

Giovanni knew what he was doing.

Or so he told himself.

It made him feel better for being such a pathetic fool.

When he violated that contract he knew that Jericho would be angry. But nothing could have prepared him for the horrors he saw, for the anger written on the demon's face like nothing else he had ever seen.

“And one hundred souls I shall take!”

A threat that once was said with playful joy — never meant to be serious. But now he was bleeding black — every inch of him changing from the brightness that he knew to something much more frightening. Giovanni felt genuine fear enter him.

When Jericho left - he knew well what to expect. He felt it the deepest parts of him that were hidden from the world. In each trembling bone and nerve that buzzed with terror.

His feet ran with a mind of their own. Giovanni's breath hardly knew when it was time to catch up when he was down the road.

Every part of him knew he had damned innocent blood to a wrath unlike any they had known before. The great pillar of fire, the rage of the Golden Calf, all of it was so insignificant compared the rage of Jericho whose large wings blocked the sun from all below.

A God-fearing man he said he was - but he had never known what that truly meant until his god felt rage towards him. Giovanni didn't fear the Lord of the Heavens. No. Not in any sense that really mattered anyway.

But oh how he felt fear for His rejected princes.

How he quaked like an autumn leaf.

And how his own heart, burned and scorched, numb and cold, broke once more at the realization of his actions.

The consequences that awaited him.

The innocent blood that he could almost taste on his tongue as Jericho forced his mouth open to truly know how foolish he had been and what his pride had cost him.

Giovanni's steps burned into the ground. His desperation filled him like nothing he'd ever known and the tears that poured from his eyes were true with all his emotions. Still, it meant nothing.

He smelled the smoke, he knew the horrid stinging in his nose was the lives that Jericho swore once to take and he had naively believed was nothing concrete. But oh how he knew these threats to be true.

Never had he valued the lives of others. Giovanni thought everyone a stone in his path.

But this was vile.

The stench of burning corpses, the graves that were torn to shreds, the blood.

The streets flooded with blood.

Above all the broken tombstones, the mutilated figures, and the tears, stood Jericho as Giovanni had never known. Stained black with rage and Hell's grandest nightmares and wings spread wide enough to block the moon from the sky, he took mercilessly. There was nothing but darkness beyond the flames and the anger.

“Betrayal!” he screamed, agony laced in his voice. “Betrayal!” the demon professed.

Each cry making his bones snap.

“I am Lord Xenith!” the demon's voice called, “And I will not be crossed!” And Giovanni truly understood it all for once in his life... He was still just a human.