

CHAPTER 13: OZACA

Hesitantly, Xavion walked down the hall. It was buzzing with students and a few accidentally bumped into him before recoiling in fear, but barely noticed. His mind was elsewhere.

It wasn't like he'd never had random hookups before. There had been plenty of them in the past, but none of those times did he ever recall feeling so nervous. It was usually easy for him to smooth talk his way into such an encounter. The sudden change in emotions was concerning. It was as if he had completely forgotten all of his flirting skills and was a mere, awkward teenage boy. That was so unlike him.

Rarely did things like that bother him. Unless someone was questioning his status or worth, he often couldn't care less what the person thought. That fact was what ticked him the most. What was the matter with him?

Instead of finding someone new, he planned to call up an ex of his. He never felt very much for the boy in the past but he was good in bed and that's all Xavion cared about at the moment. Not like he could recall ever feeling a reaction towards anyone really. Cyfrin and Zisa were the closest people that came to it and even with them he wasn't too fond of the platonic touching or deep conversations.

Ozaca was in the middle of talking to a friend when he noticed the familiar demon approaching him from the side. His eyes widened as he instantly grew worried, not knowing what Xavion was a er.

Their breakup wasn't caused by a nasty fight or cheating. Xavion decided he didn't want to be in a relationship anymore and made up an excuse about needing time for himself, which the elf believed, and so they parted ways. Until now.

"Busy?" Xavion asked him plainly, looking down at Ozaca who barely reached his chest. He used to find it cute.

"A little." Ozaca hesitantly tucked a piece of his shoulder length silver hair behind his ear as his violet eyes gazed into Xavion's. "Did you need something?"

The demon shook his head and hummed under his breath. He reached out to gently brush a few strands of hair away from Ozaca's forehead, leaning down to whisper into ones of his pointed ears.

"You look cute today. Should wear this color more often." Xavion lightly tugged on Ozaca's collar as he spoke, tempted to laugh when the elf turned bright red. Maybe he hadn't lost his charm after all.

Ozaca ushered his friend to leave who took the cue and hurriedly scampered away, clearly terrified of Xavion. Most people were.

"Thank you," he said shyly, shifting his weight to his left leg. "Is that all? I don't want to be late to class."

The halls were mostly cleared out by now. It was a great opportunity to seduce the innocent boy into helping him figure out his... problem. Whether it was inhumane or not, he didn't care.

"I have a better idea," Xavion murmured quietly, being subtle so that he didn't scare the elf away. He used a hand to tilt Ozaca's chin up so that their eyes were connected. "Want to see?"

Gulping, Ozaca slowly nodded. As a naturally kind creature, his spot for Xavion was still fairly prominent. He couldn't say no when the demon was looking at him so attentively. It made him feel all mushy inside.

So he nodded. That's how it all began.

Soon, in Ozaca's dorm room, their lips were firmly pressed together as clothes were torn off and flung across the room. They panted, rubbing against one another and desperately searching for pleasure. Xavion parted Ozaca's legs, standing in between them as he roughly pounded into the elf who let out sweet, small whimpers with each thrust.

Physically, it felt good. That was just a given. But something just felt off in another odd way Xavion couldn't understand.

Ozaca felt too dainty. He was too light and he felt too soft. His hair was too long and the color wasn't right. The small whimpers that used to arouse him quickly became a turn off. There was nothing wrong with Ozaca himself. There was something wrong with Xavion.

He was half convinced he enjoyed it after finishing and pulling out, but then a sick feeling washed over him as he glanced down at Ozaca's exhausted form. During the act it was easy to close his eyes and cover the elf's mouth with his hand in a feigned erotic manner. Now that he was forced to look at him, however, was a different case.

It wasn't what he wanted to see. His mind nor his body. Everything was wrong.

"Can we cuddle?" Ozaca shyly requested as he held out his arms the way he always used to do after sex. The demon always dreaded that part, but at least it used to be tolerable. This wouldn't be. And they weren't dating, all the two agreed upon was a hookup.

Xavion moved away from the bed to pull his pants back on. "Can't. I have to go," he said simply.

"Oh," the elf whispered, embarrassed as he pulled the covers over his lap to retain some of his dignity. "Will I see you later, at least?"

"Don't count on it," the demon apathetically grunted, only bothering to unevenly button up half of his blazer before heading toward the exit.

He had more questions than answers rushing through his brain as he left Ozaca behind. Well, maybe he did have an answer, he just didn't like it, therefore it was wrong in his eyes. He wouldn't accept any other truth.

"You talked to him, didn't you?"

"... I don't know what you're talking about."

Haven looked at Malach doubtfully. Angels could rarely lie without it being detected, since honesty was in their nature. Any kind of insincerity made Malach's skin crawl while his stomach bubbled with nausea, but he had panicked at the question.

"Okay... fine. Maybe I did talk to Xav," he admitted like a small child being scolded.

The two sat in a secluded area outside during their lunch break. It was bright outside and the sun felt rejuvenating on his skin. He would've enjoyed it more if he didn't feel like he had committed a lethal crime by lying to Haven.

"Malach," she groaned, "I already told you this is a bad idea. You'll never get over him if you run back to him every chance you get."

"I can't help it." It was an honest answer this time. He sadly gazed at the green grass and the way a light breeze made it quiver. He was bored and wanted to see Xav even though the point of the conversation he was having was to stop doing the one thing he wanted to do the most.

Haven delicately grasped his forearm to get his attention back. Her cheeks darkened a tad but she had started to accept that she would never have a chance with the god. The best she could do was be there for him, so that's what she planned to do despite wanting more.

"Do you really think you and him would work out? With his temperament and your unconditional kindness?" she asked gently, scared to upset him further.

"Yes," he blurted instantly. Then he paused. "Well, no. Actually—maybe! You know what? Definitely yes. But on second thought... alright. I don't know."

She gave a tender nod and squeezed his arm a little tighter before letting go. "As much as I think it's a bad idea, I get what it's like to love someone you can't have," she murmured, staring at her hands. "It can be hard seeing them every day yet not being able to do anything about it."

"Tell me about it," Malach exhaled as he sunk down. He felt empty.

"But," she interrupted, "if you genuinely believe that it's meant to be, even your father himself shouldn't be able to stop it. Love is more powerful than anything we can create ourselves. Don't get me wrong, it would surely cause extreme chaos, but if you think that he's worth the trouble... who is anyone to tell you otherwise?"

Malach's heartbeat picked up by hearing her words. Listening to another person accept his feelings and even encourage them, despite not being very fond of the concept, was unimaginable. Yet it was happening.

"Do you really believe that?" he hesitantly questioned, staring deeply into her eyes as she nodded. He bit his bottom lip in thought while pondering over what she said.

If you think that he's worth the trouble... who is anyone to tell you otherwise?

And that was that. Malach stood, offering Haven a small grin.

"Thanks," he murmured.

"Where are you going?" she called after the angel who began to walk away.

He turned around but his steps didn't falter. "Where else?" he scooped.

"To find Xav."

