

ACTUAL STORY STARTS UNDER LINE IGNORE THIS MESS

nervously cough laughs Well, today we had our last day of school (or at least I did) so I had to clean out my locker. Basically, I put a lot of things in my bag so now all the papers are mixed up and whatnot so I guess I'll just send you what I DID find so far, which is the part right before the wedding lmao (the dressing room). Just remember, I was 12. *chokes on tie loop*

EDIT: Turns out that I could only find one page of the original manuscript or draft or whatever and in addition to that, I wrote the pages front and back, so I lost more than I originally planned. What a disaster my life has become.

EDIT 2: So i searched through my good friend Google Docs after realising that I wasn't so bad and found part of the first half of the chapter. Still kind of missing the middle but ignore that.

And yes, if you were wondering perhaps, it wasn't meant to be a gay novel when I started it.

It just kind of turned out that way when I found it and reedited it early on this year for that specific purpose.

"What?" Ben asked, eyes full of what was unmistakably a mixture of fear, angst, and confusion.

"Betray me."

Well, this was spontaneous.

It seemed to Ben that even after years of standing below him and witnessing his friend do impossible things, he could still get more bizarre.

The room was silent. Ben and Jeff now stood in this small, isolated room surrounded by nothing but extravagant wedding decorations and tension. The duo stared blankly at each other in mutual silence, eyes never leaving one or the other. It wasn't Jeff's icy stare that had forced Ben stiff, but instead the after result that it had left on his heart; that place was now a wasteland- its texture the same of that in which mud-stained boots and hard slates of ice greet each other and form a slimy bond. For Ben, it was hard to imagine that Jeff wasn't joking then, even as a dire time such as this.

Jeff's expression still hadn't changed.

Though Ben didn't know exactly what he was expected to do, he seemed to have an idea of what was being asked. After all, they'd been fighting over this thing for what now has seemed like forever for both of them. He raised an eyebrow in suspicion, "Why would I? What would happen if I did?" The sadist laughed, his eye smiles never quite reaching his eyes, which in case forced no curve at all.

"Oh," he paced. "What wouldn't happen?" A pause. Jeff circled Ben, curiously eyeing his every inch. He stepped closer. Closer. Closer. Closer until Ben could feel both the quiet pulses of Jeff's breathing and the small hairs that grow out of noses.

(middle part that I lost goes here)

"I hate knowing that he is truly *scared* of me. Ben, he's fucking *terrified*! I can't promise him I won't break; I-I- *cannot* look into his eyes and believe him when he says he is mine." Jeff seems to be on the verge of tears now. He backs away from his friend, rubbing his eyes lazily- then he smiles, which awkwardly makes Ben smile.

"I-I'd just rather spend 500 years in the 7 Hells than 5,000, you know?"

Ben knew not to try and sympathise with Jeff, as Jeff didn't Ben. A glint of black and white flashed across the room.

"Good performance," Ben winked.

"Practiced all night long."

The slender man entered, wearing a pressed suit, still, but in a different colour.

"Interesting," the blonde smirked, "Lucifer has appeared in a school of Satans."

The *man* gave a welcoming nod and walked through them into another room on the side of their own. Jeff hurriedly grabbed Ben's arms and raspy whispered, "Promise me something, still."

"What is it?" Ben also whispered, in fear that the suited man could hear them.

"Take these words carefully, because I will only give you permission this once: Do what you think is right."

Ben scoffed. "And do you know the difference between my right and your wrong?"

"Well, demons like us are a terrible lot alike, aren't they? Just look at you and I and I and you — and think — so alike in what we are, yet so different in what we became."

Jeff let go of Ben's arm and he stumbled. The door the man went through opened again and he said, "It's time." The door closed once more. The sound of a ringing bell.

"And one more thing," Jeff stalled,

"If something happens to him, *I won't stand still.*"

