Dancing Devil Darling

by MajorasLight

Summary

My world jumper, Lily, decided to have some fun and jump into an old animation studio that's apparently being haunted or cursed, or whatever the heck is going on here cause it ain't normal.

WARNING: Lily curses like a sailor and has magic though rarely uses it outside of minor conveniences. Rating is subject to change and chapters will be updated as the game updates.
Dancing Devil Darling

DANCING DEVIL DARLING

I sighed as I laid on my bed, surfing Youtube for something interesting to watch, going from Red-back spider tanks to random gaming tips. What I come across a Youtube song called 'The Dancing Demon.'

A couple minutes of techno and old school animation and I fell in love with the song, and absolutely had to look up what game spawned this piece of beauty. I found a couple gamer's playing the game and I only watched the first few minutes, simply to see how the game started and finding out that it was basically a borderline horror survival game. Similar to Five Nights, but with a more Slender twist, rather then weeping angel.

I smirked as I powered down my laptop, grabbed my bag and my ring, before tearing my usual hole through the fourth wall. As I ran down the corridors I passed a few old favorites, along with some newer games, including one called 'Tattletail' I stared at it for a moment before shuddering and muttering about Furby rejects before continuing on my way to the game with a rather long winded title.

Bendy and the Ink Machine.

As I reached out to touch the idol of the game, which was Bendy himself, there was a little voice in the back of my head that told me that this might end up being a very bad idea.
Moving Pictures

Chapter Summary

We're gettin started now.

CHAPTER ONE: MOVING PICTURES

When I cleared the white light from my eyes I looked around very confused. It looked like I was back in my apartment, same cluttered mess, same noisy air traffic, same everything. For a moment I thought that I screwed up somehow, until I noticed one key difference, there was a letter slid under my door, that I know for a fact, wasn't there when I left.

As I picked up the parchment, noting that it looked yellowed and rather old, I quietly started reading it, while breathing out the small worry that something screwed up. It was almost the same letter used to start the game.

"Dear Lily, It seems like a lifetime since we worked on cartoons together. 30 years really slips away doesn't it?" How the hell does thirty years slip anywhere? Hell, i'm an immortal being, and 5 years still feels like forever and a half.

"If you're back in town, come visit the old workshop. There's something I need to show you. Your best pal, Joey Drew." I slowly blinked, I knew nobody of this name, and I never worked on animation at any point in my life, so I wondered how in hell this was going to go down. Also where the hell was the animation studio?!

I huffed and left the mock up of my apartment to wander around looking for an old animation studio. It was surprisingly easier to find then I first thought, while my street looked the same the rest of the town did not, and it wasn't too hard to find an older looking building that seemed in desperate need of a paint job, along with maybe a couple carpenters. The place seemed like it was falling into disrepair, and seemed primarily abandoned.

I took a quick look around and noted no one that would notice if someone was breaking into an old animation studio, and quickly made my way inside, surprisingly, the front door was already unlocked, no need for my lock picks here. "Convenient." I chirped as I waltzed on inside the building.

I barely made more then two steps inside when I heard a loud slam behind me, I jumped and whirled around and noted that the door had closed on it's own. A quick test of the knob proved that it had also locked itself too. I shrugged, figuring something like that would happen, at best I'd find either the key or another way out, and at worst I'd have to pick my way out.

"Alrighty then Mr. Drew, what did you call me here to see?" I mutter as I make my way into the main room, using a small flashlight since the building was so dark. I flinch when I hear a clank from a room, I couldn't tell if it was nearby or far off though, either way, the light started coming on, as well as a projector and, for some reason, giant film reels on the wall started spinning.

"Convenient." I mutter as I turn off my light and slip it into my coat pocket, out of sight, but still close enough in case I need to bounce it off someones skull. I looked back down the now lit hallway
and noted the posters on the wall, 'Bendy in; The Dancing Demon', 'Bendy in; Sheep Songs, with Boris the wolf', 'Bendy in; Little Devil Darlin', I smiled as I looked all around and even noticed the cardboard cutout of the little devil himself by the projector. I couldn't help but to coo at the little cutie-pie and give it a pat on the head.

I decided to start wandering around the building, out of a sheer lack of anything to do. Along the way I began testing doors, finding that all of them were locked, along with noting the writing on the walls, like 'Dreams come true.' I snorted, whoever came up with that idea clearly forgot the nightmares are dreams too. I eventually found my way into a room labeled 'Ink Machine' that, unsurprisingly had a gigantic machine in the middle of the floor.

"So this is the ink machine, huh?" I mutter to myself as I look the thing over, wondering how the the hell it worked and what it was supposed to do. It was then I felt my phone vibrate in my back pocket, I pulled it out and noted that it had updated itself with a new note, despite not having any service here.

"New task: start the ink machine? Why would I wanna do that?" I raised a brow, before sighing and shrugging. Horror genre, pushing to see just how stupid or careless they can make their main characters. I leave the room and continue to wander around, before finding a cassette player, with a cassette already loaded into the dock, I could barely make out a name written onto the cassette, Wally Franks. Out of curiosity I pushed play.

"At this point, I don't get what Joey's plan is for this company. The animations sure aren't being finished on time anymore. And I certainly don't see why we need this machine. it's noisy, it's messy. And who needs that much ink anyway? Also, get this, Joey had each of us donate something from our work station. We put them on these little pedestals in the break room. To appease the gods, Joey says. Keep things going. I think he's lost his mind, but, hey, he writes the checks. But I tell you what, if one more of those pipes burst, i'm outta here." I muttered as I looked at the paintings and noted that I needed; a cog, a wrench, a book, a character of some kind, some form of music, and a jar of ink. I felt my phone buzz again, and with a quick peek I noted that the task had changed to fix the ink machine. Oh goodie, just what I wanted, a collect-a-thon, great.

I slowly blink as I take in whatever information I could from the tape. The animations are no longer being done on time, he gets a giant machine that seems to cause more problems then it fixes, and he had each of the animators, story-boarders, and writers donate something from their desk, to appease some kind of god or gods. I walked away from the tape player and walked around the corner, pausing for a moment as a loose board dropped from the ceiling, and into a large, mostly empty room, baring six pedestals, six paintings hanging over the pedestals, and a switch in the back with a screen next to it that said 'low pressure.'

"I'm guessing this was a six man staff, not including Joey who probably ran the show." I muttered as I walked back out of the room with a sigh and paused when I noticed that a cardboard cutout of Bendy had somehow placed itself where the board had fallen. I chuckled, "hey there cutie pie, how did you...get...there?" My eyes went from the cute little cardboard creature, too, I honestly wasn't sure what. I sidestepped the cutout and went to the room behind him to investigate, and noted that the creature looked like an old version of Goofy, I could only assume that it was Boris. It had it's head lollled to the side as it's arms, legs, and upper body were being held down with thick straps of leather, and it's entire chest was open, revealing only broken open ribs. It's lungs, heart, stomach, hell all of it's internal organs were gone. I held my stomach as bile started rising to the back of my throat.

"Dear god Joey, what the hell have you been doing?" Several theories ran through my head, from Joey simply trying to bring his creations to life via Dr. Frankenstein, or that he has already brought
them into this world to experiment on them. I then noticed that one of the items I need, the wrench, was lodged into his chest cavity. It was disgusting, but I needed the damn thing. I quickly pulled it out and tried not to puke while doing it. I looked to my right and on the wall I saw another message; 'who's laughing now?' I shuddered and left the room, quickly looking at the cardboard Bendy.

"What the hell has Joey been doing here? What did he do to Boris? ...What did he do to you?" I mutter to the cardboard character, I didn't get an answer. I sighed and left the poor thing there as I started wandering throughout the entire workshop looking for the rest of the items. They were fairly easy to find, just mostly nowhere near where they needed to be, including a plush toy of Bendy that I really wanted to keep, and a book that apparently Joey wrote called 'The Illusion of Living.' There was something seriously wrong with Joey. I walked back to the break room and placed down all six of the items in the proper spots. However the sign still said 'low pressure' I remembered there being an inactive button that said 'flow' on it, maybe since I have all the items in place I can see if I can go kick start it.

I set a brisk pace towards the viewing room, apparently where everyone on the team sat down to see how the finished product turned out. As I made my way down the hall I paused for a moment when I say a cardboard Bendy peek down the hallway before pulling itself back around the corner.

"Hey Bendy, ya little cutie, what're you up too?" I chirp as I made my way around the corner where I was absolutely positive that there was no cutout there earlier, plus it was also rather far away from the corner, along with a mysterious ink splatter by it's feet that also wasn't there before. "How'd ya do that little buddy?" I questioned the cutout, again, I got no answer. I went into the room, though warily eyeing the ink splatter, apparently even though the machine was off, something was still going on with the ink here. I jumped when I heard a loud click of the projector turning on with a small animation of Bendy just bouncing appearing on the wall.

I sighed to myself, of course loud noises would freak me out more then seeing things move that shouldn't be. I walked around the projector and noted that the button that was inactive before now had a light behind it, I pushed the button and walked back out of the room, tipping an imaginary hat toward the cutout, before making my way back to the 'break' room.

What I got back the sign had changed and it now said 'ready', the machine was ready to be kick started. Every instinct in my body cried out for me to not pull the lever, to just go back and try to pick the lock to get out of here, but, curiosity killed the cat. I reached out and pulled the lever, there was a loud thunk from deep within the building, and I could hear liquid now freely flowing through the pipes. I smirked and nodded to myself, as I turned around and started walking back toward the machine.

I stopped just before I turned the corner toward the machine, looking down the hallway I felt the hairs on the back of my neck and arms stand straight up. The room had been boarded up, like someone had known that something was going to happen, and was trying to keep either me from going into the machine room, or to keep something from getting out. I swallowed the lump in the throat and I turned the corner.

As soon as I turned the corner I heard a small hissing noise that resembled a laugh. I slowly crept closer to the boards the noise got louder, the machine was obviously running in the back but it looked like something about about to go on it. I couldn't get any closer to the boards to look at the machine when a tall lean figure that looked more like it was covered more in tar than ink lept up and tried taking a swipe at me. I had jumped back out of reflex to keep from getting grabbed or scratched, I couldn't see the creatures face as the ink was covering the top half, but the bottom had that same grin that the cardboard Bendy's did, and on the top of it's head were two ink black horns.
"Bendy?" I questioned and it seemed like his grin got bigger as it cocked it's head to its side, on arm still hanging out of the boards while the other gripped one of the planks keeping him in. "What did Joey do to you?" I took a step forward but the sound of sloshing stopped me, I dared take my eyes off the incarnation of Bendy to look at the floor, apparently the machine sprung a leak and was quickly flooding the floor.

"Bendy the machine needs patched up, please move away so I can try to fix it." All I heard was that same hissing laughter. I tried moving forward, only to be swiped at again. "Bendy, please," his grin only seemed to get wider as he started trying to climb his way in between the boards, I quickly realized that he wasn't looking to rationalize anything, even if he could at this point, and while I wasn't sure what he would do to me if he caught me, I was sure that I didn't want to find out. I quickly turned about face and ran toward the exit, hoping that I could pick the lock before Bendy got out or before the ink raised to too high a level.

I was almost at the door when the floor gave out from under me, and I did about a ten or twenty foot belly flop onto more hard wood. I wheezed in pain as I flipped myself over onto my back and looked up the shaft I fell down. The ink was starting to quickly pour down the sides and I figured that if that floor was weak, then others might be too, so staying here might not be a good idea. I forced myself to my feet, wincing in pain the whole time, there was a sharp pain in the chest, telling me that one or two of my ribs might've cracked from the fall. My magic would heal that quickly, I just needed to find a safe spot to rest for a moment.

I hissed in pain as I walked and almost cursed when I realized that I was going even farther down into the building. Going down one flight of steps was hard, going down two was painful, going down three was torture, but four flights of stairs with cracked ribs. I was almost crying by the time I reached the bottom level, I actually had to pause to steady myself and catch my breath. I forced myself to press on until I felt safe though, and continued through a door, the exit was blocked off by more planks of wood, and facing the opposite side of it was an ax. I grinned as I pulled it off the wall, my injury would make it hard to swing, but it couldn't be much worse then walking down four flights of stairs. To my right was another message. 'The creator lied to us'

"Who did Joey lie to? And if not Joey, who?" I muttered, but my mind was still muddled by pain, and I couldn't think straight. I sighed and shook my head as I raised the ax and started feebly hacking away at the wood, thankfully the planks weren't in the best of shape so they came down pretty easy. There were a couple more down the hall and then three more covering a closed door, all coming down easily, as soon as I opened the door there was a loud crashing noise and I looked behind me and noticed that the way I came had completely caved in, there was absolutely no going back even if I wanted too. I turned to look in the room and saw that there was a pentagram on the floor and two coffins leaning against the back wall.

I sighed and staggered into the room, but as soon as I stepped into the pentagram, I suddenly saw flashes. First the ink machine, then a wheelchair, then it seemed like I was viewing Bendy standing next to a desk with my name on it through some boarded up room, then a close up shot of bendy, before everything went black.

CHAPTER END
CHAPTER 2: THE OLD SONG

I groaned as I started coming out of the darkness, I cracked my eyes open and tried to make out anything beyond white and black spots. "Ugh, my head, what happened?" I grunted as I sluggishly started pulling myself into a sitting position.

As I wiped the sleep from my eyes I slowly recounted what happened. "Oh yeah, I was running from Bendy and the floor collapsed."

I begun to prod at my ribs, I don't know how long I was out but apparently it was long enough for my magic to patch up my ribs. It was then I noticed I was sitting in the middle of a pentagram and that there were two coffins leaning against the nearby wall. I hoped that it was my magic that fixed my ribs, I wouldn't want anyone else's magic tampering with my own.

"Well, I guess there's really only one thing to do now," I groaned as I pushed myself up onto my feet, "keep moving, see if there's another way out. Or see if I can find this Joey bastard." I grunted as I grabbed the ax, I'd have a much easier time swinging it with my ribs fixed. I did a quick survey or the room, outside of the coffins and the pentagram on the floor, the only other thing that stood out was a boarded up door.

I quickly got the boards off and opened the door to find, another stairwell leading down. I rolled my eyes and wondered how far down this hell hole went. I fished my flashlight out of my pocket as the power didn't seem to be reaching all the way down here.

As I reached the bottom of the steps my flashlight lit up a wall that appeared to have been turned into a shrine, dedicated to the dancing demon himself, with the words scrawled in big black inky letters; 'He will set us free.' I blinked as I walked to up the shrine, the light from freshly lit candle flickering slightly as I looked inside little bowls, I wasn't sure what was in them and didn't want to. There was also a banjo sitting next to the shrine along with a couple labeled cans. I picked one up to read it.

