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Introduction

A once rich, powerful, and influential man throws everything away for a woman he loves—a woman whose mother’s name is Naamah from the ancient book of Enoch. Naamah is a demon who fell in love with a man, producing a being known as a cambion they named Grace. Sounds like a familiar love story—right? Well, except for the demon part.

Have you ever thought of what your life would have been like if you chose to turn left instead of right? You are not human if the thought never occurred to you, at least occasionally or several times in your life. Think about your choices to arrive at your current place in life. What if I went to college instead of trade school or neither? What if you mustered the courage to ask that pretty girl out and watched someone else beat you to it? Life is a computer program, a series of yes or no choices, in binary code zero or one, but the same results. I don’t think there is a person on earth who has not lived their life with some, or maybe many, regrets. Regret can be a powerful catalyst to change yourself if you can take advantage of an opportunity to move in a direction with your life. According to a USA TODAY Blueprint Loans report, nearly one in four college graduates

(25%) wish they had pursued a different educational path or skipped college altogether.¹ This report tells us what many may have already guessed: that a good percentage of people with a higher degree don't value it as much as they did when they pursued it. I suspect the actual rate could be much higher; that is my feeling, not based on any data I can cite.

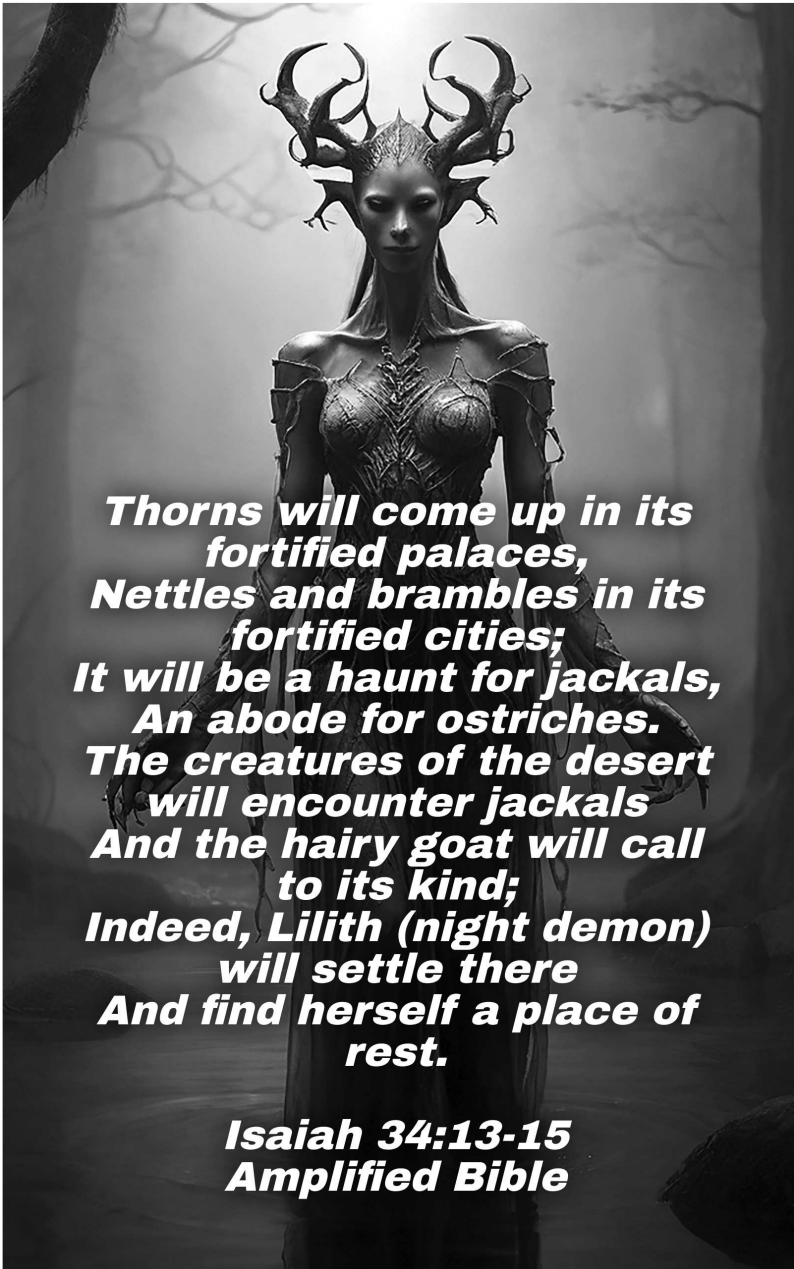
Is there a solution to this social dilemma? I am afraid I am still figuring things out for myself, too. I have a degree in nuclear medicine, which has helped me raise a family and pay the bills for many years. I confess I enjoyed the challenges of solving problems and helping people, but like anything, the 'shine' wore off. The pride that came with the title of Nuclear Medicine Technologist and all the associated letters behind my name did wane over the years. I have always been drawn to writing at a young age but had little discipline or desire to take it as a serious career choice. Like my character, Brother Greg, who loved the fame and adoration of his flock, not to mention the money of being the head pastor of a megachurch, I liked the comments from others that said things like, "Wow, you must be smart..." etc. My childhood was nowhere near as tragic as Brother Greg's character, but I think most of us can understand the need to be *seen*, at least to ourselves, as a person of value. Greg compensated for a crappy early life by being famous and wanted to be in control instead of it instead of at the whims of fallen angels.

