The Other Option

by ThePurpleChronicler

Summary

Kill Michael Langdon. That was Mallory's duty as future Supreme, the killing blow would simultaneously save the Coven and the World. But after laying her eyes on him, witnessing this Michael first hand, she realised that killing him is no longer an option. Can Mallory be Michael's angel and save him from himself? Or will all her efforts be in vain? Eventual Mallory x Michael.
Split Decisions

Mallory's breathing is heavy and determined as she sits patiently in a car, every thought in her mind has been collected and focussed on a singular goal. She's literally travelled through the forces of time to kill Michael Langdon, the bringer of the end of days, and the Anti-Christ before he discovers his endless degree of powers, as well as his endless lust for death and misery. Mallory's mind trails off to the billions of lives the future Michael is responsible for destroying, and watching those who were close to her die too; Zoe, Queenie, Kyle, Coco, Misty, Madison, and even Cordelia, the people who supported and revealed the purity of her powers, and those who still can as long as she completes her goal. She still has time to kill Michael, she has to, it's her first duty as the next Supreme, not only to save the Coven but the world alongside it. After two hours of waiting for Michael to reveal himself, Mallory's patience is all but drained, not even blasting some music from the radio or practising her magic could pass the time. But out of the blue, the sounds of screaming is heard from the Murder House neighbours, some words can be made out, followed by the roar of a slamming door. A figure, wearing a light blue denim jacket, a yellow shirt and tan long pants finds slowly struts away from the house, seemingly reluctant to walk away. Mallory watches the figure slowly walk into view, and it's him, it's Michael, and she wastes no time starting the engine and changing the car into drive, preparing herself for the killing blow. But after watching and observing him, she stops in her tracks, her staring causing her to realise that this Michael has no resemblance to that of the one she knows. He stands on the side of the road, tears rolling down his cheeks and onto his shirt as he stares into the nothingness, sobbing, almost like he's in shock. He stares aimlessly around the streets, crying and whimpering to himself, and Mallory can't help but feel the devastation and helplessness that aches at his heart. This isn't the Michael she knows, nowhere close to him, this Michael is lost like a child in a supermarket. Mallory reaches to his emotions, and there's no evil, no lust for power or death, no greed; instead, there's regret, an endless emptiness, sadness and confusion above all, and this powerful self-hatred. That's when their eyes meet, blue against light brown, Mallory can now feel desperation and hope attaching itself to Michael's heart; if she's going to kill him, it's now or never. "C'mon! Just kill him, he's right there, put your pedal to the metal and kill him."

Her heart races uncontrollably, her mind almost shattering instantly from the pressure as she grips tightly onto the steering wheel, but those eyes, the way they stare. The way he stares, it's so... innocent...and so lost. As her grip on the steering wheel softens, she realises that she's made her decision.

"For fuck sake."
For better or for worse, she knows that for some reason, she's decided not to kill Michael, and instead, has vowed to try and help him. She exits the vehicle.

"H- hello?" Michael says to her, his voice almost cowering as she walks towards him. She could break his neck with the flick of her wrist, she has ample opportunity to kill him right now, but why isn't she? As Mallory finds herself closer to Michael, she realises that he's not entirely in the mindset of someone his age, his mindset is more that of a young child, maybe even a pre-schooler. "Hello, can you- can you help me? Please, I have nowhere to go- I have- I have no one. I promise I'll behave, I- I didn't mean to hurt anyone."

The pleas of desperation are almost heart-shattering and completely out of character, but the mentioning of Michael hurting someone sounds familiar. "What do you mean, kid? Who did you hurt?"

The question causes him to sob once again, his light blue eyes welling with tears, answering the question is much more difficult than Mallory could hope to understand. "I- I- I didn't mean to hurt him- he was sticking his crucifix in my face and it was burning me. I tried to tell him to stop but-but he wouldn't and I- I lost my temper. I didn't mean to hurt him."

"It's okay, kid, calm down," Mallory whispers, slowly placing her hand on his arm, the sudden touch
causing him to instinctively grab onto her arm, but not violently, rather softly. She remembers the
way the Michael she knows would touch her; a mixture of seduction and interrogation; like he
wanted to pry every deepest darkest secret out of you. This Michael, the way he touches her, it's like
she's a delicate flower, at least for the time being. "Hey, it's okay, I'm not going to hurt you. You-
mentioned you have nowhere to go?" Mallory doesn't know where she's going with this, at this point
of her life she wasn't attending Miss Robichaux's, and if she's to take him with her, what then? He's a
Warlock, at least that's what the Witches will define him as, that's if they don't discover his heritage.
That's another issue; should she tell him of his true heritage? Or should he find out himself? This has
gotten much more complicated than running Michael over with a car, but he's not evil, he isn't the
demon that she knows from the future, he's just a boy, a shy, vulnerable boy. She can't kill him
anymore, the thought of killing him makes her feel sick to her stomach, and the fact that she was
really considering killing him makes it all the worse. Maybe she has the power to change his path
forever? What if taking him in, giving him a place to call home, helping him practice and control his
abilities, and showing him kindness, completely swerves him from his path? The idea gives Mallory
hope, and as Michael's shy eyes begin to look away from her, she makes her decision for better or for
worse.

"Are you able to grab some of your stuff from the house-"
"No!" Michael snaps a little, causing Mallory's hand to slip from his arm, something that shocks even
himself. "I- I'm sorry, I- I can't go back."
"Would you like me to go back for you? Grab you a few things before we go?" Mallory asks again,
watching as Michael slowly nods his head, his nose sniffling. "Alright, I'll take you to the car."
Michael walks alongside Mallory, looking as if he wants to hold her hand, like a child holding a
parent's hand to cross the road. That makes her wonder how long it will take before his mind matures
to match his physical form because she knows it will eventually. She opens the door to the passenger
side and Michael quickly finds himself in the car, strapping himself in and sitting patiently.
"Thank you, um- I'm sorry I- don't know your name."
"Mallory, my name is Mallory."
"My name is Michael, Michael Langdon."
"It's nice to meet you, Michael," Mallory says, smiling at him, getting a nervous and quirky smile
back. She looks back at the house. "That's the place, right?" He nods. "I'll be right back, I'll just get
you some spare clothes and your shoes, sound good?"
"Sounds good," Michael agrees, smiling again as Mallory begins to walk away, heading towards the
house, noticing that she's being watched from the window; the figure disappearing when they realise
Mallory has noticed them.

Just as Mallory is about to reach the porch, the front door opens, revealing an older woman in a
gown, a cigarette in one hand and an alcoholic beverage in the other. She doesn't seem to want any
company, that's for sure.
"What the fuck do you want, little girl?" The older lady hisses, stopping Mallory in her tracks, giving
her a chance to reach into her emotions. Anger. Regret. Hatred. She's almost broken beyond repair,
one more push and she'll shatter into a million pieces. Mallory needs to be careful with this one.
"My name is Mallory, I'm- well- I'm here to take Michael into my care, I'm just here to collect a few
of his things, and then we'll be on our way."
"Okay, now, why in fucking hell would you want to take care of that little monster? You know that's
what he is, right? A monster?" The complete silence gives Mallory away, and the look of shock and
awe appears on the older woman's face. "So, you do know what he is?"
"I know what he is, yes, I know what he's capable of and the things he will do without guidance, but
I also know that he's not too far gone. I've met someone who's gone to the place nobody returns, I
met someone I was unable to save, but I can help him, I can guide him away from the violence and
death. Please, I have to try, at least."
"Why are you truly doing this?" The older woman questions, seemingly staring straight through
"Because it's the right thing to do," Mallory answers, standing her ground, leaving the two in silence. The older woman breaks eye contact before disappearing from sight, only to come back with a small duffel bag, built to the brim.

"Here, I've packed a few of the clothes I know he'll wear, as well as his toothbrush, I've kicked along his shoes as you can see. Is that everything you needed from me?" Mallory nods, grabbing onto a seemingly fresh pair of shoes. "Well, good luck I guess. Oh, I'll give you a couple of tips; Michael loses his temper quite easily, so you'll want to watch out for that, he can get violent at times. He's a- he's a- he tries- try to be patient with him."

"I will, thank you."

"Okay, now get the fuck off my property," she growls before slamming the door in Mallory's face.

Mallory sighs heavily to herself as she picks up the small yet packed duffel bag, slowly making her way back to the car, and as it's slowly drawn into view, she sees something she never expected. Michael sits in the passenger side of the car, his eyes closed, seatbelt on, and his head tilted towards the window, almost completely asleep. Mallory tries to stay as quiet as possible as she opens one of the doors and places Michael's belongings inside the car, placing Michael's shoes behind his seat. She closes the door a little too loud and hears Michael twitch in his seat.

"M- Mallory? Is that you?" He asks, his voice soft and almost scared.

"It's me, Michael, I'm just putting your stuff in the car, and we'll be on our way, we have one hell of a trip ahead of us. We'll have to make a few stops for food and bathroom breaks, but we'll be there in no time," Mallory explains, a smile slipping on her face. But why?

"Mallory?"

"Yes, Michael?"

"Where exactly are we headed?" He asks, watching as she opens the door to the driver's side and slips into her seat. She looks into his eyes, so full of hope and to a lesser extent, excitement. How could she kill him? How could she even come close to considering it? This is absolutely not the Michael she knows, that Michael will NOT exist in this timeline, not if Mallory has anything to say about it. That's when he places his hand on hers, giving it a soft squeeze, a squeeze of reassurance for him, then a squeeze of reassurance for both them once she squeezes back. "Do you know where we could go?"

"Yeah, I know a place," Mallory smirks, putting the car in gear. "We're headed to New Orleans, a place we can call home."
Hours upon hours have passed since Mallory and Michael took the roads and left California, leaving Michael's old life and any remnants of his path behind, at least for now. At first, Mallory kept a close eye on him while he slept peacefully in the passenger seat, but after a few hours he finally woke up and was cheerful oddly enough. It's still completely surreal to see who this Michael is; the Anti-Christ still, yes, but not a monster, not a being of dwells in chaos and blood, instead, just a boy, a lost, lonely boy, someone who needs help being pushed onto the correct path. For hours Mallory has talked to Michael, being careful as to what she says to the young boy, joked around with him, and has blasted music in the car with him, which has resulted in her slowly gaining his trust and him slowly leaving his comfort zone. Now Michael is more talkative, seemingly finding himself more and more comfortable with the young woman who took him in, he's even smiled more; Mallory has discovered that that's an amazing sight to see. Now, after finding themselves in the outskirts of Phoenix, the time has come for their first stop, not only does she need a break from driving, but they need something to eat, and the car needs to be filled with gas too. That's when Mallory sees it in the distance, a large diner with gas pumps, the perfect place to stop, at least for the time being.

"Michael? Are you hungry?"

"I didn't want to say anything, but I am, Miss Mallory, starting to get hungry."

"Good, because this is our first stop," Mallory says, smiling as she turns into the diner parking lot. The diner is of lower standards in comparison to those in New Orleans or California, but Mallory can't deny how livable the place looks, especially for the locals, who are packed around the place. Worn out pick-up trucks, cars and a couple of semi-trailers surround the place, and it looks busy, which could either be a good thing or a bad thing. Mallory turns and faces Michael, asking him if he'll be okay around a crowd of people, to which he simply nods, staring into the distance. "C'mon, let's get us some pancakes!"

After finally settling into their booth, Michael and Mallory stare aimlessly at their menu's, already knowing what they want, but trying hard to think about something to talk about. Mallory, after the over nine-hour long car ride, has found herself comfortable with the idea of spending hours and hours in a car with just her and Michael, but now that Michael is surrounded by people, the discomfort has caught up to her. Sub-consciously she reaches into his emotions and abruptly feels how he feels; he's uncomfortable with his surroundings, there's no disputing that, each loud outburst of laughter or frustration sends shivers down his spine. However, as she digs deeper, it's revealed that he's tightly holding onto the isolated comfort he has; the young woman resting in front of him. The thought almost makes Mallory blush, that's until his menu begins lowering, slowly revealing his unnaturally handsome face and striking oceanic blue eyes. That's when they find themselves staring at each other once again, unsure as to what to say or do, so they sit in silence. Mallory wonders if Michael has an idea of what he is or why he commits the atrocities he commits, that underneath all of that innocence and beauty, is someone destined to destroy mankind.

"My name is Claire and I will serve you tonight. Are you two ready to order?" The waitress asks, a forced smile unwillingly glued to her face, however, there appears to be some curiosity in her expression too. "I can tell you two ain't from around here, normally we get locals or people just passing through, I assume you two are the second type?"

"Yeah, we're just passing through, going to see my relatives in New Orleans," Mallory briefly explains, getting a strange look from the waitress before she begins taking their orders. That's when she looks over at another booth, Mallory's eyes following firmly behind; half a dozen men, all wearing comparable looking denim jackets, watching hungrily at both the waitress and Mallory herself, who doesn't even think about prying her way into their heads.
"Who are they?" Michael asks, opening his mouth for the second time since they've settled. "Are they - bad people?"
Michael's sudden question catches not only the waitress off-guard but Mallory too, as it was unknown to her that Michael knew the difference between good and evil, she didn't fully understand when she had the mind of a six-year-old. Michael appears to be mentally maturing at an alarming rate, which is either astonishing or terrifying thing. The waitress is left in silence as her eyes switching between the men and Michael, over and over again in continual silence before she finally decides to speak about it.
"Those boys ain't nothing but trouble, trouble that has refused to leave after their service," Claire briefly explains in a whispering voice, pouring Mallory some coffee to lesser suspicion. "They think they own the damn place, I've overheard them speaking about settling in, taking over things."
"How long have they been here?" Mallory whispers back, smiling to add to the illusion.
"Too long, a couple of weeks now."

"Hey! Pretty lady!" One of the men from the other booth yells, silencing the entire diner. "Can we get some damned service?! We've been waiting a while!"
"Just a moment, sir," Claire quickly answers, panic in her expression and her tone, that's when Michael notices the bruise at the back of her neck, her long hair only slightly revealing the markings. He stares back at the men, who smile viciously like the whole situation is a joke.
"Refuse their service," Michael adds, absolution in his voice, and before Mallory can object, Michael speaks again, silencing her opinion on the situation, like he knew she was going to speak. "They don't deserve your service or the Diners. Refuse their service."
"If I do that, they may trash the place again, that's what happened the first time we told them to leave the premises," the Waitress says in an almost torn-out voice. "It took - it took over a week to clean this place up, my family won't be able to pick up the places again."
"Michael, listen to me, if this young woman does what you say, only trouble will follow, and we can't be causing trouble for these people," Mallory says, her hand softly grasping onto the top of his. "People will get hurt."
"Hey! Are you deaf or something, bitch?!" One of the men yells again, strutting his way towards the waitress, a few metres away from Mallory and Michael's booth before the young man suddenly stands up, stepping in front of the Waitress, the only thing between the man and young Claire. "What do you want, boy?!" And without warning, Michael grips firmly onto the man's throat with unnatural swiftness, catching the man beyond off-guard as the sound of hand colliding against hard flesh echoes throughout the entire Diner. Wasting zero time, Michael slams the man against the table of a nearby empty booth, only to then grab onto a blade, holding it only a few centimetres from the man's eye. As Michael slowly opens his eyes, seemingly glancing at Mallory, the impure sight of his eyes cables chills down the ensemble of her spine. His eyes have swirled and shifted into a lifeless black, not dilated the way they would if he was angry at a normal level, but instead, completely black, like a must have swallowed them hole. The man follows up with the question again. "What do you want from me?"
"Your life."
"What do you want, boy?!" And without warning, Michael grips firmly onto the man's throat with unnatural swiftness, catching the man beyond off-guard as the sound of hand colliding against hard flesh echoes throughout the entire Diner. Wasting zero time, Michael slams the man against the table of a nearby empty booth, only to then grab onto a blade, holding it only a few centimetres from the man's eye. As Michael slowly opens his eyes, seemingly glancing at Mallory, the impure sight of his eyes chills down the ensemble of her spine. His eyes have swirled and shifted into a lifeless black, not dilated the way they would if he was angry at a normal level, but instead, completely black, like a dark mist have swallowed them hole. The man follows up with the question again. "What- what do you- want from me?"
"You're life."
The entire diner was completely silent now, it had been silent ever since that dickwad started yelling after the waitress; the laughing, the cheering, the compliments on the food, everything seemed to have faded away. As soon as the man, who Michael now holds by the throat, opened his mouth, she felt Michael's spine tingle, something snap, something click in that erred head of his, it was the only warning she got, and she overlooked it when she should have said something, consoled him. Even if that isn't the right thing to do, the people here are in pressing trouble, and she wanted to walk away from it, and why? Because of the fear of a situation like this, of Michael snapping and falling out of line, this was her fear from the start, and it's coming true. If this escalates and someone gets hurt, or worse, that's on her, and she'll be the one cleaning up the mess. Complicated, such an underwhelming word to match this situation.

Mallory's eyes switch away from Michael to monitor the man's five other friends, seeing that one of them is reaching for a concealed weapon, their hand moving onto the chamber as if to cock the weapon. Michael continues to hold the man down at a strength so seemingly raw, the man isn't even coming close to raising his head or body from the table, but this focus has made him unaware of the friend's actions, making him vulnerable to the lethal attack, an attack Mallory cannot let happen. Mallory rises from her seat in a swift motion, mirroring the movements of the friend with the gun, before using telekinesis to tear the weapon from his grip and into her own grasp. "This is your only warning, if you have a concealed weapon, put it on the ground and slide it towards me," Mallory says, cocking the handgun in her grasp. "I've had plenty of practice with a gun, trust me." A lie, Mallory hates lying, but in this current situation, a lie is beyond needed, she needs to exact fear into these men, which is why she lies again. "I shot my first boyfriend with a gun, so don't tempt me to shoot you, asshole."
"You're gonna' shoot us?!” One of the other friends says, holding their weapon rather than aiming it, slowly placing it on the floor, same as the other friend. "I don't want to, but I dare you to give me a reason to," Mallory snickers, a smirk on her face as she winks at them. "Try me." That's when she looks back at the waitress, but with only a quick glance, nothing more. "When they give us the weapons, I want you to be the one to grab them, just place them on the table and I'll make sure they don't get close enough to get it back, I promise."

The remaining four asshole friends use their boots to kick-slide the handguns towards Mallory and Michael before backing up and sitting deep into their booth, watching silently as their weapons move into the range of the waitress. She quickly swoops up the weapons and places them on the table, just as Mallory had asked, before finding herself directly behind her, she's seemingly become a powerful aurora of safety. "This is how this next part is going to go; we're going to keep the guns and the bullets, then you're going to get into whatever vehicle you fuckers own, and you're going to get the hell out this place and never come back. Or, my friend and I will just kill all of you. Six unarmed men against a Witch with a gun alone? You guys should be shitting yourself, I know which decision I'd make."
She wanted to steer clear of the 'W' word, it's dangerous to declare such power to the public, Cordelia taught her that herself, I guess it just slipped out. And it seems that the message worked because the man's friends start exiting not just the booth, but the diner itself, stock-piling themselves in a large pick-up truck like they're in a hurry, obviously not thinking about the man they left behind. The man that Michael is still holding by the throat.

"Michael?" Mallory says, placing her gun on the table before slowly approaching him. "It's over now, you can let him go."
Michael's pitch black eyes quickly glance at her, subconsciously being careful not to get seen by anyone else, just Mallory and the asshole he's threatening to kill. He stares the man in his terrified eyes before slowly and extensively places the knife on the table, then finally letting him go. "Go, now, before I change my mind."
The man doesn't waste any time whatsoever, pretty much running to the pickup truck and diving into the fray, screaming at his friends to get the fuck out of dodge. As the truck drives away from the diner and begins disappearing from view, Michael's closed eyes open to his striking blue eyes, any sign of the darkness in them has been driven away, at least for the moment. The way he looks at Mallory and the waitress, and his surroundings, there's no anger left, no rage, no darkness, only the tears that swell his eyes remain. The first thing Mallory senses is this endless regret, he wants to apologize, she doesn't need supernatural abilities to know that, he wants to apologize to the entire diner, every person individually, for the possible mess he could have made, but he doesn't know how, he hasn't been taught how to apologize to so many people, but hell, has anyone? Instead, he flees from the diner, running at full speed past the car and towards the road, only to keep running. "Oh fuck," Mallory sighs, looking at the waitress and then everyone in the diner. "I'm so sorry for everything, just, take care, all of you." Before transmuting out of the diner.

Michael continues running at full speed, trying to outrun the darkness within him, the danger he became in that diner, the eyes, those terrible eyes that stared, he can't get it out of his head. He could feel that voice crying out to him, begging him to kill that man, to drive that blade in his eye and out the back of his head, and he wanted to, he wanted to listen to the mysterious, to take the man's life like he did that other man in the strange clothes and cross in his hand. He wanted to listen, but the voice would want more blood, more death, so he'd have to kill the others too. But what if it wanted more? The eyes would have to go too, but if it asked for more? Mallory?! No, not Mallory, he could never hurt Mallory, never ever hurt Mallory, he would never forgive himself if he did, but can you hurt an angel?! Can you harm a being so pure and beautiful?! He'd rather not test his luck, because it was her presence, her purity, her power that stopped him from going further, from taking that man's life; he wants to be better after all, and Mallory is the perfect example. That's when she appears in front him, appearing out of nowhere, just blinking in his view, using her magic as she did in the diner.

"Michael! Please, stop!" Mallory begs, holding her arm out to him. "Don't run, not from me!"
"I could've killed him, I- I could've killed all of them, Mallory."
"But you didn't, Michael, you held back, you did what you had to do; you scared him, probably gave him a concussion, but you didn't kill him."
"I'm sorry, Mallory," Michael cries, tears rolling down his cheeks. "I just lost my temper- I get so angry sometimes and- I can't control it."
Mallory shelters her arms around the sobbing Michael, hugging him in a long, tight embrace, and his immediate reaction is to wrap his own arms around her, accepting the comfort she offers. They stay like that for a few minutes and after they're done they turn around and begin walking towards their car, hands intertwined. Food will have to wait, they need a calming and legal place to rest, after a night like tonight, they could both use some sleep.
Mallory didn't sleep for long, the backseat of a car, even when folded back, is different in contrast to her bed at Miss Robichaux's, god she misses that bed, so after strapping in Michael's seatbelt while he remained asleep, she was back on the road. Michael had stayed asleep through the traffic jams, the bumpy back roads and even when she passed construction sites, there was seemingly no end to Michael's fatigue, but at least he was getting his well-deserved sleep. Her thoughts originally laid back with the diner and how in control he was; she was so proud of him, and she let him know that before he fell into his slumber, he wanted to hear those words, to know that he was doing good, even if he came remarkably close to crossing that line. It appears that unless totally enraged, Michael will find himself with more and more control, over time and practice, that will be the first thing she teaches him when they reach Miss Robichaux's, control, and afterwards, with the obvious help of Cordelia and her beautiful council, she'll begin to teach Michael the art of the practice of magic, show him what he can really do when he gets his mind to it. Even after the numerous hours that passed, with only one food stop (and one wake up call for Michael) in between, her thoughts still aligned with the pleasing idea of her teaching Michael the distinction of right and wrong, how to harness his abilities for genuine use, and she's so close to that thought becoming a reality. So close, in fact, that as she turns a corner and into a new street, she can see it, the home they've been searching for over thirty god damned hours; Miss Robichaux's Academy for Exceptional Young Ladies, a safe haven for young Witches, and hopefully for a young Warlock too. Mallory and a recently awoken Michael glance at one another, a smile and hope branded onto their faces, hope that Miss Robichaux's will become something more for the both of them, something that Mallory has already experienced in the last timeline, but something she hopes they can share with Michael himself; a home.
Walking through the gates of Miss Robichaux's Academy for the second time was unexpectedly gratifying, just like the first time she walked through the gates, however, the part where she was left behind by her parents is nowhere to be seen. They're probably wondering where the hell she is since when travelling through time she appeared outside of Michael's home, far away from the overwhelming space that is- well, was her dying home. To be honest, she was happy to be leaving that aspect of her life behind, again accepting the part of her that was always there, her place by the beautiful and affirming young women that live within the walls they were about to enter, but this time, this time she will be accepting her place beside Michael, and Michael's place beside the Coven. Michael's nervous, there's no doubt in her mind about that, she's more fidgety than normal, dropped his bag a couple times, and was even reluctant to leave the car in the first place. It took a little encouragement, but he was still scared, scared of rejection, scared of having no home, no place in this world, which is something Mallory feels obliged to defy, to prove the world wrong. The Anti-Christ he may be, but lost? No, he's far from lost, his mind far from unsalvageable.

"Are you nervous, Michael?" He nods, hiding his anxious look from her. "Don't be, everything is going to be fine, I promise you." They reach the steps, and she stops him again, placing her hand on his chest, a nervous grin glued to her face. "Are you ready?"

"I'm- I'm ready, Mals," Michael agrees, nervously grinning back. "Um, ladies first?"

"Nice try, kid," she giggles, grabbing onto his hand as she slowly makes her way up the steps, dragging him with her. "C'mon!"

"I'm coming, Mals, give me a chance," he chuckles back, almost forgetting the nervousness behind his smile, almost.

Before they can reach the wide-spread door, it begins opening slowly and obviously magically, opening wide but stopping itself from impacting the decoratives; the sight sends a shiver of uncertainty down Michael's spine, however, it has no effect on Mallory, it's nothing out of the ordinary at Miss Robichaux's.

"Spooky," Michael admits, giving Mallory the side-eye. "Are there any ghosts here?"

"Most probably, mostly Witches within this safe haven, however," a young man's voice speaks from the threshold of the door; the young man is great-looking, with curly blonde hair and dark brown eyes, dressed in a black suit with a red tie, but even with the layers of clothing you can see he's built like a truck. "You can call me Kyle, Butler and CPG member of Miss Robichaux's. How can I help you?"

"We're here to speak to Miss Cordelia Goode, we need some help and I heard she helps those in need, especially practitioners of magic?" Mallory asks, finding herself anxious to be speaking to Kyle instead of Zoe like last time she was enrolled. "Trust me, Kyle, we wouldn't be here if we had any other choice." Another lie, but she needs to ensure that herself and Michael are given a chance, especially Michael, not only that but there's no backup plan.

"Normally, Miss Cordelia is the one who evaluates guests and potential students, but if you both agree to quickly accompany me to her office without disrupting any of the classes, I will allow you inside," Kyle says, offering what could only be described as the ultimate proposal; it's not every day you find someone who is willing to defy their Supreme. "Do we have a deal?"

"Deal! Right?" Michael says, enthusiastically asking Mallory, whose response is a simple smile. "Let's go then."

Kyle speed walks through the academy and up the stairs, Michael and Mallory following closely, and I mean closely behind. Before they knew it, they were outside Cordelia's office door, a door familiar to Mallory and a stranger to Michael, funny how that works; for Mallory, it's her following her original path all over again, while for Michael, it's him following a distinct path, a sounder path, for the first time. Kyle knocks on the door in a rhythm she's never heard before, that is new, or she's
never noticed it, but it's a clear rhythm.
"Come in."
"Just a moment you two," Kyle says, smirking as he enters the office. "Cordelia, are you busy?"
"Not at all, you've caught me at a great time, Kyle," Cordelia answers, the sound of a heavy book closing following her voice. "What's going on? Are some of the girls fighting again?"
"No, I'm quite sure they've learnt their lessons," Kyle chuckles alongside Cordelia. "No, we have some guests, a young man and woman, they appear to be in need of some help. The young woman claimed to be a practitioner of magic, a Witch, however, the young man didn't say much."
"Did you happen to get their names, Kyle? Or did you forget again?" Cordelia asks, grinning cheekily at the young man. "Zoe isn't as forgetful as this, you know?"
"Trust me, she does, that's why we take turns scorning one another."
"Go bring them into my office," Cordelia giggles, watching as Kyle shakes his head in self-frustration as he walks back to the door, requesting Michael and Mallory presence in the office.
"Miss Cordelia, this young duo is Mallory and Michael. I'm going to leave you three for your evaluation, I'm to serve lunch for the girls, have fun you three."
"Thank you, Kyle," Cordelia thanks, watching as the door closes behind him. "Damn, that boy is a handful, but I love him like my girls, anyway, back on track. Hello, Michael and Mallory, I am Cordelia Goode, Headmaster of this establishment and Supreme Witch, it is very nice to meet you both. I won't lie, it is quite rare that we have a young man come across our Academy, Witches are common, but young men are not, so I am quite astonished to be meeting you, Michael. This 'evaluation' as Kyle loves to call, is a mere conference orchestrated normally by myself and my council, however, my council is too busy with classes to be with us today, so today's decision will be up to myself and myself alone. So, without further ado, we shall get to it. I would like you both to tell me about yourselves and why you have come to Miss Robichaux's today, honesty and details make the results easier to define, so your honesty is both required and appreciated. If you lie or stray from the truth, I will know, so please don't try to lie to me. Mallory, why don't you go first?"

"Okay, um," Mallory ceases, unready for Cordelia's interview or 'evaluation' as Kyle used a couple times, he's just as Mallory remembered him; fun and daring. "You know my name so I'm not going to say that, I'll start from the beginning. This all started when my parents found me levitating in my sleep during a night-terror, and when I woke up I found all of my shit packed up and a taxi waiting for me to drive three states all the way to my Grandmother's, they called me a devil-worshipper, a monster, disregarding the idea of their daughter being a Witch straight out the window. That was before I started developing other abilities, abilities I couldn't identify until I studied the Seven Wonders unofficially on Reddit; the information was only brief, so I understand I have so much more to learn. So, instead of going to my Grandmother's, I ran away from home in San Fransisco, took my parent's credit card, bought a car and left, and they didn't chase after me, or their money for that matter. I had heard so much about you and Miss Robichaux's, I knew that was the only place that I would feel safe and accepted, so I started my journey towards New Orleans, stopping only for food, sleep and bathroom breaks. When I arrived in Los Angeles, that's when I met Michael. When I first laid eyes on him, I could just sense that he needed help, needed someone, and it was more than just foresight, it's like we're united somehow, either that or there's something inside of me that allows me to read into people's feelings; so we decided to travel to New Orleans together. The rest of his side of the story is up to him to tell you, as for me, you now know why I have come, anything else you learn about me will come later."
"Thank you for your honesty today, Mallory, I appreciate it and it makes your result easier to concoct. Michael, I believe it is your turn."

"Okay, Miss Cordelia, I'm not going to try to lie to you because I don't recall being great at lying, so I'm just going to spill everything. My name is Michael Langdon, I was born in a place called the Murder House, my mother died during childbirth and I've never been told who my father is, so I lived with my Grandmother until she kicked me out, which was when I was found by Mallory."
That's nothing out of the ordinary, but, Miss Cordelia, I am afraid."
"Afraid of what, Michael?" Cordelia questions, glancing at Mallory for a moment before focussing back on Michael. "Are you afraid of?"
"I'm afraid of me, I'm afraid of what I'm capable of, what I've done, the reason why my Grandmother kicked me out. There's something inside of me, a voice in my head, an empty abyss in my heart, both of which demand to be filled with this endless bloodlust, this endless need for death and suffering. When I was a young boy, barely in Nursery School, I killed my Nanny, after that, I started killing animals, giving them to my Grandmother as gifts, I didn't know any better, but now I do and I realise how much of a monster I was, and still am. Miss Cordelia, I have taken life, my Nanny, those animals and a weird man my Grandmother had sent to try and cure me of my affliction, but even after all of that death the voice in my head and the hole in my heart continue to want more and more. I don't want to be like this, I want to be better than this, I want to feel safe and not like an animal backed up into a corner, constantly in fight mode, however, since- since meeting Mallory I've found myself a form of self-control; we found ourselves in a conflict on the way here and Mallory and myself were able to stop it without anyone dying, it's like, I don't know, like Mallory is able to calm me down no matter what. She is quite extraordinary."
Mallory forces her mind to focus on anything else but Michael's words, otherwise, she'll find herself blushing uncontrollably. Extraordinary? That's a new word he's used for describing her, it appears Michael's intelligence is evolving at a higher accelerated rate than she anticipated, but if that means more words like extraordinary, she won't mind at all.

"Miss Cordelia, I don't know if I'm a practitioner of magic, if I am I'm unaware of it, but what I do know is that if you accept my place by the Coven's side, I'll do anything to uphold my place and I mean, anything," Michael says, raising his fist in self-frustration. "ANYTHING!"
The entire office falls into near-silence with the sound of aluminium bending echoing against the walls; the can of diet coke on Cordelia's desk has been crushed into a clean, flat shape, a shape that nobody could form with their bare hands. Cordelia looks back at Michael and Mallory, a smile emerging on her face as she rises from her seat, her gaze giving Michael the hypothesis that her eyes could look into your soul, now that is real power.
"Follow me, please," Cordelia says, control in her tone, and unlike Kyle, the young duo wouldn't dare defy her. They grab their bags and follow closely behind her, only stopping when they reach a new room; a decorated bedroom with two single beds, a private bathroom and everything you'd need in a bedroom. Not only that, but there's another bedroom connected to the one they stand in; an even more decorated bedroom with a king sized bed, private bathroom, etc, for why they don't know.
"This is how the next part is going to go, you two. This room is now yours, both of yours, you will keep it as well as the bathroom clean like you would your own house, the room connected to this one is available in case you guys need some privacy."
In the middle of Cordelia's orders, two young women walk into the room, obviously looking for their Supreme; Cordelia's council and two people Mallory recognises straight away. One is a short young woman with a slim athletic build, chest-long dark blonde hair and gorgeous light skin and caramel eyes, and the other is a young, larger woman with beautiful short-curly black hair and gorgeous brown eyes.
"There she is," the short woman says, a giggle at the edge of her breath. "I totally found her first, and now you owe me a dollar."
"Guys," Cordelia lets out a long sigh. "We're kind of in the middle of something."
"Uh-huh, we were wondering where you were," the larger woman snickers before spotting Michael, her eyes widening with confusion. "Uh, what's going on here?"
"Zoe, Queenie, these two are our newest students, Michael and Mallory, they will be staying with us and beginning their classes tomorrow. You were both busy with classes so I had to do the conference alone, I'm afraid, but you can give me your opinions on my decision shortly. Michael, Mallory, this is my beloved Council and my adopted daughters, Zoe Spencer and Queenie, they will be your
teachers and tutors, alongside myself, of course."
"Yeah, I'm Queenie, it'll take me some time to get used to teaching a boy in an all-girls academy," Queenie admits, a smirk slowly creasing onto her face. "But I dig it, nice to meet you guys."
"The Coven doesn't discriminate, Warlock or Witch, you're one of us now, Michael," Zoe says, smiling at the young duo with delight. "I assume you met my crazed fiance, Kyle? He can be a little enthusiastic, to say the least."
"There's nothing wrong with some enthusiasm," Michael says, smirking.
"He's definitely something else," Mallory agrees.
"Great answers," Zoe chuckles, looking at Queenie and Cordelia. "I believe it's time they have some time to settle in?"
"Hell yeah, I'll meet you guys down there, I'm hungry," Queenie agrees, leaving the room with a flash, clearly transmuting.
"How many times do I have to tell that woman," Cordelia sighs once more, following Queenie by exiting through the door.
"I better follow them," Zoe says as she begins exiting the room. "Oh, and guys?"
"Yes, Zoe?" Michael and Mallory ask.
"You guys are safe now, you're home. Welcome to Miss Robichaux's."
Silence. God, how Mallory hates silence, when she was a kid, she'd go to sleep early in order to hear her parent's watching the tv, their laughter and whatever program they were watching, it helped her sleep when she thought she never could. It wasn't a fear, no, fear she could handle, it was a hate and hate she couldn't handle; ever since she was a little girl, every time she felt hatred, both her own and somehow someone else's, she felt bizarre inside, like something was trying to crawl its way out of her to stop the hatred. To cease its existence. However, it had been a long time since she felt such hatred, even though technically she feels the hatred in the future, funny how that works. Now Mallory dwells in silence once more, not even the sound of Michael's peaceful and strangely calm breathing is in ear's vicinity when she thinks about it, she could swear she could hear him earlier…

"Michael?"
Nothing, no sound of his voice, no precious sounding "Yes, Mallory?", no questions, nothing.
Mallory turns on the lamp that sits between hers and Michael's shared bedside table, seeing that Michael isn't in his bed at all and that his bed is already made. Why would his bed be made at five in the morning? Mallory's heart starts pounding in her chest, but before she can flip her way out of her bed, that's when she sees it; a note sitting on the table, with a single word written onto it, rooftop.

Mallory slips one her night-gown before slipping out of her room, tiptoeing her way through the halls of the Academy, as quiet as a mouse. Before reaching the stairs to the rooftop, Mallory sees that there's a light illuminating from Cordelia's office, however, not synthetic light, no, light from multiple candles.

"Strange, Cordelia's up quite early, either that or she fell asleep in there."
Something within Mallory tells her to check up on her Supreme, but something else tells her to keep walking and meet Michael up on the roof, now she's drawn between the two choices, and in the end, she reaches for the door handle and turns it. She slowly opens the door before peaking into the room, seeing Cordelia fast asleep in her office chair, a book on resurrections placed on her chest.

