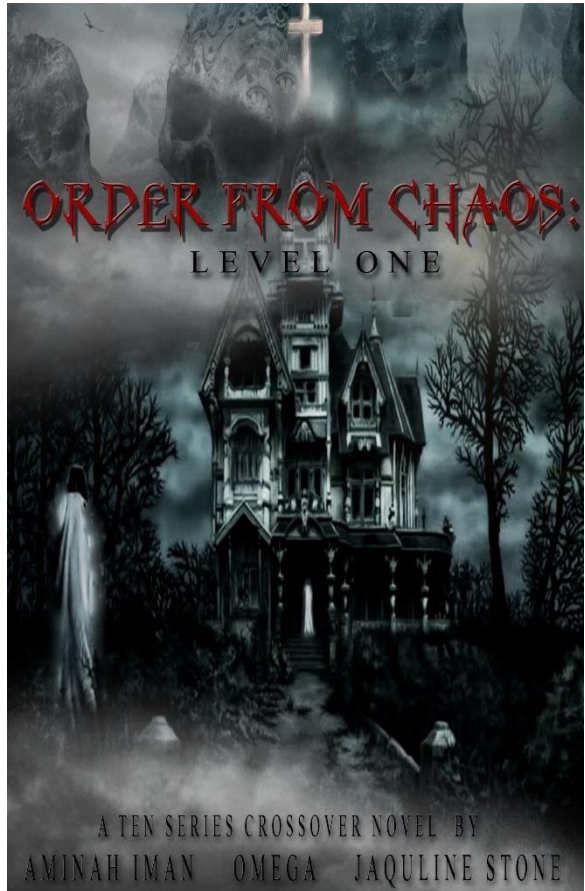


Order from Chaos: Level One



Synopsis

Mary Magdalene and Peter, apostles of Christ, created The Order to hunt down Jesus' real killer. Judas Iscariot. When the betrayer seeks redemption 2018 years later he rejoins the alliance of Mary, who still rules The Order. Micah, her second in command is assigned leader of a team called 'The New Order' comprised of members such as Liam (from novel Hit List by Omega) who is a pyrokinetic (fire manifestation and manipulation), Sari (from series The Chronicles of Sari by Aminah Iman) a Indianapolis huntress who defends her city from monsters, reapers and were 's. Gabriel and Alaric (Gabriel from series Fallen by Jaqueline Stone and Alaric from series The Delacrux Saga by Nefertiti and Aminah Iman) two New Orleans natives, Gabriel, a 19 year old half angel half demon and Alaric an alpha wolf of the New Orleans state pack. There is also Erin (from novel Catch Me by Aminah Iman)

A cryokinetic assassin (ice manifestation and manipulation). And finally, Acaleus who is a spartan warrior from the year 49AD with the ability to control ones thoughts emotions and actions.

And only when the world is in peril can we call on The New Order. Well in this case, heaven. Cain (from series The Vamperial by Aminah Iman), the oldest son of Adam and Eve still walks the earth and as punishment for killing his brother, Cain can never enter heaven. When he plots his seeds into three powerful witches (Melina, Alessandra and Calla from series The Unusuals by Omega), he produces heirs for one purpose. To break into the seven levels of heaven and claim what was taken from him.

Chapter One: Micah

There was fire and blood. The Golem was running rampant and the one who called him up was missing. For those of you that may not know, a Golem is an animated anthropomorphic being that is magically created entirely from inanimate matter, usually mud or clay. It usually takes a Jewish priest to raise one, but a crafty enough witch can do it just the same. The purpose of a Golem is to do ones bidding, to cause harm or to punish someone who has wronged the person controlling the Golem. Once the Golem has a target, it will not stop until the target is killed, then nine times out of ten it goes on to destroy its creator. My job, being a soldier of God and working for,

or with, however you want to look at it, Mary Magdalen, is to eliminate said Golem.

Mary is the Elder of our small, but mighty organization called The Order. We are a group of men and women specifically selected, for our spiritual gifts of telekinetic powers, to cleanse the world of unholy abominations. The Order considers abominations to be anything not human, any being not mortal. We have been around since the time of Jesus and Mary and have been extremely successful in our endeavors. Our rules have changed a bit since our former leader, Dr. Julian, was murdered by The Vamperial, and we no longer hunt a being simply because of their immortality, they must now hold a threat for humanity in order for us to go after them.

Mary took over leadership of the new Order and asked me to come along, I agreed as long as I was able to hand pick my own team for away missions. She had no problem with this but insisted that I act as her equal. The equal of Mary Magdalen, sure why not. With that being said, the Golem was

definitely a threat to humanity seeing as it was killing the people of the small county of Hamishfield.

The one who had called the Golem up was not aware that he was a mindless beast, otherwise they would have stayed around to control him properly.

Unfortunately for me, I attempted to use my powers of entering its mind, now remember a Golem is mindless, therefore he rendered me mindless. When I tried to enter his mind I felt a sudden stillness overtake me. I lost all sight, sound, feeling and dropped to the ground.

“What the holy hell Micah, stop sleeping on the job.” Octavia said.

Octavia was our antient Roman necromancer. She was very blond, very petite, with ice blue eyes. She looked like an angle but fought like a demon. Octavia was cursed by a warlock when she hired him to raise her husband, Marc Antony, from the dead. Instead of raising her beloved he turned her into an immortal necromancer. Needless to say she was thoroughly pissed and killed the warlock. Before the Order was

formed Octavia had one goal, to kill Cleopatra, who she blamed for stealing her husband and having him killed. Of course she was unable to complete her goal because Cleopatra had been changed into a vampire by Lillith, the first woman ever created. Mary found Octavia in 60 a.d. She trained Octavia to fight, how to control her powers and gave her a new goal, to work with the Order. Octavia has been a loyal member ever since.

She leaned down to me, tapped my face and smiled.

I opened my eyes slowly, "That shit was insane. He literally has no thought except kill." I sat up.

"He's a fucking Golem Micah. I need to get a read on the one who raised him, if she dabbles with the dead I can take her down."