In this third and maybe last? In this installment of the Brother Greg series, Greg is now a humble groundskeeper for St. Rita's Catholic Church, mainly to keep watch over the remains of Bezalel and Azâzêl. He no longer desires to be the center of attention and has never been happier as he navigates the next phase of his life. His former assistant is now his wife, who gives him the love and security he never had. Greg is overjoyed when Grace, his wife, is pregnant with

1. <https://www.insidehighered.com/news/quick-takes/2024/10/11/report-quarter-grads-say-they-regret-going-college>

twins. However, expanding his new family presents new complications that the couple did not anticipate. Allies of the fallen angels have decided to keep watch over the couple not only to exact revenge for losing their allies, the fallen angels, but simply because a demon-human hybrid should not live by their laws.

Grace finds new allies from another older realm across the sea. They promise to defend her and the unborn twins, whom they believe are the fulfillment of a prophecy.



***Thorns will come up in its
fortified palaces,
Nettles and brambles in its
fortified cities;
It will be a haunt for jackals,
An abode for ostriches.
The creatures of the desert
will encounter jackals
And the hairy goat will call
to its kind;
Indeed, Lilith (night demon)
will settle there
And find herself a place of
rest.***

***Isaiah 34:13-15
Amplified Bible***

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Chapter 1

Governor Tan

Ash S. Tan, the former Governor of Virginia, was lying prone on a massage table. A small towel covered him as a young, attractive woman dressed in a short, snug bathrobe massaged his shoulders and neck. For an older man, he still had a muscular body and looked much younger than his peers. The press had once inquired about why he looked so young and fit; he waved them off and said he did nothing special; he was naturally this way. He had had an exhausting evening the previous day with an old friend who was one of the few in his world who could keep up with his appetites, and he was a little sore this morning.

“Don’t be afraid to use more pressure, Janice; I won’t break.”

“Yes, sir.”

Since leaving Office, he has been one of Janice’s regular customers. According to his bio, he was fifty-six and stood at just over six foot five and about two hundred pounds. He was often seen outside his home running or swimming in his large personal indoor pool. Ash Tan was considered a handsome man, according to the latest People magazine, with olive skin and jet-black hair; his eyes were golden brown, and he had a smooth-shaven face. He made his fortune

in the computer tech industry, owning a patent for groundbreaking computer chips for today's market—an AI chip with properties that even his fiercest rivals could not duplicate. The design was radically different from other AI chips; when his competitors inspected them under a microscope, they could see unusual letters or symbols etched on his chips, without any identifiable functions.

James, Mr. Tan's assistant was also in the room, reading emails that had come in from the Party office. Most were about the catastrophic loss they suffered to Nicole Cooper in the gubernatorial race. He had been with the former governor the longest of his political associates. James was also hiding a secret like his boss, Mr. Tan: they—were not human. But that is where the similarity ended; Tan was a more powerful being, and James was... something else. He knew his employer hid what he was from everyone except close associates. He read off the last email from a political PAC that wanted his blessing to start saturating the media with ads against the new Virginia Governor.

“Sir. I wouldn't worry much about Governor Cooper; she is not a threat—at least not yet. What about that former Brother Greg? Do you think he will cause us trouble, James?” Mr. Tan said.