"Bacon Soup. Just the way the little devil likes it. Eat with fork. Alrighty then, gross." I scrunched my face up in disgust, as I set the can back down. "I can see a bunch of food that could be used for a demon; Chili, roasted meats, anything that could be considered spicy like Asian or Indian food, or hell even Devil's Food Cake, but they went with a pork 'n' lard soup. Nasty."

I shuddered and turned away from the small shrine to look at the rest of the room, there was a small nook in the wall with another pentagram and two more coffins sitting on it. There was a small hallway with another pentagram at the end of it with a Bendy cardboard figure sitting in front of it, and along the wall on the last bit of the room there was another smaller cutout with a couple candles, and a tape recorder. I walked over to it and shone my flashlight on it, and I could actually make out the name, as if it had been made fairly recently. I pushed play on Sammy Lawrence's tape.

"He appears from the shadows to rain his sweet blessings upon me. The figure of ink that shines in the darkness. I see you, my savior. I pray you hear me. Those old songs, yes, I still sing them. For I know you are coming to save me. And I will be swept into your final loving embrace. But, love requires a sacrifice. Can I get an amen?"
"I think you need a change in religion dude." I mutter, something has happened here to cause poor Sammy to lose his marbles.

"I said, can I get an amen?"

"Hallelujah?" I squeak as I whirl around, ax raised as my flashlight whips over my surroundings, I wasn't expecting anyone to actually be down here with me. I relaxed slightly when I realized that there was no one actually in the room with me, though that voice sounded close, so it couldn't be far off.

I took a mental note of two switches that were in the room, that didn't seem to do anything when I pushed them, for a later time, and I made my way down the hallway. I rounded the corner and noticed a large ink puddle in front of a door frame. I looked into the doorway and found another hallway, that was absolutely flooded with ink. I groaned as I could already tell it was more then ankle deep.

I sighed and turned off my flashlight, as the other end of the hallway seemed a little brighter then this end. I quickly slipped off my socks and shoes and threw them into my shoulder bag, since they only gotten slightly damp and stained from the initial ink flooding. I both thanked and cursed the fact that I was wearing shorts, less stain on my cloths, more stain on my skin.

I gingerly dipped my toes into the liquid and hissed at how cold it was. I heaved a sigh and decided that if I was going to get messy I'd minimize the mess to my cloths as much as possible, it was much easier getting small stains out then it was something practically soaked. So I took off my jacket and shoved it into my bag as well, and adjusted a couple straps on my bag to it turned into a backpack rather then a messenger bag, and slid that on.

I winced as I stepped fully into the ink flooded hallway, the floor was sunken in to minimize the mess for the other floors, I'm guessing for when the ink machine flooded like it was doing earlier. The ink was halfway up my shin the floor was so deep, and it was cold as ice. I made it about halfway down the hallway when I saw someone on the other side of the door frame, he was rather tall, wore an ink stained mask resembling Bendy's face, and carrying a cutout of the demon as well. What struck me as odd, was his skin seemed as black as the ink I was wading in, he didn't seem to be wearing a shirt, but he was wearing a set of off white and stained overhauls.

"Hey wait! Excuse me? Hello!" I called to the man, but he ignored me, I rushed to the other side as quickly as I thought I could go without slipping and falling into the inky mess. By the time I got the the other side, the man was gone, and in the small nook where I saw him go, was another pentagram with a Bendy cutout in front again.

"Where the fuck did he go?" I muttered to myself as I walked up and reached over the bendy cutout as best and my short ass self could, and started pushing on the walls, I heard that hissing laughter again, I stopped prodding the wall and looked behind me for the Bendy tar monster, but he was nowhere to be seen. I shrugged and gently moved the cutout so I could continue prodding, almost convinced that there had to be a secret passageway behind this wall. The more I bent over to check the wall and it's sides the louder the hissing got, until it sounded like someone was shaking a baby rattle in my ear. I got off the floor to glare at the cardboard cutout, who was just a little smaller then I was.

"What the hell are you laughing at Bendy?" I growl as my arms cross. The hissing stopped and I was treated with silence once again. The cutout didn't look any different then the rest of the cutouts, but it certainly gave off a different vibe then the rest. I had an uncanny feeling that Bendy was watching me through this cutout, which meant he probably was watching me from some of the others as well. Creepy, but it didn't explain why he was laughing. After glaring at him for a moment I rolled my
eyes and placed him back in front of his pentagram and started fiddling with the messy shelves that were littered with more Bacon Soup, while cleaning up the mess and organizing the cans like they should have been I found another switch.

"A third switch, wonder what they do?" I wondered, when I noticed a dead power switch on the far wall. I walked over to it and fiddled with it for a moment before it sprung to life, three lights on it blinking indicating it needed more power to open the nearby door. I nodded to myself and grimaced realizing that I have to wade through that inky mess again, thankfully I neglected to put my socks and shoes back on. I walked back over to the first switch and pressed it, noticing that it turned one of the lights solid instead of flashing. I smiled and hopped back into the inky mess, shuddering at the icy feeling again, though noting that it was slightly warmer. I wasn't sure if this was a good thing so as I quickly as I could I hurried down the flooded hall and hit the two switches.

"And that's three, I should be able to power the door open now." I chirped gleefully as I headed back for the hall. I blanched when my foot touched the ink again, this time the ink was hot, not hot enough to scald, but like a nice hot bath after a long cold day. Almost made me wanna stay in the ink, but I had things to do, and I don't think it'd be good for my skin if I was to just sit in hot ink.

I quickly walked through the hall way, though as I was climbing out of the wetness I heard that same hissy laughter. I sighed and turned toward the Bendy cutout and noticed there was now a folded up piece of paper pinned to its bowtie. I raised a brow as I reached over to pull it off.

"You look good in black?" I read, before I looked down to my feet and realized that trudging through all that ink my legs were now stained almost up to my knees, contrasting vividly with my pale skin. I rolled my eyes before sitting down on the floor and pulling out a thin towel from my bag to dry off my legs, and hopefully rub off some of the ink in the process. Once when my legs were sufficiently dry, though still rather black in appearance, I slipped my socks and shoes back on, wouldn't do to get splinters in my feet now.

I pulled the switch and watched as the door slowly and nosily raise itself up. Once when the door was fully open and I took a step through it there was a loud thud and the sound of someone gasping in pain as a light turned on.

"Hello?! Who in hell are you?!" I frowned as I tightened my grip on my ax. I moved closer when I received no answer and could see nothing moving around through the slots of the boards. Another moment passed before I started chopping down the boards blocking my path forward. Once when I could make my way through, I saw a large sign separating two hallways.

"Joey Drew Productions, Music Department." I read to myself and looked a little more around and I find a small hallway with a set of stairs leading down to an exit door, but the bottom of the stairwell is flooded, making it obnoxious to open the door, especially if I had to pick the lock. There was a power switch on the wall here though, so I turned it on and I heard a few loud bangs, I look back out into the music department and saw that a bunch of lights had turned on. I raised a brow before walking back out only to slowly back up when some of the ink puddles raised up into inky almost human looking masses, with a squeal I swung my ax like it was a baseball bat and caused the creatures to splatter everywhere.

"What in fucking fucker fuck?!" I panted as I dealt with the last of the creatures. Those were not something I expected to see, I then noticed another tape player on the side of the music department billboard. I look at the tape inside, and note that it was from Sammy again, though it looked like it was a much older tape due to the faded name.

"So first, Joey installs this ink machine over our heads. Then it begins to leak. Three times last month, we couldn't even get out of our department because the ink had flooded the stairwell. Joey's
solution? An ink pump to drain it periodically. Now I have this ugly pump switch in my office. People in and out all day. Thanks, Joey. Just what I needed. More distractions. These stupid cartoon songs don’t write themselves you know."

So Sammy was one of the writers, though rather then story he composes the songs. Apparently the ink machine was still causing problems, and he set up a pump system to drain it, and the switch was in Sammy's office. Also I wasn't an engineer but a drainage pump in a stairwell, doesn't sound like it'd make a whole lot of sense to me. Why not just fix the pipes that are leaking? I guess they still would've needed a way to get rid of the ink.

I had noticed that after I smacked the ink creatures that a doorway had opened up on the side of the room, I opted to go down there later and to finish up looking around down here. I went to that side of the room anyway and tried the door at the end of the hallway, and to my surprise it actually opened up. I walked into a rather large recording studio with several instruments, chairs, microphones hanging from the ceiling, sheet music stand in front of all the the chairs, with sheet music that read 'The Lighter Side of Hell', and a small recording booth in the back, and next to the recording booth looked like another door that would open up after doing something, though with under the window for the voice acting booth was another tape recorder, this time a woman by the name of Susie Campbell.

"It may only be my second month working for Joey Drew, but I can already tell I'm going to love it here! People really seem to enjoy my Alice Angel voice. Sammy says she may be as popular as Bendy some day. These past few weeks I've voiced everything from talking chairs to dancing chickens. But this is the first character I have really felt a connection with. Like she's a part of me. Alice and I, we're going places."

So, we now have a voice actor, along with a new character to this game. Alice Angel, I wonder, did they create her to be a romantic interest for Bendy or a foil? Since one would assume that angels and demons don't exactly get along. Though now it just gets me started on how Bendy and Boris sound. While it's hard to picture Boris with anything other then a Goofy kinda voice, I could actually picture a New York or Brooklyn accent in his voice. Oh well, guess I'll find out when I find out. For all I knew Sammy could've been the voice for Bendy.

I looked up in the balcony and noted a Bendy cutout staring down at the studio, along with a projector. Going there must've been through the other hallway, so I made my way over, warily eyeing the ink stains on the floor in case any more of those ink creatures wanted to spawn. When I climbed up the stairwell and got to the projector room and cutout was nowhere to be see-scratch that, he had moved down to the studio. I flipped the projector on, and but nothing was playing, it only made a yellow light against the studio wall. Next to the projector was another tape recorder, how many of these things were there?! The name on the tape said Norman Polk.

"Every day the same strange thing happens, I'll be up here in my booth, the band will be swinging, and suddenly Sammy Lawrence just comes marching in and shuts the whole thing down. Tells us all to wait in the hall. Then I hear him. He starts up my projector, and he dashes down from the projector booth and down to the recording studio like the little devil himself was chasing behind. Few seconds later, the projector turns off. But Sammy, he doesn't come out for a long time. This man is weird. Crazy weird. I have half a mind to talk to Mr. Drew about all this. But then again, I have to admit. Mr. Drew has his own peculiarities."

I frown to myself, the projector having turned off a little more than halfway through the tape. Apparently there's unrest throughout the entire staff. Weather it's about the ink machine, the weird habits of coworkers, or whatever else there is to hear about in here. Everyone seemed to have something to complain about. But apparently, Joey Drew is just as cracked as Sammy, how how far
the cracks run for the two of them, who knows. But it did give me a clue as to how to get that mysterious door open, it required the projector, and possibly one or two of the instruments down there. I guess I would find out soon enough.

Since I had explored the other two hallways, I decided to take a look down the hallway that had opened up. Though as I was coming down the stairs from the projector booth I looked down a little nook at the base of the steps and saw a new poster. This one depicting Alice Angel. 'Bendy in; Sent From Above, with Alice Angel.' I frowned at what Alice looked like. Sure she looked innocent enough, however I had never seen any depictions of angels with horns on their head, and that would indicate that she was supposed to be both a demon and an angel. There was only one depiction of that, and that was of Lucifer, the devil himself. I didn't trust this supposed angel, though I guess if I met her, that view might change.

Either way, I went down the new hallway, looking around an testing doors, they all seemed to open and I enjoyed seeing some artwork and a 'Train Troubles' poster, along with trying to play a pipe organ I found, though after playing a small tune I heard a death rattle from someone far off, so I quickly got the hell out of there. At the end of the hallway was Sammy Laurence's office, though the door was blocked by another leak, on the wall opposite the door to Sammy's office was a shelf with another tape recorder on it. And on the other wall was a door marked closet, the door was locked. And another cutout of Bendy. I peered inside the window into Sammy's office and saw the pump switch I needed, along with some writing on the wall that said 'It's time to believe.'

I frowned and looked at the cutout. "Hey cutie pie, do you know what it is I'm supposed to start believing in? Cause I'm already believing that Sammy, and possibly the rest of the crew that worked here, is a cracked nut." I got a hissing laughter in response and I grinned. I walked over to the tape and looked at the name, It was Wally Franks again.

"So I go to get my dust pan from the hall closet the other day and guess what? I can't find my stupid keys. It's like they disappeared into thin air or something. All I can think of is that they must have fallen into one of the garbage cans as I was making my rounds last week. I just hope nobody tells Sammy. Because if he finds out that I lost my keys again, I'm outta here."

I barely resist the urge to bounce my own damn head off the wall at the stupidity of Wally. I can understand losing your keys, but losing your keys enough times to the point of getting yourself fired, losing your keys again, then leaving a message about it outside of your boss's door, outright saying that you not only lost your keys but hope that nobody tells your boss. I actually walk over to the hallway, lean my back against the wall and slide down and press my forehead into my knees.

"Wally Franks, I present to you, the 'you are a fucking dumbass' award, congratulations ya special snowflake!" I'm caught somewhere between laughing my ass off at the stupidity and groaning in exasperation. " Seriously though, of all the stupid things I've heard, seen, and even done, that, right there, takes the fucking cake!" On the plus side, I now knew I was looking for keys in a trash can, on the down side there are several trash cans in this section and I have to hope that Sammy doesn't already have them. With a sigh, I pull myself up and, with another tip of an imaginary hat toward Bendy, start back tracking to find a god damn set of keys I didn't know I was supposed to be looking for in the first place.

After almost a half hour of searching, I finally found the fuckers sitting in a trash can in the recording studio I sigh to myself as I make my way back toward Sammy's office, I just reach the office when I suddenly hear the sound of running footsteps, I quickly turned around, but, I see nothing. I still hear the footsteps, I turn to look inside the window in Sammy's office, nothing. I keep shifting my attention between the office window and the hallway, while facing the supposed closet with my ax raised in defense. I never noticed anything shifting behind me. At least until I felt the sting on my ass.
With a yelp I quickly turn around and bring down my ax, though it only cuts through air. I slowly
blink and notice that there is nothing there, there is no footprints leading in or out, in fact the sound of
the footsteps is gone, and so is the Bendy cutout. I am in sheer confusion as I straighten myself and
reach back to rub my still stinging behind when I feel something wet. I pull back my hand and see it's
now got ink on it. I set my ax down and twist my body to I can get a decent look at the back of my
shorts and lo and behold, there's an ink hand print on the back of my shorts. That little demon had
slapped my ass, then it suddenly made sense as to why he was laughing earlier when I was prodding
the wall, he was checking out my ass, and possibly other things.

