

A man in a white tunic and dark pants is shown in a dynamic, action-oriented pose, holding a sword. He is looking forward with a determined expression. The background is dark and textured with faint, glowing blue lines and patterns, suggesting a magical or technological setting. The overall tone is dramatic and intense.

RISE OF THE FALLEN



CHUCK BLACK

RISE OF THE FALLEN

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RISE OF THE FALLEN



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RISE OF THE FALLEN

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To my mother, Frances.

*Thank you for being a light to so many and a quiet but
mighty soldier of the King, who never departed from the
Spirit and has served God with prayers night and day.*

Luke 2:37

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A NOTE FROM CHUCK BLACK

This is a speculative work of fiction not intended to confuse or diminish the truth of God's holy and inspired Word. Where the Bible is silent, I have taken literary freedom to construct a fictional account of the angels of heaven and their association and interaction with each other and with humanity.

The intent of this book is to, through fiction, open our eyes to the reality of spiritual warfare as described in Scripture. I have made every attempt to not contradict the Bible in any way but rather use it as a foundation upon which to inspire serious contemplation about our eternity and ultimately to give honor and glory to God. The Readers Guide at the end of this book will carefully delineate the truth of God's Word from the fiction of this story. Please take the time to read and understand it so that there is no confusion regarding solid biblical doctrine.

To further clarify, reference statements that are directly correlated to biblical truths are set in **bold** text.

May you be inspired by the story that follows.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Validus main character, last angel created

FRIENDS OF VALIDUS

Niturni closest friend of Validus
Persimus the compassionate friend
Cadriel the beautiful friend
Ral the awkward and funny friend

ARCHANGELS

Michael leader of the Warrior Order
Gabriel leader of the Messenger Order

ANGEL COMMANDERS

Jorill general of the first generation of warrior angels
Danick general of the second generation of warrior angels
Brandt great leader of first- and second-generation warriors
Kelandar primus commander of second-generation warriors
Guilden primus commander of second-generation warriors
Malak primus commander of second-generation warriors
Rafinni primus commander of second-generation warriors
Porthan primus commander of second-generation warriors
Sorak primus commander of second-generation warriors

GUARDIANS

Tren assigned with Validus to protect Drew Carter
Yortan assigned to protect Anna Wiesenthal

FALLEN COMMANDERS

Apollyon leader of the Fallen, also known as Lucifer
Tarsis general of the first generation of Fallen warriors
Desgard general of the second generation of Fallen warriors

Durgank	Midwest regional commander
Kushad	Fallen Prince of Shinar
Maltrinidad	Fallen Prince of Persia
Tinsalik Barob	rebel Fallen

HUMANS

Drew Carter	main character of book 1
Sydney Carlyle	main female character of book 1
Benjamin Berg	friend of Drew Carter
Noah	
Nimrod	King of Babel
Eber	great-great-grandson of Noah
Tamaral	maiden who speaks out against Nimrod
Daniel	
José	boy in Brazil
Paulo	boy in Brazil
Luiz	boy in Brazil



NAMES OF GOD

Elohim	God
Elohim HaAv	God the Father
Ben Elohim	the Son of God
Yeshua Ben Elohim	Jesus, Son of God
Ruach Elohim	the Spirit of God
Ruach Ha-Kodesh	Holy Spirit

ORDERS OF ANGELS

Guardian*
 Messenger
 Carrier
 Warrior
 Minister

ORDERS OF DEMONS

Vexer-Possessor*
 Messenger
 Draeger
 Warrior
 Tormentor

RANKINGS OF WARRIOR ANGELS

Archangel	Michael, leader of warriors in both realms
General	leader of all earth warriors
Primus Commander	commander of a region or nation (multiple legions)
Regional Commander	commander of a city or a state (typically one or two legions)
Captain	leader of church or small city (typically one century)
Warrior	single angel

* Orders added after the Flood

TIME LINE AND MAJOR EVENTS

4010 BC	Creation of Validus
4004 BC	Creation of the physical universe, the fall of Lucifer, and the fall of man
2468 BC	Battle of Kish
2348 BC	Noah's flood
2242 BC	Tower of Babel
1900 BC	Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah
1250 BC	Freeing Israel from Egypt
1040 BC	Death angel over Israel
537 BC	Daniel's prophecy of the coming Messiah
2 BC	Birth of Jesus
AD 33	Crucifixion of Jesus, Pentecost
AD 70	Destruction of Jerusalem and the dispersion of the Jews
AD 300	Last years of persecution of Christians and the church by Rome
AD 1776	Formation of America
AD 1943	World War II and the Holocaust
AD 1948	Formation of Israel