"Resurrections? Cordelia, what are you doing to yourself?" Mallory sighs, thinking about Madison, Myrtle and Misty, the three M's of Cordelia's life, god she must miss them, more anyone could ever hope to understand. Mallory slowly and carefully closes the door, careful not to wake Cordelia, before making her way up the stairs and towards the rooftop.

As she reaches the top of the stairs, natural light greets her from afar, and any remnant of silence is long gone, swallowed by the sound of cicadas and owls. In the subtle glow of light, stands Michael, his back to Mallory as he stares into the distance, hands placed on the rails of the rooftop. He wears a plain white singlet and his boxer shorts, looking more comfortable than he ever has. That's when he turns to face her, a quirky smile glued onto his face.

"You came, I was hoping you'd sleep in, I'm glad I left you a note."
"When I realised you weren't in the room with me, I couldn't sleep, no, I'm just lucky I found your note."
"I'm sorry, Mals, I was too excited to sleep, funny how that works, right? I thought I'd be exhausted," he shrugs. "Apparently not, and even when I ended up fallen asleep, I kept having these weird dreams."
"Weird how?" Mallory questions, curious as to what dreams Michael could be having.
"I had two dreams, I think, either that or my dreams were dividing into different scenes, they did have one thing in common though; each dream had a blonde woman in it, and both appeared to be in agony."

Misty and Madison? No way, she's never said anything about Misty or Madison to him, yet he's dreaming about them? Perhaps they're calling out to him? Lost souls calling out to an unforeseen saviour. "If you have any more dreams like that, can you tell me, please? Just in case you have sleep paralysis or something."
"I will, I promise. It's so unusual, I've felt strange presences since I got here," he pauses, glancing at her, a smile peaking at the side of his mouth. You- you look beautiful by the way."

"Hardly, you've caught me in my early morning form," she giggles, trying her hardest to hide the blushes on her face. "What are you doing out here anyway? It's five in the morning, and it's kind of chill out."

"Are you cold?" Michael asks, watching Mallory's silhouette nod at her. "Come here, I can keep you warm."

Mallory thought she'd be reluctant to cuddle up to Michael, not because it's Michael but because she's never really been warm towards people, but she found herself accepting his offer without a second thought, and she does not regret it. Brushing up against Michael sent shivers down her spine, like going from snow to a hot shower; his body temperature is unnaturally warm, explains why he's only wearing a singlet in this cold, perks of being the Devil's son. She cuddles closer to him, feeling as he places his arm around her.

"I can't believe we made it here, it feels so surreal, a home, a place we can both call home. Miss Cordelia and her Council have been very kind to us, especially me, you think the other Witches will be unimpressed by her decision to enrol a—a—"

"A Warlock? As for the other girls, they'll probably just be surprised to see a boy who isn't Kyle in the school, especially an enrolled student."

"Yeah, a Warlock, it'll take time for me to get used to that title, and I hope you're right," Michael admits, looking into the distance. "I'm a Warlock, huh? I was unaware I could conjure magic, finding that out was just so eye-opening, so, what type of magic do you think they practice here?"

"Traditional magic that dwells around the Seven Wonders, Queenie is a practitioner of Voodoo and Traditional, I don't believe the practice of any other magical varieties are allowed."

"At least there's variety, I just hope I'm a good student, that's all I ever want to be, good."

"Cordelia and the Council will keep an eye on us, help us when we need it, don't be nervous, you're going to do great."

"You really think so?" Michael asks, turning to face Mallory.

"I know so, Michael, you're going to be an extraordinary force at this school, if anyone can do well at Miss Robichaux's, it's you."

"Jesus Christ, Mallory."

"What?" She asks, panic in her voice. "Did I say something you disprove?"

"No, no, no. It's you, Mallory. You're just so fucking amazing, you know that? I don't know where I'd be without you, Mallory, you've really changed my life forever, for the best, and I mean that. Without you, I think I'd be lost, I would have found myself in the wrong places, with the wrong fellowship. You've opened my eyes, showed me who I am, what I am and the kindness that resides in this world. You've also shown me- that- you've shown me that I am capable of feeling things I never thought I could."

"Oh, Michael," Mallory says, her voice shuttering as his hand softly grasps on her own. They stay like that a few seconds, staring into each other's eyes, ocean blue against golden brown, creating a canvas of stiff tension. Every part of Mallory wants her to lean into Michael and feel the full extent of his tenderness, knowing that she's only getting the taste test, the bare minimum, but the other part of her knows that everything feels a bit rushed. They've only known each other for a couple days, and yet it feels like they know so much about each other, but that's not true at all; Michael knows the bare minimum about her, and she knows only the deepest darkest, most evil aspects of Michael's existence. She wants to know more of his lighter side, and she wants him to know more about her before they take the next step. She sighs deeply before leaning into him, her head nuzzling into his chest as he wraps his arms around her, not pushing for anything beyond that, not suggesting or wanting anything more than her company. That fact alone makes her face blush in the darkness of her arms, "My journey here, as well as my overall experience at this school, never would have been the same without you. I'm glad I have you by my side, Michael, I need you by my side now, without
you, I just- I don't know if I could function without you."
"Hey," Michael smiles, laying a kiss on the top of her forehead before pulling her closer. "You don't have to worry about that, I'm not going anywhere."
"You promise?"
"I promise, Mals, I promise."
Divisions and Visions

Mallory sits steadily and adequately in class with her fellow Witches, immediately feeling as relaxed as she did in her first class, the first time. First class for the day is a class primarily on Spellcraft, specifically enchantments, to test the focus of a person's power and focus, at least that's what Zoe, their teacher, informed them in advance. As soon as Mallory entered the room she was welcomed with open arms, with most of the other girls asking about her with smiles, complimenting her and telling her it's a pleasure to meet her, an amazing and well-needed feeling. Mallory just hopes that Michael will be welcomed the same way if he's welcomed at all by the Witches. Warlocks are considered lesser in comparison to Witches, and knowing the extent of his power, especially the unnatural aspects of it, he may stir some of the Witches, piss them off. Mallory hopes that won't be the case.

"Alright, ladies, I know you've all heard the rumours, and to make the anticipation finally die out, I'd like to announce that, yes, Miss Robichaux has two new students living within its walls, and yes, amongst the two, one of which is a young man. I know how many of you feel about this impromptu resolution, and most of you would assume that we would have naturally transferred him to Hawthorne in California, however, he denied the offer and feels safer amongst us than amongst other Warlocks. He's new to the practice of magic and is yet to understand our hierarchy, so he will fit in quite well with us if you'll please accept his place among you. This decision was constructed by our Supreme and has been recommended by her Council, so please, I advise you to respect Miss Goode's decision and welcome our new student, Michael Langdon."

On queue, like an actor walking onto the screen, Michael finds himself in the classroom, hands clasped behind his back as he slowly finds himself towards the vacant desk, smiling at Zoe as she smiles back him. Added whispers and awes expel from his presence, most of the girls becoming wide-eyed at the sight of him, and the thought of what they may be pondering in their own minds, it makes Mallory's heart pound in her chest and her blood begin to boil. That's new Jealousy?

"Thank you, Mrs Spencer, I'm just happy to be attending Miss Robichaux's Academy," Michael nods, finding himself in his seat before softly grasping onto the white rose on the table, recollecting Zoe's information. Enchantments? But what exactly are they enchanting?

"Today's lesson will revolve around colour enchantment, changing something that is considered natural to an unnatural yet beautiful form, in our case, all of us, myself included, will be changing the colour of the white rose in front of you. The colour you choose is up to your will and your will alone, unnatural colours are much more difficult to achieve, but fear not, simply enchanting the colour feels rewarding regardless of colour, however, I believe you're all capable of great things, so aim high, students. I will demonstrate."

The moment Zoe's eyes pierced the white flower, the white shade began to lighten up into a bright purple form, with every second more and more white changing into purple at an alarming rate. Ten seconds passed and the flower was now all bright purple, any remnants of the white are long gone, and the sight fascinated Michael.

"Holy shit," Michael gasps, a little too loudly, receiving a few giggles and a large smile from Mallory, who blushes is the sight of his excitement. "That was amazing, Miss Spencer."

"I'm glad you think so, Mr Langdon," Zoe smirks, eyeing Mallory. "Now, everyone, it's your turn to show me what you can do, and no talking, I need you all to be focused on the task at hand. As soon as the enchantment is complete, you have permission to discuss to those who have completed the task as well. Thank you all, I'm ready to be impressed."

In the blink of an eye, the room became an oasis of silence, so silent in fact Michael could swear he could hear his heart beating, which made him scared that others could too. He's nervous and he has no suspicion that Mallory and Zoe can sense that, proof being that they're both gazing at him with concerned eyes, something that makes him even timider before he begins staring around the room,
noticing that some of the girls have already begun enchanting their roses.

He stares back down at the flower, his eyes and mind focusing on its beauty, as well as the memories it carries alongside it. Michael recalls bringing his grandmother a flower when he started to walk, a beautiful yellow tulip, but rather than accepting his gift, his threw it aside and yelled at him for rending a flower from her precious garden. She'd hurt him that day, spanked him and dragged to his room, locking the door behind her, all because she'd been drinking that day like she did every day when all she had to do was accept the pretty flower and put it in a cup of water. Michael wonders if things would be different if Constance never showed her true colours that day if he didn't find out that he was a part of her belongings if she'd followed through with her promise that he wouldn't turn out the same way as his father, whoever his father is, she never specified. Didn't have the time, she'd normally say, sometimes she'd give him clues of his father's name at least, but he was never smart enough to follow through her riddles if only she'd ask him now, now he would cut through them like a hot blade to a block of butter. The thought that he's proven her wrong, after everything she's called and cursed at him, makes him smile like an idiot, even with the bad memories; the things he's done, the things that will continue to haunt him for a long time. At least one day he'll forget it all. "Michael?" He turns, facing Zoe. At least half of the class is quietly talking now, whispering, some of which he hears like he's standing right beside them, but only when they mention his name, nothing more. How long had he pondered in the past? "Are you having trouble with your enchantment? It's okay if you are, everyone has trouble on their first partition. Mallory hasn't finished either, in case you're wondering as I said, everyone has troubles on their first time."

Michael sighs, feeling the urge to slam his fist against the desk, but manages to stop himself by gazing at Mallory, who he knows is patiently waiting for him. If she wanted to, she would have been finished with the enchantment at least a few minutes after it began, but yet, she's waiting for him, waiting for progress before she flawlessly changes the beauty of the flower. The thought makes him noticeably blush in front of Zoe, but that's when Mallory begins focusing harder on the flower, rapidly changing its colouration from white to a deep grey, however, her enchantment doesn't finish there. Mallory raises her hand, causing the flower to levitate, before aiming and blowing the flower towards Michael's direction, in doing so, causing the entire flower to mould into a dolphin-like configuration and letting it swim towards Michael. As the dolphin-flower reaches Michael, it ceases its movement, softly landing on top of Michael's desk before expelling back into deep grey petals, petals that read the word 'show them'. Michael glances back at Mallory's direction and her smile is the first thing he sees, the first thing he has to say, the biggest form of motivation he's ever been given. Time to show them, as well as himself, what he's capable of. "Eflowerse Levictus," Michael intones to himself, not realising the words slung out of his mouth as the flower begins levitating, a technique relative to Mallory's; however, unlike Mallory he uses an adjusting spell rather than concentrated Telekinesis, he's yet to comprehend out how to concentrate his mind to such a level. Mallory, Zoe and the rest of the girls notice the firm focus Michael's eyes endure on the flower, an endurance that would sever the flower into dozens of pieces if under the constriction of Telekinesis. "Enchant waspisius."

Slowly and steadily, the flower begins pigmenting into a bright and striped yellow, following the pigmentation the petals begin gliding away from the stem, each petal transforming into a yellowjacket wasp before flying around the room at a steady pace. With his hands still raised, Michael controls the speed and direction the wasps move and only when his mind can't handle the pressure anymore, he places each of the wasps on Mallory's desk before they change back to the innocent but remaining beautiful petals.

The entire classroom cheers and applauds the applications of Michael and Mallory, their teacher included, with both students smiling and almost blushing at the support and glamour of their peers. Michael's head throbs, but the sound of his peers' applauds distracts him long enough for him to disregard the discomfort.
"You did amazing, Michael, truly, I cannot be more proud of you," Mallory says, that beautiful smile perched on her lips, the sight perplexes him further, in a moment he wishes he could remain in forever. "I said you were going to do amazing, didn't I?"

"I believe you did, thank you, Mallory, you are an absolute treasure."

However, his disregard is short lived.

"So are you," Mallory sighs, noticing something is out of place. "Michael, Michael you're bleeding, your nose."

As Michael wipes the blood from his nose, his vision begins to viciously blear, his head throbbing worse than it did before, the pain causes him to wince and cry out, silencing the room for a couple seconds.

"Michael?"

"Michael? Michael, listen to me," a voice speaks out, his ears unable to figure out who. "When you first practice magic, this can happen, it is rare but it can happen nonetheless. It will pass after a brief time, I promise, but for now, we need to get you some- COME TO ME, CHILD! YOU MUST FULFIL YOUR PURPOSE! COME TO ME! TO US!"

"What did- you- say?"

"I said we need to get you some water, can you stand?"

"Yes, I believe so," Michael gasps, crying out in pain once more, feeling two different sets of hands on his arms. "What's happening to me? Where are you taking me?"

"You're going through a process caught Practitioner's Awakening, a rare and vicious process that has generally a negative physical or mental impact on you, sometimes both, but you're going to be okay, I promise you. As for where we're taken you, we're going to one of the bathroom's to get you some water and cool your head down, you're in good hands."

Zoe and Mallory reach the nearest bathroom and enter inside, softly placing Michael against the wall as Mallory begins soaking a cloth, softly applying it to Michael's forehead when soaked all the way through. Zoe sits beside Michael, placing her hand on his arm, her lips chanting a soft and passive spell.

"What are you doing?" Mallory asks.

"This spell will assist in taking away Michael's pain, help numb it all down, and it's almost guaranteed to make him fall asleep," Zoe explains, continuing her chants, only to pause once more. "He's going to be okay, Mallory, I swear to you. Do you trust me?"

"Of course, I do, I just hate seeing him in pain," Mallory sighs, her eyes become glassed with tears. "I know how that feels, Mallory, I hate it when Kyle gets hurt, and he's- he's been hurt, a lot in his life."

"We're just lucky they're both tough."

"Tough is definitely a word I would use to describe Kyle, but Michael? I think resilient matches more adequately, don't you think?"

"You have no idea, that boy he's from another realm," Mallory admits, caressing his cheek as the cloth soaks his forehead. "He'll get through this, he has to."

Michael begins falling into a deep and numbing sleep, his mind falling into an oasis of comfort and support, a place he's quite familiar with. In his world of loneliness this place was this best friend, however, this is not his stop, instead, his mind keeps falling and falling to a deeper and darker place; the only light in view glows from a large urn with the initials M.D on it. Michael tries to fight the gravity that drags him down but without resolution, and before he knows it, he's suddenly in a large and empty classroom, a classroom that doesn't appear similar to the style of Miss Robichaux's. No, the classroom appears different, with Bunsen burners and scientific equipment on the desk and benches.

"This is new," Michael says, jumping at the sound of a screaming woman in a room next door to the one he stands in. "I better see what that was."
Michael tries to fight the gravity that drags him down but without resolution, and before he knows it, he's suddenly in a large and empty classroom, a classroom that doesn't appear similar to the style of Miss Robichaux's. No, the classroom appears different, with Bunsen burners and scientific equipment on the desk and benches.
"This is new," Michael says, jumping at the sound of a screaming woman in a room next door to the one he stands in. "I guess I better see what that was."

Michael wants to run towards the sound of the harrowing screams, but he's treading on unknown ground, he could turn a corner and be faced by an unknown danger, it's better to be vigilant than daring, he'd read that in a book last night while Mallory slept peacefully, in fact, he'd read a lot last night while Mallory slept peacefully. As much as he wanted Mallory awake with him, possibly more than just being awake with him, they'd both gone through so much, especially her, she was the one who drove across the country to enrol them in not just one of the greatest schools in the world, but a school and home for practitioners of magic, something he never knew he was until less than twenty-four hours ago. If anyone deserved sleep, it was Mallory, Mallory, Mallory, Mallory, the name just never gets old in Michael's head, never ceases to exist in his mind, even here, wherever this place may be. Michael sneaks out of the classroom he occupies, leisurely and steadfast, entering a remote and seemingly interminable school hallway, he can only conceive how terrific this would be for high school students, however, he continues on his journey, waiting for the next scream to befall if it ever does.
"C'mon, C'mon, I'll be able to get you if you just make one more sound," Michael whispers to himself, his icy blue eyes staring at how unnaturally clean the floor tiles are. "This place gives me the fucking creeps."

Michael only has to wait a few more seconds before the disturbing screams return, however, they come from both directions, making it difficult to track it down, but something inside of Michael is calling out to him, telling him to go right, almost begging him. Michael doesn't savour the feeling, rather contemplating the direction he should take while the screams begin dying out, he has to act fast or he may not get another chance. Letting go of his safety basis, Michael begins shooting down the hallway, ultimately going left and away from the calling, following his own instincts for once, not the voice that calls out from the abyss of his mind, the very thing that got him in this unknown place. "HOLD ON! I'M COMING FOR YOU! SHOUT OUT, PLEASE! ONE MORE TIME!" Michael screams out to the unknown screamer, before stopping in his tracks, his chest heaving inside and out.
"C'MON!"
"PLEASE! HELP ME!" The voice calls out, coming from down the hallway, but this time, the voice is much, much closer. "HELP ME!"
"I'M COMING!!" Michael calls back, darting back down the hallway before slipping into one of the classrooms, seeing the source of the screaming. A young woman, older than him but not old by all means, long curly blonde hair and an ethereal appearance, so being so beautiful and yet so terrified by the man holding her arm, an arm with a scalpel in her hand, the man holding her arm is the Teacher, at least Michael presumes. The woman glances at him with desperate and grateful eyes, tears freely flowing down her cheeks like they have a mind of their own, dripping her mascara as the Teacher holds her arm down. "HEY! LEAVE HER ALONE!"
"Please, help me!" The woman begs her voice ostensibly worn out from the screams. The Teacher shifts to face him, his body moving with unnatural swiftness, like a predator turning to face its prey, nevertheless, when the Teacher's eyes reach the sight of Michael, the hardness turns to softness. "What are you doing here?"

"What are you doing here?!" The Teacher demands, his voice having an inhuman growl that follows. "You're not supposed to be here."
"I wish I knew, all I know is that you're going to leave her alone, whoever you are," Michael says, demanding commanded cooperation, death-staring the older teacher, begetting bad feelings with this guy. "Take a step back, or else."

"I don't think so," the Teacher hisses, standing his ground as the kids that reside in the room begin rising from their seats.

"No! No, no, no," The woman cries out, the scalpel lowering closer and closer towards a live frog. "Please, no, not again! Please! Not again! PLEASE!"

"Even if you get as far as removing Misty Day from this room, you'll never escape, not with her, without her, you may stand a chance. You're in Hell, boy, her Hell, even someone with your calibre won't last forever in Hell, not unless you-"

"I won't ask again, asshole."

"Are you listening to me, boy?!" The Teacher hisses once more, his eyes shifting into a lifeless black colour, similar to that of his own when he finds himself in a state of rage, something that Mallory has witnessed, he is yet to witness it for himself. The send causes Michael to freeze in place, never before has he observed something like that, such an abnormal sight, so outrageous, so drawing, unnaturally beautiful, at least in his eyes.

"If only those eyes were on someone much more pleasant than you, motherfucker," Michael growls, finding his spine once more, his own eyes changing to the very departed black; the display making Misty wonder which one she should be rooting for, and the Teacher to let go of her hand for the first time in only God knows how long. "I heard what you said, and in response I'm giving you one last chance, leave Misty Day alone, or I will kill you."

"You can't kill me, or any of us for that matter."

"Your desire to test me will, in fact, be your downfall, so watch what you say or do in the next minute, whoever you are. Living or dead, man or creature, you push me far enough and you'll end up beyond the pleasures of this place and somewhere much, much worse. You've been warned, choose your following decision or word wisely."

Hissing like an angry python, the Teacher seizes the scalpel from Misty Day and drives his finger across it with utmost force, slicing his middle finger completely in half and spilling a mass of blood, showing no sign of pain nor fear, not from the scalpel and not from him. Michael grips swiftly onto the nearest beaker and crashes it against one of the benches, shattering it before holding tightly onto a glass shard before digging in his feet, standing his ground before finally, the Teacher rushes towards him with his own harrowing scream.

"Your spirit is cunning, my son, but you- you cannot hide from me forever, Michael. Michael? Michael! Michael?! MICHAEL? MICHAEL! MICHAEL?!!"

Michael's eyes pry open, his body shooting upwards in fear and fury, but a hand suddenly clamps down on his chest, holding him against the soft surface; his bed. As his vision focuses on the being before him, he realises it's Mallory holding him down, there's a feeling of a Telekinetic grip reinforcing her physical touch, unneeded now, the sight of her face and the sound of her voice is soothing him.

"Hey, hey, it's okay, you're safe, you're with me," Mallory says, surprised by how quickly Michael's hand latches onto her own, softly guiding her hand towards his lips before kissing it lovingly. "You scared me, all of us for that matter, I thought I was never going to see you again."

"I could never leave you, Mals, I promise, no matter what happens I will always come for you. Anyway, um, what happened? Where's my shirt?" Michael groans, trying to rise from his bed, only to be stopped by Mallory once again. "What time is it?"

"Hold your horses, cowboy, it's best if you take your time with something like this, as for your shirt it was best you kept as cool as humanly possible, so I took it off. Now it's your turn to answer my question, cowboy, what do you remember?"

"I remember you telling me that my nose was bleeding, following that my head started feeling like it
was burning from the inside out, felt like I couldn't breathe properly, the voice in my head, it- well it came back, it was calling out to me. Following that, I don't remember what happened next, at least here, in the world of the conscious. You still haven't told me what time it is, Mals?"

"It's six-thirty-four PM."

"Jesus, I've been out all day?! What the hell happened to me?!"

"You Descended into Hell, Michael, a feat of the Seven Wonders, when you performed your first spell you were in a state of Awakening, it's a rare occurrence to happen to Witches and Warlocks, but as Miss Zoe said, it does happen. However, your Awakening sent your mind subconsciously into Hell, a feat within itself but it doesn't end there, Michael, you Descended into someone else's Hell, the Hell of a former Witch here at Miss Robichaux's."

"Misty Day," Michael mutters. "The woman with curly hair, I found her in a classroom being forced to dissect a frog by a teacher with black eyes, I was trying to get him to leave her alone, but when he attacked me, I blacked out again, I don't recall anything after that. Wait, she's dead? And the school I was in wasn't a part of mind at all, it was- it was Hell? Her Hell. How is that possible?"

Mallory sits frozen in place, she's unsure as to what to say to him, what excuse to make, how to make it sound like she has absolutely no clue why he's able to enter other people's Hells, Michael clueless but he's not stupid, he can tell when you're lying. It appears that keeping the truth from him will be a short-lived task, it's too soon to tell him the truth of his origin and the origin of his abilities, but the time will be sooner rather than later.

"I don't know, it's a gift I've never heard of before, being able to find and enter the personal Hells of other's is an extraordinary feat in itself, but Michael, are you sure you don't remember anything else?"

"No, I wish I could have saved her, I didn't see much of her but, what I did see was how desperately she wanted to get out of there. How long has she been dead?" Michael questions, seemingly disappointed in himself.

"Four years, three months, eleven days, Miss Cordelia has been counting ever since Misty's death, she's special to her and losing her shattered her heart into a thousand pieces," Mallory explains, showing Michael a half smile. "When she performed the Seven Wonders, during Descensum, Misty didn't make it back in time, got stuck in her Hell and has been there ever since, until now."

"Until now?"

Without warning, there's a soft and patient knock on the door, a knock so patient, in fact, it would nearly be a crime to make the knocker wait, after Mallory swings open the door, it is revealed that Kyle and Zoe are the ones waiting for them.

"How is he? Is he okay?" Kyle asks, getting a nod from Mallory, and a groan from Michael. "Good, he'd given everyone one hell of a fright."

"If it's not funny the first time, it won't be funny the fourth," Zoe rolls her eyes at her fiance, focusing back on Mallory. "When did he wake up?"

"A few minutes ago, he's still weakened from the Descend, which is to be expected considering, but he appears to be recovering promptly," Mallory explains, glancing back at Michael, who lays patiently on his bed, a half-printed smile on his face as his icy eyes stare at her. God, how she loves the way he stares, it's a shame it's not an appropriate time to focus primarily on the many things that excite her. "He'll be back on his feet in a few minutes, at least I hope."

"Good, that's good to hear," Zoe smiles, proud of her fellow Witch. Mallory is sure that their teamwork and cooperation had a major effect on soothing Michael's Awakening, lessening the effects and the risks of convulsion and arrest. They really bonded, striking the flame of friendship between them, the trust and loyalty that will follow just as Mallory wanted, just under different circumstances; she'll eventually get close with everyone, it may take some time or no time at all, hey, it's only been a couple of nights after all. Any week now, and Coco, her soon to be best friend, should arrive, bringing her own flame and charisma to Miss Robichaux's, adding to the many wonderful and beautiful characters that make up their wonderful home. "Once he's feeling up to it, give Kyle and me a call."
"Why's that?" Mallory asks, glancing at the young couple.
"What have I done?" Michael questions, slightly rising from the bed.
"You've done nothing bad, Michael, I assure you, it's just," Kyle pauses, a large smirk brightening his face. "Miss Cordelia and Misty would like to speak with you."
Misty Gratitude, Impromptu Proposals

Mallory and Michael are led through the halls of the Academy once more, passing prying eyes and ears, seeing the silhouettes of other Witches through the cracks of the doorways, making it obvious that they know more than what Michael does, and that idea alone makes him nervous. Kyle and Zoe, especially Mallory have made attempts to calm his nerves but he can't help it, each step bringing him closer and closer to facing his Supreme, to facing the truth of what he did; good or bad, he needs to know, and good or bad, he's frightened of what he can do.

"You're not in trouble, Michael, I promise," Mallory says, holding onto his hand, getting a half-smile from Michael in return. "Try not to be nervous, there's no reason to be, if it becomes too much, I'll be right behind you."

"Thank you, Mals, thank you," Michael smiles. "Sometimes I just can't help feeling nervous."

"If you were in trouble, kid, Cordelia would have come to you, trust me, I learnt that the hard way," Kyle reveals, getting a sour look from his fiance. "What? It's true."

As they reach Cordelia's room, rather than her office this time, Kyle opens the door, allowing Zoe in first, followed by Mallory, and reluctantly Michael, before Kyle himself. Inside, Cordelia sits on her bed beside Misty Day, who lays down on the bed, looking pale and exhausted, with Queenie watching the two of them curiously, and the moment Cordelia's brown eyes meet Michael's, he knows she means business. He gulps, and hard too, unsure as to how this is going to go, even if he's not in trouble as Kyle says.

"Speak of the Devil and the Devil will come," Queenie chuckles. "Glad to have you join us, finally."

"Is that all you require, Miss Cordelia?" Kyle asks calmly.

"Yes, but you need not leave the room, Kyle, if you wish to stay, you may. You're a part of this conversation as much as the rest of us."

"In other words, don't go fucking anywhere," Zoe says, audibly smirking.

"Thank you, Miss Cordelia," Kyle says, remaining where he stands. "And Zoe."

"Thank you for attending this meeting, Michael and Mallory, as you two know, this next conversation is going to be a remarkably important one," Cordelia says as she rises from the bed, tiptoeing her way towards walking before stopping right in front of him. Then, without warning, she wraps her arms around Michael and enters a long and cumbersome embrace with the young man, with Michael unsure what to do in the situation, however in the end, he wraps his arms around her and accepts her embrace and her thank you. "I don't know how you did it, Michael, but you brought Misty back all the way from Hell, and for that, you'll forever have my eternal gratitude."

"You've barely touched your power and yet you're capable of such feats?" Queenie questions. "You must be a fucking prodigy at this."

"I- I don't know how I did, I wish I did," Michael sighs, closing his eyes at Cordelia digs closer into his shoulder, the sight almost making Mallory... jealous? "I was hoping you'd have an idea."

"I can do some study, but in the meantime, let's not worry about that, okay? Today was not just your Awakening, but your own victory too, you've performed a task I never thought possible, a task, not even I could complete, for that you have my eternal gratitude and my respect until my heart stops."

"Thank you, Miss Cordelia."

"So modest."

"You're starting to sound more and more like Kyle every time we speak, you've both been here barely two nights and you've already done so much, changed Miss Robichaux's for the better, perhaps you attending this school was fate after all? Regardless, I'd say you two have earned your keep plus more," Cordelia says, sitting back down beside Misty, who gives her and everyone in the room a faint, weak smile. "I believe it's time you three meet. Misty, this is Mallory, she came to the Academy alongside Michael, who you've sort've met, they're our newest students, and so far they are a duo not to be reckoned with, you'll learn more about them once you've had some well-needed rest.
But this young man, his name is Michael Langdon and—"
"He's the one who saved from that wretched place," Misty finishes, her voice weak and faint.
"Please, Michael, can you come closer? I wish to get a closer look at the young man who saved my
soul."
"I'm just gonna'," Queenie pauses, giving Cordelia, Misty and Michael plenty of room. "Yeah."

Michael, although somewhat reluctant, makes his way slowly towards Misty, with Cordelia making
room on the bed for Michael to sit with them. As Michael occupies the spot on the bed, Misty
weakly leans forward, softly grasping onto his face to get a closer look at him, during which Michael
remains in complete silence, concentrating on the strange woman's ethereal blue eyes. However, as
Misty's hand continues to grasp his face, Michael begins to feel a strange sensation, sensing a sort of
emotions, her emotions; her fear, her rage, her exhaustion, her current state of weakness, a journey
that he seems to head towards uncharted territory. That's when he reaches her memories, seeing what
happened through her eyes, seeing himself holding the broken beaker as the Teacher runs at him
before twirling the broken glass towards the Teacher's throat with an unnatural, almost unseeable
motion, evading the creature entirely in the process. He can hear Misty's crying, however, if they're
tears of joy or fear is unknown, following the cries, he hears her gasp and she watches the Teacher's
head lops of his neck, and once the body joins the head on the floor, he sees the horrific. His own
eyes are a departed black, similar to the Teacher's, his eyes staring around the kids like a predator,
watching as each of them bows down to him as if he's the Alpha in the room. Before he can
subconsciously feel any further into her mind, he stops the process completely, viciously grabbing
onto her arm and scaring even himself.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Michael panics, letting go of her arm and rising from the bed. "I'm sorry, I- I
didn't mean to do that."
"It's okay, Michael, you didn't hurt me," Misty says faintly, trying to reassure making with a paltry
smile. "I promise."
"Michael, it's okay," Cordelia says, striving to reach out to him. "Look around the room, nobody's
upset with you, everything is okay."
"I- I'm sorry, I- I have to go," Michael says before fleeing the room, not even Mallory's touch being
able to keep him in the room.
"Michael!" Mallory calls out, watching as he slams the door behind him. "Fuck."
"What the hell just happened? He was fine just a minute ago," Queenie inquires, seemingly
genuinely worried for Michael's well-being.
"Let him go, he's just overwhelmed by everything," Kyle affirms. "I used to react the same way
when I got overwhelmed, but he'll be okay, Mallory, I ensure you."
"I know, I just wish I could help him," Mallory owns, sighing deeply. "Michael is easily
overwhelmed, it was only yesterday that he learnt he's a practitioner of magic, and today he had his
Awakening while concurrently rescuing Misty Day from Hell, so if anyone deserves to feel a little
overwhelmed, it's him. I just wish I knew a way to ease his panic, I'm still yet to find a method."
"He will adapt to the overwhelming feeling that magic brings with its practice, but he will do so over
time, just as Queenie and I, Misty and even Cordelia have," Zoe explains, placing her hand softly
onto Mallory's shoulder. "You both will, if you think you and Michael are a fiery duo now, you just
wait."
"You will be unstoppable," Cordelia smiles. "Just give him time, everything will be okay in the end,
I will make sure of that."
"Okay," Mallory accepts, trusting her Supreme, as well as her Council, just as she always has.
"Thank you, Cordelia."

After a long and uncomfortable hour of awful loneliness, time idling for Mallory to return to their
room so he can reveal what he saw and explain why he responded the way he did, there's a knock on
the door; the sound almost makes him jump off of his bed in excitement.
"Please, come in," Michael calls out, watching as Zoe, rather than Mallory, walks into the room, closing the door behind her. "Miss Zoe? I was- expecting Mallory."

"She remains to be keeping Cordelia, Misty and my sister company, Kyle has gone to bed and doesn't know I'm here, it's best we keep it that way, at least for now," Zoe briefly explains, her words making Michael nervous, something she notes instantaneously. It appears hiding emotion from Zoe is a tedious and pointless task, she'll look through it almost every time. "Don't flatter yourself, Mikey, I'd never hurt Kyle like that."

"I'm sorry, I don't know why I heard went straight to that-"

"Hey? It's okay, kid, relax, it'll take more than that to piss me off, besides, stressing you out isn't the reason why I'm here."

"Why are you here? Michael asks, watching as Zoe sits beside him.

"I'm here because of what you did, saving Misty all the way from Hell? Because of you, Michael, Misty went from being ashes in an urn in Cordelia's office to a fully-formed, living and breathing being. There's nobody in the history books that have been able to commit such a feat, trust me, as soon as I discovered what you did, I read on most powerful feats in the recorded history of Witches and Warlocks alike, and there is nothing, NOTHING! That involves such an enhanced form of Decensum, and yet, a recently Awoken Warlock, a boy who's barely touched his potential, as able to perform the feat that even a Supreme Witch couldn't perform. I know you said that you don't know how you did it, but I need you to tell me if you remember anything beforehand? A feeling, sickening or pleasant? A vision? A dream? Anything at all."

"I- I happened to see Misty in a dream long before even knowing her name; I saw her in the same classroom, screaming for help, and I'd only had the dream last night. It's like- all I had to do was perceive her, recall the appearance I observed, the tone of her harrowing voice, and to simply know that she required a benefactor, and I was there, deep in I feel a place not even God could locate, searching for this mysterious Misty Day, and like that I- I found her and brought her home, where nothing could hurt her anymore. If it is as simple as picturing the appearance, hearing the voice and knowing how desperate the individual is, then perhaps I may be able to save the other woman."

"Zoe's eyes widen at the faint mentioning. "Other woman?! You saw someone else?"

"Not as clear as I saw Misty, but yes, I witnessed another woman, working a clothing store, I could hear her cries, and from what I could see she had straight blonde hair, thin, everything else was a blur."

"Michael, if I was to propose something, something that very well may be possible and will assist both of us, perhaps even Kyle too; for you learning the ability to control your gift and for me and Kyle, our benefit is on a much more personal level. If we are to commit to the proposal, it must stay between us, at least for the time being, and yes, that means even Mallory cannot know or at least try not to tell her? Please, Michael."

"Miss Zoe, I can certainly try, the more I know about what I can do, as well as things that I have seen, the better," Michael says, breathing heavily and somewhat boldly too, his heart full of devotion and an unexpected lust for knowledge. "What do you propose?"

"What if I told you I may, in fact, know the other woman you've seen in your dream?" Zoe asks, smirking at the young woman. "And I have a photo to prove my knowledge?"

"I'd say you've caught my attention."

"Let's not waste any time then, we have planning to do."
Rejuvenation

After his fascinating conversation with Zoe, Michael fell back to waiting for Mallory to return to their room so that he could finally explain why he reacted so weirdly, however, when waiting became tedious, Michael found himself staring back at the small archive of books located in their other bedroom. Last night, Michael couldn't settle down enough to sleep, so he decided to silently explore the other room, discovering the abundance of books, with a moderate percentage of the books relative to the practice of magic, while the majority are books non-relative to the practice of magic. After finally picking a book, Michael got comfortable on the unnaturally soft king-sized bed, so comfortable, in fact, before he could get stuck into the book, he fell victim to his fatigue, falling asleep so quickly he never got the chance to turn off the lights, leaving only Michael with the memories of recent, as well as past events.

Michael? Sweetheart? Put those scissors down!

Please, Father, you must help the boy, he hasn't been himself, I fear the worst for him.

Get out! I don't care where you go! You can sleep on a park bench or under an overpass, I DON'T CARE! You have made a fool of me this entire time, treating me like the help. All the buried rodents and the MURDERED nannies, and I went along with it, thinking it was just a PHASE that you were going through! But THIS is not a phase! This is WHO you are! WHAT you are! And it's only gonna' get worse. But I swear to GOD, but it is not gonna happen in my house! Not this time! Michael! Please, stop! Don't run, not from me!

Welcome to Miss Robichaux's.

My journey here, as well as my overall experience at this school, never would have been the same without you. I'm glad I have you by my side, Michael, I need you by my side now, without you, I just-I don't know if I could function without you.

Are you hear to save me?!

You're in Hell, boy, her Hell, even someone with your calibre won't last forever in Hell.

Your spirit is cunning, my son, but you- you cannot hide from me forever, Michael. Michael.

Michael? Michael! Michael?! MICHAEL? MICHAEL! MICHAEL?!