I stood up, "And if he or she doesn't?"

"We have to kill this big bastard on our own."

And therein lied the problem. An old-wives tale told of simply wiping the name off of the Golem's forehead would render him immobile, but we had to reach his forehead to see if it were true.

"Hey Brandon, see if you can burn him down, take out his legs." I suggested.

Brandon was our in house fire-man. He literally turned into fire. He had the ability to consume his entire body with the fire that was inside of his body, he also had a force field that protected him from anyone, anything that tried to harm him.

"Will do boss."

"He hates that." Octavia winked at me.

"Just do it." I barked.

Octavia was right, I hated that shit. If I were to think of myself as the equal of Mary, then my team could definitely think of themselves as mine.

Brandon closed eyes that were as grey as storm clouds and opened ones that were as crimson as the setting sun. His entire

body erupted into flames seconds before he set the big bastard on fire, the legs started to melt away.

I ran, jumped, and landed on the Golem's neck. Swiping my hand over his forehead, I took the name and his will away. He dropped down, I rolled off of him.

"We need to take the head. Until we know who called him up, he could possibly still be reanimated."

I looked questioningly at Octavia.

"What, I read." Her smile flashed with pure pride.

"So be it. Brandon, melt the neck." As the neck melted, the head toppled off. I put the head in my satchel.

"Can we get the bloody hell out of here now." Octavia wiped sweat off her forehead.

"Abso-fuckin-lutley. Good mission everyone."

We made it back to the Order's headquarters, I put the code in at the gate

and drove slowly back towards the compound. Every time I'm away for a while, the view of the mansion takes my breath for a moment. The outside gardens were lush and full thanks to Mary's immaculate gardening skills. The four columns, that supported one of seven balconies, stood tall like centaurs guarding the entrance. The small three steps made way to an enormous wooden door with three metal crosses adorning it. Mary had a thing for divine numbers if you couldn't tell.

I walked in the door and put my bag down, I took a deep cleansing breath, taking the time to thank God and my ancestors for bringing me back alive.

"Thank God after I've come in, move it I need a shower." Octavia pushed passed me and headed for the double winding staircase.

"Heathen." I shouted after her.

"Bible thumper." She laughed back.

Brandon came in last, chuckling at us both.

I made it up the stairs and into my suite. The walls were painted a calming green, the floors carpeted and lush. I put my bag on my couch in the sitting area and made my way to the bedroom. I looked in the mirror and took my customary man-bun down. My hair hung down passed my shoulders, the black so jet it was nearly midnight. I wiped my hand over my face, looking at myself, glad to be home. I went to my bathroom, turned the shower on and my phone rang.

“Hey Micah, Mary wants to see you.” Oliver, one of Mary’s assistants said. “I’m about to jump in the shower, I’m going to give her a brief as soon as I’m changed.”

“It’s not about the assignment, something just came in hot off the press.”

“I’ll be down in about a half.” I hung up.

I jumped out of the shower and threw on a pair of grey sweats and a black tee. I slid on a pair of slides and made my way to

Mary's office. I knocked once and opened the door.

She sat behind her desk, her long brown wavy hair was down for once. "Hey Mary, what's up?" I asked, noticing the worry on her face, her olive complexion shining in the light.

"Hello Micah, I take it the Golem crisis went well."

"It did, hence the head on your back table." I sat across from her. Brandon must have dropped it off on his way to his suite.

"Yes, of course."

"You look a little off Mary, did something happen?" When Mary Magdalen looked stressed you best worry.

"It did, yes."

There was a knock on her door and Judas Iscariot, now going by the name Amid, walked in. "Sorry I'm late." He smiled, taking the seat to my left.

Judas, along with the other members of the Order, had recently gone through an ordeal fighting the war of wars with the

demons he had originally trained and recruited to fight on Satan's side. In the end he realized that he wanted, needed, redemption and fought on the side of good. Thank God we won that battle, otherwise none of us would be here.

"No worries brother, Micah just arrived."

It was so weird watching Mary and Judas getting along. For over two-thousand years they had been sworn enemies.

"Ok, wonderful. So, what's the situation?"

Mary cleared her throat, "I have received some very disturbing news. I have learned, from a very reliable source, that the sons of Cain are attempting to break into the seven levels of heaven."

"What the hell."

She held her finger up for me to wait, "They need keys in order to do it. When the levels of heaven were designed, they were like doors. In order to unlock said door, you would need a key."

“Is it a literal key Mary?” Amid sat up in his chair.

“Literal in a sense. Each generation a person is born as key. For example, the first level is where the souls of the departed go. The angel Gabriel is in charge of that level. He gets the souls acclimated to being purely souls.”

“And what does the key do, aside from unlocking the door? Amid raised his brow.

“Very perceptive Amid. The first key is a medium, she has the ability to talk to ghosts, spirits. She...” “She?” I interrupted. “Yes, she, we have identified her. She has the ability to transport them to the first level.” Mary folded her hands.

“I don’t understand.” I told her.

“She can speak to the dead, she was born with the ability to be on this end of the veil as well as the other, to guide them to the other side.”

“Ok, so we need to find her before the Sons do. Does Jaqueline know?”

The last time we had to face the Vamperial we found out that Jaqueline was the daughter of Cain, the first man ever born and Lillith, the first woman ever created. She was angry at the Elders for not telling her. She left the Order with her brothers to get to know them better, to get Cain's side of the story, in order to form her own opinions.

"I need to figure out just how much she does know." Mary ran her hands through her hair.

"I'm going to need a hell of a lot of help with this one."

"I suggest you call in the cavalry."
Amid patted my shoulder.

I knew he was right, but I hated to do it. The cavalry in which he spoke had their own monsters to fight, literally. The last big battle I had to endure was fight the children of the Vamperial and the team, that Amid handpicked, saved the world. I suppose there really wasn't a choice but to call them in again.

There was Liam, a man that I considered a brother. I trusted no one more

than him. He has the power of pyrokinetic. Not only can he manipulate fire, he can manifest it. Fire literally ran through his veins.

