



It was supposed to be over. He'd made damn sure of it.

Burned the bridges, cut the cord, tossed the match and walked away like he always fucking did. Like it was the *only thing* he was good at.

But then the silence came .

The kind that crawls into your bones when no one's looking and tells you the truth you've spent your whole life trying not to hear.

Satan, he *missed* him.

He missed him like a knife to the gut. And he *hated* it. Hated how his mind kept dragging him back to that stage, to that voice, to those eyes, the ones that had lied to his face and still somehow made his fucking chest hurt every time he dived into them.

The theatre around him blurred. He couldn't see. *Couldn't think*. All he could feel was the echo of Stolas's voice calling after him, his face cracking open as Blitzø turned away.

That expression would be branded onto his memory forever.

Then, he heard the melody.

A sound too soft and fragile. Just a thread of a note, breaking before it even reached the air.

*"Come what may..."*

Blitzø stopped cold. Breath caught halfway between a gasp and a curse. His stomach dropped and the world tilted sideways.

No.

No. *No no no no*—

Because that wasn't just a song.

His boots scraped against the wood as he turned slowly and stared back at the stage. He knew those words. He knew that melody.

*No matter what happens. No matter what comes. I will always love you.*

Stolas was singing it like it was the only thing left in him, the words torn from somewhere deep.

And Blitzø just stood there, breath caught in his throat, unable to do anything but stare at him.

*How can I be so fucking stupid?*

After everything they'd been through, the promises, the heartbreak, the nights in each other's arms, whispering truths too fragile to say in daylight, he'd still let himself fall for the lie. The one that said he wasn't enough. That he wasn't loved.

Even after Stolas had held him in the dark and told him he was more than his damage.

He'd let the fear win. Let that bitter, broken voice inside of him say *he was just playing you, just like they all do*. Because that was easier than believing Stolas had *meant it*.

And he'd left him. *Again*.

Even though the answer had been there the whole goddamn time, in his hands, in his kiss, in the way he stood on stage now, looking at him. And Blitzø had almost missed it.

He didn't remember making the decision to move. Only that his feet were carrying him forward. *Fast*. Back towards the stage, past the confused glances of the audience, of Asmodeus and Fizz.

But he didn't fucking care.

Because Stolas was still up there. Alone under the stage lights, tall and impossibly beautiful. As if a real star had just decided to grace them with its light. He sang like something was breaking free inside him, each word cracking open his chest baring his soul to him. *Only him*.

He crossed the floor without thinking. Climbed the side rail like an idiot and almost fell backwards doing it, but it didn't matter.

He just needed to get to him.

He pulled Stolas in.

Their foreheads met, a soft, almost accidental sound. Blitzø's hands found the back of his neck, clumsy and shaking, holding him like something fragile and burning all at once. He held him there, close enough to feel his breath, to catch every word of the song still pouring from him. His voice wavered, but he didn't stop. Not until the last note slipped out on a breath, low and raw.

Silence followed, thick and infinite.

Stolas opened his mouth, eyes shining. "Blitzø," he breathed, voice shredded. "I'm sorry, I—"

But Blitzø shook his head, already breaking.

"No," he croaked, his voice rough and tight. "No, don't. Don't do that."

His throat burned. He couldn't meet Stolas's eyes. "You... you meant all of it, didn't you? Back then. Before everything went to shit."

He let out a bitter breath, words tripping over each other. "I thought—I thought you played me. That it was all just some big fucking joke I didn't get the punchline to." He swallowed

hard, trying to keep the tears at bay- “I’m sorry for running, it’s what I always fucking do. I said things I didn’t mean. And I left you alone” His voice cracked. “I’m such a fucking idiot.”

“Shh, It’s okay, my love.” Stolas’s hand came up, gentle, brushing his cheek.

Blitzø’s heart caved in. He didn’t care who was watching. Didn’t give a shit if the world stopped turning.

His mouth crashed into Stolas’s, hands trembling against the back of his neck, like maybe if he just held on tight enough, none of it would slip away this time. Stolas kissed him back, his hands framing his face, caressing his scars. And for one perfect second it felt like it might actually hold.

Until a scream tore through the silence.

Stolas let out a sudden breath, his whole body tensing under Blitzø’s hands.

Blitzø pulled back, eyes wide. “What—?”

He turned.

There was a figure at the edge of the pit.

Some tall, overdressed Goetia bitch was standing there like she owned the place, feathers bristling, and her ridiculous cloak billowing behind her. Her face was twisted into a sneer, like something had just crawled up her skirt and died there.

Blitzø didn’t know her, but he had a pretty fucking good guess who she might be.

*Stella*. Stolas’ ex-bitch-wife.

Or at least someone from that charming bloodline.

But all that registered second.

