Thirty years and still the same

by Lucario

Summary

Can you call killing someone really "perfect"? Old Sport decides to fix his mistake.

Notes

Why, hello there, Reader!
So, this is basically my apology for the time it’s gonna take for Old Sport to appear in my other fic (A guard’s life). This version of Old Sport will be different from the Old Sport of the other story, since they got different endings and logically made different decisions/have different personality.
Dave might be a little out of character, but I assumed that thirty years in a dirty backroom changes your perspective on things and especially people.

See the end of the work for more notes.
His heart was pounding in his chest while he stemmed his whole weight against the rusty door. With a low screech, reminiscent of the robots, it opened into the darkness. He stepped out of the rainy night into his unknown future. Inside the building it smelled like oil and rust, or maybe blood, he never was good at distinguishing smells. Nervous he fumbled around at his backpack, trying to find the torch he brought, expecting this situation. A click was audible and light illuminated his orange skin and the surrounding area… and even though he couldn’t understand why they thought that they could just turn the story of a serial killer into a horror attraction, he was able to appreciate the effort they put into it. The walls, painted in the right shade of subtle-rotting-green, were tastefully decorated with different posters of the original restaurant, some kept clean and authentic, while others were drawn over in a sp00ky fashion, like crossing out the children’s eyes or scrubbling over the animatronics with a sharpie, making them appear like shadow-demon-evil. The man could actually imagine going through here as a visitor, laughing about the stupid attempts of turning the animatronics scary. It was a lot less funny when you have seen it in reality. Nothing but his pounding heart still made a sound, even the rain wouldn’t reach through the doors. His body felt cold and numb, not unlike how it was when he tried to get the job.

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“You actually want to do this, man? Not even trying to get better pay?”
“Well, I have an… attachment to this chain. I just want to work here again.”
“Woah! Don’t tell me you worked at Freddy’s before?! That’s sooo cool, dude!”
It wasn’t obvious, but the guy didn’t seem to fake his “slang”. What an odd person.
“It’s not that big of a deal, but you know… I could give you some inside information. IF I get the job that is.”
“Fuck yeah, you’re hired! How old were you while the chain was still active? You don’t really look old… was it, like, your summer job? The first one you ever gotten?! And then it was immediately killing and shit. GOD DAMN, I’m jealous!”
After all this time, Freddy’s still attracted exclusively freaks. He smiled as the man rambled on.
“So, yeah, we’re setting the whole attraction up right now, going through old places and see what we can find. We want as much of the original as possible! Hey, how about you write the things you’ve seen down and scatter the papers EVERYWHERE! The people who pick them up going to LOVE it! Of course, we might have to pep it a little, you know. And we should pretend that we found the diary of the killer! THAT’S GONNA BE AMAZING! Oh, before I forget, what’s even your name? W T F, I asked you so much already and didn’t even remembered the simplest thing… sorry.”
“Uh… I… well…” This was the awkward part. There was only one “name” he still reacted to. “I… Can you please… call me Old Sport? It’s just… I know it’s weird, but everyone calls me that…”
“Old sport? Whut? That sounds so eighty, I don’t even know. But fine, “Old Sport”, if you like it, no probs.”
Well, his name might sounded odd, but at least he didn’t speak so 0h right, fug, he had #no regerts when it came to ling0.
But he hadn’t talked like that in years. Maybe that was his “fun” vocabulary. The man in front of him snickered. “Alright “Old Sport”, you can call me “Dude”, then we are like nickname brothers!”
“Here are the keys, be at the place at midnight and Imma give you instructions! See ya later!”

Shortly a violent pain shot through Old Sport’s chest. There was only one person who could use “Imma” and “See ya” and that person was long gone.

Or maybe not. Hopefully not. If not, he would be able to find him here, that much he knew.

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Old Sport sighed and proceeded through the halls. The lights were nice and gloomy, on every corner was either a Chica or Foxy-head with a flickering light bulb inside, giving them an almost lifelike appearance.

