

Welcome Home

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Welcome Home

by [GeminiZheChair](#)

Summary

This place was built from broken things, a broken marriage, a broken friendship, a broken body.

This manor holds the story of pain and deception, but can they change it into something new and incredible?

How about you come in, take a seat, and Welcome to Raspy Hill. Enjoy your stay~.

Also known as how our versions of the egos came to live in the manor.

Dark

Chapter Summary

How Dark returned to the place he avoided for so long

Dark's shoes tapped against the concrete as he walked up the driveway, glancing around at the weeds that had sprouted from cracks formed over the past years. It had been almost a decade since he'd been in this damned place. Ever since that night, he'd avoided coming back, and it seemed the others had done the same. He wasn't surprised, word must have gotten out about what happened via Benjamin and the Chef.

He soon reached the door, easily pushing it open and stepping inside. Instantly he was hit with the smell of rot and dust. Sighing, he quietly walked deeper into the manor. Dark glanced at the still shattered mirror, a thought flickering across his mind before he looked away. He could still see the crack and stain in the floor from where the DA's body hit the tile.

Dark was silent as he walked around the long abandoned home, everything still in its place. He shut the door to the room Abe had used as he passed, his foot crushing the remains of the vase William shot. There had been no sign of the Colonel since that night, which made his stomach tense in worry. He shook off the thought quickly.

He could feel the twin souls grow restless as he started up the stairs, passing the room that Celine had used to host the seance. He made sure to avoid it. Glancing inside a few of the other rooms, he found himself relaxing more and more as he looked. He was searching for any sign of Marc, any sign the bastard had been here recently. Dark was lucky there wasn't.

Dark had been trying to get a hold of his powers since he woke up. He only even realized he had them when he accidentally tossed a human who was threatening him into the Void. Since then, he had struggled with even tossing something like a shoe into it. That was the reason the demon had come back to the place where it all started. The place the twins grew up in, which Marc had renamed as his own after marrying Celine, where he had been-

Dark snapped out of it as he heard a cracking noise from the wall corner he had found himself gripping. Glancing over, he saw the long cracks that now ran from the area he had gripped. He sighed, releasing it and pulling away as he resumed his steps. He looked through every room he came across.

Soon enough he had searched the entire manor from head to toe, coming up with nothing. Good. He could feel his aura pulsing around him, feeling his power grow from even just being in here for a little while. He knew it must be from whatever was left of...the entity, or him, or whatever it was that had been a part of the manor.

Dark realized with a small jolt that it was healing him as well, feeling one of the less extreme wounds he had recently gained sealing back together and leaving a light scar. He could tell it wouldn't fix his still broken bones, but even just this was better. With a small smile, he turned, heading back down the stairs.

His aura reached out as he walked, lightly grazing the walls. He watched as small cracks started to seal themselves, chipped paint getting covered back over. He smiled softly to himself, glancing around at the living room.

He had a lot to get cleaned, but he had a feeling it'd all be worth it.

The Jims

Chapter Summary

The Jims decided to investigate the manor

The twins did their best to stay quiet as they approached the manor. From what they knew, it had been years since anyone lived there. After the owner died, anyone who would've been able to inherit it seemed to have vanished into thin air and the place was abandoned. And yet, it was back in use and suddenly restored to its former glory.

The two reporters decided to try and figure out what was going on. They had visited the place a few years after it happened but found no sign of bodies. Just a splatter of blood. After all the rumors that still surrounded the place, and the fact no one would have the money nowadays to even think of buying a home like this, they had to know what was going on.

RJ hummed slightly to himself when he saw the lights were on in the manor. "It might be a better idea to try and get in through the backdoor Jim. The front door would call too much attention to us."

CJ nodded in agreement at his brother's suggestion and the two began carefully creeping around to the back of the house.

Quietly, CJ peered into a window, letting out a small sigh of relief when he saw that there was no one inside the room.

"The coast looks clear Jim, do your thing," He whispered to his brother, the man grinning and carefully picking the lock on the door.

The two proceeded to slip inside, making sure to close the door gently behind them. The house was dead silent, making the pair slowly grow nervous. They crept through the halls of the place, amazed by how clean and new it looked. The twins froze, however, as they heard what sounded like a pained groan and footsteps drawing closer. Hurriedly, they did their best to hide.

Almost immediately after they ducked out of sight, something shocking passed them. It looked to be a human male, but it was completely monotone, except for the strange red and blue aura that seemed to cling to its edges. The two could only think of one word for it. Demon.