"You cheeky little devil." I snicker, mostly at myself for getting caught like that. There was a hissing
laughter to join my own. "Just you wait, I'm gonna get you back for that one." I smirk as I pick my
ax back up and go unlock the closet door.

Inside the closet, there really wasn't much of anything, more papers, a couple more can't of Bacon
Soup, a bowl of something, and yet another god damn cassette player. I sighed and looked at the
name, yet another tape from Sammy Lawrence.

"Every artistic person has his sanctuary. Joey Drew has his, and I have mine. To enter you need
only know my favorite song. The banjo playfully plucks. The violin shudders with a piercing voice.
The banjo once again strums it's melody. The drum thunders is triumph. Sing my song, and my
sanctuary will open to you."

"That's not a god damn song, that's not even a fucking melody, that's three plucks of two string
instruments and a bang on a drum. That's not a fucking song!" I screech in protest, really Sammy
was the head of the music department and he couldn't create a small simple melody on a piano or
violin or something. I sighed and stormed over to the projector booth. There was no way in hell this
was going to work. I looked down for a moment and raised an eyebrow at three Bendy cutouts just
chilling out in the recording studio. I shrugged and turned on the projector before jogging down to
the studio and plucked a random string on the banjo, then again on the violin, then again on the
banjo, then slammed my hand on the drum. I waiting for a moment then I heard a click and the sound
of a door being raised in the room. I could feel my eyebrows twitch, and I try to hold in the scream in
indignation, I really do try. But it gets out and I start ranting.

I finally sit down on one of the studio chairs to catch my breath from ranting almost non stop for
about five or six minutes. As I catch my breath I look up and see three...no, make that two cardboard
Bendy's and one real Bendy? He looked exactly like the cutout, his eyes were the same as the
cutouts though they seemed lidded, as he was resting his head on one gloved hand, a lazy smile on
his face.

"Hey cutie pie, did you come out just to hear me rant and rave about music?" I questioned up at him
with a smile, Bendy jumped and realize that he got caught, before melting down into a puddle of ink
and disappearing. "Aww, I scared him away." I frown slightly, before picking myself back up and
heading into Sammy's little sanctuary. All his sanctuary was was a frikkin hallway and at the very
end was a valve that have the words 'flow' over it.

"This is your sanctuary dude? What did you come in here to do- never mind I don't wanna know." I
wrinkled my nose as I turned the valve and smirked as I heard ink flowing I turned around and
blinking as a Bendy cutout had appeared behind me, with another note pinned to it's bow-tie. I pulled
it off and read it. "I am not cute. I beg to differ ya cutie pie." I smile as I pat the cutouts head and
walk around to to head back to Sammy's office, I stop just at the doorway when I look up into the
projector room and see that guy from earlier, from the flooded hallway, staring down at me.

"A-are you Sammy? Sammy Lawrence?" I questioned as I stepped out of the doorway, the hair on
the back of my neck and on my arms standing straight up. I shudder when I heard a ghastly groan and I turn to the studio and see that I am surrounded by about 10 damn ink blobs. I curse and start batting away, leading then more into the hallway so they're forced to single file. After striking the last of them down I sigh, only to be tackled to the ground as another ink blob tackled me from behind, I grunt in frustration as my ax slides away from me, I'm able to twist my body just enough to slam my elbow into it's face. Apparently these things aren't very structurally sound so it splattered on contact. I blinked and heaving a sigh as I pulled myself to my feet and walked out to grab my ax. Sammy was still in the booth, watching.

I quickly make my exit, and rush down to Sammy's office, I did not want to see if he was in the projector room, I just wanted to get the hell away from him. Thankfully the ink was gone and I could just run into the office and slam the door behind me. There was just something about Sammy that really put me on edge. I breath a sigh before looking around his office for a moment before noting very little of interest, outside the blueprints for the ink machine. I pull the lever and smile as I hear the ink flowing. I crack my knuckles and ready my ax as I open the door and try to make a mad dash for the stairwell.

This did not work, because as soon as I stepped back out into the main room I felt something hard and metallic collide with the back of my head. I squeak as I collapse barely conscious as I look up at Sammy's inky form.

"Rest your head, it's time for bed." Everything faded to black.

I groan and the sudden intrusion of light, as I quickly come to my senses when I realize that my hands and legs are bound and I am gagged. I open my eyes and I come face to...mask with Sammy Lawrence?

"There we go now. Nice and tight. We wouldn't want our sheep roaming away now, would we?" I could hear the insanity clawing at this man as I start testing my bonds.

"No, we wouldn't." I could hear the malice in his voice so I stop testing and simply look at him.

"I must admit, I am honored you came all the way down here to visit me. It almost makes what I'm about to do seem cruel." I slowly blink and frown as best I can with the gag.

"But the believers must honor their savior. I must have him notice me." I raise an eyebrow and give him my best deadpan look possible, considering I am fairly wet with ink and bound and gagged.

"Wait. You look familiar to me...that face..." Sammy tilted his head as he tried to get a better look at me, to try and remember where he saw me from. I doubted he could with whatever mania has taken hold of his mind.

"Not now. For our lord is calling to us, my little sheep. The time of sacrifice is at hand! And then, I will finally be free from this...prison. This inky...dark...abyss I call a body." I looked away from his face to look at his body, it wasn't the body of any man, his skin was pure ink. The ink from the machine must've done something to the entire staff, and not only made them mad but did something to their flesh and blood body's, making them, in all essence, enchanted ink. Suddenly there was a loud clatter from above.

"Shhh...Quiet! Listen! I can hear him. Crawling above. Crawling! Let us begin, the ritual must be completed! Soon he will hear me...he will set us free." Sammy then started walking to a nearby door. As soon as the door closed behind him I started struggling with my bonds again, using a bit of my magic to loosen them.
"Sheep, sheep, sheep, it's time for sleep. Rest your head, it's time for bed." Man had a fucking thing for sheep that's for damn sure.

"In the morning, you may wake. Or in the morning, you'll be dead." I smirked as I managed the finally rip off the ropes binding my wrists, a quick rub to them and I yanked off the gag. It was then that the metal door against the wall started rising with a loud clatter.

"Hear me, Bendy! Arise form the darkness! Arise and claim my offering! Free me! I Beg you! I summon you, ink demon! Show your face and take this tender sheep!" I was ripping and clawing at the ropes around my feet, I don't really know what kind of mania has taken ahold of Sammy, but I certainly didn't want to know what would happen if Bendy were to catch me tied up like this. Suddenly there was a clatter over the intercom.

"No my lord! Stay back! I am your prophet!" I paused, having gotten only one of my legs free and stared at the door Sammy went though.

"I am your--AAAHHH!!" The hairs on the back of my neck stood up, Bendy reached out and killed a man that was worshiping him. Granted, I doubt Sammy actually liked Bendy, but was hoping that he could free them. I quickly ripped off the last rope on my leg and ran over to my ax. Not a moment too soon as well because those ink creatures started coming out of the ink again.

A couple swats with my ax and they were gone and I ran down the hallway, using my ax to chop through all the boards blocking the corridor. The last board came down, and my ax broke. I cursed as I looked at it, and noted that the tip of the handle was soaked in ink, must've gotten in through craps and possibly a poor sealing of the ax head. If I tried slipping it back on it would've just fallen right off again. This was bad, especially since right in front of me was a room flooded in ink.

Only thing to do was press on.

I didn't even step into the flooded room then Bendy arose from the ink with flourish. He was looking more like he had a physical form rather then the barely held together form from when I first turned on the machine. Either he had more time to better hold himself together, or he was using parts of Sammy's inky body.

"Bendy." I greeted warily, eyeing him like he was going to strike soon. Bendy only grinned in acknowledgement, and started stepping toward me. I started stepping back, still not wanting to be caught by the inky demon. Bendy suddenly lept forward to close the space between us, but I bolted down a newly opened hallway as the ink started to flood the hallways. I rounded the corner and spared a glace behind me, Bendy was hot on my tail, I grunted and looked back, just in time to see a door at the end of the hall open by itself, I didn't wanna question it as I ran right in, and skidded to a stop to see that the door had shut and barricaded it self.

There was a thud and the door started shaking, as Bendy tried to get in, but he quickly gave up and left. I sighed and and sat down on the floor for a moment to catch my breath. I don't have any idea how the door managed to open, close, and barricade itself, but I like to think that it was Sammy's spirit trying to help. I don't know if Sammy was really dead, or what Bendy did to him, if I was the religious type I would've prayed for his soul, but I wasn't, so I could only hope that it was as painless as possible. Once my breathing had evened out I pulled myself back up and stepped into the new hallway. Only to pause as a can of Bacon Soup rolled across the floor from around the corner.

"Hello? I know your there, step out and show yourself." I called out as I saw something shift in the hallway. I just hoped it was a damn sight nicer than Sammy or Bendy had been. My eyebrows shot into my hairline as out came Boris, only he wasn't strapped down to a table and ribcaged open. Boris looked at me with soft eyes and a warm but wary smile.
Dear god there were so many cassette players in chapter two, I swear that's why this chapter took and turned out so long. This is where this story ends for now, cause It's not updating until chapter three comes out for the game. :) Which is hopefully soon.
Rise and Fall

Chapter Summary

IT'S FINALLY DONE! Over nine thousand words long. It's finally complete, and hey, just in time for Halloween. :)

Chapter Three: Rise and Fall

I woke with a groan, as I pulled myself up from a makeshift bed, popping my neck and shoulders. The nap wasn't great, but it was better then nothing, I felt like I had been down here for hours. I looked around the room, and noticed little of interest, a poster, a hammock, a trunk under the hammock, and a Bendy clock on the wall.

Apparently Boris found a safe spot in this weird studio that none of the ink beasts or Bendy come into. I stifled a yawn and walked out of the room, heading down the hallway passed a bathroom, and into what looks like a living area with a small kitchen. Boris was sitting at a table bouncing his head to the music coming from a nearby record player.

"Mornin' Boris, don't suppose you have a coffee maker sitting around anywhere? Or coffee?" I asked, and Boris gave a small shake to his head, Boris either didn't want to talk or couldn't talk. "Go figure."

I walked over to my bag, which I threw by the table where I first got here, and pulled out a tea kettle, some bottled water, a clean mug, and a tin of instant coffee. As i put the filled kettle on the stove I looked over at the door and noticed the lever for the safe house door was missing.

"Hey buddy. You seen that lever handle around? Or are you holding it hostage until I make you some breakfast?" Boris kept bouncing his head to the music, but his eyes gained a twinkle of mischief, and I smirked.

"I though so, lets see what we got." I started wandering around the safe house while I waited for the water to boil, and ended up finding three cans of that bacon soup shit. I walked back out into the main room with Boris and held up one of the cans and asked if this would work. His eyes lit up like a Christmas tree and I stuck my tongue out in disgust.

"What do you see in this, it sounds disgusting." I rolled my eyes as I popped open the cans, and dumped them into a pot and set that on the stove as well. My water was boiling at this point so I took it off and poured myself a cupful and added the instant coffee mix to it. While I waited for Boris's soup to heat up and my coffee to properly mix I lit myself a cigarette.

"Yeah, yeah, I know. Horrible habit, don't give me that look." I rolled my eyes when Boris gave me a look, I pulled an ashtray out of my bag and set it on the table so I had somewhere to flick the ashes. By now Boris's soup had heated up, and was filling the whole room with the scent of lard and pork.

"Boris this stuff looks like ink." I said as I set down a bowl in front of him and returned to my seat and coffee. Boris simply started slurping it up. I rolled my eyes and went back to my coffee and cigarette.
After breakfast was finished and everything put away Boris reached over and pulled out a toolbox that had the lever in it.

"Thanks buddy!" I smiled as I took the lever and replaced it on the door. I pulled on the lever and the door opened, Boris got out of his chair and made his way out. I shrugged and left the safe house myself, and the door swung shut behind us, effectively locking us out.

"Huh, well, lets see what's out there, don't wander too far off ok?" I smiled at Boris and he nodded back. I wandered around the hallway, noticing a new poster that advertised the bacon soup. I sneered at the poster as I came upon a part of the hallway that looked like all the lights had burnt out. It was completely pitch black down there. I noticed an old looking flashlight on the table and grabbed it, flicking it on.

"Well this doesn't put out much light." I muttered as we proceeded down the hallway, going a little slower just in case there was something I needed to avoid in the darkened halls.

As soon as we stepped into the hallway a metal door came closed with a loud clang, I jumped and swirled around, accidentally flashing the light into Boris's eyes. I apologized as we continued, the entire hallway was filled with machinery part and ink was dripping down the walls and from the ceiling. As we made our way down we heard the sound of footsteps running on the floor above us.

"Did you hear that?" I asked Boris, who remained silent as ever. "Yeah, me either." I shrugged it off but kept on high alert. Finally we came to a lit area with a closed metal door blocking our path. A loud clang from behind us with another door slamming shut, trapping us in the small room.

"Well damn, a dead end. Don't see any way out either." I muttered to myself as I looked around. Boris came up and gently tugged on the flashlight in my hand, I let him have it and he walked over to some sort of vent, opened it and crawled in, the vent closing behind him. I blinked a couple times before I heard a soft clanking sound from behind the walls and then the metal door blocking my path opened up.

"Quite the handy little repairman, ain't cha Boris?" I smirked as I walked on through the door, noting the giant Bendy face on a wall at the end of the hall, it split off on both sides and looked like they went into the same place, which looked like the beginning of a toy shop? A toy factory? I wasn't sure, there was a sign that said 'Heavenly Toys' and directly behind it was what looked to be a fountain, only it was ink that was cascading down instead of water. There was a few plush toys strewn around the place, of varying sizes, including plush toys bigger then I was. There was also a curious little makeshift box where the two hallways ended, with the sign above it saying 'Little miracle station.' I walked over to it and opened the door on it and walked inside the claustrophobic area, and looked out the little slot that was just barely at eye level.

"Oh hell the fuck no. This is some Amnesia level shit right here." I let out a pitiful groan and covered my face with my hands. I then heard a knock on the door of the station. I stilled immediately, waiting, listening, when no more sounds came I peeked through the slot but could see no one around. I blinked, swallowed the lump in the throat, and opened the door.