“Mr. Cassidy is a concern, but I don't think it is an immediate one, sir. We should focus on rebuilding the party first. The former pastor and his mongrel wife can wait,” his assistant offered.

“As you wish, James. Your instincts have not been wrong yet. Especially trusting those damned angels. Before you go, James, if the second masseuse is here, please send her in.”

“Of course, sir.”

Mr. Tan pushed himself up on his elbows, “And one last thing, clear my schedule today. I need to take care of some personal business.”

James bowed and closed the door. A few moments later, a second young woman dressed just like the first stepped into the room.

“You require my services, sir?” She said.

“Yes, my dear, over here. You can work on my legs while Janice continues working my arms and neck.”

“Of course, sir.” She rubbed massage oil in her hands and began to work on Mr. Tan’s legs.

Outside the office, at his desk, James began replying to the emails he reviewed with his boss. The former Brother Greg is a potential problem, Mr. Tan was unsure how Mr. Kanker became free of Azâzêl, and James was unable to contact him. There is also the troubling problem of Bezale’s disappearance; he, too, is missing. The carefully laid out plans for political power have run into an obstacle; for the moment, no alternate plan was apparent to James. Maybe his boss, Mr. Tan was working on other ideas.

“James, there is a call for Mr. Tan. Should I route it to his Office?” Gloria Cope screened all calls coming to the office, routing them to James before she could send them to Mr. Tan. She made the mistake of routing a call from a supporter during the previous political season and was punished with one day in Mr. Tan’s ‘resort’ for retraining. She never made that mistake again.

“Who is it, Gloria?”

“A Ms. Rebekah Lot. She says it’s important and must speak to Mr. Tan directly.”

James sighed audibly and didn’t care if Gloria heard it.

“Let me talk to her first, Gloria.”

“Yes, sir.” She connected the call.

“Hello, Rebekah. How are you doing today?”

“Oh, I thought she would connect me directly to Mr. Tan, James.” She said with irritation in her voice.

“I am afraid he left strict instructions with me not to be disturbed. I’m deeply sorry.” James was glad this was not a video call, or she could have seen his sneering face.

“Well, please connect me anyway, James. It is vital!”

“Sorry, I cannot. If you have anything important to say, you can tell me. Otherwise, call back later.” He sounded calm and professional, but underneath, his patience was running thin.

“You listen to me, you overpaid...” Rebekah couldn’t finish because she suddenly found it hard to breathe. James smiled hearing the gurgling noises and her audibly struggling to inhale.

“What is that, Rebekah? I can’t hear you.” He taunted.

Rebekah felt invisible hands around her neck, and the pressure was growing. James put his phone on speaker while walking from his desk to the coffee pot across the room. James smiled, hearing the gurgling noises and her audible struggle to inhale.

“Are you still there, Rebekah? If you are, give me a sign,” he spoke up from across the room.

“Mmmmm...”

“Oh good, I am glad you can hear me, my dear.”

There was a loud gasp, and then coughing could be heard.

“Are you still there, my dear?”

“Yes, I am.” She said with a hoarse voice.

“I am glad. Where were we? Oh yes... You were about to give me a message for Mr. Tan. Is that correct?” James sipped his coffee and sat back down at his desk.

“It is about the party finances,” she said softly with no hint of her defiance earlier. “Donors are becoming hesitant to give to our party now, especially considering the defeat of Mr. Kanker. We will have trouble competing in future races if we don’t find new revenue streams,”

“And what is your suggestion for Mr. Tan?”

“Well.” Rebekah said in a meek tone, “Mr. Tan should consider making more public appearances to show that we are not like Mr. Kanker and care about the country and its people.”

“Are you saying he doesn’t care?”

“Oh no... no, that is not what I am saying, but several of our biggest donors threaten to pull their money and support.”

James could hear the panic in her voice. But he had to admit she was usually right about these things. People have short memories if Mr. Tan has been out of the public eye for too long, the public will forget about him and move on to someone else. That cannot happen.

“Ok, Ms. Lot, I will talk to him when he is available and forward your concerns.”

“Thank you, sir.”

James hung up the phone, irritated. In this world, money is power and sometimes more formidable than any of the deadliest weapons devised by man. Man excels at ways to inflict harm on themselves and others. It is no wonder they are so much fun to play with. It’s time to make a phone call. But who? James had an idea and smiled; he picked up his phone.