They watched as the demon walked by, leaning heavily on a cane it held on its right side, taking the weight off its left leg. The pained noises turned out to be from the creature, it softly cursing with each step. Its aura flickered and wavered as it passed, reaching out and seeming to explore around it.

The twins did their best to recoil away from the tendrils that seemed to reach into their hiding place, holding in a shared breath as the demon froze. It turned quickly, earning it a noise of pain.

"Who's there!?"

The twins shivered at the echoing effect its-no-his voice gained as he spoke.

They shared a frightened look as they carefully slipped out of their hiding place.

"W-were here," CJ said nervously, lightly gripping his brother's arm. The demon eyed the two of them warily.

"How did you get in?"

RJ let out an awkward laugh. "I um....I picked the lock on the back door. We uh...we heard the rumors that someone had suddenly moved back in a-and we decided to investigate."

The demon scowled. "Well, now you know I live here. So leave. I don't have time for-" He was cut off as he let out a pained gasp, having started to turn away.

"A-are...are you ok?" CJ asked, watching the demon grimace. The two took a hesitant step forward, causing the grey-skinned male to take a sudden step back, the abrupt movement making him cry out in pain.

The twins gasped, quickly rushing over to the man, who was now leaning heavily on his cane.

"I-I'm fine. Leave me be," The demon whispered, his gray skin looking paler than before.

"No," The twins said as one. They may be scared of this creature but they could tell he needed help. "Where's your room? We're helping you."

The demon tried to struggle out of their hold but soon gave up, sighing as he directed them to his room.

The two carefully brought the demon in that direction, CJ pushing the door open with his foot when they reached it. As gently as they could, they helped the demon lay down, not missing the quiet sigh of relief he made when he rested on the soft sheets.

"There. Is that better?" RJ asked.

The man on the bed sighed. "Yes, it is. Thank you." He eyed the pair, his aura growing a bit around him. "That doesn't help me ignore the fact that you broke into my home."

The pair shared a sheepish look. "We're sorry, we just wanted to know what was going on. With how things are right now, we couldn't help but wonder who had the money to buy this old place."

The demon chuckled, wincing as he managed to prop himself up on his pillows. "Well...I didn't exactly buy the place." He gave a strange little smile like he hadn't done it around others before. "But it's mine."

The brothers shared a confused look before looking back at the demon in front of them. "What's your name?" CJ asked at the same time RJ questioned, "What do you mean?"

The demon blinked in confusion, before letting out a short laugh. "Dark. My name is Dark. And....that's a bit of a long story."

The twins brightened up at that. "We have time to listen!" RJ said excitedly, his brother nodding beside him.

Dark raised his eyebrow, glancing out the window. "It's late. Shouldn't you two be getting home?"

The twins went quiet at that, fiddling with the sleeves of their shirts. "...No. We were kicked out a couple of days ago because we weren't able to pay our rent," RJ explained. "We don't have a place to go back to."

Dark blinked in surprise at that, seeming to think for a second. "What are your names?" he questioned.

The twins blinked in surprise. "Um, CJ and RJ," they said in sync, a bit confused.

"And I'm guessing you were here because you're reporters?"

Once again the twins nodded in sync, making Dark smile.

"I'll make you a deal. I'll let you two stay here and give you some stories that'll have people on the edge of their seats if you help me keep this place up and running."

The identical males stared at him. "You'd....let us stay here, no rent, just for help around the place?" RJ asked, shocked.

Dark nodded. "As you can tell I'm...not in the best physical state, and having two people around who are would be a lot of help. It's a win-win," The demon pointed out, looking at the pair. "Well?"

After a moment, the two grinned in sync. "Deal."

Wilford

Chapter Summary

While searching for a old friend Dark meets someone oh so familiar

Dark glanced around at the brightly lit bar as he stepped in, the sound of the music vibrating under his feet. The Jims had gotten some information from...somewhere that someone matching William's description was often seen at this bar, and Dark knew he had to follow the lead. It had been a little over 30 years since he had seen the colonel, and his last memory of him was the man running from the manor, crying out for the twins with a broken heart and mind.

Dark shook off the thought, glancing around the room filled with pulsing lights and moving people. He wasn't surprised this was a place William frequented, he was always one for excitement. Dark made his way over to the bar and sat down. He declined the offer of a drink from the bartender, just scanning the room in search of that familiar face.

He stayed in that spot for a few hours, eventually accepting a glass of water and sipping from it. He was about to give up for the night when the lights dimmed and focused on one part of the room. Dark looked over in confusion, wondering what the hell was going on.

