

CHAPTER 11: DESIRE

Water cascaded down Xavion's back, boiling hot. He pulled the shower lever to the side to turn up the heat, wanting to feel the burn on his skin, but it was already all the way on. Pulling away with a dissatisfied groan, the demon hung his head and closed his eyes under the stream. All he wanted was to stop thinking about Malach.

He heard it—what Haven said back in the classroom. That Malach desireshim. It started out with sneaking quick glances at each other, until the damned angel was shamelessly checking him out in front of everyone. The memory would've heated his cheeks if the steaming water hadn't done it already.

It was hard to believe Haven's words. Part of him was convinced it was some cruel joke the two wanted to play on him, though angels didn't often seek out that sort of thing on their own. Most of them were full of unconditional kindness, and even though he doubted the girl cared about his feelings whatsoever, he didn't think she would do such a thing. At least not on purpose.

Maybe her magic was off. Maybe she misread Malach's emotions. Maybe Xavion heard wrong. He didn't know. Did he even want to?

But then again, his mind drifted toward that day they were cleaning the room together. The day Malach asked to kiss him. He shivered at the thought.

A loud knock on the door caused him to jolt up. "Goddamnit, Cyfrin," he groaned under his breath as he trudged out of the shower.

Ever since they had to switch to the temporary dorms, the idiot kept forgetting his key and constantly made Xavion open it for him. It was even more annoying since Cyfrin wasn't speaking to him and the air was always tense afterward.

Xav knew it wasn't right to be too mad about it. He kind of deserved it after what he did, though that didn't stop him.

"Cy, how many damn times are you going to forget to bring your own fucking key?" the demon yelled as he tugged a towel around his hips and approached the door.

Irritated, he yanked it open, freezing when Malach was standing on the other side.

"Fuck off," the demon growled. Malach opened his mouth to speak but the brunette didn't hesitate to slam the door shut in his face.

At the last second, the angel slid his foot between the doorframe so that it didn't close all the way, forcing it back open. "Hold on a second," he tried, sighing when Xavion gave him a death glare.

"I won't ask again, angel. Get the hell out of my dorm before I do it myself," Xav harshly threatened as he clenched his fists. Only his head was visible from the position, his grip on the knob tight to prevent Mal from getting in.

Malach frowned. "Angel?" he questioned, confused why the brunette was suddenly acting like the two didn't even know each other. Maybe they weren't close, or even friends, but they were close enough to use one another's names.

"That's what you are," he said sharply. His throat felt tight as the expression on Mal's face slowly drooped down into a look of disappointment, making the demon want to growl because of how much it affected him. "Fine, just say what you came here for and go. I don't want to be around you longer than I have to."

The angel's bright features were quickly replaced with excitement once again. Xavion didn't know whether he was grateful or if it pissed him off more.

Malach made a move to enter but Xavion held out his arm to stop him. "You can say it from here."

The blonde looked around nervously, looking from side to side to see who was around. A few students were lingering in the hallways and he didn't want to risk them overhearing their conversation.

"I can't. It's... private," Mal mumbled, trying to keep his chin up to remain confident.

Xav groaned loudly before letting go of the door and turning around, a silent invitation for the angel to come inside. Malach quickly caught on and stepped forward. He shut the door behind him and took a step forward. Then he froze.

The towel hanging lowly on the demon's hips left little to the imagination. A few stray water droplets clung to his skin, running down his defined pecs and abs, leading down to the sculpted V-line which disappeared beneath the cotton. Malach's lips parted, fixated on the strong curve of his biceps and prominent collarbones. The demon was naturally packed with muscle from head to toe, though Mal had never seen him like this before.

Xavion wiped his damp hair from his forehead, feeling a bit confused and shy by the angel's intense gaze. His previous anger seemed to have melted away as he resorted to shyness and embarrassment, against his will of course.

"Well?" the brunette tried to say bitterly, though it came out timid. Mustering up all the courage he had, he began to fake his confidence once again. "Spit it out already. You're the one who came here."

"I..." Malach trailed off before eventually closing his mouth. So many new emotions were barreling through his body and he didn't understand any of them. He always understood things.

"Go on," Xavion mocked encouragement as he crossed his arms impatiently.

The demon's strong bicep flexed with the movement and Malach couldn't help his eyes from following the movement. It only stirred up his mixed emotions even more. What on earth was going on?

The pit of his stomach clenched, feeling uncomfortably hot and tight. His mouth was watering, yet too dry to speak at the same time. This deep, intense hunger sizzled through him, but he had eaten lunch merely an hour ago.

When the silence hung in the air for too long, Xavion's small string of patience snapped like a twig, and he shoved the angel against the wall out of anger. He pinned Malach's wrists beside each of his shoulders so that the blonde couldn't move, snarling in his face.

"What? Did you just come here to mock me?" the angry demon shouted as he subconsciously squeezed Mal's wrists tighter.

The position only made the angel's predicament worse. His groin ached with need as Xavion's body pressed dangerously close to his. Their proximity was driving him wild, making his brain malfunction as his mouth opened without any words coming out.

