

How the Mighty Fall: A Helluva Boss Fanfic

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TW: Suicidal ideation, substance use

Blitzo stared at the walls of his home where he had pictures of his friends and his daughters pinned up, all with his own face deliberately scratched out or covered. His thoughts spiraled down the dark hole that they liked to explore any time he had a bad night.

It had been about a week since the incident at Ozzie's and his fight with Stolas. Loona was gone more often than she was home, so he was left alone with his thoughts and a bottle, which was never a good combination. Blitzo didn't drink that often, but when he did, it went one of two ways: he felt fantastic and ended the night in bed with someone, or he felt awful and ended the night alone, clinging to his phone for reminders that he had something to live for.

Tonight seemed to be the second type.

Why had he even bothered going? What did he think he would gain? Why was he stupid enough to invite Stolas, of all people?

As if on cue, Blitzo's phone rang in his hand. He nearly dropped it on the floor as he scrambled to hit the green "answer" button when he saw the name on the screen.

"Stolas!" he said into the phone. He mentally dialed back his excitement and anxiousness before repeating his name. "Stolas. I didn't expect to hear from you."

The voice that came from Blitzo's phone sounded so nice to his drunk ears. "I want to talk," he said. He sounded sad, too.

"Oh, okay. Yeah. I mean, I figured, since you called."

Wow, Blitzo thought, *what a stupid fucking thing to say.*

Stolas replied with a half-hearted chuckle. “Would you like to come here? Via is with her mother, so we could be alone and talk.”

Blitzo thought about it for a second. He was a little intoxicated, so he might say something stupid. No, he would definitely say something stupid. But, at the same time, if he didn't go, he wouldn't have the chance to say something smart.

“Yeah,” Blitzo said, trying not to sound too enthusiastic. “Yeah, I'll be right over.”

He pulled himself up off the couch, which took far more effort than it should have, and set the bottle of liquor aside. Stolas would probably have better quality stuff, anyway. He grabbed his jacket off of the hook and pulled it on, covering the spots along his arms. It wasn't like Stolas hadn't seen them, but Blitzo always felt just a little more secure with the jacket on anyway.

He took a few steps toward the door. Was he sober enough to drive there without killing himself? He guessed that part really didn't matter as much as making sure that the company van made it out in one piece. He gave himself a makeshift sobriety test, putting one foot in front of the other and walking along an imaginary tightrope on the floor.

Good enough.

He opened the door and stepped outside into the thick, humid air of the night. He fumbled for his keys in his jacket pocket, then accidentally dropped them on the ground. Shit. Blitzo sighed as he bent to grab them. Maybe that was a sign from the universe that he was just supposed to stay home and stop wasting Stolas' time.

Too bad he didn't believe in signs.

The van was parked around the corner, and he climbed in. As soon as he turned the key in the ignition, music started blaring from all four speakers. He jumped and reached for the dial,

turning the volume down until the music was almost imperceptible. Obviously, he had been in a better mood the last time he had been in the van.

He pressed the gas without bothering with his seatbelt. The van lurched forward, faster than Blitzo had intended, and almost slammed into a garbage pail on the other side of the street.

Fuck, Blitzo thought, get it together.

He lifted his foot off the gas just a little and eased around the corner. He watched as the world seemed to pass by him, instead of him passing by the world. A few imps wandered the streets. Some were obviously looking for their next fix; some were providing it. One imp looked lost, their eyes scanning the streets as they turned from one side to the other. If Blitzo were a better imp, he might have stopped to help. Instead, he pressed onward.