

CHAPTER 25: OFFICIAL

"Does this mean they're official?" Cyfrin loudly whispered to Zisa, looking with wide eyes at Malach and Xavion whose fingers were interlocked as they lay on the bed together.

Zisa shrugged as she watched the two boys in fascination. Malach sweetly gazed down at Xav who blushed like a lunatic in response. "I think so," she murmured while deep in thought. "It's almost kind of disturbing, seeing Xavion like this. It feels like a crime."

"It feels like a crime to my eyes," Cy commented as he stared.

Despite Xav wanting to keep their new relationship private, Malach had insisted on spending more time with the demon that day. But unfortunately Cy also ended up inviting Zisa over—which resulted in the two watching the couple like it was a movie.

Xav groaned in irritation. "We can hear you, fucktards."

"We're aware," Zisa responded casually. "We just don't care."

Xavion scowled at her as he sat up, prepared to spring off the bed and pounce on her like a lion would its prey, but a gentle hand caressing his forearm made his movements come to a stop.

"She's just playing around, Xav. Don't be upset," Malach pleaded in his deep, serene voice that made the demon's anger falter.

"Yeah Xav, Don't be mad," Cyfrin mimicked with a snicker, riling up Xavion once again.

He made another move to stand, but Malach stopped him by wrapping an arm around his waist. "Don't provoke him, Cyfrin," the angel said in a disapproving tone, though mildly amused.

Cy shrugged, feigning innocence. "All I did was agree with you."

"Can't we just go to your room?" Xav complained as he looked at his boyfriend pleadingly.

Malach turned his head, blushing as he awkwardly coughed. "I'm afraid not. It's... preoccupied at the moment."

"Preoccupied?" Xavion repeated in confusion. "With what?"

"It must be bad," Cyfrin noted, watching the suddenly flustered angel furiously blush. "You hiding a sex dungeon in there or some shit?"

Malach's eyebrows scrunched together. "A dungeon for intercourse? What purpose would that serve?"

"Wow," Zisa murmured. "You guys must have really boring sex."

Malach then proceeded to choke on his own saliva as his eyes practically bulged out of his head by Zisa's vulgar comment about something so personal. Xavion facepalmed in embarrassment when Zisa and Cyfrin began to laugh at the angel's reaction.

Cyfrin wiped a tear of laughter away from his eye. "You know, Mal, I totally forgot you haven't even jerked off before. Seriously, I don't know how you've gotten this far in life without—"

"We're leaving now!" Xavion loudly announced, grabbing Mal's hand and tugging him off the mattress.

"Aw, come on! We wanna hear more about the vanilla sex you guys are having. Is it that bad?" Zisa teased as Xav rushed the mortified angel out the door.

Xav slammed it shut behind them and weakly smiled at Mal who was blushing up to the tips of his ears. "Sorry about... that."

Malach cleared his throat as he avoided eye contact. "It's alright."

The silence was thick and it was tense as they both stood there, extremely uncomfortable. Xavion scratched the back of his head, figuring things couldn't get much worse anyway.

"Well, is it true?"

Mal's head tilted to the side. "Is what true, love?"

Xav gulped, pretending the pet name had no effect on him whilst his insides were roaring with a reaction for the stupid angel. "Have you really never... you know?"

"Huh? Oh! Oh!" Malach seemed to, for once, connect the dots on his own as he went into another blushing fit. "Is it bad if I say no?"

Xav shook his head, leaning against the door. "It's not necessarily bad, just surprising. Well, I guess it's not that surprising considering it's you we're talking about."

"Does that mean you have?" Malach asked, seeming shy which was unusual but incredibly cute to witness. If they weren't already in the middle of such an odd conversation he would've taken the time to appreciate it more.

Xavion laughed as if the angel had told a joke. "Me? Of course I have. You're probably in the one percent of people who haven't."

Mal went quiet again, the idea whirling through his brain. He hadn't thought about Xav in such an intimate way—other than the incident where he caught the demon in merely a towel once. And now that he was, his mind was quickly hurdling toward an indecent place.

"Malach? What are you thinking?" Xavion called when the angel didn't respond, thinking he had said something to offend Mal. Which was typically an activity Xav did on purpose, but now that they were dating he didn't think it would be smart. "I didn't mean it in a bad way, it's okay if you haven't. I won't judge you or anything."

He wasn't very good with words, but he tried his best to at least appear comforting as he hesitantly enveloped Malach in a hug. The angel quickly accepted his embrace and held onto him tightly, heart melting from the sweet act.

"That's not what I was thinking. I know you aren't like that." Mal rested his face in the crook of Xavion's neck as he inhaled his scent. "I was thinking about what Zisa said."

"You can just ignore them. They're both idiots."

"Rude!" a voice yelled from behind them.

Xavion gasped, scrambling away from Mal just to realize the voice had been Cyfrin from inside their dorm. Him and Zisa must've been eavesdropping on them the entire time.

"What's rude is listening to other people's private conversations!" Xav shouted back in irritation.

"We weren't listening in! You guys just talk loudly!" Cy weakly defended.

Xavion scooped, taking a step forward to yank the door open. Cyfrin and Zisa both tumbled onto the ground with groans of pain, clearly having their ears pressed against the door like fools.