He climbed out of his seat, walking over towards that area. He spotted a raised stage, the lights blinking out for a moment while a group of people walked on stage. The lights flared back on, bright pink this time, and his eyes widened as he recognized the man in the middle.

Despite the bubblegum pink afro, slightly pink-tinted mustache, and the change of clothes, Dark instantly knew it was William. He watched as William started to dance on the stage, a large smile lighting up the ex-colonel's face. His mustache seemed to almost curl slightly with that big grin.

Dark watched the 'show' in shock and amazement, having to shake himself out of it once it finished. He quickly made his way through the crowd towards William, weaving his way through it before grabbing his sleeve to stop him. "William?" Dark questioned, looking up at the taller male.

The man in question looked at him with a confused look "William? Well, I don't see a William here". He spoke with a slightly slurred voice, seemingly from an accent rather than drunkenness. Dark was confused. This was William, he knew it was. So why....

That's when it hit him. The manor. What happened there must have been so traumatic that his already war-torn mind broke fully, making him just....forget. He pulled away, clearing his

throat. "I...I'm sorry. I must have mistaken you for someone else. I'll...I'll leave you be." He let go of his sleeve, going to turn away.

The male blinked. "Well hey there pally, you don't seem to be feeling very lively, huh? How about we get some drinks? Could bring out more color in you!" He chuckled. "Clearly your friend or whoever you're looking for isn't here, so why not take the edge off? Dance, drink, that's what a club is for!" The pink-haired man said still with that big grin plastered on his face.

Dark was a bit startled by that suggestion, looking away. "I'd...rather not. I prefer not to drink and I just...I just came here to look for him." He could hear the twins yelling at him in his head to stay with him, to try and get William to remember somehow. "But...you enjoy yourself. Sorry for bothering you."

The man grinned. "Oh, nonsense! Clearly, you need a night out, I can tell. You practically radiate all work, no fun." He hummed and tapped his chin, soon they appeared at the bar... somehow, startling Dark. No one around seemed to question it. "So! What's your name, suited man who doesn't fit in at a club like here?" He said, grinning.

"I...I'm Dark." He said, glancing around a little before looking back up at the male sitting beside him. "And you are...?" He questioned softly, deciding to just go with this now.

The afro-wearing man smiled. "My name! Oh! Yeah, most people already know it so I'm surprised. My name is Wilford Motherloving Warfstache." He purred out happily and got a martini from... somewhere.

"Pleasure to meet you, Wilford," Dark said, quietly asking the bartender for water as he silently wondered how Wilford did that. "I suppose you're here quite often then." He said, glancing at the pink-haired male.

Wilford grinned. "Well, you can say this place is something that doesn't really exist! I don't know the technicalities of something like that, but then again, this can all be fake."

"I see...." Dark said, sipping on the water the bartender gave him. "Do you have any idea of how long you've been here then?"

Wilford hummed. "Uhh maybe since somewhere after.... 19.... Uhh, I don't know but I do remember going to Japan once! Too bad the stay was short 'cause this bald guy was chasing after me."

Dark blinked in confusion at that. "Bald guy...?" He shook that off. "Well, do you remember anything before this bar?" He asked, his fingers tapping against the wood of the bar as he spoke.

"Oh! Plenty of stuff, there was this train...I think. Probably didn't happen yet or already did. And I was in a jungle! Really fun, I fought something sometime another way. There was.... Uhh, different..." He blanked off and blinked. "Sorry, what was I saying again?" He chirped out happily.

Dark gave a small chuckle. "Memories." He ran his finger around the rim of his glass for a moment, going silent before speaking. "What do the names Damien and Celine mean to you?" He asked softly, hoping he remembered...something.

His eyes became a bit glazed. "Damien and Celine..." Wilford's face dropped and it seemed as if the club itself dimmed down with his mood, the music slowing and repeating the same tune over and over again. People even seemed to freeze. But soon his eyes went back to normal and he grinned. "I think I've met people with those names." Everything in the club was back to normal.

Dark's shoulders slumped a bit at that. "Do you remember anything about them?" He questioned, looking up at Wilford. "Anything at all?" Dark's eye color seemed to brighten for a second, changing from a brown so dark it was almost black, to a rich chocolate color, before going back after a second.

Wilford hummed and got another drink from who knows where, trying to take a sip, but being repeatedly blocked by the little umbrella. He kept at it anyways. "Well, that depends on which Damien and Celine. Many people have the same names".