There was also Erin, if there were a yin and yang in human form it would be Erin and Liam. Erin has the ability of cryokinetics. What Liam can do with fire, she can with ice. She is also a skilled assassin, just as Liam is. They were trained, bioengineered, and led to believe they were fighting on the side of good but actually they worked for a group of psychopaths. But through it all they remained close, family.

The next team member is Sari, Sari is a hunter out of Indianapolis, Indiana. She has killed were's-, vampires, ghouls, ghosts, and a Reaper. Before going up against the Reaper she was blessed with the grace of the angel Azrael and the scythe originally made to kill any Reaper. She is also the alpha to a pack of wereleopards.

Next is Gabriel, he was born connected to the fallen angel Saveus, and he's Michael, the archangel, son and holds

the power of a Nephilim. He also has the spear of Michael.

We also have Acaleus, he is a warrior and Spartan from 40 A.D that was cursed by a witch and given the ability to enter a person's thoughts and make them do his bidding.

Last, but certainly not least, we have Alaric. Alaric is the alpha werewolf in New Orleans. In wolf form he stands nearly as tall as a horse, he is as deadly as he is loyal.

With this line-up we should be able to stop the sons of Cain from kidnapping the key... Or at least I pray we do.

Chapter 2: Liam

The cool winds of Chicago breezed past me as the weather phased slowly from

Summer to Fall. The air had a habit of melting into a dew that stuck to your senses, getting the best of me of course.

All the memories that sat in this city were good ones, and all the bad ones dissipated like the leaves on the pavement. Rae had been at a lack of self-knowing since her parents died. She had become detached of all things physical, her mind being where she spent most of her time. Oh, and I couldn't lure her out, no bait being good enough to inch her to me and be present.

Trust me, I tried

The soft shrill of my phone shook my mind back to the sidewalk with the breeze just as brisk as where my mind had left it. I pulled at the annoying piece of metal and plastic, it's vibrating getting more and more annoying.

Before I saw who it was that was calling.

"Hey gem." My lips curved in an instinctive sort of way that couldn't be helped.

Sari.

"I thought I told you not to be a stranger, fireman. Do you want me to send one of my Were's to sniff out your ass?"

A laugh pressed like a weight to my chest at the simple sound of her voice. Her face, a single risen brow with her hand on her hip, painted itself in my head like a Da Vinci. I couldn't explain the *feeling* I got when envisioning her, and I didn't want to. To do that, would be an injustice of simplifying it to words.

Sari was a hunter that lived in Indianapolis, specializing in supernatural terrors going on around or neighboring her city. She was as territorial as it came, which meant any creature that stepped through the city line was getting what came to 'em. On one of her cases, she incidentally killed the alpha of a were-panther pack, making herself the alpha and chief of her own pack of monsters. Ahh life--

"No, I wouldn't want to put you through the trouble. I'm sorry it's been a... difficult couple of months. I'm just trying to get myself together you know?" I felt my

head tilt against the wind that blew, my steps slowing while my mind grew occupied. Of her.

"That Riley Raegan isn't giving you a hard time, is she? Because I can send some Were's out for her too..."

"Nah, it's actually been an adjustment period for...everyone."

"Everyone?" The attitude was coming back, crashing in her voice like waves.

"Well, remember Chaos had control over the UGF agents? I only got my hands on five of 'em. They're woke now, and fucking pissed, lost, everything I was a year ago. Oh, and after Parker and Harrington died, the UGF, what's left of it, is scattered from investors and stock men, but primarily Rae. She wants nothing to do with it and they are not happy."

The battle between us, a team Sari and I worked together, called The Order, opponents included the people that changed my life forever. Parker and Harrington Raegan, Riley or 'Rae's', parents. They told

me I was sick, they acted as the cure themselves, along with technology, that turned me into something else, something more. And the burden has been stuck with me ever since. And now I wasn't alone.

"You know if you need anything, no more excuses, you're only three hours away. I will send for you and if you think I'm bad, wait until you meet my maker. She'll have your ass in a headlock while trying to spoon feed you soup at the same damn time. Like man-bun said, we're family."

I shook my head at the wind as if her eyes were on me, a shy shade of blush freckling my complexion, the same dumb ass smile folded at my lips until my cheeks grew a tired ache.

"I hardly know what that means, Gem--"

"It means I'm too stubborn to die so you're stuck with me for a long ass time, so use me while I'm a weapon in your arsenal." Her words sat at the pit of my stomach, the notion making my steps pause and my eyes break off of the structure of the city. I

couldn't stop my mind from processing purely on her, her tone, her words.

"I haven't used these words in... fuck I don't know, but I love you, Sari. Before you say anything else and I make an ass of myself, or your 'partner' kicks my ass I gotta go. I'll see you sooner than you think, Gem." I disconnected the call, my eyes lingering on her name on my screen a second more before letting a breath release that I had no idea I had held since I answered the phone.

My feet echoed against the hard wood, the door closing behind me with a forceful hand. She usually sat by the fireplace, watching the flames like they told a story she had heard a thousand times before. There was no anticipation in her eyes, just a flicker of the ember's reflection beaming back. She'd paint pictures with them, those eyes, vivid ones that blinked across the floorboards like a brush in action. The haunting distractions that played in her mind were easy to see and her soul was

begging to escape, but her mind wouldn't let her.

I could tell by the silence between us that...

"Rae?" I shrugged my shoulders of my jacket, settling it on the silver hooks that sat east of the doorway.

I walked through the apartment further. The floor plan was an open one, the living room broad enough to fit 25 people comfortably while the exposed kitchen was only separated from the living room by a large grey and black marble island. The brick and stainless steel had a love/ hate compare and contrast relationship that was almost too perfect.

The bedrooms, nestled in the back, hid behind the kitchen wall, each accompanied with their own bathroom. On occasion, Rae and I would sleep in the master, but like I said, she hardly ever slept.

