

CHAPTER 28: EUPHORIA

"You know we're going to get in a ton of trouble for this, right?" Malach pointed out for the eleventh time.

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Xav scooped. "We? More like me. That bitch ass principal wouldn't blame you even if you killed her first born child."

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The two boys lounged before each other in Heaven, throwing back and forth a small ball Malach had formed from the clouds beneath them. Xavion knew how much trouble he was in as he mouthed to Mrs. Sapphire and quickly left while she was preoccupied with raging over the pool of water Malach had poured on her.

Mal, though hesitant about defying the woman, followed after his impulsive boyfriend. Heaven was safer than Hell, anyway. They'd never think to look for a demon there. Especially not Xavion.

"Well if you're getting in trouble, then so am I!" Malach declared, seeming proud of himself. "It's not fair to put all the blame on you when she didn't even know what happened. For all she knows, I could've been bullying you or something."

"You bullying somebody? At least try to make it sound believable." Xav tossed the ball back to Malach one last time before laying down on the cloud and admiring the sky. "Although you were sort of harassing me in the hallway."

The angel laughed, laying beside Xav so that their arms were brushing together. "You were kissing me back! And you sure did seem to enjoy it. Maybe almost as much as I did," he added with a grin.

Xavion blushed, turning his head in Malach's direction so that their noses were inches apart. "You're the one who decided to feel me up in the hall," he sassed, watching the blonde's pupils dilate as they stared into his own.

"And you're the one that decided to punch me in the face. You could've at least just pretended or held back a little," Mal said with a feigned pout, hoping Xav would comfort him with a kiss or two.

Xavion smiled, glancing down at the angel's soles. "What can I say? You have a very punchable face. It was practically begging me to give it a good whooping."

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"You're just lucky I heal fast," Malach grumbled before sighing, "or else I might've required some compensation for such harsh treatment. Preferably in the form of kisses. And cuddles."

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Xavion burst into laughter, raising his eyebrows at Mal. "Oh really? I guess it's a good thing you're all healed already then."

"It does still hurt. A lot actually," Malach lied, clutching his jaw with a look of pain. "I think a kiss would make me feel better, though."

Xavion leaned forward a bit more, gently bumping their noses together. Malach's eyes closed as he awaited another euphoric kiss from the demon.

"I guess I'll just have to suck it up and kiss you then," Xav whispered, caressing Malach's jaw as he sealed the gap between their lips.

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It was instinctual for Xavion to kiss hard and fast, to pour out his desire in an aggressive manner. But it was also instinctual for Malach to kiss slowly and sofly. He wanted to convey his adoration for the demon through his lips as he sweetly held him.

Though Xavion had initiated it and he was determined to be in charge. He gripped Malach's hair, rolling over to loom above the angel as he deepened the kiss. His hands quickly worked on unbuttoning Mal's shirt without breaking their lips apart for even a second.

"Xav," Malach said airily as the demon impatiently tugged his shirt off.

"Hm?" he replied, much more focused on the desire pumping through his veins.

Malach's skin was so soft against his own rough, but his muscles were nothing short of divine. Xavion had slept with many other creatures before, but none of them were like Mal. Malach was big and covered in muscle from hard hours of practice. All his previous lovers were small and dainty.

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He... quite liked the change. More than he wished to admit.

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"Don't you think this is a bit fast?" the angel asked, but the words died in his throat as he saw Xavion's dark eyes roaming over his exposed chest.

Suddenly he was very, very hot. Hotter than he'd ever felt before as Xav ground his hips into Mal's own.

"Not at all," Xav mumbled into the blonde's neck before his lips began kissing along the expanse of his jawline.

"M-me neither," Malach breathed, all reason flying out the window.

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He couldn't think or let angelic instincts take over when Xav was so close to him. Shakily, he unbuttoned Xavion's shirt in return. His breathing was uneven as the fabric slipped over Xav's shoulders, revealing his toned stomach adorned with sculpted abs.

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"Wow," Malach whispered, staring at the demon lovingly.

Xav couldn't help but feel shy under his heated gaze, sitting upright in Malach's lap. "What?" he mumbled.

"You're so handsome," Mal said with a happy sigh, circling his arms around the demon before delicately pushing Xavion onto his back.

"Thank heavens I get to call you mine."

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Xav melted. He melted into a puddle of warmth and happiness as Malach instead leaned over him, connecting their lips again in another heated kiss.

"I'm sure you can already tell, but I have no clue what I'm doing," Mal chuckled to himself, reaching a hand down to caress Xav's chiseled lower stomach. "All I know is that you mean the world to me, and I want to prove that to you in every way I possibly can."

Xavion wasn't used to this. He wasn't used to the kindness or the slow portrayal of a reaction. So many emotions flooded through him at once, but not a single one of them were bad. All he could feel was unconditional bliss.

