

## CHAPTER 21: FEELINGS

The kiss was something else.

↵

It was sweet, the way Malach caressed Xav's face as he tilted his head to deepen the kiss. It was gentle, how so ly Mal touched his skin. It was passionate, as the emotions they held in for so long conveyed through their lips.

↵

Thankfully no unwelcome viewers passed by as Malach tenderly pressed their bodies together, the bold move unlike him as he got lost in their mutual passion. Xavion held onto the angel's shoulders for support as their proximity became borderline overwhelming in the best way.

↵

Malach felt a pool of a ection settling deep in his chest as the demon clung to him. He felt special, like he was graced with experiencing Xav in such an intimate and vulnerable position. He loved it. No one else could make him feel this way. Not Ozaca, not anyone. Xavion's grip on his shoulders tightened, and a sense of protectiveness washed over Mal.

↵

It was bliss.

↵

Despite never wanting to let go, they eventually parted, panting from the intensity. Malach rested his head on the demon's shoulder as he inhaled his scent, loving the way Xav shivered in response. He pressed one last kiss to his neck before pulling away far enough to look into Xavion's dilated eyes.

"I wanted to tell you that I like you," Malach whispered, smiling as a harsh blush burned over Xav's face from his cheeks up to the tips of his ears. "And I know that you're angry with me right now, but whatever it is, I'm sure I can fix it. If you'll let me."

Xavion swallowed the lump in his throat, mind still not processing that Malach had just confessed his feelings. He was in shock. It didn't feel real.

"Oh," the demon said stupidly.

"Is that all you're going to say?" Malach mused, reaching down to hold both of Xav's hands in his. "I mean it. I really do like you. A lot, actually."

↵

Xavion's first instinct was to push him away. To sco and storm o or shout in his face until the angel le him be. What he actually felt like doing was to melt before tugging Malach into another mind-blowing kiss, though now that he was thinking more clearly, he would never consciously allow himself to do something so vulnerable. The third thing he thought about what was caused him the most internal conflict.

This was an opportunity to do what Lucifer had asked of him. An opportunity to get close to Malach to find his weaknesses and use them against him to win the war.

↵

A swarm of guilt washed over him like a tidal wave at the thought of using Malach. Whether he liked or not, it was undeniable that he had feelings for the angel, and causing him any harm therefore hurt Xavion himself in return.

With that in mind, he almost turned Malach down. He was seconds away from pushing him away and telling Lucifer he couldn't help. At least he was until he saw how Mal was looking at him. He had a sweet, hopeful smile across his face, and his pretty blue eyes held so much raw emotion. He was putting himself out there, exposing himself to rejection despite how hurt the angel could've gotten in return.

Malach trusted Xav not to hurt him. What else could he have done?

"I... um," Xavion said awkwardly as Mal intertwined their fingers. "I do too."

↵

Relief cleansed Malach's features. A bubble of warmth rose in his chest as he grinned happily. "You do what?" he asked in a cheeky tone.

"Don't make me say it," Xav groaned, embarrassed.

"How else am I supposed to know what you're talking about?" the angel teased, letting go of their interlocked hands to pull Xav close once again. "I'm gonna have to hear you say it, Xav."

The demon's breathing malfunctioned as Malach gazed at him expectantly, awaiting a love confession he hadn't prepared for. He wasn't sure what to say, but the way Mal was looking at him made him soldier through his sudden shyness.

He took a deep breath before whispering, "I like you too."

↵

Their lips collided a second time, pressing together so ly as Malach tenderly held the demon in his arms. Xavion felt his heart burst with emotions he didn't know he was even capable of feeling, and they only deepened as Malach began smiling like an idiot, making it near impossible to continue the kiss.

"Why are you smiling so damn much?" Xavion grumbled, pretending to be annoyed although eager to reconnect their lips.

Malach just hummed, wrapping his arms around Xavion's waist and resting his head on his shoulder. Xav instinctively draped his own arms around Mal's neck as he leant into the warm embrace.

"Because of you," the angel murmured gently.

"Malach," Xav choked as innocent kisses were littered along the expanse of his neck, another fierce blush forcing its way onto his face. "We should go somewhere more private to talk about this. Before someone co—"

"Fucking finally!"

↵

The blood drained from Xavion's face. "Shit."

"How long have you two lovebirds been smushing faces?" Cyfrin ran over in excitement, interrupting the intimate moment as Xavion quickly pushed Mal away from him. "And why the hell haven't I gotten any details?"

↵

"Fuck o ," Xav growled, stopping when Mal put a hand upon his shoulder. It was a silent gesture to tell him to keep quiet.

"Hey Cy," Malach greeted kindly. "Now isn't really the best time to give any details—"

"He is nevergetting details," Xav corrected, making Cyfrin let out a noise of disappointment.

↵

"But Malach said—"

"I don't give a shit what mister goody two shoes has to say! Mind your own damn business." Xavion hu ed before storming away.

"At least tell me who tops!" Cyfrin cried, chasing a er him.

↵

The angel watched the two disappear down the hall, blinking as he tried to process all that had just happened.

↵

---



A/N

I wrote this on a plane ride and there's a loud child pls help.

↵

Anyway I'm going to start updating THAB here on Wattpad about once a week, check out my Patreon for faster access to chapters and exclusive bonus content. The link is in the bottom of my bio :)