".....Damien and Celine Doom." He whispered. "The twins.." Dark looked up at Wilford. "That Damien and Celine. Do you remember them....?"

Wilford's eyes dimmed once more and the music in the room began to play backward. "Ah... the Doom twins." He looked up. "They were my childhood best friends...And I loved them....I..." He looked down quickly and the wig fell off showing his deep brown hair with pink highlights. "...They're playing a joke on me, they've been hiding for years...I'm tired of their games..." Tears began to drip down his face.

Dark's expression softened as he reached out and gently wiped away the man's tears. "I'm sorry...." He whispered, his eyes flickering. "They never meant to hide from you. They miss you so much...."

Wilford went and began wiping his own tears away as well. "I.... Okay....". He said softly and soon everything slowly became back to normal and the glaze was gone once more. Wilford blinked. "What happened? Why do I have tears in my eyes?" His eyebrows furrowed.

Dark gave him a soft smile. "Nothing. Don't worry about it. How about you tell me about yourself?" He sipped his water, his aura flickering.

Wilford grinned. "Well, I like dancing! And guns! Ooh candy too, uuuuhhhh... Pink is my favorite color I think." He said and pursed his lips.

Dark chuckled softly, eyeing his outfit. "Yeah, I could tell." He finished off his water, glancing up at the clock and sighing. Time had already zoomed by. "It's getting late."

The pink male pouted. "But we've just begun to talk! And it's still early!" Wilford said, spinning his glass around slightly.

"It's nearly 11." Dark pointed out, standing up and placing some money on the counter for his water. He looked back over to him and gave a soft smile. "But I do enjoy talking to you."

Wilford grinned. "Come back again another time! This place is technically my home whenever I want to just relax and not have the bald guy chase me. Well, technically he did come here once but Abby...was Axel his name? I can't remember-But anyways, he danced with me, it was fun." The disco dancer said, running his hand through his own hair.

Dark paused at that. "Do you...not have an actual home?" He asked, looking over at Wilford. An idea slowly trickled into his mind. Wilford shook his head no.

"....Come with me." He offered, holding his hand out to the bubblegum-toned male. "I have plenty of rooms in my home, I'd be more than happy to let you use one."

Wilford tilted his head before smiling. "Sure, don't have much to do here anyways, and I think Alex is with his brother Slaughter or something." Dark shrugged that confusing sentence off before gently taking Wilford's hand, leading him towards the door.

He could feel the warmth from Wilford's skin seep into his hand, making him smile as it soothed the coldness of his own. "It's a little bit away but it shouldn't take too long to get there," Dark told Wilford.

The pink-wearing man smiled. "That's perfectly fine by me!" Dark smiled at that, relaxing at the thought of William once again being close, even if he had changed. Then again, they all changed, for better or for worse...at least they were together.

King of the Squirrels

Chapter Summary

The manor gains a new family member

It was a normal day in the manor, The Jims doing...whatever they liked to do while Wilford was running his new show. Dark had finished his work for the day and was relaxing happily on the couch, enjoying the soft quiet that filled the house. At least, until he heard a soft knocking on the window.

The demon looked over in confusion at the noise, getting up. As he heard it again he walked over to the window and saw a small squirrel sitting there. The male blinked in confusion at that, opening up the window. "Uh.....hi?"

The squirrel looked up at him, letting out a squeak. Dark was confused about why it had not run off yet and was even more confused when the small rodent crawled up his arm, making him slightly flinch back out of surprise. The small creature squeaked again and seemed to gesture toward the woods with its paws.

Dark blinked. "You....want me to follow you?" He asked, being even more surprised when the creature nodded. "Alright then..." He walked over to the back doors, pushing them open. "Lead the way."

He watched as the squirrel jumped off his arms, starting to follow it into the woods. He felt a bit ridiculous doing this, but hey, it got him out of the manor for a bit. Dark looked around the woods curiously, having not ventured into them in years. As he got deeper the trees grew in size. Soon enough he heard the noises of what sounded like an animal in pain, making him quicken his steps.

Soon enough the squirrel led him to a small clearing in the trees, where a young man sat at the base of one of the oaks. He looked ragged and dirty, with long, matted hair and wild frightened eyes. The few bits of clothes he wore were torn and tattered, looking too small for him.

Dark carefully approached him, noticing how he held his arm. "Hey....it's ok, I won't hurt you." He murmured, trying to get closer. The wild male tried to scramble back, the squirrel that had led Dark climbing onto his arm and sitting on his shoulder, trying to calm him.