There was no one around, only the plush dolls. I turned to look at the door, and there was a small splattering of ink, and a note.

"Beware the ink demon? He is not me, but is at the same time. If he finds you, run, and find one of these stations scattered throughout this area. As soon as you step inside he will ignore you and walk away." There was no signature at the end of the note, but there was a little symbol, a circle with two horns coming out of it. I could only assume that Bendy had written this. But what did he mean by beware the ink demon? Wasn't he the ink demon?
It was then that I remembered Sammy Lawrence. He was really no man, he was some sort of mix between flesh and ink, something had happened here that caused people to become ink monsters, for lack of a better term. So if the Bendy that was attacking me wasn't ACTUALLY Bendy, then who was he?

I sighed and shrugged off this thought for the moment, I needed to find a way out, and I needed to find Boris. I walked to the end of the room and up a small flight of stairs, I faintly heard singing as I walked up on the back wall, with a time clock and another poster that said 'Don't forget to punch in! It could save your job.' I rolled my eyes and noted a switch on the far wall that I couldn't get to move. It was for something later I guessed. I walked down the nearby hallway and saw another poster, 'Work hard, work happy.' It said. I preferred the cartoon posters to this bullshit, but whatever.

The next room looked like a workshop, where they made the dolls, and they were scattered everywhere, on the tables, on conveyor belts, on shelves, they were pretty much everywhere. On the back wall there were some more shelves but these looked like they were on a conveyor belt as well, they were swinging slightly, and behind one of these shelves there was a door out of this room. Beside it was a little nook with a table, another plush toy, a weird little bowl with an ink sculpture of Bendy in it, and a tape recorder. I poked the ink sculpture and it jumped up and changed its appearance into Boris, I continued poking it and it changed into Alice, then the ink machine. I left it as the machine and went over to the tape recorder, the name on it was Shawn Flynn.

"I don't be seein' what the big deal is. So what if I went and painted some o' those Bendy dolls with a crooked smile? That's sure no reason for Mr. Drew to be flyin' off the handle at me. And if he really wants to be so helpful he could be tellin' me what I'm to be doin' with this warehouse I got full of that angel whatchamacallit. Not a scrap of that mess be a-sellin'. Probably have to melt it all down to be rid of it all."

I blinked as I took in the information, apparently Alice wasn't nearly as popular as they all thought she was going to be, and apparently Joey Drew was going crazy over small mistakes made by the people who were making the merchandise. There was also a familiarity to the voice as well, it sounded like one of my favorite Youtuber's, Jacksepticeye. When I got back to my world I'd have to look up and see if he did any voice acting for the game.

It was then I noticed that the machines belts were being jammed up with toy parts, I quickly got the parts unstuck and flipped the switch back out in the fountain area. I heard a soft thrum of a motor and went back and noticed that the conveyor belts had started moving, I flipped the switch I the room and the shelves moved themselves, allowing me access to the door beyond.

The next room was somewhat brightly lit, Alice dolls lined the shelves, an Alice cutout and poster were behind a glass panel, along with a new poster next to it; Alice Angel in Siren Serenade. So she did make an appearance in a few cartoons, I guess some people just preferred the mischievous little devil Bendy. In the back of the room was another room with a glass panel in front of it, with a sign above it saying; She's Quite A Gal. I raised a brow and walked a bit further into the room. That's when all the lights cut out, baring a couple for the back room, along with a couple TV monitors that I failed to notice before sprung to life but only showed Alice's face. Then a song started playing.

"I'm the cutest little angel sent from above, and I know just how to swing. I got a bright little halo and filled with love, I'm Alice Angel!" I raised a brow, as it didn't seem like the song was coming form any speakers, it was more like a physical presence was singing it.

"I'm a hit of the party, I'm the belle of the ball, I'm the toast of every town, just one little dance and I'll own your heart, I'm Alice Angel." I frowned, this angel sure was full of herself. As the song progressed I moved closer to the glass panel at the back of the room. That was until I felt a tug on the
back of my shirt, I turned around but due to the darkness, I couldn't see anything, thought I could've swore I saw a little white gloved hand holding my shirt.

"I ain't no flapper, I'm a classy dish, and boy can this girl sing." I then felt a strong energy behind the glass and swiveled back around to watch. "This girl can grant your every wish,"

"I'M ALICE ANGEL!"

It was then that an inky woman popped up and slammed her hands onto the glass, her halo was tilted to one side, and looked to be melting into her hair and horns, half of her face seemed melted. I wasn't able to get any clearer a look as she then brought back her hands and slammed them down onto the glass. The lights completely cut leaving me in full darkness and there was a shattering glass sound, followed by a laugh.

"I see you there. A new fly in my endless web." Whoever was holding onto the back of my shirt had since let go, due to the darkness I had no idea where they were, nor was I sure where Alice Angel was.

"Come along now. Let's see if you're worthy to walk with angel's." There was this odd, duality to her voice, like two voices were speaking at the same time, with one of the voices trying to speak over the other.

It was then the lights decided to come back on, Alice was nowhere to be seen, though there was a hole in the glass where she struck, almost all the dolls in the room disappeared, barring one, the cutout disappeared as well. I looked behind me and noticed an ink splatter along with a note. 'Beware more than Bendy' Was Bendy trying to keep me from going any closer to Alice? Or was this a similar situation where this Alice, wasn't the real Alice, and the real Alice was trying to keep me from going to close to her crazed counterpart? And if that was the case, was there also a big bad wolf version of Boris I was going to meet as well?

All these questions with no answers.

I walked over to the last Alice doll on the shelf and pulled her down. I decided to keep her and placed her into my bag for safekeeping. Before walking to the end of the room and opening the door, that led out into yet another hallway. Apparently Joey was a hallway enthusiast. At the end of this hallway, was two more hallways, labeled by a sign in the middle of the two. Going left would take me down the pathway of the demon, and going right would take me down the pathway of the angel.

Which way to go?

I looked both ways, The demon side looked like it was flooded with ink, where as the angel side seemed clear of ink at all. I figured I could come back and look down the other side after I finished poking around the first choice, so I went left.

As soon as I stood at the edge of the ink pool I heard a slam behind me, I walked back to the split and noticed that a metal door had come down and blocked off the angel side, I had effectively locked myself into the path of the demon, I could always make a portal to explore the angel side, but I wanted to poke around the demon side first, so I went back and removed my socks and shoes before wading into the luke warm ink, there wasn't hardly anything in the room, save for a doorway out, a few Bendy toys and posters, and a single tape recorder, which had the name Joey Drew on it.

"There's nothing wrong with dreaming. Wishing for the impossible is just human nature. That's how I got started. Just a pencil and a dream. We all want everything without even having to lift a finger. They say you just have to believe. Belief can make you succeed. Belief can make you rich. Belief
can make you powerful. Why with enough belief you can even cheat death itself. Now that... is a beautiful, and positively silly thought."

I frowned and tilted my head, My first thought was that Joey had some sort of god complex, wanting to never die, and either never considered the repercussions of becoming immortal, or didn't care. My second thought was that he sounded like a used car salesman. Further inspection on the doorway showed that it simply lead onward to a new hallway that it wanted me to go down so I decided to backtrack through the inky mess, back to where the hallways split off in the first place.

When I got to the closed metal door I called upon my magic, there was a few sparks and crackles of my magic as it pooled in my hand from my ring, and I drew a large imperfect circle onto the metal doorway, when the circle closed ends a portal to the other side of the door opened up. I slipped my shoes back on and stepped through.

The room was more narrow, and clean, there was also no door leading out in this room, possibly due to my initial choice. So I could only leave via the same portal I used to get in. The room did have some Alice Angel toys and posters, like the demon route, along with another single tape recorder. But this one was from Susie Campbell. As soon as I hit play I heard the sound of Susie crying.

"Everything feels like it's coming apart. When I walked into the recording booth today, Sammy was there with that... Alison. Apparently I didn't get the memo, Alice Angel will now be voice by Miss Alison Pendle. A part of me died when he said that. There's got to be a way to fix this!"

This would explain the dual voices coming from Alice, I wasn't quite sure how the inky forms of Sammy and Bendy worked, but possibly when all this went down, Susie and this new girl, Alison, were somehow fused together via the ink machine to become Alice Angel, what they're trying to do now remains to be seen. I turned around and noticed someone was at the portal, poking at its golden edges. I snuck a little closer and noticed that it was Bendy. The smaller more cartoony version that more resembled his cutouts rather then the much taller and inky form that insisted on chasing me.

"Well hey there cutie pie." I smiled as he jumped at my voice. He stared at me for a moment before melting into a puddle of ink.

"Damn, scared him off again." I shrugged as I made my way back out of the angel path, I then felt an, off presence after I closed the portal, I looked behind me and almost jumped out of my skin. There was now a drawing of a pentagram on the metal door with an inkier version then the cutouts of Bendy, he had much more human looking eyes, with small smudges around the eyes and mouth, he also held a sign that said 'Wandering is a terrible sin'. I stared at the drawing for a moment before laughing.

"Alright, cutie pie, alright. No more making my way into places I'm not supposed to be." I chuckled to myself as I made my way back through the demon path, made my way through the inky mess and down the hallway, passed another one of those Little Miracle stations, and opened up another door, soon as I stepped in a Bendy cutout quickly peered around the corner.

"Well, return of the cardboard cutie pie." I chuckled as I rounded the corner, only to find Boris standing there cheekily, holding what looks like a bit of old piping.

"Boris ya goof, were you trying to scare me?" I grinned and Boris smiled with a glint of mischief in his eye, before holding out the pipe.

"Did you find something for me to protect myself with?" I asked with a smile as I took the pipe, Boris nodded his head.
"Well then, this'll work perfectly then. Onward buddy!" I grinned and opened the door Boris was next to.

The next room was covered in ink, not enough to flood it thankfully, the room had a bunch of plush toys in it, including more of those giant Boris dolls. Along with several Bendy clocks. A quick check of the room showed little of interest other then a strange device with three tubes of ink and a stare box on the wall, possibly a power box of some kind.

Continuing on with Boris just behind me, we were in another god damn hallway, at one end was this very strange Bendy statue, a switch next to it that Boris went to stand next to, a box that was labeled 'door release', and some power lines that presumably went to the next switch.

"Looks like to open this we've got to throw two levers at once. Why they didn't just put the two switches next to each other is beyond me." I snarked with an eye roll. Boris made this wheezing noise but his mannerisms showed that he was laughing.

"Alright then Buddy, if you got this switch, I'll go find the other one, can't be too far." I smirked and Boris gave me a thumbs up. I followed the cords around a corner, at the end was the switch, along with a poster of a rather seedy looking trio called 'The Butcher Gang'.

"The Butcher Gang? Well don't that sound friendly." I sneered as I walked closer to the switch. As soon as I was right next to the switch this clown looking motherfucker burst out from a hidden compartment behind the poster and screamed at me. I screamed right back and started wildly swinging the pipe at it's head. I didn't stop swinging even after the thing was laying on the floor. Once when it was nothing more then an inky puddle did I calm down enough to lean against the wall.

My heart was in my throat and I felt like I couldn't breath. With shaky hands I reached into my bag and pulled out my pack of smokes and my lighter and lit one up. With just a single drag I felt my throat open back up allowing me to breath a little easier. I stood there for a moment to calm my racing heart. I hated clowns, was never scared of them before, but did hate them with a fiery passion. Once I was calm enough I called out to Boris and we both flipped the switches, opening the door to let us continue. Boris looked worried upon my return, I presumed my face was white as hell, well, whiter then normal, I was already pale as sin. I told him I was fine and that we should continue trying to get out of here.

I was thankful for the next hallway, it gave me a chance to finish my smoke and calm my nerves. When we left the hallway, which had about half the wall sections broken away to reveal all the winding gears and pumping pistons, we came out to a set of stairs that led down to an elevator shaft. To my left was a new poster of Bendy in a basket doing down a set of tracks, with Boris hanging on for dear life. I chuckled at the name, 'Hell in a Hand Basket.'

As we made our way to the staircase we passed by some doors that were apparently restrooms, with Bendy on the boys bathroom, and Alice's halo on the girls. I heard a soft clang and noticed that the elevator had come up by itself. I raised a brow at this before making our way onto the lift. As I looked at the control panel the gates on the elevator shut and started making it's way down into the depths of this inky hallway hell.

"You're so interesting... so different. I have to say, I'm in instant fan." I frowned and started fiddling with my ring out of nervous habit. "Looks like you've got a date with an angel."

A date I was definitely not looking forward too. "Come to me now. Level nine. Just follow the screams."
Definitely not looking forward to. The elevator was slow, but when we hit level nine the elevator stopped and the gates opened.

"Come on, step out of your cage. There's a whole twisted world out here." Alice chuckled and I stepped out of the elevator, I noticed a small side hallway with nothing but locked doors, though one looked like it was only boarded up. I tested the weight on my pipe and it seemed heavy enough to break down the boards. I quick test proved me wrong though, if the boards weren't on a door or wall maybe, but here, useless. I made a mental note for later use if I could find something like an ax, or something with more of a sharpness to it.

I made my way down the stairs and noticed an audio log on one of those shelving units. The name was Thomas Conner.

"These blasted elevators... Sometimes they open... Sometimes they don't... Sometimes they come... sometimes they keep on going to hell and back. I keep telling these people, if Mister Joey Drew keeps cutting corners like this, someone's sure to end up falling to their death. And it sure ain't gonna be me. I'm taking the stairs." Elevator problems huh? Might wanna follow Thomas' advice and just walk where I need to go for this.

I cross a small bridge over to a strange door with a caricature of Alice's face holding a 'she's quite a gal' sign. As soon as Boris and I went up to the door we heard a series of metal clanks and gears turning and the door slowly started to open. Once it was wide enough to get though Boris took off running down the newly opened path, I called out after him and took off in a run to follow.

When I caught up with him I stopped dead in my tracks, Boris was standing in front of another version of himself, only like he was when I first got here, strapped down to a table, torso busted open, completely dead. But it wasn't just one Boris, there was at least five others in various parts of the room as well, along with a couple of those clown looking assholes. Most of the room was filled with ink, put there were walkways to get to the other side.

"Oh no. I though this was Joey's doing, but apparently it was the so-called angel." I mutter, I tell Boris to either catch up with me later or just to go back to the elevator. Before stepping my way onto the walk way, moving a little slower the usual to be sure that I don't fall into the ink myself.

"Look around, it took so many of them to make me so beautiful. Anything less then perfect, was left behind. I had to do it, she made me." Who made Alice? Was it Susie? Or even Alison? Both? Neither? The questions were beginning to pile up. The walkways took a off path to an area with a desk, that had a tape recorder on it. I walked over and saw it was another tape from Susie.

