

CHAPTER 26: A MESSAGE

Malach sighs, remembering Xav's words that had sent another wave of desire crashing through him. He was barely holding onto his last restraint as Xav whispered those unholy words into his ear that resulted in the angel's briefs growing painfully tight.

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"I don't know how you guys went from hating each other's guts to dating," Haven whispered, pulling Malach from his dirty thoughts of the previous day. "You're the last two people I'd expect to end up together, but somehow it's kind of fitting."

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"I never hated him in the first place," Mal whispered back, being extra quiet so that the professor wouldn't notice the two not paying much attention to their lesson.

"Yeah, but he certainly hated you. And he wasn't very shy about it either."

"He was just confused," Malach mumbled, feeling a little discouraged by her words. He didn't like the thought of Xav hating him. "Didn't understand his own feelings. That's all."

"If you say so," Haven sighed as she doodled an eye on the side of her paper. "And you said your father already knows about all of this? How did he take it?"

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Malach hummed in thought. "He handled it a lot better than I anticipated. Honestly, I think he's sort of excited for me."

Haven quietly laughed at the image of Yahweh shipping Malach and Xavion—the two most different people she could pair—being together romantically. The whole situation was unexpected and extremely out of the ordinary.

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"Well I'm happy for you guys," she said through a mildly pained grin. Her feelings for Malach were still there, but she did genuinely want him to be happy, even if it wasn't with her. Her angelic instincts wouldn't allow her to wish any less upon anyone, regardless of their status. "Maybe it won't be as hard as I originally thought for you guys to be together."

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"I hope not," Mal responded with a content sigh, leaning back in his seat as his head flooded with thoughts of him and Xav cuddling again. "I think that the universe understands we're meant to be together. And I doubt fate would make a true match difficult for no reason."

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Xavion was walking alongside Cyfrin in the academy garden, tiredly listening to Cy rant about the detention him and Zisa got for throwing rocks at freshmen the previous day. Apparently Professor Maanen had caught the two in the midst of their crime and reported them.

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"It wasn't even my idea! Zisa practically begged me to do it with her," Cyfrin complained, throwing his hands up in frustration. "But now we're both in trouble and they called our parents. My dad doesn't want me hanging around her anymore. Bitch, are you listening to me?"

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"Vaguely," Xav answered as he tossed a stray pebble into the waterfall created by magic beside the greenery. It was meant to gradually water all the surrounding plants and added an aesthetic vibe to the mesmerizing view. "Why do you care what your father thinks anyway? It's not like he's around to even know if you're with her or not."

Cyfrin pouted. "But I'll know."

"So?" Xav looked up as he scooped. "How does that make a difference?"

"I like my dad. I don't want to lie to him," Cy mumbled sadly.

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Xavion bitterly laughed. He supposed it made sense why he couldn't understand Cyfrin's perspective, considering the hatred he was beginning to grow for his own father.

They never had a good relationship in the past and that was just normal to Xav. Though now that he and Malach were becoming closer, Lucifer was the only factor left that continued to leave Xavion on edge. He was constantly worried about Lucifer finding out about their relationship and what he'd do if he knew that Malach actually meant something to Xav. That their relationship was more than the demon just trying to get close to Mal to find his weaknesses.

And on the other hand, he was terrified that Malach would find out about the war Lucifer was planning and think Xavion was pretending to have feelings for him.

All of it was real. Everything he felt for the angel was real. The only problem was how to proceed now that Lucifer expected him to betray his love—to betray Malach.

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"Xavion?" Cyfrin pulled Xav from his intrusive thoughts, sounding a mixture of fearful and confused. "You see that too, right?"

Xav turned to see Cy pointing at the same waterfall he'd been staring at in boredom, except now there was a figure protruding out of the front that looked suspiciously familiar.

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"What the hell? What is that!" Xav shouted, stumbling a few feet back when a deep humming sound began to emit from the unknown formation.

"I have no idea," Cyfrin audibly breathed as he gripped Xavion's bicep in fear, "But I think we should get out of here. Fast!"

Xavion nodded, going to follow a few Cy who hurriedly ran out of the garden, but stopped when the mysterious silhouette called his name in a low whisper. He paused, glancing back at the water that had now fully transformed into the physique of a person. Rather, the physique of Lucifer.

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Xav's lips parted in shock as his father urged him to come closer, the water altering into the shape of a hand as the finger beckoned him. "Come forth, son. We have much to discuss."

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With his heart pounding at an alarming rate, Xavion's long legs moved before his brain could process what was happening. On the outside, he calmly scaled the garden until he was a few feet before the mirage of his father. But on the inside, he was losing his mind.

What if one of the angels in Heaven recognized Xav and reported him to Lucifer? Or maybe another student has noticed Mal being a bit touchy with Xav on the rare occasion Xavion didn't immediately push him away. It was even possible Haven or Zisa snatched on them. He was suddenly regretting not taking more precautions to hide their relationship.

"Father," Xavion greeted in a monotone voice, despite being internally petrified.

"Be seated," Lucifer firmly instructed Xavion who sat upon one of the stones lining the plants. "I've come to learn the information you've gathered concerning the angel thus far. Have you found a weakness of his yet?"

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Xav was relieved that Lucifer's sudden appearance wasn't over anything anything detrimental, but almost laughed at the question. Malach didn't have weaknesses. It was his job not to.

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"I haven't discovered anything yet," the demon answered instead. "I've been training beside him but he's skilled in everything he does."

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The silhouette of Lucifer went quiet, and Xavion felt a painful sense of guilt for not being more useful rising in his stomach. He hated that he wanted so badly to impress the devil, but he did.

"I see," Lucifer murmured in a distraught tone. "It would be a lie to say I'm not disappointed in you, son. I gave you an important job and you failed to provide use to me."

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"I-I'm still working on it. I'll have more information soon, I promise," Xavion insisted, unsure of why he was so desperate to please the man.

"I hope that's true," Lucifer replied condescendingly, "Or else I might have to reconsider who's going to fight beside me in this war."

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Xavion's mouth dried up like a desert. His father would really choose another person in place of him? He didn't know whether he should be surprised or not. Part of him was, part of him wasn't. Maybe he knew the truth deep down and was just hoping it wasn't true.

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"I understand," he whispered pitifully, bowing his head. "I'll do better next time."

Xavion looked up when he didn't receive a response, shocked to see the waterfall back to normal as it trickled down and provided moisture to the surrounding greenery.

Lucifer was gone.

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A/N

Other than Malach and Xavion, who are your favorite characters in this story?

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