

## CHAPTER 40: MY EVERYTHING

In all his angelic glory, Xav stood there and waited for Lucifer to reveal himself. Xavion's bare chest rose up and down, the fabric of the cloth around his legs shaking from his heavy breathing.

"Come out here!" he shouted to the sky before once again being faced with nothing but silence.

He went to take a step forward a er getting fed up with being ignored, but a zapping sound and sudden gust of air stopped him.

Slowly, he turned. "What the-"

Before Xav could process what was happening, he was hurdling face-first through a portal. His arms flailed around helplessly as his new wings struggled to help him stay upright but the wind was much too strong to keep his balance.

A shout le his lips as he tumbled through the portal that Lucifer must've sent him through. A er a few moments of free falling, he finally came to a stop as he crashed into the wall of his dorm room. He was back on earth.

Xavion thumped against his dresser before falling onto the floor. "Shit," he gasped, clutching one of his wings that had gotten injured in the portal.

A er catching his breathing, he looked up, expecting to see Cyfrin staring at him with wide eyes. Instead, the room was empty. It had to been nearly morning... so where was Cy?

"Cyfrin?" Xav groaned in pain, checking to see if he was in the bathroom but was again le with silence.

Worried the idiot had gotten himself into trouble, Xav stumbled toward his bed and picked up his phone to try calling. When the screen lit up, he was met with dozens of missed calls and texts from Malach.

Is everything okay?

I know you need space, but I'm starting to worry Xav.

Let me help you. We can get through whatever you're dealing with together.

Please text me back. I'm terrified.

Guilt overwhelmed Xavion. How could he ignore his own boyfriend and act so rashly before talking to him about it?

He made it out in the end, but what if he hadn't? He'd been so close to death. He could almost taste it. He even acceptedt... what if he had? What if Lucifer had taken his powers, tossed him aside, and Malach never saw him again?

A shaky sigh escaped his mouth as he hesitantly texted the angel to come to his room. Xavion knew he couldn't keep resisting help anymore, even if healing was more painful than coping with his trauma.

He'd overcome the mental barrier in his mind, but he would always carry the same insecurities with them. The only di erence was that now he could deal with conflict properly despite those negative feelings.

It didn't take more than five minutes before the angel was bursting through his door. Mal was in a frantic state: hair an absolute disaster upon his head, disheveled pajamas with his bottoms on backwards, evidence of a sleepless night beneath his eyes.

But the lookon his face when he saw Xavion. Sitting on top of his bed, fluy wings spread out behind his back and body covered in dirt from his earlier escape in the cornfield.

Before asking a million questions about the change in appearance like Xav had been expecting, Malach threw himself on top of him, falling backwards onto the mattress together as question a er question was thrown his way.

"Where did you go? What did you do? How could you leave without talking to me? Did Lucifer hurt you? I was so worried," Mal spewed his mess of emotions, burying his face in Xavion's neck as he held him as close as possible. "I didn't... I didn't think you would come back."

Xavion's eyes watered as he allowed himself to melt into the warm embrace. "I'm so sorry, Mal. I'll never do anything like this again," he said.

And he meant it. From now on, they were a team.

"Are you hurt?" Malach asked, pulling away to meet his boyfriend's gaze.

Xav smiled, pressing their foreheads together. "Yes."

Mal quickly scanned over his face for any injuries. "Let me fix it. What happened?"

Without saying anything, Xavion stood up and revealed his new wings to their full size as Malach watched in awe. Xav placed his hand over the cut along his shoulder and squeezed his eyes shut. When he moved his hand away, the wound was gone.

Malach's jaw dropped to the floor. In his distressed state, his mind hadn't even processed the angel wings.

"Xav," he breathed, standing up. "You have angel wings... does that mean you did it? Did you break the barrier? Where is Lucifer?"

Xavion grinned as Mal continued harassing him with questions. Instead of answering, he dropped the small piece of cloth (and the only thing he was wearing) that'd been covering his waist onto the floor.

Malach immediately shut up.

"I'll answer whatever questions you have later. Right now, I want you to be quiet and take your clothes o."

The angel's face turned a cute shade of red. He looked like he was mentally debating whether or not to indulge in his desires or continue the conversation, but Xav firmly nudged him back onto the bed.

"Clothes o," he said again. "Unless you're not interested..."

Malach aggressively shook his head no. "I am very much interested." He glanced down at Xav's bare body, feeling arousal ricochet through his stomach. "I just want to make sure you're okay first."

Xavion straddled his thighs, leaning forward until their lips were almost touching. "I've never felt better," he answered honestly. "Now, all I want is you."

Malach kissed him, the remainder of his clothing slipping o somewhere in the middle. Xav set a rough, fast pace that was both passionate and unbearably hot. It didn't take long before Mal began to shi too.

His already generous muscles rippled as they grew even larger, wings identical to Xav's sprouting from his back. Their lips didn't part for a second as Mal transformed. Xavion only deepened the kiss, gliding his tongue against Malach's.

Xav moved to kiss along his exposed neck, relishing in the groans Malach made. It made his stomach clench with adoration and another wave of arousal.

Panting, Xavion sat up to see the blissful expression on Mal's face. He looked so happy. So peaceful and calm. It made Xav feel all those same things too.

And he never imagined happiness was an emotion he'd be so familiar with. Months ago, he couldn't even recognize any feeling besides rage and nothingness. Malach had somehow broken down his walls of protecting and taught him how to feel again.

"I love you," Xav blurted out. "I love you. I love you more than I know how to say, and I never want to stop loving you, Malach."

Tears trickled down Xavion's face. Malach didn't hesitate to brush them away, squeezing the boy to his chest.

"I love you too, Xav," he murmured in a so , sweet tone. "You're the world to me. You're my everything."



A/N

All the comments are gonna either be lik or people sad they didn't do the no pants dance in this chapter. Emphasis on 'this' chapter :)