head. "Just let yourself relax."

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Xav stiffened as he began to feel faint. This isn't real! It was just another illusion Lucifer was painting upon the walls of his mind.

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But that meant Lucifer had won. And now he was taking what he wanted from Xav - his powers.

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Moments ago, he'd been willing to give up completely and was presented something he didn't feel very often: hope. And then - Lucifer crushed the little spark of light Xav had left.

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It wasn't like it was the first time this had happened. Xavion was more than familiar with disappointment, abandonment and overall neglect. But as Xav's skin morphed into its natural dark red color, muscles rippling to thrice their normal size, he vowed to himself it would be the very last time he'd let that sack of shit hurt him ever again.

He was sick of being Lucifer's punching bag. Time after time again, he always found himself being hurt by his father - deserving or not. Xavion's sadness was quickly replaced with anger. Hot, overwhelming, inhospitable rage burning deep in his heart.

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All those years of torture, abandonment and trauma rose to the surface as Xav cracked. He couldn't talk, he couldn't think, he couldn't even breathe.

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His hand rose to the imposter's skull, allowing a claw to impale straight through his skull. Yellow goo erupted from the injury as the corpse thumped onto the floor.

He was done running, done losing. It was like a dam had broke.

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Despite how horrific sight of his boyfriend's lifeless body was, Xav was mostly doing this for Mal. The real one who Xavion knew would go to the ends of the earth for him. He had to fight for both of them.

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The fabric of his shirt suddenly grew tight, fibers tearing as his muscles began to expand. An unbearable ache ricocheted up his spine before he fell to his knees in agony, flapping wings appearing from between his shoulder blades with a swooshing sound. Xav heaved in relief as the pain ceased before realizing what was happening.

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He shakily stood, grimacing as his injured foot throbbled. He clutched it instinctually, gasping as his hand began to glow. The wound disappeared in seconds as his palm worked its newly discovered magic.

He had done it. He broke the barrier.

"You're fucking next!" Xavion roared to the sky, kicking away fake Malach's corpse. "And this time, I'm coming for your head."

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A/N

Give me your thoughts I need them now.

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