Michael's eyes slowly pry open, his mind and body suddenly brought back into cognisance, but this time, he's awoken by the warm feeling of Mallory's arms wrapping around him, slow and delicate as if Mallory is trying her all not to wake him up, but unfortunately, he's a light sleeper.

"Hey," Michael whispers, feeling her arms jolt slightly in shock. "Before you apologize, Mals, you didn't wake me, I just happen to be a light sleeper."

"In other words, me cuddling up to you woke you up because you're a light sleeper?" Mallory scoffs, the pitch blackness hiding a cheeky smile that rests on her face. "I didn't mean to wake you, I just- I really needed this, to cuddle up to you, God I missed you, Michael."

"Words cannot describe how much I've missed you too, Mals," Michael says, placing his over Mallory's before placing it hard against his chest, revealing to her the velocity his heart is raging.

"You make me feel so nervous, so alive, in fact, the most alive I've felt in years. I feel things I've never felt before, and no matter what has happened or how I've reacted to recent events, you must know that I am happy, Mallory. I am truly happy, terrified of most of what has happened, but I remain happy regardless, everything and everyone around me, especially you, make this whole new life feel so right."

"I- I thought I was really going to lose you, Michael, I've heard about what happens to those who are trapped in hell, and when I saw the way you reacted to Misty's touch, I started to freak out again,"

Mallory sighs, clenching harder onto his chest, feeling every inch of his powerful heart beat. "I know
you didn't mean to, it's just, Misty went through the horrific experience of being stuck in Hell, and the thought of you going through that frightens me, but now she's safe, because of you she's back home with us, her sisters, as well as her brother and saviour, you."

"I couldn't have just left her behind if I did I wouldn't have forgiven myself, I just," he stops, thinking about whether or not he should recount to Mallory what he perceived in Misty's memories, or if he should wait, not ruin the moment. He decides on the latter, shifting closer to her before grabbing her hand, kissing it delicately. "What's important is Misty and myself are safe, that I'm with you, at this moment, alive, well and happy. I waited for you, you know, but, I obviously ended up falling asleep."

"You ended up leaving the lights on too, don't forget that detail," Mallory giggles, feeling the urge to nibble on his ear, only to stop herself. "I'm sorry to keep you waiting, handsome."

"I forgive you, gorgeous, I forgive you," Michael smiles, closing his eyes to fall back asleep, before opening them again. "Mallory?"

"Yes, Michael?"

"I'm feeling much better, now that I've Awoken, I want to give exercising magic another try, I don't want to give up, I don't want to give in to the terror of what I am, of who I am," Michael says, his speech clear; he seeks endorsement from the person he trusts the most in this world. "I want to understand the extent of power, and more, I want to know the history behind my gifts, but I want you to be by my side when I do. You don't have to play pretend on my behalf, Mals, I know you wield magnificent power and I want you to share what you can do with the others, with me, and if you want to, perhaps you could tutor me on how to perform various feats."

"Of course, I will support you, hell I'll do that plus way more without question, I will always support you, Michael, because to be honest, you're kinda' stuck with me now. We're in this together, you and I, until the very end, the very end." Mallory says, finally kissing Michael's cheek. "Shall we get some sleep now? I'm pretty exhausted, to be honest, and we get to sleep in tomorrow as well, but because you're so eager to get back to it, we should begin drilling magic. Does that sound good?"

"Sounds more than good, Mals," Michael whispers, closing his eyes finally, and after a couple of minutes, he begins feeling Mallory's grip loosen on his chest; a sign that she's comfortable and fast asleep. "Sounds more than good."

After spending a whole day being coached by Mallory, Michael feels more poised magic than he has with anything prior, the way the sortilege pierced through his soul, powering up before exiting through the other side, it was beyond description for him. Mallory revealing to him her true capabilities made him speechless, and beyond her mere capabilities, but the purity that resides with it, it's indefinable. They began by advancing through small charms, talismans and spells to magic on a much more moderate degree of difficulties, such as temperature manipulation of the room, the negation of one of the room's lights and with Mallory's guidance, Michael carefully moved one of the lamps from one side of the room to the other with Telekinesis, and in over-excitement, he almost kissed Mallory, and luckily for him, she almost kissed him too. Michael wants to take it slow with Mallory, only make things somewhat serious when they're both ready, but he can't help but admit it, it's beginning to become difficult. Just the way she walks, the way she talks, her facial expressions, the beautiful dresses, both dark and bright, as well as the tiara she wears, the way she sometimes licks her lips when she sees him, she assumes he doesn't notice but he has, almost every time, and he loves it. There's so much he loves about her, the way she smiles and laughs, the way her arms are placed on her hips when he says something she doesn't approve, and the way he hips curve and highlights her wonderful...

"Michael? Are you with me, dude?" Zoe asks, dragging back into reality, shit, he almost forgot he was in the cemetery with Zoe when he should be at home eating dinner with Mallory, Kyle and the other young women. "You seem preoccupied?"

"I'm fine, where is Madison's gravestone?"
"Just up here, we're almost here, just don't zone out on me again," Zoe snickers, guiding Michael through the cemetery, the thunderstorm in the distance creeping its way closer as each minute of walking passes.

"Don't you think Kyle and Mallory are going to find it a little suspect that we're both missing from dinner?" Michael asks, watching Zoe stop in her tracks.

"That depends, are you considering the notion that my fiance suspects I'm cheating on him with new Warlock student? Which would mean he's suspecting me of cheating on him and acting in a very unprofessional matter?" Zoe asks, eyeing the visibly awkward and troubled Michael. "Don't worry about that, Mikey, Kyle is protective but he's not protective to the point where I can't have male friends, he's probably suspecting me of going out for burgers without him."

"So he's very confident then? That's good, he's a great looking guy, I've heard women dig scars," Michael comments. "Probably monstrous strength too."

"Well, the three things you just named, he's got; the looks, the strength capable of lifting only God knows what, we're still yet to figure that out. As for his scars, Madison was the source of those when, well, when Kyle was caught in the crossfire when she killed his frat brothers."

"And we're about to bring her back to the land of the living?" Michael scoffs, following Zoe once again. "Why would you want me to bring her back when Kyle killed her in the first place."

"We- I- it's just- complicated, okay?" Zoe reluctantly answers, pointing towards a small group of gravestones, specifically at the second-smallest one. "Here she is, sitting beside the Coven's other heartbreaking losses." That's when Zoe's eyes meet Fiona's gravestone. "Well, almost all of them are heartbreaking."

"I've noticed Miss Myrtle Snow has both "Mother" and "Advisor" on her gravestone while Miss Fiona Goode only has "Reigned Supreme" on hers, so, is there a story about that?" Michael asks curiously as he stares at the small assortment of gravestones. "I'm sorry if me asking bothers you, Miss Zoe."

"It doesn't, Mikey, don't worry about that, okay? It's just not my story to tell, Cordelia would probably give you context much better than I ever could. When I was enrolled in Miss Robichaux's, Cordelia was a teacher, Kyle was a walking corpse and there were only three students, four if you counted Misty, she happen to come to us late, while the threat of Hunter was still apparent."

"Miss Robichaux's has really-"

"Really what?" Zoe asks, discerning Michael's reticence, a now continued reticence. "You're zoning out on me again."

"I can feel her, I can feel Madison, her soul or life essence or something like that, but it's her, I'm sure of it, Miss Zoe," Michael reveals quickly before moving in front of Madison's gravestone and placing his hand on top of it. "This is the source, this is- this is-"

"Michael?!" Zoe screams, catching the suddenly unconscious Michael with Telekinesis before softly placing him on the ground. "You really need to learn how to Descend safely, dude. Jesus Christ."
Zoe waits impassively in the graveyard as she has for the past hour, ensuring that she and the young man lying down in a vampire's sleeping position aren't catching any unwanted attention, it would be quite challenging to explain the current circumstances. During the undivided waiting interval, Zoe's stomach has been grumbling while her mind has been centred on three selves; Kyle, Michael and Madison, and to a lesser extent Cordelia, essentially due to the fact Zoe knows the variety of trouble she and Michael will endure once they return to the Coven, let alone if they return with yet another resurrected Witch. After only a few minutes after Michael passed out, Zoe began to regret dragging the young man into her complicated desires, but at the same time, she didn't exactly have a diversity of choices. Michael Langdon is the one and only magic practitioner capable of such a task, she just feels blessed that he was willing to help her without question, willing to follow her into the graveyard, willing to search through Hell to find and save the life of a stranger. The later it's getting, the more anxious Zoe starts become for the young man, remembering that if he doesn't return to the land of the living within the next couple hours, he himself may lose his soul to Hell, and that is something Zoe cannot, and will not let happen, not only would Cordelia kill her, but Mallory would do much, much worse if she lost him.

Without warning, Michael gasps back to the land of the living, leaning upwards in a dash, breathing heavily and hastily, his eyes visibly searching for Zoe. "I'm right here, Michael, I'm right here!" Zoe says, stunned when Michael swiftly wraps his arms around her abdominal area, holding her close as he begins to catch his breath, his panting slowing down overall. "Are you okay?!"

"I'm okay, I just, I really got scared this time, I thought I wasn't going to make it out," Michael slowly speaks, letting go of Zoe in sudden embarrassment. "I'm sorry, Miss Zoe."

"You have nothing to apologize for, Michael," Zoe smirks, placing a hand on his cheek. "But I must ask, did you- did you find her?"

"Yeah, I found her, in a clothing store of all places, it took me an hour Hell time to figure out the exit, she's quite the speaker," Michael comments, causing Zoe to giggle behind him. "But overall, I managed to bring Madison to the exit, so she should be invigorating right now, we should have a couple of minutes before she-"

"Wait, what?! Right now?! In her coffin?!" Zoe asks, getting a slight nod from Michael. "Well, shit, we have to get her out before she suffocates!"

"Precisely what I was going to say," Michael chuckles, slowly finding himself to his feet. "So, we could do this the long way or the preferred way, either way, we're getting that coffin out of the ground."

"What did you have in mind?" Zoe asks, glancing at Michael who is focussed down at the gravestone, particularly at the soil. "How confident are you with your magic?"

"I relocated a lamp from one side of myself and Mallory's room to another with Telekinesis, regardless of whether or that is a weakly performed task, I'm willing to try my absolute hardest to achieve what I have in mind," Michael scoffs, his breathing heavy and his teeth clenched as he stretches each of his arms downwards, hands cupped, causing the soil to shake at the sudden grasp of his Telekinetic grip. "We're going to have to tear away the soil before we attempt to lift the coffin out, otherwise, she'll be crushed."

"If she dies now, I'll be able to bring her back with Vitalum Vitalis, but I'd prefer she not die on us again," Zoe agrees, entering the same stance as Michael. "You ready, kid?"

"As ready as I can be, considering the circumstances, let's save Miss Madison."

"Ready?" Zoe whispers, getting an anxious but determined yes from Michael. "Three, two, one. LIFT!"
"Where in God's name is that woman?" Kyle asks himself, entering the dining room where an anxious Michael, an impatient Queenie, still weakened Misty, a troubled Cordelia and the other young Witches reside. Most of them digging into their food, some picking at their food, such as Misty, who Cordelia convinced to at least try to eat some food, while a small number of the Witches continue to wait until everyone is present before they even think about digging into the feast; the feast that Kyle and Michael assisted one another in preparing. For Cordelia, Mallory and Zoe, it's been pleasant to see that the only two guys in the Academy aren't butting heads, aren't trying to out-masculine one another, aren't trying to become the pathetic 'Alpha Male form' as the late Myrtle Snow would call, rather, they seem to have begun a close friendship. Michael had even admitted to Mallory that he admires Kyle and what he does for the Coven, so after seeing the sparked friendship between the two young men, Mallory immediately regarded the possibility that Michael and Kyle could eventually see one another as brothers; considering that Michael's sister and twin-brother are deceased and stuck in the place of his birth, having a brother figure would be a nice addition for him. "I've searched the entirety of the Academy, there's absolutely no sign of her, or the kid for that matter, normally where you are, Michael isn't far behind you."

"I've been having identical trouble, normally if I can't find him I assume he needs some space or some reading time as he calls it," Mallory sighs, shrugging her shoulders. "I am yet to figure out that boy, anyway, I can't find him either."

"Trouble, eh? Trouble in paradise?" Kyle asks, getting a few giggles from the girls.

"Kyle," Cordelia grumbles, raising an eyebrow as Kyle smirks at her. "Really?"

"You got to give the man credit where it's due, he has a gift for the comedic arts," Queenie chuckles, playfully nudging Cordelia. "He sees an opportunity, the damn takes it."

"Thank you, Queenie, I appreciate such applause! It's true, I'm just teasing Miss Mallory here, but seriously though, trouble in paradise?"

"You worry about yourself, big guy, I got my side of the coin transfixed," Mallory scoffs playfully, rolling her eyes.

"Apparently not if it's trouble in paradise," Kyle mutters, chuckling a little.

"What was that?"

"Oh, I was- I was just saying that I- will worry about myself?"

"Uh-huh," Mallory mutters with a straight face, hiding the smirk at lies at the corner of her mouth. "I'm sure they will both show up soon, knowing Michael he's probably asked Miss Zoe about a spell he's read about, he's already asked Miss Queenie about

"I have to confess to you, Kyle, your character is much bubblier than I remember, and that's made me miss you all the more," Misty says, weakly grinning at the young man, the causing Cordelia to smirk and blush at the sight herself. "Everyone has changed, everyone, including the Coven itself, has completely evolved since my death; the practice of magic has evolved, relationships with the Coven, each other, nature and the world have all reformed, transformed for the better. The Coven itself has completely displaced a way of life that has existed for centuries if not longer; Warlocks and Witches have remained separated until now, the moment you and Mallory came to the Coven together, it changed everything. I apologize for rambling on there, I'm just- so happy to be back to the land of the living, back with my family, back with the loved ones I'd left so long ago, back to my true home."

"It's great to have you back, Misty, we missed you greatly," Queenie agrees, taking a long sip of a glass of wine as the other Witches cheer in glee, officially welcoming Misty back to the Academy. "I can't help but agree with that comment," Kyle smirks. "Losing you cost Miss Robichaux's a great deal, emotionally, physically and spiritually, and I know someone who would agree on me with that."

"Of course I agree with all of that," Cordelia says, kissing Misty on the cheek in front of everyone, something that Misty doesn't seem to mind at all. "How could I not?"

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, Miss Cordelia," Michael says, his voice appearing before he does, he and Zoe Transmutating into the dining room, each of them breaking a common rule of the Academy, but
they seem to be in haste, hence why Cordelia hasn't called them out on their breaking of a simple rule. To be "Miss Zoe and I would like to speak to you and the Council, including Kyle, Miss Mallory and Miss Misty if possible."

"What is this regarding? Can't this wait until we're through with dinner?" Queenie asks, frowning at the unexpected duo, her mind suspecting numerous things but clearing one; they've found themselves in a bit of trouble, and now they have to explain themselves, in order to ultimately save them from additional problems.

"It is of utmost importance, my Supreme, we would be eating dinner with our family rather than standing here and watching if that wasn't the case," Zoe adds, giving a stern, serious look at Kyle. "We will explain, but all of you must come with us, as for the girls, they can continue their feast while we conduct business in your office."

"Hmmm, as you wish," Cordelia says, lamenting deeply in a slight form of frustration as she stands out of her chair, assisting Misty to her feet. "But we will be taking the stairs this time, you two. Kyle, Queenie, Mallory, if you will follow me."

"Yes, my Supreme," Mallory says, quickly exiting her seat, watching Michael already heading up the stairs, wishing he would wait for her.

"Right behind you," Kyle agrees.

After a thankfully short, however, a disconcerting walk up the stairs, with silence persisting among the Witches left in the dining room, everyone had reached the threshold of Cordelia's Office, where Michael once again Transmutates in front of the door, regardless of Cordelia's wishes, stopping anyone from entering the Office. Transmutation is an intricate spell, requiring high levels of concentration and vigour, so to see Michael performing the spell with almost impeccable technique, however, exhausted the spell is making him, reveals how much Michael has been taking in from a single day worth of coaching. Mallory couldn't be any more proud of him, regardless of the trouble he's put himself in.

"Boy, that's twice you've broken such a basic rule," Queenie alerts, shaking her head at the young man.

"What did I tell you about using spells in the house?! The morning after your arrival I made it clear unless in classes, you are not to practice magic in the house!" Cordelia snaps, causing Michael to jump only slightly in reaction to the sudden intensity of her voice, otherwise, he remains solemn and almost cutthroat in appearance, staring at his Supreme in the eyes. "Why are you standing in front of my Office door like you're guarding the damn thing."

"Step aside, kid, please," Kyle warns, however, he's giving off a softer warning in comparison to his regular warnings to outsiders, but Michael isn't an outsider, no, Michael is much more important to the Coven, and to an extent, Kyle himself.

"I want to apologize before you witness what I have done, I- well, we should have sought allowance from the Council, but what's done is done, I just hope we aren't shunned by the Coven for our actions," Michael says, his tone of voice more sincere than Mallory had ever heard before, the very thing that causes her to become anxious herself. What has Michael done that makes him fear for his placement at the Coven? What is that severe? The thought sends a tingling sensation down Mallory's spine, and not in the best of ways, now she fears for his placement at the Coven, because if he goes, so does she. "Please forgive me."

"I guess we're about to find out," Cordelia sighs, her eyes engaging Zoe, who reluctantly stares back at Cordelia. "I expected more from you, Zoe."

"Just, look in the Office first before judging my actions," Zoe hisses back in defiance, glancing at Kyle but only for a moment before her eyes adhere to the ground. "You will understand that I truly had no choice, Michael's actions were the result of my influence so if anyone deserves the blame, it is me."

Cordelia, while concurrently supporting Misty in standing up, opens the door to her Office and pushing the door forward, with literally all eyes staring into the Office as the door slowly swings open, revealing a young woman with long wavy blonde hair sitting in the chair of Cordelia's Office;
her long, thin legs placed comfortably on the table, and a lit cigarette sitting peacefully in her fingers as she blows smoke from her mouth.

"Surprise bitches, and in a singular case, dumbass! I bet all of you thought you'd seen the last of me?! Well, almost all of you," Madison giggles, a strikingly beautiful yet wicked smirk creasing onto her lips. "It seems we have a lot to talk about, so why don't we get started, shall we?"
Dissension, Sincerity

Silence dreads the entirety of Cordelia's Office, leaving everyone in complete reticence, everyone except Madison of course, who has the smuggest, most laughable smirk on her pretty face as she sips on red wine and sucks on her cigarette, blowing smoke from her mouth and into the room. Zoe and Michael, the authors of this situation, remain silent, not in fear of what Cordelia is going to, but in fear of what Kyle and Mallory are going to do, or say for that matter, and as for the saying part of that fear, it's certainly coming.

"Seriously? Silence?! Seriously?! I expected you all to at least say something, like 'hey, Madison, I've missed you beautiful, wonderful, angelic face so, so much, and I'm so, so sorry I didn't bring you back sooner!'? No?! Can someone say something? Queenie? Cordelia? Whoever you are? Kyle?!

You have the most to say to me, seeing you, you know, strangled me to death? Some could argue I deserved it, but some could argue you should have been burnt at the stake, and-

"For fuck sake, woman! Shut the fuck up!" Queenie says, her silence finally breaking, but that's when her eyes maneuver to Zoe. "Why in the Coven's name did you, all of the people you, bring Madison Montgomery back to life, and how in the Coven's name did you manage to drag the kid into your little problem? What did you do? What did she do, Michael?"

"The one and the only thing I did was ask for his help, and he agreed to my instructions, nothing more, and as for you, Kyle, you don't have to speak if you don't want to, okay? Nobody is forcing you, especially Madison, she's impudent with her words at this moment because she was just given her life back, but her impudence will leave the premises very shortly," Zoe says, subtly reminding Madison of her place, who hasn't seemed to have picked that up yet, that fact alone settles Kyle for the moment. "Or else."

"What does that mean? Are you threatening me already?" Madison questions, sipping on her wine once more. "Now now, we should leave such fun for later, shouldn't we?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I'm doing, just because you're back, doesn't mean you're back forever, not yet at the very least. You'd be bright to remember Madison Montgomery is still classified as deceased, as for the mentioned fun, I'd rather strangle you to death myself than have anything to do with involving such activities. So be careful what you say."


"If that wasn't a threat, I don't know what is," Mallory mutters under her breath, something she manages to keep secret from everyone, nobody everyone except Michael that is, who glares at her anxiously, causing her to mouth the word "What" to him, only for him to mouth "Nothing" back to her.

"A status of which will not be changed unless I have something to say about it," Cordelia intervenes, eyes glaring at the still anxious Michael. "Michael, why did you help her without my full permission? Why would you travel all the way to a stranger's Hell to rescue them from a fate they arguably deserved."

"For the same reason I travelled to Misty Day's Hell to rescue her from a fate she, in fact, did not deserve, because I want to help those in need, after having that first taste of what it feels like to save someone, to be a hero rather than a monster, a killer, I wanted more than just a taste. So I did it again, I went to Madison here's Hell, the only difference this time around is I knew exactly what I was doing, what I had to do, completing the task almost flawlessly."

"Almost meaning he essentially got lost in Hell and could have himself become a victim to Descensum, luckily for all of us, he clearly found his way out," Zoe scoffs. "If you weren't going to kill me, Cordelia, Mallory would have certainly murdered me for you."

"I wouldn't have been impressed, let's just say that, I'm barely impressed as it is," Mallory warns.

"Miss Cordelia, may I be
"I have to say, while Michael saved me from looked sensuous while doing he did," Madison comments,licking her lips at the sight of Michael,who notably ignores her. "But here I am, alive and mostly well, I'm feeling a little worse for wear, slightly limited if you ask me. Most likely a consequence of being resurrected for a second time, nobody asked I know, but this time, I can actually feel things this time! The cold, the heat, the taste of this red wine and the ecstasy of this cigarette, emotion at least! Not to put you down, dear Misty and dear Zoe, it's too early for put-downs and you bitches are the absolute bomb! But your methods on resurrection has nothing on Mikey-boy's methods of resurrection, he must be an angel or the devil because his level of power is nearly out of this world!"

"I'm not offended, Madison, but unfortunately, I'm experiencing the same limitation, however, more so than you it appears," Misty weakly snickers, looking as if she's about to fall asleep on the seat Cordelia had placed her in, all while Cordelia supports her by the soft grasp and caressing of her shoulders. "Fuck, I'm so tired."

"I know, Misty, we'll be done with this in a moment, once you have some supper, we'll head to-"

"ENOUGH!" Cordelia snaps, violently shaking the room simply by the ferocity of her voice, her fierceness beamed straight at Madison, who reacts by spilling the wine from her glass onto her pretty white dress. Cordelia takes a long, deep breath, composing herself with the assistance of "I'm sorry for snapping at you, Madison, I know it's been some time since you've spoken to authentic human beings and not the mindless, oblivious, bothersome demons of Hell, but you need to find your filter again. This place has transformed since your time here, the Academy has become a trustworthy, authentic Academy, a safe haven for gifted Witches, and due to the higher numbers of students, the Academy has more rules, rules that must be followed, two of which is no smoking in the house, you will take your habits outside of the Academy's gates. As for the consumption of alcoholic beverages, that is saved for special occasions, but I will forgive you for tonight; you being back is, in fact, a special occasion, regardless of the circumstances, circumstances that will never, and I mean never occur again. Michael, Zoe, am I clear with the two of you? I will not warn both of you again, next time you're considering committing yourselves to dangerous tasks, you will consult to myself and the Council, in Zoe's case, you will consult with myself, Queenie and your fiance. Clear?"

"Clear," Zoe agrees, shifting beside Kyle, who slowly and steadily grabs onto her hand, which she lovingly concedes.

"Yes, Miss Cordelia, I will," Michael accepts, standing in place, his heart pounding in his chest from the tension, or is it excitement? Michael is yet to comprehend the answer to that self-asked question.

"Thank you for agreeing to my rules, which you both should know to do in the first place, but I will digress regardless. Michael and Mallory, I'm dismissing you from this 'meeting', so you may leave. Queenie, if you could please escort Misty to my- ahem, our room and return after you're done, I will bring her some supper before she falls asleep, once I am done with all of this. Speaking of all of this, Zoe, Kyle and Madison, you stay behind; we're going to talk this out, and we're not leaving the Office until we do. Those dismissed may and should leave now, all five of us have a lot to talk about."

"Thank you, Miss Cordelia," Mallory thanks, nodding her head before abruptly leaving the room as Michael watches, no he's certain something he's wrong.

"Thank you, Miss Cordelia, I- I'm sorry again for what I did, it won't happen again," Michael promises, giving a half-assed nod before he himself exits the room in a rush, running through the halls and to his and Mallory's room, where he knows she is waiting for him. This isn't going to be pretty, a part of Michael is telling him to run and never look back, but the other part of him is making him walk through the door and into the room before quietly shutting it behind him, where he's welcomed by Mallory, who stands at the window, staring directly through it.

"Mallory, I-"

"Unless you have an excuse that doesn't include some clever wording or some witty remark, I'd
rather you not attempt an apology at all."
"Zoe required my help and after she fully defined the task and her circumstances with Madison Montgomery, I couldn't exactly overlook and neglect that, could I? I've been to Hell, I know what it's like, the way it looks, it sounds, it feels, it smells, even how it tastes, Mals, and I couldn't find it in myself to leave the situation alone, to leave Madison in that abyss. Trust me, Mallory, trust me when I say, I wanted to leave it all alone; I didn't want to walk through a fucking graveyard looking for the gravestone of a woman I don't know, I didn't want to have to tear a coffin from the ground, and I most definitely didn't want to go back to Hell, the place I'd only just escaped with my life. Do you want to know what I would have preferred doing? What I would do if I could get all of that time back?"
"Yes," Mallory says, turning around and facing Michael, her eyes glassy and her face flushed in red. "Tell me."
"First, I would have spent the whole day with you, I wouldn't have had to cut our lessons short, instead, I would have been able to spend every second of this day with the one person in this world that I can't get enough of. Second, once the sunset and the night had come, I would have eaten dinner beside you, laughed and joked and spend the night the way I wanted to, with you, Mallory. With you, that's all I've ever wanted since arriving here, with you, and this time going through Hell, I wasn't sure if I was going to find my way out, and that terrified me because if that happened, I would have never gotten the chance to say goodbye to you."
"You listen to me, Michael Langdon, and you listen well," Mallory hisses, advancing towards him, her face now hunkering in front of his and her hand on the collar of his shirt, with Mallory standing on the tips of her toes just to maintain eye contact. "You'll never, ever get to say goodbye to me, you want to know why? Because you'll never have to, we promised one another, promised, that neither of us will leave the other. We're in this together, you and I, I and you, the order doesn't matter, but you can't do that to me again, okay? That's twice I've almost lost you, only this time I didn't know I almost lost you, because I wasn't- I wasn't there with you. Just think about this for me, what if the roles were swapped, what if it was me risking my life for Misty and Madison, what if you almost lost me? How you would feel if you lost me and didn't even know until it was too late? Until I was already long gone, soul perished, my soul, trapped?"
"I would undeniably, unquestionably, unmistakably lose my mind."
"So how do you think I feel? How do you think you've made me feel? How angry and upset do you think I could possibly be at this very moment?" Mallory whispers, biting her lip as she glances at his. "Answer me that, Michael Langdon."
"Mallory, I-"

Mallory loses patience, causing her lips to crash into his, the force of their kisses causing their eyes to close in response. Love and lust equally spark at her heels as she drags his face to her, kissing harder and with dominance, obviously taking the young man by surprise, no doubt, a welcomed surprise. Within seconds she loses control, her blood suddenly trades to gasoline, her body shifting to auto-pilot, pausing for only a short moment to catch her breath, only for her to drag Michael back to the kiss once she's caught her breath, to which he obliges willingly and passionately. His hands clasp on her face, his grip gentle and warm while Mallory is rough and course, but he loves it all the same because if it was only a matter of time before it came to this, before they lost control, before they trusted their feelings and did something about them. Grabbing onto his shirt, Mallory lifts it over his head only to push him onto the bed, slipping off the straps of her dress, revealing a black lacy bra and the beautiful, smooth skin that Michael had massaged the night before, the very thing Mallory asked more of, which he will happily oblige to. Slowly walking up to Michael, Mallory climbs on top of him and kisses him more, this time harder than before, causing Michael groan in pleasing discomfort, it's only when he begins kissing and biting at her neck, Mallory begins to moan and giggle in the same manner; the sounds coming from her satisfying Michael, and resulting in Mallory wanting more, much more. She finds herself from his lap and back to her feet, where she begins sliding the rest of her dress down her legs, leaving her in only her lingerie, the sight causing
Michael's mouth to water in glee, but for something else to snap in his head. That's when she begins slowly and seductively walking towards him.

"What, Mals!" Michael says, stopping her in her tracks, his eyes staring down at the ground in a form of defeat. Defeat? Now? "We shouldn't- we shouldn't go that far, not yet, not now."
"Oh, I- um, I'm sorry, I should- maybe I should, I don't know."
"Hey, look at me, Mals," Michael softly says as he stands up from the bed, the sight of her turning to face away from him almost causing his heart to shatter. Has he made a mistake? Has he ruined what they have by simply saying no? He slowly and softly places his hand on her arm, only for his lips to kiss her shoulder, the wonderful feeling finally causing Mallory to turn around and face him, a look of despair and anxiety in her beautiful eyes. "I love you, Mallory Catherine, I love you to the very core of my heart, the anxiety you give me, the love you give me, I never want to let go of that, and I think taking things slow is the most appropriate thing we could do right now. We're starting a new life, a new life together, you and I against the undivided world of magic and man, that's pretty crazy if you ask me, and if you ask me, some things are just worth waiting for, don't you think? Even if we only wait another month, another fortnight, another week, it'll all be worth it in the end."
"Michael Langdon, you are a man out of this world, you know that?" Mallory scoffs, her beautiful smile peeking back into view. "How did I get so lucky?"
"You tell me, you're the one who found me," Michael chuckles, his hands clasping onto her own as he kisses her once more, eyes closed, the moonlight shining behind them. This is truly how life should feel.
Chapter Notes

Hey guys! I'm sorry this took so long... I'm having some doubts about whether or not I should continue... if you guys would like me to continue on with this... just let me know. Anyway... I had some difficulty writing this one... first time doing some serious fluff... but here you go, guys! Tried my best! I love you all, thank you for being patient with me.

A few weeks have transpired since Misty and Madison's return to the Coven, and life couldn't have been any quieter for them, the Academy for the first time since Michael's enrollment has seemed to readjust itself to an ordinary, comfortable, content and productive school. After Misty's restoration, Cordelia and Misty discovered that her power has been greatly weakened, but after consistent monitoring, it was observed over the last couple of days that her power has begun to recover. In fact, a lot has happened between Cordelia and Misty, as only a couple of weeks following Misty's resurrection, the Supreme and the Nature Manipulator announced that they began a relationship; and the reaction of their fellow Witches was more than satisfactory, with most Witches supporting with cheers and those who remain simply saying "duh". Madison, although reluctant to and after a whole week of partying, drinking, striplings and drugs, returned to the Academy and agreed to Cordelia's terms of re-attendance. Since then, she is frequently seen with Zoe and Kyle, on speaking terms but their situation is suspected to be much more ardent than that. Madison is also seen conversing with many others, Mallory, Michael, Cordelia, Misty, other fellow Witches and surprisingly enough Queenie as well, assisting her into fitting into her past home once more. As for Michael and Mallory, since admitting their affections for one another, it's rare to find the young couple separated from one another, with Michael often asking Cordelia permission to take Mallory out for dinner, and often seizing that permission with glee. When they're in class together, they're a force to be reckoned with, but in the recent days, they've been seemingly competing against one another, pitting each other's practised techniques, spells and skills against the others, their competition really being Mallory's way of testing Michael's power, seeing what he's been picking up and how quickly he's adapting to the new knowledge. If Michael hasn't been adapting the majority of his new skills and techniques from Mallory, he's definitely been acquiring them from the dozens upon dozens of books he's been ploughing through, often surprising not just Mallory, but Cordelia too with his thirst for knowledge. Above all, Michael has been greatly improving both socially and spiritually, feeling himself fitting in more than ever and often finding himself spending time with people other with Mallory, regardless of their inseparability. He personally feels that nothing will shake the feeling that he's beginning to belong from the clutches of his mind, he's reinforced that feeling to the very point where it's as tough as concrete.

It's early in the morning and Michael is doing his morning workout alongside Kyle, both of the young men jogging in the city park, with Michael surprising himself with how easily he keeps up with Kyle, who is much, much stronger and fitter. Regardless of their difference in fitness, Michael is seeing his current circumstances as yet another challenge, a challenge he strives on beating passionately. Once Kyle realises Michael is keeping up with him, their jogging becomes full speed sprinting, the two young men shuttling passing early-morning joggers as they each move at high speed, with Kyle specifically moving at an unnatural speed, not only able to outrun Michael but any natural human being; in fact, due to Michael's demonic heritage, Michael may be the only competition Kyle has, well, at least human-related competition. After Kyle disappears from
sight without showing a single sign of fatigue, Michael begins to slow down before ultimately stopping in his tracks, breathing heavily as sits down on a park bench, surveying his surroundings, realising he and Kyle have run a lengthy distance of the city park. That sight and thought alone makes Michael scoff and laughs at himself, his blue eyes glistening in reflection to the sun.

"Couldn't keep up with me, huh? I swear you were keeping up with me but then I turned around and you were gone, so I retraced my steps and here you are, sitting on a park bench in stitches?" Kyle scoffs, stretching his crazily built brawn before cracking his neck and scratching at the scar on his eye, a sigh of relief leaving his lips. "Don't worry, I won't tell Mallory, I wouldn't want to embarrass you in front of your love."

"She'll understand that it's difficult to compete with someone with a range of superhuman abilities when you, you know, don't have a range of superhuman abilities," Michael replies, raising an eyebrow. "So, in much simpler words; fuck you, Kyle."

"Perks of horrifically dying by the hands of Madison Montgomery, I guess and hey, you're the one who wanted to workout with me, and when I agreed I didn't promise I was going to be easy on you, in fact, you should be proud that you kept up with me for as long as you did, kid. You're much faster than anyone I've ever met, and you're only young, so you're definitely future competition as you grow stronger and faster, more powerful with your magic too. How old are you again?"

"Funny thing about that, I turn eighteen today, well, at least I think I do," Michael comments, staring at the ground. "I'm not entirely sure to be very honest with you."

"You don't know when you're own birthday is?" Kyle questions, slowly sitting down beside Michael, placing a hand on his shoulder. "That's a little strange, dude. What type of household did you live in?"

"A complicated one, my grandmother she- never really spoke about my birthday, nor my parents, she never told me the day or month, but only the year, so I know I'm seventeen years old. To be honest with you, I don't think she could have been fucked to remember because my birthday was celebrated on different dates, never the same, so it was difficult to figure out when my real birthday is," Michael explains before letting out a deep sigh, his ocean eyes still staring at the ground as he thinks. "To this day I still don't know, so why don't I just make it today, you know? Why not officially make this day the day of my birth? For the first time in my life, I feel like I have a reason to celebrate it, for the first time since I can remember I feel like I have a family to celebrate with, as well as the love of my life. So, today's the day, I’ve decided; my own gift to myself because if I was going to choose any day, it would be this one."

"Well, my little brother, happy birthday," Kyle chuckles, giving Michael an unexpected and lasting hug. That's when Kyle pulls away from the hug. "Wait!, Wait, wait, wait a fucking second! Does she know it's your birthday today?"

"Mallory? No, I was going to tell her in class this morning," Michael says, raising his eyebrow once more. "Um, why do you ask?"

"Because if you weren't going to tell her, I was going to, you know, just to make sure you get a present and such," Kyle winks as he stands up from the seat. "So, are we going to race again? If you win, I'll buy you some Belgian waffles and maybe even a milkshake, but you have to win, otherwise, you have to buy me a breakfast roll and a thick shake."

"Alright, you've found yourself a settlement, brother," Michael agrees, however, she doesn't move from his seat. "But you can have a head-start, don't worry I'll catch up with you, just need a moment to stretch my legs. Wait, where are we racing to?"

"To the food stand half a mile from here, but hold the phone, kid, you are going to give me a head-start? C'mon, dude, be serious with me for a moment."

"Oh trust me, Kyle, you just bet me breakfast, I'm as serious as humanly possible," Michael chuckles, forcing a yawn from his mouth. "Go on, start running, I swear on my love for Mallory I will beat you in this race, claiming those waffles and that milkshake for myself while you have to go hungry."
"Oh fuck, I'll be telling her you said that getting your ass whooped in a race against me," Kyle teases, a provoking smile streaking on his lips. "You sure you don't want to swap positions? I have no problem giving you the head-start."

"Oh, shut the fuck up and start running! Go on! Matrons first!" Michael growls, watching as Kyle begins running at full speed, cheekily flipping the bird before doing so, leaving Michael with a wicked smirk on his face as he grabs his knuckles. "Alright, Kyle, time to find out how it feels to lose."

Kyle once again charges through the park this time at a much higher velocity, surpassing everyone he comes across as he moves almost like a blur. Due to his extreme velocity, it takes him a mere forty seconds to reach the food stand, his feet scraping the ground as he stops in his tracks, chuckling to himself until-

"Thank you, thank you very much, oh right payment, my associate here will do the honours! Kyle!" Michael shouts out to Kyle, holding a bowl of waffles and vanilla ice cream in one hand and a milkshake in the other. "Looks like you have a breakfast to pay for!"