Malach swallowed down the confusion soaring through him. He had come for a reason and he needed an answer. Staring and getting all flustered like a young school girl wasn't on the agenda.

"Did... did you happen to overhear anything earlier?" he forced out, attempting to sound vague in case the answer was no.

Xav scoffed. "I hear lots of things."

The angel shook his head. "I mean earlier. In class," he said in a soft voice. "It was right before you walked out. I assumed that was why you left."

Trying his best not to blush, Xavion hesitated. He did overhear Malach's conversation with Haven. It was all he'd been thinking about ever since it happened. The real question was whether he wanted the angel to know that or not.

If he said yes, who knew how Malach would react? He could burst into laughter, telling Xavion it was all just a joke to mess with him. It left him vulnerable to rejection. He didn't want that.

"No, I left because of this annoying fucker. He's freakishly tall and has a staring problem," the brunette sarcastically replied in attempt to shift the topic. "Sound familiar?"

Malach's lips slowly curled into a fond grin, relieved that Xavion hadn't heard and amused by the response. "I can't say he does. Is he cute?" he teased.

Xavion scowled, letting go of the blonde's wrists in an instant. "No, he's ugly. Ugly and fat," he lied. "Just looking at him makes me want to hurl my guts out."

The desire swirling in Malach's stomach simmered as it was replaced with a feeling of tenderness instead. He loved making the stubborn demon flustered, riling him up and teasing him. His reactions were so cute and filled Mal to the brim with warmth.

"That sounds a bit harsh, don't you think?" he pretended to pout, grinning as Xavion's nostrils flared.

"That's me putting it lightly. I can't fucking stand the guy."

"Why not?" the angel asked, slightly tilting his head to the side as he gazed into Xav's eyes. Even though he had let go of Malach's wrists, neither of them stepped apart. They stared at each other, Xavion swarming with resentment and Malach burning with a reaction.

"Because," he murmured simply, turning his head with a light blush after realizing they were staring too long. He made a move to step back but the angel flipped their positions, now pressing the brunette's back against the wall instead.

"I think you should give him a chance."

Malach's voice came out as a low whisper, his deep voice doing all sorts of things to Xavion's self-control. He wanted to be mad, but all he felt was a burning sense of desire instead. He didn't want to, and he would never admit it, but it was undeniable.

He was suddenly hyperaware of his shirtless form so close to the angel. It made his stomach churn in a painfully pleasurable manner, mind reeling by merely knowing what a thin layer of material was stopping... well, he didn't know what it was stopping. A filthy, disgusting part of him wanted to find out.

Maybe Xavion couldn't stand Malach as a person, but his body was certainly interested.

"And why the hell would I do that?" the demon asked shakily, hating himself for not even trying to push Mal away.

Malach let out a small breath, brows furrowed as if he were fighting a ruthless battle in his mind. Eventually, he swallowed and bowed his head with eyes squeezed shut. "Because I—"

"Oh shit," a voice spoke as the door creaked open. "Are you guys about to fuck? Is now a bad time?"

Xavion choked on his own spit, shoving the angel away from him as hard as he could. Of course it was the one damn time Cyfrin remembered his keys.

"Don't you know how to fucking knock!" Xav shouted, face sizzling a dark red color up to the tips of his ears as he held onto his towel with a death grip.

"I live here!" Cyfrin exclaimed in defense, eyes curiously shining between the two of them back and forth. "If you told me in advance you were bringing a fuck buddy over, I would've stayed out longer."

"Out! Get the fuck out!" Xavion shouted in embarrassment, shoving Cyfrin out the door with full force.

"Xav—" Malach began but was quickly interrupted as he too was pushed out the door.

Xavion rested his back against the closed door, humiliated. He panted with eyes clamped shut as he waited to hear the two's footsteps leave. Instead he heard something else.

"Well shit," Cyfrin chuckled, "I didn't know angels did the no pants dance before tying the knot."

Malach blinked at him. "The what?"

"The no pants dance," he repeated slowly, not comprehending the blonde's natural innocence. "Sex. I'm talking about sex."

The angel's face dropped, blushing from hearing such bluntness when referring to what was supposed to be an intimate act of affection between two people deeply in love.

"That is extremely inappropriate!" he spluttered, heart pounding rapidly in his chest just thinking about him and Xavion in such a way. Sex had never interested him too much, not until recently, at least.

Cyfrin laughed loudly and gave Mal an incredulous glance. "You're telling me you've never thought about fucking somebody before?"

He quickly shook his head. "Angels aren't interested in fucking or anything to do with it before finding their true love, usually even marriage."

The demon's face paled. "Don't tell me you've never jerked off before. No way."

Malach's eyes met with the ground as his weight shifted from side to side. "That's none of your business," he mumbled awkwardly.

"Well, good luck to you, but I'm not sure how much longer that'll last." He patted a confused Malach on the shoulder twice before heading down the hallway. Though the angel's question was answered when Cyfrin hollered, "FYI, dude, you've got a raging boner!"

Malach looked down in horror as he saw the stiletto in his pants, courtesy of Xavion.



A/N

Did you like the chapter? What do you guys think of Malach's innocence? Do you think Xavion is being too harsh? Leave a comment

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