

CHAPTER 31: REALIZATION

It took about twenty minutes of begging before Malach eventually dragged Xavion out of the dorm room. The demon was terrified to talk to Yahweh. Mal just assumed he was being a bit shy - he had no idea the real reason behind Xavion's worries.

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If Yahweh knew about their relationship, the chances of Lucifer finding out grew exponentially. And if that happened, the results would be disastrous.

Xav still hadn't decided what he was going to do regarding the upcoming war. He couldn't rule by his father's side if it meant he'd have to betray Malach, but he also hated the idea of disappointing Lucifer yet again.

"He's going to love you," Mal said in a comforting tone as he unlocked his dorm room, leading Xav inside. "I promise there's nothing to be worried about. He's already really accepting of our relationship."

Xavion silently nodded, though that was barely a concern to him at the moment. How could he be worried about that when Lucifer was so dangerously close to finding out the truth?

"Hey," Malach murmured with a frown, noticing how quiet the demon was being and taking a step forward to pull Xav into a hug. "What's got you so upset? Are you really this nervous about meeting my dad?"

Xavion gladly accepted the comforting embrace, resting his chin on top of Mal's shoulder as he exhaled. He wanted to tell Malach. He really, truly did. But he couldn't. Not yet at least.

"Would a kiss make you feel better?" the angel asked, gently stroking Xav's hair.

Xav snickered, leaning in to kiss the idiot anyway. Their lips collided as their hands tightly gripped onto one another, passion igniting deep within them.

And yes, yes it did make him feel better.

But what didn't feel so great was Yahweh suddenly appearing in front of them with an amused grin, having used a transportation spell to travel between Heaven and Mal's room.

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Xavion quickly pulled away from the kiss with a yelp, jumping a few feet back in surprise while Malach awkwardly scratched the back of his neck.

"Hey, dad..." Malach uncomfortably said. "Not that it isn't great to see you, but maybe try giving us a warning next time first?"

Yahweh let out a hearty laugh before hugging his son. "Sorry to interrupt! I'll make sure to give you a call next time." He turned to the demon, smile expanding. "And I take it you're the famous Xavion I've heard so much about!"

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Xav nodded his head, reaching out to shake the man's hand, but was stopped when he was met with a hug just like the one Malach had been given. It was a fatherly embrace - one he'd never experienced from his own dad before. It was... nice.

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"Malach here just goes on and on about you every time we speak! I can never get a word out of him about anything else," Yahweh said as he moved back. "Although apparently he's turned into quite the troublemaker here. A fight, Malach? Really?"

"Sometimes I talk about other things," Mal mumbled, feeling embarrassed. "And I can explain the fight! Xav and I—"

Yahweh took a seat on the bed, shaking his head. "We can get into it another time. I have more important matters we need to discuss."

"Should I leave?" Xav asked despite being curious to what Yahweh was talking about.

Yahweh shook his head. "That won't be necessary. This actually involves you as well."

Xavion began to sweat as he caught on, but tried to act normal as he and Malach sat on the other bed opposite to Yahweh.

"What is this about?" Malach asked, sounding concerned as he intertwined his and Xav's fingers together.

"There's been some rumors going around about an upcoming war with demons." Yahweh glanced at Xav, who was pretending to be surprised as he tried to gauge Xavion's reaction, but didn't say anything about it. "It isn't confirmed yet, but it wouldn't exactly be out of character for Lucifer."

Xav bit his tongue to keep himself from speaking. They couldn't know he already knew about the war - Malach would never trust him again and Yahweh would hate his guts.

"A war?" Malach repeated, taken aback by the news. "Why would he want to start a war?"

Yahweh took a deep breath. "It's hard to tell with him. He could be angry about the new peace treaty, or perhaps he's bored and just wants to cause some destruction for mere amusement."

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"Has he mentioned anything about this to you, Xav?" Malach asked with wide, worried eyes as he turned to his boyfriend.

Despite his demon nature, it hurt. It physically hurt him to lie, not because it was wrong, but because of the person he was lying to... but he did it anyway.

Xavion shook his head. "No, we haven't spoken much recently. He's been pretty busy."

"Busy enough to be planning a war?" Yahweh cut in with his eyebrows raised.

The demon gulped nervously. He didn't know what he was supposed to do. "I don't know. I guess it's possible, yeah."

"Look, Xavion," Yahweh said as he leaned forward, eyes suddenly serious. "I know you're the son of Lucifer, and I also know we're all very aware of the implications that raises for your relationship with my son. But, the important question is whose side you want to be on if this war is to be pursued."

Malach's gaze met Xavion's, filled with fear as the angel squeezed Xav's hand a little bit tighter. Xav could tell what the man was thinking.

My side. You'd pick my side, right?

Although Xavion felt somewhat obligated to be loyal to Lucifer, the brash treatment he'd endured for so many years began to gnaw away at that ideology ingrained in his brain. He didn't have to pick his father if he didn't want to. He was his own person, now grown and matured. He could now choose any future he wanted.

And what he wanted was Malach. The breathtaking angel who was so sweet and kind to him. The only person who'd ever truly been interested in Xav, not for his position or power, but for him. Mal could ultimately have anyone he wanted, but he chose him. And Xavion chose him back.

Xav squeezed Malach's hand back. "I'm on whatever side Mal is on."

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Yahweh smiled, sensing the demon's honesty. "Well we're glad to have you on our side," he said before pausing. "Come to think of it, it may actually be quite useful to have demon intel to figure out Lucifer's intentions."

"I'll try to see what I can do," Xav agreed. He didn't yet know of Lucifer's exact plans, but with a little stretching of the truth he could likely figure out some details.

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Malach pulled Xavion closer to him with a frown glazing over his lips. "We shouldn't put Xav in that position. Lucifer is still his father regardless of the war."

Yahweh hesitated for a moment, attention turning back toward Xav. A look of realization washed over Yahweh's features as he stared at the demon who quickly grew uncomfortable.

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"Dad?" Malach called. "Is something wrong? What are you doing?"

"... I must return to Heaven immediately. There's been an emergency." Yahweh stood from the bed, quickly hugging his son goodbye.

"Do you have to go so soon?" Malach asked, disappointed. "I thought the three of us could—"

Yahweh disappeared before Mal could even finish his sentence, leaving him and Xav in silence as they stared at the empty space in front of them.

"I think your dad hates me," Xavion murmured.

"What?" Mal asked. "Of course he doesn't hate you! He loved you!"

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Xav stood up before beginning to pace back and forth. "Then what the hell was that weird stare thing he was doing before abruptly leaving?"

Malach stood up, reaching out to hold Xav steady. "He doesn't hate you, I promise. I know him - he probably just remembered something important. That's all."

"It sure didn't seem that way to me," Xavion grumbled, not being able to refrain from leaning into the angel's arms.

"Hey, what do I have to do to make you believe me?" Mal questioned, voice so soft and sweet as he held Xav close.

"Well, you could try doing this a little bit longer," he suggested, finding Malach's embrace very comfortable as he snuggled closer.

Mal laughed, holding him anyway. "This will make you believe me?"

"No, but it'll make me fall asleep, and that's just as good."

That's how the two eventually fell asleep together, cuddled up on Malach's bed with his firm chest pressed to Xav's back.

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A/N

What are your thoughts on Yahweh?

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