"Okay," Cy put his hands up in surrender from his position on the ground, looking up guiltily. "So maybe we were eavesdropping."

"Yeah. I wonder what gave it away," Xav said sarcastically. "Now get out of here if you're just going to be irritating. You know we can't be anywhere in public."

"Yeah, yeah, whatever." Zisa stood up, caught red-handed as she pulled Cyfrin up with her. "Have fun with the president of virginity over here. Cy and I are going to go throw rocks at the freshmen."

Xavion ushered them away and pulled Malach back into his dorm once the coast was clear. He sighed in relief before cuddling up to the angel on his bed again, now much more willing to be vulnerable since his friends were gone and couldn't harass them any more.

"I like it so much better when it's just the two of us," Xav murmured sleepily as he leaned into Malach's delicate fingers brushing through his hair.

Mal hummed thoughtfully. "Usually we can have my dorm to ourselves. Lycus might even be willing to trade if I can convince him."

"What's he doing right now anyway?" Xavion questioned. "You said your room was preoccupied but not with what."

Malach uneasily cleared his throat. "Well, his exact words were something along the lines of, 'I need the room tonight to pound some behind' except he didn't say behind."

"You won't even say the word ass?" Xav snickered as Malach shook his head no. "That's a bit excessive."

"It's indecent," Mal replied with a shrug.

Xav grinned at the angel who held onto him as he said, "Shit. Fuck. Ass. Bit—"

Malach cut Xav off with a kiss, holding the demon down on the mattress as their lips moved together. Xav was surprised but didn't even consider denying the kiss. Instead he closed his eyes and melted beneath the angel who held onto him sturdily.

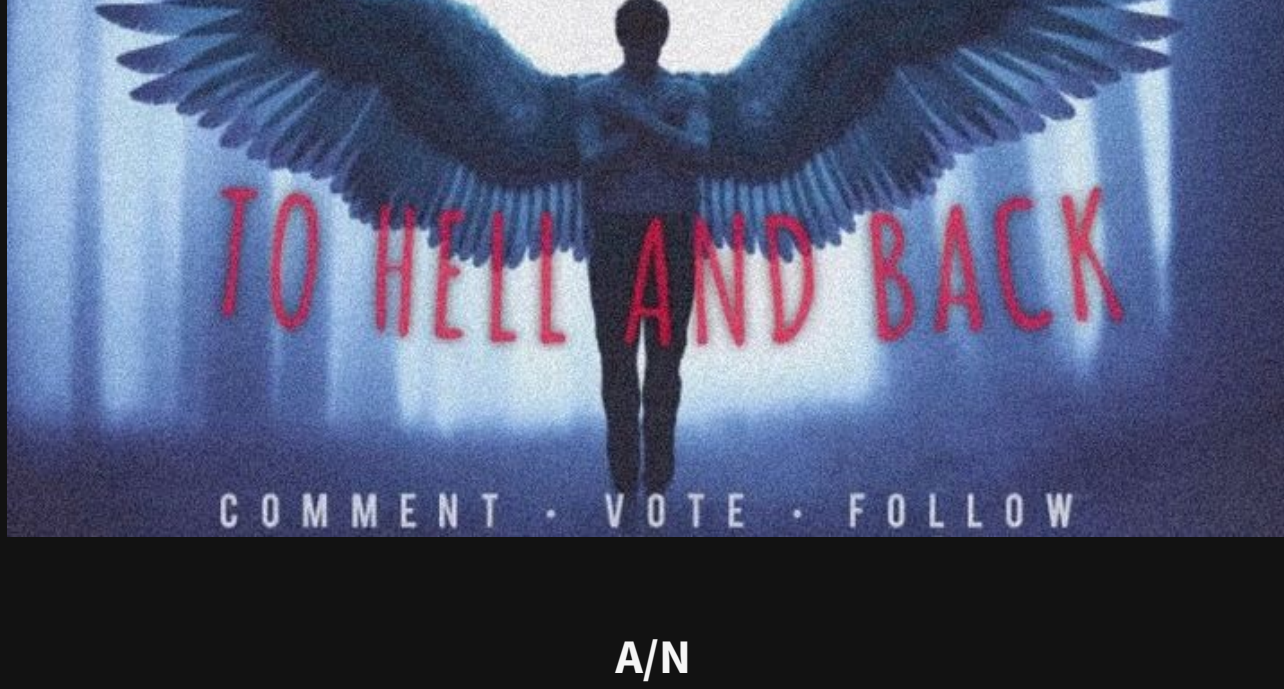
"You know," Xav murmured against Malach's lips, "Considering you're a virgin, you're suspiciously good at this."

Mal laughed before diving in for another kiss. "I'll take that as a compliment."

That unfamiliar ache in Malach's groin returned as Xav started to press kisses along his jawline and down his neck. His breathing grew heavy as he fought the intense urge to indulge in his desire and go further, but he gathered his remaining strength to pull away.

"We should stop," he panted, pupils dilated and mouth watering as he glanced down at Xav who was wearing a similar, needy expression that caused the heat between Mal's legs to ache damn near unbearably. "Goodness. We need to stop immediately."

Xavion sat up, grasping Malach's shoulder to whisper sensually into his ear, "Who says we have to stop?"



A/N

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