Xavion groaned, halfheartedly trying to hide his blushing cheeks. "Oh just kiss me, you idiot."

"Xav, I'm trying to be romantic," Mal complained, going silent when Xavion arched his hips to grind their erections together.

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Once again, desire overpowered rational thoughts as the pressure applied to his groin intensified. The angel clenched his jaw, eyes squeezing shut. "You aren't making it very easy to portray my love and a reaction to you when you're doing that"

Xav grinned at him evilly before grabbing the tie still hanging around Mal's neck, using it to yank the angel's face close to his. "That's the point."

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The demon distracted Malach with his lips while he worked on pulling off his pants. After a bit of fumbling, he finally got them to his knees before desperately kicking off his own.

"What are we going to use for lube?" Xav panted into Malach's ear as he relentlessly rubbed their aching erections together. "We can't just use spit. I don't want to hurt you."

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Xav's eyes widened as he noticed the substance in Malach's hand. "There's a fucking lube production spell?!" he gawked. "Do you know how much money I've spent on lube? You have to teach me that."

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"First off, I brought a bottle of lube with me. Cyfrin gave it to me and told me to keep it on me at all times in case of emergencies. And second off," Malach spoke as he shuffled off the pants still around his knees, "You're the one I'm worried about hurting."

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Xavion stared into Malach's eyes in confusion, waiting for the angel to laugh and say he was joking, but he never did.

"You... you want to top?" Xav spluttered in disbelief.

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"Yes," Malach nodded, equally as confused as his head to the side. "Why is that so hard to believe?"

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"I don't know, you're just so innocent and... so... I just assumed you'd want to bottom," Xav explained awkwardly, feeling nervous at the idea of bottoming. "I've always been the top."

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Malach hummed in understanding, using his lube-covered hand to grasp Xavion's erection. "Are you comfortable being the bottom?" he asked sweetly.

Normally, Xav would've been melting at how considerate Malach was, but the hand around his dick was making it hard to feel anything but incredibly hot.

"I would prefer to top but it's up to you," Mal murmured into Xav's ear as he continued to stroke the demon's erection at an unbearably slow pace. "Xav?"

Xavion's eyes squeezed shut as he gritted his teeth, trying not to let any embarrassing sounds escape his lips. "I'll try bottoming. Just this once," he begrudgingly complied. "But only if you move your damn hand faster."

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Malach grinned, leaning down to kiss Xav's neck as he stroked the femur faster. Despite his best attempts, Xavion couldn't contain a few groans of pleasure as Malach's thumb brushed over his tip.

It wasn't the best handjob he'd ever received, but it certainly felt that way because it was with someone he actually cared for. Instead of another mindless one night hookup with a stranger that he never saw again or avoided, he was with a person that he loved and loved him.

In his daze, he didn't register when Malach spread his legs or brought his other hand between them. It was only when a finger began to prod at his entrance that his muscles clenched in anticipation.

"Don't be so tense. I've got you," Mal whispered, kissing the demon as he gently pushed a finger inside.

The intrusion wasn't unpleasant, but it wasn't great either. Xavion had been with enough people to know that his prostate would be the part that actually felt good. He just had to endure the odd sensation in the meantime. The hand on his cock helped, making him gasp and groan against the angel's soles.

Malach continued to distract him with his hand and more kisses as he slowly worked up to three fingers. His own erection ached with need every time Xav let out a little gasp or needy sound, but he ignored it for the time being. He was more concerned with making sure Xavion was properly stretched so that it would hurt as minimally as possible.

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That first brush against Xav's prostate was nothing short of euphoric. The intense sensation made his entire body jerk, his lower half chasing more of the sweet touch as his legs curled around Malach.

"Do that again," Xavion moaned brokenly, inhaling when Mal pressed against his sweet spot again.

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Xav fell apart the more Malach applied pressure to that spot inside him. It was the first time he had ever felt anything like it, but the pleasure was indescribable. Words simply weren't enough to portray the way his back arched while filthy moans poured through his lips as he craved more and more and more.

His mind went blank as all he could do was feel Malach's intoxicating touch. The way his skin began to boil and head tingled went unnoticed as he chased the sweet release that was so close.

He only realized what was happening when Malach suddenly pulled away from him, the tight knot forming in his gut disappearing at the loss. It was too late to stop it, he had gotten too caught up in the pleasure and shed into his demon form.

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Like this, his flesh was dark red with two horns sprouting from atop his head. All the white in his eyes was replaced with the deepest shade of black visible. Xav didn't think it was a very pretty sight to see, and he couldn't help but feel embarrassed in front of Malach who was so beautiful.

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"Oops," Xav mumbled, voice deep and scratchy.

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A/N

Xav be like

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