

CHAPTER 15: ACCEPTING THE OBVIOUS

Xavion wanted to run a er him. He even took a few steps forward, but his hesitance and fear made the decision for him as Malach disappeared. His mouth was still hanging open. He didn't have time to process what was happening until it was too late.

Confused, guilty, angry, he felt it all. Confused how Malach found out when him and Ozaca weren't even friends, guilty because of the broken look on the angel's face when his suspicions were confirmed, angry by the elf telling Mal what had happened. Most of all, angry with himself for doing something so stupid.

He knew he liked Malach. He didn't need to sleep with someone to figure that out. In the process, all he accomplished was hurting himself, Ozaca, and Malach.

The demon had an entire week to reflect on that thought, though, because Mal stopped showing up to class.

It was so unlike the angel to miss out on his studies. He took learning very seriously, plus he loved showing o his talent to anyone willing to watch, in Xavion's opinion at least. It was extremely concerning. Xav couldn't even find him at lunch or between classes. Malach had disappeared.

The first day, Xavion was nervous, but didn't think much of it. The second, he assumed the blonde wasn't feeling well. The third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh, he was constantly at the edge of his seat in concern. Needless to say, his original resolve to avoid Malach had slowly deteriorated as the days went by. Now all he wanted was to see the angel's face, just to make sure he was still breathing, if nothing more.

"Why are you acting so weird lately?" Cyfrin whispered to Xav, the two sitting at the back of the classroom during another boring lecture.

"I'm not acting weird. You're acting weird," Xavion murmured defensively. He avoided Cyfrin's unimpressed gaze and focused his attention outside the window instead.

Cy's confused expression quickly morphed into a smug one when he took notice of Malach's empty seat. "What? Are you missing boyfriend?"

Xavion turned to glare at him threateningly. "I swear to Lucifer, if I hear you call that motherfucker my boyfriend one more time—"

"Fine, fine," Cyfrin waved him o dismissively. He was getting used to Xav being a tad more gentle ever since the fire incident, probably out of guilt, so he was starting to be kinder. It was an odd change but Cy was grateful for it nonetheless. "If that's not the reason, then what is it? You look more depressed than angry. It's weirding me out man."

The brunette went to blurt out all his troubles but held back. He didn't want to talk about anything personal in a classroom full of supernatural creatures who could easily overhear them, but he was very impatient a er holding in all his worries for an entire week. He gave in.

"I slept with Ozaca," he mumbled under his breath, almost embarrassed.

"You slept with that elf again? The one you broke up with?" Cy snickered at the thought. "Why the hell would you do that?"

"Because you're the fucking one who told me to fuck somebody!" Xav loudly whisper-yelled. Multiple students twisted in their seats to give him dirty looks but he didn't give a shit.

"Yeah, somebody. Not your ex!" Cyfrin defended at the same voice level. "Never sleep with your ex. Bad idea."

"I didn't want to talk up somebody new. I figured it'd be easier with him." The brunette watched the teacher scribble some things on the tech board as she droned on. He couldn't focus on the lesson even if he wanted to at this point.

"Well, was it good at least?"

Xav hesitated at the question, and that was answer enough. Cyfrin chuckled at his reaction while shaking his head. "So he's that bad, huh?"

"He wasn't necessarily bad," the demon grumbled, "I just wasn't into it. I don't know."

Cyfrin's face lighted up at that. "Does this mean my test worked?" he asked, clearly thrilled with himself. "You really do like Malach?"

"I didn't say that!" Xavion hissed, having to physically prevent himself from blushing.

"Wasn't the whole point of hooking up with someone to see if you liked it or not? And Ozaca's definitely attractive, so don't even pull that card." He grinned widely at Xav, knowing he had caught him. "So it's true. You're into Mal. And he likes you."

"Cyfrin," he said in a warning tone.

"Poor guy, though. He must've taken it hard. You know how seriously angels take sex. He probably thinks you're just about ready to bend down on one knee for Ozaca," Cy snorted. "No wonder he hasn't been showing up to class. Must be devastated. It's kind of cute, though. In a fucking up way."

The brunette groaned and buried his face in his hands. Cyfrin was right. He hurt Malach, badly. Fuck.

That's how he later ended up standing outside of Malach's door, unmoving for an entire hour as he tried to convince himself to knock. He seemed to be losing the inner battle.

It was late at night. Xav hadn't been able to sleep the entire week and tonight was no di erent. A er tossing and turning for a few hours he ended up tearing o his covers before finding himself at the blonde's doorstep. He was nervous. So nervous he couldn't bring himself to knock. If it weren't for the door opening on its own, he probably would've chickened out, too.

"Woah!" Lycus jumped in surprise, staring at Xavion in bewilderment. "What the hell? Xavion?"

Neither of them had ever spoken before, only heard rumors. Xav awkwardly shied from side to side as the werewolf inspected him in disgust. It was clear Lycus didn't like him.

"I came to see Malach," he answered firmly. He didn't want Lycus to think he was weak.

"In the middle of the night?" the werewolf sco ed, crossing his arms.

Xav eyed him up and down. The man was dressed like he was going out to a club, making it clear Lycus was planning on sneaking out, which was against the rules. Xavion raised a brow at him, wanting to snicker when the were's eyes dri ed down.

"Get out of my way and I'll get out of yours, Wolf," the demon said sharply, pushing the door open further to slip inside. Lycus looked like he wanted to protest but glancing down at his watch, he begrudgingly let it go.

