

CHAPTER 20: A TRANCE

A tapping sound echoed from Malach's desk, the uneven pattern a result of his anxiety as he waited for Xavion's arrival. He had gotten to class early in hopes of getting some alone time with the demon, though as the clock continued to tick, he slowly remembered Xav always showed up late anyway.

Today was just a boring lecture. Usually Malach would've brought supplies to take notes to study (despite already being familiar with the material) but he now knew better than to think he'd be getting any work done when Xavion would be there.

He impatiently waited in his seat, staring at the door and ignoring all else around him. It was about twenty minutes into his staring contest with the door when it finally opened before Xav shu led in. Malach's heart instantly sped up.

The demon was merely in the required school uniform, his shirt untucked with the tie loosely hung around his neck. His hair messily draped over his eyes that held a look of disinterest. At least until they met Malach's.

Both of them had a week apart and were thinking of the other nonstop. So as their eyes met, Malach's skin itched to pull Xav into a warm embrace. To feel his body heat against his own and see the way the demon blushed in response to the action. Yet he reminded himself of Yahweh's advice and managed to refrain.

The classroom was big, yet the seats were almost all taken up. Malach had put his backpack on the chair beside him to save it for Xav—a gesture he was sure wouldn't be appreciated—as there was no other place for the demon to go.

Malach watched as Xavion scanned the room and searched for any seat left but the one next to him. Once Xav realized there was no other option, he groaned. A few students turned from the lesson to pass the demon a few weird looks, though he paid no mind to them, too focused on the fact that he had to speak to Mal.

"Hey," the angel greeted happily as Xavion begrudgingly plopped in the seat beside him. "How was your break?"

Xav rolled his eyes, mildly amused by the question. "Fine."

He then buried his face in his arms atop of the desk as if he were sleeping. It was intended to be a signal that he didn't want to talk, though Malach either didn't realize or just didn't care.

"Just fine?" Mal asked, frowning when he didn't get any response. He stared at Xav's so looking hair as the demon pretend to sleep, trying to come up with conversation that Xavion would care enough to partake in.

"Well, mine was really good. It's been a while since I visited Heaven so it was nice seeing everyone," he blandly said. At this point, he was just trying to fill up the silence.

Xav listened to every word but didn't say a thing. He continued to pretend he didn't care while Malach unknowingly tried to make him.

"I missed you."

That snapped Xavion out of his feigned slumber, causing him to straighten in his seat as he looked at the angel with parted lips that Malach desperately wanted to kiss.

"What?" Xavion choked, not knowing how to respond.

"I said that I missed you," Mal repeated in a soft voice, discreetly scooting his seat a bit closer.

Xavion fought the urge to blush, trying to turn the gooey feeling in his chest into anger, but it wasn't working in his favor. "Why the hell would you miss me?" he scooped, the attempt to sound mad almost pitiful.

"Because I had to go a whole week without seeing you," Malach said in a gentle tone. The soft sound gave Xav butterflies. "Can we go somewhere more private after class? I wanted to talk to you about something."

"Absolutely not." Xavion scooted his chair back a few inches. "If you have something to say, say it now. The second class ends I'm getting as far away from you as I can."

Malach's grin never faltered despite the brunette trying to be brash. "You seemed to have a very different opinion the last time we spoke," he whispered teasingly, "Though I suppose we did a lot more than talking."

Xavion shot out of his spot, the chair making a loud noise as he pushed it back. This time he had no control over the burning hot embarrassment that invaded his cheeks, a result of Malach's cocky words.

"Xavion!" Professor Maanen shouted from the front of the classroom, narrowing his eyes at the demon. "Have we not discussed you no longer making disturbances in my class?"

"It's not my fault!" Xavion shouted back, causing the students to ignore their studies to witness the fight they were sure to come. "Malach keeps trying to talk to me!"