I crept into the kitchen where she sat, her laptop hiding her face. I could tell by her bare shoulders that her hair was tied behind her, giving her a clear line of vision of the

screen. Her fingers urged at the keys viscously. Rae's beige long sleeve fitted her as good as a tailored suit, the sleeves curving on her wrists.

"Hey." Rae glanced up casually.

Her tone had lost a certain angst since her parent's death. The three of them ran an organization that changed, saved and damned my life all at once. She was ambiguous to the fact that her parents were secretly running an operation that poisoned the world of good and blurred the lines between it and evil.

"Hey." I retorted, my brow still curved.

I sat at the island, angling myself across from her to watch her face, its firm expression alter.

"Stop analyzing me, Liam, I'm fine." She said, her tone as bare as a baby's ass, hit me right in the chest.

I folded my hands across my chest as I tried to hold a denying expression, but she knew me too well.

"Then how about you tell me what you're up to. You're never up this morning and you haven't touched your computer in weeks."

"That's because every blog, CNN reporter and half assed journalist were covering my dead parent's investigation. I wasn't feeling the pity."

I tried to read her face, to read her *mind*, but it was like she was pushing me out the second I tried

When Rae's parents died, the ties they created with the clean investors and the devil worshipping black market dealers were all cut considering they made Rae the heir to their empire. I thought back to a previous conversation.

"I'm washing my hands, I wouldn't even know what direction to go in if I were to pick it back up" She sat at her station by the fireplace, her hair messily knotted in a tie that, like her, was close to breaking.

She looked at the fire longingly for an answer as I sat in front of her, watching her stained cheeks and baggy clothes

begging to cling to her limp skin. My soul reached out to her, cupping her head at the nook of my heart as the beat echoed like a lullaby to soothe her rugged deminer. My body sat still, watching her as she watched the flames tell that same story.

"Too many people would be after you if you did. The Order may suspect what route you were really taking, the old connects may think you'll reveal their shit. It's all a risk, Riley."

"It's dead. UGF is dead, it died with them."

My phone made a demanding shutter to help pull me from my head, my eyes unknowingly glued to Rae's, that damn silence--

"Micah." I said quickly.

Rae broke her lock with me, looking at her screen, almost hiding within it.

"Hey," He said behind a weary sigh, his voice split like ends.

I turned my back, walking towards the fireplace.

Micah, the closest example I have of a brother, was the leader of team under one

of the biggest organizations in the supernatural world that no one knew about. The Order.

Last year I was called in to ask to work with Micah's team as a member of 'The New Order' along with Sari, Erin, Acaleus, Gabriel and Alaric. All of us had our arsenal of supernatural ammo, all different, all fighting for the same purpose. So when he called, I answered.

"Where's the fire?" I could tell he needed that, something familiar, something lighthearted. I knew because I needed it too.

"Heaven, actually" He finally spoke, and it wasn't till then did I realized how much I missed it.

"I was kidding."

"Yeah, I'm not." Micah always had a funny sense of humor, please let this be his funny sense of humor "And I have a condition, this time."

"Don't say it--" I readied my head to shake, but his words came out before I could bother.

“I need you on this, man.”

I could never find a way to say no to Micah, and he never needed anything or *anyone*.

“You said it.” My chest, my mind, my body all felt tugged in each and every other direction, the needs of everyone crying out all at once while my own personal reasons for them chanted faint background noise. “I already have my hands full trying to deprogram agents and get them back on the right path, can’t the Order see that as an already act of kindness and give me a pass?”

“Liam, you know we’re family, and in any other circumstance I’d be on your side, but once you hear about what this is, no offense, but it’s gonna make your act of kindness look like a cop out.”

And right then, I knew I couldn’t say no, I couldn’t walk away, because I knew he needed *me*.

“When?” I closed my eyes, my tongue trying to take the word back as it bat against my lips, but it had already gone out.

I could almost feel the relief that the one syllable gave him. I guess that made it worth it.

“I can have the jet sent out to grab you as soon as possible, just give me the go ahead, brother.”

“Uh-- you know what? I got a better idea, have you already talked to Sari?”

The pause he took to respond felt like days, months, years--

“No, but Mary told me she’d be in touch with her.

Why?”

“I gotta go not be a stranger.”

Chapter Three: Sari

My mother, Dominic, Doc, and I had just finished a case at Central State Hospital. Doc, who is actually a Doctor of Psychology, had recently purchased the old building, renovated it, and opened it up for supernatural people with psychological issues. Pretty noble right, wrong, the building and all the property surrounding it sat on a ley line. For those of you who don't know what a ley line is, it's alignments of a number of places of geographical interest, such as ancient monuments and megaliths that have spiritual power. Ley lines can be the product of ancient surveying, property markings, or commonly traveled pathways and Central State sat directly in the center of one. At the time of the opening the ley line had opened and let certain evil spirits through in order to possess the patients. It was a hard case to finish because we had to track down and exorcise all the patients that escaped, and my pack couldn't help because if a spirit possess a Were- it also has control of the Were's- powers.

My mother and I were out to lunch getting in some much-needed mother-daughter time. We decided on a cute little outdoor bistro in Broad Ripple. The day was warm and beautiful, the sun was shining, and I had the person I loved most in the world sitting across from me.

I seldom wear dresses, but I made an exception. I wore a burnt orange Maxie with flat beige sandals. I had let my hair grow out some, it was in a sleek bob, fiery red, that hung just passed my chin. The red of my hair set off the green in my eyes. I had on silver jewelry, a hunters best friend, and I strapped my silver blade on my thigh.

My mother, the beautiful badass Lil, was dressed similar only she chose a deep purple dress and black sandals. The purple went well with her deep chocolate skin, her dimples winked at me as she ate her salad.

I was about to take a bite of my blt when my phone rang. I looked at the name and number and silently cursed. I must have had a look on my face because my mother raised a perfectly arched eyebrow.

“Hello Mary.” I answered.

“Magdalen?” My mother mouthed.

I nodded my head yes.

“Good afternoon Sari, I hope I am not disturbing you.”