"Who would have thought? Me having lunch with Joey Drew! Apparently times are tougher then I thought. For a moment there, I thought I'd be stuck with the check. But I gotta say, he wasn't at all what I expected. Quite the character. He even called me Alice. I liked it."

After the initial repulsion of who I was imagining to be a pure psychopath flirting with a naive young woman who had no idea what she was getting herself into wore off. I found myself wonder if Joey actually did experiment with the ink machine's capabilities, and if so, what could it do?

I shook my head to rid myself of these questions, there were far too many to be answered at the moment, and I still had to meet up with Alice. I finished crossing the platforms and made my way into another hallway, where I was starting to hear the sound of sparks flying, and the hair on my arms started standing up from lingering static. At the end of the hallway was a room, that was partially blocked off by a glass window. On the other side of this window was one of those butcher gang clown creatures, strapped down to a table, much like the ones outside, receiving shocks of electricity, along with Alice Angel at a control panel.
Alice either didn't notice me yet, or was simply ignoring me in favor or torturing the creature. I managed to get a much clearer look at her face, I was right when it seemed half melted, as she was missing an eye, parts of her face seemed to be seared off showing parts of her teeth. Part of her cheek seemed more off, like it was some kind of growth or tumor growing out of the ink. The other side of her face, perfectly normal, if it wasn't for the fact that her eye was more gray all around, you'd mistake it for a human's face. The rest of her seemed fairly unimpressive, black dress, black stockings and shoes, black opera gloves, polished horns and a halo that seemed half stuck in her inky cranium, yet somehow bounced around as she moved.

Suddenly the electric shocks and the strained cries of the creature halted, signaling either it's death or Alice's loss of interest. Possibly both.

"Hm. Now we come to the question... do I kill you? Do I tear you apart to my hearts delight?" I suppressed a shiver as Alice turned her gaze toward me.

"The choices of the beautiful are unbearable. Hows a girl to choose?" She gave a malicious grin and a chuckle, I glared right back at her, refusing to let her snobbish nature get the better of me.

"Take this little freak for instance! He crawled in here... trailing his tainted ink to my door! It could have touched me! It could have pulled me back!! " I turned a confused gaze onto the creature before looking back at Alice with a raised brow as she swung her arms around.

"Do you know what it's like? Living in the dark puddles? It's a buzzing, screaming well of voices. Bit's of your mind, swimming... like... like fish on a bowl!" I blinked and got slightly worried as her voices changed from dark seductress to sweet angel and back again.

"The first time I was born from it's inky womb, I was a wiggling, pussing, shapeless slug! The second time... well... it made me an angel!" I frowned a raised a brow again, she was no angel, that was for certain, halo be damned.

"I will not let the ink demon touch me again. I'm so close now. So... almost perfect." Alice sighed in content, before turning an amused smirk toward me, it seems she's made a decision.

"Yes, I will spare you. For now. Better yet... I'll even let you ascend and leave this place. If you will do a few ensey weensey little favors for me first." I didn't trust her for shit on actually assisting me in leaving this place, but who knows, she may be a woman of her word.

"Return to the lift little errand girl. We have work to do." She smirked then hit a switch on her control panel, that slammed a metal door over the glass and the sound of shocking the clown bastard started back up again. I growled at the 'little' comment, before walking back out into the room of inky death, crossed over the beams and noticed that Boris had left the area, I got slightly worried that Bendy might have come after him but hoped that he simply returned to the elevator.

As I exited the area and went back out to where the lift was I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw Boris just standing around in the elevator. As soon as I reached the bottom of the small set of stairs a wooden bar suddenly came down blocking my path.

"I'll make this simple. Look for valve panels. Turn the little wheels. Then bring me their power cores. Please don't make me regret sparing you. I can always change my mind." I frowned and glared up at the Alice face, before hearing a compartment open, I walked back up the steps to a machine next to the door, where a revolving door spun away to reveal a...plunger? I looked behind me and noted that the wooden bar hadn't lifted, which made me assume that, for some weird reason, Alice wanted me to take a plunger with me. With a sigh I put the pipe in my bag and took the
plunger. The bar lifted and I was free to go on a wild goose chase all over who the fuck knows where.

I sighed and felt my phone go off in my back pocket, I've been ignoring my phones vibrations for the most part, especially since this place has been fairly linear in it's story, but now it was sending me on a fetch quest, possibly a series of fetch quests, and I now needed the direction. I pulled it out and noted I had a bunch of directives, due to my ignoring the phone, and cleared out everything that wasn't important, the newest objective was to go to the level marked 'P' to collect the cores. I rolled my eyes, pocketed my phone, slung the plunger onto my shoulder, and took the elevator up. I remembered the warning, and didn't care at this point.

"There are so few rules to our world now. So little truths. But there is one we all know and respect down here. Beware the ink demon. Stay out in the open for too long and he will find you. For if you see him, you'd better hide. If you don't, well, I enjoyed our date. Now, let us begin our work."

Level P wasn't all that much to look at, though the operation room or lab, I wasn't sure which, was a tad unsettling. The valve puzzle wasn't difficult either since all I had to do was line up the ink level to the very middle, where a very obvious black dot was, to manage to open up the compartment to yank the core, the plunger wasn't even needed.

Though it was... very interesting to smack ink blobs and a very weird looking character with three arms, one of which seemed spring propelled, that also at chattering teeth literally on the top of it's head. I was also rather surprised that the damn thing didn't break the first time it collided with the blobs. I also got quite the chuckle from another ink writing on the wall. 'I don't want to work here anymore.' Had to bite my lip to keep my laughter down, so I didn't attract the attention of the Bendy who was trying to kill me. I managed to pick up the fifth core when Alice started talking to me over some sort of speaker system.

"Quite the efficient little errand girl, aren't you?" My phone buzzed again, notifying me that it was time to return to the angel. I decided to poke around the stairway a bit and found an ink flooded room. I'd have to keep an eye out for a valve I could turn to drain it, if I could. More poking around only revealed the next floor and more stairs, so I went back down to the elevator.

"There was a time people knew my name. 'It's Alice Angel!', they'd say. Feels like so long ago. But those days can come back. Dreams come true, Susie. Dreams come true." So Susie was defiantly a part of Alice Angel, if not all of her. It kind of put a kibosh on the two minds in one body scenario that I originally thought. But, who knows, maybe more evidence down the line will prove me right. But, if Susie is the only person in Alice, then where and who is Alison? Was there another Alice, or does she come back as a different character all together? Or did Susie kill Alison?

Still far too many questions with no actual answers. Not yet anyway. I returned to the door and dropped off the cores and the plunger.

"Have you seen them? The swollen ones! They're just stuffed full of extra thick ink. It makes me sick! And yet... it's the perfect thing for keeping myself together. If you're going to catch them, you're going to have to learn to move quietly. Come back to my door. I'll have something that you'll need." I was already very good at sneaking around. The revolving door swung around, revealing a syringe. A quick test of the syringe's needle showed that it wasn't easy to break off, it seemed to be plenty dense enough to stab into an ink creature without breaking off. A quick check of my phone told me that I had to go up to level 11 to get to the swollen ones.

"Have you met him? The ink demon? They say he hears everything. Every creak of the floor.
Every rustle of paper. I wouldn't run so fast if I were you. You never know what might draw him in."

The swollen ones were really no hard fight, a quick stab and pull of the plunger killed them almost instantly. The others were not much of a real fight, a quick stab or two with the needle and they went down. The real interesting threat was when I got to the end of an ink flooded hall, I wasn't sure what I was looking at. It was as tall as Bendy, if not taller, and it appeared to have a movie projector replacing it's head. Somehow it didn't notice me even though I made no attempt at hiding, and just ignored me and walked off to where I couldn't see. I noticed a recording on a nearby barrel, I took another quick look to be sure the projector creature wasn't near and pressed play. The tape was, once again, from Wally Franks.

"I don't get it. Everyone's walking around here like grandma just died. Nothing but angry faces everywhere. These people gotta lighten up. I mean hello! You make cartoons! Your job is to make people laugh. I'm tellin' ya, if these people don't start crackin' a smile every now and then, I'm outta here!" So a lot of people were unhappy working for Joey, not just the people who had to fix the pipes and such.

There was a door that entered the room where the projector creature was in, there was also my last swollen one just behind the glass. I quietly opened the door and peered in, apparently the projector creature had disappeared to somewhere. I quietly took out the swollen one and got the last of the ink I needed.

"How sickening! Makes my skin crawl! But the task is done. Being me back my equipment, please."

My phone updated saying to return to the angel. More poking around the area didn't accomplish anything, so I returned to the lift and went down.

"Once upon a time, there was an angel. And she was beautiful. And loved by all. She was perfect. No matter what Joey says." Alice was in the delusion that Alice was probably as popular as Bendy, if not more so, when the reality of the situation was people didn't much care for the angel. I returned to her area and put the ink filled syringe into her little drop box.

"My machine's are hungry. Gather me some spare parts!" I was starting to get sick of doing Alice's bidding. Go fetch this, do fetch that. How irritating. I grabbed the wrench from her machine. My phone updated and sent me back up to Level K. I had already searched through this level, as it's where I first entered, so I quickly found the gears I needed just to get this over with.

"Ah, that should be plenty. Return them to me. And try not to die on the way back." I rolled my eyes and returned to the elevator, when Alice started talking to me again.

"Sammy said I had talent. He was always a good liar. Still, he was once a very handsome man."

Handsome man, and if I was remembering correctly, a voice of silk, the head of the music department. Shame I couldn't have met him before he was a crazed inky mess.

I returned to Alice's floor, dreading whatever task she had for me next, and dropped off the supplies.

"You see those grinning demons? Let's remove them, shall we? I've got just the tool to make this even more enjoyable." I raised my brow before grinning in delight as the door spun around to reveal an axe. As I took the axe my phone vibrated again, telling me I had to search around both level K and the Heavenly Toys area. That made me search easier since I didn't have to explore anything so I just needed to keep an eye out for the cutouts of Bendy, poor things. I did remember the door that was up by the elevator, that was covered in boards so that was my first destination.
After getting rid of the boards, and the creature that popped up when I opened the door, I looked around a very small room. Mostly junk in here like boxes and barrels. Along with a desk and chair, that had another tape player on it. The name was Grant Cohen.

"They say the real problem is that Mr. Drew never tells us little people anything. Oh sure, according to him there's always big stuff coming, adventure and fame and the like. But I'm the guy, see, who has to make sure our budgets don't go all out of whack just cause genius upstairs went and got himself another idea. Speaking of which, and this is top secret, apparently Mr. Drew has another large project in mind now...and it ain't gonna be cheap." Oh brother, what project did Joey have in mind? Was this the machine? or something else? I sighed to myself and left the room, I had a feeling that some of my question weren't going to have an answer.

I made my way back up to Level K and started demolishing cutout after cutout, before making my way back into the the toy shop and destroy the cutouts there. I was in the main hall with the fountain when I destroyed the last cutout.

"Ah now that was fun! Oh! But I forgot to mention...he hates it when I do that. I would hide if I were you." I cursed as I heard the sound of a heartbeat, and the walls started gaining a sort of spider web look to them. I made a mad dash to the nearby little miracle station and shut myself in, peering out of the hole on the door as I watched Bendy limp his way across the room, as I heard low groans and growls coming from the agitated ink demon.

I'd never noticed his limp before, then again, I was usually running away from him. I tried to get a better look but since I was already standing on my tiptoes just to look out the slot, I couldn't really help that, so I gently and quietly opened the door just enough for me to peer out to watch him, one of his feet seemed mess up, it seemed like one of his feet was messed up, like it was twisted around in an unnatural position. I couldn't get much more of a look as an inky portal seemed to open up and Bendy limped on through. After a moment I deemed it safe to come out of my box and quickly, but quietly made my way back to the lift.

There was no commentary from Alice like so many times before as I got into the lift and made my way back town to the angel. So the ride was quiet, Boris seemed even quieter then normal, something was worrying him, I didn't know what though. I put a hand on his shoulder and smiled and this seemed to help, though probably not much.

I returned to Alice's door and parted ways with the ax, at just the wrong time to as I heard a slam coming from up the stairs.

"The disgusting wretches have wandered my halls, have gone left unchecked. They're trying to drag me back to the darkness! Don't let them take your angel! Purge them one by one! Smash them into puddles! Kill them!" Apparently the butcher gang and some of the blobs had infiltrated this level, I pulled out my pipe and went to town, taking my frustration of Alice and using it to beat these enemy's into pasty inky goo. Once they were gone, Alice piped back up.

"So quiet. Like a welcoming grave. I like the silence, don't you?" I walked back over to her door to see what else she needs.

"I hate leaving work unfinished! Fortunately, I have you to pick up the pieces. But you'll have to go even deeper. Down, down, down into the abyss. Take the lift down. Say hello to an old friend." I bit back a groan, and I hoped this was the last damn fetch quest that needed to be done.

"Sending you a little present. A little firepower. Take good care of it. It belonged to someone very special." The revolving door turned around to reveal... A Thompson Sub-machine gun? What
the actual fuck? I stared at the gun for a good long moment before pocketing the pipe and gently pick
the gun up. It wasn't until I was holding the gun in my hands that I realized that, holy shit, Alice
actually gave me an automatic weapon. I gave it a quick test to be sure that it wasn't going to jam or
lock up on me, only the find that it fired smoothly, had probably less recoil then an actual Tommy
SMG, being that it had almost no recoil, and that it fired ink bullets. I gave a wild grin and walked
toward the elevator and pushed the button for level 14.

Level 14 looked like someone tried to make a pool out of ink. the entire bottom floor was filled with
ink that looked like it would come up to my knees. Right next to the elevator was one of the butcher
gang members, and resting in his open palm was an actual heart. I made a disgusted noise as I picked
up the organ. I walked down the steps and cause the sigh of a bright light as Alice spoke up once
again.

"Shhhh... There he is. The Projectionist. Skulking in the darkness. You be sure to stay out of
his light, if you don't want trouble. Just bring me back the pieces I need." I frowned as I stood
near the bottom of the steps and having to take off my shoes and socks, once again for the process of
wading into more ink, at this point I was so covered in ink I didn't think there was a point to it, but I
still didn't feel like wandering around in wet socks for ages. While I was taking off my socks I
noticed some boards at the bottom of the steps blocking off a path. I picked up the Tommy gun and
fired at them, surprisingly the bullets worked and unblocked the path, apparently the projectionist
was deaf as well since he didn't come to investigate what the noises were.