Dark tried to approach him again, pulling his aura in slightly so he didn't look as dangerous. "It's ok. I just want to look at your arm." He soothed, hoping he sounded non-threatening.

Slowly the male seemed to calm down, letting Dark approach him. The monochrome male gently took his arm, looking it over. He winced, seeing that it was broken. "Someone needs to

set this.”

The male let out a confused chattering noise, making Dark blink. “Do you...not understand me?” He questioned, taking the male's confused stare as a yes.

Dark stood up, gesturing for the mystery male to do the same. Once he was up Dark gently took his hand, waiting to see if it was ok. Once he was sure he started to lead him back to the manor. As they walked Dark started to see more and more squirrels gather in the trees.

Dark eventually pushed open the backdoor to the manor, leading the male inside. Once he sat him down he spoke. “Do you have a name?”

The male seemed to think for a second before lifting his hand, showing the old bracelet that barely fit his wrist. It was dirty but Dark could see the name Elliot written on it.

Dark tilted his head. “Elliot? Is that your name?” The male's face lit up, causing Dark to smile. “Well then. Hello there Elliot.”

He left Elliot on the couch for a moment while he fetched the first aid kit from the bathroom, coming back and sitting down next to him. He blinked in surprise as he noticed the window, seeing the number of squirrels that had gathered outside.

“Are....those yours?” He asked in confusion, looking back at the male. Elliot responded with a nod, making Dark more confused and curious. He started to work on setting his arm, pausing whenever the younger male winced.

Soon enough Dark finished, wrapping the last of the bandages around his arm. “There, that should work to keep it set as it heals.” He watched as Elliot curiously poked it, making him smile. “Are you hungry?”

Elliot's head instantly snapped up, making Dark laugh. “Alright, let's go see what we got.” He helped the injured male up, bringing him to the kitchen and sitting him down at the counter. He started to rummage through the cabinets, turning when he heard the familiar ‘pop’ of Wilford teleporting into a room. “Hi, Wil.”

“Hi, Darcy!” Wilford beamed, going over and kissing Dark's cheek, causing the monochrome male to smile.

“We have a guest.” He told the bubblegum male, tilting his head over at Elliot. Wilford blinked and went over to the young man. Examining him with a look on his face “his hair's too long. He also needs new clothes”.

Dark chuckled as Elliot leaned away from Wil, chittering in confusion. “Don't scare him Wil, he's injured. I don't think he's been around humans in a long time.” He finally found some stuff for sandwiches and pulled it down.

Wilford looked out the window and jolted a little, seeing the massive amount of squirrels. “It seems there are multiple colonies of... squirrels outside”. He said and chuckled.

Dark nodded. "Their Elliots. I asked him earlier and he nodded. No idea why they all gathered outside." Elliot brightened seeing said squirrels, going over and chittering through the window to them.

Wilford grinned and laughed "well, maybe Elliot is their king. The king of the squirrels!" He said it a bit overdramatic, clearly playing around. Dark rolled his eyes good-naturedly at that.

"I doubt that's what it is. Right, Elli..." He trailed off as he looked to the window, seeing Elliot chitter something to the squirrels, the creatures seeming to obey. They scampered off into the woods, a couple staying in the nearby trees. Wilford blinked a bit.

"Well, now we have a real Disney princess." He said with a wide grin, mustache curling up slightly in delight. Dark groaned at the joke, Elliot simply looking over in confusion.

"Wil, I swear you start calling him that-" He said, walking to the counter with the sandwiches. Wilford grinned and looked over.

"I now pronounce you!" Suddenly Elliot was surrounded by a pink cloud, once it cleared he was all cleaned up and in a new outfit. "King of the Squirrels!!" he said with a laugh.

Dark simply sighed at that, a small smile on his face. "Welcome to the manor Elliot."

The Author

The building was still, not a sound could be heard besides the droplets of water from an old sink, black from the rusted pipes, dripping like ooze and splattering onto the decaying grimy sink. The lights flickered with a buzzing hum and a man awoke. He sang softly, an eerie sound, golden eyes searching around. He could probably fix this place up with enough time and dedication. Hah, what a lie. All he needed to do was write on a piece of paper, paper from a book he took that gave him power, that made him a **God**. The male still could use his powers on normal papers and such, but he liked the aesthetic of the leather book. He stood and stretched, having found this abandoned cabin to rest in. Walking over to a crumbling desk that sat in a corner for who knows how long, a book perched upon the top, a tattered maroon one with filthy yellowed papers.

