

Slamming Revolving Doors

and other supposedly impossible feats

YOU CANNOT KEEP HIM. HE ISN'T YOURS. YOU MUST RETURN HIM.

"He's not yours either," Booster said stubbornly, hands splayed over Ted's chest, holding the body against himself.

HE DIED, said Death. **THEREFORE HE IS MINE.**

"Over my dead body," Booster muttered fiercely into Ted's hair.

Death watched him with detached interest as Booster thought over the implications of that statement. It took a bit of time.

"Can we make a trade?" he offered hesitantly.

YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED. IT'S— Death began, but Booster cut him off.

"I mean, take me instead," Booster blurted, "I'm not really a fair trade for Ted, but, c'mon, can't it be good enough? The world needs him more than they need me. *I* need him more than—"

THE WORLD DOESN'T NEED ANY OF YOU, Death said, **EXCEPT PERHAPS SUPERMAN, BUT HE CAN GORMORE.**

"Just... can't I have him back?" Booster asked, attention solely on the body in his lap, limp and useless in a way that makes it any man's cadaver, but he can remember Ted's energy moving each piece of him and that's enough. "I'd give *anything*..."

ANYTHING, YOU SAY?

"Absolutely anything," Booster murmured, looking up with thinly-disguised hope. "My eternal soul. One year of my life. Fifty years of my life. My fame. My dignity. *Anything*. Just, *please*."

THIS IS STRAIGHTLY UNDER THE TABLE, Death said, looking surprisingly shiftily for an eight foot tall human-shaped thing with no discernible facial features. **BUT YOU HAVE YOURSELF A DEAL...**

The first thing Ted saw when he woke up was Booster's face, sideways and breaking into an almost manic grin. The first thing he heard was Booster gleefully exclaiming, "Good, it worked". It wasn't the most reassuring of things to wake up to, but certainly not the worst.

"What did you do?" he mumbled, intending for it to come out a horrified shout.

"I traded Death my flatscreen TV to bring you back to life," Booster said cheerfully, handing Ted jeans and a plaid button-up. Already he felt more human at the sight of those clothes.

But still, he was trying to make sense of everything *wrong* with what had just come out of Booster's mouth.

“You traded *death*?” he spluttered, going in chronological order.

“Yeah, big guy,” Booster said, wiggling his fingers at the ceiling. “Well, big, genderless, person-shaped mass, but details, *whatever*.”

“Right, Death,” Ted said, filing that under “what the fucking fuck”. “You traded him—it—a flatscreen TV? For *me*? Is that *all* I’m worth?!”

“To be fair, it was a 72 inch flatscreen HD TV from 2013.”

“*Booster!*”

“I offered him everything else,” Booster said quietly, “He wouldn’t take my life, or my immortal soul, or my dignity. I said ‘anything’. That was what he chose.”

Someday, they were going to have a nice long talk about Booster’s ridiculous self-sacrificing streak when it came to Ted, but that was a difficult conversation and he just come back from the dead after being *shot in the head by freaking Max Lord*, what the hell.

“Well, I’m back,” he said instead, “In... uh, blue.”

“Yes,” Booster said, beaming, “Yes, you are.”

And they lived happily ever after. At least until Ted blew up the toaster trying to convert it into a feasible date for Skeets, but that was another story for another day.

The End