“Mr. Laban. I have a job for you... Yes, it’s been a long time. You did an excellent job as Mr. Tan’s chief of staff when he was governor. Here is what I need you to do for us.”



Chapter 2

Handyman

It was midday. The blazing Sun scorched the parched earth, where scattered scrub brush and grasses clung to life. The air was dry and hot, much like the inside of an oven. Dust devils spun lazily in the shimmering air. Far in the distance, he could see rolling hills and, further out—are those mountains?

Where am I? This place feels familiar.

He heard shouting from behind him in a strange yet strangely, not an unfamiliar language. What he initially thought was scrub brush, he now recognized as pine and Cyprus trees. Confused, he reached out a hand and plucked one of the trees as if it were a weed.

This is crazy. My hand is as large as this tree.

Then he felt pain from something hard striking his head and then another on his body. Behind him were people with crude slings. Were those swords they were holding? But the people were impossibly small, and they looked angry and scared. He ran away from the confusing situation, the wind in his ears rushing past as if he were in a speeding car.

Greg woke up.

What the fuck was that? Maybe, too much of a good time last night?

He had a “boy’s night” out with a childhood friend. A little too much to drink?

Greg stepped out of the shower feeling refreshed. Yesterday, he completed installing vinyl siding on the Pastor’s cottage outside vinyl trim. It took him over a week to replace the siding and paint the new front door. His hands were still full of blisters and cuts, but it was worth it, doing an honest day’s work. He offered to be the church handyman, at least for now, until he and Grace knew what the next stage of their lives would be. Greg never had a *real* job in his life before. So, he didn’t know what to do after being the Pastor of the now much-diminished church an hour away from here. Greg and his new wife, Grace, lived in an RV on church property while their new house was under construction. They hoped it was scheduled to be finished by the end of summer. One morning, soon after they married, Grace felt nauseous, and her coffee tasted horrible. An at-home test confirmed what she thought: she was pregnant. She saw her doctor and estimated she was four weeks into her pregnancy. At first, she resisted seeing a doctor at all. She was scared primarily because of her mixed heritage. Her mother is a succubus, and her late father was human. Outwardly, she looked more or less normal as a human woman, but Greg had Nephilim blood; he was not entirely *normal*, either. The prospect of the unknown scared her. In the past, Grace had given no thought to having children; she never thought she would fall in love— until Greg. His best friend’s grandmother congratulated them when Grace told her the news and Grace’s belief, she would ever have kids and said, ‘Life happens.’

The pregnancy was progressing normally, and she was due to deliver about a month after they were scheduled to move into the new house...they hoped. The couple still has not gotten over what the ultrasound tech told them: She thought she had heard two heartbeats, but it was not conclusive yet. It was still early, and they still did not know the sex, or sexes, of the new little one or ones in their lives.

“Grace. Where are the clean towels?” Greg stood on the bathmat, dripping wet. He thought there was a towel hanging up next to the shower.

“It was hanging up on the hook,” she yelled, sitting at the small table in the middle of the RV. She had been finding it hard to move quickly lately because sometimes she was hit with a wave of nausea. Right now, she was in no mood to get up and help him find a towel, even if he looked sexy standing there.

“Found it!” Greg grinned, quickly dried himself off, and wrapped the towel around his waist. He approached her and kissed her on the top of the head. She was nibbling on a piece of toast at the small table. She looked a little better this morning than in the past week.

“How are you feeling, babe?”

“A little better. I think the toast is helping,” she waved a half-eaten piece. A coffee cup was in her other hand; the tea bag string hung off the side.

“What time is your doctor’s appointment?” Greg asked, pulling on his clothes and taking the towel back to the shower.

“10 am. Are you still able to come?”

“Yes, of course. I can convince the boss to let me go for a few hours. After all, it is for the health of his future godchildren.” Greg winked. He referred to Father Ortiz, the Pastor of St. Rita’s, who was recently happy when the couple asked him to be their children’s godfather.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door.

“You guys up yet?” Father Ortiz said through the door.

“Yes, Father, please come in,” Grace said.

The RV’s door opened, and St. Rita’s Pastor stepped in, holding a cup of coffee. “Good morning.”

“Good morning, Father,” Grace said, not very convincingly. She was not feeling the ‘good’ part this morning.

“Oh, my child, you look green. My mother always advised toast with honey and lemon ginger tea for morning sickness. Just plain toast only goes so far.”