He popped his fingers and grabbed a cheap pen he had, starting to write. Soon the cabin began to transform into something more... lively. Not to say it wasn't before, but one can't be awoken to bugs crawling on them for some time before getting annoyed. With a grin he wondered what else he could do with that book, he craved the knowledge that could come from its pages. He was an Author, after all, he lived for a good story. Perhaps he could make one of his own with this journal, and possibly he could make it come true. Pondering, he began to write, a mad grin on his face. He laughed softly before it broke out into something sinister... After all, what is a good story without tragedy and suffering?

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Dark was in his office, quietly working. There had been more paperwork lately due to Wilford's...mess ups, and Dark had to deal with the aftermath. He sighed, leaning back in his chair and rubbing his neck. How long had he been at this by this point? The stack barely seemed to have gone down. Soon enough Wilford wandered into the room, a grin on his face and blood splattered on his clothes and skin.

Dark sighed at the sight, standing up. "Wilford...what did you do this time?" He asked, walking over and wiping a bit of blood off his cheek. "You didn't stab someone again, did you? You know what I said about that last time you did it." He looked up at the other male, frowning.

Wilford hummed and tapped his chin. "Honestly I'm not too sure, one moment I was happily filming and the next second the interviewee had a knife to my throat. They looked lost so I stabbed them with their own knife! Their eyes looked golden, which was weird. I swear they had been green." Dark frowned at that, confused. "What? They just...put a knife to your throat? That's new. Well, at least this time it was self defense. The golden eyes seem strange though." He eyed him. The cotton candy aesthetic man nodded "Mhm, I think. Maybe it was just the lighting on their eyes that made it gold?"

Dark sighed. "Maybe. Did you and the Jims get everything cleaned up?" He asked, sitting back at his desk and grabbing a new piece of the paperwork. "Because you know the floors will stain horribly if you don't." Wilford nodded and hummed "Yup!"

Dark sighed. “Good. How about we head downstairs? I've been working for far too long.” He gave the bubblegum male a smile. “I seem to remember the Jims getting some more of that ice cream you like.”

Wilford perked up instantly and ran out the room, bumping his head on the door and cursing, forgetting in his excitement he could just teleport and that would be quicker. Dark laughed, simply following him and heading downstairs before him.

Wilford rushed after, sliding into the kitchen and grabbing the tub of ice cream from the freezer, which would honestly only last for an hour or so. Dark sat down next to him after grabbing a spare spoon, smiling as he enjoyed the quiet of the house. The Jims were in the garden and King was...wherever he went during the day. Wilford went and motioned the ice cream container at him so he could get some, a grin on his face and the spoon sticking out of his mouth.

Dark gave a soft smile. “Thank you dear.” He took a scoop of the treat, smiling at the taste. He leaned on Wilford slightly, sighing happily. Wilford nuzzled him softly.

“This is nice.” He murmured. “Everything is peaceful.” He smiled softly. “It's just nice to have everything be calm.” Wilford hummed a bit and nodded softly as he put another spoon full of the ice cream in his mouth.

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Author looked at his pages. “Interesting...”, He said with a smirk “I may just visit them....they wouldn't think twice about a new ego. I could see their powers up close... What a wonderful idea”. He chuckled and got a backpack to put his book and some pens. He smirked. “That pink haired man did not hesitate to murder my character. I can use him for something. I know it”. The male soon left the cabin, walking along an invisible path in the Raspy Hill woods. Saying the forest now had monsters and deadly creatures roaming around due to the Author's desire to have creatures in his story that would likely be the demise of many people he will write about. Or just some people passing.

After all Author didn't care about other people or their well being. He needed to write, he craved control over the ones in his story. Who cares if a few people taking a walk lost their lives? Not the golden eyed male, he didn't have the capability to care. The man enjoyed the suffering he made people go through, it was exciting.

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Dark looked up as he heard a knock at the manor door. That was...new. He stood up, walking over to the front door and looking up at the person standing in front of him, surprised. “Hello,” He said, eyeing the stranger. “May I ask why you're here?”

His golden eyes stared into Dark's whole being, grinning with a slight smirk. It was unnerving. “I'm the Author~, you may or may not have heard of me”. He summoned his metal baseball bat and leaned on it, he chuckled “I guess you can say I'm an ego”.