"Impertinent little fucker," Kyle chuckles, shaking his head at the smug smirk on his face. "I should have set up some rules considering magic, but of course because I didn't, he outsmarted me. For fuck sake, he's certainly learning, isn't he?"

Following their return to the Academy, Michael had a long-drawn steaming, scalding shower, afterwards finding himself in the kitchen with Kyle, each of the young men quietly making Mallory and Zoe breakfast and coffee before disappearing to their rooms once more. Before he could find his way back to his and Mallory's room, however, a limousine had arrived at the Academy, where a newly enrolled young Witch by the name of Coco St. Pierre Vanderbilt entered the gates with her parents and little brother. The young Witch is short with blonde hair and beautiful hazel eyes, she was dressed elegantly to the point where it's almost uncomfortable but at least she was dressed in black. Kyle, actually feeling fatigued from his the race he won, as well as the one he lost, perilously wanted to find his way back to Zoe and their bed, so Michael volunteered to show the young Witch around until Cordelia and Misty took over, finally allowing him to retreat back to the warmth of his bed, and the warmth of his love. After waking Mallory up with a kiss, or two, they both spent the remains of their time before class cuddling up to one another and simply staring into the other's eyes. The young couple finding themselves so lost, in fact, they were almost late for their first class, that perception understandably getting some looks, especially from Madison, who can't help herself but gaily smirking at them; they're just lucky that Zoe and Queenie are their teachers, because if their teacher was Cordelia, they would be in way more trouble. Now, convening in their first class together, Michael mind is focussed elsewhere, peculiarly since he just proved to Kyle this morning that he's been practising Transmutation, alternately, his mind is perilously wondering how he's going to tell Mallory that it's his birthday today without interrupting the class or worse, over-exciting her.

"Transmutation isn't an intricate spell, but it does take some pressing concentration, okay? Think of it as looking for an on-off switch in the dark, you will find the switch eventually and once you do, you'll never have to find it again, it'll become second nature, but allow me to show you a demonstration of this ability," Zoe says, suddenly appearing on the other side of the room. "As you see, the moment you get the grasp of this prescription of the Seven Wonders, it'll become an effortless spell. However, I must advise that not everybody acquires this ability let alone masters it, it is quite natural for abilities not to be picked up, as only Supreme Witches have control of all Seven Wonders abilities. I myself are an example of that rule as I have control of all but one of the Seven Wonders abilities, that being Pyrokinesis. So before I potentially sense some of you wonderful students becoming disappointed in yourselves because of something so natural, know that you're not alone, that all of us go through this, with only a single exception. Alright, I must ask because all of you are looking terrified at my display, has anyone been practising this spell or at the very least read about it? And no, that doesn't mean you, Miss Montgomery, I already know you're more than
"capable of completing this task."
"Oh yes, I quite remember myself, you and Queenie playing Transmutation Tag," Madison says, reminiscing the moment she was struggling with Zoe, Misty and Queenie for the mantle of Supreme, how ambitious she was, too ambitious she admits but only in her thoughts. She cherishes the fun they'd snuck in between their struggle, but also the horrific incident that followed it, that part she retains all too well, a horrific incident she was too egotistical to help with; she could have brought Zoe back to life, but of course, it wasn't in her interests so she cast the choice aside, a decision that not only cost her her own life but it's haunted her ever since. As much as it was irritable, Madison is glad that Cordelia forced Kyle and Zoe to address their differences, because ever since then, things couldn't be any better between them. Water under the bridge.

"I would also like to welcome our newest student of Miss Robichaux's, Coco St. Pierre Vanderbilt, a young Witch I sense has massive potential," Zoe greets, followed by loud welcome applause by everyone in the class. Mallory almost sheds a tear seeing her best friend after so long, after everything that happened but holds herself back from doing it. She's patiently waited weeks for Coco to arrive at the Academy, her true home, and finally, the waiting has paid off, and this time, not only will Mallory have Coco, her best friend and her sister by her side, but she'll have Michael too. Two of the people she loves the most in this world at the Academy at the same time? What else could she ask for?

"What about anyone else? Come on, guys don't be shy if you have something to share, no matter what it is, now is one of the many times you'll be able to. Anybody? What about you Mallory? Do you have anyone other wonderful achievements to share?" Zoe asks, that beautiful smile of hers still printed on her lips.

"I think I need to do a little more research before I attempt a feat such as Transmutation," Mallory smiles, subtly side-glaring the absent-minded Michael, worried that he's going to get caught in his state of distraction. "I'm sure somebody else has something though, right? Even if it's not Transmutation related?"

"That's right! I don't know if I was clear enough about that but yes, anything at all! Not just relative to our lesson, whatever you've learnt please share!"

"I've been practising my techniques in Pyrokinesis," one of the Witches finally speaks out, clicking her finger and causing small flames, the size of candlelight, to light up her thumbs, only to slowly extinguish. "It's a start."

"Excellent display, Esmerelda!" Zoe says, clapping her hands delightedly. "Is there anyone else? What about you, Mr Langdon?" That's when Zoe notices Michael's mind is elsewhere, his eyes staring off into nothingness, seemingly bothered by whatever he's thinking about. "Um, Mr Langdon?"

"Sorry, sorry, yes, Miss Spencer? What was the question again?" Michael says, embarrassment and bewilderment in his tone. "I'm sorry, I'm just-"

"Preoccupied with something, Mr Langdon?" Madison jumps in, grinning and scoffing at the young man. "Something on your mind?"

"Something, yes."

"In case you haven't been paying attention at all this class, we were talking about one of the feats of the Seven Wonders, Transmutation ring any bells, Mr Langdon?" Zoe asks, crossing her arms as she raises an eyebrow, almost like the way Mallory does when she's pestered at him. Almost. "Well?"

"Actually it does ring a few bells, I'm pretty sure that feat was mentioned in one of those books on the bookshelf."

"Which book?" Zoe asks, staring at the spines of the many books of the enormous bookshelf before picking one of them at random, hoping that is the book Michael is talking about. "Is this the book you're speaking of?"

"No no no no, not that one, it's the one to- just a moment," Michael snickers, suddenly appearing beside Zoe and in front of the bookshelf, reaching and grabbing onto a much thicker and larger book.
"I'm quite sure it was this one, I'm not sure I've been reading a lot recently."

"How did you do that?" Zoe asks, bewildered at the display likewise to the rest of the class, including Mallory. "Kyle wasn't joking when he said you're a fast learner."

"I thought he would have given that little trick away?" Michael suggests.

"No, he just told me to keep a close eye on you, that you continue to be full of surprises," Zoe whispers as she shrugs her shoulders. "But he did tell me one thing, but I don't know if you're keeping today a secret or not?"

"I'm not, I was going to announce it but I didn't want to intrude and interrupt the class," he whispers back.

"Don't be silly, that wouldn't interrupt the class, not at all, the only question is, do you want to announce it or would you rather I do it?"

Michael says nothing, instead, clearing his voice and turning to face his fellow Witches, smiling as his eyes reach Mallory. "Okay, you guys, I don't want to interrupt the class for too long so I'll make this as quick as possible. So, um, today is my eighteenth birthday and normally I keep that knowledge to myself, but this time I really feel like I have a reason to celebrate because of all of you here with me today, the family I've never had. I really want to thank all of you for treating me as your equal, for giving me the opportunity of a lifetime and for making me feel more at home than I ever have in the entirety of my life. Today I share my birthday with all of you, my true family, and I cannot wait to spend my next birthday with you all once again. Thank you for your time."

"Everyone give Michael a round of applause!" Zoe calls out, prompting the entire classroom, including a beaming Mallory and Zoe herself, to applaud him. As much as Michael wants to hide it, the feeling brought upon by the applause is pleasantly overwhelming, causing him to smirk uncontrollably. He's never endured such joy in his life, so much, in fact, he's certain that today couldn't get any better, but that's when Mallory mouths those words to him, those three wonderful words. Now he is certain that today couldn't get any better.

"Happy Birthday dear Michael, Happy Birthday to you!"

The strange, unheard melody and the efficacious voices behind it, the sensation sends shivers down Michael's spine, truly unlike anything he's ever heard before. Before Cordelia began singing his birthday song, Madison told him that the unfamiliar song is considered to be a birthday tradition, she was rather brash about it but Michael could feel she didn't mean to be, Misty, on the other hand, was much, much more gentle when confirming that statement. She described her own birthday traditions in the Pentecostal community she grew up in, and her description sounded beautiful, even if she added those are or were considered ominous in comparison. Now, as everyone sings around him, the smile glued onto his face refuses to leave, and that fact alone reveals the exhilarating feeling of joy he currently feels.

"HIP HIP!" Kyle cheers.

"HOORAY!" The Witches cheer with joviality.

"HIP HIP!" Zoe cheers.

"HOORAY!"

"HIP HIP!" Cordelia cheers once last time.

"HOORAY!"

After cutting his birthday cake, Michael is surprised when Madison and Misty suddenly kiss each of his cheeks, a sort of extra thank you for saving their lives, but regardless of reason, he wasn't prepared, and the precipitousness causes his cheek to light up with fury. Knowing that his cheeks are lighting up, he decides to begin speaking his own thank you. "Thank you so much, guys! You really didn't have to do this, but I'm exhilarated you did! It means the absolute world to me! This whole day has been unbelievable, I really love every single one of you!"

"You're very welcome, kiddo!" Queenie calls out.

"We love you too!" Zoe adds, followed by the cheers of the Witches. "We love you so, so much,
"You're a part of the family, Michael, if we'd do this for anyone else in the academy, of course, we'd do this for you! Happy Birthday, Michael!" Cordelia smiles, giving him a great big hug before pulling away. "Where's Mallory? I thought she'd be right next to you when we sang you Happy Birthday?"

"I know, she disappeared a few minutes before I cut the cake, she hasn't come back since," Michael groans, his smile disappearing in his drowning concern. That's when he looks at Coco, knowing that she and Mallory have kicked off quite well, perhaps she knows where she might be. "Hey, Coco, have you seen Mals? I haven't seen her for some time."

"Oh, she mentioned she needed to go to the room for something, I can text her if you want?" Coco offers, looking more than happy to text Mallory, or even check up on her.

"Thank you for telling me, Coco but I'm going to up there to check up if she's alright, I appreciate your offer though!" Michael smiles, looking back at his Supreme as his concerned look begins creeping back onto his face. "Do you mind if I go check up on her? Cut the cake and give everyone a piece, I don't know how long I'll be, it depends on if she's okay or not."

"Yes, of course, take as much time as you need," Cordelia says, placing her hands on his shoulders and smiling. "God, you've been here in so little time and yet, you've grown up so much in that time. We love you so much, Michael, you, alongside the girls, are truly one of the greatest gifts I, as a Supreme, have ever been given. Sorry, I got a little sidetracked, go on and find Mallory, she's probably waiting for you, go before Kyle realises you're leaving."

The moment Cordelia looks away, Michael wastes no time finding his way to his and Mallory's room, Transmutating in front of the door of their room before swiftly finding himself inside, the silence sending his anxiety through the roof.

"Mals? Are you in here? I'm sorry, I didn't realise you were gone so long, I feel like a bad partner."
"Yes, I'm in the bathroom and you're not a bad partner, never say that ever again!" Mallory replies, her voice somehow sounding soft and brash simultaneously as she calls out from behind their bathroom door. "I'm sorry I disappeared before you cut the cake, I heard everyone singing and cheering from up here, pretty crazy, right?"

"Yeah, no kidding, it's the first birthday I've ever really celebrated, and damn it's made quite the response."
"A good impression I hope?"
"Of course, my flame, this whole day has really been something else, from the early morning workout to my time with you, both inside and outside of our classes together, to tonight's celebrations, I'm really not sure if how much better this night can get."
"I'm just going to go out and say two things; one, I'm really starting to graciously adapt to you calling me that, "my flame" every time you say it my heart, ironically, melts, and two, you seem certain that tonight couldn't get any better. Is there really nothing at all that could make tonight even the slightest, if not significantly, greater than it already is?"
"I'm not sure where you're getting at, Mals?" Michael asks, staring at the bathroom door. "Are you okay, baby? May I come in?"

"NO! I mean, please don't come in, Michael, but I won't be long though, I promise," Mallory says, her sweet soft voice somehow managing to become softer and sweeter with her next words. "Oh, I should have mentioned it before your party, your present is sitting on our bed."
"Really? You didn't have to get me anything, Mals," Michael sighs with a smile as he turns and walks towards the bed. As he reaches the bed, however, there's no present in sight; not on the bed, not on or inside the bedside drawers, absolutely nowhere in sight. "Mals? Are you sure it's on the bed? I can't seem to find it." That's when Michael hears the bathroom door open.

"I couldn't find it!"
"No, are you sure you didn't put it anywhere," Michael begins to speak before turning around and facing Mallory, his voice cracking and eyes widening by the sight he's witnessing. "Else."
Mallory leans against the threshold of their bathroom in all lingerie, her lacy, almost see-through bra and knickers a dark shade of red while her stockings are pitch black. The spectacle nearly forces Michael's jaw to the floor and his mouth to water uncontrollably, ceasing him of all speech, the view alone makes Mallory giggle, her own cheeks glowing bright red as she bites her lip and begins to tip-toe towards Michael. "I had the option of getting red stockings too, but I thought of the other option and got black stockings, had to stay with some Witch tradition, right?"

"So, you're wearing my birthday present, huh?" Michael chuckles, biting his lip as he glares at hers. "Tell me, do you like your present?" Mallory asks, her hands slowly curved up his chest and onto his jawline. "There's plenty more of your present yet to come."

"I. Love. My. Present. As for the "more"," Michael pauses before glancing at the door, his eyes alone causing the door to lock tightly. "There we are, now we won't be interrupted, so I can express to you how much I love my present."

"Well, we should get right to doing that, shouldn't we?" Mallory says, gasping as his hands grasp onto her rear, squeezing tightly as their eyes close. "Oh, Michael."

With no warning required a warning, their mouths collide, lips and tongues fighting for dominance, so much so they have to pull back to breathe, their panting heavy as they each stare with a concoction of emotion and lust. Kissing him again, Mallory begins unbuttoning Michael's shirt, finding herself impatient and tearing the shirt open, revealing Michael's now prominent muscles, it appears his workouts have been doing him a service, for both of them. Michael unbuckles his belt and tosses it onto the ground, lips never parting away from her lips, frantic for her taste, for her passion, for her touch. Using a tiny Telekinetic push, Michael falls onto the bed, chuckling at the strange sensation her Telekinetic touch leaves as she stands in place, licking her lips as her hands move behind her back.

"Don't just stare at me," Mallory hisses playfully, unstrapping her bra and revealing her natural, luscious breasts before dropping the bra to the floor, watching as Michael's precious little eyes light up wide. "Take off your pants."

"Right, right," Michael says, exhaling loudly as he rushes to take his pants off. "Sorry, I-"

"Michael, look at me," Mallory says as she grasps onto his chin as she climbs on top of him, ocean and earthy eyes lightly opposing. "It's okay to be nervous, you're not the only one who's nervous, you have no idea how nervous I am, I just have a great poker face. Also, if this helps at all, this isn't only your first time-"

"It's yours too?"

"I- I didn't want to just give up the moment to some random encounter, you know? So I've been waiting for the right person at the right time, and my love, you are the only person for me, for this moment, and right now feels right, it doesn't feel rushed, doesn't feel like we've waited too long either. Whatever we do next, my love, we do it together, it's us against the world, remember?"

"I remember," Michael smiles, watching as Mallory grips onto his pants, slowly removing them entirely, leaving him in only his boxers. "I'm ready."

"So am I," Mallory matches as she steps back, removing her panties before finding a comfortable place on their bed, laying on her back and nervously spreading her legs.

After removing his boxers Michael slips on safety and climbs on top of her, feeling the heat of her core long before he begins to rub the head of his shaft onto her clit, the sensation causing her to grip onto his arms, her nails digging into his skin, ultimately causing him to wince in pain and pleasure. The pain causes him to tease her even more, rubbing against her clit firmer, deeper and with far more stimulation; the more stimulation he presents, the deeper her nails dig into his skin, and God he loves it. Michael leans down, kissing and biting at her neck before moving down to nibble at her collarbone, then her shoulder and finally at her breasts. He kisses and suckles at one of her nipples before softly biting down, holding it in place from the grasp of his teeth. That's when Mallory startlingly, and unusually, grips onto his neck, forces him to let go of her nipple before she pushes him upwards, allowing her to bite hard against his neck.
"Fuck, if that's how you want to play," Michael groans, teeth clenching as he winces fiercely. "It's becoming more and more difficult to tease you, my flame."
"Then stop teasing me, baby," Mallory moans, eyes fluttering in pleasure, only to then open wide as Michael slowly and firmly pushes himself inside of her walls, his sheer size almost filling her completely. The pleasure and excitement brought through the sensation cause Mallory to gasp and moan loudly, and as Michael begins to thrust in and out of her, her moaning is only amplified while his begin to arise. "Oh my god!"
"Are you- are you okay?!"
"Oh God yes! Please don't stop!" Mallory begs, causing Michael to increase his momentum, thrusting faster and heavier. Their lips crash once more, silencing each other's moans and wails of pleasure while Michael continues his drive inside of her, now her nails are causing him to bleed, but he doesn't mind not at all. "Oh my god! I'm sorry I just have to do this!"
Mallory wraps her legs tightly around Michael before flipping him on his back, leaving her on top of him where she begins to straddle him roughly, holding her long hair behind her head with one hand and leaning on his chest with the other. Michael holds onto her hips before embracing and tightly squeezing her rear, pushing her harder and harder onto his cock, the warmth of her sweet walls sending his entire body into a pure mode of ecstasy. That's when his hands move to her hips, pinching her playfully before moving onto her breasts, coarsely squeezing at them, her eyes closing in reaction to the feeling. As more time goes by, her straddling becomes swifter and more laborious, her breathing noticeably becoming heavier, more unstable, matching Michael effectively.
"I'm so close, baby, I'm so fucking close!"
"Fuck, Mallory, fuck!" Michael grunts, impelling his cock at high pace inside of her, causing the young couple to climax together, with Mallory pressing her hands against Michael's muscular chest while he grips viciously onto her hips, each of their bodies shuttering with pleasure. However, the candles in their room at set alight as their climatic shift unknowingly creating a Clairvoyant bond between them, momentarily connecting their emotions, their souls, worst and most dangerous of all, their memories. Within moments, each of their minds is flooded with the memories of the other, but due to the abrupt kinship, Mallory is helpless to stop it. In any other circumstance, the spiritual bond would be the greatest feeling they could experience, two people in love literally connecting to the core of their souls, but in this situation, it is very, very dangerous.

"We can't have you here Mallory, not anymore, go to New Orleans, where you belong."
"My name is Mallory, I have nowhere to go."
"She's a new student, and she's already proving her status as an extraordinary Witch, so pure and powerful."
"He's the next Supreme, there's no denying that now."
"How did you do that?!!"
"He's not the next Supreme, I think Mallory is."
"I don't want to rise if that means Cordelia has to fall."
"He's killing them! We have to do something!"
"We can't do anything for the girls, if he kills you then he will win."
"You must travel in a time where he's vulnerable and stop all of this before it ever begins, that is your first duty as next Supreme. You're not powerful enough yet, but you will be in time. I will wipe your memories and personalities until the time is right, and when the time is right, we will find you ourselves."

"I can see into the dark places that people desperately try to keep hidden."
"I don't have any dark places."
"Really?"
"I don't know who I am... Let me go!"
"What are you afraid of, Mallory?"
"I said LET ME GO!"
"How can any of you defeat me, when I've already won?"
"How did you think this would end? Prophecy is inevitable, I was always going to win, Miss Supreme."
"Who are you?"
"I don’t know, who are you?!"
"My name... is Michael Langdon."
The Water To His Hellfire

Mallory's eyes peek open, slowing down in reaction of the stunning blue moonlight that seeks through hers and Michael's bedroom window, the very thing that awoke her. She groans as she turns to face Michael, craving his touch, his smell, and especially his taste, she always did but now it's all been amplified the moment they shared their first time together. Assuming after turning around she would see his angelic face, play with this soft as silk locks of blonde hair, but for once, Michael is nowhere to be seen, replaced by an empty spot on the bed, the very sight causes her to stiffen up.

Where could Michael be at this time of night? Her mind settles with the verdict that he has simply gone to the bathroom, but she also can't help but find herself in this sinking feeling in her stomach; something is going on.

"Michael?" Mallory whispers, switching on their lamp, revealing Michael, who sits on a chair in front of the bed, asleep with a book in his hands, the sight causing her to almost jump out of her skin. "Jesus Christ, what the fuck is he doing in the dark?" Mallory leans forward, her eyes converging on the spine of the book, finding the immediately concerning title; An Understanding of the Merging of Memories. "Fuck, no, no, no, wait, he could just be studying, right? Nothing to worry about at all, right? If our memories did in fact, merge, I would have noticed, right?" She sighs deeply, her light brown eyes staring at the love of her life, barely able to fight the urge to cry, seeing how innocent and exhausted he appears as if he's been studying since the moment she fell asleep, searching for answers he's too afraid to ask for. The thought causes her heart to sink to her stomach, if she has, in fact, been compromised, then Michael is hurting inside, not sure what to do about it and most probably waiting for her to spill the truth, to cease keeping such secrets from the man she claims to love. It doesn't take a Supreme Witch to know that conflict is approaching, that she needs to tell the truth as promptly as possible, or else the dispute will become much more pressing if that's even physically possible.

Placing the hand on the book, she slowly takes it from his grasp, staring at the cover before placing it onto his bedside table. Her hands begin to tremble at the thought of a confrontation, especially at this time of the morning, a confrontation will cause the house to thrill no doubt. Since arriving here, Michael has only shown agitation once and that was during their evaluation, as Kyle called it, the agitation caused a can of diet coke to reshape into a clean flat surface of aluminium, but since then his capabilities have tripled in power, in potency some could say, and primarily to dangerous levels. What Michael could do if he lost control of his powers could very well be catastrophic for the Academy, and that is a risk Mallory cannot take. Sighing deeply, she turns to face Michael, placing her hand on his arm before she begins to softly sway him.

"Michael? Wake up, baby."
"Mals? Are we- are we late for class?" Michael groans, rubbing his eyes at the giggled reaction of Mallory. "It seems- a little dark?"
"That's because it's three in the morning, my flame, don't you think you'd sleep soundly in our bed?"
Mallory says as she holds out her hand, inviting Michael to their bed in hope that he'll accept that invitation. That's when he slowly finds himself from the chair, slowly and somewhat hesitantly taking her hand and following her to their bed. Mallory lays down first, leaving plenty of room for Michael to lay down beside her, which he lovingly accepts, choosing as the role as the little spoon this time, it seems he did listen to her when she admitted she loves being the big spoon from time to time, the fact alone makes Mallory's heart melt.
"I'm sorry, I- I couldn't sleep, there's just a lot on my mind right now, had to focus on something else."
"Do you want to talk about it? You know you can always talk to me," Mallory states, knowing very well she's treading on thin, thin, thin ice.
"Right now?" Michael chuckles, sighing as he holds her hand close to his chest, revealing that his
heart is pounding without having to use any words. "Right now I just want to get some sleep, but we will talk about later today, probably during lunch or something, I promise. It's- it really is something we need to talk about if you wouldn't mind."
"Of course, Michael, of course," Mallory agrees, kissing his shoulder. "I love you."
"And I love you, my flame," Michael says without hesitation, kissing her hand with tender and affectionate. "You're right, laying in this bed, with you, is far more comfortable than that terrible chair. Thank you for waking me."
"Thank you for laying with me."

The silence, the soft sound of their peaceful breathing, ends abruptly when Michael decides to speak once more, his tone much soberer.
"Hey, Mals?"
"Yes, Michael?"
"I love you."
"I know, you've already told me that, my flame."
"I know, I know, I just need you to know, I'm so deeply in love with you, I'm not sure if anyone else in this world has been as in love with anyone as I am with you. The truth is, no matter what I say or what I do, not that I would do anything to hurt you, that's not who I am, my love for you will never end. I would kill for you, I would kill for everyone at Miss Robichaux's, what scares me is I feel like I'm gonna' have to one of these days, I hope my superstitions are wrong."
"You're not going to kill anyone for me, Michael, as long as I'm with you and you're with me, we'll always be safe. I pity anyone that tries to hurt you, myself or anyone we love because we'd have something to say about that, wouldn't we?"
"We most definitely would, Mals, we most definitely would," Michael chuckles, cuddling closer to her, feeling her hot breath against his ear, the sentiment causes his spine to tingle in pleasure.
"Goodnight, my flame, see you soon."
"You most certainly will, my love. Goodnight."

Its moments like this Mallory feels the most loved, but she doesn't have to feel into his emotions to know that he's hiding something, or at least trying to, that it's eating him up from the inside; that that promise he made, the promise that they're going to talk about what's on his mind, is certainly going to be kept. And that terrifies Mallory.

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Mallory and Michael's morning was quiet and hastened, too quiet and far, far too hastened, it seemed as if the world wanted to take the time they'd usually spend with one another before class away; leaving them dazed, bewildered and clumsily stumbling to class. Their morning was novel, even during breakfast, a conversation between them was rare, and even when a conversation did transpire between them, it was short and to the point, that reality and the reality that the majority of her fellow Witches, particularly Zoe, Cordelia and Madison, have discerned their taciturnity, makes her heart pound against her ribs. The last thing she wants is for those around her to ask questions regarding their relationship, let alone their relationship tension, it will no doubt make the silence worse and much more grievous to endure. It took every iota of her will to hinder her from breaking down into tears, proving to her that Michael's silence has been beyond difficult to swallow, it has and continues to cause her to choke up every time she wishes to speak to him, ultimately confiding to a state of solidarity, so she had to escape such a feeling before it swallowed her whole. For the remainder of her time before the beginning of their class on Pyrokinesis, she was kept company by Coco, Queenie, Zoe and Madison, Kyle had done his best to keep Michael company, but Michael didn't seem to want any, leaving Kyle no choice but to leave him alone. Cordelia, alongside Misty, has kept a close eye on Michael, updating Mallory via text messages, which is really the only thing she can do, besides deeply worry about him and continue to update Mallory.

Now in their first class for the day, things are unbearably tense between them, fuelling their fiery frustrations, both figuratively and quite literally. Considering they're in a class regarding Pyrokinesis,
the second most dangerous class in the Academy, things couldn't be any more at stake; from Mallory's experience, Pyrokinesis is manipulated by the fire of one's emotions and soul, if imbalanced, the result can be adverse, unfavourable and deadly. Michael has remained silent ever more, remaining in his patient, serene demeanour, sitting in the front row while Mallory sat at the back row, watching him he's a threat, barely able to pay attention to the class, something of which Queenie notices but ultimately decides to let go.

"I cannot express any more how dangerous this prescription of the Seven Wonders truly is, it requires balance, focus and emotion, all combined into a single authority. Once you manage to ascertain such authority, it will become second nature, just like anything else in this world," Queenie describes, holding her hand out, watching as it is slowly but surely engulfed in a bright orange flame. The heat is unlike anything Michael has ever experienced, the last demonstration was Zoe, whose fire was mild and of blood red colouration, while Queenie's flame caused everyone, including Michael's skin to seep with sweat, everyone except Queenie that is. The flame is under Queenie's flawless influence, and as she tilts her head, the beautiful orange blaze turns back to cold, hard human flesh, cooling the room to a much more comfortable temperature. "Everyone's influence with Pyrokinesis is different; manipulating different levels of heat, colourations and even forms of the flames. Pyrokinesis is your first step to a much broader spectrum of abilities that not everyone gets to experience, but fear not, every achievement you apprehend should be grasped close to all of your hearts. Magic is far from easy, yet you are all doing so well through every lesson, significant and modest, at this point, it is difficult to say who'll be our future Supreme. Now, who wishes to make an attempt at Pyrokinesis, now don't be shy, any of you, it's more than okay to be shy, but at the same time, making an attempt isn't going to kill any of you. How about you, Miss Misty Day? Miss Cordelia recently informed me that you've been practising, so shall we go through this together like old times?"

"Miss Queenie, I believe that sounds like a wonderful idea," Misty smiles as she rises out of her seat, looking strong, fierce and beautiful, showing some serious progress. Since her revival by Michael's marvellous power, Misty has shown some earnest improvement, although her abilities are still limited in comparison to her former glory, she's finding herself healthier and more powerful every single day. With the helping hands of her friends, her family, her paramour and some serious exercises after hours, she's once again finding herself as a force to be reckoned with. It's time to show her fellow Witches how hard she's been training for this moment. She steps beside Queenie, leaving a comfortable and safe space between the two Witches, just as she and Cordelia had practised.

Misty's breathing relaxes significantly as her body softens and her eyes flutter closed. She slowly holds her hands out, an aura of serenity surrounds her, causing the room to feel calm, confident and tame, even Michael and Mallory allow themselves to feel more at ease as they watch her, tranced by her performance. The palm of her hands ignites with a beautiful green-tinged flame before it begins to slowly spread over the rest of her hand like a flame to a trail of oil. The flames Misty is manipulating is lukewarm, a comfortable level of heat and resembles the form of a small plant. The flames engulf her fingers before fading away back to her beautiful pale skin, once her eyes reopen, she's welcomed back by a round of applause, her fellow Witches cheering her name and even some of them, including Mallory, Madison and Coco, rising out of their seat. The uncontrollable smile on Misty's face could make the hearts of the hardest individual's melt and really says it all; she's so proud of herself and thankful for everyone's patience, their advice and their tutoring, as it's unmistakenly paid off in the end, so much so, a single tear rolls down her cheek.

"Well done Miss Misty Day!" Queenie applauds, giving her friend a lengthy hug before watching as she finds herself back to her seat, the smile still glued to her face. "That was an excellent first performance! Now for an excellent second performance! Does anybody else wish to make an attempt on this prescription? Anybody? Miss Margery?"

"No, ma'am."

"How about you Miss Madison?"

"I'm pretty sure we both know that I'm more than capable of performing this spell, Queenie- I mean,
Miss Queenie," Madison snickers as she crosses her arms and shakes her head, denying her chance to be in the spotlight, the thing she's seemed to have wanted since returning to the land of the living. "Miss Isabella?" Queenie asks.

"I'm not quite confident with Pyrokinesis, Miss Queenie, but perhaps next time."

"Okay, how about you Mr Langdon? Would you feel comfortable making an attempt at Pyrokinesis? Or are you already confident in performing this prescription?"

"Miss Queenie, I'm not entirely sure making an attempt is such a good idea, I haven't even come close to thinking about this spell, let alone practising," Michael sighs after his brief explanation, staring at his hands. "You mentioned it requires balance, focus and emotion, I'm lacking focus and balance at this very moment-" he pauses, grinding his teeth together as he makes his final decision. "I guess it's worth a try though, right? Always worth a try."

Michael, without warning, slowly finds himself out of his seat and tucks his chair in, his face uncomfortably refraining all emotion, retreating to a peculiarly calm deportment. He then wanders to where Misty was standing and holds his own hands out, trying his absolute hardest to directing on those three things; Balance, Focus and Emotion, however, he's having quite the trouble directing himself and his mind in that general direction. Unable to direct himself on those three things as a whole, he digs himself deeper into the graves of those categories, gathering the deepest darkest aversions of his own mind, the horrific everything he'd seen when his memory merged with Mallory, as well as the unfathomed levels of rage, impediment and sorrow brought upon by her lack of honesty with him. His heart races, his teeth clench and his eyes harden as his hands begin to shake with a blue blaze, similar to the colouration of Michael's own ocean eyes, swiftly erupting from his hands, startling a few of his fellow Witches. The blaze is bright, lighting up the whole room and appears almost blinding to the human eye, the heat is so overwhelming all Witches at the front row quickly find themselves at the back of the room and the form of the blaze almost resembles the form of a snake, perched in the palm of his hand and staring into Michael's own entranced eyes. Mallory stares at Michael with anxiety, her heart clashes against her ribs as her breathing becomes unstable, the sensation almost winds her, but she needs to stay calm, otherwise, she'll find herself having an anxiety attack.

"I have never seen a blue fire before," one of her fellow Witches whispers. "It's beautiful."

"It's terrifying," Coco whispers back, grabbing onto Mallory's hand as the blue blaze becomes brighter. "I don't like this, something isn't right with him."

"I know, I don't like it either," Mallory breathes, tightening her grip on Coco's hand. "If he doesn't stop soon, I'll have to do something."

"No shit, you two, something is most definitely isn't right with him, so I must ask you, Mallory, are you guys fighting or something? Something is going on between you and everybody has noticed since breakfast, so I guess I have to be the one to take it on the chin and ask the question everyone has been wanting to ask."

"Yes, we're fighting, okay?! Is that what everyone wants to know?! Now everyone knows, so I hope satisfaction has been reached, now, may we please change the fucking topic?" Mallory suggests, almost as if she's warning Madison not to even tiptoe back towards that topic, or else.

"Allow me to change the subject for you, Mals because you have me curious; what can you do?" Coco asks, staring around the room for anything. "We need to have some sort of fire-safe, quite literally, Mal."

"I'll think of something," Mallory says, staring at the sprinklers on the ceiling of the classroom. "I'll think of something."

"And I will do my best to help," Madison adds, getting a dip of cooperation from Coco.

Without warning, the blaze that's engulfed Michael's hands strikes onto his arms like a viper, slithering up his forearm as it burns away the sleeves of his flannel shirt, the ashes dropping to the floor and the smoke rising upwards to the ceiling, teasing the sprinklers. Michael's eyes close in
reaction to his comfortability as the flames creep further and further up his arms, scorching off more of his shirt and causing a mass of smoke to set the sprinklers off, causing the water to shoot into the room. Fellow Witches flee from the room in a panic, the heat forces Queenie further and further away from Michael, making her unable to help Michael stop his so-called 'attempt' at the spell. The scariest part of current events, even with the sprinkler's going off, the manipulated fire doesn't die, doesn't fade, doesn't even blink in reaction to it's opposite, it continues to burn like it's being supplied with gas. Mallory, Coco, Queenie and Misty, as well as a few fellow Witches, are left standing in the room, unsure as to how they're going to help Michael, who remains paralysed in his own power, his forearms now completely engulfed in the blaze, and the blaze shows no sign of stopping.

"What the fuck do we do?!!" Queenie yells, staring at Michael with panicked eyes. "And what the fuck is happening to him?!!"

"Nothing good, we need to stop this and save him from whatever is going on with him!" Misty yells back. "But how can we possibly do that?!! Not even the water is affecting the fire."

"Maybe we should look at what we can do to save him rather than how we do what we can do if that makes any God damned sense?! Within moments Michael will be engulfed in fire and what burns then?! Miss Robichaux's?! New Orleans?! Or is Michael some sort of beacon for the Apocalypse?!" Madison questions, appearing just as panicked as the rest of her fellow Witches, a rare sight to behold; Madison Montgomery frightened?

"Fire extinguisher?!" Coco suggests quickly, desperately searching the room for a fire extinguisher but with no success. "If he doesn't stop he's going to burn the whole Academy to the ground, level it to ashes, we need to do something."

"Not we, just me, I'm going to handle this myself, I have a few tricks up my sleeve," Mallory says, gritting her teeth as her heart pounds against her chest, knowing what she must do to stop this before it destroys the man he loves. "We don't need a fire extinguisher, we just need the perfect concentration of water so we can drown the fire completely, only then will he and all of us be safe once more. But in order to do that, I need everyone to leave me and me alone in this room and quickly, please."

"What?!" Queenie exhots in dread. "You're joking right?!"

"Have you gone fucking mad?!!" Madison questions.

"I'm not just going to do that, Mallory," Misty growls in defiance, standing her ground.

"What?! Mallory we're not just going to-"

"GO! ALL OF YOU! I NEED YOU ALL TO BE SAFE WHILE I DO THIS! SO GO!" Mallory snaps, startling her companions for the first time since she arrived at the Academy, breaking any form of insistence away from the people she cares about the most, such a feeling almost shatters her spirit. "Please, just fucking go."