“We don’t have any honey here, Father.”

Father Ortiz waved, “Can you come over to the cottage? I have honey and ginger tea. My mother swore by them when she had my sister.”

Greg shrugged, “Let’s go, Grace. I hate to see you like this.”

Grace sat at the cottage’s kitchen table, which felt more spacious than the RV one. She already felt better, maybe because this kitchen was less claustrophobic. Father Ortiz made toast and spread honey on it; next to it was a fresh cup of hot ginger tea. Grace had to admit that his mother’s remedy did make her feel better.

“Thank you, Father; your mother was right about the tea and honey toast for morning sickness.” Grace managed to give a weak smile.

“I am sure my mother would say you are welcome.” He turned his attention to Greg, “The new siding looks good. Thank you for all your hard work. I wish you would accept payment.”

“That’s all right, Father. It keeps me busy, and I feel great doing manual labor for a change. It’s good for the body and soul,” he smiled, “Grace and I don’t need anything. We have plenty from my investments and the sale of my old home. We are still unsure what our next chapter will be besides, of course, being parents.” Greg looked lovingly at his wife, holding her tea in one hand while the other rested on her expanding tummy.

“Well, for myself and Fr. O’Brian, we are happy for the company and look forward to greeting the little ones when they are here.” Father Ortiz grinning like a proud grandfather.



Chapter 3

Warning

Robert found himself walking on a tropical beach, its soft, powdery white sand massaging the soles of his feet. The gentle ebb and flow of the waves and the warm sun on his face filled his heart with a peaceful feeling. He walked without pain in his hip and with a cane. It was perfect—too perfect. He sighed and shook his head.

“Hello Raphael, what’s up, my friend?”

“I guess it’s pointless to surprise you, Robert.” A man in a simple t-shirt and jeans materialized, walking beside him.

“We know each other too well after all these years.”

They walked on an idyllic sandy beach—one that could be anywhere in the world, and it may be an actual beach somewhere, for all Robert knew. The sun was high in the sky, and a warm breeze skimmed off the ocean waves. Birds were chattering in the distance.

“So where are we, and why have you brought me to this paradise?” Robert said, filling his lungs with the clean sea air.

The angel spread his arms out, “Don’t you like your Lola’s home island?”

"You brought me to the Philippines?" Robert looked around and wondered why anyone would leave such a beautiful place. But she told him she moved with his grandfather to find work in the capital. "I'll have to tell her it's beautiful."

"Yes, it is an unspoiled part of this world. But I am sure you are wondering why we are here."

"That's an understatement, my friend. You wanted more words of wisdom from this simple human?" Robert teased.

Raphael looked puzzled. No matter how long they had known each other, he still struggled with human sarcasm and humor. Robert laughed and slapped Raphael's back.

"I see you are 'messing with me,.'" the angel said, "one day, I'll understand you, my friend."

"I am happy to see you again. But seeing you usually means you have a warning for me or something serious I need to know about," he said, his voice now grim.

"Sadly, you are correct."

A person slowly materialized a few steps away from them. At first, all Robert could make up was a general human form that gradually coalesced into a tall woman... no, a man? His hair was black, and his wings were like Raphael's, except they were golden with black tips at the ends. An ornate sword hung on his back. He was wearing a T-shirt and jeans, much like Raphael.

"Robert, let me introduce you to Michael."

"Nice to meet you, Michael," Robert said, trying not to sound nervous. After all this time and all the things Robert had seen and done, he thought he lost the capacity to feel surprised by his interactions with Raphael until now.

Michael extended his hand. "I am glad to meet the man who has done so much to keep Bezalel and Azâzél 'on ice,' as you humans say."

"It was not just me, you know."

“Yes, of course, Robert.” Michael smiled, “How is your friend Greg doing these days? I hope you know that we value your privacy as much as you do and only interfere if the situation calls for it.”

Robert was not entirely convinced angels watched people only, when necessary, but he kept that to himself. “Greg is finally getting the life he always wished for.”

“What do you mean?” Micheal said.