Dark's eyes widened in shock and surprise. "Your one of us?" He asked, glancing at the bat held in the other's hands. "...Alright. Come in then." He stepped out of the others way, allowing him to step inside. Author smirked and headed in. "Oh don't worry, this bat is just for aesthetics."

"I see..." Dark said, looking back towards the living room. "Wilford! Can you get King and The Jims please! We have a new one!". Wilford hummed and grinned "sure thing!!", he said excitedly and teleported away to get the 'Disney Princess' and the possible demons known as the Jim's.

Dark turned back to the Author. Something felt....wrong. Like he couldn't be trusted. "So....what do you do?" He asked him, his aura flickering slightly. Author grinned. "Like my name suggests, I'm an Author. I write stories. Centered on horror, pretty much nothing else I suppose. I have nothing special about me, no powers like I can tell you and the pink one, Wilford was it?, have", Author said innocently.

Dark raised his eyebrow at that. "But you can clearly summon things." He said, gesturing to the males bat. Author hummed "Well, I guess I can do that."

Dark frowned, opening his mouth to say something but was cut off when King came barreling into the room, grinning excitedly. Author looked at the King, his eyes were like a predator looking to prey. He gave a soft smile, though it didn't feel kind "you must be King".

King grinned, nodding happily. "Yep! It's nice to meet you!" He said excitedly, his cape swaying a little as he bounced in place. Author smiled at him. "It's my pleasure to be meeting you guys." He said with an almost sarcastic tone. King of course didn't notice this tone but Dark did, eyes narrowing at the newcomer.

Soon enough CJ happily raced in, RJ right behind him. Wilford soon followed behind and grinned at Dark. "Found the Jim's!!" Dark smiled, walking over and kissing the taller males cheek. "Thank you darling." Wilford grinned and nuzzled Dark at that. Author scowled a bit but hid it as he noticed the Jim's approaching him, the equipment in his face.

Author was tempted to yell at the twins but decided against it so he could get on the older ego's good side, for now at least. Dark pulled the twins back, sighing. "What have I told you about getting in people's faces you two?" He scolded. Wilford chuckled with a grin. "Aww, don't be so mean to them Darkie. They just want to know more about him."

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Author felt himself seething at how happy and lucky they all were. He hummed though as he observed them, Dark was clearly the one he had to be careful of. His golden eyes went to the pink haired mustache male, deciding he was the more unpredictable one with what powers he saw so far from him. Finally the Author's eyes landed on the Jim's and King, clearly the more naïve and trusting ones.

He smirked, it would be easy if he played his cards right to manipulate all of them to trust him. Author could tell Dark was already suspicious of him. The golden eyed male made up his plan. He would show he was no threat for maybe a month or so before making his move.

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Soon enough it was a month later from when the new ego showed up, and Dark was worried. Something had started to injure everyone, all the egos waking up with strange injuries. The most often King and The Jims were the ones hurt, Dark getting scared the longer it went on. He had zero ideas on what was doing this to them, suspecting Author for a short while until the man had shown up to breakfast covered in his own injuries.

It continued to happen until one day King, The Jim's, and the Author were missing from the mansion.

The instant Dark realized they were gone he flew into a panic, rushing around the manor, trying to find any of them. Wilford peeked his head out from his room when he heard the angered and worried ringing Dark was giving off. Dark quickly looked up when he heard Wilford step out of the room, a panicked look on his face. "Wil they're not anywhere I can't find any of them I don't know what happened-" It was clear he was spiraling, not knowing what to do and where to look. Wilford went and hugged Dark, trying to calm him down. "We'll find them Darky, don't worry. We'll find them."

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Meanwhile in an abandoned location in the forbidden, more dangerous side of Raspy Hill the three egos were tied up. Author watching the knocked out naive males with a smirk, leaning on his baseball bat waiting for them to wake up.

King groaned as he woke up, his eyes flying open as he realized he was tied to a chair, looking around quickly in fear. "W-what? W-where?-. Author hummed softly. "Don't worry, you're just in an unknown location in the woods. Nothing horrible". He said with an innocent yet terrifying smile. King's eyes widened more at that. "W-what? W-why-" He started to struggle, panicking more. Author grinned darkly. "Oh, no reason. I just want to see how much pain you can take before you break."

King paled at that. Besides him CJ groaned, his eyes cracking open. "Wha-" Kings attention snapped to him, gasping. "CJ!" He struggled more in his bindings, trying to get free. Author hummed. "Oh you can't break them. When I said I had no magic..", he chuckled "I lied."

