

CHAPTER 12: A USEFUL SUGGESTION

"Are you awake?" Cyfrin loudly whispered to Xavion, obnoxiously close to his face as he continuously poked his side.

The room was pitch black, but their enhanced eyesight made it easy to see in even the darkest of places. It was late at night and Xavion had barely gotten any sleep. He kept tossing and turning, trying to forget about that stupid angel and how badly his body yearned for Malach's.

Cyfrin yelped when Xav suddenly grabbed his wrist, the movement so quickly it startled the boy. "If you poke me one more goddamn time I'm going to snap your wrists in half," Xavion threatened, completely serious.

"Note taken." Cy yanked his wrist back the second the brunette let go and rubbed the sore skin. "I'll just go back to sleep I guess," he mumbled sadly before crawling onto his bed.

Xavion groaned, guilt biting at his skin. He rolled onto his side to face Cyfrin's bed with an exasperated look on his face. "Just tell me what you were going to say," he sighed in defeat.

A wide grin appeared on Cy's face as he mirrored Xavion's position. "I wanted to see how it went with Malach earlier."

The demon blushed, regretting letting himself feed into his previous guilt. He should've just kept his damn mouth shut.

"Nothing happened," Xavion answered quickly, both lying and telling the truth at the same time. "He just came to ask me something. That's all. Now go back to sleep."

But of course Cyfrin wouldn't let it go that easily. No, instead his smile grew even larger. "Liar liar pants on fire!" he singsonged as he sprang up from the bed. "I can see you blushing from here. What a sight to see!"

Cyfrin shrieked as a pillow whacked him directly in the face. The impact was so hard he fell backwards before whirling on the mattress upside down in a somersault position, landing on his ass, though the smile never left his lips once.

"There's no need to be shy. Malach is hot. You scored, honestly." Cyfrin rolled his eyes when Xav only flipped him on in response. He cooed, "Aww, is wittle Xavvy embar—AH!"

The seething demon couldn't take it anymore and went to lunge at him, feeling his second form start to burn his skin, begging to shi . His head tingled where his horns were beginning to protrude and his nails curled into sharp claws, until he saw the terror in Cyfrin's eyes. It was the same look Cy had the day Xavion had pinned him and Zisa up against the wall and accidentally set half the school on fire. He stopped immediately. It went quiet.

"S-sorry," Cyfrin mumbled a er a minute. "I shouldn't have provoked you. It's my bad."

Xav's lips parted, bewildered at the fact that his friend was the one apologizing. More guilt mercilessly gnawed away at his gut. He should be the one saying sorry. He wanted to, but he didn't have it in him. Not yet.

"Why are you even talking to me?" he murmured quietly. It wasn't sarcastic or full of rage like before, instead it was merely a genuine question. The two still hadn't made up since the fire incident. Why was Cyfrin talking to him? Why now?

Cy let out a shaky breath before reaching Xavion's gaze. He still looked a bit frazzled but not full of fear like before. "Because I miss you," he admitted with a shrug. "And I've been hanging around Zisa too much. I think she gave me cooties."

Xav snorted at the response, swallowing down his remorse so that Cyfrin wouldn't detect it and think he was weak. Not that he thought his friend was spiteful like that, it was just instinctual.

"If anything, you'd be the one to give her cooties," he remarked instead, trying to lighten the mood.

Cy's jaw dropped with an expression of betrayal. "You're siding with her over me?!"

Xavion almost laughed. "I'm going to sleep before you give me cooties too."

Cyfrin followed the demon who laid back on his bed with a frown. "So you're really not going to tell me how your date with Malach went? I wanted details," he whined sadly.

"We did not go on a date," Xavion mumbled into his pillow as he yanked the covers over his head.

"Fine. Then how did your hookup with him go?"

Xav wanted to die. "We didn't do that either!"

"Then what were you two doing?" Cyfrin nagged as he crawled next to Xav and plopped down beside him. "Because all I know is I walked in on you half naked while he was about to feel you up. Did you not even see the raging boner he had before you kicked us out?"

The annoying demon was making Xavion reconsider his decision not to lunge at him. He was still debating it in his head until Cy gently pulled the blanket down to peek at Xav's face.

"Just checking if you're still awake," he said sheepishly. "You weren't responding. Are you mad at me now?"

"No, I'm not mad at you," muttered Xavion before tiredly sitting up again. "I just want to sleep. Unless you want a punch in the face, I suggest you leave me alone."

"Whatever." Cyfrin shrugged, moving to go to his own bed before pausing. "Wait. Does this mean we're friends again?"

Xavion pulled the covers over his face again to hide the slight smile he couldn't hold back. "Yes, Cy. We're friends again," he answered faintly.

It was the first time he had smiled in a while.

Today's lesson was on Thermokinesis, the ability to manipulate temperature. It was a basic but useful skill to have, and Xavion actually wanted to learn how to do it, but the only temperature change was his face heating up every second Malach turned to look at him.

There was an ice cube inside of a small bowl that he was supposed to melt. Every time the frozen water started to drip, his hands would start to shake as Malach snuck another glance at him. That bastard. Xav was betting he knew what he was doing, too.

Unfortunately, Xavion couldn't even blame it all on Malach. He spent the whole night dreaming about him, the entire morning stressing about seeing him, and now the total class period was consumed by thoughts of that horrid angel. And that was all on Xavion. He had nothing else to blame but his damn hormones.

