

EPILOGUE

The stool wobbled like it had a personal vendetta against him.

“C’mon, you stupid son of a—” Blitzø hissed through gritted teeth, up on his toes. One hand clawed at the damn box on the top shelf while the other flailed wildly for balance. “Who the fuck even puts shit up this high? Satan himself?”

The box tilted. *He tilted*. His hoof slipped on the edge of the stool and—

“Oh, shit—!”

A hand, warm and steady, caught the box before it could crash down and gently pushed it back into place. Another braced Blitzø’s hip, stopping him from eating the floorboards.

He exhaled through his nose, heart hammering, and looked up, straight into a pair of smug crimson eyes blinking down at him.

“If you need help,” Stolas said smoothly, “you can always ask for it. I do come with functional limbs, after all.”

Blitzø rolled his eyes, shooting him a crooked grin. “My hero,” he muttered, leaning up to plant a quick kiss on Stolas’s lips. The owl flushed so hard he practically turned into a furnace.

“I was looking for the wrench,” Blitzø added, hopping down from the stool with a grunt. “That demon-shit door’s screeching like Moxxie in heat every time we open it.”

Stolas arched an eyebrow and handed him the tool. “I do hope that’s not a sound you’re intimately familiar with.”

Blitzø barked a laugh. “You wish I was into screaming. Nah, that’s your department, birdie.”

Stolas chuckled behind his hand as Blitzø headed toward the front door, fiddling with the loose hinge while the owl hovered nearby, leaning casually on the counter.

Blitzø turned slightly. “Are you staring at my ass, or just making sure I don’t die tragically by door maintenance?”

“A bit of both,” Stolas replied smoothly, that sly smile curving in a way that sent a jolt to Blitzø’s gut.

“Creep,” Blitzø muttered with a grin, wrench still clutched in hand. “Loona around?”

“She left just a bit ago,” Stolas said. “Said the light was perfect to photograph the hell-cows.”

Blitzø grinned, tightening the bolt with a victorious twist. “Knew she’d like those creepy bastards with their big ugly faces...” He gave the hinge one final tug and stepped back, satisfied. “Hell yeah. Smooth as buttered sin.”



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Stolas clapped softly. "Bravo, my rugged handyman."

Blitzø wiped imaginary sweat off his forehead with dramatic flair. "Can't help it. Raw masculinity just leaks out of me."

"Oh, I've noticed," Stolas said, voice syrupy. "Especially when you're screaming."

Blitzø snorted. "Only when you're really trying," he shot back with a wicked grin.

Stolas gave him that sharp smile, the one that always meant problems for Blitzø's lower half. "Oh, that's a challenge, then," he purred, and suddenly lunged, jabbing him in the ribs with a pointed claw.

"Hey!" Blitzø yelped, twisting. "No fair, that's a war crime—!"

"Admit it," Stolas said calmly, with menace in his voice, "you *are* the screamer."

"Not a chance, *birdbrain*."

The poking escalated into a full-blown tickle assault, and Blitzø went down like a sack of bricks, squirming and shouting half-laughs, half-threats while Stolas pounced.

"I swear to Satan I'll bite you," Blitzø growled between wheezes.

"I *count* on it," Stolas replied sweetly.

Eventually Blitzø grabbed a pillow from the nearby chair and thunked it square against Stolas's face. The owl flopped to the floor like he'd been mortally wounded, limbs splayed with dramatic flair. Blitzø plopped down beside him with a grunt.

"Well, now I'm not fixing shit."

Stolas laughed softly, long legs folding behind Blitzø again as the imp slouched back into his chest without resistance. Just the kind of comfort that came so naturally.

Blitzø leaned back, breathing in the scent of him, warm and soothing.

"Fucking menace," he muttered.

"I love you too," Stolas murmured, smiling against his temple as he wrapped his arms around him.

And for a moment, the whole damn world was quiet.

They were still unpacking, settling into the tiny cottage out in the Wrath Ring. Real cozy shit, right next to Millie's parents' place, which Moxxie *loved*, obviously. Blitzø told him it was the perfect way to butter up his in-laws, and now Moxxie was stuck doing farm chores every morning. Not very successfully. Last week he tried to herd a hell-goat and nearly got his face kicked into orbit.

Stolas, meanwhile, had gone full garden gremlin. Herbs, flowers, food, and little magical plants that spat glitter if you breathed wrong near them. Blitzø wasn't allowed in there anymore after he accidentally stepped on some baby sprouts. He still swore the thing lunged at him first. Self-defense.

He glanced back inside where the living room was glowing with the last of the evening light. Right in the center, sitting on a little pedestal like it was holy, was the potted plant he'd given Stolas at the club. Its star-shaped leaves still reached up, stubborn and alive.

He closed his eyes. It was crazy they'd finally gotten some peace.

After everything.

"I thought he was *gone*," Blitzø had whispered, arms locked around Stolas like he was still bracing for him to vanish. Like if he blinked, the owl would dissolve into smoke and memory.

The healing ward was quiet, one of Ozzie's temporary sanctuaries inside the smoldered skeleton of what used to be the staff wing. The air smelled faintly of ash and lavender salve. Runes glowed softly on the walls, weaving faint purple light across cracked tiles and soot-streaked furniture. The space pulsed with calming magic, slow and steady like a lullaby.

Ozzie stood across from them, his usual showman glow replaced by something more somber. Gentle.

"He was," he said at last, voice barely above a whisper. "Technically. His heart stopped. That's what broke the bond with Stella. The magic shackles were shattered. She can't touch him anymore." Blitzø's breath caught. "But we weren't counting on another thing. Something I've never seen firsthand." Ozzie looked at the two of them, gaze flicking between their still-clasped hands. "Something very rare." He stepped closer, crouching down to their level. "Have you ever heard of *soul-ties*?"