King looked up at the male in fear. "D-Dark and Wilford w-will come f-for us." He said, trying to stay brave. "T-they'll save us." Author went up to King, summoning his trusty metal bat. He went and lifted his chin up with it. "Are you certain they will? After all, do you think you truly mean anything to them? With all that power.. Wouldn't they already be here.". His golden eyes blazed in the light, sinister like a glint in a very sharp knife. Author chuckled and smirked at King.

King slowly got paler and paler as the Author spoke, shaking. "O-of course we m-mean something to them..." He whispered. "T-they'll....t-they'll come..." CJ gave a scared nod. Author smirked. "If there's anything left of you to come save...I wonder if you'll remain sane?"

The two paled at that, tears starting to pour down King's face, the male letting out a scared sob. Author laughed and got his notebook “well, we should begin. After all, who knows if Dark or Wilford will come... I think I'll start with the one still passed out.”

CJ's eyes widened in shock and fear. “N-no! N-no, leave him alone!” He begged, looking up at Author. “D-do....d-do it to me.” He smirked. “Well because you asked so nicely I won't do it to him first... I'm just kidding. I love hearing you beg me to not do it when I already am~”. He said as he wrote.

CJ kept begging him, struggling against his binds. “P-please! D-don't hurt him!” He yelled, trying to get to his brother. “P-please!”

Author of course ignored the male, walking closer to RJ as he wrote in his book, smirking as he placed the final period. RJ's body suddenly went stiff, jerking in its spot. His eyelids jerked open, his eyes rolling back in their sockets, the end of his hair seeming to smoke. CJ yelled, struggling against his bonds. “What are you doing to him! RJ!”

Author just smirked, watching the results of his writing. “Oh, just making the same voltage of a car battery at full rush through his body. Nothing much.” He grinned sadistically at the look on CJ's face, opening his book once again. “I wonder how he'd handle being waterboarded at the same time...”

CJ's eyes widened more, starting to beg. “N-no...no no no no! L-leave him alone! U-use me!” Author turned around, slowly walking back over to CJ, a glint in his eye.

“Oh? And why should I?” He asked, smirking evilly. CJ swallowed, shaking as he looked up at Author. “Y-you can d-do whatever y-you want t-to me.” He stammered. “W-whatever it is. J-just leave t-them alone-”

Author smirked. “Anything..? Well then.” He scribbled down something in his book, RJ's body going slump in his seat as his eyes fell shut. CJ stared at his brother before his head shot up as Author approached him.

“Now...what to do with you...” The sadistic writer mused, walking slowly in circles around the reporter. “How about...” He started to scribble down on a page again, watching as a belt wrapped itself around CJ's neck as he placed the final period.

Said reporter started to wheeze as the belt slowly tightened around his neck, his face turning red as he lost the ability to breath. He sent panicked looks at King and his brother, struggling to get in a breath.

As CJ struggled to breath, Author turned towards the final of the three, a malicious glint in his eye as he stared down the shaking ego. “And now for you...”

King shook in his seat, trying to stay strong. “D-dark and W-wilford will s-save us...” He stammered. “Y-you'll s-see....t-they...”

“They'll do what? You really think those two actually care about you? That they'll come rescue the three of you?” Author taunted as he wrote, King crying out in pain as a large gash

appeared on his arm, blood dripping down to the floor. “That they'll come rushing in here and save you from my clutches? Yeah right. Things only go right like that in stories. And I control this one.” He grinned sadistically as more cuts appeared along King's body, the blood dripping down his clothes and onto the floor.

King was sobbing weakly and CJ was starting to turn blue when Author heard the ringing and the cocking of a gun from behind him. Author rolled his eyes, turning around to face Dark and Wilford. “Of course you arrive now to ruin my fun.”

Wilford's eyes were blazing with fury as he glared Author down, Dark next to him, the monochrome males aura sparking and crackling with his anger. “Let them go. Now.” Dark snarled, his eyes going fully black.

Author smirked at them, crossing his arms behind his back. “And why should I? I'm just having a bit for fun~” He slowly walked around the duo, eyeing them up and down. After a moment of glancing at Wilford's gun he sighed. “Fine. I know when I've been beat.”

Author pulled his notebook back up, scribbling down something. The robes holding the three released, the belt disappearing for CJ's neck and the male gasping for air as it rushed back into his lungs. Wilford dropped his gun, rushing over to the twins and King, grabbing them all and teleporting home. Dark rushed after him to the males, turning around at the last second and seeing Author vanish, a note falling to the ground.

I'll be back.

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