Because she was holding an angelic gun pointed straight at Stolas.

The audience gasped, chairs scraping, someone shouting to call security, but all Blitzø could hear was the high, sharp whine in his ears, the sound of his own blood roaring through his vessels..

The bitch raised the gun higher.

“I will not let you humiliate us any further!” she shrieked, “I should’ve done this years ago. You pathetic excuse of a demon!”

Blitzø barely registered the sound before instinct took over. He moved to throw himself in front of Stolas, arms out, teeth bared, every nerve screaming —

But he never made it.

A pulse of energy hit him like a punch to the chest and he stumbled forward, sucked through a shimmer of light like a goddamn magic trapdoor. The world spun, and then he hit the ground hard, a few feet away flat on his face. His limbs scrambled for purchase before his brain caught up.

“—*the fuck*—?!”

A sound hit the air, a soft hoot. Laced with pain.

He looked up.

And everything stopped.

No..

Stolas was on the ground. Blood started to flow, seeping through the feathers and fabric. It bloomed under him like a fast. *Too fast.*

No no no no NO—

“STOLAS!”

His knees cracked against the floor as he bolted forward, sliding the last few feet. He reached him in seconds, arms locking around him like he could hold the life in he just held him hard enough.

“Hey—hey, *no*, no no no, birdie, please—*look at me*,” Blitzø begged, voice raw and breaking. He pulled him into his lap, cradling him “Please, look at me. I’m right here. *Don’t you fucking check out on me*—”

Stolas blinked. Barely. His eyes struggled to focus. A faint twitch of a smile ghosted across his beak, wavering at the seams.

He lifted his hand, brushing his fingers against Blitzø’s cheek like he’d done a thousand times.

“You’re crying,” Stolas breathed, voice so faint Blitzø had to lean in to hear it. “I’ve never seen you cry before...”

Blitzø made a noise, something ugly, cracked open from the ribs. A half-sob, half-growl, more a wounded animal than a demon.

“Yeah? Well, fuckin’ *congrats*, now you have,” he rasped, pressing Stolas’s hand to his face, gripping it like a lifeline. “You pulled one on me out there, huh? I thought you couldn’t use your magic.” he sniffed, trying not to look away from his face. Trying to ignore the warmth seeping through his fingers. He tried to apply pressure to stop the bleeding, but the fabric absorbed it.

*Fucking dammit.*

Stolas smiled weakly “I was saving it, for an emergency. Thought it was time...”.

Blitzø let out a weak chuckle, holding him closer. Stolas' head rested against his chest. He applied more pressure on his abdomen, but there was so much blood.

"Just, stop talking, okay? Save your strength. I'll go look for help." He looked around, but there was only chaos.

The theatre had erupted into panic. Shapes moved like shadows, bodies scrambling in every direction, chairs overturned, heels slipping on polished floors smeared with blood and smoke. The sound was a fucking mess, alarms blaring, someone screaming, a siren outside wailing like it was mourning with him.

And then came the smoke, thick, black, choking. It poured in from the wings like the whole place had decided to burn itself down in protest.

"*Fizz!*" Blitzø shouted, his voice cracking with desperation. "*Fizz, goddammit, somebody help me!*"

But it was useless. His cry vanished under the crowd's screams, drowned out by the chaos swallowing everything whole. No one looked. No one stopped.

He was alone.

Kneeling on a burning stage, with the man he loved bleeding out in his arms, and nothing left but fire and noise.

Stolas' eyes fluttered again, mouth moving like he was still trying to get something out.

"Blitzø..." he coughed, soft and wet. Red bloomed at the corner of his mouth. Blitzø felt his whole body lock up. "I have... so much to—"

"No." He shook his head fast. "No. Shut up. *Shut up*, save it. You can tell me later, okay? You're gonna be fine. You *have to* be fine, just—just hold on—"

But Stolas's breath hitched. Then slowed.

And then it stopped.

Blitzø didn't move.

Didn't blink.

He felt it, the second the warmth started to leave his body. Stolas's hand, once trembling against his cheek, slipped. Fell away.

Everything went quiet.

"No."

It came out broken. Small.

He said it again, louder. "*No.*"

But Stolas didn't move.

Didn't speak.

Didn't breathe.

And that's when the fire fully surrounded them.

Curtains ablaze. Set pieces collapsing. The ceiling groaning like the building itself was about to die.

But Blitzø didn't care.

He just held him, burying his face in the crook of his neck, his tears fell on his feathers making them wet, like maybe, if he cried hard enough, the universe would hand him a do-over.

But it didn't.

All it gave him was silence and fire curling around them like a closing fist, hungry and merciless, turning the stage into a fucking funeral pyre.

And Blitzø stayed there, holding him, as the world burned down around them.