STAIRWAYS BETWEEN THE UPPER AND MIDDLE REALMS

Mesopotamian Stairway	Middle East
Mediterranean Stairway	Southern Europe
Bantuan Stairway	Africa
Mongolian Stairway	East Asia
Celtic Stairway	Northern Europe
Palaeoan Stairway	Northern North America
Malayan Stairway	Southeast Asia
Andean Stairway	South America
Puebloan Stairway	North America

MILITARY UNIT STRENGTHS

Legion	5,000
Unit	1,000
Century	100
Company	30–60 (2–4 detachments)
Detachment	15

VALIDUS

Present Day

Four 5.7 mm rounds whizzed past Validus's head as he and two of his warriors dived over a tan brick wall. The sound was unmistakable: an FN Five-Seven, the only handgun fast enough to be a substantial threat to an angel.

One of the warriors, Arn, rolled and immediately took up a position on the wall. The other, Brit, took up a position of cover near Validus. Men and women walked past on the sidewalk, oblivious to the battle raging around them.

Captain Dartana was waiting for them. He kept a firm grip on his sword but holstered his pistol to help Validus gain a knee. "We've got to get you out of here, Commander. This isn't just a few more detachments of reinforcement."

Brit nodded in agreement.

Dartana continued, "We just got word that the Prince of San Antonio was able to call in another legion of Fallen for this fight."

Hulan, Validus's executive officer, had insisted that he take four warriors with him to check up on the forces in Texas. "As commander of the North American continent, you can't afford to take such risks, sir," Hulan had insisted.

Validus had scoffed and agreed only to bring Arn and Brit. He would not enjoy admitting to his subordinate that he had been right.

"Where is Commander Gregan?" Validus asked.

Dartana's red hair matched the fire in his eyes. "He's pinned down with twelve warriors in the building across the street." Dartana motioned with his head to a burger restaurant.

"Then I'm not going anywhere." Validus drew his sword. Arn and Brit frowned, but they knew that arguing was pointless.

Dartana looked both concerned and relieved. The situation was escalating out of control quickly. “We don’t have enough men to keep the ground *and* extract the commander and his men. I wasn’t sure which to—”

Validus cut him short. “How many units are engaged right now, and what are their positions?”

Dartana gave Validus a full tactical analysis, using the back of the brick wall as a temporary map. Validus was impressed with the captain’s assessment and filed that information for future use. His mind began to race through the options, evaluating threats, advantages, and possible outcomes. He had only moments to respond—the Fallen were coming fast.

Validus was angry with himself for underestimating the resolve of Bavot, the Fallen’s North American continental commander, to stop their attempt to set up a pregnancy crisis counseling center for young women just two blocks away from a Planned Pregnancy clinic.

Guilt, shame, and emotional trauma were powerful weapons in Apollyon’s hands. The destroyer always robbed. He stole joy, peace, relationships, and ultimately, life. The Enemy’s destruction left traumatized and despairing souls in its wake, souls who yearned for love, healing, and forgiveness, exactly what the counseling center was hoping to offer. The battle was fierce and relentless, a battle at the heart of the spiritual war for families.

Validus should have anticipated this kind of response from the Fallen, but this was not the time for self-retribution; this was the time for action. One thing was sure: Captain Dartana was right—they couldn’t both keep the ground *and* try to save Commander Gegan and his men.

“Captain, move one unit to this line, one here, and the remaining three centuries here.” Validus pointed to a pawnshop and two other buildings surrounding the proposed site of the counseling center. “When they are in position, meet me one block south of the restaurant with two of your best detachments. Tell the unit commanders that as soon as they are in position, they will attack from the north to regain the ground for the counseling center.”

“But, sir, they won’t stand a chance against an entire legion.”

“All we need is a two-minute distraction. As soon as we’ve recovered Gegan, tell them to pull back.”

Dartana nodded. “A decoy?”

“Yes.”

“What of the counseling center?”

Validus couldn't hide his disappointment, but it was as much his fault as any other's. He looked at Dartana with fierce eyes. “Go, Captain.”

As Dartana passed the orders and prepared the men, Validus, Arn, and Brit circled away and into position behind a house just one block south of the restaurant where Gregan and his men were trapped. Validus could hear the fierce battle cries of desperate warriors and found it difficult to wait for Dartana. He wanted to rush into the battle before another warrior had fallen.

“Keep a lookout south and east,” he told Arn and Brit. “I need to get a better view of the fight.”

Both warriors took up positions on the corners of the house as he jumped to the roof and peered over its peak to get a tactical view of what they would soon be facing. He estimated over three hundred Fallen were attacking Gregan. The angels were surrounded and fighting for their lives with no access to retreat.