"Do we get to eat these a er we finish?" Cyfrin casually asked as he concentrated on melting his ice cube. He frowned when he didn't get an answer but cut himself o when he realized what was happening. "Xavion? What are you—ooh!"

"Do not say a fucking word," the annoyed demon deadpanned, caught staring at Malach red-handed.

"Why don't you just go talk to him already? He clearly likes you."

Xav bit the inside of his cheek, inhaling sharply at the thought. "First o , because I can't stand the guy," he blatantly answered. "Second of all, you don't know that."

"But he's nice! You're just grumpy," Cyfrin whined. "And I guess it isn't o icially confirmed if he likes you or not, but his dick certainly does."

Choking on his own spit, Xavion quickly covered his stupid friend's mouth with his hand. "He can probably hear us, you idiot!" he whisper-yelled in an angry hiss.

Cy pulled the speaker again before focusing back on the project with a shrug. "Well I'm just saying what he's thinking for him. I'm sure he would say it himself if you would just talk to him."

Xavion groaned with his head buried in his hands. He didn't want to hear Malach say that. In fact, it was the last thing he wanted to hear. Xav was sure there wasn't any way he could have any romantic feelings toward an angel. And Malach, of all people.

But that still didn't explain why he felt so many things the previous night. There was a missing piece of the puzzle that he hadn't been able to yet solve.

"There's no chance I could possibly be interested in an angel," he voiced his thoughts aloud, watching as Cyfrin began to slowly melt the ice. "I can't even imagine having to see his face more than I'm already forced to. I would end up killing the guy. And though I would love to do that, it would start a war."

The cube steadily began to liquefy as Cyfrin raised his hand above it. He wasn't the best with magic but he had gotten exceptionally better over the years. Everyone had. All except Xavion.

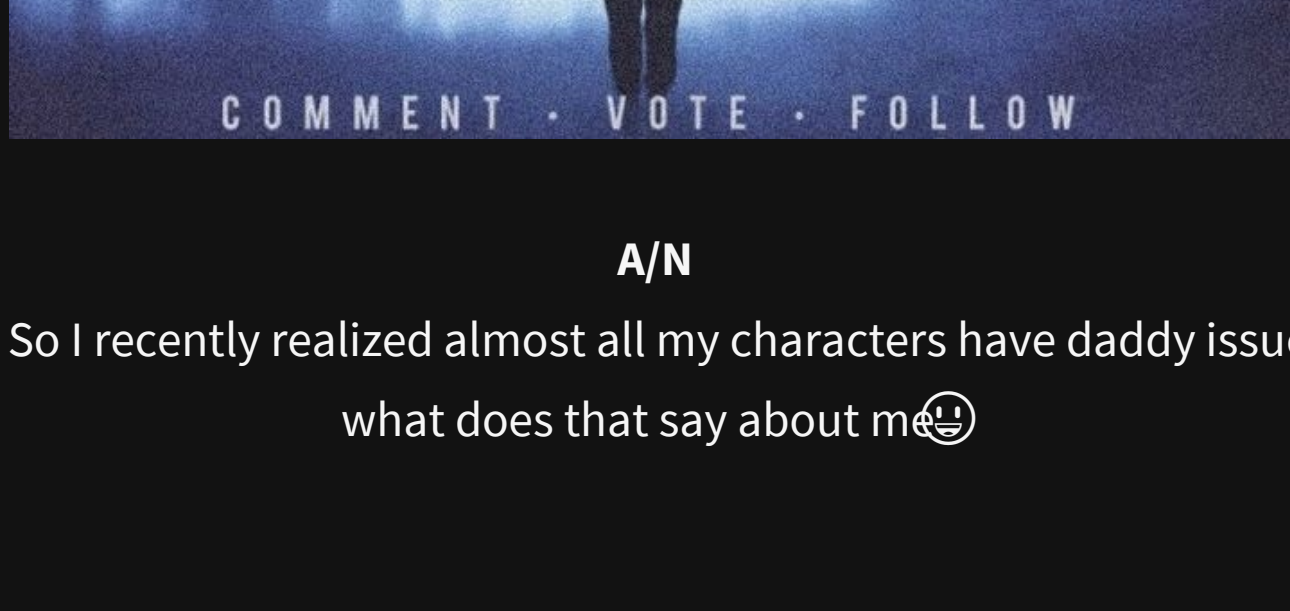
Xav was capable of simple abilities. He was probably quite more than he was yet aware of. Even though he too made progress, it wasn't nearly as much as he expected to. Less than what everyone was expecting considering his status. Children of the flames were rare and known to hold great power. He felt defective.

"Then maybe you're just horny. When's the last time you got laid?" Cyfrin questioned just as the ice turned to a puddle.

"A few weeks ago. Maybe a month or two," he nonchalantly lied. Honestly, he couldn't remember the last time.

"Well you're totally convinced you don't have goo-goo eyes for him, maybe you should hook up with someone else to see if it gets your mind o him," Cy suggested while Xavion pondered the thought. It was the most useful thing he'd heard Cyfrin say in years. "And if it doesn't, then you'll know you have a crush on him."

"I do nothave a crush on him!" Xavion shouted, embarrassed and in denial. Then the classes' eyes all flickered toward him a er the scene he'd caused, making him sink down into his seat as Malach glanced over his shoulder with the faintest hint of a smile glazing over his lips.



A/N

So I recently realized almost all my characters have daddy issues... what does that say about me☹️