Xavion shut the door behind him and froze when he found Malach sitting up in bed, already staring at him. The room was black except for a few rays of moonlight escaping between the blinds. One of them illuminated Malach's face, highlighting his strong jawline despite the darkness.

"Hi," Xav said stupidly, suddenly shy and awkward.

"Hey." Malach's gaze didn't waver as his deep voice rumbled out the simple greeting.

The demon didn't know what to say next. This interaction had been on his mind all damn week. It was all he thought about, but now that it was happening, in the moment, he forgot everything.

"I don't like Ozaca," he spoke instead, hoping to at least soothe Mal's worries.

"Okay."

Xavion blinked. That was his response? Okay?

"I was just testing a theory. It didn't mean anything," he tried again.

Malach just shrugged. Not a word was spoken.

"Aren't you going to say something?" the brunette asked angrily, fists clenched as he stalked toward the bed. He made the e ort of coming to Mal. The least the idiot could do was respond.

"What are you doing here, Xavion?" he questioned with a sigh, sounding more tired than anything. It was like he was just dismissing Xav. That infuriated him.

"I came to fucking talk to you! You haven't shown up to class in a week!" Xav shouted, his temper bursting. "If I had known you were going to be such an asshole, I wouldn't have come at all!"

Malach pushed his blanket to the side and stood up. He was perfectly level to Xavion as they stared each other directly in the eyes. The demon's were burning with frustration but Mal's emotions, for once, were unidentifiable.

"You're such a fucking prick," Xav growled in anger, halfheartedly shoving the angel's chest but he didn't even flinch. "I should've known you wouldn't give a shit. Fuck this. I'm leaving!"

A hand gripping his wrist stopped him. "Xav," Malach whispered gently, "stop."

Xavion all but melted. He tentatively glanced back at the angel who's gaze was so so it made his heart clench.

"Okay," he whispered back.

Mal didn't let go. Instead, he used his hold on the demon to pull him until he was close enough to wrap his arms around.

"You don't... you don't feel anything for Ozaca?" the blonde uncertainly asked. His hands rested on each of Xavion's hips as they kept their eyes glued together. It was impossible to look away.

Xav's mouth felt dry as he shook his head at a slow pace. "I don't like him. Just testing a theory. That's all."

"Hm," Malach hummed to himself. The light in his eyes seemed to have returned a bit and the sight was mesmerizing. "Good to know."

Xavion's nostrils flared. "Good to know? Are you fucking kidding me right n—"

A hand delicately stroked the side of his face, making him lose his train of thought as Mal gave him a bittersweet smile. He was still incredibly hurt, but he too had missed the demon.

"W-what are you doing?" Xav shakily stuttered. His heart went into overdrive as the angel's other hand slid up his chest before running the thumb over his bottom lip.

"If you don't like Ozaca," he began, gaze flickering between Xav's eyes and now parted lips, "then is there someone else you like?"

The hands on Xavion felt euphoric. Never had anyone ever touched him so gently or held him like he was something important. His insides were a puddle of mush as Malach's question settled in.

"No," he answered by instinct, frowning when the blonde pulled away his touch.

"No?" The singular word sounded amused, as if Malach could see right through his lies, which, he probably could.

Xavion groaned. "Please don't do this."

"Don't do what?" Mal said.

"Don't make me say it out loud."

The angel smiled at him, reaching out to cup Xav's cheek again. It was bewildering how such a small action could make the brunette feel so much at once.

Malach was tempted to be ask for permission to kiss him, but a er being rejected last time, he wasn't so sure anymore. The two just stared at each other intensely amongst the darkness, a million unspoken words, thoughts, and desires swarming through the short proximity between their chests.

"I should, uh... get going," Xav said in a small, shy voice. The angel looked at him in question, making him blush from head to toe. "Yeah. I should go."

Mal didn't respond, but neither of them went to part ways. Xavion was too embarrassed to be angry as the blonde carefully tilted his head to the side.

"Are you sure you want to go?"

The demon tensed, accidentally clutching Malach's biceps for security. Malach took his time caressing Xav's face with one hand and tenderly squeezing his waist with the other.

Lord, how long he had been waiting for this. The angel's blood was pumping vigorously as they stared and tenderly held one another. It almost felt too good to be true.

"Do you remember the question I asked you a few weeks ago? The day we were painting?" Malach said softly, not breaking eye contact for a second. He didn't have to specify the question he was talking about for Xav to understand.

The brunette meekly nodded. How could he forget about the day Malach asked to kiss him?

"What would you say?" Mal whispered, leaning a bit closer, "If I asked again right now?"

Xav's heart palpitated with anticipation as the angel tilted his head to the side. He didn't answer, he didn't have the courage to. He was hoping Malach would take the initiative to do it himself before Xavion had the chance to back out or had to verbally consent.

The blonde understood Xavion's thoughts without having to head them out loud. He didn't even have to use his powers, either. He could just feel what Xav felt. He knew.

It was his first kiss and he wasn't sure what to do, but the moment felt right. His instincts kicked in as the demon's plump lips parted, drawing him forward while his lower stomach clenched in want. He tilted Xav's head a bit more, and, once he was satisfied with the position, he leaned forward to gently seal the gap between their lips.



A/N
Hope you all enjoyed the chapter!