We both knew she didn’t care if she was disturbing me or not. When Mary Magdalen called, you answered, busy or not. “I’m actually having lunch with my mother, we just finished up a nasty case and...”

“I heard, and congratulations on that. I’m sorry, but we need you to come in.” She interrupted.

“Unless it’s an end of the world situation I’m going to have to decline.”

“How about an end of heaven situation.”

“What, hold on let me step away from this crowd and put you on speaker.” I put a fifty on the table and motioned for my mother to follow me to my Range Rover.

“Ok Mary, go ahead.” “Hello Lillian.” “Hello Mary.”

“Great, now that we have the hello’s out of the way, tell me what’s going on.” I was getting irritated.

“Sari.” My mother scolded.

“That is quite alright Lillian, I have become accustomed to your daughters brashness. What I was about to say is, we have information that the sons of Cain are attempting to break into the first level of heaven.”

“I’m sorry, who now?” I glanced at my mother.

“Cain, the son of Adam and Eve, has three sons and they are looking for the key that unlocks the first level of heaven. I need you and the others to find the key first. If you come to headquarters I can and will explain it thoroughly to all of you at once.”

“Who else is on board?”

“I am praying all of you will answer this call. Micah is talking to Liam now. I’ve already called Erin in and Acaleus will go wherever she does.”

“Really, Erin and the Spartan, umm. You know I can’t say no to this. What about Gabe and the wolfman?”

“I have yet to speak to Gabriel and Alaric.”

“I’ll call baby grace and he’ll pass it on to the big guy. We both know Alaric will not let Gabe come alone.”

“I’m counting on it. Thank you Sari.”

“Don’t thank me Mary. I’m kind of pissed off. I just finished a case that could have lost me some of my pack and I haven’t had five minutes alone with my mother since you called me the last time.”

“If this is too much for you Sari...”

She started to say.

“She will be there Mary.” My mother interrupted. “Very good. Thank you both.” She hung up.

“Who’s going to tell Dom and Ingrid that I have to go back and help save heaven?” Dominic was my partner in life and in hunting and Ingrid was my weapons expert, my

honorary big sister and the biggest bitch I knew.

“I’ll handle Dom, you can take the big bitch.”

“Great, you get to tell the one person who loves you as much as I do while I talk to the sister from hell.” I put my head on the steering wheel.

“And you have to tell your pack.” She patted me on the leg. “Let’s get this over with so you can get going.”

We called the gang to my mothers house so that we could tell them all at once, she wasn’t getting off that easy. Everyone showed except Ingrid, she never leaves the house, so I would have to tell her over the phone.

We all gathered in the family room. I looked at my pack, my mother and my man trying to figure out how to tell them. “So what’s going on boss lady?” Manny, my second in command asked.

His voice sounding like he gargled rocks. He stood six feet seven inches tall and

was built like a mac truck. His warm honey complexion and dark brown eyes looking serious.

“I got a phone call from Mary today.”

“Oh hell, what’s going on now?”

Nick, my right hand, rubbed his large hands over his caramel face. His hazel eyes full of worry.

“To make it simple, the sons of Cain are trying to break into the first level of heaven. In order to do that, they need a key. Mary has located it.”

“And?” Dom raised his brows.

“And, they need me to come help retrieve the key before the brothers do.”

Dom shook his head, a worried smile on his face.

“Listen,” Mom interrupted. “she has no choice really, these men are immortal and are hell bent on breaking into heaven, no pun intended, how can she say no.”

“Are you feeling up to it after the back to back cases? This last one took a toll on all of us and now you have to go help the Order.”

Selene interjected. Her long sleek body leaned up against Nick's. Even in human form she was a beautiful beast.

"I am tired as hell, don't get me wrong, but if they get into heaven and I didn't help, I would never forgive myself. If they break heaven, there won't be an earth."

"I agree."

Everyone looked at Dom, he never liked me going off on my own. He stood, walked towards me. His six-foot even frame looming over me.

"I don't want you to go, but I know you. You're going anyway and it'll be easier if you have our support. So go and save the world... Again." He kissed my forehead.

"Well that's it then. I'm off to save the world."

I sent my pack and my man off so I could spend some extra time with my mom before I had to go.

"Are you up for this Sari?" She hugged me.

“I am, I’m not ready to leave you, but I know what I have to do.” My phone gave the familiar ting of a text message.

I read the message, a smile on my face.

‘No need to catch the jet, I can be there in 3 hrs. We can ride in together.’

“Is that the cavalry coming to take you away?”

“Not the cavalry, a man made of fire.”
‘Sounds good, you get to meet the amazing Lil. Swoop me up here.’

I sent him my mom’s address. “He’ll be here in about three hours.”

“About damn time I get to meet Liam.”

“Yeah it is.” I guess he was right about the ‘sooner than I think’.

I heard the motorcycle pull up, the engine cut off. My heart did a betraying thud as I stood up to get the door.

“I got it mom.”

Opening the front door I watched Liam get off his Harley Softail Deluxe, take his helmet off, and stand there. He looked at me as if he hadn't seen me in years.

His hair was longer, reaching his shoulders in a mass of blond chaotic waves. He had buffed up a lot, the muscles on his arms straining against his black leather jacket. He wore dark blue jeans and rough looking black boots. I always thought Liam's eyes were a piercing green, but they looked even more so now that his skin was tanned.

"You got here pretty fast." I smiled, walking towards him.

"Yeah, this thing can move when it wants too." He looked back at his bike.

"Great minds and all that." I tilted my head towards my Harley Davidson Livewire. "Nice."

I reached him, held out my arms for a hug. He had to lean down quite a bit seeing as he had me by a foot.

"Come on in," I broke the hug after a minute, "There is someone I want you to meet." I held out my hand for him to take.

We went back to the family room,
my mother stood when we entered.

“Liam, this is my mother Lillian.”

He let go of my hand and reached for hers. He brought it to his lips, kissed it. “It is such a pleasure to meet you.”

“The pleasure is all mine. Please, have a seat.”

We all sat down.

