

Sealed

“There you are!” Golan shouts upon sighting Seran, gliding downward to his side. “Thought I’d find you here. Master’s quite upset with your progress. Please tell me it’s not about her.”

Seran says nothing, continuing to watch the human he’s assigned to.

Golan stares at Seran, hoping for a response sufficient enough to explain how one known to be ruthlessly effective in carrying out orders has become careless, no worse, intentionally deviating from command. Once it becomes obvious there will be no response...

“Who is she, Seran?”

“Just a human.” Seran replies, not once removing his eyes from his target.

“Glad you said that, Seran because that’s exactly what she is - **human**. And one you were given orders for if I recall. Orders you have not followed!” retorts Golan, visibly agitated, and continues.

“I’ve never had to cover for you, Seran, and I don’t like it. Any lower rank would’ve already dealt with her and moved on. But the fact she was deemed mission-worthy, and you were assigned to handle her, means something else is going on and the stakes are high. You’re a general, Seran, for hell’s sake! Have you forgotten?!” Now somewhat pleading with his comrade.

“I have forgotten nothing, Golan. I am fully aware she is a threat to our kingdom. I’d simply like to know what that threat is and why Master’s so intent on sifting her as wheat.”

“That’s **not** for you to determine, Seran! I shouldn’t have to remind you that in cases like this, time is of the essence. She’s obviously one of His so the sooner --” Golan pauses mid-sentence.

“Wait. No... you’re intrigued by her.” Golan eyes Seran more intensely, briefly pondering the situation, before voicing his accusation in disbelief, “You love this human?!”

Seran’s eyes immediately blaze and target Golan who instantly distances himself before Seran’s aura reaches him. Though fearful, Golan is relieved by Seran’s outburst in

Sealed

response to his insult. Wings steadying him, he cautiously re-approaches Seran with his arm across his chest and head bowed.

“My apologies, General. Hold not my brash words against me. Had I pondered longer, I would have resolved in my being that you are an officer and would not dare. Perhaps a better selection of words would’ve been to simply ask if visions of nephilim were traipsing through your mind. Or if, there is something else you wish?” Golan moves backward slightly, bracing himself.

“What I wish, Golan?” Seran mischievously smirks, obviously amused. “You humour me.” And then flies off.

Seran now gone, Golan continues to watch the human, contemplating how the situation can be *helped along*, appeasing Master, but avoiding Seran’s wrath. He reviews the logs seeking opportunities where something could be deemed happenstance, or just consequence – the result of choices humans make – something they forget choosing instead to blame both God and the devil.

“Yes!” Golan’s eyes beam reflecting his internal state of which he would shout in joy were it not for his desire to avoid calling attention to himself should others of his kind be near. He scans the sky for activity, again for Seran’s presence, then begins his descent, simultaneously chanting to himself,

“Beautiful in form you may be. Protected on High, we shall see.”

Golan’s smile grows wider and more devilish the closer he gets to his target.

“Beautiful in form you may be. Protected on High, we shall see.”

Almost within striking range, a breeze carrying her scent blows past him, further exciting his nostrils.

“Beautiful in form you may be. Protected on High, we shall see! I too shall have my taste of you before Master sifts you as wheat.” Quite pleased with himself, Golan extends his hand, yet before even a hair on her head touches the tip of his finger, a glaring light appears separating him from his prey. The blood red shield at its center begins emitting chains from all sides; one piercing Golan’s wrist, another, his thigh, entangling him in pain.

Sealed

His prey, now just beyond his reach, curiously pauses, obviously sensing something, but seeing nothing, continues on her way. Once she disappears from view, the light subsides and Golan is able to see the shield clearly.

“Seran! So you’ve gone as far to have placed your seal on her. Was it not enough for her to be protected on High that she must now be protected from below too?! ” His pride hurt more than his wrist or thigh, Golan screams aloud as the seal disappears.

“I cannot cross your seal, but why Seran?! What are you doing?” He yells to the sky, and again there is no response.