“When we were kids, he didn’t have a loving home life. I know his mother loved him, but she had her own issues to deal with, and so he was left most of the time lacking her love and support. He didn’t have confidence in himself or his future. The events caused by Bezaliel only made things worse for him. I am sure he became ‘Brother Greg’ to give his life value, with adoration and money. Also, I believe he had some resentment about his younger days. As the saying goes, the best revenge is being successful, so Greg thought being rich and adored was a success. He was remarkably successful for a time, even when it made him miserable. Today, he lives simply as a church caretaker with the love of his life, Grace.”

“Ahh, yes, the cambion, and you trust her?”

“Yes, I do. You know we can’t choose who our parents are.”

Michael nodded. “How is her pregnancy going?”

“I thought you did not keep tabs on humans unless it was important?” Robert felt a little irritated; he didn’t know this angel as well as Raphael, so he didn’t understand his motivations.

“Sorry if I was not clear. We don’t generally, as you would say, ‘keep tabs’ on humans in their daily lives. But Grace is not an ordinary being.”

“Yes, I know. So does that mean that Grace is easier for angels to find and monitor?” Robert didn’t like where this was going.

“Yes.”

“Ok. So, the reason you are here has to do with Grace?”

“Not entirely, Robert. She is only one small piece of what Raphael, and I are concerned about. The real concern is the former governor of your home state. Mr. Ash S. Tan. You see, he is not what he appears to be. Much like, Mr. Kanker was.”

“Another fallen angel?” Robert stopped walking, bowed his head, and sighed.

“Not exactly,” Michael said.

“What is wrong, my friend?” Raphael asked.

Robert didn’t know how to express what was swirling in his head and heart. A heaviness appeared inside his chest.

“How do I say this to two immortal beings who would have a limited understanding of my feelings? My life is finite; like all humans, I don’t get many chances to start over when things go wrong. Some people never get a second chance. I lost so many years of my own life because of one of those—things. I got my chance with my wife to have a happy life and, hopefully, a family. I missed so many opportunities that only come around when you are younger. I am grateful AM stayed with me, and I don’t know what I would have done if she had given up and left. What you are saying to me now is that our lives are in danger again because of one of *them*.”

“I’m sorry, Robert, but I would not be much of a friend if I didn’t warn you.” Raphael rested his hand on Robert’s shoulder.

Robert didn’t look at the Angels; he closed his eyes and took a few deep breaths.

“Robert, did we say something wrong?” Michael said.

“No, Michael, you said nothing wrong. You need to tell me everything you know about Mr. Tan and what you think he is up to so we can devise a strategy to defeat him. I am tired of those bastards interfering with my life and my friends.”

“Of course. Let me tell you what we know so far...”

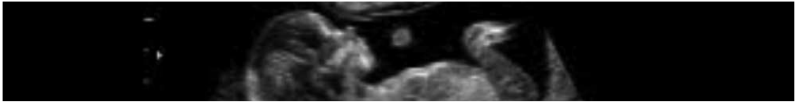
Robert raised his hand, “I think we need to have this conversation with my wife, Greg, and Grace. Also, let’s involve Father Ortiz; he has been a big part of this fight.”

The two Archangels exchanged glances, and Raphael said, “Agreed.”

“I will contact you, Raphael, when I set things up,” Robert said.

“Please don’t take too long, my friend,” Raphael said.

There was a moment of disorientation, and Robert was back home.



Chapter 4

Prenatal Surprise

“**T**his way, Ms. Cassidy, we are ready for you. My name is Angela, and I will perform your exam today.” The ultrasound tech directed them into the exam room. Greg’s heart skipped a beat when he heard her name; no time for dredging up old memories. He wanted to be with Grace at her ultrasound appointment.

This was the first appointment since she confirmed the pregnancy two months ago. She held Greg’s hand tight; to say she was nervous was an understatement. She had yet to tell her mother about her condition, and she wondered how she would take the news of being a grandmother. Naamah was still very protective of Grace even after she married Greg, so there was no doubt in her mind that her mother would be equally protective of any of Grace’s children.

“It will be OK, babe,” Greg said, gently squeezing her hand.

“It’s OK to be nervous, Ms. Cassidy. This is your first pregnancy, and your partner is here, which is an important first step,” the tech said.

“I do have a good partner,” Grace said, squeezing her husband’s hand back.

Once in the exam room, Grace was instructed to change into a gown and empty her bladder in the adjoining restroom. The technologist said she would

return once Grace was ready. Grace did what was instructed and sat next to Greg. Greg could tell by her posture that she was anxious.

“Don’t be nervous, babe. It’s just a routine exam.” Greg said.