“You know,” She paused, looked at him for a moment. “You know, there is something about you that rings familiar to me. I know we have never met, but...”

“Souls recognizes souls.” Liam said sincerely.

“That is exactly right.” She reached over, patted his leg.

Chapter Five: Alaric

For the first time in two years Isabelle and I were going on vacation. I went to my pub, Nativa, to do some final inventory and to let Etienne, my beta, know what was what. Being the alpha werewolf in a city as big and full of the supernatural as New Orleans was, is a never-ending job.

Isabelle was at the mansion going over what needed to be done, in her absence, with our daughter Celestine. The dynamic duo were the Queen and princess of Nola.

Not only was my love the Master Vampire of the city, she was also the head of all the supernatural factions.

We had finally established peace between the vampires, werewolves, and witches. Isabelle had appointed leaders that all factions could agree on and those that opposed were either banished or killed. She tried to make it as fair as possible, but there were always one or two that tested authority. Being alpha, I was naturally chosen to head the werewolf faction. Trust me when I say that her decision had nothing to do with me being her mate, if I was not qualified for the job, I wouldn't have it.

She chose Angelique, Etienne's mate, to be the head of the witch faction. Not only was Angelique the strongest hereditary witch in New Orleans, the other witches respected and looked up to her.

And, of course, Isabelle was the head of the vampire faction, but she chose Lourdes, a vampire almost as old as Isabelle herself, to be her proxy for times when a

decision had to made in which Isabelle would be bias.

“Ok, we got the schedule all finished for the next two weeks. I asked the kid to come around and give me a hand when he has time.” Etienne placed the schedule on the board.

For the life of me I couldn't get him to use the computer. “Good idea, he knows the running of this place as well as you do.” I sat on the edge of my desk. “Look after him for me will you? He's been through a lot this past year, I know he thinks he's a grown man, but...”

“I understand, Adian is the same way. I swear me and Angelique are about to pull our hair out.”

“I know Gabe isn't mine, but I look at him the same way I do Celestine. Plus Denise and Isabelle would have my ass if something happened to him.”

“Speak of the devil.” Etienne turned when he heard Gabriel walk in the front door.

My phone rang as he walked in. “Nativa, this is Alaric.” I pointed to a chair for Gabe to sit. “Hey Sari, what’s up?” I hadn’t spoken to the hunter from Indianapolis in a few months. Since the battle with the New Vamperial we all made a habit of checking in with one another often, we were a family after all.

“Hey wolfman, I was calling to speak to the kid, but this concerns you too so here goes. I got a call from Mary a little while ago, she needs us again.”

“That’ll be a hell no, I’m about to take Isabelle on a trip, a trip we’ve been postponing for two years. I don’t know about you, but I refuse to piss off the master vamp of New Orleans.”

Gabe asked “What’s the matter” under his breath, I held up my finger for him to wait.

“I’m sorry big guy, I told her no before I knew what the case was.”

“It’s gonna take the end of the world kind of shit before I say yes.”

“Well, start packing then because it’s just that bad. The sons of Cain are looking for a key to break in the first level of heaven, she needs us to help Micah find the key before the brothers do.”

Gabe’s eyes went big and bright, I could tell he heard what she said.

“Wait!” I yelled before he could get to excited.

“Holy shit, heaven. Man!” Gabe jumped out of his seat.

“Is that baby grace?”

“I need everybody to hold up!” My wolf edged out.

“Calm down monster mash. Listen, Mary already called Erin and Acaleus, which are an item by the way...”

“What the fuck?”

“Somebody finally unthawed the ice queen.” Gabe threw his fist in the air. Earning him a slap to the back of his head. “I know right! Anyway, they’re on the move, Micah called Liam and you know if Micah

asks Liam he's in. I'm going, it sounds like Gabe is in. What say you wolfie?"

"First off, we really need to have a discussion about all your nicknames, aside from that I suppose I have to put my trip on hold yet again because there is no way I'm letting you all go and get yourselves killed without me." I paced around my office.

"Are we going?" Gabe could barely keep his excitement contained.

"Shit. I gotta go tell Isabelle and Gabe needs to tell his momma, cause I ain't doing that."

"See you on the flip side Alaric. You guys travel safe. We're all meeting at the compound." Sari hung up.

"I know you heard what we are up against, do you think you can handle it, honestly?"

"With you guys, I can handle anything. Trust me Alaric, I have too much to lose to go in there halfcocked. You know I would let you know if I wasn't good."

“Alright then.” I turned to Etienne, “same rules apply only no Gabe on the schedule. I’ll be in touch brother.”

I walked to the door of my office, looked out at my place. It was scruffy and a bit beat up, but it was mine. The walls are rough, with a few holes punched in, but the paint job is nice, the floors are scuffed, but the hard wood is solid. I started off with four tables and an old rundown bar, now I had ten four-top tables, six booths, a small stage for a live band, and outside seating. My customers were regulars and my staff felt like family. If I had to save the world by saving heaven, this place was worth it. “I got you covered, no worries.” Etienne slapped me on the back. “I’ll take care of her for you, boss.

He knew I was worried about the old place. “Now let’s go tell the scariest women in Nola we have to go save heaven.” I grabbed Gabe by the back of the neck, he smiled big and broad as we left the pub and our family behind.

Order from Chaos: Level One

Chapter Six (Gabriel)

Hey, it's your homeboy Gabe, your favorite Nephilim and boy it's been a hell of a year. Ha, get it, I wasn't even trying.

Just a year ago, on my 18th birthday, my soul was taken over by the fallen angel demon of greed, Saveus. I didn't know at the time, but my body was created by the Arc Angel Michael to house the evil spirit. Sounds cool right! I'm technically famous, too bad I can't tell anyone. After my friends and I defeated the demon of lust, and I was separated from Saveus for good, life slowly went back to normal, or my version of it anyway.

I graduated high school and went to go work in a bustling pub called Nativia right in the heart of New Orleans, my hometown. This place was always jumping with music and crawling with the supernatural beings. I fit right in.

