

New Orleans, LA
Purple Zone

Alexandro's hand was against the cool stone of his wife's mausoleum when he got the call. He lifted his opposite hand, dashed the tears from his eyes and pulled out his cell phone. "Yes?"

"Alex... I'm sorry to interrupt I know-"

"What's wrong, Simone?"

"Have you seen the reports? Or just, seen?"

"Yes." Alex pulled his hand away, stepping back, letting his gaze slide to the <describe it> that sat next to his wife's. His brothers. "Want me to call them?"

"Would they answer? After what happened I don't want to pull this card but we need information and I don't know who else we can get it from."

"I can certainly try and you're right. We do need information. I'll call you back." Without waiting for a response, Alexandro DeMarco III, former director of Homeland Security for the now fallen United States of America, tucked his cell phone back into the inside of his blazer. He looked at the <describe it> again. They'd all lost someone in the fight to free earth from the Anunnaki hadn't they? DeMarcos and Terenzio's. Those losses never did change what needed to be done. He drew in a breath and left the cemetery, closing the big wrought iron gate behind him, <insert sound>, locking it.

New Orleans was a purple zone. The only one in the entire state of Louisiana, it's own little island of sorts, surrounded by a sea of red. But it had been affected by the sudden madness the same as any other zone. There were signs of it through-out the garden district where he currently was. Once upon a time a peaceful square of old mansions, and uneven sidewalks <describe why. Glorious tree roots>. Now, fires rose up between the towering <kind of trees>. There were still bodies in the street. Wrecked and abandoned cars, on sidewalks or crashed into poles. Just as humans were staring to get their feet under them, knocked back down again.

Perhaps it was what humanity deserved. Perhaps he was just melancholy today. Didn't matter.

His personal guard, who luckily had not lost their mind, opened the back door of the SUV. "Airport."

<location of that doorway in Peru pull from previous books>

Alex had only been to Heven once. He'd met with Archangel Michael and his lover Gabriel. A simpler time perhaps, before Michael died defending earth. Gabriel died shortly after by Simone's hand for trying to erase that timeline and bring his lover back. As far as SVT Securities knew, Heven had it's own problems and was in the midst of a bloody civil war. But, Simone was right. The Galactic Federation had

been murdered. Those planets had sent no other delegates. Earth was abandoned in the midst of it's Ascension. There was little choice but to see if Heven would answer.

Alex walked up to massive wall of rock. In the side of the mountain the shape of a doorway was carved into the rock. He stepped closer, raising a hand to swipe off the dust on the small indentation to the right of it. Circular. He reached into his pocket, removing-

"Hello Alexandro."

Alex whirled, startled, hand reaching for the gun at his back. The motion stilled completely when he saw who had greeted him.

One black wing. One white. They stretched out from her back, <size>. Soft looking. He watched them coil in slowly against her back. She was terrifying and magnificent. The movement of her hair wasn't the wind, and it wasn't hair at all, but snakes, a crown of them, impossibly packed tightly to her head. Alex took a step back without realizing it, as he watched one slither from her head, and down across her shoulder to twine itself almost lovingly around her arm. Three scars, perhaps the markings of claws marked the right side of her face. She was as tall as the Angel's he'd met, eight feet, towering over him, black skin and sinewy muscle.

Alex swallowed. "Lilith."

She smiled. It was kind, he realized, stretching all the way to her silvery blue eyes and despite how unsettling he found her appearance he was comforted by it.

She walked closer to him and squatted, like an adult would to a child to bring them on even eye level and put him at ease. Alexandro wasn't sure how to feel about that. He'd remembered two lifetimes. And had spent one as a mobster, then governor, a hard life. Another spent in the midst of a war with a powerful reptilian race that had enslaved earth. Yet, he was put at ease by her motion, like he was that small child.

"It would be unwise for you to try and visit Heven now," she motioned at the artifact clutched in his hand.

Alex glanced down at it, eased the death grip his nerves had on it, and looked back at her. "Is everything well? Lucifer?"

Her smile deepened. Alex knew love, and recognized that light shinning in her eyes. Even as another snake fell from her head, lovingly caressing her cheek, on it's way to curl around her neck. <lilith's snakes change color depending upon her mood> "He is fine. A cease fire has been negotiated. But the presence of a human on the planet during these sensitive times is..."

"I understand."

"How can I help?"

"I don't know if you've seen, what's been happening here."

"We have kept watch. We always do," she paused. "Those of us who still honor the promise we made."

"Do you know why? What's happened?"

The snake curling around her arm, moved down her fingers and she played with it, absently. "What do you know of the Demiurge, Alexandro?"

"The Demiurge?" <thoughtful look goes here> "I remember vague references to them in the gnostic texts, but nothing concrete."

“Endless power, left unchecked, corrupts all things. No being is immune to it’s poison.” She came closer, a snakes head sitting atop her hand, another curled about her neck, and reached out to touch his face. “Trust me. You must see.”

<spirit ride weeeee>

<Steal demiurge chamber description put here>

“Where are we?” Alex whispered. <bad feelings>

“What you would call purgatory. Do you feel it?”