After starting to wade in the ink I quickly turned down the path and cleared more boards, at the end
of it, I found a valve that I could actually turn. Once I did I heard the sound of ink draining from the
pipes. Since the ink level here didn't change, I could only assume it was the only other place I've
seen that was flooded with ink, was that weird place by level P. Once I was finished down here I'd
have to head back up to check it out. I made my way back around the stairs and noticed that the
projectionist had turned around and was now heading into the other hall, I quickly took aim with the
Tommy gun and fired. It let out a horrible screech and turned around to face me, the light from it's
head was blinding but I kept aiming at where I thought it was. Eventually the light shone off of me
and another screech was heard, along wit ha splash.

I had to rub my eyes and wait for a moment to get my sight back, when I did I saw the projectionist
dead, face down in the ink. I smirked and walked over to the opening of the halls, where, just before
I entered, I saw another recorder on a crate. It was from Norman Polk.

"Now I'm not lookin' for trouble. It's just the nature of us projectionists to seek out the dark places.
You see, I've learned the ins and outs of this here studio. I know how to avoid being bothered by the
likes of this... company. That projectionist, they always say, creeping around, he's just looking for
trouble. Well, trouble or not, I sees everything. They don't even know when I'm watchin'. Even
when I'm right behind 'em." I looked over at the body of the Projectionist, was that Norman? If it
was, at least I put him out of his misery, if not, I hoped he was alright. The rest of the area wasn't
much, just some projectors shooting small portions of a Bendy cartoon on the walls. Along with
several dead bodies of the butcher gang members, in fact all the hearts were right next to the bodies.
Soon as I picked up the last one Alice yet again started talking to me over some sort of speaker
system.

"Tell me. Were they still writhing in your hands? Bring them to me now! I don't like to wait."
Well, you are going to wait, cause I want to go check out that room I drained. I made my way back
up to the elevator, and pressed the button for level P, as I dried off my legs and slipped my socks and
shoes back on. I got off the lift and headed for the stairwell, like I thought, the room was now
completely drained of ink. The room however, had very little in it, a single table right in the very
center of the room, with a bucket of ink, some kind of box, and a recording on it. Surprisingly, from
"Only two weeks into this company, and it's already gotten interesting. Joey is a man of idea's, and only ideas. When I agreed to start this whole thing with him I imagined there would be a bit more give and take. Instead I give, and he takes. I haven't seen Linda for days now. Still, someone has to make this happen. When in doubt, just keep drawing Lily. On the plus side, I think I have a new character that people are going to love." I slowly blinked, who he fuck was Linda and what character did I create?! Just how deep was I into this madness?

I sighed to myself and returned to the elevator and hit the button for level 9, and descended back down to where Alice was, I walked to to her drop bock and deposited the hearts and, sadly, the Tommy Gun.

"It seems we've reached the end of my to-do list, my little errand girl. I hope you enjoyed our time together. I'll always treasure it. Return to the lift. It's time to go home." I frowned, but did as she said. I didn't trust her, not at all. But, there was no other way out of this place. So we'll see where she was going to drop me off at. As soon as I got into the elevator the door shut by itself and started rising.

"Have you ever wondered what heaven is like? I like to dream that it's quite beautiful. A soft valley of green grass, blanketed by a warm sun. I don't think I'll ever get to see it. Are you ready to ascend, my little errand girl? The heavens are waiting." I certainly didn't like the sound of that, not at all. Alice then started crying, which then turned into maniacal laughter. Suddenly the elevator just dropped, sparks were flying from the sides of the elevator and we plummeted.

"HOLD ON BORIS!" I shouted as we both struggled to find something to keep from flying.

"Did you really think I'd let you steal from me?! Did you really think i'd just let you go?! No, Lily! I know who you are! And I know why you're here! And you will not stop what needs to be done! Now come down and bring me back my Boris!! It's the most perfect Boris I've ever seen and I want it! I need it. I need it's insides so I can be beautiful again! Don't you understand?" Alice had lost her fucking mind if she thought I'd willingly hand her Boris, she wasn't going to get him that easily.

"Don't you get it?! Give him to me!! Or better yet, I'll take him! Once... You're... Dead!!"

"You know where you can shove it angel!!" I shouted back, then everything went black as the elevator came to a sudden stop as we hit the bottom level.

I woke with a small groan, everything hurt like hell, Boris was kneeling in front of me shaking my shoulders, trying to get me up. I was to delirious to respond, and too weak to even stand up. So I could only watch as I saw Alice walk up behind him, and drag him away.

As the black started to invade my eyesight once more, the last thoughts on my mind, were to save Boris, and how to get rid of that fucking angel.

END CHAPTER
Colossal Wonders

Chapter Notes

A week after the new chapter gets posted, here's my new chapter. There's going to be some German in here, but it's a more literal translation from Google Translate. There's an English translation at the bottom of the page.

Colossal Wonders

Alright Mr. Drew, I'm here, lets see if I can find what you wanted me to see.

 Darkness ever enveloping, floating, sinking, higher, lower, in the inky blackness. Soft, comfortable, inviting darkness, my friend, my muse, my everlasting lover. I was happy.

I could start feeling a pain, it was soft and dull at first, but quickly grew to a sharp, throbbing, aching pain. The darkness started retreating, quickly being replaced by white. I could hear a voice, calling for me to wake up, pleading with me, begging me.

Suddenly I was all too aware.

I hissed to myself as I pulled myself up into a sitting position, the pain and aches in my body were relived, though still stung. I opened my eyes and gazed upon the room I was in, the entrance to level S, the last stop on the elevator. Said elevator was behind me, completely destroyed, and barely being contained by the shaft. The bed I had pulled myself from was scraps of wood and metal, no wonder I was in pain.

I cracked my neck as I took in the rest of the room outside of the demolished elevator, there wasn't much, a Boris in Sheepsongs poster, and some gears rotating in the wall. But that was it. I stood up, on shaky legs, still shaky from the crash, and noticed that there was an ink splatter on the ground, by where my leg was. That voice I heard must've belong to the nicer Bendy, or even Alice. I frowned, as I looked down the corridor, and cracked my knuckles. It was time for me to rescue Boris, and to end this angel.

I walked down the corridor and came to a split, with the wall being it's own sign.

"Level S, Accounting and Finance. Management office Grant Cohen to the Right, and Archives J through L and the R and D access to the left." I muttered and looked down the halls, the right hall was short and made a turn, while the other way looked rather long. I went right to explore, with the left turn just leading to two doors, the door on my left was locked, but the other door opened right up to a room with words written all over the walls and parts of the floors, the room itself was sparsely furnished, with a wooden filing cabinet in a corner and a desk and chair in another, along with a blown out section to a wall with a pipe and a wheel in it. On the desk was a tape recorder, along with a bubbling pile of ink sludge.

I made a note of the wheel in case I needed it find one later, no sense carrying what I may not need. I walked over to the desk and noted that there was no name on the tape, I pushed play to see if I could pick out the voice. The tape was unintelligible, consisting of heavy breathing, pained moaning, and the sounds of something breaking. I ignored the tape and looked at the walls, all the words were a
reference to money, 'time is money' 'doesn't add up' 'taxes' it was weird. I shrugged and left the room and walked to the other side of the hallway and came to an iron door, like one you would see in a submarine, only it was missing its wheel to open it. I sighed as I backtracked to grab it.

Returning to the door with the wheel, and clicking it into place, I turned it and opened the door. Beyond was a statue of Bendy and what looked like inky black mannequins in various poses stood in front of it. Cautiously stepping through the doorway triggered some lights to turn on, illuminating the stage and the sign above, 'he will set us free'. The room around them was several bookshelves lined with various books, if I wasn't on a mission I might have stopped to thumb through them. I noticed a room behind them with even more reading material, but stayed in this room to observe the ink mannequins. They looked stationary enough, but poking the closest one revealed that it was indeed ink, were they alive and frozen in position? I really didn't want to find out, so I left and went to the next room.

The next room was a large circle, with another circle of bookshelves reaching up to the ceiling, with various books, gears, and whatnot scattered about. On the outer walls of the room, they were lined with more bookshelves, along with a few safes and a large door with a sign saying private and lights above it, showing I needed to activate more switches to access it. Ignoring the outer walls for now I investigated the inner portion, it had a couple desks, a table in the middle, decorated with a couple books, a coffee cup, and a tape recorder, and a Bendy cutout leaning against the books. Looking at the tape showed Susie's name again, and I pushed play.

"They told me I was perfect for the role. Absolutely perfect. Now Joey's going around, saying things behind closed doors, I can always tell. Now he wants to meet again tomorrow, says he has a new 'opportunity' for me. I'll hear him out. But if that smooth talker thinks he can double cross an angel and get away with it, well, oh he's got another thing coming. Alice, ooh she doesn't like liars." I raised an eyebrow and frowned a bit. My anger returning slowly, Susie thought she was an angel, stupid woman. I calmed myself before I burnt down the archives.

I walked over to the Bendy cutout and patted him on the head before returning to look at the door marked private. I noticed a book leaning out and raised a brow, before reaching out to gently push the book into place, I heard a click and looked behind me noting that one of the lights had turned on.

"So that's how that works." I muttered, I walked around the outer wall and pushed in another two books, my vision turned red and I heard someone screaming loudly, as the safes slammed open and close and the lights swung wildly. The vision was gone as quickly as it came, I blinked a couple times before checking the previous room, the inky mannequins were now gone, I walked back to the inner room and the cutout was still there, smiling happily. I blinked again and reached into my bag, if that happened again, but for longer, I wanted a friend to help me out. I called an old friend to come to my hand.

I pulled out a Pokeball, painted a purple and red color, with a smile similar to Bendy's.

"Come on out Hexxas!" I call as a bright light comes from the ball. A deep chuckle fills the room as a purple blob of gases and shadows emerges, a wicked grin splitting his face.

"Lily! It's good to see you again, my old friend. It's been a long time since you've called on me for help." Hexxas, the Shadow Pokemon Gengar, He's been a friend ever since I received my powers, and my longest.

"Good to see you as well Hexxas."

"Uhh, where are we?"
"Old animation studio, I 'apparently' worked in here about thirty years ago, got called back here by an 'old friend' Joey Drew. Started up some old ink machine upstairs, though I'd expect it'd be a long hike back up, I've only been able to go down. The machine seemed to have created ink creatures, or something like that, got attacked by what everyone down here calls, 'the ink demon' he's chased me down a couple other times but he hasn't caught me, got another character here too, 'Alice Angel' real piece of work that one, believes herself to be an actual angel. Took a wolf friend away, Boris, think she plans to disassemble him for make herself better, they all seem to be made of an enchanted ink or something." I gave a short explanation to my friend.

"That's weird, but not really giving me a reason as to why you want me to back you up." Hexxas raised a brow, his smile growing.

"Yeah, I just went through a weird vision, like out of an old horror movie, cupboards slamming, lights shaking, red vision, the whole nine yards. If it's a hallucination I don't want to stay trapped in it, if it's not, well, I still don't want to get trapped in it."

"Understood! I shall do as I have always done, and keep you safe old friend." With a growing smile Hexxas sunk into my shadow, enveloping me in his embrace, my eyes glowing red briefly as he started looking through my eyes. I breathed out as I opened my eyes and looked around once more, noting that the Bendy cutout was missing, I spun around and saw a cartoon version of Bendy right behind me, like the one from the music department, eyes wide and slack jaw.

"Hey buddy." I said as I sat down, closer to his height. Bendy backed away a bit, looking like he was going to splash away into ink once more, "no need to run away, I'm not going to hurt you and neither is my friend." I smiled at the little devil.

This seemed to calm Bendy a little bit, as he looked me up and down, this gave me a good chance to look him over myself, he seemed small, like a child, though I noticed he had something that none of the cutouts, nor the aggressive Bendy had, a tail, waving around behind him, curling to and fro. I tried to hide a smile behind my hand.

"You really are a little cutie." I grinned, and I felt Hexxas snickering. Bendy frowned and waved his arms around, in an irritated manner, stomping his feet. I stopped grinning and looked at him, "Bendy, can you not talk?" I inquired with a tilt to my head. Bendy ceased fuming and looked down, nodding his little head. I felt sorry for the little guy, only being able to speak in body language.

"I can help with that, but it comes with a small cost." I smirked at the little demon, who raised a brow in response, "All that cost is, is that you trust me." I smiled and help out my hand, Bendy blinked for a moment, before slowly reaching out his hand to take mine. I grinned and retracted my hand before bringing it closer to his body, with a snap of my fingers a golden energy shot out of my fingers and right into Bendy's body.

Bendy reaction was immediate, he doubled over, coughing, hacking up ink. I held him throughout it, stroking his back and talking to him, telling him that he will be fine and the discomfort will pass. After a good minute the coughing stopped and Bendy tried regulating his breath.

"How ya doing buddy? Feeling better?" I cooed to the smaller person in my arms. Bendy nodded his head and muttered, too low for me to hear, "well, at least you're body isn't irritated anymore, you wanna try speaking now? Even sounds will work." Bendy just groaned another mutter in response, before pausing and realized he just made noise. He began mouthing noises and letters, getting a feel for speech for the first time.

"Iiiieee..C-c-caaaannnn...Talk?" Bendy was still trying to sound out the words, but I gave a bright smile and nodded. Bendy practically lit up like a Christmas tree and started just saying words and
making sounds, babbling in delight that he could now speak I just smiled as I watched him try all sorts of words. Bendy suddenly stopped and gave me a tight hug. "Thank you!"

"You're welcome." I laughed as I hugged the darling little devil. Bendy suddenly pulled away, and started tripping over a word.

"Sssssave them. You gotta sssave them!" Bendy gripped my arms.

"Save who?"

"Them!" Bendy then pointed to the recorder and then out into where the ink mannequins used to be.

"Save Susie? Save the ink creatures?"

"Not creatures!"

I paused for a moment and thought, if they weren't creatures then what were...Sammy.

"Like Sammy? He was human and got turn into one of those...things?" Bendy began nodding enthusiastically, so I was right, the entire staff for turned into those things, though, there was a lot more of then I originally thought, maybe more then that depending on how deep this rabbit hole gets. I nodded my head and stood up.

"Well if I'm gonna save anybody I'll need to press on then. Wish me luck Bendy." I smiled and pet Bendy's head.

"Good luck!" Bendy said as he smiled and collapsed back down into ink. I went over the pushed in the last two books and pushed open the doorway out. I blinked and walked through and into what looked like a mine shaft.

/So we leave a library of some kind and walk out into a mining shaft? This place makes no sense./

"Tell me about it, there's like a thousand levels to this place. Under the main studio was a music department, and under that was a toy factory."

/Whats next an amusement park?/

I chuckled and walked across the scaffolding, noting there was a couple Bendy cutouts stuck into the rocks, a weird machine with a knob on the side that could turn into a coffee cup, a gear, a clock/radio thing, and a dog bone, and a lever that was missing a cog, that presumably called the cart on the other side to come here. I blinked and walked down a nearby hallway that was lined with safes and saw a large pipe with a left right next to the door and a turn wheel by the pipe. I pulled the lever and watched as the pipe raised up showing a pool of ink. I walked over and gave the wheel a sharp crank and out of the ink raised one of the swollen ones, with a rather weird abscess on his back. It seemed to shimmer to be, usually meaning important, so I reached out and pulled on the inky sludge. It came right off and the ink creature collapsed back into the ink.
I shuddered and chastised Hexxas for grossing me out as I walked back to the Gent machine, I turned the knob to the gear and poured the ink sludge into the top and pulled the handle. A moment later a cog popped out of the machine and I placed it onto the switch and pulled the handle and watched as the cart slowly came it's way over to my side, as Hexxas complained about how that not how that works.

"It's video game logic Hexxas, and you an I both know we've seen weirder." I sighed as I climbed into the cart and it started back to the other side. Hexxas simply huffed for a moment, until the entire cable line shook, causing the cart to swing, then Hexxas started screaming about how the cart was going to collapse. I was looking around wildly to see why the cart shook, but I couldn't make anything out, neither sides posts had budged, the cables hadn't snapped, and there wasn't any wind, nothing would have caused us to lurch the way we did. As soon as I climbed out of the cart on the other side of the track Hexxas finally stopped screaming in my head.

"For a ghost you sure do get spooked easy." I smirked as I felt Hexxas roll his eyes. I chuckled and walked over and pushed open the door to reveal a long decrepit hallway, "Oh great, a long disheveled corridor. I'm sure nothing horrible will pop out and scream at me." I rolled my eyes and stepped inside, soon as I walked in the door closed behind me and I blinked at it.

"Well, there's no going back." I muttered and pushed on, I took no more then two steps and my vision went red again, with a wide array of inky black hand coming out of the walls waving wildly, reaching, grabbing for me.

"It's just an illusion, Lily./ Hexxas kept telling me as I pushed through the hands, just as quickly as the hands came, they went, and at the end of the hallway, it looked like an ink machine was being hoisted down by chains. I blinked and pushed onward, reaching the end of the hall, and into a room with more scaffolding, acting as makeshift stairs, in the center were chains moving up and down, moving the ink machine I assumed.

"I see you there, my little errand girl." I heard Alice coo from somewhere above. I sneered to myself as I walked up the scaffolding.

"Your Angel is always watching."

"You ain't no angel, Susie." I growled.

"What is it that keeps you going?" Alice inquired, "is it the thrill of the hunt? The thirst for freedom?"

"Hatred, anger, rage, things like that."

"Or perhaps... your just looking for a little, friendly, wolf..." I growled and sped up a bit, Hexxas blinking in surprise, his friend must have grown quite fond of this cartoon for her to be acting this way. Alice laughed.

"Better hurry errand girl. Boris is having trouble staying in one piece."

"You fucking bitch, stay away from him!" I growled, mostly to myself since I didn't actually think she could hear me. I sped up my walk even more, I didn't want to run and risk tripping and falling down the hole in the middle of the room. There was very little on the walkways aside from the
various poster, barrel, or Bendy cutout.

At the top of the ramps there was another room, quite lavishly furnished, a beautiful couch with a tea set and a phonograph, or gramophone, or record player, pick you simile. Above another doorway was a fancy alcove of some sort, with someone up there, he walked out and was talking to himself.

"He-hes going to find me, he always finds me. Oh no, I-I just want to go home. Wh-when do I go home? When do we go home!" I blinked as he walked off to another side of the alcove, to where I couldn't see, he looked like Sammy, but he didn't sound like him. He was also rather panicked about someone, Bendy would be my best guess, finding him. There really wasn't much left in the room so I went to the doorway at the back of the room.

Inside the next room were a bunch more people like the guy on the alcove, inky black skin and glowing gold eyes. Some of them looked my way, but most of them ignored me.

"Are these the people he wants me to save?" I muttered as I walked into the room. Some of the walls had cells with more of these poor creatures inside. While other parts had words written on them, 'It's time to believe', 'He will set us free', and on the back wall 'No angels he will set us free' I wove my way through the poor souls, trying not to step on or kick anyone by accident. These poor souls, they looked like skin and bone, and ink, some were shivering, others were crying. The only way out of this room was a vent in the back. I picked up the flashlight and turned to give one last look to the poor creatures behind me and nodded to myself, I would help them as best I could, but for now, I had to deal with a false angel. I crawled into the vent and turned on the light.

I didn't get very far into the vent before Hexxas pipped up to look behind me. I had to roll on my back and shone the light to where I entered and very nearly had a heart attack. Two of the inklings were staring into the vent after me, blocking the way I came in, sure hope this vent had an exit. I rolled back over and continued on, silently cursing at Hexxas while he snickered. I was nearing the first turn in the vent system, and through some bent vent slots I could see an animators desk with a Bendy cutout. Once I got close enough Bendy the ink demon himself, decided to slam his entire body up against the same vent cover.

"Miststück! Bendy what the ever loving fuck?!" I wheezed as I held my heart. Bendy simply tilted his head and ran a finger along the metal of the cover, making a squeaking sound, before pushing himself away and walking off. I blinked and sighed before making the turn in the vent. After the bend was two more ways to go, to the left and to the right, I went left, after making another turn in the vent I found myself at a dead end and sighed and shimmied backwards to get back where I was and went right. There was a banging in the vents now and the farther I went the louder it got. Making my through the vent I came across two more exits, both on my left, I went up the farthest left turn, that was where the banging was coming from. I found another one of the ink people, banding his head against the wall, causing the banging sound reverberating through the vents.

"Dude, that's not good for you."

/There are easier ways to get through a wall./

I snickered and backed out of the vent area, and went into the vent I should have. I crawled out of the vents and into a large room, a gigantic bendy statue to my right, and a small staircase leading to a door marked 'Storage 9' to my left. Straight ahead was a bendy cut out next to a little miracle station, and a signed that said 'come up and see me', along with a random chair and couch, I went up to the
stairs and climbed, noting that there were some words above the vent I crawled out of, 'dreams come true'. Halfway up the steps there was a sign on the wall that said 'almost there', I didn't believe this. At the top of the stairs were a small room, with curtains, several boxes and upturned chairs, a switch to give power to storage nine, with several bits of pieces of papers showing off rides, and attractions, and buildings, along with a map on a table in the middle of it all, with a tape recorder sitting on it. The name on the tape was a new person, 'Bertrum Piedmont', I pushed play.

"For forty years, I've built attractions that stagger the imagination! Colossal wonders such as the world has never seen! I have earned my legacy with sweat. But, right in front of everyone... high level investors. Wall street tycoons, the ever tact-less Joey Drew introduces me, the great Bertrum Piedmont, as Bertie! Like I was his child. You may be paying me, Mister Drew! But you don't own me! I'll build you a park bigger then anything YOU could possibly conceive. But before you go taking any bows, Mister Drew, know that this grand achievement will belong to me... and to me alone!"

"So Joey was building a theme park. Who wants to take a guess that it's somewhere down here?" I snarked as I walked around and pulled the power switch to the storage area.

//He seemed a bit... arrogant?/

"Most artists can be, especially if they feel like they've been insulted. They're art is basically like their child."

//Can someone who builds amusement parks be considered an artist?/

"If you are designing and making something to be enjoyed by the masses, whether it be writing, painting, dancing, singing, video games, or even building a park, then yes, you are an artist."

Hexxas hummed in thought as we made our way into the storage area. Soon as we walked in all the lights lit up to show off a bunch of attraction parts, a haunted house of some sorts, and a large sign above that at one point said 'Bendy Land' but has been painted over to say 'Bendy Hell', one of the lights blew out and nearly showered me with sparks.

//I hate being right./

I sighed and walked down the steps to enter the amusement park style area, and looked around, by the haunted house there was a bunch of power switches, four of them with a number and with a larger final switch that seems to power the haunted house.

"The haunted house seems like the way to go, but it looks like its going to need quite the supply of power." I muttered, and looked behind me and noticed that there was a couple games now lit up, a strength test, a knock down a bottle, and a target practice. There was also a recorder that I somehow missed, I walked over and noticed it was, once again, from Wally Franks.
"These guys down in the warehouse get to play games all day while I'm stuck cleaning up after 'em. They kept locking themselves out of their own back room. So I says to em, look guys, I says, you're smart, right? Here's an idea. Why not rig these games to knock open the door if ya win? It'll be fun for you guys and it saves me the trip down here every day. They went for it like a dog to pot roast. I tell ya! If these guys don't start realizing who's the real genius is, I'm outta here!" So I need to play the games to open the back room door, presumably where one of the switches I need to power the place is. I walk back over to where the strength test is, pick up the hammer, and on the first swing I get a bell ring.

"Tell me, are you having fun? I'm sure Boris doesn't mind waiting for his rescue party." I scowled and flipped off thin air and walked over to the ball game, I picked up the three balls and tossed them one at a time, knocking down all but one bottle. I cursed slightly but I got a ding of approval, I took that as a good thing and sighed. It was then that my stomach started to whine.

"Huh, guess I'm pretty hungry, I know it's probably only been a couple days but it feels like I've been down here for about a year."

/When was the last time you ate?/

"Uhhh... Does coffee count?"

Hexxas groaned in the back of his mind as I chuckled to myself. I then heard a clattering and saw a can rolling my way and watched it bump into my foot. I bent down to pick it up and looked it over, revealing that it was another can of bacon soup. I shuddered.

"Uh, thanks whoever sent this my way, but, uh... I think I'd rather starve." I grimaced as I gingerly set the can down on the stand of the ball game. Hexxas raised out of my shadow, grabbed the can, and swallowed it whole.

"Dude, you do realize that's at least thirty years old, right?"

/I'm already a ghost, what harm could it do?/

I shuddered and gagged as I walked over to the target game, picked up the toy gun and started shooting, nailing every last target. Smirking to myself as I watched the door to the side of the shooting gallery open up.

"Well it's nice to see that all the time I spent playing Fallout Four wasn't a complete waste of time."

/Oh please, you mostly played Fallout to romance the ghoul in the tricorn hat and the robot. I bet you'd try to flirt with one of those ink blobs too./

I put my hand to my chin and thought, gaining a mischievous smirk along the way, "well I bet if
Sammy lost the mask, he might be pretty cute." Hexxas raised up out of my shadow and groaned and placed his head down onto the gallery stand. I snickered as I patted his back as he muttered about how sick I was.

"That's pretty gross actually, who knew my little errand girl was into that kind of thing." Alice cooed over the intercom again.

"Shit, she can actually hear me." I muttered as I left Hexxas to grumble and walked into the back room, the room had a desk, a chair, some shelves, a picture of a cog, along with some of the creepiest Bendy shaped puppets I had ever seen, and a switch on the wall. I pulled the switch and went back to the wall panel and noticed that the first switch had lit up, I pulled it and heard another door in the room open up, I called Hexxas back into my shadow and I looked at the cables and followed it to research and design.

As soon as I walked into the room the door slid shut behind me, I shrugged and walked in and looked over the railing to notice another set of the butcher gang huddled around a fire.

"Looks like I've got some company, without a weapon I could get pretty hurt, hmm." I leaned onto the railing and accidentally knocked over an empty soup can and noticed that they all went running to investigate the sound, "so I can either throw cans and solid snake my way around this place, or," I chuckled, "Hexxas darling, be a dear an use Dark Pulse." Hexxas laughed and my shadow went down to where the aggressive ink monsters were, before raising out of the shadows and sending a pure black wave of energy their way, obliterating all of them. Hexxas took a bow before returning to my shadow. I chuckled and pranced down into the lower area to look for the switch.

/You know, you could have just as easily did the same thing./

"Yeah I know, I just figured you would enjoy it." Hexxas chuckled as I went to the left corridor, walked past a poor lost soul crying to himself behind a chain-link fence. The room beyond that was rather large with several tables holding a couple large duck heads, a half put together animatronic resembling Bendy with a phrase on the wall behind him 'the creator lied to us', a switch on the wall, and another tape recorder. I walked over to the recorder and looked at it, the name was another new character, Lacie Benton, I pushed play.

"The only thing that works around here is my ulcer. Half these people don't know a wrench from a dang steamroller. Buncha morons is what they are. Spend their day in the warehouse arguin' over who's supposed to be doing what or playin' them silly games. Still, I'm not complainin'. I get most of my time to myself. Suits me just fine. Only thing that bothers me is that mechanical demon in the corner. Bertrum's been workin' on that thing for a month now. Says it'll walk someday and maybe dance. All it does now is give me the creeps. I swear, when my backs turned... that thing's movin'."

"Oh great, just what this thing needs, frigging Five Nights at Bendy Land."

/Well at least we know what his next project will be./

I snickered to myself, pulled the switch and left to investigate the next hall way, which was little more then a small room with a table and another switch that powered open the door back to the main
room. I walked back out to the main room pulled the second switch, and followed the next cable to the attraction storage, which was hidden all the way back in a corner. Walking down the hallway the door closed behind me, and I turned into a room with a few boxes, a roller coaster cart, and a dead butcher gang member. The next room was large, it had to be to house the giant carousel in the middle, there were several items lining the room, barrels, boxes, a creepy clown chair, things like that, along with various attraction posters lining the walls, there was a closed door on the other side of the room, but I didn't see any switches to open it. The only other thing was a desk were we entered with a tape recorder on it. There was no name on the tape, I pushed play, it was Bertrum.

"The biggest park ever built, a centerfold of attractions, each one, more grand than the one before it. It makes my eyes come to tears at the thought. But then... oh Mister Drew. For all your talk of dreams, you are the true architect behind so many nightmares. I build this park. It was to be a masterpiece! My masterpiece!" At this point, some music started playing through the speakers, and the door behind me slid shut.

"And now you think you can just throw me out? Trample me to the dust and forget me?" Lights on a carousel started flickering to life, "no! This is my park! My glory!"

Bits of the mechanical attraction started twitching and moving as the ride came to life. "You may think I've gone... But I'm still here!"

The ride was in full operation now, and two wooden doors on the main part of the carousel slid open to reveal a face, large bug eyes focused solely on me.

"Scheiße!" I cursed as the things arms started swinging around, before stopping and destroying the desk in on shot. I bit my lip, eyes roaming around the room trying to find something to fight with, when my eyes fell upon the ruins of the desk, lying among the rubble, was an ax. I smirked, I grabbed the ax, narrowly dodged a swinging arm, and jumped back to a safe point to try and figure out what I needed to hit. The possessed ride then brought and arm down and I saw his weak point, apparently over stressing his joints on those arms cause just enough friction to make the bolts on the joins glow a light yellow, showing heat, and a warm metal is easier to knock off then a room temperature one. I made a dash toward the arm and managed to knock off half the bolts before retreating and waiting for the next opportunity.

After being patient, and at least a half hour is circling around him, I had finally knocked off all his arms, causing him to malfunction and finally shut down, powering open the doors to the switch, and to the way out. I sighed as I pulled the switch and walked back out to the main room, and pulled the third switch, causing another door to open, this time to maintenance.

There was only a couple desks, a couple 'Train Trouble' posters, and 'Choo Choo' written on the walls. I walked down the hall and came to another room that had a set of stairs leading down into more ink to my left, and to my right was some sort of engine I thought, wasn't are what it was, along with another little miracle station. And in front of me was a poster that said 'Ride the Buddy Boris Railway' I started to walk down the steps to the inky area but stopped and quickly backtracked when I saw the bouncing light of the Projectionist.

"Verdammt! I thought I killed him." I whispered harshly as I watched his light fade away, I slipped in behind him and into the ink, there were frigging trains down here, what in the ever loving hell!? I shook my head as I watched where the Projectionist was headed and went the other way, along the wall I found a switch that controlled a lift, I pulled the switch and the Projectionist must've caught sight of me, for I heard a deafening scream, and I saw a lift in front of the stairs on the other side of the room raise up, I swore again and ran through the ink weaving around the trains to gain some semblance of distance, before dashing up the stairs. I ran around the circle of the upper room and
caught sight of the final power switch. I made a dash toward the switch so I could pull it before the Projectionist caught me and when I pulled it the lights went out, and the Projectionist vanished into thin air.

I stayed frozen in place until the lights came back on. I looked around but the Projectionist was nowhere to be seen. I even looked over the edge and down into the ink filled room below and... nothing. He was gone. I shrugged and walked around the upper room, noting very little of interest aside from a cutout with it's face missing and a camera pointed at it. I went behind the cutout and saw the work 'look' with an arrow pointed at the missing face. I looked through and right at the camera, and the camera actually went off with a flash. I blinked several times and rubbed my eyes to stop seeing spots before glaring at the camera and making my way back downstairs. As soon as I made my way downstairs I noticed that there was a tape recorder sitting on a box at the base of the stairs. I looked around once more, in case the Projectionist decided to rear it's ugly head again, before looking at the tape, it was Joey Drew. I pushed play.

"I believe there's something special in all of us. With true inner strength, you can conquer even your biggest challenges. You just have to believe in yourself and remain honest, motivated, and above all, who you really are." I raised a brow, he was still using that used car salesmen voice, it paused then it changed.

"Ok, lets stop it right there. I can only do so many takes of this trash a day. And tell the guys in writing I want more use of the word dreaming in every message. Keep railing on that, get it? Dreaming! Dreaming! Dreaming! People just eat up that kind of slop. Hmm. What? It's still on? Well, turn it off damn it!" My eyebrows were as high as they could go, and I could feel Hexxas' jaw drop.

"Dude, what kind of fuckery is that?"

I shook my head and made my way toward the stairs leading out of this inky muck. I made it to the base when I got a light shone on me and another screech rang though the air.

"Nicht diese Scheiße wieder!" I squealed and dashed up the steps as quickly as I could without slipping, and I wrenched open the little miracle station and slammed the door shut behind me. I looked out the slot and noticed that the Projectionist was looking the station up and down, he knew I was in here and was trying to figure out how to get me out.

"Sohn einer Hündin! Wir sitzen Enten!"

"Lily, you're speaking German again!"

"Ich kann nicht anders, ich habe Angst!" I squeal as I see the Projectionist reach out to touch the box, my vision went red again and the Projectionist turned toward the exit door to screech at a newcomer, then the ink demon Bendy came out and clocked the Projectionist with in the... projector. I watched as the two inky titans clashed, muttering German curses under my breath, Hexxas was freaking out in the back of my mind, simply repeating 'this is not an illusion' over and over with increasing panic. The vision ended rather quickly, with Bendy pulling off the Projectionist's head, or projector. Bendy
tossed the projector at the door of the station and I squeaked in reaction, this caught Bendy's attention and he bent down to look into the slot, he tilted his head and must've decided I wasn't worth the trouble as he bent down and grabbed the Projectionist's body by it's ankle and drug it off. Once the ink veins had fully gone away did I step out of the station, the Projectionists head was at my feet and a very large ink stain had been drug from the front of the station and into a wall.

/I guess there's a reason they call him the ink demon./

"Oh mein Gott." I grimaced as I poked the projector head with my foot.

/English, Lily, the terror is gone for now./

I swallowed thickly as I shakily reached into my bag to pull out a cigarette. As I lit it I looked at the ink stain and wondered, why did Bendy save me? Was this a blessing, or what this was a representation for later. I quickly walked back to the switch board and flipped the fourth switch then flipped the larger switch at the end to turn on the haunted house. I stood in front of the haunted house as the doors slid open, and watched as the eyes up top moved side to side. When the doors fully opened there was a dark laugh, I assumed it was a part of the haunted house and not Bendy lurking nearby.

I breathed in deeply, to steel myself, when I felt Hexxas suddenly clamber out of my shadow, I called after him but he took off in a hurry, and went behind a wall, it wasn't long after that I heard the sounds of retching. I curled my nose and tried to block out the sound of it as best I could. After a couple minutes He wobbled back out, his normal purple tone a bit paler.

"I told you that junk was old." I frowned at him, swallowing the urge to gag.

/Yeah, yeah./ Hexxas grumbled, as he sunk into my shadow. I sighed, he would recover quickly, he always did. I sighed as I put out the last of my cigarette and climbed into the Bendy kart. The bar automatically lowered into place locking me into the cart, I reached down and tested it, it was loose, a hard bash would rip it right off if needed. I kept that in mind as the ride started.

"And now, the ride truly begins, Lily." I mostly tuned her out as I looked around at my surroundings.

"Come in, and pretend it's all just a bad dream." Glowing eyes were painted on the wall and the turn revealed tombstones and an Butcher Gang corpse. As we neared the tombstones a cutout of a ghost popped up, I slowly blinked at it and flipped it off.

"It's a funny thing. How so much can fall apart so fast." Another turn, more tombstones, and an ink leak dripping down, I slid to the side as much as possible to keep it out of my hair. A skeleton popped out from a tombstone next to the ink, I rolled my eyes and gave it the finger too.

"We never really had control at the studio. Either you were in someone's pocket, or you were putting someone into yours." Another skeleton popped out of another tombstone. I flipped this one off as well.
"I just wanted what was promised to me. I just wanted to be beautiful." Boris' shadow was on the wall, taunting me. Getting closer I saw that it was just a Boris plush toy in front of a light. I snarled and gripped the bar on my lap.

"Surly you can understand that." I calmed myself and leaned back against the cart, and tried to not fall asleep, such a lack luster ride.

"Lily... why are you here? We're all dying to find out." Bitch, I thought you knew why I was here, cause I sure as shit don't.

"Do you just enjoy the terror of the drop into hell? Because If that's the case..." More eyes painted into the walls and a skull door to lead into the next section.

"Hang on tight. I've got a surprise..." I sighed and we turned to another door, then I felt my stomach drop, what did she say about a drop into hell? Did she turn this thing into a friggin roller coaster?

The next door opened into a large expansive and well lit room. A giant chandelier was hanging over head, with various paintings on the walls showing creepy imagery. There were numerous boxes and barrels in the center of the room with the track following the walls. I kept a tight grip on the bar in my lap as we neared the next door.

/Guh, ok, I'm back, did I miss anything?/

"Not really." I muttered as I glared at the door. The door swung open and it was pitch black beyond. We went in a small way when two large off white hands stopped the cart in its tracks. A larger version of Boris leaned over me to growl. Various bits of metal sticking out of him, especially around his neck and leading up to make a halo.

"Boris! Mutter des Ficks! What did she do to you?!" I cried out as Boris tilted its head and picked up the cart, I heard it creak and groan, and then Boris tossed us across the room, and the cart shattered around me. That's when Alice started laughing.

"Meet the new and improved Boris!" This was not improved, this was Dr. Frankenstein shit.

"I took what I wanted and in return I gave him so much more!" I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes, I couldn't believe I was too late. Much too late.

"And this time, there's no Ink Demon, no escape." I had to swallow down my despair. I had to put my wolf friend down.

"Boris, tear her apart! Leave Nothing!" I quickly dodged as Boris charged me, he had to pause after he hit the wall, he held his chest as ink started spurting from it. He was in pain, a lot of it, I then noticed that were was a pile of the extra thick ink on the floor, I quickly scooped it up and looked around, noticing another of those Gent machines in between the doors, I ran to it and poured the ink in the holder, I quickly flipped the dial on the side and found a pipe, I left it on that and had I jump out of the way when Boris crashed through the rubble toward me.

I pulled the lever on the other side and picked up the pipe it produced. Boris just started spewing ink again, so I took this as my best chance to hit him. I hit him square in the chest, it knocked him back
slightly and the pipe completely broke apart, he shook it off and went for a direct punch, I had no
time to dodge and could only block. I raised my hands in front of me to make a small wall, and while
this did catch the punch, I wasn't braced enough for it and still went flying.

I hit the door I came through with a thud, and Boris leapt into the air like he was god damn Superman
and tried to hit me again, I managed to leap out of the way in time and the force of his punch
shattered a part of the door. He paused to hold his aching chest as more ink spewed, faster this time,
there was more thick ink on the ground, I quickly pipped it up and threw it in the gent, I pulled the
lever and had to run off as Boris tried to do another superhero landing on my head. I danced around
him as I tried to get him away from the weapon, when he tried another jump I dashed toward where I
pipe was and grabbed it. I had to run quickly as he sprayed everywhere and hit him in the chest
again, the pipe broke again and I heard something crack in his chest.

I got tossed back again and that's when I noticed that now some of the ride carts were coming
through the hole in the door. Boris noticed this too as he picked one up and lobbed it right at me, I
squealed and managed to roll out of the way in time. Another cart and Boris started spraying again,
the spray was much larger and more ink was flying, I ran forward again to grab the thick ink while
he was distracted and got back to the gent and made another pipe. This should be the last time I need
to do this, another solid hit and whatever is in Boris' chest will break.

I dodged two more carts before my next chance came, I ran quickly at him and this time the pipe just
got planted in his chest, breaking through no doubt what was keeping him 'alive'. The ink was now
gushing out and Boris bent over and coughed up more ink before he fell backwards.

"No! No! No! No! Why can't you ever just die?!" Alice raged as Boris' body started turning black.
I started crying and telling him that I was sorry, that I was sorry I couldn't get to him in time. That I
was sorry that I let Alice take him. That I was sorry that I put him at risk. That I was sorry for failing
him.

Hexxas suddenly felt Alice running down the halls toward them, he knew his master was too much
of a wreck to face her alone. Lily knew this too, and so she told him to go ahead. With that Hexxas
held onto her rage, her fear, and her sadness, pulled them back, and possessed her.

The fusion between the two cause Lily's hair to spike up and to turn a dark purple, her eyes glowed a
vibrant red, and her hands turned a splotchy purple and her nails sharpened. They grinned.

As Boris' body melted back down into ink, Alice came running out of the dark hallway, screaming
as she ran for Lily. We stood up and quickly turned around to punch Alice right in her face.

Alice body flew off to the side, and a dark shadow quickly moved from behind her, we ignored the
shadows and focused on Alice, or rather, Susie.

"Damnit Susie, you couldn't have just left us alone." We said, our voice was husky, and dark, and
royally pissed the fuck off.

"I'm not Susie! I'm Alice Angel!!"

"You and I both know that's not true. You got down deep in jealousy and anger that it's clouded
your mind, made you believe something that you are truly not. You are not Alice Angel, you a
Susie Campbell, a voice actress." Alice simply glowered at me. baring her teeth.

"I don't know what the hell this Ink, or Joey for that matter, has done to you, but I know you
aren't like this, I know there's people who miss you outside this place, just, come on and trust
me?" We smiled and held out our hand. Alice's face was down, a frown and what looked like a single tear rolling down it. Alice got up off the floor, clenched her fists, and ran at me again. I sighed and caught her fist, as a blade went right through her chest.

Alice looked down at the blade as it retracted out, before looking back up and us and collapsing. We looked up at the newcomers, and blinked at a new Alice Angel, looking as human as possible, and a brand new Boris, with a mechanical arm.

"Wut?" We blinked as they stayed silent, wasn't sure if they couldn't speak, or chose not to just yet.

"Who the bloody hell are you two?!" We freaked out, they back off and raised their weapons at me, we were too busy sputtering and muttering to notice as we were trying to piece things out. The new Boris rolled his eyes and made way to attack.

A splash of ink cause all of our attention, as Bendy popped up between Boris, pipe held high, and us. He was facing Boris with his arms held out, and he shook his head. Boris hesitated, but lowered his weapon and stepped back beside Alice.

Bendy turned around toward us and raised his hand, beckoning us to take it.

"You can let go now Lily, It's alright." Alice and Boris jumped as Bendy spoke to me, his words sounding much better. Hexxas took over our voice.

"You do realize, once I let her regain full control, she's going to break?" Hexxas asked, Bendy nodded his head and I regained full control over my body. I fell to my knees and Hexxas' power drained away from my body, and left me with everything he was holding back. Bendy held up his hand again.

"I'll offer you my friendship, but it'll cost ya. All you gotta do is trust me." Bendy winked at me, and I felt the held back tears welling up in my eyes, I took his hand with a teary smile. Before fully breaking down into tears. Bendy held me as I cried, babbling about the angel, what she did, and what I failed to do.

Bendy simply held me, and told me it was going to be alright.

END CHAPTER

Miststück = Bitch
Scheiße = Shit
Verdammt = Damn it
Nicht diese Scheiße wieder! = Not this shit again!
Sohn einer Hündin! Wir sitzen Enten! = Son of a bitch! We are sitting ducks!
Ich kann nicht anders, ich habe Angst! = I can't help it, I'm scared!
Oh mein Gott = Oh my God.
Mutter des Ficks! = Mother of fuck!

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