I was busting tables when I saw them, an organization called The Order. They had seen my ass kicking skills and recruited me to help them take down the first

woman ever created, Lillith and her coven of Vampire queens referred to as the Vamperial.

Long story short, we sent those bitches back to their coffins, not really, they never used coffins, but you know what I'm trying to say.

It all seemed so long ago, now I am a man now. I was a freshman in college going on my second year. I had honed in my flying, making sure to take to the skies only at night when it was cloudy. I even got better with my spear, and as always, I was itching for some action. It took everything I had to close the second level of hell. But when one door closes another opens. And it was up to me and the gang to figure out where and when that will be. So we had made plans to meet in the college library to brainstorm ideas.

As always Chuck was the first one there. His brown glasses rested at the bridge of his nose as his computer screen reflected off his lenses. Chuck was the brains behind the operation, and the inventor of all our

gadgets. From the right came Hector, he looked pissed as usual. But what else would expect from the son of the underworld. Last to show was Jade, her shirt was covered in flour and her hair was pulled back into a messy bun. The gang was all here.

“So what’s our next move?” Hector asked Chuk as I walked up.

“We need to find when the next portal hell is going to open.”

“Well we wouldn’t have to worry about that shit in the first place if someone didn’t fuck with the sand script.” Hector threw a wad of paper, hitting Chuck square in the forehead.

“Oh I’m sorry, and what were you doing to stop the gates of hell from opening? Nothing! Exactly, shut the hell up. We would all be demon food if I hadn’t recoded the symbols.” Shot Chuck.

“You mean you humans would’ve been demon food. I would have just sat back and laughed.” The two stood, ready to knock

each other's heads off. When Jade stepped in.

“You two bicker like two old ladies, sit down. We are in public.” She snapped them back into place.

Jade had a way of keeping the peace, That's why I loved her so much.

“You tell them babe.” I kissed her lightly on the cheek.

Hector and Chuck gagged at the same time. If you couldn't tell by our Lovie Dovie display, Jade is my girlfriend. That's right folks, I've made it official. It wasn't a hard decision to make. Jade and I have been friends our whole lives, she's been down for me since day one. She even risked her own life to piece back my soul, even though she already had my heart. I would do anything for her, for anyone of my friends. We were in this together until all the levels of hell were closed, and even after that.

“Chuck’s right! We need to find out when the next portal is going to open.” Just then the alarm on my phone began to ring.

“Damn it I forgot, Alaric is about to go out of town, and I promised to help run things while he was gone. I have to go! “
“No problem bro, we’ll just be doing some research while you’re gone.” Gleaned Chuck as he went back to typing on his laptop.

“Yea right, Poindexter over there will be doing all the research. I on the other hand am leaving too. I have to train, humans around here are too sensitive. One wildfire and everyone runs for the heels. Pussies.” Hector crossed his arms.

“In the meantime I’ll be scrying to find the gates. Hopefully we can get there ahead of time and put some kind of alarm on them to let us know when they open. Now go on, I’ll make sure dumb and dumber don’t kill each other.” Jade planted a sweet kiss on my lips.

In a flash, I was in my car and zooming to Alaric's place. I walked in to see the staff still setting up. We had a few hours to open, the bust boys were cleaning their stations, while the DJ set up his equipment for the night. This was going to be fun. After talking to Etienne, it was very clear that I would be calling the shots as the bar's new boss while Alaric was away. Okay, those exact words were never spoken, but I know how to read in between the lines. This weekend was going to be nothing but smiles, inappropriate jokes, and two dollar shots. All jokes aside, Alaric is like a dad to me, he treated me like one of the pack and I knew he trusted me. This made me want to make him proud even more. I wanted to show him that he could depend on me the same way I depend on him.

I walked straight back to his office while taking mental notes of what needed to be done. There was no need to knock as I knew he had heard me when I first arrived. That damn sonic dog hearing

drives me crazy. I can never play a prank on this man.

Immediately I noticed the serious look on his face, at first I thought he might be talking business, haggling to get the best price on beer or something. “What’s up party people!” I announced my grand entrance.

“Sit down.” He mouthed with his ear against the phone.

“You’re the dog not me.” I mumbled under my breath.

He shot me a warning glare, I told you he hears everything, but at times so do I.

His face was growing serious by the second, now I was concerned, knowing Alaric he wouldn’t tell me what his conversation was about. So I used my heightened sense to listen to his conversation. Two can play this game. On the other end I could hear Sari, one of the members of The Order, and one of my favorite people. Sari is a huntresses from Indianapolis, and she’s has been killing demons long before I was born. We even

share a bit of angel grace, but that's a story for another time. Shit was about to get real.

"That'll be a hell no, I'm about to take Isabelle on a trip, a trip we've been postponing for two years. I don't know about you, but I refuse to piss off the master vamp of New Orleans." I could hear the growl in his throat.

"What's the matter?" I asked under my breath, trying not to miss too much of what Sari was saying.

He held up his finger for me to wait.

"It's gonna take the end of the world kind of shit before I say yes." He continued. I could hear Sari's voice loud and clear, "Well, start packing then because it's just that bad. The sons of Cain are looking for a key to break in the first level of heaven, she needs us to help Micah find the key before the brothers do."

"Oh shit did she say heaven, I can finally go over my dad's house. Not to mention endless buffets and all day video games." My eyes went big with that thought.

Alaric noticed the look in my eyes
“Wait!” He yelled before I could get
to excited. Too late.

“Holy shit, heaven. Man!” I jumped
out of my seat.

“I need everybody to hold up!”
Alaric’s wolf was starting to edge out but it
didn’t matter.

We were going on another mission
and I couldn’t wait to show everyone how
much I’ve grown. This was going to be epic.

Almost as epic as hearing that Erin
and Alcaeus were now a couple.

“Finally, somebody unthawed the ice
queen.” I threw my fist in the air. I was so
happy for them until Alaric smacked me
behind the head.

“Ow, keep your paws to yourself,
don’t make me tell my dad once we get to
heaven.”

He rolled his eyes, “First off, we
really need to have a discussion about all
your nicknames, aside from that I suppose I
have to put my trip on hold yet again

because there is no way I'm letting you all go and get yourselves killed without me." Alaric started to paced around his office.

"Are we going?" I could barely keep my excitement contained and bounced around the room.

"Shit. I gotta go tell Isabelle and Gabe needs to tell his momma, cause I ain't doing that."

"See you on the flip side Alaric. You guys travel safe. We're all meeting at the compound." Sari hung up.

"I know you heard what we are up against, do you think you can handle it, honestly?"

"With you guys, I can handle anything. Trust me Alaric, I have too much to lose to go in there halfcocked. You know I would let you know if I wasn't good." I placed my hand on his shoulder.

"Alright then." he turned to Etienne, "same rules apply only no Gabe on the schedule. I'll be in touch brother."

If I had to save the world by saving heaven, this place was worth it.

“I got you covered, no worries.”
Etienne slapped him on the back. “I’ll take care of her for you, boss.

I jumped in the air, my wings bursting through my back, let’s go to heaven baby. Plus I was dying to see everyone again. The Order was my like a second family to me.

. “Now let’s go tell the scariest women in Nola we have to go save heaven.”
Alaric snatched me by the back of my neck, he smiled big and broad as we left the pub. And just like that we were on another adventure to save the world from evil bastards. And I couldn’t wait.

Chapter Six: Acaleus

She sat there and looked at me, and I swear if I didn't know any better, just gazing at her did she remind me of that myth many spoke of in my time long ago, Atlas. The world though wasn't on her back, it wasn't a deadweight she had to carry in sacrifice, it was in her eyes. Speckled in greens and blues that danced around each other in orbit. And she carried it in an embrace, not in

burden. She had a warrior's heart, that was for certain.

“You’re staring.” She said plainly, a hidden smirk tucked away in the corner of her lips while she messily lay in the pillow.

I cupped her chin in the palm of my hand before kissing the round of her forehead, my eyes faintly falling as if upon request.

“I am admiring.” I confessed, lowly as she confided in the warmth of my bare olive skin, my tribal tattoo etching its way down arm and wrist.

I let the sheets air against the dry air, my feet guiding me roughly to the bathroom. Before I could even think to breathe, I splashed my face in a begging thirst and almost like clockwork, the water from the shower began to trickle, drop after drop. Once my eyes glanced up to witness Erin, her slim frame had already managed behind the curtain, the last freckle of her body I could glimpse being her ankle.

“Oh, you aim to tease?” I laughed, the bathroom filling with steam as I watched the curtain by it’s reflection.

“That’s the slogan on my business card.”

I watched her silhouette from her dancing shadows, making it all the more appealing to break it wide. A smile crept in somehow, like a blemish or habit. Except I had no intention at all of getting rid of it. Her black slim phone lit in a frantic ring, rattling us both considering her head stuck from behind the tease of a curtain. Yet our eyes read different tones.

“It’s Mary love.”

“Answer it for me?”

“Now?”

Her eyes never moved, hell I’d be shocked to learn if she even breathed.

“Okay, now’s bloody brilliant now that I think about it.” I muttered as I embraced myself for impact, my eyes closing as I accepted the call.

“Hello, Mary. Erin is a bit indecent right now, you’re on speaker.” I sat the device on the counter, leaning at the marble as I noticed Erin’s peeking glance over my shoulder.

“What’s up Mary?” She called over.

My body still hunched in angst that she only wanted to invite us to breakfast or tea. Tea in about 2 hours sounds lovely. Just want the bloody tea, please--

“I would love if you and Acaleus could come in for a briefing Micah and I will be holding for a new case that got called in this morning. Its beyond even me and we’re calling in all of the usual suspects.”

She never just wants tea...I dozed from listening, my head shaking before I glanced at Erin, who was listening intently. Damn it.

“...is the earliest you two can board a jet?”

I collected. I tried to intervene, but Erin was generous enough to tag in for us both.

“We can shower and get packed within the hour.”

My head snapped to fully connect gazes, damn those galactic orbs.

“*Really?*” I mouthed, my eyes widening for effect, as I moved my fingers flickering between the two of us like a light switch.

She knew just how to get my blood boiling just enough, her smile intensifying while both hands eased her drenched hair from eyes glistening eyes, hiding back behind the disclosed curtain.

“Wait-- what even is this case? I’m no pansy to the fight now, considering the last one I was in was pretty damn rough. Oh wait—you were there weren’t you? ‘Member?’”

“Yes, Acaleus I ‘member’ but as you stated I was present then and I will be present for this briefing, I hope the same for

you and Erin this evening. Will I be disappointed?” Her voice had the passive aggressive pang that made me want to hate myself and yet still, hate her too.

“I never really cared much for expecta...” I started.

“We’ll be there!” Erin had finished.

God why couldn’t she just want tea?

Amid asked me to keep an eye on Felica and the compound in Italy while he acquired some important information about the case for Mary in New York. We used this time to pack, Erin already one luggage bag down. I folded one of long sleeves neatly, my eyes aimless and my mind, absent. Which was a marvel all by itself.

“Nervous?” Felica, Amid’s partner in life, asked as she sat at the burgundy chaise that decorated the great room seamlessly.

Her thin, slender frame sat no taller than 5’2 and her brown skin burned soft shades of soft summer peaches. Her cheeks

hid the indents of where dimples had previously kissed her skin.

“For?” I thought logically.

“Another threat? Another problem that needs solving. That it’s always you, or Amid or even Erin who runs when somethings on fire?”

This concern, however spontaneous, had been weighing on her chest for quite some time, this was clear. Because it was she who was nervous.

“If not me, who cannot be ridden of by disease or combat, or me who can withstand more than most, if not us, then who? The sicker, the wounded, the ones who cannot?” I sealed my bag with a simple pull.

My eyes set on the small piece of life I packed away, even as I spoke of the beautiful truths of war, I was reminded of the hardships just as quickly. “Or, worse case scenario, you could always just not answer the phone.”

Order from Chaos: Level One