Blitzø squinted. "Isn't that some fairytale crap?"

But Stolas stirred faintly beside him, pale but breathing. His voice came out hoarse, raw from smoke and pain. "I remember reading about them... once. Soul-tethering between bonded demons. They were usually dismissed as myth, but some scholars believed they were real, an ancient phenomenon. Difficult to track, because they only revealed themselves under..." He paused, swallowing thickly. "Extreme circumstances."

"Well," Ozzie said gently, "yours is real."

The silence that followed was heavy.

"Your souls are tethered," Ozzie continued. "A binding like that... it doesn't follow normal magical laws. When Stolas's heart stopped, the contract tethered to it collapsed. He died,

but his soul didn't disappear. Because it was anchored to yours." he said, looking at Blitzø directly.

Blitzø blinked. "Wait. Wait, you're saying—?"

"I'm saying *you* kept him here," Ozzie said softly. "Your soul tethered his long enough for his regained magic to kick in. Long enough for his body to recover. That kind of thing doesn't happen, unless there's something stronger than the magic that tried to take him."

"With the *power of love*, or some shit like that?" Blitzø muttered, but it came out too cracked to be snide.

He felt Stolas's hand twitch weakly in his, and turned to look. The owl was watching him, eyes damp, mouth parted like he wanted to say something and didn't know how. There was so much in that look.

Blitzø didn't say anything. He just gripped his hand tighter. Because he didn't care how it happened. What was important was that he was here.

And that was enough.

Of course, not everyone got a happy ending.

That frigid peacock bastard was being prosecuted for blackmailing one of the Seven Sins, which Blitzø still thought was fucking hilarious, and Stolas's ex bitch wife? She got nailed for unauthorized use of an angelic weapon. Real divine-level *no-no*. Apparently, Lucifer himself lost his shit over it. Word was he stormed into the Goetia council like a hellfire hurricane, and now both of those uptight freaks were under house arrest, waiting to get their asses handed to them by the Sins and the Morningstar.

Blitzø was just pissed he didn't get to see it happen. He would've paid good money to watch that blue freak sweat. Stolas didn't give a damn. He said he just wanted to live the rest of his life without ever hearing either of them ever again. And honestly, Blitzø couldn't argue with that.

Then after all the mayhem, the trying to piece back themselves together and give Stolas some time to fully heal, they had decided to leave the club. For good.

But with that came the goodbyes. And those sucked *big time*.

Fizz had tried to play it cool at first, arms crossed, that cocky little grin plastered across his face like usual. But the second Blitzø pulled him into a hug and muttered, "Thanks, asswipe," the guy cracked like glass. Blitzø barely had time to brace before Fizz buried his face in his prosthetic hands, ugly-sobbing like the world was ending.

"I didn't do anything," Fizz had managed through the sniffing.

"You dragged me out of a burning building, fuckhead," Blitzø said, nudging him with the elbow.

Fizz snorted wetly, and Blitzø gave him one more squeeze before pulling back. "Take care of Ozzie, alright? And don't let him name any more cocktails after me. It's weird."

Blitzø looked over to Ozzie and Stolas, who were fused in a slobbering embrace of their own. Blitzø didn't have the emotional bandwidth to handle that. It was like watching two galaxies collapse into each other in slow motion. Stolas had thrown his arms around Ozzie the second he saw him, and both of them just... broke. Crying, mumbling all kinds of poetic bullshit, stuff about stars and second chances and gratitude written in blood and fire. Blitzø stood in the background, arms crossed, pretending like he wasn't listening.

"Should've brought popcorn," he muttered to Fizz, who only elbowed him in the ribs and told him to shut up.

Vassago was there too. He'd finally signed a partnership to the club with Ozzie in order to help him rebuild it, even though the ownership would still belong to the King of Lust.

Stolas had composed himself before approaching him, shoulders drawn back, chin up, all prince again. "You saved us both," he said. "I owe you a debt."

But Vassago just shook his head. "You owe me nothing. You gave me the courage to stop pretending and start living my life for who I really am. I should be the one to thank you"

There was a beat. One of those quiet moments that settled heavier than it should. Stolas gave him a small, real smile. "Then I hope you find something real. Something that feels like freedom."

Then he took a step forward and hugged the prince. Vassago seemed to be taken aback at first, but then he just hugged him back. Blitzø swore he'd seen tears behind those star fucked glasses.

He stepped forward too, extending a hand. "You're not as much of a prick as you act."

Vassago smirked and shook it. "Likewise."

And just like that, it was over.

They'd packed what little they had left. Said their goodbyes, and walked out into whatever came next.

Blitzø shifted where he sat, sinking a little deeper into Stolas's embrace.

"Y'alright?" the owl murmured.

"Too alright," Blitzø said, eyes half-lidded. "Keep expectin' to wake up and find out I'm still lying in that stage with the world on fire."

Stolas kissed the crown of his head. "You're not." They sat in silence for a moment. "What do we do now?" Stolas asked.

Blitzø blinked. Then he shrugged after thinking about it for a moment.

"We figure it out."

He twisted with a grunt, pulling Stolas into his lap until they were tangled together on the floor, face to face, grinning like idiots.

"You better get used to dirty floors and screaming livestock," Blitzø said, flicking a piece of hay out of Stolas's head feathers.

"Oh, I intend to," Stolas said, brushing a kiss against his jaw. "As long as you're here."

Blitzø smirked, tilting his head, looking at him with all the love he never thought he'd get to give out loud.

"Yeah, well," he murmured, leaning in. "You're *stuck* with me now, birdbrain."

And under the warm Wrath sky, in the quiet hum of peace and fresh beginnings, they kissed again. Only this time, there was no goodbye in it.

Just the promise of forever.