“Come on, Dartana, hurry!” he whispered.

Two long minutes later, Dartana arrived with thirty capable warriors. Validus jumped down to talk to them. The solid faces of the warriors assured him that Dartana had chosen well.

“Get ready, men; this won't be easy. We'll have two minutes to extract Commander Gregan and his men. I want suppressing fire until we get within thirty yards, then swords until we can break open a line for our warriors to escape. Keep a tight cover.”

Ten seconds passed, and then the sound of an all-out war erupted in gunfire and clashing swords at the counseling center just to the north of them, as twenty-three hundred warriors charged Bavot's legion of nearly five thousand Fallen.

Dartana looked to Validus, but he held up his hand, holding them in position. Validus watched as a third of the Fallen attacking Gregan left to reinforce the battle to the north.

“Now!” Validus ordered.

Thirty-four powerful vessels of Elohim sprinted across four lanes of traffic, using cars and buses as temporary cover in their assault. At first the Fallen didn't realize what was happening because the sound of the larger battle to the

north swallowed the sound of their attack. That changed when over forty Fallen warriors collapsed under gunfire and dissolved into a green vapor that fell into the heart of the earth. By the time the Fallen could react, Validus and his men were on them with swords flashing in the humid heat of a Texan spring day.

Dartana and his men fought like the warriors of old they were, sending a hundred Fallen to the Abyss in short order. Validus heard the commanding Fallen warrior call for reinforcements from the north. Time was short.

Validus could see Gregan and nine of his warriors fighting for their lives through the large glass windows of the restaurant. An opening appeared in the line of the Fallen's defenses, and Validus took it, cutting through two enemy warriors to complete the breach. Arn and Brit stayed close, refusing to leave their commander open on either side. Validus, Arn, Brit, and Dartana materialized through the window as the other warriors protected their retreat line.

"Gregan, this way!" Validus shouted.

"Validus!" Commander Gregan exclaimed. He reached down and wrapped the arm of one of his wounded warriors around his neck. "Follow them!" Gregan ordered to his warriors.

Validus rushed to Gregan's side and helped him carry the injured warrior through the glass and away from the fray as Arn, Brit, and Dartana covered their backs. Once outside, Dartana's men protected their retreat across the street until every warrior was out of the restaurant.

"Tell the northern units to retreat," Validus ordered.

Dartana sent his fastest warrior north with the message.

"But what of the territory for the counseling center?" Gregan asked. "We've come too far to lose it now."

Validus shook his head. "I can't get reinforcements to you in time, Commander. We will fight another day."

Gregan wiped his bloodied brow, defeat evident on his face.

Once all the angel forces were recovered, the warriors tended to their wounded. Gregan shook his head as he studied the casualty reports. Grief etched lines in his face.

"I lost too many and gained nothing. I should have been more prepared."

The loss of one warrior was grievous. Here on the battlefield of San Antonio, Gregan had lost fifty-two. It was a heavy burden to bear.

"No one saw this coming," Validus offered. "I knew that Bavot was looking for some way to protect his influence in the region and recover what he'd lost in Texas; I just didn't think he could put this scale of a campaign together so quickly."

Gregan looked at Validus. "I also put you at risk, sir. You shouldn't have come in for me."

Validus glared at Gregan. "And *you* shouldn't have let yourself get trapped like that. I put you in command here for a reason, Gregan. Don't let it happen again."

Gregan clearly felt the sting of the rebuke. "Yes sir."

"Commander Gregan," a voice called from Validus's left. Gregan's executive officer approached. "A courier is here for Primus Commander Validus. He says it's urgent."

Validus raised an eyebrow. He put a hand on Gregan's shoulder. "We will not forget what the day has cost us, but we will learn and adapt . . . both of us."

Gregan nodded.

"Stand firm, Commander Gregan."

Validus motioned for Arn and Brit to follow him. They were anxious to be on their way and have their commander safely back at headquarters in Colorado Springs. As he and his warriors turned northwest to begin their trek home, he wondered what emergency awaited him back at headquarters.

Arn and Brit looked to their commander to see if they would fly or run, but for Validus it was always an easy choice. The dash home would be slightly longer than flying, but it would give him a few minutes to think.

He replayed the events of the recent battle and thought of Gregan. He was a good warrior and a decent commander. In another time he might have called him a friend, but commanders had little time or room in their lives for friends. The thought reminded him of a time when that was not so—a time long ago.



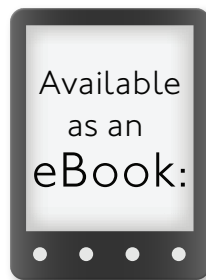
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