Reluctantly, Mallory's companions evacuate from the room but don't wander far, finding themselves into a crowd that occupies the hallway, a crowd that Cordelia immediately joins with Zoe and Kyle, witnessing Michael's paralysing surge of Hellfire and Mallory as she begins her attempt to save her love from his own power. Simply by raising her open hands, the water flow coming from the sprinkler stops perfectly and the puddles of water on the ground rise up, joining the other droplets as they all drift in mid-air. Mallory twists her hands, causing them to face one another and that's when she slowly drives her hands towards the other, in doing so, causing the droplets of water to slowly but undoubtedly combine into an individual volume of water; a volume so incredibly massive, it will drown the Hellfire that burns away the love of her life. Preparing herself to whirl the volume of water at Michael, that's when she notices his eyes are opening, the ocean blue that she loves so dearly is nowhere to be seen, swallowed by dark, murky black eyes, eyes that drill through her own and crawl through the deepest darkest voids of her soul in search for food. However dark his eyes may appear, she can still see the light within them, the light she can still protect, the light she will continue to protect until her dying breath. The next words he so desperately delivers only confirms that what she's doing is the right, that he's not too far gone, that he remains the same man she's fallen in love with.
"Mallory," Michael murmurs as tears roll down his cheeks, his voice so frail and damaged, almost sounding broken, the sight and sound break Mallory's heart right then, right there. "Please, help me."
"I'm going to, my flame, I promise you," Mallory sighs, teardrops waving down her own face as she pulls the mass of water back towards her, preparing to pitch it into Michael like a baseball. "I'm sorry, Michael, I don't want to hurt you, but this may hurt."
"I know, the pain doesn't matter as much as everyone's safety, you need to do it, so just do it," Michael cries out, visibly trying to move but he struggles to. "Do it, Mals, please. Do it! DO IT MALLORY!"
Mallory shrieks in anguish at the top of her lungs as she pitches the mass of water into Michael's Hellfire, the force of the powerful elements combining shatters the windows and lights of the room, sending Mallory and a now extinguished Michael flying into separate walls and knocking them both unconscious.
Emerging Veracity

Mallory jolts awake, terrified as she gasps for fresh air, her lungs burning from the freshness of the air and her heart pounding against her chest. She can still feel the heat of the Hellfire, the smoke in the back of her throat, the water drenching and dripping from her clothes and hair. How terrified she was the safety of the Academy and Michael, her true love. Her mind races for Michael, causing her to stare around her surroundings for any sign of him; she's laying on their bed, wearing new clothes, alone, and there's no sign of Michael anywhere. She also notices that the majority of Michael's belongings are missing from the room, that alone causes her heart to sink into her stomach and terrifying thoughts to drown her mind. However, the moment she begins to rise from the bed, Cordelia, Zoe, Queenie and Madison slowly and quietly enter the room on queue, as if they felt her distress and anxiety. They're talking quietly amongst themselves at first, but the moment they see that she's awake, they practically drive up to her.

"Mallory?!” Zoe calls out, being the first one to rush up to her and placing her hand softly on her cheek. "Are you okay?!

"The scared the absolute shit outta' us," Queenie sighs, being the second to rush up to Mallory. "Yes, I'm fine, I'm okay!" Mallory sighs, placing her own hand over Zoe's. "How long have I been out? It looks nearly dark out, classes must be over now, and where are my clothes?"

"Zoe, Queenie, Coco and I had to get you changed out of those soaked as fuck clothes of yours which," Madison pauses, softly tugging at the black lace dress. "Took quite some time considering how fucking beautiful all of your clothes are, almost as much time as it took to clean up all of the water and glass from downstairs. I honestly considered borrowing a few while you were resting but Zoe talked me out of it."

"Michael bought me this dress," Mallory says, eyes focussed back on Cordelia. "Where is he?! Where is Michael?!

"Let's start by answering your questions first, Mals, okay? At the moment it's late afternoon, you've been out all day, Michael woke up a few hours ago, and he's okay, at least we think," Cordelia sighs, giving Mallory a look that speaks more concern than rage. A good sign at least. "He hasn't said much since waking up, only when absolutely necessary, but we've left him in the care of Misty, Coco and Kyle, he seems to feel most comfortable around them since what happened. I just wanted to make sure he wasn't alone, otherwise, he may feel like we're trying to avoid him like the plague, which is not true, Mallory. The only thing we want from Michael is for him to feel safe and protected within these walls, that we'll be able to help him and make sure what happened can't happen again." She pauses, thinking back on how family stopped Michael's immense levels of Pyrokinesis, it was smart and she should know that. "What you did, using that concentration level of water to snuff out the fire, was incredibly smart and may have saved the Academy as well as Michael from burning to ash. You did so well and I couldn't be more proud of you, what I want to know is where you acquired such a spell? I know you told me you and Michael have been studying, I just didn't know it was to such an extent, you both continue to surprise us."

"We've just been studying together, working as a team like we have since we found one another. The moment he saw I was going to use the water to drown out whatever fire was taking over his body, he prompted me to do it, he knew it could have killed him but he urged it anyway. If that doesn't show any form of loyalty for the Academy," Mallory sighs, wanting one thing and one thing alone. "I want to see him."

"Yes, of course, but we need to ask you a few questions before we can allow that, standard procedure when something like this happens. Please apologize for potential unprofessionalism, it has been quite some time since we've had to do one of these evaluations. Since Madison's death to be specific," Zoe states, reinforcing her professionalism in an instant, a small form of professionalism is better than none at all. "The Supreme and the Council are in charge of performing this evaluation, so
"This circumstance is nothing to joke about, Zo, so there'll be no jokes from me, just some good old fashioned observation," Madison says, finding herself a comfortable seat at Michael's desk. "Please continue."

"I would also like to add that this evaluation requires full honesty and a respectable amount of detail to your answers, especially considering the circumstances that brought upon this evaluation," Cordelia continues, making her words distinct and unforgettable. "Honesty and detail, Mals."

"Yes, Ma'am," Mallory notes.

"I will begin by asking, has Michael been acting strangely in recent memory? Or is today the first time you've noticed strange behaviour?" Zoe questions, her voice soft yet fierce at the same time, light yet assertive. "We won't lie to you, Mals, we've been keeping a close eye on Michael since his enrollment due to some honesty that ultimately led to concern. "Cordelia mentioned that Michael admitted that he's terrified of himself, that he sees himself as a monster, that a voice in his head, an endless bloodlust requires that he takes a life; animals, his nanny and even a priest. We've always kept a close eye on him just to ensure that that part of him isn't showing any signs of return, the good news is, that remains to be the cause, that his positive experiences have led to a form of rehabilitation, that he really wants to better than what he was, and he is. So, has there been any strange erupting behaviour prior to today's circumstances?"

"Michael and I are currently going through some restraint in our relationship, so the irregularity of his emotions is clouding his ability to perform magic, as well as the result of his magic. Michael even stated that he wasn't sure that performing Pyrokinesis was a good idea in the first place, showed some serious procrastination before deciding to perform the prescription," Mallory explains, recalling Michael's eyes in the diner, knowing that she's going to have to lie to their faces, at least for now. "With the exception of today's incident, in my experience, I haven't seen Michael act strangely or shown any sign of magic atrophy, only imbalance. The truth is Michael's Warlock aura didn't immerse until after we arrived at the Academy, it was a miracle that he turned out to be a practitioner in the first place."

"I know it's not my business to make requests or suggestions, but it should be disclosed that the 'relationship restraint' Mallory mentioned shouldn't need any further detail," Madison suggests, shrugging her shoulders. "Just a suggestion, ladies."

"I completely agree with that, yes," Zoe nods, understanding the concept of privacy quite well. She doesn't like it when somebody inquires details regarding the shared relationship between herself, Kyle and Madison; some of their fellow Witches have tried but found themselves receiving the same reply as everybody else. "Queenie?"

"A suggestion that shall be followed then, so, Mallory?" Queenie asks, catching the young Witch's attention. "This question is regarding the both of you. So, from what you've told us about Michael, it seems you're able to read into his emotions, perhaps even his thoughts too. Not only a psychic bond but a psychic bond which is expected to be shared between the both of you due to your emotional bond; which can be a blessing and a curse in a single sitting. I wish to know, Mallory, is the psychic bond theory correct? Because that would truly explain a lot to us."

"Yes, yes it is," Mallory sighs, almost shaking in discomfort. She's on edge, she just wants to see Michael, her sweet, beautiful, probably distressed Michael. "I've been able to read into his emotions and sometimes his thoughts since the moment we met, but now the bond goes both ways, he can read into my emotions and thoughts now."

"A highly dangerous but beautiful thing," Zoe comments. "Something that requires beings at a similar level of power; so a bond between a Witch and a Warlock of your calibres does, in fact, make sense."

"Please continue, Queenie," Madison pries. "Sorry, baby, but I'm at the edge of my seat here."

"My next question is why didn't you inform Cordelia or us about the bond? Telepathy is a pressing power and requires pressing focus. Something of which an individual would seek out a form of counsel, of guidance to find that concentration, that focus, but yet, you didn't seek it out because you
didn't require counsel. I'm just surprised, as I imagine all of us are, did you seek any form of guidance from anyone? Michael perhaps?" Queenie questions, her words causing Mallory's heart to pound in her chest, but by using her Telepathy, she manages to hide away her emotion from her fellow Witches, particularly Cordelia; the most powerful mind in the room. However, she's found herself tired of lying, of hiding the truth, for now, she should stray a little from the full truth, but the full truth will reveal itself, in due time.

"I'm not going to lie to all of you, I love you all and I don't want to lie to the people I love, but the truth is there's so much going on right now, there are things I will eventually reveal in full but for now, the things I can say are limited," Mallory states, her eyes becoming glassy with tears that are barely fought off. "I'm scared of what's happening right now, guys; I have a power I don't understand, there's also what's happened to Michael, what's happening between Michael and myself, all of it. As I said, I will reveal the whole truth and nothing but the truth in due time, but at this very moment, I'm unable to tell you everything I want to. I can answer this, however; the reason I didn't inform you or your Council, Miss Cordelia, was because I didn't understand why I could read into Michael's thoughts and emotions. I had to read a lot of fucking books to understand it and by the time I began to understand it, the bond intensified and now it goes both ways. Look, I really want to see how Michael is doing, I generally want to see my boyfriend, so if we're done here, I'm going to go to the Greenhouse and do that."

"I have one last question to ask before you can see Michael, I promise I won't take forever, Mallory, it's just this question is particularly important for us to ask, an important detail to confirm. What happened this morning has never happened before, in more ways than one, Mallory; we've seen shades of green fire, red fire, orange fire, even purple fire, but never have we experienced a shade of blue fire. From the way, the fire took over his body, from the way that an ordinary concentration of water couldn't drown it out, we have every right to suspect that the fire that Michael was manipulating was Hellfire," Cordelia pauses, giving the information time to sink into Mallory's already racing mind, matching her racing heart. "Which would mean that Michael has a demonic heritage, demon's blood in his veins, which makes him half-demon. Us Witches, we have an ancient law that has existed for hundreds of years, naturally, we're supposed to exterminate all living creatures with demon's blood, however, Michael has more than proven to be one of us. He's shown himself to be compassionate, empathic and lawful, characteristics that demons and half-demons normally don't show, so it's more than apparent that Michael is different, he has a heart of gold while demons have no heart at all. At this very moment, it doesn't matter because of the fact that it remains to be proven. What my question is regarding this suspicion, is have you had any suspicion regarding his heritage? Have you noticed any signs of demonic characteristics? Black eyes? Anything at all that we should know? Or is this going to be another one of those things you're going to explain in due time?"

"Most of your questions will be answered in full, in due time, I promise, you will know everything I know, but please, can I see my boyfriend?!" Mallory screams as she rises from her seat on the bed, staying as affirmed as she can in her vulnerable position. "Please?! Please don't make me beg here-" "I vote a most definite, yes, she should be able to see Michael now," Madison says, also rising from her chair but in a much slicker, calmer fashion. "I know it's not up to me, but I know if it was me in this position, I'd want to be able to see Kyle and Zoe. Just think about it for a moment."

"I hate to agree with Madison, but I agree with her, she's been through enough of an evaluation," Queenie agrees. "With all due respect, Miss Cordelia, let the girl see her man."

"Guys! Guys! I'm not going to contend here!" Cordelia calls back, interrupting Zoe's chance to speak, still standing tall, firm and professional. "Mallory has already promised to tell us all truth in full, there's nothing else to go on with from here, so you'll find disputes no longer. Mallory? If you will follow us to the Greenhouse? Once we arrive, you and Michael will have all the privacy you need we just- don't want you feeling alone, not after what's happened."

"Yes, thank you, guys, I appreciate the company," Mallory agrees, giving them a smile as they begin escorting her to the Greenhouse, to where Michael is waiting for her.
It takes only a few minutes to reach the Greenhouse, but each minute feels like an hour. Passing many of her fellow Witches, the looks of awe, concern and outrage that they’d given Mallory, certainly didn't help the speed of their travels. The entrance of the Greenhouse is clear, with the exception of Coco, who is waiting patiently for her friends, cigarette in between her fingers, smoke slowly whirling from her lips, almost artistic-like. For Mallory, it's strange to see Coco smoking, that remains to be more like Madison's thing, yet here she is, smoking like its second nature, even stranger, Mallory has never seen Coco move so quickly once her eyes reach Mallory's own.

"Mals! You're awake!" Coco calls out, her voice no doubt being heard by Michael, Misty and Kyle as she hugs Mallory, feeling her warm embrace. "Gosh, you're so warm! I'm so happy to see you're okay and so will Michael. He's waiting for you inside, he's okay, I promise you, he just needs to see is all. I'm going to wait out here while you guys talk, but if you need me at all, don't feel shy to call out, I'm sure I won't be the only one waiting for you guys."

"Coco is right, all of us are going to wait outside, we've done our part by escorting you here, now what comes next is up to the both of you," Cordelia says, finding a comfortable spot on the Academy's elegant, perfectly cut green grass, the afternoon sun on her skin. "We'll be waiting out here, so call us if we're needed. Besides, I haven't had some time to just enjoy the simple fresh air and afternoon sunlight, so take your time, I know I will be."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Wasting no time, Mallory promptly finds herself inside the Greenhouse, using Transmutation to save herself some time, but to her surprise, it's just Michael, sitting alone, a bag at his feet as he's reading a book, a light grin perched onto his lips. There's no sign of Misty or Kyle anywhere, they were the ones who were supposed to be keeping, where could they be? Regardless of where they are, Michael and herself have been left with some good old fashioned privacy, something the both of them desperately desire, and considering the conversation they're about to have, Mallory, is unsure where it may lead. That's when Michael looks up at her, eyes cold, hardened with ice, any sign of the light grin is long gone, refurbished into a serious speechless edge. The sight alone causes Mallory's stomach to sink down into a roller-coaster of fear, of angst, and most of all, regret; she shouldn't have hidden the truth from him and now, she has to face it, address it, own up to it, no matter the cost. No matter the result. No matter what and who she's about to explain herself to. She has to face up to it and after slowly finding herself seated on the stool sitting directly in front of him, she's the first to speak.

"I've been waiting for you, more specifically, I've been waiting for this moment, this conversation, better late than never I guess."

"Michael, I-"

"No, my flame, at this very moment it's my time to speak, you'll have your time in a literal moment, okay?" Michael pauses, sighing deeply. "Look, I'm going, to be honest with you, whatever happened last night, while we were showing our love for one another, it caused our minds to unite. Ever since then, I've been able to feel your feelings, I've been able to check up on you without you needing to be in the room with me, I hear your thoughts sometimes too. That's why Misty and Kyle aren't here, I could feel that you were awake and coming here, to me, so I asked them for some privacy. I'm telling you this, just so you know that if you try to lie to me or hide the truth I will know, you can't hide from me anymore, Mals, but you shouldn't have to, not anymore. I know what I am, there's no avoiding that now, I just want you to say the words, for you to tell me what I am, tell me what you've hidden from me, why you hid it from me, and more importantly, why you sought me out in the first place. That last one is quite an important detail, so make sure you do not forget about it."

"Alright, Michael, am I lying when I say I was eventually going to tell you everything? Am I lying about that part? Am I lying when I tell you I did it to protect you, I kept it a secret to protect you until I found the right time."

"No, I don't believe you are, but you should've told me sooner," Michael growls, placing his book on a nearby bench as he rises from his seat. That's when he begins pacing around the room, Mallory
can already feel his heart and his head trying to outrun everything around him. "Why didn't you tell me straight away, Mals?! My mind would have struggled to process it all, but it would have eventually and at least I'd know the truth, right?! Like, fuck, Mallory! Do they know?! Do they know what I am because they should know, right?! They should know what I am! They should know!"

"Michael, calm down!" Mallory hisses, walking to comfort him, only for Michael to move away from her. "Please, we can get through this together, let me help you."

"You can help me by telling me what I am, I want you- to say- the words, please," Michael says, his voice shuttering as tears begin to roll down his cheeks. "Say the words, Mallory, please, I beg you, tell me what I am."

"You are the love of my life, the only man in this world that I've ever fallen in love with, a tender, kind, captivating, beautiful and most of all, regardless of what you think of yourself, you're more human than most people out in the world. You're a talented, powerful Warlock, but at the same time, you're a Warlock with demon's blood, a Warlock prophesied to rid the world of all life, regardless of strategy. Michael," Mallory cries out, softly grasping onto his reddened, tear-stained face, to which he accepts, placing his hand over her own as more tears fall. "You're the Anti-Christ, the one born primarily to destroy the world. But listen to me, baby, listen to me, regardless of your destiny, you've proven yourself to be greater than all of it, of all demons, or most humans for fuck sake, you've proved that you don't need to follow-through with your destiny. You have us, you have Miss Robichaux's and you have me; someone who's in love with you, people who love you for who you are and don't care about what you are, a family to call your own. Michael, we love you, I love you, don't let a simple title ruin your life, ruin everything you've worked for, ruin the person you've become."

"But it's not just a title, Mallory, it's who I am, it affects my psychology, my magic, even my biology," Michael says in a growling voice, his eyes suddenly fading into the familiar murky-black form as he pulls away from her grasp, seemingly from his sheer will alone. "Honestly it explains why I'm learning so quickly, why I'm adopting so much power in the limited time I've had at the Academy. Now look at me, look at my eyes, Mallory, I can control it now. The eyes, the Hellfire, it's like second nature now, I can control it just like that other me could; the me that destroys the world in the future, the future that you came from, the future you were sent from to kill me."

The truth of his words almost sends Mallory into cardiac arrest, she was never supposed to fall in love with him, she was never meant to give him a chance at ordinary life, her mission was simple; kill Michael Langdon. A mission that could have been completed with some simple vehicular homicide, but she gave him a second chance, a chance to change his destiny, to make his own, she just happened to fall in love with him somewhere along their journey. Does she regret it? God, no. Does she regret keeping so many secrets from the man she’s supposed to be in love with? Most definitely, now she faces the worst truth or all; her original mission.

"You were never just passing through L.A., were you? No, you had something else in mind, something that would save everything around us, something I couldn't hate you for even if I wanted to, honestly, with my volatile power, the destruction I can cause," Michael reflects, glaring at a glass beaker, only for it to shatter to pieces. However, rather than the shards flying across the room and causing further damage, the shards levitate in the air. "I would have killed me too. Mallory, you should have killed me, I remain to be the biggest threat to everything and everyone around me, that's why I have to leave."

"No, Michael! No, no, NO, NO!" Mallory screeches, causing the Greenhouse around them to shake violently in reaction to her voice. "I'm just as much of a threat to this world as you are, so don't you fucking dare tell me that you have to leave, because if you leave, I'm going to leave with you. I promised you we were in together, "

"No, you're not, my flame, because I'm not going to let you, you're going to stay here at Miss Robichaux's with people who love you, while I'm going to leave, figure out who I am, who I wanna' become. I packed my things while you were still asleep, but I packed light, I left my most cherished
valuables in our room, where they'll be waiting for me, because I won't be leaving New Orleans, Mals, I'll just be going away just until I figure out everything I need to. Once I have, I'll come back, I promise, I'll come back to you," Michael says, promising to his true love as he begins exiting the Greenhouse, bag slung over his shoulder as more tears flow down his cheeks. "Michael," Mallory wails out, causing Michael to stop in his tracks. "Please, don't leave me." "I have to, Mallory, to protect everyone I love from myself, especially you, I love you, Mallory, I love you so much," Michael sighs, not daring to show any form of eye contact, because if he does, he throws away his last chance to walk away from Miss Robichaux’s, to protect those he cares the most about in this world. "Please forgive me."
Identity Conflicts

It's late in the night, a warm hand grasps the cold handle of a hotel room door, keys still clinging to its lock as it slowly swings open, allowing a worn out, freezing individual to walk through the threshold and enter some well-deserved warmth and peace of mind. Unfortunately for Michael, his temper couldn't keep his body warm in the freezing temperatures, nor could the bottle of bourbon that is both held to and inside of his stomach, the bottle he stole from a liquor store with the use of a simple illusion spell. Manipulating the security cameras was the most difficult part of his thievery but with some itemised use of Telekinesis, all he needed to do was pull the red wires it turned out, everything else was effortless. Michael admits, he does feel wrong and regretful for taking such expense for a small business, but due to the fact that his own expenses are limited, it was best he focussed them on a place to sleep, even though that wasn't his original plan. Finding somewhere to sleep on the streets was a harder task than he anticipated, at least in L.A. when Constance made him sleep outside every time he broke one of her rules, he had the back porch and overtime, he started to get used to it. But now, it seems he doesn't have to, as long as he's smart with his expenses and doesn't get caught stealing that is, but with the amount of guilt shrouding his mind, it seems he only has one of those issues to worry about. Sighing deeply, Michael switches on the light, enters the room, closing the door and locking it down tight before throwing his bag onto the queen-sized mattress. Trying everything in his might to keep calm, he softly places his bottle of bourbon on the bedside table and sits on the bed, face held in his hands. Now that he feels comfortable, safe, away from prying ears and eyes, he allows himself to cry, to sob like he's never sobbed before, something he hasn't allowed himself to do since he walked through the gates of the Academy, ignoring everyone's pleas to stay. None hurt as much as Mallory's, the way she begged him to stay with her, hell, her words almost compelled him to stay, he almost gave in. It took everything, and he means everything, to fight them off, to actually walk out of that greenhouse, and everything more to walk out the gates. The moment he walked through the gates, out of the proximity of Mallory, he found himself feeling cold, emotionally frozen, he was like that throughout the entire day, until now. Now he's cried more than he has for the entire life, however long that has been so far, because of the current revelation of his life, he's not sure what age he is anymore. Is he eighteen like he believes himself to be, or eight?

"Stop. Crying. Michael."
Wiping the tears from his eyes, Michael walks into the bathroom and turns on the faucet before washing his face. Once he's done, he stares into the mirror, at his own reflection, truly wondering who and what he is, he looks human, he sounds human, but what is he really? If he trusted himself around the people the loves most, perhaps he'd be able to seek the answers he wants from Mallory, who scary enough, seems to know the answer for everything. Although he promised he would come back for her, Michael wishes he told her that he doesn't hate her or isn't even, in fact, mad at her in any way, shape or form, which is quite strange. He should hate her, or at the very least be pissed off for everything she's kept from him, so much important information locked away tight in her mind, all until they had sex and their minds became one. But he doesn't hate her, nor is he pissed off at her, because as she tried to explain, she was trying to protect not just the world but him most of all from, well, everything involved with his heritage. He was furious at first, but after hours of pacing across the city, Michael's understanding of Mallory's intentions became more and more, now, any form of frustration is long gone, replaced by this everlasting understanding; at least for Mallory's intentions. Everything else? Remains an absolute mystery, a mystery he wishes to uncover, even if it harms him, even if it somehow kills him, he must know.

"I want to know the truth, I want to know everything; who I am, what I am, my destiny, who my parents are," Michael pauses, focussing his mind on his mirror so profoundly, causing his reflection to slow begin rippling. "I need somebody to show me my place in this world and if I truly am what I
am, then I call out to you, father."
The bathroom is silent, eerie, with absolutely nothing interesting happening. After standing in the bathroom for a whole minute, Michael violently slams his fist into the mirror, shattering glass all over the bathroom and causing his fist to become bruised, crimson and raw. However, as he gazes at the new injury on his hand, he watches as it begins to heal rapidly, hell, if he blinked, he could have missed the finished result; perfect, untouched pale skin, no scars, no flaws, no markings. Absolutely nothing.

"What the fuck?" Michael scoffs, glaring back at the mirror. "Now all I have to do is fixed this shit."
"Just one of the many perks of demon's blood, dear Michael," a dark voice says from the other room, the boudoir specifically. The sudden coming of the voice causes Michael to freeze but at the same time, enrths him, causing him to begin roaming back into the boudoir without a second thought. As he slowly finds him into the other room, he also finds a young man; barely older than he is, curly copper-red hair, oceanic, almost gunmetal blue eyes. He's tall, unnaturally built, especially for his appearing age and has a look about him that absolutely says ladies' man, especially his smile; wicked and beautiful all in one. The young man is dressed in black jeans, a black dress shirt, fancy dress shoes and a blood-red tie. "As I live and breathe, Michael Langdon, you are just as beautiful as I envisioned, and efficacious too, I can feel the vigour fuming off of you like a redolence. For instance, the mitigation is just the roots of a tree that is quite fucking large, if you ask me. I'm glad you summoned me, my boy, it seems we have an abundance of subjects to go over, and I mean, an abundance."

"Some would say that trees that meant to be cut down and burnt down for fucking firewood, right?" Michael questions, watching as the young man smirks at him in an instant response. "You must be my father, right? But how did you get in? I locked the door-"
"When you're as persuasive as me, and you will be as persuasive as me, ultimately, a barrier, whether it be natural or mystic, will mean nothing to you, soon you'll be able to break through dark magic barriers like they're nothing. Come, sit with me, my son."
Reluctantly, Michael sits next to the young man on his bed, unsure whether or not he should be calling him dad or one of his other names, so instead, Michael remains silent, vigilant and ready to hear more of what this strange man has to say.

"Sincerely, I expected you to summon me in a much-advanced fashion, alas, better belated than nevermore," the young man chuckles. "I have to say, I almost misplaced my impression on you, my son, somewhere between California and this fine city of New Orleans. Speaking of New Orleans, it was always my favourite city, truly, it, as well as the many women who populate it, will always have a place in my heart and thousand minds."

"So, how did you find me? After you misplaced me, that is," Michael asks, watching as the young man rises from the bed and towards the room's window, only to open the blinds, a smile creasing from ear to ear.
"You convoked me without convoking me, my boy, the control of Hellfire is a potent thing, it did much more than the naked eye could ever envision, once you issued such influence, I attained your location once more. Now that I've acknowledged your catechism, allow me to inquire," the young man pauses, turning to face Michael, no smile this time around, only this unbearing sobriety. "Why would Michael Langdon, my son, my heir, the heir to the true Realm of Hell, the son of Lucifer, the Anti-Christ be affiliated with Miss Robichaux's Academy for Exceptional Young Ladies?! With Witches?! With your greatest threat?! With the women that stand between you and your destiny?!
The power of Witches may be lesser than our own, but why would you make any undesirable jeopardies?! Especially with the Supreme, Cordelia Good, who adjacent to seemingly everybody at that fucking Academy, you got intimate with."
"If it wasn't for them, I wouldn't even know I have the ability to practice magic, they've taught me most of what I know, the rest I learnt through books or- it befell to me naturally," Michael says, emphasising that final word, which during this current confrontation, is starting to make a lot of sense. "If it wasn't for them, I'd still be in California, with my bitch of a Grandmother. So
"You see, my son, that is where you're wrong," the young man growls, jaw clenching in what Michael imagines is frustration. Unlike Mallory, he's unable to feel into his father's emotions, hear his thoughts, which leaves him disadvantaged. "You were always going to be paramount, my son, despite your alliances, it is my blood that runs in your veins, after all, there's no alliance in any of the Realms that will change that. My fundamental plan for you was abundantly clear; you were going to be reared by a satanic cult, cultivated until your strength began developing and then you'd have taken a position beside the Warlocks of Hawthorne, with individuals of power more subordinate to even the Witches. There, with those cowards, you'd be able to experiment in any way you would have desired to; torture, murder, resurrection and then murder again. Whatever you desired until you were ready to destroy the world once and more all. That was my major design for you, let's title it like that, but if I'm to be flawlessly straightforward with you, besides your refined association with those whores, you've done perfectly fine on your own."

"Honestly, dad, I don't know if you're being sincere or sarcastic with those words, I really can't tell with you," Michael chuckles, shrugging his shoulders. "I don't know if I should be saying thank you or not? All I know is, your 'design' is far more fucking effort than I've gone through in the past few months, not only that but if I'd followed through with your 'design', I simply would have been the puppet connected to your strings."

"Yes, my son, you would have, but you would have been different compared to the others." "Others?" Michael asks, almost scoffing. "What others?"

Without warning, the lights flicker, making it difficult for Michael to see his father before the lights go out altogether, leaving them both in blackness. However, once the lights switch back on, his father isn't in the same form, instead, he appears as an even younger man, in his teens with a grunge-like appearance and a solemn and leery disposition. He's quite attractive, fit with shaggy dirty-blond hair, a square jawline, intense dark brown eyes, and a charming smile. There's something about this form that seems so familiar to Michael, he just can't quite place his finger on it. That's when his father, in this strangely familiar form, begins speaking to his son.

"I'm going to present this fine formerly mortal but now a deceased specimen as an example, Michael, the form I've currently taken is the form of Tate Langdon, your biological father, well, as biological as a spirit can come, quite literally, at least. Tate Langdon was a bright young man, he was willing, innocuous and pure beyond words, unluckily for him, however, he existed in a evil house, the house that you yourself lived next to and the house you were reckoned to seek sanctuary in until the following took you in; added component of my design for you. Tate Langdon existed in the Murder House, a station where those who die are incapable to cross into the afterlife, cursed eternally by yours truly, everyone and everything that existed in that home was and continues to be under my authority, Tate included."

"I'm so confused right now, you say that this young man is my father, yet he appears to be younger than I am? Aren't you supposed to be my father?! What the fuck are you saying?!" Michael screams, causing the lights to flicker once more, but this time, his father's form doesn't change, indicating that he caused that, not his father. "It's common knowledge that spirits are unable to produce children, they're more than welcomed to try but it's impossible. That's where I'm starting to find myself more confused than ever, I have demon's blood, I understand that, but I don't have ghost's blood."

"Ah, this is where it gets unusual but elegant, you'll find. You see, Tate Langdon was extraordinary, I mentioned before he was a flawless exemplary, he was perfect and flawless because he had a unique ability, an ability that only a few mortals are born bearing within a single lifetime. Mortals are born for a single purpose, to produce more mortals, that is why us, myself and you, are far exceeding them, we're born to make even the most remarkable of vigour look like child's play. Of course, there are exemptions such as Warlocks, Witches, Werewolves, primarily immortals such as Demons,
Vampires, Archangels especially; they remain our most consequential rivals, but you'll be felicitous to discern that all of those species, especially for you, my son, will be easy to kill."

"Okay, cool, I hate to break it to you, father, but you're finding yourself off track, can't you just cut to the fucking chase?!" Michael growls, causing his father's smirk to disappear in an instance, even on Tate Langdon, his biological father's form, it remains to be terrifying. "Not that I'm not enjoying our little chat, it's just- I'm a little preoccupied with my own thoughts."

"Straight to the chase has never been my partiality, but for you, my son, I will do it. As I was stating, Tate Langdon had a unique and truly significant ability that normal mortals don't, he was able to produce his own beautiful, perfect child, my child, an Anti-Christ. Due to my influence on the Murder House, I felt his strength and made my motility, a few puppet strings and possessions later, Tate Langdon was all mine, performing everything under my bestowal, that is until everything got out of hand and he went on that killing spree in his high school. For once, the jurisdictions and anchors were right when they blamed the Devil for Mr Langdon psychic break, well, it was me, the death of his brother, an overdose on cocaine and his delicious hate for his mother that brought upon that. I'm serendipitous, I'm truly prosperous I marked Tate when I did before he was gunned down by a collection of S.W.A.T. because if I didn't, you wouldn't be hither right now, my son wouldn't be yielded and the decree to abolish the world would be chronicled on someone less acceptable for me. If anyone is capable of achieving such a feat and ending a prophecy, it is you, my son."

Michael remains silent, staring at his feet, thinking about Mallory, always about Mallory, another tear flowing down his cheek. The sight causes his father to change back into the original form while Michael isn't looking before he sits down back down on the bed.

"What is wrong, my son? I can sense something is wrong with you but I- I can't perceive them nor overhear them, your thoughts and your worries, which is unacceptably bothersome," his father growls, sounding more animal than man. "Is there something you crave to speak about, my son? Anything you want to inscribe with your old man?"

"I'm just thinking about a girl I care about, a girl I love, I left her behind to figure out who I am, who I want to be."

"And do you know who you are? The man you wish to become, the man you were destined to become? Do. You. Know?" His father questions, unquestionably aspiring to hear those words, even a blind man could perceive that and a deaf man, overhear it. So it isn't shocking that Michael notices his father's steep, almost hair-raising ambition. At the moment, Michael doesn't know what to say, how to say it, all that remains in his mind is Mallory, absolutely everything about Mallory. "I don't know, father, I- I don't know, I'm withdrawn between two lives; the life that was designed for me, prophesied for me, and the life I created for myself with the girl I love. She's gorgeous, happy, sweet, bright, pure, mostly honest with me, sure she kept some information from me, all of which you've pretty much told me, but Mallory-"

"MALLORY?!!" His father screams as he rises to his feet, causing the room to shake at such ferocity, Michael can hear car alarms go once it's all over, once he uncovers his ears that is. Michael looks back at his father, finding blood-red Hellfire-corrupted cat-like eyes in replacement to the gunmetal blue and that sight almost causes Michael to submit to his father right then, right there. Almost. "OF COURSE! OF COURSE, IT'S MALLORY!"

"What about Mallory?!" Michael growls, rising from the bed himself, facing his father, regardless of how much taller his father is. "How do you know my Mallory?!"

Before speaking, his father's eyes fade back into the gunmetal blue as he takes in a deep breathe, his imposing smirk sliding straight back into his lips from ear to ear.

"I apologize for that little outburst, I'm just easily triggered by threats to my son, to my flesh and blood, so allow to explain the reason behind my outburst," his father pauses, staring back outside the window. "Since Cordelia Goode ascertained her reign as Supreme Witch, I assumed she was your most imposing threat, so I'd continued retaining a sultry eye on her, that was until I abruptly couldn't anymore, more concretely, I couldn't see anything or anyone at Miss Robichaux's, now it all makes
sense. Mallory's existence alone is a threat to you, my son, as she was a threat when you destroyed the world in the other timeline."
"You? You know about the-
"Yes, Michael, I've perceived the other timeline, you'll be pleased to apprehend that you served through my flawless design, perfect as you did the timeline before that and indeed the timeline before that. Each of those timelines you were triumphant in reducing Mallory, Cordelia and the world into ashes, empowering you to rule over the world as the Alpha Supreme, and everyone below you? Your vassals, your martyrs, your applicants, whatever you craved and it was yours. However, in the last timeline, you slipped and Mallory was ready to move through the expanse of space and time to find you and kill you, as I presume you're already knowledgeable of that fact, but it seems situations have broken. Rather than abolishing you the moment she had the chance, she fell in love with you, became intimate with you, in concluding that, you're now her senility, you can use her love for you as a defence, destroy her from the inside out before you conclusively remove that threat forever. You can do this now, my son, you can destroy the only threat to you and-
"You will do what you are ordered, Michael! Trust me when I declare that you- will- submit!" His father screams, slightly raising his hand and causing Michael to become constricted in an all-powerful Telekinetic grip, making it difficult for him to breathe. "Submit to me, my son, or I will whip you into submission. YOU! WILL! KILL! THAT! WHORE!"

"NO!" Michael shrieks, bursting from his father's Telekinesis and sending a shockwave throughout the entirety of his hotel room, tearing it to pieces, leaving only himself and his father unscathed. "I LOVE HER, FATHER! AND THERE IS NOTHING! NO FORCE WHATSOEVER THAT WILL TEAR THAT AWAY FROM ME! YOU CAN TAKE MY SOUL! MY POWER! MY DEMON'S BLOOD! MY STATUS AS THE ANTI-CHRIST AND YOUR SON AWAY FROM ME! BUT YOU WILL NEVER! EVER! TAKE HER FROM ME!"
"Then you ought to pay regard, Michael, if you don't destroy her, I will do it myself and I promise you if I have to do it, I will make her scream, I will make her suffer more than what you did to her in the last timeline."
"SHUT UP! SHUT THE FUCK-" Michael shrieks once more, throwing a blue ball of Hellfire at his father, sending him sailing out the window and through the balcony like it's made of paper. However, rather than landing strenuously onto the concrete floor of the hotel parking lot, his father floats in the air effortlessly with the assistance of his great, large, clawed demonic wings, his eyes moulding back into its Hellfire-corrupted satanic form. Regardless of his father's half-charred face, the smile still endures, with the addition of avid, hysteric, crazed, opaque, impenetrable, unnatural cackling. Nonetheless, even with the horrific sight, Michael passes out of the room and upon the balcony, facing his father in his atrocious form, physically showing no fear, hiding it under the deepest cavern of his skin. Michael blinks and his father's entire form has changed, with the exception of his wings and eyes. His father's form is outrageously larger overall, appearing as humanoid as Satan can appear, with some exceptions to that. He's shirtless, with pale powerful brawny skin and pure muscle mass, his dress pants are seared onto his legs and lower torso, while there are chains burnt onto his arms. His dress shoes have been torn off by his massive clawed feet, claws just as disgusting as the ones on his hands. Additionally, his father has a reptilian-like tail and antlers alternately to horns on his head. As terrifying as the form is, Michael attains his ground, using his rage and fear to drive his own eyes to fade into a mist of blackness, with the addition of his ocean blue eyes; a reminder of his humanity and love for Mallory.
"I'm going to flay you alive for defying me, you little brat," his father growls, unveiling rows and rows of razor-sharp fangs. "Are you ready to meet your fate, my son?!!
"Let's see what you've got, father."
"He's not answering texts, calls, Facetimes, Facebook calls, Snaps, not that he uses Snapchat much but that's not the point, he's not answering anything from me," Mallory shrieks in frustration, finding the urge to toss something across the room appealing at this point. "I can't even hear his thoughts anymore, he's completely concealed himself from me."

"He just needs time, whatever is going on between you two, it'll sort itself out, in due time," Kyle says, placing his hand on Mallory's shoulder before sitting down beside Zoe and Madison. Ever since Michael left, Mallory hasn't been able to tranquillize herself, always on the verge of an emotional breakdown, always on the verge of tearing apart her surroundings just as Kyle or even Michael would in a fit of rage. So, her wonderful, beautiful friends have stayed up with her all the way through, even Cordelia exhausted her schedule to stick with her dear friend. All of them together; an imperfect family, but a family nonetheless, and already a family, that fact alone is the only thing that makes the situation somewhat ingestible. However, the real kicker is the fact that she's yet to tell them the full truth of Michael's power, his origins and hers too, she just holds hop that holding onto the truth from them for so long won't change their opinion on her. All she knows is that she's tired of hiding the truth from her family, that the truth is most definitely going to be leaving her lips on this dreadful night and very soon. "It's late, he's probably fast asleep at this point, thinking things over in his dreams."

"As you do, right?" Madison asks Kyle, a look of deep confusion on her face. "I don't think I think over anything in my dreams, I just do shit."

"We have absolutely no fucking doubt about that, Mads," Zoe comments, causing everyone in the room to chuckle, giggle or snicker at the comment. "I get what you're both saying, Michael just needs alone time, time to figure things out with himself before he can figure things out with you."

"He'll come back, Mals, he told us he promised you he'd come back to you, to all of us, his family," Cordelia says, trying to reassure her but with minimal effect. "You love him, he loves you, that's all he needs as motivation to come back -"

"Because we've all seen the way he looks at you, Mallory, he looks at you like he's never going to see you again, he looks at you like you're the only person in this world that exists, so clearly you mean everything to him," Coco tells, raising an eyebrow as she asks the following question. "So how in Hell could he ever leave you behind?"

"Think about it, Mals."

"I HAVE THOUGHT ABOUT IT!" Mallory snaps, teeth clenched as she breathes heavily, only to sit down and take a moment to recollect herself. "I'm sorry, Queenie, I'm so sorry, I shouldn't have snapped at you, you don't deserve it."

"It's okay, Mallory, you're just stressed and tired, I understand," Queenie reassures. "You're used to being by his side, especially at this time of night, not being by his side must be torturous, dooming and exhausting. Just treasure the fact that once you have him back, you're going to forget this feeling; the feeling of being away from him. Once you have him back, I highly doubt you're both going to allow the situation to happen again."

"You're right about that, God, I can always rely on you, Queenie, I can rely on all of you."

"I know you can," Queenie snickers. "If there's something I'm good at, it's emotional advice and how to manage it; my mother taught me before she passed away and I've used it ever since."

"And you're always welcome, Mallory, we love you," Cordelia smiles as she stands up, kissing Mallory on the top of her head. "We love you and we love Michael, we just- you know what, you've heard those words more than enough, he'll come back, you know in your heart that he will."

"I'm still not so sure about that anymore, he promised, yeah, but at the same time, what if the person he wants to be, conflicts with the very man I fell in love with, in the first place? What can I do if that happens?" Mallory questions, tears flowing down her cheeks at the thought of having to kill Michael.
like she was supposed to, but how could she now? After everything, they've gone through together, the life they've created together? "I don't know what I can do if that happens."
"I don't mean any offence to Michael, but if he leaves you and Miss Robichaux's behind, what else does he have to follow?" Misty asks with unbridled curiosity. "He told me that he has no one besides us, that if he didn't have us or Miss Robichaux's, he wouldn't know what to do with himself. So, changing from a person who loves us to the bottom of his heart, to someone who'd rather follow a different path, is completely out of character, wouldn't you think?"

Mallory sighs intensely, allowing more tears to neglect from her eyes before sniffling deeply, sucking in what remains of her despair but not her anxiety. "Okay, no more hiding the truth, no more limitations to what I can, even Michael believes that everything I know needs to be addressed to all of you; the people we trust the most in this world. The fact is that today, the things that I said to Michael that were half-truths or sways from the truth if not total lies we're addressed between Michael and myself, but it's not Michael I've swayed the truth from. I've kept so much from all of you and it has truly torn me to pieces ever since I got here. Twenty-four hours ago the truth I've tried how hard to hide from Michael, at least until it seemed right to reveal it, revealed itself when the bond shared between our minds enhanced significantly. So everything I know, he knows too and the moment he comprehended the full extent of everything, he made he clear that you guys should know about it- and I keep repeating the same thing because I'm nervous about the truth coming out because I'm seriously terrified of you guys thinking differently about me and especially about Michael. The things I'm about to tell all of you will change everything you think you know about us, but I'd rather your opinion change than you be told anything other than the truth. The only thing that I want at this very moment, besides to tell all of you the truth, is once I'm done telling all of you the truth, I want to look for Michael with Coco if I'm allowed to."
"Um, okay?" Madison questions. "What the fuck does that even mean?"
"If you're trying to make us concerned, I believe it's working," Queenie comments. "I know I'm concerned."
"How could you possibly think that we could think any different of you?" Zoe inquires.
"Or Michael for that matter?" Kyle adds.
"When you've both done so much for all of us and Miss Robichaux's as a whole, Hell, Michael saved Madison and me," Misty appends.
"You know you can tell us anything, Mallory, whatever you wish to tell us, take as much time as you need. for as much detail as it requires."
"Guys, everything I'm about to say to you guys, you may need to sit down for," Mallory warns, watching as all of their intense, unparryable eyes stare at her with absolute focus. And now the truth is belatedly admitted.

"Before we get started, father, may I propose something?" Michael asks, stalling as he Telepathically rummages through the ruined room, searching for his bottle of whiskey, finding it broken but still half-full. "I mean, I got my politeness from you, right? Or was it one of my biological parents I got that from?"
"Hmmm, presumably your mother, at least as I recall. I mean, bartering with a companion who fucked one of his students a few moons after you miscarry your child seems pretty fucking refined to me. Most women would castrate their companion after that, so I believe I presumed that correctly, but I digress," his father growls in unnatural tone. "What proposition do you have in mind before you die, my son."
"That's a bit dramatic but whatever, so, my proposition is; can we take this conflict away from this place?" Michael inquests, his mind converging on the innocent people he passed by when he first found himself at the hotel, dozens of them, some of them perhaps even live on the property, making him and his father a danger to their home. "There are men, women and children here, innocent lives, our conflict is not worth their."
Interrupting Michael, his father cackles in reaction to his son’s seemingly immovable sense of genuine morality, a feature disapproved. "You show too much abstemiousness towards these mortals. If they knew of your origin, your destiny, they’d break you without a second thought, just as your precious Mallory was assigned to do. Normally I wouldn’t regard the motions of dead men, but considering your my flesh and dead, however disappointing you may be to me, I accept your proposal, however, my acceptance comes with a regulation you’re required to follow."
"Oh really?" Michael hisses, hand clenched to his side as he grips onto the whiskey bottle, ready to make his first move. "What regulation do you have in store for your son?"

"I want you to kill Mallory Catherine so I don’t have to, you’ll see that destroying creatures of her calibre is the work of peasants, that and you'll be much more merciful about it. Beautiful, salivation-worthy women are always the most fun to murder, always the most ravaging," his father upbraids, watching as his son tenses at his words, a delightful spectacle. "Oh, the things I would do to dear Mallory, they would make even your cold-headed grandfather cry so much, he'd create a tidal wave in his mourning."
"Shut up."
"First I would rape her, so many times, then I'd use illusion spells to deceive her into thinking I'm you, and then I'd rape her again."
"I said shut the fuck up!" Michael screams, body his trembling fiercely as he's filled with everlasting rage and fear for Mallory's safety, but not just hers, but the safety of everyone around himself and his father too. At the corner of his eye, that's when he sees them; people, poking their heads out to see what the commotion is about, their jaws probably dropping and their pants filling with piss at the sight of his father's monstrous form. "GET BACK INSIDE AND SEEK SHELTER, DON'T COME OUTSIDE UNTIL THE COMMOTION IS LONG OVER! AND ONLY THEN! OTHERWISE, YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN DANGER! DO IT NOW!"
"Or stay neighbouring to see the performance of a lifetime, ladies and gentlemen, bring your children too, nothing gets me off more than some extra collateral damage."
"Shut the fuck up, father, or else-"
"Or else what, child?! Do you think you have the power to stop me?! NOBODY CAN STOP ME! I AM UNSTOPPABLE FORCE OF NATURE! THAT IS WHY I AM THE THING EVERYBODY FEARS! THE RULER OF HELL! THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS! THE DEVOURER OF RAVAGING SOULS! I GET WHAT I WANT WHEN I WANT IT AND THERE'S NOTHING ANYBODY CAN DO TO SUSPEND ME! YOU CAN'T DESTROY ME, YOU CAN'T SLOW ME DOWN IN ANY SHAPE OR FORM! NOT WITH THE PATHETIC PURE MAGIC, THOSE WHORES TAUGHT YOU! YOU NEED TO USE REAL MAGIC! MAGIC BORN FROM THE DARKNESS OF THE DEEPEST HOLLOW OF ALL THE REALMS! EVEN THEN, YOU'LL REMAIN THE PATHETIC, EQUALLY FEEBLE BOY PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY! SO FEEBLE-MINDED, YOU COULDN'T EVEN FIGHT THE URGES THAT I IMPLANTED IN YOUR MIND THE MOMENT YOU WERE BORN! I GAVE YOU LIFE, BOY, I GAVE YOU YOUR BROTHER'S LIFE ESSENCE SO YOU COULD BE BORN AS POWERFUL AS YOU ARE TODAY, AND I WILL TAKE IT FROM YOU! AFTER I KILL YOU, EVERYONE YOU'VE EVER LOVED WILL DIE SCREAMING YOUR NAME! THE FIRST TO DIE WILL BE HER, THEN YOUR OTHER SUPREME, THEN WHOEVER ELSE REMAINS A PART OF YOUR PRECIOUS FAMILY! THEY WILL DIE IN TERRIBLE, CREATIVE AND DIFFERENT WAYS! BUT THERE WILL BE A SIMILARITY; THEY WILL ALL DIE BEGGING FOR YOU TO RELEASE THEM FROM THEIR PAIN! ALL THEY WILL KNOW, IS THAT YOU FORSAKE THEM FOR A PLACE BESIDE MY THRONE!"

Michael lances the whiskey bottle at the monstrous form that is his father, watching as the bottle is caught effortlessly, just as he wants.
"I welcome the proposition, my son, but now isn't the moment for intemperance."
"That's quite disappointing, father, but I guess there are other uses for the whiskey," Michael hastily murmurs, launching a ball of hellfire at the bottle of whiskey, causing an explosion that engulfs the ensemble of his father and forcefully shakes the whole hotel. The force causes car alarms and canines to rage in the distance, as well as the people inside of the hotel to scream in terror and dread. Michael, however, remains vigilant at all times, watching as the hellfire slowly extinguishes itself, but before the fire and smoke can clear from his vision, Michael's father reptilian-like tail slithers forward, wrapping around his son's neck with a constriction strangely just as powerful than the Telekinetic constriction, unlike anything Michael has ever felt in his life on a physically standpoint. The grip easily lifts Michael from the ground, pulling him from the balcony as he begins levitating away, leaving him hanging more than a few metres from the ground, suffocating him like he has a noose wrapped around his neck.

"You aspired to take our conflict elsewhere?!" His father screams, every burn, blister, bruise and cut healing within a couple of blinks, looking as if Michael never even touched him in the first place. His father's form remains to be the perfect monstrosity, deadly in almost every way imaginable and without any form of a flaw, at least that Michael can initially see. Holding his own against the satanic beast will no doubt be the fight of his life, let alone defeating him, it's common knowledge that you can't kill what's already dead, but you can send the undead vexation back to where it came from. The chance of Michael being able to exploit some form of weakness and sending his father back to his kingdom is minuscule, but if there's a possibility, Michael is dedicated to using it to his advantage, his only advantage after all. Defeating his father away from any innocents is now his greatest responsibility because he's not just battling for him, but for the lives of the people, he loves too.

"Consider your motion granted."

The moment his father finishes his words, Michael feels his head spinning uncontrollably like he's on the craziest roller coaster, forcing him to close his eyes, at least until he finds himself swiftly slamming into the solid, cold ground. The force of the impact is so vicious it almost shatters his spine and the back of his skull, it, however, does dislocate his jaw, as he tries to shriek in pain, his jaw compresses to the side, driving him to keep his mouth shut and swallow his pain, tears streaking from his eyes and down his cheeks. Although concussed, Michael manages to observe his surroundings, finding a familiar sight; the New Orleans City Park. Why his father has thrown him in familiar surroundings, he doesn't know, all he knows is that his father is nowhere to be seen, giving Michael the chance to relocate his jaw and observe anything he can use as a weapon. As he places his hand on his jaw and prepares to haul it back into a normal form, he realises that manually reposition his jaw is going to be far more difficult than he imagined it to be. So, closing his eyes, Michael focusses Telepathically onto his crooked jaw, only to then grasp onto it Telekinetically, his thoughts do the rest; with a jerk sidewards and a drive upwards, he feels the click of his jaw and ultra-violent ringing in his ears; indications of success.

"It's perpetually the small features of the body that hurts the gravest when you break them down," his father pauses, landing onto the green land of the park, his massive clawed feet digging and tearing into the soil. "When you fragment the features, you fragment the mind."

"I didn't realise the jaw was a small feature, father," Michael mutters, breathing heavily while he can still breathe. "And my mind is yet to be fragmented."

"That is because you're an unyielding fool, my son, everything you've spoken to me on this night has been foolish! Mallory Catherine is your greatest enemy, yet you won't heed to reason! You won't even let me acknowledge why she's such a threat to you, it goes far beyond her status as Supreme Witch-"
most detrimental of torture; after tonight, Miss Robichaux's will be consumed by fire until it's ash, and then the ashes, the Witches, as well as their followers, especially your little paramour, will be dragged to Hell where they will then be my playthings for all eternity."

"I'll tear you apart before I'll allow that to happen," Michael scolds, observing his surroundings and finding more than a few interesting elements to be used against his father; weapons that only the most creative of magic practitioners would be daring to use. "Now that we're in a place of privacy, shall we begin?"

"Yes, my son, I suppose," his father ceases, walking forward before Telekinetically seizing onto the soft ground he landed on and rending something shaped like a cross from the ground before letting it all go. Strutting towards the cross, his father clamps onto it with his enormous hand, pulling out a huge crossguard formed from what appears to be black obsidian Hellfire; the deepest, darkest, most demonic crossguard in the history of the Realms, the Hellblade of Satan himself. "It's time for you to meet your fate."

"A Hellblade? That seems unfair don't you think, father?"

"You want to live like a mortal, do you not?! You'll find that life, if not manipulated by me and my legion of Demons, is manipulated by your grandfather and his entrusted Archangels. Life isn't fair, my son, it would have been if you sojourned by my side as you intended to, no matter, I'll just have to ensure my next child does as they are told; save me the trouble of killing my precious offspring. Goodbye, Michael Langdon, you'll forever be my greatest disappointment."

"And you, my own, Lucifer."

"I'm not going to lie to you, Coco, I'm shocked that you even came with me on my attempt to find Michael, after everything I told all of you," Mallory scoffs as she drives through the virtually empty streets of New Orleans with Coco in the passenger seat, surprisingly chatty considering the circumstances. "I mean, the time travel, what happened in the last timeline with Michael, who and what Michael is, who and what I am i.e. the fact I'm the next Supreme, all of it."

"Look, I won't lie either, I was overwhelmed when you used the retention spell on us, the things I saw were horrific, terrifying, I can't believe I treated you so poorly in the- last timeline, I guess I should call it that," Coco sighs, letting out a deep breath as her eyes widen.

"That doesn't matter, not anymore, those days are over, or technically haven't been come to fruition, nor will they, at least- I hope they don't, we just need to find him," Mallory pauses, noticing the silence immediately and wanting it to stop as soon as possible. She can't let silence get the best of her, not now, not when she's mentally at her worst, and she will be mentally at her worst until she gets him back, until then, she needs to keep the silence out. "So, do you think Michael and I will have a home to go back to, or do you think our current situation is too much for Cordelia, her Council and our friends? It's a lot to take on, I know that and it's a lot of information, you know, to fucking process in the first place, again, I know that- we, Michael and I, we know that and-"

"What?! No, no, no, shut the fuck up, Mals! Look, all of us and I mean all of us acknowledged that everything you hid from us, including Michael's true origins, was to protect us. Besides, you weren't technically hiding anything, you were just- reserving the information for later use," Coco says, finally getting a smile out of Mallory, to which she giggles at. "Regardless of everything we have learnt, we still love you, both of you, yes, it'll take time to adjust to the change, and it is quite a big change. However, at the end of the day, Michael has done more good than he has bad and Cordelia said it herself after you told her the truth, his nature isn't inevitable, it can and has already been nurtured, moulded into something more, something more salutary. He's a beautiful, kind, honest, protective and loving young man, he may do terrible, terrible things one day but if he does it'll be to protect us, not to destroy the world, that potential reality is gone, long gone, you've changed him, Mallory, forever."

"This is why you're my best friend, Coco, why I love you so, so much," Mallory titters, gawking at the rear-view mirror, noticing a jet black SUV right behind them. "Hmmm."
"What? What is it?" Coco asks, herself ogling at the rear-view mirror. "Is someone stalking us or something? If that's isn't sketchy, I don't know what is."

"That black SUV has been behind us for the last few minutes, I'm going to turn the next corner, see if they continue to trail us, that means strap on your seatbelt, Vanderbilt."

Without a second thought and just on time before Mallory turns the curve, Coco bands on her seatbelt and due to the way Mallory turned that bend, if Coco didn't have her seatbelt on, she would have slammed her head against the window. "Fucking hell, that was close, you almost knocked me out."

"You almost knocked yourself out, to be fair, that'll teach you to wear a seatbelt," Mallory mutters, watching from the mirror as the SUV turns the curve, just as she expected, that doesn't make the scene any less terrifying. "Shit. Alright, they're following us, but why would they be following us? What's so special about us?"

"Besides the fact that we're both Witches, you, in particular, are the next and possibly the most powerful Supreme Witch in all of history, charismatic and loving enough to save the Anti-Christ from his destiny?" Coco questions. "Maybe it could be that?"

"Quite possibly, Coco, quite possibly," Mallory chuckles nervously, eyes not leaving the rear-view mirror, constantly converged on the SUV. "Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck. We need to shake these assholes, otherwise, I don't know what type of situation we'll be finding ourselves in. Coco, I'm so sorry that you're being pursued by some sketchy fuckers, I can't apologize enough to you-"

"Are you fucking kidding me?! The circumstances are scary, don't get me mistaken about that, but sincerely, I haven't had this much enjoyment in years, so if I have to kick some ass tonight to defend us and find Michael, then fuck it, I'm down!" Coco screams with enthusiasm, turning to face the SUV. "I've practised my Telekinesis, but I can't reach that far, not from inside the car and not while we're moving as high speed. What about you?"

"If you haven't noticed, I'm kinda' driving the car and no, as much as I'd like to do two things simultaneously, due to my current mental state, I doubt I'd be able to concentrate to that level; throwing can take said concentration," Mallory hisses, sighing as she comes up with a resolution to their problem, a resolution she hopes will be of non-lethal outcome. "Coco, I need you to drive the car while I sort out our little problem, it'll take some time to find that level of concentration but I think I can manage."

"How are we going to switch seats?"

"Have you been practising your Transmutation?" Mallory suggests, raising an eyebrow at Coco as she unclips her seatbelt.

"For a matter of fact, I have been. Alright, when do you want to do it? On the count of three or after the count of three?"

"On the count of three, okay?" Mallory asks, finding a quick nod from Coco in response. "One, two, three."

The moment the final word leaves her lips, Coco and Mallory Transmulate simultaneously, interchanging seats before Coco clips on her seatbelts. "Okay, what next?"

Mallory closes her eyes, feeling around her environment as she leisurely takes in each breath, focussing her anxiety, her wrath and her terror in a single application, an application about to be uncaged. "This." The car is suddenly jolted upwards from the front end, almost elevating it entirely from the road before it slams on its side, ultimately preventing the car from following them for good.

The duo sighs deeply, the relief from stress feels amazing, almost better than anything Mallory has ever experienced in her life, almost. "And voila, our problem has been-"

Out of nowhere, the engine of their car completely dies out, leaving the car trundling down the empty street until it finally stops, leaving them out in the open, vulnerable. Before they can react to the additional concern, all four of the car doors are torn off by an invisible force, followed by Coco, who is flung from the car and onto the sidewalk.

"COCO!" Mallory cries, Transmutating to her aid, finding her unconscious, head split open from the blunt force impact. "No, no, no, no. Coco, if you can hear me, stay with me, okay? I'm going to
make you all better, I promise."

A painful pricking sensation abruptly hits her neck and when she feels the space, her fingers coil around a meagre dart on her neck before she pulls it out. As much as she aspires to fight whatever has been flushed through her system, the effect is immediate, causing her eyes to roll and her head to lighten while her limbs and shoulders become onerous, difficult to carry. It takes only a few seconds before she crashes into the ground, finding herself completely paralysed, the desire to sleep almost unshakeable, but she stays awake long enough to see dozens upon dozens of figures, men and women, joining the scene, whispering and chuckling to one another. However, the moment a final figure, a shorter figure than the rest of them, enters the commotion, everything goes completely silent, causing her anxiety levels to go through the roof, paralysed, she can't anything about hers and Coco's situation, not even fight back. The voice that speaks is female, but there's something different about the way she speaks; a bright voice shrouded by everlasting, sadistic darkness, cold, calculated and solemn.

"Well done, true believers, the boss will be more than happy with this result, now we have the girl, our master's son will fall right into the trap the boss will set out for him."
"Ma'am? What about the other girl, the one with her head split open?"
"Hmm," the woman mutters, glaring at Coco with interest. "Here's the plan; I'm going to be taking a selected half of our brothers and sisters, we need to escort the girl to the boss and we need to do it as soon as possible. As for the other selected half, stop the bleeding the best you can and please make the other girl look as perfect as possible before."
"Before what?"
"Before you take her back to Miss Robichaux's, before you tell their precious Supreme that we have their beloved Mallory Catherine and that soon we'll have Michael Langdon. Use the special dose of the tranquilizer, the one that significantly weakens their power without making them pass out like Miss Catherine here. Give them Hell, make them suffer like they're in Hell, then actually take them to Hell."
"It'll be done, Miss Mead."
Michaels launches himself onto the green grass of the city park, narrowly avoiding his father's Hellblade as it plunges into the ground, corrupting the soil and turning the fresh green grass into nothing but ashes. His breathing is heavy like he'd been running a marathon, quickly he finds himself exhausted, yet his father remains vigilant, his stamina untouched, unrivalled. It's only been ten minutes since the battle began if you could even call it a battle, it has mostly considered of Michael jumping or Transmutating across the park, only for his father to catch up to him with a mere few steps if not a small leap. Everything he's managed to do to fight against his father has been for nothing, he discovered and swiftly that it's futile to try to outsmart Satan, that he's always one step ahead of him, if not for his gigantic clawed feet then he's peerless intelligence, at least from what Michael has heard. Needing a moment to breathe, Michael Transmutates behind the food stand he and Kyle bought food from barely a day before, giving him more than enough time to catch a breathe and steady his heartbeat, making it more difficult for his father to detect his position, but not impossible. That's when he begins envisioning every weapon he has under his arsenal and the ones that will mean a difference in the fight. Telekinesis; the greatest and most beneficial weapon in his armoury, as long as he can focus the proper amount of power into the Telekinetic assaults. Concilium; the probability of using that ability against the likes of his father is unlikely, so he shouldn't bother playing with those odds. Pyrokinesis; trying to fight fire against fire, or better yet Hellfire against Hellfire isn't going to be the most effective, but it's certainly an option in his current situation. Divination and Telepathy, equally valuable in obtaining knowledge of his surroundings, as well as his father's next move, defence or offence alike, as long as he has the breathing space. Transmutation; the second greatest weapon in his armoury, allows him to maneuver around his father's assaults and adjust his positioning, potentially opening-up further opportunities for his attacks or defences. Vitalum Vitalis, no use in his fight unless he can bring himself back from the dead after his inevitable doom. Last but not least, Descensus, which will have absolutely, positively zero effect in a fight against a creature that rules over Hell and sub-Hells.

"HOW ASTONISHINGLY INEFFECTIVE OF YOU, MICHAEL! HIDING?! THAT IS THE VERY LAST THING I ANTICIPATED FROM A CREATURE OF YOUR CALIBRE!" His father screams, staring around the city park for anything his son could be hiding behind. "SHOW YOURSELF AND QUIT DANCING AROUND LIKE SOME CUNT THAT REFUSES TO DIE!"

"Hearing your voice is starting to become old and fast," Michael grumbles to himself, noticing a drinking fountain thirty yards away. All he needs to do is avoid getting split in two by his father's Hellblade and reach the water fountain, where he can then turn an essence of life into a weapon of the battle, just as Mallory did in that classroom.

After pondering the right moment to flee from his hiding spot, Michael pushes himself from the wall
of the food stand and enters a full sprint, only to have the Hellblade dive into the ground behind him, a sudden impact creating a shock wave that sends Michael flying into the water fountain. The force and velocity of the impact crushed the water fountain like it's made of cardboard, causing the water to spill and leak out of what remains of the fountain, of course, it almost does the same thing to Michael's body, if not for the *Telekinetic* cocoon, he managed to form around his body mere moments before the vicious impact. How he managed to accomplish such a feat is beyond him, he didn't think about it, it just happened, like a nerve, a reflex, a muscle twitch, an automatic reaction; an automatic reaction that saved him from being transformed into a mass of skin, blood and organs. Rather than be completely stopped by the fountain, the cocoon allows Michael to bounce from it like a rubber ball, sending him soaring into the ground. His impact against the ground isn't so forgiving, especially considering the amplified speed, in fact, it almost dislocates his shoulder blade if not shattered it completely. If worse came to worse, the injury would have pushed the bone through the skin, making his *already* low chance of surviving his encounter with his father to a number below positive, odds Michael's not so sure he wants to fuck around with. As Michael begins a swift recovery from his landing, his father berths back onto the soft soil, his monstrous teeth difficult to refrain from his grin, so it seems he finds the sight of his own son's pain satisfying, then again, why wouldn't he? He's the Devil after all.

"DID THAT HURT, MY SON?!"

"If it means anything to you, it almost hurt, but I'm so far from being done with this fight."

"DONE?! DONE, MY SON?! YOU'VE SCARCELY DONE ANYTHING TO BOUT AGAINST ME! ALL YOU'VE DONE IS PRANCE AROUND, STEERING PAST ALL OF MY ATTEMPTS TO TAKE YOUR LIFE! WHY DON'T YOU TRY A MORE BELLIGERENT FORM?! PROVE TO ME THAT YOU'RE MY SON! SHOW ME SOME DEMONIC POWER! SHOW ME SOME FUCKING RAGE! YOU'RE PROFICIENCY TO FIGHT BACK WON'T JUST POSSIBLY SAVE YOUR LIFE, BUT THE LIFE OF THE MEN AND WOMEN YOU LOVE TOO! SHOW ME WHAT YOU GOT!"

With his teeth whetting together, Michael grasps onto the rivulet of water, forming it into a great mass within trices before lancing it into his father, watching as the mass of water succeeds in submerging the entirety of the monster that is his father. Once fully submerged, Michael lifts the mass that contains his father into the air, as high as he can manage as he endeavours to drown him out like the pest he is, his eyes observing his father's many struggles to claw and slash his way through the mass. Nevertheless, just as his father's struggles begin to settle down, to die out, the Hellblade cuts through the mass like its nothing, severing the *Hydrokinetic* bond and the mass alongside it, allowing his father to fall with his wings taking away all of the velocity. However, Michael uses the distraction to his benefit, wrapping the manipulated flow of water around his arms and hands before solidifying it with ice, causing the water to tighten around his arms to his fists like a gauntlet, burning his skin in the process, but it's pain Michael has no problem enduring, especially if it saves his life. Using more water and ice, Michael makes the icicle gauntlet as thick as armour before planting the final touch; moulding the icicles around his fingers into large, razor-sharp claws. Overall, the sight causes his father to chuckle like he's proud of him or something.

"You know what you have in your veins, Michael, the power to make the largest change the human race will ever experience. Doesn't that feel genuinely great?!"

"Not the word I'd use for it," Michael scolds, lunging towards his father with the claws, only for his attack to be effortlessly countered by his father's massive antlers, a strange but effective counterattack. "Oh shit."

Michael *Transmutes* out of sight as his father hurls down the Hellblade onto his position, only to emerge behind the monster, allowing him to slice each of his father's popliteal veins as he rushes past with his claws, ultimately causing the creature to fall onto its knees. If not for the creature's ability to immediately repair his damaged flesh and severed veins, his father would be bleeding out all over the soil of the city park, but with his ability to heal comes great vulnerability, vulnerability Michael takes advantage of as he digs the claws deep into the brawny muscle of his father's legs. However, before
he can continue the assault, his father's reptilian tail wraps around Michael's waist, torso and locking his arms alongside them, compressing him until his head begins to throb, his face flushing with red as the blood struggles to move around his body. Using every ounce of his strength, Michael contrives in forming the tiniest space but it's enough to slip his still ice protected hands through, allowing him to carve at his father's tail and with a great stroke of his claws, Michael carves through his father's reptilian tail, severing it completely and releasing him to the ground where he swiftly unwraps himself from the slippery grasp. Taking the opportunity, Michael disappears once more, this time befalling out of the air and catching himself as he grasps onto the antlers of his father. Placing his combat boots onto his father's head with his hands securely seized onto the antlers, Michael begins to push himself backwards, using every iota of his strength to rend off each of the antlers, a method terminated in glorified form as each antler is fiercely torn from the foundation of his father's cranium. The noises brought upon by the brutal action alone form goosebumps onto Michael's skin and if he's, to be honest with himself, it felt good, no, it felt transcendent to administer such pain, pain on a creature that often rivels in it, drowns in it, but this time, it seems the pain is too much. "FUCKING FUCK!" His father screams as he propels the Hellblade towards his son, watching helplessly as he leaps over the Hellblade before slamming one of the torn out antlers into his foot, pinning one of his feet to the ground. "YOU SON OF A BITCH!"

"Had enough yet?" Michael shrieks in rage as he launches the other antler through his father's free leg, watching the monster screech in actual pain. "If you think that's bad, I'm only getting started. Threaten me all you want, but the moment you threatened the people I love, the moment you threatened Mallory, you crossed a line that will result in a single thing; profound anguish. I may not be able to kill you, father, but I'm going to make your time in this Realm a living Hell you can say."

"Not with those icy little claws you won't," his father growls, thrusting the Hellblade deep into the ground before gripping onto the antler that impales from the large muscle of his leg. That's when he begins driving it the antler from his leg, slowly even with his strength but surely. "You're swift with your attacks, my son, but you've yet to overwhelm, so go ahead, overwhelm me with something inspiring."

With his hands still armoured in thick layers of ice and his fingers weaponised with icy claws, Michael raises his hand in the direction of a nearby utility pole, focusing his magic toward the electricity that courses through the powerlines. That's when Michael begins assimilating the erratic electricity into one of his ice-enveloped hands, executing a form of an Elektrokinesis he didn't know he had, conclusively conducting the power throughout his entire body before unleashing it upon his father. The beam of unleashed electricity almost knocks his father to the ground, however, the antler pinned in his foot keeps him in place. With the remaining antler still deep in his father's other leg, the Devil has no choice but to endure the untamed power, his skin burning, melting and crackling at the devastating heat. Screaming at the top of his lungs, Michael launches himself forward with a burst of Elektrokinesis, each burst more devastating than the last. The final eruption of electricity causes the power to surge throughout the city, leaving the city and the park in darkness, taking the opportunity of a further assault away from him. Michael freezes in the gloom, listening and feeling out for any sign of his father with the use of Telepathy and Divination, yet hears, feels or finds nothing; his father, the prince of darkness, has concealed himself in the soothing ambience, leaving him terrifyingly vulnerable. The moment takes a step, he feels a sharp sensation in his side, his leg, the back of his shoulder and even his cheek, causing him to shriek in what Michael believes to be a sense of pain. When he touches his cheek, he feels the familiar texture of blood on his fingers, indicating the sensation is his father cutting him, torturing him slowly while he's unable to fight back. That's when his father begins speaking to him from the darkness, each word sounding from different directions.

"What an unfortunate position you've embedded yourself in, my son, but I have to confess, you maltreated me with that little parlour trick, ripping my antlers off and spearing me with them? Creatively brilliant. But all brilliant things have to come to a close, especially in your position, you can't fight me if you can't see me, which leaves you to die by my hands in the darkness unless
you can see me but just don't know it yet. Here, I'll give you some motivation."
The sharp sensations continue, slicing at his chest, stomach, shoulder, forearm and his other leg, with
each slice ending with ferocious, evolving screams of anguish. As the pain becomes intolerable, his
rage becomes consummate and insubordinate. All of the fury he's bottled in over the last months, the
pure unique fury, fury that rivals even the likes of Kyle Spencer's ferocity, it's time to let it all out,
time to let loose and protect Mallory, his family, New Orleans and the world from his father, even if
it means some beautiful, artistic profusion of destruction. Focussing his rage, Michael forms a ball of
Hellfire on the palm of his hand before slamming it into the ground, causing the Hellfire to spread
across the ground in an instant, lighting up his surroundings in a twenty-yard radius, presently
making it a Hell of a lot easier to see his father in the darkness but even then, his vision remains
limited, for his human eyes at least. Changing his eyes into demonic form, Michael's vision becomes
clearer, allowing him to maneuver past his father's attacks much to the surprise of the monster, and
with continuous wrath coursing through his veins, his counterattacks are far more vicious; cutting his
father so deep that an ordinary creature would be bleeding out on the ground. But now it's time for
Michael to end the conflict once and for all, his father isn't tiring down, yet because of his wrath
neither is he, however, his rage is unleashed not infinite, so if he's going to stop Satan, he's needs to
do it now. That's when he notices it, the Hellblade still peacefully plunged into the ground-

"I see your eyes on the Hellblade, you couldn't handle having your hands on such malevolent power,
would shatter your mind into a thousand pieces."
"If that were true," Michael pauses as he death stares the creature, only for his eyes to converge back
on the massive black obsidian blade. "Why wouldn't you just allow me to touch it, allow my mind to
be shattered?"
"Would you believe me when I say I just simply want to kill you myself?" The monster asks, clawed
feet digging into the ground like its ready to pounce, Michael's lucky to have noticed that, the action
casts his confidence away long before his words do.
"No, I wouldn't."
Father and son stand in place, glaring at one another for a moment, but without warning,
Michael Transmutates in front of the blade, placing his ice-armoured hands onto the hilt of the blade,
with his hands blistering like there's no ice at all; the longer he holds onto the hilt, the more spread
out the sweltering becomes, creeping its way to his mind, just as his father had said it would. Before
he can hold onto the hilt any longer, his father slams his fist into his Michael's chest, his strength
knocking his son thirty yards away from the sword, allowing him to tear the blade from the ground
effortlessly while Michael recovers from the blunt force trauma to his chest.
"You know, for the moment there, I imagined you were going to rend my Hellblade from the terrain
and profess it as your own, but once you again you disappointedly live up to my expectations. Time
and time again you've displayed that you're far from the child I hoped to have, far from the destiny I
laid out for you, but this? Not being able to lift a weapon made from the molten fires of Hell, the
source of your bloodline?!!" His father scoffs, shaking his head in frustration as he begins walking
towards Michael, the Hellblade in hand as his serrated teeth grind together. "That is beyond
disappointing and disappointment deserves only one thing; a punishment."

"Wait!" Michael cries, holding his hand out in an endeavour to cast a Telekinetic gust towards his
father, but before he can, the point of the blade slices through his hand like it's made of soft leather
before driving through it and towards his face. Michael uses all of the strength in his free arm to push
against the blade impaled in his hand, careful not to allow the edge to drill any deeper, regardless of
his efforts, the pain remains horrific, causing him to scream so loudly he can hear his voice echoing
throughout the distant, raging city. "FUCK! FUCKING."
"SUBMIT TO ME, MY SON!" His father growls, his smirk turning into gritting teeth as he feels the
blade stop in its tracks, his son's defiance cementing in place as he begins to slowly ascend to his
feet. "SUBMIT! TO! ME!"
"I'D RATHER DIE HERE!" Michael gnarls, clutching onto the blade once more, using everything
in his strength to slowly tear it from his hand, only to form layers of ice upon the obsidian blade, dispersing the frost across the entirety of the blade until it reaches the hilt, consequently burning his father's hand and overpowering him, prompting him to abandon the weapon. It appears the end of the world does lean in the guidance of fire and ice after all, just as that strange woman Myrtle Snow had said. Acting swiftly, Michael ignores the overwhelming pain in his hand and plunges his father into the terrain with the mighty blow of Telekinesis, only to then grasp onto the handle of the obsidian blade and miraculously lift from the ground, holding it in the air as the demonic influence flows through his body. Due to the mass of Hellish vigour being absorbed within his body, his hand, as well as the rest of his wounds, begin healing at an accelerated rate, within moments Michael feels invigorated as if the fight never happened, so it's become clear why his father never felt tired, besides the fact that he's the Devil; the blade has constantly supplied him with energy and now, it does the same for Michael. Out of the blue, the Hellblade begins shrinking in size but remains in its monstrous obsidian form, professedly adapting to its wielder like its living creature, making it easy for Michael to hold the weapon to his chest, which feels more natural by the second. "I'M STILL A DISAPPOINTMENT TO YOU, FATHER?! AM I?! HUH?! LOOK AT ME NOW! HOLDING THE HELLISH WEAPON OF SATAN HIMSELF! I WONDER HOW MUCH DAMAGE THIS CAN DO TO YOU, FATHER!"

"Doesn't matter what you do to me, my son, the damage has already been done to you."
"What does that mean?" Michael growls, finding nothing but silence in reply. Finding himself maddened further than he already is, Michael begins sauntering towards his father with the blade in one hand, his blue irises fighting the urge to fall in with the darkness of his pupils and scleras as he locates himself closer to his father. Stopping in front of his father, Michael twirls the blade so fast he appears as a blur, slicing the monster's hand completely off effortlessly with the diabolical power of the Hellblade, causing his father to screech in pain rather than let out an outcry. "WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?!
I DO NEED TO CUT MORE PIECES OFF OF YOU BEFORE YOU GIVE ME THE ANSWERS I WANT! TELL ME NOW OR I SEND YOU HOME RIGHT HERE RIGHT NOW!!"

"Cut me to pieces and send me homeward, my part in this drama of ours has already been represented, there's no motivation for me to continue with this labour any longer, I merely wasn't going to make the assignment I fixed for you solely accessible. In the end, I'm the one who has succeeded with my purpose; you have the Hellblade, Hell's essence flows through your body, powering you in ways your mortal life could not, arousing your demonic legacy once and for all. Now it's only a matter of time before the energy, the magic, twists your mind and makes you give in to your destiny, your future, now to make things oh so much worse, I took away the only person on this planet who can help you."

"What did- what did you- WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY!" Michael screams as his father strives to use his wings as a method of flight rather than an assault, an attempt held down with Telekinesis and cut down with speedy use of the Hellblade. The conflict between Michael and his father has left the monster wingless, tailless, antlerless and one of his hands missing, whether or not Michael's father has allowed Michael to do so is doubtful so Michael takes it as a victory. He outmatched his father, at least in his current form, which he doubts is his most powerful, with the use of mortal's magic, if that isn't an accomplishment he doesn't know what is, but after those words left his father's mouth, his victory became short-lived, stillborn. With those words, Michael's entire world as come crashing down, replaced with nothing but bloodlust, rage and a serious need for answers. "WHAT DID YOU DO?! TELL ME! WHAT DID YOU DO?!!"

"I'm afraid I've been delaying this whole time, my son, killing you was an unimportant task, keeping you occupied was most mattering, interrogating me is futile, so why don't you try perceiving what I've done rather than hearing of it?"

"Tell me where I should be looking and I'll be on my merry fucking way," Michael hisses, digging his heels into the ground, ready to run or Transmutate to the direction his father points with his one hand if he points at all. "I'm sure that won't be a difficult task for you?"
"You can't protect them, Michael, not anymore, if you don't fail them now you will once you've gone underneath the rabbit hole of madness, if your 'family' are nearby when that happens, you'll likely tear them to pieces. But for this current situation, I think you should find yourself back at Miss Robichaux's and quickly, I'm not sure how much longer it'll be before they're all swarmed with gunfire," his father chuckles, only to begin cackling with that crazed, unnatural cackling, his hellish eyes not staring at his soul, but through his soul. "If my faithful followers haven't got her already as a dear companion of mine declared she would, then I'm hoping a particular organisation of men with guns and a thirst for vengeance will. Oh I hope they butcher everyone in front of her then take turns r-" Within a blink, Michael covers the Hellblade with a layer of ice, only to then send a volt of Elektrokinesis through the blade, setting it ablaze with his signature blue Hellfire. Using the Hellblade charged up with the three elements, Michael wields the weapon against his father's neck, decapitating him effortlessly and God does that feel great, relieving ultimately, in a way only experienced when you decapitate the Devil with a Hellblade, an experience Michael doubts anybody could undergo. "I'm coming to you, my flame, I'm coming to all of you."
The Fallen

Chapter Notes

Okay, so I lied... this is the second last chapter... I didn't realise this chapter was going to be as big as it is... but the next chapter will be the very last for this story... and it'll be pretty damn BIG! Oh btw, there will also be an announcement in the next chapter. So keep your eyes peeled.

As Cordelia's eyes slowly pry open, she's welcomed by the horrifying sight of all of her students, Zoe, Queenie, Misty, Madison, Kyle and a heavily injured, barely conscious Coco surrounded by a dozen and a half individuals with ordnance, no doubt holding everyone captive, for what purpose, she doesn't even want to think about it. As she stares around her surroundings, Cordelia recognises that everyone has been moved downstairs, probably making easier for whoever is outside to access the floor if anything goes down, either way, it's not a great situation. The fact that Cordelia doesn't remember being taken down by armed men is just as horrifying as the situation, she remembers hearing the window crack and a prickling sensation in her neck while she was having a moment with Misty, everything else after that faded to black. Now here she is, being held captive by strangers inferior to her; just a bunch of men and some women with guns. But the fact they're holding the people she loves the most, that at any second they can fire their weapons and end the lives of everyone in her proximity in a mere blink, proves that they're the ones in control here, not her, not any of the Witches and certainly not Kyle, who has a rifle aimed directly at his head.

"Care to try that again, tough guy?" One of the individuals hisses, jabbing Kyle with the barrel of the rifle, causing Kyle to growl in an animalistic matter, the first sign that his rage is becoming too much for him to control. The reason Kyle has a rifle at his head is probably that he has the strength to break through the chains, what Kyle lacks magic wise he makes up for with his sheer strength, rage and, because of Cordelia's efforts, his intelligence too. "I didn't think so, you may be strong, tough guy, but you're not invincible, keep that in mind."

"Fuck you."

"Kyle, don't," Zoe warns, wishing she could place her hand on Kyle's but the shackles stop her from being able to do so. "Please. Don't do anything ill-advised, okay?"

"Okay," Kyle agrees, managing to suppress his rage, for now.

"I could use a cigarette," Madison sighs, keeping a close eye on the barely conscious Coco, genuinely concerned for her friend. "Stay awake, Coco, stay awake."

"I- I- I'm- I try- I'm trying," Coco sighs weakly, managing to give Madison a faint smile. "Where- where is- Mallory?"

"We'll find her, Coco, I promise," Queenie reassures, shifting beside Coco, allowing her to lean onto her. "Or hopefully, she or Michael will find us."

That's when Cordelia realises that there aren't just shackles on Kyle's wrists, but there are shackles on everybody's wrists, how they managed to acquire so many shackles is beyond her, but nothing a little Telekinesis can't-

"ARGH!" Cordelia shrieks as a discharge of intense pain engulf her mind. "Shit, shit, shit."

"Ah, the Supreme Witch is finally awake," one of the armed strangers chuckles, kneeling in front of Cordelia before placing one of his hands on the shackles. "Oh yeah, I wouldn't be trying to use any of your precious magic while those shackles are on unless you want more of those jolts of pain. Be my guest, but if I was in your position, I wouldn't be fucking with that voodoo magic shit, that shit will get you cursed, or worse, dead."
"Voodoo magic?! That bitch sold us out?! Why did she sell us out?!!" Cordelia issues with an outcry. "If I get out of this, I'm going to kill her myself."

"To be perfectly fair, Dinah Stevens didn't sell you out per se, she just aided some Satanists with a complex task, therefore she aided us in our purpose in culling out the Witches once and for all. She didn't do much, she just created those shackles, well, technically she only created one shackle then taught us how to replicate the shackle into shackles, fuck I said shackles way too much for comfort. Anyway, Dinah did her part and I heard got paid handsomely for her troubles, I might as well tell you the situation briefly, considering all of you are about to die once we get the green light to rain hell. So look," the stranger says, leaning forward, closer to Cordelia's face. "Dinah Stevens betrayed you, there's no doubt about that, but if it means anything at all, she denied those crazy fuckers' request, at first, but when they started offering her various rewards for her assistance, she was slowly becoming more and more engrossed in the task at hand. I think her biggest problem was us, but the Satanists made it clear that her business was with them, not us, so she cast her worries aside and in the end, her part, as well as the unique tranquilizers the Satanists' boss gave us, made obtaining all of you so easy. Even you, Miss Supreme, you were the easiest to obtain, easier than- hmm, what was her name? Mallory was it? At least from what I heard about it-"

"What have you done with her, you son of a bitch!" Cordelia snaps, yanking the shackle and causing another jolt of pain to surge her. "Shit!"

"Delia?! Are you okay?" Misty wails, anxiety suffocating her as she witnesses her lover in pain, but her concern concludes with the butt of a rifle to the side of her head.

"Shut up, bitch! You won't need to worry about her in a moment, in fact, you won't need to worry about anything."

"We didn't do shit to her, Miss Supreme, the only role we had in her capture ended when she flipped one of our trucks on its side. The Satanists and their boss did what my colleagues failed to do, because of that failure, I let those freaks take them as sacrificial lambs because weakness and failure will not be tolerated anymore, not with the Order. The Satanists are behind your little Witch's disappearance, actually, the Satanists are behind all of this, without them we wouldn't have even thought about going along with our plan. I heard they want you gone for some retarded reason, something about ridding the world of the Chosen One's only connection to humanity, whether or not that's Mallory, all of you or both, I'm not entirely sure, just as I'm not entirely sure what they're going to do with her. I can only imagine they're going to be terrible, terrible things, maybe they'll torture her, rape her, sacrifice her, perhaps all three? Nothing us Witch Hunters don't do, I mean, except for the sacrifice part, that's too much effort for our tastes, you should know, you were married to one of us."

Without warning and to everyone's, including the Witch Hunters, astonishment, Cordelia headbutts the Witch Hunter, breaking his nose and causing blood to gush out, her teeth grating together as she's filled with pure rage. The Witch Hunter groans in pain before aiming his handgun directly at Cordelia's head, despite his associate's plea to calm down. "You stupid bitch! You broke my fucking nose, made me bleed, what gives you the right?! I should fucking kill you-"

"Boss," a male voice calls over the radio. "Boss, come in."

The Witch Hunter glares at Cordelia for a moment, only to holster his pistol and grip onto the radio. "You're lucky, bitch. Yeah, this is boss, what's up?"

"There's some weird shit going on out here, shit that's almost indescribable and it's freaking out some of the guys, we're not sure what to do and-"

"Hold the phone, you pussy, what's going on out here?" The Witch Hunter growls, sucking up blood from his nose before spitting it on the ground. "You say it's indescribable, but why don't you give it a go, yeah?"

"Okay, well, five minutes ago we could see outside the Academy at least somewhat, despite the power surge, but now, we can see absolutely nothing outside of the Academy, the whole perimeter is nothing but darkness. Could it be magic?"
"I doubt it, the moment we tagged Miss Supreme, all of her spells were made redundant, same as the rest of her brood, except for the big guy of course."

"But sir, it's early in the morning, the sun will be out soon, it shouldn't be this dark, right?" The voice inquires, only to go silent. "What the fuck is-"

The voice from the radio suddenly screams in what could only be pure terror and agony, with the radio cutting out within a moment after the screams cease. Abruptly something flies through one of the windows, causing the Witch Hunters to investigate, weapons drawn in a panic. One of the Witch Hunter's reaches the object that was thrown through the window before picking it up, revealing a crushed and blood-covered radio. That's when the reticence outside of the Academy turns into complete carnage, with blood-curdling screams for mercy and unchecked gunfire being the only thing heard everyone within the Academy can hear.

"FOCUS FIRE! FOCUS FIRE!"
"WHERE DO I FOCUS FIRE?! WHERE THE FUCK IS HE?!!"
"HE'S GOT ME!"
"I CAN'T SEE SHIT! I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M FIRING! CEASE FIRE!"
"FUCK THAT! CLUMP TOGETHER AND FIRE WHEREVER YOU FEEL IS SAFE!"
"HE'S NOT GOING DOWN! OUR BULLETS MEAN NOTHING!"
"ARGH! FUCK!"
"PLEASE DON'T!"
"SHOW MERCY!"
"WE NEED BACKUP! WE NEED BACKUP!"
"HELP US!"

If that isn't terrifying enough, the darkness the man on the radio was speaking of is advancing towards the door; the closer the darkness spreads to the door like a plague, the lesser the screams and gunfire become. That's when the blanket of darkness reaches the front door of the Academy and the screams, the gunfire, the radio chatter go extinct, leaving the outside dark and silent once more. The Witch Hunters are on edge, most of their weapons drawn upon the front door while some are still drawn onto their Witch hostages and their anxiety strangely increases once the front doorbell begins to ring from the darkness, with the sudden noise-causing all of the Witch Hunters to draw all of their weapons onto the front door in reaction. The moment the doorbell stops ringing, the door slowly begins to open, a scene straight out of a horror story.

"I need the team on the second floor to come downstairs now, and when I say now, I mean, RIGHT FUCKING NOW."

Without any form of a warning, a black sword with blue flames flies into the room, spinning at high velocity like a helicopter's blade, so fast some of the Witch Hunters don't see the blade coming. Two unfortunate Witch Hunters are decapitated in an instant, their headless bodies clumping onto the ground before fading into ashes while the Witch Hunters that are swift enough manage to duck before it can do the same to them.

"TEAM TWO! COME TO THE FIRST FLOOR NOW! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!"

The velocity of the sword punctually stops in its track, causing it to unnaturally float in the air before suddenly flinging towards the top of the stairs, where large pale hand grips onto the hilt, holding the blade close to his torso in a natural stance. Michael is confident, focussed and looks genuinely unscathed, except for his torn and burnt clothes, a result of the vicious battle with his father. That's when he surveys the scene, hatred in his eyes, solicitude in his heart, both of which intensify when he regards the fact that Mallory is nowhere to be seen. Witch Hunters are present with more on the way, their weapons are drawn on him and their eyes glare at him with a concoction of marvel and terror. Mallory is nowhere to be seen, neither are the Satanists his father mentioned. The sight alone makes him sick to his stomach, his blood to boil and his mind to knot as anxiety creeps its way in. These mortals dare threaten those he loves and take the one he loves most?! Teeth grinding together and Hellblade in hand, Michael prepares himself to do one of the things he enjoys best; shed some
blood.  
"Sorry to keep you waiting, I had to make a few pit stops along the way, make sure your accommodation was ready, a little *Hellish* for my taste, but it'll suit you all quite well," Michael mutters, his concerned eyes peering onto his family and the look of hope in their eyes. "Hey guys, I'll apologize once this is all over, so sit tight, relax and enjoy the presentation."

"It's him? It's *The Fallen*."

"Him? How do you simple motherfuckers know me? Oh, wait, wait, wait, let me guess; followers of my father? You don't look like Satanists, you look like a bunch of pussies, a bunch of dead pussies," Michael chuckles, finding no response from the Witch Hunters. "Lost for words, Witch Hunters?!

Pathetic. Do you think you can walk into my home and threaten the people I love?! You have another thing coming if that's the case, an agonising demise. So tell me, Witch Hunters, are you prepared to meet your fate? To bind your souls with the realm you were born to inhabit?! Let's find out shall we?!"

As he raises his blade in preparation to enact some good old fashioned bloodshed, the Witch Hunters on the second floor enter the scene, automatic weapons are drawn on him in an instant, leaving him ambushed. "Don't move, scumbag or I'll blow your fucking head off."

Whether or not he can *Transmutate* faster than they can pull the trigger is unknown, but he'd rather not test his luck, even with the Hellblade in hand and Hell's essence flowing through his body, a bullet's speed is a bullet's speed. But that's okay because he has what they don't; a secret weapon. "If you were smart you'd give up now, you'd save me the effort of killing you," Michael grumbles, growling as one of the Witch Hunters jabs him in the neck with the barrel of the rifle. "You do that again and I'll skin you alive."

"Keep threatening, kid, you don't scare us, Anti-Christ or not. You've only managed to kill two of us within a few minutes and there are dozens of us, you're surrounded by Witch Hunters armed with some of the most vicious weaponry we have, you've strung yourself in the corner of a burning house, left yourself for dead."

"You don't give us enough credit, I mean, we killed all of the Witch Hunters outside easily and mercilessly, so give credit where it is due. And you know what they say, sometimes you have to fight fire with fire, and in my case, I'm fighting fire with quite likely the most firey person you'll ever meet! Speaking of the most firey person you'll ever meet, why don't I introduce you to her, yeah?! *DO IT NOW!*"

Suddenly the shackles on Cordelia's wrists shatters to pieces, causing the shackles on the rest of the Witches and Kyle to fade out of existence. Acting swiftly, Cordelia slams her hand into the wood tiles, forming a protective boundary spell to shield them from the barrage of panicked bullets flinging towards them. Cordelia's boundary spell is weak due to the effect of the narcotics, forcing her to focus on the spell and protecting those lacking the confidence to fight back, which considering the situation they're all in, is most of the Witches outside of the Council and old student class. This leaves Zoe, Queenie, Misty, Madison and Kyle to do what Cordelia cannot.

"They gave me one hell of a sedative, it's difficult enough to focus on the barrier, I need you five to protect Michael. For the rest of you girls, I need you to keep Coco in a stable condition until one of us can heal her. You can't let her fall asleep, she may be suffering from brain damage, so keep her awake, talk to her, do whatever it takes to keep away. For you five, protect Michael and kill these fuckers," Cordelia seethes. "Kill them all."

Using the distraction, Michael Transmutates behind the half dozen Witch Hunters on the second floor, only to then use his Hellblade to cleave the first enemy in half in vicious fashion, only to plunge the blade into his next victim's gut, screaming as he does it.

Mind drowned in bloodlust, Kyle charges into one of the Witch Hunter at high speed, using his monstrous strength to pick up the enemy and squeeze as tightly as he can, crushing the Witch Hunter's spine and killing him in an instant. "COME ON! YOU WANNA' KILL ME?! I'M RIGHT FUCKING HERE!" Still holding onto the body, Kyle yanks a handgun from the Witch Hunter's sidearm holster and opens fire, shooting one of the Hunters in the head while using the body in his
arm as a meat shield.

Using Telekinesis, an incandescent Zoe picks up two of Witch Hunters before twisting her Telekinetic grip on them, causing them to scream in agonising pain as they bend and snap in an unnatural configuration. This leaves the Witch Hunters nothing but a mass of skin and guts as they're dumped onto the floor, with her teeth whetting together, she moves onto her next victim; a black widow killing insects trapped in her web.

Hellblade still plunged in his victim's gut, Michael uses the blade to sway the Witch Hunter from side to side, ultimately using his victim as a shield, stopping the gunfire raging in his direction. Unlucky for Michael, one of the Witch Hunters are agile, maneuvering around his defence before firing a shot, generating the bullet to pierce into his shoulder. Michael winces in pain but the pain only adds fuel to his everlasting Hellfire, so he begins his retaliation. "You should have given up, but your actions have asked for what's about to come next. Enjoy being in eternal misery!"

As the gunfire begins tearing through the flesh, muscle and bone, Michael lights the Hellblade still lodged into his victim's abdomen on fire, Hellfire specifically, disintegrating the foundation in an instant as he moves onto the next Witch Hunter. Michael twirls the Hellfire oxidised Hellblade at high speed, killing two of the Witch Hunters in a blink, leaving only two more Witch Hunters on the second floor with them.

Using her Injury Transference ability, handgun in her hand, Queenie focuses her mind on four Witch Hunters, two of which have their weapons aimed at Zoe. "Oh, no you fucking don't." Before they can take the shot, Queenie lodges the weapon into her mouth and pulls the trigger, blowing all four of the Witch Hunters' brains out in an instant.

"THE VOODOO BITCH! TAKE THE VOODOO BITCH!" One of the Witch Hunters screams to another, inducing both of them to steer their automatic weapons at Queenie. As they pull the trigger, however, Madison jumps in the way, using a vicious consolidation of Telekinesis to catch every single shot until their clips are emptied, leaving the bullets drifting in mid-air. "You didn't think you could keep me out of the fight, did you?" With a smirk and a snicker, Madison unshackles the deadly barrage of bullets from her Telekinetic cinch, shredding the Witch Hunters and the wall behind them to bits and pieces, spilling more than her fair share of blood.

Extinguishing the fires from his Hellblade but leaving the blade scalding, Michael flourishes the blade, decapitating the Witch Hunter from the jawline, causing blood to spray all over himself, the walls and the floor. Michael then clasps onto the next Witch Hunter's throat, using every ounce of his strength to lift the Hunter from the ground with one hand, his blackened demonic misty eyes staring through the Hunter and his soul.

"Please, show mercy," the Witch Hunter chokes, the oxygen slowly draining from his body. "Please. Don't- kill-

Before he can finish his plead for mercy, Michael cold-heartedly breaks the Witch Hunters neck, dropping his body to the ground like he was nothing, to begin with, a sack of meat and blood. Michael disturbs even himself with how cold he has become, sworn enemies or not, he's taken life like it's second nature for him, well, that's because it is, but all the blood he's spilt is going to affect his mental state forever, regardless of who and what he is. Breaking from his moment of reflection, Michael converges on the battle scene once more; the Witch Hunters are succumbing to his ferocious family and quite rapidly, but one fell swoop and one of his precious family members can be removed from the realm of the living. Though the use of Vitalum Vitalis can reverse that removal of life, Michael would rather avoid seeing one of the people he loves fall victim to a bullet or blade, and he's sure whose who fall agree with his preference. That's when his eyes easily highlight one of the Witch Hunters from the dissipating assembly, how familiar he looks Michael recollects in a moment and that's when he decides; he's the one he wants to interrogate. Even if Michael has to dismember him to get the answers he wants, then so be it, anything it takes to get Mallory back, Michael to do it, and by the end of the night, everyone will know that.

Using a remarkably stable concentration of Elemental Guidance, Misty Day ambushes two of the
Witch Hunters, launches a spear of water at tremendous speed into one of their heads, the force of the spear easily piercing through the Witch Hunter's eye and skull, killing them instantly. Manipulating her beloved pot plant, Misty provokes the plant to grow at a rapid rate, the thick veiny vines wrapping around the Witch Hunter like a constricting python, the closer he's pulled to the plant, the tighter the constriction becomes. Misty only ceases her guidance over the plant once it's mere inches away from crushing the Witch Hunter's body, but just as the Hunter finds a moment to take at least half a breath, Misty causes the veins to become riddled with thorns as sharp as razor blades. The combination of the vine's pressure on the Witch Hunter's body and the razorblade thorns leaves his body a mess, severing nearly every artery in his body, however, the worst is over, now the Witch Hunter will bleed out; a much more merciful die in comparison to the Witch Hunter's associates' deaths. As Misty Day finishes destroying her Witch Hunter victims, she's suddenly shot in the stomach by one of the remaining Witch Hunters, knocking her to the ground and causing Cordelia to scream in anguish, face pale and eyed maddened with fear. As the Witch Hunter hovers over Misty, prepares to make the final shot, taking her life, he's suddenly swooped off his feet by an unseen force, only to have the black magic shackles strenuously coil around his throat, his body bouncing and convulsing as he's slowly strangled to death. As the last surviving Witch Hunters begin to flee from the scene, two fireballs are launched from the darkness of the open door, the impression of the fireballs searing a massive hole in each of their chests, annihilating them and dropping them like the flies they are. Then from the darkness, a figure slowly wanders into the scene; wearing haute couture, her red-orange crimped hair tumbling in the night air and her vintage cat eye glasses glistering in the candlelight. She wears black gloves, a vape pen in her hand as she blows out a mist of smoke, a heart-warming smirk creasing her to face as her eyes slowly reach the sight of a teary-eyed Cordelia. Myrtle Snow is back, for reasons they're about to find out.

"Myrtle?!" Cordelia cries out, a tear flowing down her cheek as she clears the boundary spell, almost collapsing to the floor in liberation, but before the Supreme Witch falls for the luxury of peace, she forces herself to reach Misty Day. Allowing Misty to lean her head on her lap, Cordelia caresses her lover's cheek, watching as a weak, exhausted simper reshapes Misty's lips. That's when Cordelia softly lays her hand over Misty's abdomen, utilising her life essence to heal her wound in a blink, transporting the bullet from Misty's stomach wound and into her hand. "Misty? Are you okay?"

"Honestly, 'Delia, I'm far from okay," Misty groans in discomfort, shifting in the love of her life's lap, making herself more comfortable. "I think- once I have a vacuum from- all of this, I'll be okay." "We agree on that, my love, we agree on that." As Cordelia titters, she feels a light hand on her shoulder, causing her to turn and face Myrtle Snow, her delicate face being the sight that welcomes her. She's just as beautiful as Cordelia remembered, if not more beautiful. "Myrtle?"

"Hello, my dear," Myrtle replies, leaning down to face Cordelia, her voice just as silky smooth as she remembered too.

"How?! How are you-"

"How is she alive? I told you I had to make a couple of pit stops on the way here, I needed someone just as ferocious as I am when it comes to protecting the Coven, so, yes, I brought your beloved mentor back into the realm of the living. It took some convincing but we found a crossroad; the vape pen in her hand was only the start. But I have to say, it was the shortest amount of time I spent in Hell, ten minutes at the most," Michael states, hurriedly walking down the stairs of the Academy and towards the last living Witch Hunter, the one he recognised, the Hellblade in his hand. "I'll be with you all in a moment, I have to deal with this piece of shit. While I'm dealing with said piece of shit, can somebody attend to Coco? The trauma she's suffered from is becoming worse, I can sense it. Miss Myrtle Snow, may you please stabilize Miss St. Pierre Vanderbilt for me?"

"Yes, I can do that," Myrtle says, squeeze Corelia's shoulder as she stands up straight. "I won't be long, I promise, we have much to discuss."

"That we do," Cordelia accepts, watching as she walks away and attends to Coco's head wound. That's when Michael finds himself in the proximity of the Witch Hunter, where Kyle, Zoe and Madison conflict.
"Kyle, please!" Madison pleads, sounding genuinely concerned with her boyfriend. "Kyle! That's enough!" Zoe interposes, softly placing her hand onto Kyle's shoulder, only to have it shrugged off. Kyle has too much wrath raging inside of him to show any form of reason, so it seems it'll take some tough love to calm the beserker down. "Calm. Down. Now."

"So tell me, Witch Hunter, how would you like to die, unlike your associates, I'm giving you the option of free choice," Kyle threatens, taking a few steps towards Michael intervenes, shoving him away from the Witch Hunter. The shove isn't aggressive, but protective, for once, Michael is the one protecting Kyle, both from the Witch Hunter and from himself. "What the fuck man?!

"With all respect, back the fuck off, Kyle, the two lives you've taken tonight is more than enough, let me handle the situation myself," Michael growls, gripping onto the collar of Kyle's shirt. "Listen, you need to rest up, you're not in the right state of mind right now, so I'll forgive your hostility this time, but don't make choke you out, after everything I displayed tonight, you should know by now that I'll fucking do it. Back. Off. Please."

"Okay, I- MICHAEL WATCH OUT!" Kyle yells, causing Michael to turn and face the Witch Hunter, where he's hooked in the cheek by a bullet. As his family begins to panic, terrified of the fact that Michael was shot in the face, Michael jerks the pistol from the Witch Hunter's grasp and into his own, where he then crushes the firearm effortlessly in his hand. As the bullet wound on his cheek begins to heal at a rapid rate, his blackened demonic eyes staring through the Hunter and his soul, but rather than scurry in fear, the Witch Hunter stares at him with widened fascination. That's when Michael spits out the bullet, finally ready to speak to Witch Hunter.

"Are you done?" Michael challenges, perching in front of the Witch Hunter. "Let's have a nice little chat."
The Devil Within

Chapter Notes

Okay, guys... this chapter was pretty big so it took me some serious time to finish... lots of action and lots of drama... that and I needed the ending to be as perfect as it could be. I've been pretty flat out with my studies... but I've been doing as much as I can when I can... but here it is guys... the end of The Other Option... thank you, guys, for going through this journey I started nearly a year ago. I'm sorry I didn't finish this sooner... just been flat out with life. Enjoy the ending... and I love you all.

"A little chat? A little chat?! A little fucking chat?! Once we're done are you going to string me up from the chandelier like a decoration, or are you just going to mutilate me like you did all of the men you killed tonight?! I grew up with those men, they were practically my family, I bid you luck removing that stain from your life-" Startling the Witch Hunter, Michael plunges the Hellblade into the floorboards, much to the dismay of his family, causing the bodies, the blood, the insides, everything to disintegrate into nothing, cleaning the whole Academy of the violence; for the inside at least. "Consider the stain removed."

"Holy shit," Queenie exclaims.
"Holy shit indeed," Kyle spits, finding a glare from Michael in reply.
"Well, ain't that some shit? In a blink you just erased the men I grew up with, you erased histories, childhoods, fathers, brothers, uncles, sons, all in an instant. I'm- well, I'm impressed with such heartlessness. You know, if I knew you were the Anti-Christ, I wouldn't have threatened you in that diner, hey, maybe I would have bowed before the great Anti-Christ?" the Witch Hunter admits.
"If I knew you were a Witch Hunter, I would have plunged that butter knife into your fucking eye," Michael growls, letting go of the Hellblade's handle, only to begin sauntering towards the Witch Hunter, the one he recognised from the diner. A large part of Michael is in regret, the regret of allowing Mallory to stop him from killing this Witch Hunter before all of this damage could ever have been done, but at the same time, he's not sure if their relationship would have been so stable for such time if he did kill him. It's impossible to see the potential future if he made that choice, at least for him, but not for the woman Michael is hoping to save before it's too late. "Besides, why would you bow before a being you normally hunt?"
"We're Witch Hunters, not Warlock Hunters, you'd be surprised to hear there's a difference, they've never bothered us so we never bother-"
"Okay, I've heard enough! This is how this next part is going to work; you're going to tell me everything I want and die, suddenly and tranquilly, allowing your soul to enter the realm of Hell without any issues. Or I'm going to force the information outta' that thick head of yours then I'm going to kill you, slowly, painfully, if I do that you're going to end up like your buddies, I'm going to destroy your soul. To be perfectly honest with you, I don't know what happens to a soul that's destroyed but I can imagine it's worse than anything Hell could ever throw at you. This isn't an illusion, I'm giving you the choice your friends didn't have, a choice you don't deserve. Choose wisely."
"How am I supposed to know what you want to know?" The Witch Hunter splutters, peering at Michael with a smug look.
"Mallory. I want to know where the Satanists have taken Mallory, I want to know everything you know about her current position."
"Now what makes you think I know anything to do with your little girlfriend's situation with the
"Satanists?"
"Don't try to play stupid with me, Witch Hunter, I've dug my way into your mind, I know you know something, a lead, I just didn't dig deep enough. That is why I'm giving you that chance, that is why I haven't torn through your mind, that is why you're not dead when you should be, so you can tell me before you die."
"Fair enough, I think?" The Witch Hunter mutters, falling silent.

At first, the Witch Hunter says nothing, making it abundantly clear that he's thinking about which choice to make regardless of the fact it should be a no-brainer. The display alone makes it difficult for Michael not to decapitate him right then, right there, the fact he's able to stop himself is ridiculous.

"Are you fucking seriously thinking about which choice to make?!" Madison snaps, crossing her arms as she stares at the Witch Hunter with eyes swelled with disbelief. "You deserve to be stuck in eternal limbo, trust me, I've been to Hell and it's far too polite for someone like you. A Witch Hunter."

"Says the magic moulding whore, there's a special place in Hell for all of you bitches."
"You're not wrong about that," Zoe adds, winking at Madison with merriment.
"Even you," the Witch Hunter says, spitting towards Kyle. "You sleep with serpents, boy, so you'll join them in their place."

"And what of my placement?!" Michael roars, gripping and effortlessly lifting the Witch Hunter from the safety of the ground by his throat. "I've slept with a 'serpent', so what of my placement alongside the Witches in Hell?! It seems to complicate matters, does it not?! What's wrong?! Lost for words?! Your silence is oh so sweet to my ears right now, so much so, I'm contemplating whether you've been given enough time to make your choice."

"I- don't think- I have."

That's when Michael glares back at his family, how debilitated they look, barely able to perform even the most basic of activities, barely able to stand up due to the effects of the drugs. The Witches are all worn out while Kyle remains to be at an absolute level of awareness, strength and intensity, watching every move Michael and the Witch Hunter make, even smirking at the sight of friend exacting justice against their greatest enemy. That's when Michael's eyes soften as they clash against Cordelia's, blue eyes professedly entreating approval from light brown ones, once Cordelia gives Michael the approval he seeks, he makes his next move. "I think you've had enough time."

"W- WAIT!" The Witch Hunter shrieks, only to be silenced as Michael places his hand against his head. Michael's eyes peacefully close while the Witch Hunter's eyes roll at the back of his head, his body twitching as Michael drains the tears through the Witch Hunter's mind, searching for the desired information. That's when the Witch Hunter's body begins to fade to ash, starting from the Witch Hunter's feet, creeping up his legs, to his lower torso, his arms, his upper torso. Then finally, the Witch Hunter is no more, his body is destroyed and soul damned into an abyss of darkness, Michael's hands are filled with ash that glides in the cold wind of the night once he lets go and opens his eyes. He's silent at first, adjusting his mind back into the oasis of reality, diverting himself from the feeling from the void of the Witch Hunter's mind, from recollecting all of the horrifying things Michael had seen while searching for the information on Mallory. To be perfectly straight, the combination of the horrifying things and all of the Witch Hunter's little secrets regarding Mallory's situation only finalized Michael's decision in destroying the Witch Hunter once and for all. Now that Michael has rid Miss Robichaux's of their problem, Michael moves onto the next problem, a problem that will lead him outside the gates of the Academy and into the terrifying dark world of Witch Hunters, Satanists and only God know what else. Realising he doesn't have much time, Michael glimpses back at his family once more, the family that cared for him and Mallory when nobody else would, the family that saved his life, made his life mean something, the family he's not quite done keeping safe. His family isn't safe until Mallory is too.

"Miss Myrtle Snow?" Michael mutters, watching as the strange woman kissed by fire looks at him, that curious look still presented on her face. "Look after them while I'm gone, I don't know how long
that'll be, so prepare yourself for anything. I love you all, stay safe, stay strong, I'll find Mallory."

"Hold on a second, kid!" Kyle intervenes, only to be frozen in place by a cocoon made from Michael's Telekinesis. "Don't- go! You'll- need- help."

"I'm sorry, Kyle, but I need to do this alone."

"MICHAEL WAIT!" Cordelia screams, watching as Michael Transmutes from the Academy, leaving an imprint of shadow that fades away within seconds. The moment Michael disappears from view, Kyle is released from the Telekinetic chrysalis, however, the sudden liberation weakens Kyle greatly, causing him to collapse into unconsciousness, causing Madison and Zoe to come to his aid. "Stay safe."

"We need to reach the rendezvous point and meet with the others, hopefully, there'll be able to fucking explain what's going, getting no word from Alpha Team after so long? That's not normal, something is going on with them, I told them attacking the fucking Academy wasn't the best idea-"

"Can you shut the fuck up? Stop panicking, it's highly likely that they're fine, their communications were probably just damaged during their assault on the Academy."

"He's right, they're fine, just relax, close your eyes, have a fucking nap or something, we'll be at the meet-up point in no time, especially on this road and especially with the sweet new ride those creepy cunts gave us."

"Okay, okay, you're right, you're right."

An expensive black SUV filled with Witch Hunters travels down a tranquil road, progressing away from New Orleans, away from Miss Robichaux's, away from the horrifying violence they know nothing of. As each mile passes away from the city, the Witch Hunters find themselves calmer and calmer; the steady road seems to become steadier, the fresh air seems to be fresher to breathe and sleep seems to become easier to obtain. However, their tranquillity is cut short when the driver of the SUV slams the brakes, causing his colleagues to jolt against their seatbelts, waking up the already jittery Witch Hunter. "FUCKEN' HELL!"

"YOU'RE JOKING ME, RIGHT??!
"YOU FUCKING DICKHEAD!"

"WHAT THE HELL, DUDE?!" The Witch Hunter screams, scrunching the back of his neck. "God fucking dammit, I think I got whiplash, motherfucker. You care to explain why you slammed those fucking-" That's when the Witch Hunters finally discerns the large fallen pine tree that has effectively obstructed the road, their most fleeting and their principal route to the rendezvous point. To take their subsidiary route, there'll have to loop around and re-enter the outskirts of New Orleans, only to shift to an even more sequestered path, a time-consuming process regardless of the vehicle they sit in. "Well, that's bad luck."

"Bad luck?! Fucking bad luck?! Are you serious, dude?!!"

"Look, I'm trying not to panic right now, okay?! If you begin screaming, I'm going to end up screaming too, then we're all going to end up screaming! None of us is strong enough to lift that fucking tree, so we're going to have to turn around and head back into that damned city! Unless you motherfuckers have a didn't-"

Without warning, the passenger side door of the SUV is torn off and flung into the forestry that surrounds them and the Witch Hunter is hastened alongside it, only to be impaled on the branch of a tree, hanging him from it as blood drools and drips down the tree and onto the forest floor. "HOLY FUCK!"

"REVERSE! REVERSE! REVERSE!"

"I'M DOING IT! I'M FUCKING DOING IT!" One of the Witch Hunters screams as he puts the vehicle into reverse gear, only to be suddenly shot in the head as a bullet pierces through the windshield, spraying blood over his colleagues. When the ringing in their ears discontinues, the remaining Witch Hunters peer up at Michael, who stands on top of the fallen tree, rifle clutched to his
grasp, a hunting knife enclosed to his side and the Hellblade sheathed onto his back. "It's him, it's the Warlock, or the Anti-Christ, whatever the fuck. What do we do?! What the fuck do we do?!

"We could just explain to him that we've- that we've never killed anyone, never- never hurt anyone. He would believe us, right?"

"I don't know- I don't know, it's unlikely, so maybe there's no point trying that strategy. Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

Somehow using the rifle like it's natural to him and careful only to hit his target, Michael fires another round, hitting one of the three remaining Witch Hunters square in the eye, killing him instantly. As the final duo of Witch Hunters equip and steer their weapons towards Michael in the claustrophobic, blood-stained vehicle, the Anti-Christ is suddenly out of sight but not out of mind. Michael's disappearance has left an unnatural shadowy imprint of his figure where he once stood, a new form of his demonic Transmutation, but it fades away quicker than it formed, fading away in the breeze. "Where is he? Where the fuck is he?" One of the Witch Hunters whispers, side-glaring the other Witch Hunter with wide glassy eyes. "Maybe this is what happened to Alpha Team? Maybe the kid was right to be concerned, maybe they're all dead and we're next."

"If that's the case, then I guess it's been quite the hunt? Is that what we're supposed to say then we're about to fucking die?!

"How the fuck should I know?! All hunts must come to end doesn't even relate to us, our hunts never even started for fuck sake."

"If we're going to die, which, look, I'm going to lie about it, it's highly likely we're about to die. If it's truly the case, then let's not allow this filthy magic practitioner take us down without a fight, yeah?"

The Witch Hunter urges, finding a quick nod and a cock of a rifle in response. "If we're going to fight him, let's not fight him trapped in a car like a bunch of forgotten mutts, let's go out there, die as men die. Let's just make sure we get a few shots in first, he'll bleed out and then- and then- AND THEN NOBODY WINS!"

Screaming at the top of his lungs, the Witch Hunter kicks open his car door on his side and charges onto the road, automatic rifle in hand as he searches for Michael's presence, but there's still no sign of him anywhere. Panicked, enraged and recognising the fact his colleague is yet to exit the SUV, the Witch Hunter fires his rifle like a madman at the forestry, the high tops of the trees, the long grass, anywhere someone or something could hide from him. Being the prey rather than the predator causes his anxiety levels to scale significantly, his mind to disorientate and the clip of his rifle to empty as he fires every single bullet into the unknown.

"COME OUT, YOU FUCKING COWARD! COME OUT AND FIGHT ME LIKE A MAN! NO MAGIC! JUST A GOOD OLD FASHIONED BRAWL!"

"Using an automatic rifle counts as a 'good old fashioned brawl' now?" Michael says, blinking back into the scene, leaning against the SUV as the Witch Hunter turns to look at him. The Witch Hunter hastens to reload his weapon, only for Michael to split the weapon completely with half with effortless use of Telekinesis. "Ah, that's better, don't you think? I've never really been fond of firearms, too overblown, too primordial for my taste, I prefer a committed knife, but I have to tell you, the Hellblade is growing on me. Oh, and I know what you're thinking, you try to unholster the pistol and, well, you saw what happened to your rifle."

"If you're not here to kill me, then what the fuck do you want from me?!

"Oh, don't get me wrong, I'm here to kill you, but killing you is the subsequent goal, the main goal is to acquire some information on a Witch by the name of Mallory. I acquired erudition from Alpha Team, as you called them, erudition that led to you, the Witch Hunters that got away. This is how this next part is going to-"

Without warning, a bullet pierces clean through Michael's shoulder, the force of the bullet causing him to stagger forward, allowing the Witch Hunter to unholster his handgun from his shoulder. Acting fast, Michael lances the Witch hunter before him into the fallen tree, giving him enough time
to focus on the Witch Hunter behind him, so using his newfound demonic speed he passes like a blur, passing so speedily each bullet the Witch Hunters fires has more than a second between them. Using Telekinesis, Michael grips onto the Witch Hunter's arm, breaking it and allowing complete control over the shattered limb as the Hunter screams at the top of his lungs. Dragging the shattered arm he viciously presses the barrel of the Witch Hunter's rifle against his chin, only to force his other hand to pull the trigger, blowing the Witch Hunter's brains through the top of his skull, killing him instantly. As the Witch Hunter's body clumps to the ground, Michael turns and faces the remaining Witch Hunter, who struggles greatly to find himself from the ground due to the vicious impact against the tree. Using the opportunity, Michael effortlessly flings the handgun from the weakened Hunter's cinch, leaving the Witch Hunter without a weapon, practically kneeling before the might of the Anti-Christ.

"If it means anything, I don't like slaughtering people, it's not something I find pleasure in, a part of me dies with every life I take. But the other part of me, the part of me that is absolute evil, that's the part that of me that enjoys taking a life; a necessary evil, at least for now," Michael pauses, his eyes grow intense as he forces his body to heal itself; the bullet hole in his shoulder heals within a moment, leaving only a tear in his black Warlock uniform gifted to him by Cordelia herself. "Before I was interrupted by your colleague, I was going to begin obtaining information from you, well, the strategy of which I gain the information I want is completely up to you."

"What makes you presume I know shit about the Witch bitch? Anything regarding knowledge comparative to that is so far up my pay grade I can't even see it, I'm just a lackey in what remains of The Order, nothing more, nothing less. Hell, me and everyone you just killed, we aren't even a part of a squad, that's how important we are, we're nothing to The Order, but The Order is all we have. You've killed the wrong people and you're grilling the wrong guy, if I had the said knowledge, I probably wouldn't tell you but you'd persuade me, I'm sure, but at the end of this conversation, any persuasion you attempt you use on me will be for nothing. I know nothing of it."

Michael lets out a low growl as he examines the Witch Hunter, eyes staring into and through the Witch Hunter's soul, as well as his mind; the most important piece of the puzzle. "Lucky for you, I know when someone is lying or not, and even luckier for you, you're not lying to me. But the conversation isn't over quite yet, the way you don't have that information indicates that somebody does, I want to know who and I want to know quickly, I don't much time and if I don't have much time then neither do you."

"You don't have much time anyway, Warlock," the Witch Hunter chuckles, spitting on the ground. "In approximately five minutes, the rest of The Order that was stationed in New Orleans will be on this location, an armoured convoy with turrets and all, filled with some of the worst The Order has to offer; Alpha-Two, Beta, Beta-Two, Charlie, Delta and Echo Team. If they get close to you, you're dead, if they get a hundred yards away from you, you're dead, if they park one of the armoured trucks at any point during their assault, the snipers will see you and you're dead. There's no escaping them, there's no running, there's no hiding, there's no fighting them, Hell, the Director who's in charge of the teams will kill me for failing to kill you."

"The Director, hm? So if anyone knows something of any leads to Mallory-"

"It's him. He's a member of The Council of Witch Hunters, a veteran when it comes to taking the lives of Witches, he's the one who accepted the deal with those creepy Satanist fucks, he's the one who sent Alpha Team to Miss Robichaux's. He's the eyes, ears and tongue of the Witch Hunters stationed in the New Orleans area, nothing happens without his input, or better yet, his instruction. He'll be with the convoy without a doubt in my mind."

"How will I point the Director out from the crowd, normally I'd be able to focus my mind enough to find him, but considering the chaos that is sure to go down, I'm going to need details. What does he look like? How does he talk? Is the armoured truck he's going to be in look any different from the others? Shit like that, your association will influence whether or not I allow you to live, so get talking, Witch Hunter."
Okay, okay! He has short, almost shaved grey hair, amber eyes, um, a large nose, a moderately sized scar over his forehead and the left side of his face is covered in horrific burn scars from a violent conflict with a Witch. His voice is raspy, due to the burns he suffered and the pain it causes him to talk due to the trauma, in saying that, the way he talks is commanding, straight to the point. Oh, and he'll likely be on one of the armoured trucks' turrets, either that, or he'll be holding an old school CETME Ameli Light Machine, that's his weapon of choice to tear Witches to pieces. Last important detail, the truck the Director will be on will have a sigil on each door; a red flaming sword through a broken eye, the Director's design. Look, if you're going to kill me, just fucking kill me! Everyone in that car, except for the driver, we never killed anyone! We never even hurt anyone! We were barely initiated in the-

"Shut the fuck up! You mentioned there'll be here in what, three to four minutes?" Michael questions, already feeling the Hellblade's seductive power begin to form, making it difficult not to strike the Witch Hunter down. Everything in Michael's mind is urging him to do it, to consume the Witch Hunter's soul, turn his knowledge and power into his own. But proving that he's more than what the world wants him to be, Michael fights the urge, speaking his next words quickly the moment he gets his reply.

"Approximately. Please, you don't have to do this-"

"Then I guess you have three to four minutes to get the fuck out of here, now, don't you?" Michael growls, not daring to look at the Witch Hunter in fear of altering his mind.

"What?! What do you mean-"

"I MEAN GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE! THAT'S WHAT I MEAN! GET OUT OF MY SIGHT AND LEAVE THE ORDER THAT CARES NOTHING OF YOU BEFORE YOU'RE TOO FAR GONE! BEFORE YOU HURT OR KILL ANYONE! BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T, I WILL HUNT YOU LIKE THE VERMIN THE WITCH HUNTERS TRULY ARE! I WILL TEAR YOU LIMB FROM FUCKING LIMB, SO START FUCKING RUNNING!" Michael roars at the Witch Hunter, the ferocity of his voice more than enough motivation for the Witch Hunter to begin running away at full speed, regardless of the back injury. "RUN, FORREST! RUN! You fucking cocksucker. Okay, Mallory, all I have to do is wait for this Director and I'll have a lead to find you. If you can hear me right now, I promise you, baby, I will not stop until I have you in my arms again. I will not stop until you're safe, my flame, I promise."

After a few minutes of catching his breath, preparing himself to take on an ironclad convoy, as well as thinking about how he's going to stand a chance, Michael sees the convoy armoured convoy pressing towards him. Three pick-up trucks, three SUVs, all armoured and outfitted with a heavy machine gun turret each, three 50. Calibre M2 Browning and three Mounted Miniguns, just as the Witch Hunter as described. As much as Michael hides the fact, the sight terrifies him, the turrets alone make Michael want to turn and run, but he can't, the Director has the lead Michael desperately needs, a lead to something, a lead to a lead, anything Michael can use to find Mallory. That's when Michael forces his mind to think of the disturbing, horrifying things that could have or what will happen to Mallory if he doesn't find her, the things the Satanists are capable of, the things they will most certainly do if his father tells them to. The way his father threatened Mallory's life, the terrible detail he went in to push his son into taking hold of the Hellblade, infecting his soul with corruption that will swallow him over time. Michael's not sure how long he has until the corruption takes its toll, but if he can find Mallory first, use a combination of his tainted devilry to her unsullied captivation, then perhaps he can save himself from becoming the Anti-Christ after all, otherwise, he needs to think of a contingency plan. The endless thoughts that Michael tolls on his mind; the passion for violence, the everlasting fury, the endless anxiety for the safety of those he loves, the necessity to destroy his endless and consume their souls, it all takes over.

Eyes blackened with demonic dread, Michael enters a state of temporal madness as he raises one hand towards the fallen tree, breaking and tearing a large chunk of the fallen tree with swift use of his Telekinesis. Lining up his aim, Michael launches heavy mass of the tree flying into the first
armoured pick-up truck, crushing it and sending the vehicle, as well as the Witch Hunters within it, flying into the forestry. The closer Michael finds himself towards the Witch Hunters, the clearer their thoughts, as well as their voices, become and God knows that Michael is relishing in their horror, their despair, their disorientation. Their thoughts and voices add to his madness, therefore his overall power, the only thing that will clear the air and his mind; silencing their voices, tearing their thoughts limb from limb, consuming their souls.

"TARGET DEAD AHEAD!"
"JUST RUN THE Fucker OVER BEFORE HE KILLS US ALL!"
"FUCK THAT! YOU ON THE TURRET, FIRE DEAD AHEAD!"

With the gunfire barely missing him, Michael swiftly prompts his hand to become frozen with Cryokinesis, only to then whirl a blast of frost effectively onto the road, causing it to be coated in a form of transparent ice. It happens too fast for the driver in the second armoured pick-up truck to realise the dangerous transformation of the road's surface, so she drives onto the ice, the lack of traction causes the vehicle to spin out of control before ultimately flipping uncontrollably. As the rolling vehicle speedily advances towards Michael, he Transmutates from his position only to then appear past the vehicle, moving onto his next line of targets, eyes still widened with madness.

Michael then pulls his hunting blade from his belt, only to engulf his free hand with Pyrokinesis, the heat of the fire overwhelming the central metal of the blade. As he's heating the blade, a rain of gunfire storms from the SUV’s mounted minigun and straight towards him, forcing him to dive out of the way and onto the road.

"YEAH! GET SOME MOTHERFucker!"

His haste forces him to exchange his manipulated fire from an ordinary flame to the volatility of Hellfire, stimulating the momentum of which the blade is agitated. Once the blade is glowing and bursting with relentless heat, using an aggregation of Telepathy and Telekinesis Michael propels the blade in the proximity of the first armoured SUV. The fiery blade is first sent clean through the Witch Hunter on the turret, sending him tumbling off of the moving truck, then Michael sends the blade through a vulnerable space of the armour, allowing the blade inside the SUV itself, tearing everything and everyone inside to pieces. Without warning the SUV speeds up, a sign of the deceased driver's foot crashing down onto the accelerator, now all Michael has to do is take a few steps out of the way, watching as the vehicle hammers into the side of the second armoured pick-up truck before being halted by an impact against the fallen tree.

With a rain of bullets still roaring and knowing the remaining vehicles are approaching him at an even more uncomfortable pace, Michael wastes no further time, unsheathing his father's Hellblade from his back, only to grip onto it like a spear, regardless of the vicious cut the grip causes. Using all the strength he has, Michael throws his Hellblade like a spear at such a high speed, the Witch Hunters in the second armoured SUV don’t see it coming before its too late.

"OH Fucker!"
"WATCH OUT!"
"HOLD ON!"

The power of the Hellblade cuts through the thick armour like it never existed in the first place and into the hood of the vehicle, slicing into the engine and causing the vehicle to explode from the inside, killing everyone inside and leaving the vehicle a shell of its former self. On the third and final armoured SUV, Michael discharges a static of Elektrokinesis into his cut hand, using his demonic blood to power up the electric charge, changing the appearance of the electricity from bright white to blood red as it creeps up his arm. With the electricity climbing up his forearm, burning away his Warlock attire, he fires the charge of electricity straight into the armoured SUV, the force of the strike causing the vehicle to capsize, crushing the Witch Hunter on the turret in an instant. The front of the SUV has been melted by the strike of electricity, but regardless of the fact, all of the Witch Hunters are crawling out of the vehicle, with some of the Witch Hunters who can walk assisting in dragging those who can't from the wreckage as Michael watches. As the Witch Hunters finish dragging their colleagues from the wreckage, they're all suddenly mowed down by the final armoured pick-up
truck's M2 Browning turret, tearing and tossing chunks all over the road without any form of mercy. Overwhelmed, perhaps even horrified by the sudden turn of events, Michael turns to face the culprit of the sudden turn against the surviving Witch Hunters; the Director himself, shaved grey hair, amber eyes, a half charred face, just as the Witch Hunter he let escape described.

"So, if anyone knows anything to do with Mallory, it's him, huh? It's time to get the answers I want," Michael growls, holding each of his hands out. The Director helplessly as Michael re-equip his weaponry; the hunting blade slings from the first destroyed armoured SUV behind Michael, sliding right into his cinch, while the Hellblade effortlessly rends itself from the hood of the second destroyed armoured SUV, right into Michael's other hand. Sheathing the Hellblade on his back and the hunting blade onto his belt, Michael settles himself for the next blow, an ability that he didn't even know he had, an ability he's about to reveal to the Director, who has his full attention.

"So that's him, huh? The Anti-Christ? I expected him to be larger, more intimidating, but from the display of demonic magic alone indicates that he's the one we've been looking for. Run. Him. Down. But be careful not to damage his skull, I want it as a prize, I'll sit it on my top shelf alongside Fiona Goode's."

"Come get me, motherfucker."

The moment the final armoured pick-up truck begins to charge towards him, Michael takes the hunting knife from his belt before slicing his free hand, delivering his demonic blood from the dermis that protects it. Using his demonic blood as a vessel, Michael causes a thick mist of shadow to creep from the darkness of his uniform, swallowing and armouring his arms within seconds, allowing him to attack the vehicle without even breaking a sweat. Forming and dispelling two branches of Umbrakinesis, Michael envelops the branches around the armoured vehicle, securing it and causing it to stop in its tracks. The branches of darkness begin tearing at the armoured vehicle, shredding plates of armour before plunging into the hood, seizing and rending at the engine, ripping it out completely after a mere few seconds of rending. Once the engine is separated from the vehicle, Michael uses the shadows branches to haul and hurl the vehicle off of the path, cutting it through a barbed-wire fence, down a hill and deep into the forestry; an environment where Michael can truly become a predator.

Concussed and his mind scrambled, having been thrown from the armoured truck, the Director slowly peels his face from the dirt, brushing the grime from his eyes as he spits soil from his mouth. He feels the arms of his guards grab hold of him as his eyes work to adjust from the vicious impact he suffered, only once they've dragged him to the somewhat safety of their destroyed armoured vehicle, is when allows himself to take a breath. When his vision clears, he's welcome by five surviving Witch Hunters, all armed and dangerous, ready to follow every order he casts like a spell; just the way he likes it.

"Are you okay, sir?"

"Where's my weapon?! I want my weapon!" The Director cracks, spotting one of his guard wielding his CETME Ameli close his chest, as if he's going to use the weapon as his own. His face blushing red with volatile rage, his maddened mind not seeing to reason, in his eyes his personal guard's step forward is a threat of the highest order, while in reality, the guard steps to give his Director what he wants. The Director doesn't take kindly to threats, that's basic knowledge for the members of The Order, however, the misfortuned guard is about to become an unnecessary example of the Director's madness. "HOW DARE YOU THREATEN ME, BOY! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHO I AM! WHAT I MEAN TO THE ORDER! YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE MY GUN?! TAKE OVER MY POSITION AS DIRECTOR?!"

"Director, I meant no respect, I- I was just holding onto your weapon until you could see properly," the Witch Hunter explains, shuddering in fear as the Director's eyes become madder with each passing second. "With that Anti-Christ stalking us, the last thing we need is friendly fire, wouldn't you-"

Before the Witch Hunter can finish speaking, his body stiffens up and his grasp onto the light
machine gun is suddenly so fixed that you'd swear he was going to crush the weapon's grip. Without warning, the Witch Hunter sends a tempest of bullets upon two of his comrades, the power of the light machine gun tearing them to pieces effortlessly. However, before he can shift the weapon towards the Director and the remaining Witch Hunter, the Director unholsters a pistol from his shoulder and shoots the Witch Hunter in the head, ceasing the Telekinetic possession from evolving any further.

"So much for the avoidance of friendly fire," the Director growls, turning to face his final guard, only to find nobody insight. "You have to be fucking kidding me."

"Nobody is kidding you, Director, it seems you've found yourself all alone in this filthy god damned helpless world," Michael chuckles, his voice echoing throughout the entirety of the forest, sending chills down his spine. "I can see your last guard right now, he's running far away from you, far away from me, far away from your precious order The Order, it seems. How did you like my display of dominance? Wiping out your elite squads so effortlessly was just the tip of the iceberg when it comes to my power; if I was able to defeat my father, why did you believe you had any form of a fucking chance?"

"WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU, THE ANTI-CHRIST, WANT FROM ME?! WHAT DO I HAVE THAT YOU DON'T?!!" The Director screams, foolishly firing his handgun, tossing it aside once the clip is emptied. The Director runs towards his half-empty CETME Ameli but before he can reach it, he's thrown into a nearby tree, the force almost winding him. "I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND WHO YOU'RE FUCKING WITH!"

"I don't think you know that I know who I'm fucking with," Michael growls, appearing a few feet away from the Director, leaving his shadowy imprint as he slowly meanders towards him. "A deadman. Nothing more, nothing less, a simple deadman."

After kicking the Director back into the tree, Michael grips onto his throat, dragging his back against the tree as he lifts him from the ground. Without warning, however, the Director yanks a knife from his hip, jamming it deep into Michael's chest and straight into his heart. Michael, stunned by the sudden turn of events, lets go of the Director before stumbling backwards, his widened eyes staring at the blade in his chest. How he remains to be functioning is unknown, the pain is beyond anything Michael has ever experienced, the shock is yet to take its grasp, shielding him from the constriction that squeezes his soul like a fruit, draining it of all life. A blade to the heart should've been fairly swift, right? Far from the promptest of passings, but a similar distance away from a crawling demise, whatever choice his demonic heart has decided, Michael will be the one to suffer the consequences of the verdict. Never did he believe it would end like this, killed by a mortal, but that's it, he's not dying, merely stunned by a mortal blow. Is it his love for Mallory that keeps his heart from giving in to the clutches of mortality? Or is it something simpler, something beyond the relations of a paramour? Perhaps it's the evil in his veins, his muscles, his bones, his soul, that keeps him from giving up. Perhaps the world isn't quite done with him yet. Michael suspects now is the time to discover the answer to that catechism, rather than standing with a knife in his chest like some supernatural moron. Pulling the blade from his chest in a swift blink, Michael throws the blade back at the Director, sending it through his shoulder and pinning him against the tree.

"Very nice try, but it seems not even death wants to give me her cold embrace," Michael upbraids, gripping onto the Director's face with one hand as he prepares himself for the emergence of the Director's mind with his own. Closing his eyes, Michael begins cutting through memory by memory looking for any form of a lead, a clue, the exact location is most welcome, but Michael has to make do with what he has. The Director screams in anguish as Michael roams within his mind like its an open field, but the Director's screams are silenced by a separate voice, a female voice, foreign, brash, dominant and precise in her tone, wasting zero time addressing her deal. She wears a full cloak, the only visible feature; the outline of her jaw from beneath the cloak. Whoever this woman is, she's hiding her identity pretty well, it seems she doesn't want even the Director, her recent business associate, to see her full form, to witness who he's working with. An interesting specimen indeed. Her voice suddenly becomes louder.
"I presume you're confident enough in your work that intervention will not be necessary?"
"No offence, ma'am, but you don't need to fucking worry about us, yeah? Besides, why would someone of your calibre, desire any form of business with Witch Hunters?"
"Regardless of what you may believe, Director, I am Satanist and Satanist alone, my business resides with what my lord desires and what he desires is your cooperation, as well as your professionalism regarding the task at hand. I presume you and your men are more than fit for such a task?"
"Never, thought I'd say this, but I finally agree with a figure of your own. But you have me curious, ma'am."
"Mhmm?"
"Why that specific Witch? What's significance could she possibly carry? I at least have some form of an understanding of why you desire a direct assault on Miss Robichaux's Academy, especially with those nasty sedatives you gave us. But a girl of her age, shouldn't she fit in with the rest of the cattle for slaughter?"
"Director, if you knew her significance, you'd take back everything you just said about her, she's more than just bait for the Anti-Christ, so much more than that."
"If we ever come into conflict with him."
"When. When you come into conflict with him."
"Okay, when we come into conflict with him, how do we take him down, he's the Anti-Christ, right? How do you kill something that was created purely to rid the world of all life? I doubt ordinary bullets will do the trick, right?"
"Michael Langdon will be distracted long enough for the assault to begin and end without his intervention, a resourceful outside source of mine guarantees the validity of that statement. I assure you if you want Cordelia's Goode's skull as a trophy long before Michael has any chance to interpose, that's exactly what you'll get. The chance of the plan failing is in the single-digit percentage mark but if it does fail, we have a back-up plan then another back-up plan, after that, you guessed right an additional back-up plan. As for killing him, at this point the range of his demonic capability is unknown, but if riddling him with bullets doesn't work, plunge a knife deep into his heart, if somehow he remains to be standing, remove his head from his shoulders. That should do the trick, I imagine. Are we done here? I have a meeting I must attend quite shortly, I can sure you can understand that I don't want to be late."
"One last thing."
"What is it, Director?"
"Where are you taking the Witch? You forgot to tell me, but I presume if you were just going to kill her, you wouldn't be going through the process that you are to conceal her. Am I right, or am I wrong?"
"You presume right, but for your information, I didn't forget to tell you at all, only members of the Cooperative will know my, as well as the girl's, coordinates. Even then, the greatness of the task at hand is far too solemn to allow the arbitration of any of the members of the Cooperative. In saying that, a specific quantity of men and women that one, you will never get the pleasure of meeting, and two, are barely ever in the proximity of one another, were selected and given a clue relative of me, the girl and my Satanists' location. This ensures that if Michael somehow survives the conflict that is about to come, he will never see Mallory again despite his efforts. She will remain with us until Michael succumbs to what he was always meant to be. The world will end, just as the prophecy states, so live your best life, Director, do everything you enjoy, everything that makes your life as delightful as mortally possible. Because regardless of what happens to Michael, any changes or revelations he'll come across on his one-way path, not even the likes of myself or Satan may stop the end of the world. Prophecy is prophecy, no?"
"I can't argue with that logic, ma'am, if that's the way life is supposed to end, why try to change it?"
"And just as I was beginning to believe you'll a muttering old fool, you do see reason after all. Excellent, excellent. I trust you won't tell anyone this information, otherwise, I'm sure you suspect there'll be consequences to follow? So let us be sure that this will be the last time you and I ever
meet. Pleasure doing business with you, Director, but I must get going."
"What a second? Did you just threaten me, ma'am?"
"For a matter of fact, Director, I did."

As Michael's mind falls back into the clutches of reality, the madness he utilised when combating the armoured convoy takes over once more, causing him to compress the Director's head with his bare hand, using every ounce of his strength. The Director screams in wretchedness, too much anguish to beg for mercy or generally speak for that matter, too much pressure on his brain to polish out the simplest of thoughts. Only when Michael hears the sound of the Director's skull bending and snapping into his brain, his hand feeling the concavity of his bone and the blood seeps through his fingers, does he allow himself to stop. Although the Director has met his vicious fate, Michael's madness is yet to cease its effect, yet to allow him to take the breath he deserves. Wrath, terror, aberration, derangement at its finest line; all of them hold him down, flay him, drown him and allow a wriggling plague of maggots to consume him from the inside out, causing his hands to shake as his clumps onto his knees, barely able to breathe if at all, barely able to speak, barely able to see anything but a world of fire and blood. The words of the cloaked woman echo through every corner of his mind, staining, refusing to leave, the voice in his head seems to enjoy the company and chants alongside it.

"He will never see Mallory again despite his efforts."
"Stop it! Please!" Michael begs, holding his hand over his ears.
"HE WILL NEVER SEE MALLORY AGAIN DESPITE HIS EFFORTS!"
"Leave me alone!"
"YOU WILL NEVER SEE MALLORY AGAIN DESPITE YOUR EFFORTS!"
"SHUT THE FUCK UP!" Michael screams, so loudly he swears his throat is going to bleed.
"YOU WILL NEVER SEE MALLORY AGAIN DESPITE YOUR EFFORTS! SHE WILL DIE A TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE DEATH BEFORE YOU GET THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE TO SEE HER AGAIN! SHE WILL DIE AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT!"
"NO!" Michael screams, crashing an open palm against the ground, causing the forestry in his vicinity to burst away from him and conclusively tip over from a blast of Telekinesis. This leaves Michael in the middle of the chaos, alone, still on his knees, tears streaming down his cheeks. That's when Michael glares up at the sky, his eyes settling into demonic forms are more tears begin to flow, this time in a concoction of fury and sadness. "WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?! WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO! The fuck am I supposed to do."

Mallory wakes up to find herself in a dimmed room, illuminated purely by candlelight, adjusted just enough that Mallory can see the outline of everything in the room. As she leans upwards to rise from the bed, she realises how heavy her body feels, which makes her question how long has she's been asleep, besides, it's difficult to tell due to a serious lack of windows. Why are there a serious lack of windows? What the fuck is this place? Why did those strangers decide to bring her here? So many questions produced in her mind within mere moments, questions that are yet to be answered. That's when she attempts to rise from the bed.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," a foreign female voice warns from the darkness, causing Mallory to slowly peer around the room, finding a figure completely cloaked in black after her third sweep of the room. "My best gave you one hell of a sedative, the best we had for some of your calibre, so wait for it to recede, which shouldn't take long, I can sense your magic returning much faster than I anticipated. Once you feel strong enough to move freely, meet me in the main hall, I know you have a lot of questions. All you need to do is turn left after exiting this room, follow the hallway until you reach the main hall. That's where everything you want to know, you will."

"What makes you think that?" Mallory hisses.
"Besides the look on your face, Miss Catherine? You allow your thoughts to raise their voices, try to teach them to keep quiet, otherwise, you'll be susceptible to Telepaths or as you, new century
Witches like to call it, Clairvoyants, such as me. Anyway, I will see you shortly, I imagine."
Mallory watches as the cloaked woman promptly exits the room, glaring at her only once as she closes the door. "What the fuck?"

It took only a few minutes for Mallory to recover completely from the sedative, but even then, her balance persisted to be inconsistent, prompting her to lean against the wall for support until she reached the main hall, where the strange cloaked woman was waiting for her. Reluctantly, Mallory sat down in the seat the woman provided, preparing herself to ask all of the questions that continued to bounce in her mind, but as the strange woman revealed, she already understands everything Mallory wishes to know. So wasting no time, the strange woman begins speaking, a smile perched onto her lips; the only thing Mallory can make out.

"I know you're wondering why you're here, why we attacked you and your little Witch friend St. Pierre Vanderbilt, specifically why we took you of all the choices we had," the woman pauses, licking at her lips as she takes a red apple from the table in front of her. "The answers to those questions are quite simple, you'll find, which is great for both of us, the less time we spend dilly-dallying, the better, right? First of all, attacking your friend wasn't personal in any way, it was simply collateral damage to lure you from your vehicle and as you can see, it worked. We choice you not only because you were the easiest to choose at the time, but you're also the next Supreme Witch and, oh, that's right, you managed to withdraw the Anti-Christ from his destiny with the power of pure affection. Did you know what's one of the most powerful variations of magic? Almighty. Emotional. Demonic. Blood. Dark. White or better termed as Traditional. All in that specific order of the strongest to weakest forms of magic. But then again, each form of magic is a tree, with the branches of the tree generally being a variant of said form of magic. For example, Spiritual magic goes in hand with Demonic magic, Voodoo goes in hand with Dark magic, Soul magic goes in hand with Almighty magic and alchemy, as well as spellcraft go in hand with all forms. You tend to find overlaps in the elemental trees, which I've found the second most interesting aspect of, the first, what the type of magic does to a living being."
"I'm so sorry, you just lost me at variations of magic. What I want to know, and if you want any form of participation, you will answer my question, which is-"

"Is Coco St. Pierre Vanderbilt okay? Of a matter of fact, she is, from what an inside source told me, her head injury has been healed and she's resting for a full recovery, same can't be said for the Witch Hunters that lead an assault on the Academy. You're little boyfriend, Michael, wait, is he your boyfriend? Anyhow, he and a freshly resurrected Myrtle Snow tore the Witch Hunters piece by piece, limb from limb, it was a beautiful display of the raw power Michael's father and I wish to see more from him. It's always been aesthetic to see what demonic influences or afflictions do to certain people; a sorceress became the first-ever Supreme Witch, a Warlock became a Revenant, a little boy at the age of five became sixteen years old in appearance. It's amazing how quickly Michael has aged, he looks like a man in his early twenties, when that isn't the case at all. Doesn't your relationship with him make you feel strange, even if it's in the slightest?"

"Aren't you getting off track, even if it's in the slightest?" Mallory hisses, finding herself genuinely pissed off the woman's comment over her relationship with Michael. How dare this stranger question her love for Michael, what gives her that right? Does she enjoy tormenting her? But by the comment about enjoying Michael's supposed assault on the Witch Hunters, enjoying her studies on what all the forms of magic do to living beings afflicted by it, that is undoubtedly the case for her.

"You're right, I am, my apologies, I never mean to do so. Anyway, the point is that you're an important chess piece in a game that's yet to be played, you're important to the Cooperation and Michael's father, but do not fear, you're importance is not of a permanent form. Once Michael has ascended through the approved path, you're free to go until then, try to make yourself at home. Anything you want, except for escape, of course, you may have, as long as you follow the one rule that co-exists with this place. Do not cause any form of trouble and I mean, any fucking form, that means do not interrupt any activities you may witness during your stay. My fellow Satanists will not
appreciate any interruption and I can only command them with so much influence, do not make a mistake that leads to you being a potential for sacrifice. If you follow that singular rule, you shouldn't have any issues. The duration of which you will be in these walls is unknown, completely dependent on Michael's- let's say, his durability of mind."

"So that's it? That's my situation summed up? What makes you think I won't just tear my way through this shithole-"

"The reasons for which you are unable to 'tear through this shithole' is just as simple as reasons previous spoken of. First of all, this whole complex is afflicted with beautiful all-powerful Almighty magic, affecting one person in this complex and one person alone; you. You're able to perform magic, that not even I can take away from you, but similar to the influences of Hell, you will find magic almost impossible to perform, as well as contacting Michael through your psychic connection, that is something we cannot allow occurrence of, but if you're able to pull off a beautiful escape, then I figure you deserve to escape. Second of all, if you cause any inconvenience, you'll be a hit with a more exceeding dose of that wonderful violet nightshade, which will leave you paralysed for an unknown amount of time. I'm still to truly experiment on violet nightshade, all I know is it accomplished its purpose on you and Cordelia Goode. Third of all, well, there is no third of all, just heed the fucking rules, yes? Do you have any questions?"

"Yes, I have two questions, once you answer them I'll be more than happy to retreat into the room you provided and attempt to plot out an escape plan."

"Mhmm, you do that, but you've coloured me curious, what are your questions, Miss Catherine?" The strange woman asks, sitting down in the seat in front of Mallory. "Ask away."

"Who are you and what is it you want? You've stated what Michael's father wants, but you, you've yet to state what it is that you want out of all of this shit," Mallory states, finding a silent impressed smirk in return. "So what is it you want?"

"I want for Michael's father wants, nothing more, nothing less. Believe it or not, I'm his right-hand woman, the one he trusts the most in this God-forsaken world, anything he desires I ensure is delivered in full. Due to the intervention, you have caused in Michael's life, his father is the most dissatisfied he's ever been in the universality of his existence. Michael's father completed the difficult labour, concluding in Michael being corrupted with Hell's essence, now it's up to me to guarantee that he doesn't reach you, quite possibly the only person capable of curing him. You see, our goal is to make Michael so desperate, he'll need to channel the most volatile of demonic power, the truth is, he's going to need that power because honestly, I don't like his odds of reaching you before the corruption takes its toll."

"What the fuck does that mean? WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT MEAN?!"

"THAT MEANS- That means that everyone and everything in this world is after your lover's head, you see, there's a bounty on his head, not to kill him, but to incapacitate him until the corruption takes full hold him. It's more likely those who come for him will try to end his life rather than hold it in bondage; all matter of demons, werewolves, vampires, wendigos, spirits of all kinds, simple humans with a serious lack of common sense, even the Horseman of the Apocalypse will be pursuing him to the ends of the Earth. I bid him good luck, but his chances of continuance are imperceptibly raised before a single-digit percentage and if it means anything, I want him to win. I want him to eliminate all of them in magnificent form because that would be a fucking hell of a display, a display I want you to witness with me. You'll say no now, but after some time, you'll be desperate to see your lover, regardless of the way of which you witness. I've told what I want out of this, now it's time to show you who I am."

The woman takes off the hood of her black as coal cloak, revealing a beautiful woman with long ashen, almost silver hair, two bright beautiful emerald eyes, quite possibly the most beautiful woman Mallory has ever seen in her life. Appearance perfect in every way, matching her foreign accent without question, her smile alone almost causes Mallory to blush and forget about the evil circumstance this strange woman constructed in the first place. How easily lost Mallory can find
herself in this woman's eyes, her smile, her voice, everything has a neutral sense of *Concilium*. This strange woman can already effortlessly read her thoughts, now she can manipulate her by her sheer looks alone, now, Mallory must create the most concentrated reinforcement she can make without shattering her mind to pieces. Otherwise, she might as well give up now.

"I'm known by many names, Eva, Evangeline, Eveline, I'm the first woman ever to be gifted the art of magic, the most powerful woman in the world, to be exact. I'm the mother of all mankind, the mother of magic and after my transition into arguably my true form, I'm the mother of darkness as Lucifer is the father. But you, Miss Mallory, can call me *Eve*."