She flashed a nervous smile, “I know.”

“So, what is bothering you?”

She looked straight ahead, opened her mouth as if to say something, and closed it again.

Greg squeezed her hand gently and whispered in her ear, “Remember, we are in this together. It was scary leaving our old lives and starting again. Maybe not as scary as facing fallen angels, but this is more *personal* for both of us. We took a chance on each other. Wedding vows are just words spoken in a moment and are not as important as the unspoken words that bind us each day. I can say to you that I am here for you with words. But Grace, I am here with you in heart, mind, and body. I intend to be with you always, in good times and bad.”

A tear ran down her cheek, “Thank you.”

“So, tell me, what is bothering you?”

“I am nervous about the babies and if they will be ‘normal.’ I am not normal, and the people of my mother’s world tried to kill me. I fear getting you caught up in my family—issues.”

“*Our* family issues. When I married you, I joined your family too... willingly.”

A knock on the door broke the somber mood. “Are you ready, Ms. Cassidy?”

“Yes.”

Angela came in and sat at the ultrasound console. “Please lay down on the table here, Mr. Cassidy. You can sit in the chair next to her.”

Grace laid down, and Angela confirmed Grace’s patient identification with her. “To recap our phone conversation last week. The ultrasound is performed transvaginally. Did you empty your bladder?”

“Yes.”

“OK, let’s begin. If you feel any discomfort or pain, please tell me.”

“OK,” Grace nodded her head.

The tech began the exam. The ultrasound probe, called a transducer, was kept in a holder with warm ultrasound gel, which, when used, did not ‘shock’ the patient because it was the same as body temperature.

Grace was bracing for the exam, but it was not as uncomfortable as she first feared. She relaxed a little.

“Better than room temperature, right? It makes things a little more comfortable during the exam.” She moved the transducer very little, and Grace felt the tech’s other hand press lightly on her abdomen. The exam, for the most part, was comfortable.

“Relax, Ms. Cassidy: we are almost done.”

“You can tell I’m nervous?”

Angela smiled and moved the transducer a little to one side.

“There we are...”

She was momentarily quiet as Grace could feel the probe move around more. Grace and Greg looked at the screen but did not know what they were looking at. The tech leaned in to look at the screen closer, moving the probe slightly. It was like she was searching for something.

“Is everything OK, Angela?” Greg asked.

“Yes, things are good. I just wanted to confirm what I saw before saying anything.”

“What do you see?” Grace said.

“Well, to put it simply. Twins.”

The couple returned home with a mixture of emotions. Because it was confirmed that Grace was pregnant with twins, she had to schedule another ultrasound exam in a month and one each month during the pregnancy.

“What is on your mind, honey?” Not known for her sense of humor, Grace said teasingly to her husband, who barely spoke a word on the drive home.

“Huh?” Greg was sitting down now, just staring in a daze outside one of the windows.

Grace, this time, was the one to needle him instead of the other way around. She snickered. “You have been a zombie ever since you were told you are the father of not one child but twins.”

“Zombie? That is a good description. I am happy, but I am still processing all the changes in our plans for just one little rug rat. Now, two rug rats.”

“Honey, you worry too much. We are not the first parents to ever have twins. I know you will make a great father. But we do have one slight problem.”

“Problem?” Greg snapped to attention. “What is it, babe?”

Grace laughed. “You need to settle down, Greg, or you will age ten years before the babies are born.”

He looked at his running shoes at the door and said, “Sorry. Ah maybe, maybe... I should go for a run to clear my head. So, what problem are you talking about?” Greg was babbling.

“Who should we tell first about the change in our family... size?” She rubbed her hands on her abdomen.

“Yes, we have to tell everyone. But when we learn the sexes, I am not a fan of that silly gender reveal crap.” Greg paused, his thoughts swirling. “We know we are having twins, but we don’t know if they are identical or fraternal twins... at least not yet.”

“Maybe we should tell your friend Raphael?”

“Why him?” He said in surprise.

“Well, I always wondered how much those guys knew before the rest of us. Can they see the future?” Grace said her face looked serious. She had never interacted with the archangels and had only heard about them secondhand from Greg and Robert. Secretly, she wondered if they had something against what she was: a cambion, half-human, and demon.

“Our earthly friends deserve to know first; they put more on the line than some immortal beings. The question is how and when.” Greg said.