

CHAPTER 6: TELL ME WHY

The second Malach saw the teetering bookshelf, fear of his own blossomed in his chest. He didn't have a moment to think. He practically flew to Xavion and stood in front of him where the bookshelf was. Xavion gripped the back of the angel's shirt out of instinct as he hid behind him. He himself didn't have time to think, clinging to Malach despite his usual nature.

In the blink of an eye, water flooded from Malach's palms. His arms were raised above his head as his incredible powers worked their magic. The strong force instantly shoved the shelf back into place while extinguishing the nearby flames. His fear caused him to spray much more water than necessary, filling the room with it up to their knees.

Eventually, Malach's shaky hands slowly lowered until they were level with his chest. Then he noticed the tight grip Xavion had on his shirt. He could feel the slight tug when he moved to turn. The demon let go in an instant, realizing the danger was gone—at least that part of it was.

"Are you okay?" Malach asked in a so , concerned voice as he grasped both of Xav's shoulders gently. His fingertips curved inward and caused the demon to take a step closer.

Xavion was still in a daze as he nodded warily. The angel gave him a lopsided smile, getting distracted as he stared at his disheveled appearance.

"I don't know if now is the best time for you guys to flirt—"

"We are not flirting!" Xavion shouted at Cyfrin, yanking himself away from Malach's touch.

"I don't know man. That was kinda sus to me," Cyfrin sung cheekily.

Xavion slapped the side of his head, causing the other demon to yelp in pain. "Don't think I won't leave you here! I'll do it!" he threatened, knowing Cyfrin was still too weak to walk on his own.

Malach snickered at the fearful look on Cyfrin's face. "Come on, now isn't the time to argue," he mediated. "Let's get you guys out of here."

"Thanks, but no thanks. I've got it from here." Xavion tugged Cyfrin through the doorway and away from Malach.

The angel scoo ed, following right behind them. "What? You're still mad at me?"

Xavion ignored him as he guided Cyfrin down the stairs. They had to move extra slowly because of the water making the steps slippery. Malach sighed, using his powers to float over them. He stayed in the air in front of them as he stared at the demon expectantly, awaiting an answer.

This pissed Xavion o even more. "I'm not just madat you, I can't fucking stand you."

Instead of getting angry or upset like Xav thought Malach would, the asshole grinned.

"What the hell are you smiling about?" Xavion stopped in his tracks to glare at Mal, wishing he could wipe the cocky grin o his lips.

"Because you don't mean that," the angel simply answered as he lowered himself back onto the ground, a single step below Xav. "I know you don't."

Xavion blinked, wondering how on earth Malach could've come to that conclusion. It was the truth. He despised Malach for doing everything he couldn't with ease. It damaged his ego, made him feel worthless, caused Lucifer to be disappointed in him, and humiliated him time a er time.

He looked down at the determination on Malach's face and how sure of himself he seemed. "You really believe that, don't you?" he mused.

"I do," the angel said with a firm nod.

Xavion laughed, placing a hand on Malach's chest. Malach's smile widened for a split second before the demon shoved him backwards.

"Hell, Zisa isn't going to believe how much you two are flirting today," Cyfrin said in awe as Malach used his powers to catch himself before he could hit the ground.

Xavion scowled. "It's still not too late to leave you here."

"What was that for?" Malach complained as the two demons made their way down the rest of the stairs.

"For being a cocky bastard with a hero complex, that's what."

"But I saved you," the angel practically whined as he trailed a er Xavion, searching for his validation. "You would've been crushed if I wasn't there!"

"You sprayed some water and moved a bookshelf. Big deal," Xavion hu ed, shoving over the exit doors. The bottom half of the three boys were drenched in water that trickled behind them as they walked.

Malach frowned, disappointed by the demon's reaction. He thought he'd at least gain a few points back for saving his life. He wasn't even sure why Xavion hated him so much in the first place when he hadn't done anything horribly wrong to him. What did he do that was so bad?

Xavion, including all the other reasons, was angry by the fact that Malach did indeed save him. He didn't want to be some damsel in distress. He didn't need to be saved. What he did need was to be le alone by everyone so he could figure out his problems on his own. Why couldn't anyone seem to understand that?

"Cyfrin!" Zisa shouted, bolting over to them. "Are you hurt? Why are you idiots soaking wet?"

"Malach put out a flaming bookshelf that was about to crush me and Xavion with hydrokenesis!" Cy exclaimed, brightening up when he saw her. "It was incredible! He practically created a damn tsunami."

Xav gritted his teeth, shrugging Cyfrin o in annoyance. He walked past them to go somewhere alone but paused when there were footsteps behind him.

"Can you quit fucking following me already?" Xavion snapped, whipping around to face the angel he couldn't stand.

Malach inhaled, frustrated but not having the heart to take it out on Xav. "I just want to know why you hate me so much."

The demon paused, taken aback before bursting into laughter. "You can't be serious right now."

Malach frowned at him. "I am."

Xavion shook his head. "Forget it," he muttered, walking away until the angel grabbed his wrist.

Malach forced the brunette to face him again, staring into his eyes. He was so sure that Xavion didn't hate him. He knew it, deep down inside his soul. But the way Xav was glaring at him made his mind waver.

"Fine. You wanna know why I hate you so much? I'll tell you," the demon angrily hissed, though Malach was started to regret asking just by hearing his tone of voice. "Let's start with how you have no sense of boundaries. You weave your way into everybody's business all the damn time."

"But I'm trying to help them," Mal interrupted.

"Nobody asked for your fucking help, Malach," he spat out his name like a forbidden word. "Have you ever considered that not everyone wants you interfering with their lives?"

"You don't get it. I'm going to take over for Yahweh one day. I'm responsible for everyone's happiness," the angel said defensively. Now he really regretted asking.

"And now here we go with your superiority complex," Xavion sarcastically cheered, jabbing his fingers into Malach's chest. "You think you're so much better than everyone else, don't you? You think you're better than the other angels, the weres, the vamps, you even think you're better than me."

"That's not true—"

Xavion cut him o with a laugh. "Isn't it? Then why did you run into a burning building? Why wouldn't you leave me alone when I told you to? Why couldn't you even stop fucking following me?"

The angel went silent, feeling anger bubbling up in his stomach. He rarely got angry. He was too self-disciplined and experienced to throw temper tantrums, but the way Xavion was talking to him was testing that control.

Malach ran into a burning building because he couldn't find Xavion outside, he wouldn't leave Xav alone because he knew the demon couldn't get Cyfrin out alone—which he was right about—and he wouldn't stop following Xav because his heart was desperate for more of the boy's attention. All of his intentions were good. Every single one of them.

"Okay. I'll leave you alone," Malach quietly murmured as he stared at the concrete under their toes.

The demon stared at him in disbelief. "Is that all you have to say?"

"What do you want me to say, Xav?" Malach questioned, sounding defeated. He didn't know what more he could do to resolve things between them. Nothing he did seemed to please the angry demon.

Xavion was about to go o on another tangent when he saw the principal, Mrs. Sapphire, over Malach's shoulder. And she was storming their way.

"Shit."