The arcades appeared to function and displayed games, but at random intervals black screens, filled with creepy messages, would appear.

We are dead.
Get us out!
Help us.
Save us!

Sometimes even short frames of robots trying to rip their head off popped up and while it was probably laughably cheesy for any guest, it only left a pit inside his stomach. Everything was less fun once you experienced it.

A small smile returned on his face, as he reminded himself that all of this was fake. The animatronics weren’t possessed anymore, the children had their happiest day and the killer was dead.

Well, not dead, but trapped.

Trapped in hundreds of Springlocks.

Thankfully he finally found the office and said office had a nice, modern looking chair, that was comfortable and could spin.

Old Sport let himself fall right on it and started to check the cameras out of boredom. Nothing was happening and he really didn’t want to let himself get lost in his thoughts again.

What would happen if they didn’t find him?

What was if he had escaped and was hiding away, protecting his paining body from rust and decay by freezing himself?!

It was getting out of hand already.

Thank sweet baby Foxy and all three of the holy Bunnies for Dude’s call.

“Heya, Old sport! We’re at the restaurant in California right now and it is a GOLDMINE! Real arcades, those weird party-hats and even more spare parts!”

“Did you… did you ever found a sealed off room? We had one in the back… next to the bathrooms, in the long hallway.”

“Sealed off rooms?! Are you CRAZY?! Why didn’t you tell me before?! FUCK! Does every restaurant have one?! YO, GUYS! WE NEED SOMETHING TO BREAK THROUGH THE WALLS!”

“They’re really thick, multiple rows of brick, so it may take a while…”

“HA! As if that would ever stop me! Thanks, man! So, do you like our horror attraction? It’s cool, right?! Before I forget… your job is to check up on the vents, make sure the electronics work and that the whole place doesn’t catch on fire. Seriously, watch out for that. There should be a fire extinguisher behind you, so there should be no problem. Cooling down the pipes with water from time to time will be helpful as well!”

A faint sound of someone calling in the background and the Phone dude started to squeal. “F-ing yes! We found the place! I’m going now to help the others, so… good luck or something! Don’t fall asleep!”

With a click the call stopped and Old Sport was alone once again. The rest of the night he spent playing breadbear 666 and counting all the different robot-parts.
The next day came and went, and at midnight he had returned to his office, eagerly waiting for the call.

“GUESS FUCKING WHAT! WE FOUND ONE! A REAL ONE!” Old Sport felt his ear dropping some blood from the volume. “A FUCKING ANIMATRONIC HIDDEN IN THE BACKROOM. YES, IT STILL WORKS! Just go and take a look at it! It’s majestic! AND SO ROTTEN! IT’S LITERALLY PERFECT! You don’t even know how jealous I am of you right now. I would LOVE to just stare at that thing move around for HOURS. Well, but I’m stuck here, seeking for shit we don’t have about eighty times already.” Good-natured he laughed. “Have fun, Old Sport, but be careful! Don’t want it to break, because I have no idea how to repair that stuff.”

“I do.”

“REALLY?! THAT’S AWESOME! But... actually don’t repair it now, alright?! It’s like in the perfect state for this attraction! If you have to repair something, do it as minimal as possible! So it still looks totally broken and dead! I’m rambling again... heh, sorry. I won’t keep you away from the beauty any longer... hear of you tomorrow!”

The click felt louder than last time.

So... he was here.

Dave.

What was he supposed to say when they met?

“Sorry I killed you” sounded kind of dumb, especially when you planned on killing that person for a whole week.

“I didn’t realize my life would suck so hard” was bad as well. He was here out of entirely selfish reasons and both would know that.

Shortly he checked on the cameras, watching the cyborg getting closer. His movements were disoriented and slow, making Old Sport wonder if he still felt pain after all these years.

Nervous he scanned around at the office. There were a few new documents on the table, nothing interesting and... tapes. Phone Guy’s old training tapes. His hand reached out for the first one.

No.

He wouldn’t be able to take it.

Nostalgia would kill him. Or at least make him desire death even stronger.

Again he looked at the cameras. Dave was so close already.

To pass his last hour without sweating profusely, he started to murmur swears at himself.

“ Heck!”

“Gosh!”

“Darn!”

“Frick!”

When he dared to glance back up he saw Davetrap standing in the doorway, obscured by the shadows that left only his glowing eyes to see. He could almost imagine the Purple Guy being a human again.

He did nothing, but swaying back and forth. His grin sometimes flashed through the dark, his teeth still being as glowing as his eyes.

Neither of them blinked. It was painful, but the tears in Old Sports eyes were at least pushing away his need to blink. He could almost hear Dave’s voice, despite him not saying anything at all.

Why... hello there, Old Sport!

Didn’t expect you to come back...

The Orange Man clenched his fists. This was what he wanted after all. At least Dave gave him a chance to explain himself, which was more than he ever gave to Dave.

For the good old times, one final round.

“... Oh shit, waddup Davey...” His own voice sounded almost unrecognizable, thin and shaking as it was. “You... you probably ask yourself what I’m doing here. A-and rightfully so. It’s... it’s been thirty years. The truth is: I was trying to find you for a while now.”

His throat felt dry.

“You... When I springlocked you... I thought I did the right thing. I stopped the killer, I helped
Phoney and the kids, you know, the good guys… I fulfilled my purpose. You may already guessed it, but I shouldn’t have been alive, the first time we met. I died years ago. Almost like you.”

Davetrap did not move, so he tried to continue.

“After Freddy´s closed down… I and Phon- … Peter were set free. Not knowing where to go, I just… followed him home. Showed up on his doorstep. He took me in, without hesitation. It gave me the feeling that I was welcome. But it also gave me time to think.”

It felt awkward to tell this stupid sob-story, but he needed to get it off his chest.

“I never stopped thinking about you Dave. That you… were like me, sort of. The longer I thought about it, the more I noticed that I never actually learned anything about you. Why you killed kids, why you would ask me to join, just like that, why you deserved what happened to you. Long story short, I felt that even if you killed kids… and I sound like a retard, I know, but even though you´re a serial killer of the lowest kind, only preying on the weakest enemies imaginable… it wasn´t fair to just lock you away in endless pain, without understanding anything about you.”

Davetrap hadn´t reacted in any meaningful way, but Old Sport got paranoid.

Cut the crap, Old Sport, the place is already shitty enough, he imagined him saying.

“Y-you´re right, I´m lying. Not really, I thought about all what I said, but it isn´t why I´m HERE, if you know what I´m saying… the real reason is; I missed you Dave. I missed you so much. T-that’s awkward since we barely know each other, but let me explain… I reread my old journals. For fun. I counted my deaths. Of course, boredom and stupidity were the top reason, but…”

Nervously he laughed, unsure if Dave was even listening anymore.

“It´s surprising how often Phone Guy sold me off to the police or spinlocked me for some petty reason. It´s disturbing, honestly. And the robots… the children were just as bad. They killed Night Guard after Night Guard; even bit other kids if they felt like it. After reading I could make only one conclusion: We are all psychos, Serial killers who targeted innocent people. You were a grown man against some kids and that was unfair, but what is with the grown man against robots?! Pretty unfair as well! And most Guards were just as innocent as the kids were. But the kids got to heaven or the void or wherever and you deserve eternal hell? That… that isn´t fair. The robots killed even more people than you, I counted!”

Now the Davetrap had stopped its swaying and stood perfectly still.

“In the end I faced my hypocrisy and naivety. I´m a bad person by proxy, being dismissive and closed-minded. And… I-if you don´t mind me getting selfish for a second, the kids doomed me just as much as you, despite NEVER doing anything, forcing me to live forever after using me for their plans. I was happy helping them, but I expected… that they would help me find peace too. A place to be myself and stay. But they didn´t. I don´t think they ever cared. So I lived with Peter for a while and it was nice, but…”

The memories of his realization were unpleasant to say the least.

“W-well, make-up can hide many things, but not staying the same for thirty years, am I right? After I saved everyone and I DID, believe me, I did everything right and lawful, I was kind and understanding to everyone but the declared enemy; you, and sacrificing every friendship I made wherever I stayed… after all that I wasn´t even allowed a home. This would just continue forever. I´m doomed to always change places, always lie and always pretend. BUT! Even after realizing my own situation, I still knew: You got the short end of the stick, Dave, and that is solely my fault.”

The silence was deafening, but Old Sport felt so tired that he stopped caring.

“That´s why I´m actually here. I know that I can´t fix you, free you, or give you peace. But… I can let you kill me. Tear me into pieces! Crush my head between your hands! Put me in a never-ending nightmare! Even if it just entertains you for a while. I deserve it.”

Slowly the Davetrap stepped into the light, revealing the amount of damage and probable pain that Dave was subjected to since thirty years. Guilt stung painfully in Old Sport´s chest.

“Y-you really look bad… I´m sorry that I was so stupid. I´m… I´m sorry. For everything.”

Dave now stood before him, eyeing him, thinking about which way to torture was the best.

Then he made a sound and closed in.

Old Sport accepted his fate and closed his eyes.
Two powerful arms, made of metal and fabric, wrapped around him, to crush every bone he had in his back, to render him paralyzed for whatever horror was to come…

…
Or… not?
Davetrap didn´t move after he… hugged Old Sport? Was this a trick? Mind-fuck? Psychological torture?!
Did it even matter?
Hesitant Old Sport hugged him back, trying to resist his urge to cry. At least he could blend in with other people with enough make-up! Dave was forever an outcast that would have to hide, but it appeared that it was Dave, trying to comfort HIM.
This was insanity on a whole new level.
God had he missed Dave. His grin, his stupid comments, his carefree nature…
Now he was actually crying, clinging to Dave´s body as if he would disappear.
“WE ARE ALL FRICKING ASSHOLES AND SHOULD FRICKING DIE IN PEACE AND LET LIFE BE LIFE AND BE OVER AND JUST ACCEPT THAT EVERYONE IS EVIL AND EVERYONE IS GOOD!”
A low pitched rumble came form Dave, most likely the last thing golden Bonnie´s voice box could produce.
“AREN´T YOU ANGRY?! DON´T YOU HATE ME?! K-KILL ME ALREADY! DO SOMETHING!” He tried punching him, hoping that he would provoke the undead bunny enough to hit back. “OR IS THIS YOUR FUCKED UP REVENGE? LETTING ME GET TORN APART BY MY OWN GUILT?!”
Now the psychopath was petting him, which was slightly painful seeing that Dave didn´t know his own strength, but not nearly enough to satisfy Old Sport.
“I… I hate you Dave. I whished you had never existed. Henry didn´t make nearly as much problems as you. Why do you do this?”
The Davetrap leaned his head to the side, but didn´t react in any other way. Exhausted the Orange Guy rested his head on Dave´s chest.
“Fine, I get it. There is nothing to gain from killing me. Or something like that. You´re a changed man!” Restless he tipped his fingers against the small patches of fur. “But there oughta be something I can do for you! Are you in pain?”
Slightly the cyborg nodded.
“I´m going to get you medicine, since your body still works. I assume it is just like my last springlock incident and your wounds keep on healing and getting torn apart again. Second, if I find out how your voice box works and repair it, will you be able to speak?”
To his disappointment the guy shook his head.
“That sucks… I… I really hoped to hear your voice again…”
Davetrap started twitching and reached for his robotic head, trying to pull it off. Panic flooded Old Sports veins.
“A-are you in pain Dave?! What are you doing, can I help?!” He grabbed onto the head as well, but jumped back as it was lifted far enough. The somewhat rotten, slim head of Dave was under there; his jaws were locked by two metal pieces that had torn into it.
But the head still moved.
The jaws still moved.
It was terrifying to look at, but he couldn´t stop. Slightly nauseous he asked himself if he had appeared the same, one of the hundred times he was sprinlocked.
Dave had stopped as Old Sport panicked, but made the same notion again, this time less extreme but rather intensely. All the while he made noises, short and loudly.
It took a while for Old Sport to catch on.
“D-do you… want me to remove the suit?”
Eagerly Dave nodded.
“So… it´s… possible? You aren´t melted together with it?! I actually CAN safe you?!” He felt his
own eyes almost lighting up as much as Dave´s. This was perfect! The golden ending he always craved so desperately.

“I will-!” The clock struck six and signaled for him to leave. Shortly he considered staying, but knew that he wouldn´t be able to do anything with Dude around. “I will be back tomorrow! With Oil or Lube or something, a plan to get you out of here and painkiller. I promise.”

Dave only made soft noises as Old Sport left.

Chapter End Notes

Soooooo…. here´s a chapter split for your convenience and reading pleasure! No other reason actually :/
It took four days for Old Sport to get back into the building. The first day Dude forced him to come along on one of their trips, hoping Old Sport could give him more insight and access to hidden places. Unhappy the Orange Guard went along with them, worrying what Dave was doing and thinking. He was proven right about his worries. Day two the police were all over the place. There was no way in hell he could get in there without getting send to jail (still salty about the version of Phone Guy who´s fault it was). On day three he finally got to know the reason for the police to be there. Dave had killed the replacement Guard, for whatever reason and now they tried to find out who did it, since people usual not immediately suspect inanimate objects to be the killer. Dude was in tears as he told him about it, terrified that the real killer might still be out there and would now hunt everyone associated with the franchise or even worse, that the robot was actually haunted and he just killed someone, by locking him in with a monster. Old Sport did his best to calm him down without lying too much; all the while planning on how he would get out of this together with Dave.

When he finally snuck back into the attraction, Dave greeted him with noises. Hopefully he was explaining himself in robotic speech. “Dave, the heck?! WHY? Killing again?! Why are you making it so difficult for me?! You know my problems with the police! And the Night Guard, what did he do to you? Your hissy-fit was probably unnecessary and you know it perfectly well.” The robot only kept on moaning and screeching, so he sighed and got out his syringe and inserted it into his skin. The clean liquid was quickly emptied into the rest of Dave´s skin, relieving him almost instantly.

“Good, now that that´s out of the way, let me explain my plan. The police are making it a bit more complicated, but still manageable. My general plan is to smuggle you out and pretend that you were burned to ashes by flames. The wires and old dry paper will be the perfect excuse to not draw suspicion and at this point I´m sure that Dude will even be happy about it. But we need to be fast; the police will give us not more than a minute to get out without being noticed.” Unsure he scanned the area, his eyes wandering from the table to the wires and the vents. “Do you think you will be able to set it on fire and get out? It would be good if I have an alibi… if they start to suspect me. Once they start investigating me it´s over, my criminal record is a little to long to get out of this with only a fee.” Dave nodded profoundly. Already worried again, he gave him the lighter, before remembering that Dave wasn´t really in the condition to use it. Struck with inspiration, he started to pile on a small stack of robot parts and paper and ignited it. “In ten minutes I´ll be at a supermarket and buy some snacks, in fifteen minutes you´ll rip open some pipes and burn on the wires and we will meet down the side ally, close to my house.” To keep it in Dave´s mind on it, he wrote the exact address down on a document. He left, nervous, but slightly excited about his envisioned perfect future.

Time passed slowly and Old Sport started to find the flaws in his plans. What if Dave caught on fire as well and turned to ash? What if the police was quicker then expected and caught the running machine? What if the place didn´t burn down fully and it would be obvious that he stole the robot? What if Dave chose to just run away? But that would be ridiculous. After all, where could he go? Where could he get help? If Dave wanted to run away, it would be after he helped him. On the other hand, the Purple Guy wasn´t really rational in his decision… A loud sound made him jump around in a fighting stand, ready to give whoever wanted to harm
him a real smack down. Thankfully it was only Dave, his eyes glowing down at him.

“Y-you scared me… good that you’re here. Took you long enough… Let’s get into the warm, shall we?” Unsure he laughed at his maybe-friend.

Once they entered the house, Old Sport felt his tension fall rapidly. There was nothing that could go too wrong now.

“Let’s get you out of there! We’ll start with your head.”

Carefully he started to pick out the metal scraps from the suit, holding them in place or ripping them out entirely. The final piece was removed and slowly he lifted the head and placed it on the ground.

He tried his best to not be distracted by the disgusting nature of Dave’s face. Probably it was caused by lack of water and food, but that didn’t make him feel more comfortable. The Aubergine Man’s raspy breath made his skin crawl.

All of it was his fault and he knew it.

“You… better lie down… who knows how strong your muscles still are and we don’t want you to break your neck now, right?”

Obedient the man lied on the bed, waiting for the Orange Guy to finish his work.

Now quicker and a bit less careful he jagged on the metals, getting rid of them one by one, without forcing more pain onto his old nemesis.

Slowly he pulled the suit away from the body and after five more minutes of struggle he succeeded. They were both free now, one of guilt, one of pain. On the bed, Dave made sad figure, ready to break at any second, his skin too big for the small rest of him.

But his grin.

His grin was as bright as ever.

“Now we need to get your energy back. Since you starved for years, we… I guess you should start slowly. I’ll make you soup.”

In a flash he started to prepare his cooking session, trying to get the soup ready as quickly as possible. Still, it felt like an eternity until he could return.

Of course, Dave hasn’t left, or even moved, but he felt guilty. Maybe he should have prepared this beforehand.

“I hope you like it. I’ve cooked for myself since… well over thirty years, so I think it will taste fine.”

Softly he sat his patient up and started feeding him. He might was weakened, but appeared functional for the most part… a big relief for Old Sport.

After feeding him the first bowl, the scarred guy started to move on his own to take the hand of the orange man. A raspy laugh was audible. An equally raspy voice followed.

“You’re… really quite the character, Old Sport… Killing me off to be the good guy, just to get me out again… to be the good guy.” Again he laughed again as he saw his caretaker’s shocked face.

“But… don’t cha worry your pretty little head, I always had a soft spot for you… and Phoney was a bad influence. Should have tried to convince you to join my side harder, when I had the chance.”

Embarrassed Old Sport turned away, not expecting the affectionate words.

“By the way, Old Sport, can I get a TV in here…? Kinda starved for information and entertainment after my long… absence… and more soup! I’m still dying over here.”

“Yes, b-but I don’t think you should eat too much right after…”

“Who’s the suffering victim in the room? Gimme ma soup!”

Even though…

…”

No.

No even though.

Dave was back. He was back and as loud, confident and determined as ever.

This was what true happiness felt like.

Smiling Old Sport rushed back to the kitchen and got another bowl of soup and unplugged the television to carry it over.
After setting it up he activated the TV and started to feed the Purple Guy again, who made
humming noises to show his approval. The peace was quickly interrupted as a news report was
displayed.
“News flash! The new horror attraction “Fazbear’s Fright” that was scheduled to open next week
and was the setting to a gruesome, unsolved murder, caught on fire at 1:34 AM and is still
currently burning. While Experts blame the faulty wiring and dried material the establishment was
filled with, the police suspect it to be the murderer’s attempt at destroying evidence and investigate
possible manipulation of the pipes and traces of gasoline or similar fluids. The firefighters at the
scene have already evacuated all people living in the surrounding buildings, but claim that the
danger for the fire spreading lies by fewer than forty percent.”
Amused the psychopath snickered and muted the TV. “Just imagine Old Sport! By saving me, you
accidently killed double the amount of people I ever did… that would be ironic. I’d love it.
Hopefully the fire spreads like a virus all over the city.”
“This isn’t something you should hope! I thought you learned from being sealed away!”
“What the fuck am I supposed to learn by that? How many days it takes for the body to grow numb
and the pain to slightly decrease? Learned that, but not how to empathize with other people. I was
actually lacking in the people I could train on, ya know? All left for dead and alone…?”
“Please stop that…” It was unnerving how easily the Guy had taken this traumatic event to get Old
Sport to side with him.
“Stop that?! What? Remembering my last thirty years? Kind of hard, I don’t have anything else I
can remember right now.” Dave was grinning, knowing that he had the upper hand.
“I get it; I get it, you’re… yourself. But why, for all that’s unholy, did you kill the other Night
Guard?”
“Well, first; he was annoying, second; he touched me like a fucking furry and third; I was bored.”
“Y-you were bored and chose to spend your time KILLING. Not even considering that that would
make GIANT problems for me?”
“Look at you, Old Sport! You don’t even CARE about the person who died! You only care about
your convenience… like a psychotic murderer.”
This was getting too far, even for Old Sport’s temper.
“Don’t you DARE lump me in the same category as you! If I could have saved him, I would, but
seeing that he is dead now and there’s nothing I could change, I go with the saying “Don’t cry over
spilled milk” and assume he is in a better place now! You on the other hand care about NOTHING,
but your entertainment and fucking other peoples life up!”
“Don’t cry over spilled milk? You mean; don’t cry over spilled human life, I guess. Why are you
defending yourself so hard? No one cares about people they don’t know and even if they act like it
’s a tragedy, they only are really interested if it could affect them in their own life. It would be
fairly counterproductive to actually care about others on the basis that they are humans, because
you would never be able to stop crying about all the bad things that are happening every day.”
Heated the Orange Guy closed in, almost sitting on top of him, forgetting how frail he was.
“Don’t understand, because you CAN’T understand! You’re sick in the head and don’t get
what human connection is! I can perfectly empathize with a stranger, who tells me about his life
and I know I can count on the humans around me, if I’m ever in trouble!”
“Yeah, you can count on their annoyance over you inconveniencing them, or even worse, with their
cameras and cell phones, recording whatever is happening to you, to share it all over the internet!
Just search for “Fazbear’s fright fire” and you’re going to have hundreds of results already, of
people who prefer watching over helping!”
Forehead on forehead they stared aggressive at each other.
“How the heck did we even get to this topic, this isn’t even what I was talking about! You are
distracting, Dave, because you know that admitting to yourself that you’re the only one who doesn’t
care about human life would make you lonely and you’re terrified of it! You try your best to drag
all other humans down to your level, because you’re afraid that you will never be able to rise up to
theirs and that they will dislike and avoid you because of that! You can’t STAND the thought of
being alone and singled out!”

Only once Old Sport felt Dave’s hand on the back of his head he noticed how close he was. Heat rushed to his cheeks while Dave’s glowing dots forced him to keep staring. His voice has gotten lower, it almost sounded soft now. It made the orange guy’s ears tingle.

“Nice pseudo psychology there, sporty, but it has one fatal flaw… I really don’t care about other people. At all. They annoy me. Make me want to gag. There are only two people in this whole world that I give a rat’s ass about… one of them is dead and one of them is currently crushing my bones.”

Old Sport basically back flipped away, or at least that was how quick he was down from him. Guilty and fairly confused he apologized profoundly.

“G-god, Dave, I’m so sorry, I kinda forgot that- w-well, I-I hope you aren’t in pain…”

“No need to call me a god, you know I prefer Big-Dick-Davey.”

Amused the Aubergine Man stared at his new friend’s face that tried it’s best to show three completely different emotions at the same time. Then he started laughing, with every part of his being, which only seemed to infuriate the poor boy further.

“Y-you do that EVERY time! Why? WHY? