

An elegant, middle aged lady set a large, mahogany table, placing fine china and cutlery about steaming pots and plates full of food. Deep, golden rays of light of a setting sun poured into the room from a bay window upon the west wall of the dining hall. The tapping of wooden sole shoes upon a hard wood floor grew louder as tall and weathered man entered the room. He fixed his spotted tie, clearing his throat, as he continued to approach the woman before him. She turned to face him, her graying, auburn hair and pale, yellow dress floating with her movement. She reached out, grabbing onto the man's collared shirt. She pulled him closer, leaning in to kiss him upon the cheek and then patting away the wrinkles of his shirt. A faint chuckle breached the silence of the room.

The two broke away from each other to face the source of the sound. From a narrow hall approached a younger, stoic man. He carried himself high, a thin grin stretched his chiseled face. The woman moved towards him and met him at the end of the table. She looked at him then, from head to toe.

"You never cease to make me proud Seth." She stated, finally breaking the quiet. She began grabbing at his modern business attire, setting it about with care and love. "What do you think Isaiah?"

"We're truly happy to see you come this far son." Added the other man, his father, Isaiah, as he watched the two. "Even if you will be leaving us for a good while."

Seth rested his hands on his mothers shoulders, "You know I'll make plenty of time to keep in touch, and return home for the holiday's." Seth replied.

"You better dammit," his mother huffed. "I was unlucky enough to only have one child, and I just can't be losing you yet. It was bad enough when you moved out all those years ago, but now..." She stepped back then, holding in her emotions. With a low sigh, she turned from Seth and returned to setting the table.

Seth watched her leave as his father took her place. "Don't you worry a bit Catherine," Isaiah calmly stated to his wife. The two men made eye contact, and Isaiah began to speak to his son. "You're certain that moving the company to Atlanta is best?"

"It's mostly for the tax cuts, but yes." Seth stated without pause, "Besides, I've had enough of the city life here in New York. I'm already eyeing a nice, little cottage about an hour out of the city up in the mountains."

Catherine perked up from the table, "Dinner is ready boys."

Seth and his father took their seats, continuing their conversation. "And what about the employees, surely this is a big change for them" Isaiah questioned as he situated his silverware.

"Our office branch will stay here as we relocate the headquarters in the South." Seth responded, "No one is being forced to move."

"Everything sounds fantastic," Catherine Interjected. "Now can we say prayer so that we may eat?"

"Of course," Isaiah lowered his head, with the other two following behind. He began to softly speak, "Bless us, O' Lord, and these, thy gifts, which we are about to receive from thy bounty..."

"Amen," Came a deep, grueling voice as if echoing from the walls itself. A still silence fell over the room then. The family raised their heads ever so slowly to witness a creeping darkness rolling over the dining hall.

"What in the Hell?" Questioned a baffled Isaiah. As quickly as he had spoke, the color of his skin drained to a pure pale. Isaiah went limp, his face smashing into the plate before him. Catherine bellowed a scream of pure terror as she stumbled out of her chair, reaching for her lifeless husband. As her hands softly landed onto his, he snapped up straight in his chair. Isaiah's eyes were rolled back, with a grin tearing away at his skin.

"Honey?" Stammered Catherine as she reached out for his face.

"Mother no!" Yelled Seth as he stood up from his chair. With a flash, Isaiah lunged out at Catherine's hand, biting deeply into it. She screamed, attempting to force her hand out from the tight grasp of her husband's teeth. Isaiah did not budge, as her wedding ring was snagged behind the wall of enamel. After a great tug, her hand came free. Catherine pulled her hand close to her, seeing that she had lost a finger in the tussle, she fell away from him.

Isaiah began to gurgle a deep laugh with blood pouring from his mouth. He shuffled his wife's finger about until he had her wedding ring between his red dyed teeth. Isaiah's face tensed greatly and with a shattering crunch, Catherine's ring destroyed every tooth that dared put pressure on it. As Isaiah spit out her finger and shards of teeth onto the table, Seth was frozen to his spot, staring at his father with complete disgust.

Catherine was still whimpering at the side of the table, cradling her ruptured hand. Isaiah did not shift his lifeless, white eyed glare away from his son. A grueling, heavy voice escaped him, "I sense it now, boiling deep below the surface. It takes great power for even a Nephilim to hide their presence to me." Seth opened his mouth as if he were going to speak, but Catherine was on her feet once more.

Blood dripped heavily from her wounded hand, with the other holding a kitchen knife she had collected from off the floor during the previous scuffle. Isaiah turned his head as if placed upon a ticking cog, with every movement strained to look upon his injured wife. Catherine began to whisper, a heaving broken voice, "The Lord is my salvation; whom should I fear? I will not fear evil because You are with me..."

"Your god will not save you here mortal" Hissed the voice emitting from Isaiah. Catherine ignored his interruption, charging the man she once loved, knife held high.

"Give me my husband back you monster!" She screamed, tackling into Isaiah, forcing the two onto the floor. Seth jumped out from in front of his seat, rushing over to his combating parents. As Seth came upon the two, Isaiah had found himself atop Catherine. The knife was between the two, the blade facing the previous wielder. Catherine struggled, tears flooding from her eyes, a desperate whimper escaping her mouth. Seth grabbed his father so that he could pull Isaiah off of his mother, but the man was heavier than stone. No matter Seth's attempts, his father would not budge.

"Tell me you wretch, do these creatures truly matter?" Spoke the demonic voice, "Have you convinced yourself that they are family? Perhaps I will spare them if you show yourself to me." Isaiah began to gurgle and belch upon spit and blood as he pushed the knife closer towards Catherine's delicate flesh. Seth began beating away at his father, grabbing cutlery from off the table and shoving them down onto Isaiah's skin. Seth's face was struck with grief and terror, his clothes stained in blood and sweat. "Very well, then I shall have you as well as them."

Isaiah dropped the entire weight of his body onto shoving the knife downward. It slipped through Catherine's clutches, driving deep into her chest. Isaiah had stolen her strength, and she surrendered to her fate. The struggle between the two ended, with Seth noting what had happened. He stepped back from the two, panting heavily. Isaiah lifted his blood soaked hands away from the knife and onto the sides of his face. "It is in dying that we are born to Eternal Life." Isaiah spoke, a mixture of both the demons and his voice. With that, he mustered all his strength in forcing his head to the side with a sharp tug. A snap ruptured from him as his neck took an odd shape, and there Isaiah fell limp once more.

Seth stood there, a blank stare falling over his parents. His world spinning, trying to process what had occurred just now. He did not cry, scream, nor move, he was frozen in time. From the shadows that had covered the room, came a figure lurking behind him. Its presence weighed heavy in the air.

"Did you not fear this day would come?" The voice returned, as if breathing upon his ear. "That I, the reaper of your kind, Damne, would not hunt you down. Were you that foolish?"

Seth slowly turned to face the shadow behind him. "Even now you still resist to fight, to show me what you truly are."

The floor began to shift, the darkness overwhelming. The ground gave way below Seth, and he plummeted, but only for a second. Had he not fallen? The room was the same, if not darker, more empty, yet there was this unease, this uncertainty. The shadow was no longer, for a beast had taken its place. Before Seth, there was a towering shade of a humanlike creature, a demon. It reached out, its spiny fingers stretching towards Seth's face. It did not make contact, though, for it returned its hand quickly as if singed or burned.

"You are no Nephilim..." The demon growled. And at that moment, Seth sank into his mind. Something pulled him from his consciousness, and no longer did he see through his eyes as a driver, but as a passenger. Damne quickly stepped back from Seth, almost as if by fear. The character of Seth was no more, for what stood in his place was a towering shadow of a man, with sets of heavy wings weighing down on him, and massive horns stretching out from the sides of his face. The being looked like Seth, but did not carry his presence.

"Awakened I have, this angel who made the Earth tremble." Slowly muttered the being that took Seth's place. "Who would dare disturb me, Lucifer, dawn itself."

"Impossible!" Damne screeched. "I would have known if my master yet lived. You are an imposter!" He continued to make space between the two, retreating from the towering, fallen angel.

Lucifer looked upon Damne, a cold and lifeless glare. "You are familiar, beast. Perhaps a member of my own flesh. Your name, state it to me." Lucifer did not move, but his presence began to grow stronger as if pulling himself further from slumber. Damne had reached the edge of the room now, distancing himself from Lucifer as much as possible.

"I am Damne, your hunter of giants." The demon stuttered. "Would you remember me O' Lord?"

Lucifer moved then, closing the gap between the two. It was seamless, as if he appeared abruptly before Damne. The demon cowered, this imposing fallen angel upon him. "I see them now, these memories of old." Lucifer muttered calmly, "You are of my youngest children, a means to an end. Yet this smell you carry, flooding my senses. It is nauseating." Lucifer leaned over Damne, breathing heavily through his nostrils. "Damne, would you betray me?"

"Never my Lord!" Exclaimed Damne, quivering with every syllable.

"Your fear tells all too much." Lucifer growled, returning to loom over Damne. "My puppet, would you aid him?"

"Only until your return, that I swear." Damne bowed then. A pause ensued, only accompanied by Lucifer's rasped breathing.

With a slight shuffle, and in an instant movement, Lucifer's enormous hands were wrapped tightly over Damne's neck. The demon struggled, tearing away at its lord. Lucifer lifted Damne until their eyes met at a parallel level. He spoke with a low menacing tone, "You are no longer of any use to me, not as a child nor pawn." Lucifer threw the demon onto the floor and then began to arch his right hand back.

"You will regret this Lucifer!" Hissed Damne, "All of Hell has forgotten you. Your strength has waned, and they will destroy you." As Lucifer's hand had stretched back in a position to lunge it forward, Damne began to dissipate through the floor below him. Lucifer quickly struck down upon the demon, shredding through the wisp that was Damne.

The room was empty once again, with only Lucifer filling its space. He spoke then to himself "Oh how I have fallen once more." A tapping came from behind him, metal upon wood. Lucifer turned then, to look upon a well attired, middle aged man whose eyes were cloaked behind the shadows of a heavy cap. He held a cane before him, solid wood adorned with metal linings and a statue of a man holding the cane above him. Lucifer spoke, a menacing growl, "A child of Satan comes to greet me? Hiding behind the mask of a human too."

"My lord, Lucifer." The illusive man bowed. "I am Destiny, a child of Satan yes, but not by choice. I have come to you, following Damne's trail, so that I may aid you."

Lucifer faced the new demon completely now. "You knew Damne hunted for me? He believed me to be Nephilim, did you as well?"

"Not at all O' Lord." Destiny grinned, "I had tricked Damne in awakening you. Satan and his pawns believed you were lost or dead, never to return, but I knew better."

Lucifer approached Destiny, questioning him further. "You wield great strength, yet you conceal it from me. As a being that calls itself Destiny, and a child of my puppet, why would I trust you, let alone allow you to aid me."

"For Hell has changed greatly in your absence." Destiny sternly retorted. "Satan has created powerful guardians, enslaved or exterminated your generation of demons, and has exiled your horseman. You require help my Lord, and I am willing to serve." Destiny tapped his cane upon the floor, it shifted, and the two descended. In that brief moment of dizzying alteration, they were standing in Seth's home again. Only now it was filled with its previous

furnishings, and the dead Leoht's lay upon the floor. Lucifer had taken the character of Seth but still controlled the body. He looked over himself, judging the skin he wore.

"I removed us from the Below so that we may not be tracked or sensed by other demons." Destiny answered the puzzled look on Seth's face. "Is it still you Lucifer?"

"Indeed." Lucifer's low tone replied. "It feels strange to awaken in this vessel. I sense him, the owner, we share this body."

"Truly a great feat O' Lord!" Destiny exclaimed. "It takes great power to embody a physical form, let alone conceal yourself through a mortal's spirit. Though it will be your greatest weakness I fear."

Seth frowned, Lucifer grunting in disgust, "I will devour this soul, regain my strength. But you..." He looked up at Destiny, "How can you help me? Why not kill you now?"

Destiny chuckled, "I mean no offense O' Lord, but you are too weak to fight me now. You need your strength, and I can get it to you. Your horseman? I will find them. Your puppet and his guardians? I know their holds and weaknesses, for I am one of them." Destiny leaned heavily on his cane, grinning from ear to ear.

"Your price?" Lucifer grumbled.

"To be your right hand, for I care little of the spotlight." Destiny replied. Lucifer teeters then, Destiny knowing he was losing control. "Rest Lucifer. I will gather information on your return and will watch this Seth closely."

Destiny's body began to fade into the shadows of the room, dissipating into nothingness. Lucifer was left alone, within Seth's body and the deceased parents of his host. He slowly began to lose control, sinking back. Closing his eyes, Lucifer let go of the reins and from the dark depths of his mind, Seth regained control of his body.

Before Seth lay the chaos that had happened moments before. Emotions came flooding up, a strong mixture of despair, sadness and anger. He crumpled to the floor, tears rolling down his face. Seth beat his fists upon the wood below him, bruising and breaking the skin. Gurgling up, through choking spit, Seth let out a cry of emotional pain.

In the depths of Seth's mind, Lucifer waited. He would bide his time for Destiny's return. Now awoken, he could feel his strength and control slowly return to him. And so he watched through Seth's eyes, this miserable mortal. Lucifer could not wait to rid himself of something so pathetic.