The professor snorted as if the mere concept of Malach causing any trouble was laughable. "Blaming your childishness on innocent classmates won't get you out of trouble, demon. I want you in the headmaster's office this instant."

Xavion stared at him, steam practically shooting out of his ears. He was more than ready to start shouting ungodly words at the ignorant teacher before Malach stood up and nudged Xav behind him.

"It really wasn't his fault, sir. I kept distracting him when he asked me to stop," Mal said, bowing his head respectfully. "I'll accept any punishment on his behalf."

"Oh fuck off!" Xavion shoved Malach out of his protective stance, crossing his arms angrily. "I'd rather get in trouble than have you acting like some bitch ass savior," he spat.

He wouldn't give the angel the satisfaction of sticking up for him. Part of him melted at the gesture and how cute it was, but the other was pissed as hell.

"But it was my fault," Mal argued, pausing his words when Xavion gave him a death glare.

"Enough!" Professor Maanen barked. "Both of you get out of my class, now! You've cut into my lesson time enough as it is."

Xavion didn't hesitate to storm out of the classroom, slamming the door shut behind him. Malach rushed to grab his and Xav's backpacks before chasing after him.

"Xav!" Malach hollered, "Come back!"

The brunette was already halfway down the hall, ignoring all of Mal's attempts at gaining his attention. Malach sighed before running to catch up to Xav.

"You never fucking quit, do you?" Xavion snapped when he saw the angel beside him. "Are you too stupid to take a hint, or do you just not give a shit what other people want? Which is it?"

Malach's face dropped, surprised by how rash the demon was being considering their last interaction was pleasant. In fact, it was more than pleasant.

"Why are you so angry with me?" he asked, having to jog to keep up with Xav's pace as they rounded a corner. "You can't be this upset over getting kicked out of a class you don't even like. What did I do?"

Xavion's anger spiked to a dangerous level. He had no control over his body as he slammed Malach up against a wall, getting close to his face as he got all his pent up frustrations out in a yelling match, though the match was with himself.

"What did you do? Are you seriously asking me that right now?" Xav laughed at the question as Malach stood there in confusion, allowing the demon to keep him pinned to the wall since he liked the closeness.

Then, he stopped talking. Malach did pose a good question. Xavion couldn't come up with any good reason for his anger, other than his own internal issues that the angel had nothing to do with. He was right about Xav hating that class anyway, so why was he acting so rash?

"How do you know I don't like that class?" Xavion mumbled instead, anger simmering down. He didn't remember ever mentioning his hatred for it to Mal before.

"I can tell," the angel said simply. "You always look bored and disinterested. I assumed it's because it isn't very interactive and you like physical classes better."

Xavion stopped walking. His stomach twisted into knots at the idea of Malach saying such close proximity to him without having to say it out loud—or even noticing. Then he felt much worse for being so abrupt.

"Fine," Xav sighed, feeling generous. "What did you want to talk about?"

Malach grinned. The sight was distracting and did crazy things to Xav's stomach. He took more notice of how attractive the angel really was. His blonde hair looked so soft, and his eyes were so full of life. The blue color was a calming shade and helped Xavion relax even more.

"I wanted to..." the angel slowly lost his words, getting distracted by Xavion's staring. He felt warm inside as Xav stared at him and he forgot everything he wanted to say.

"Wanted to what?" Xav repeated, voice much softer than before. Being so close to Malach soothed his anger to an almost scary degree.

Instead of talking, Malach took it upon himself to switch their positions. He gently pushed Xavion's back to the wall, keeping the demon's body in place with his own. Neither of them spoke as Malach delicately ran his fingers through Xav's dark brown hair, or when they stroked his cheek, or traced over his lower lip. Not a word.

Xavion couldn't explain the trance he fell under as he just let the angel touch him as he pleased. The feeling of being handled so gently, of being looked at this sweetly, was euphoric in a way words were beyond describing.

So instead of trying, they both let go of everything keeping them apart, letting their lips connect instead.



A/N

They make me so so omg.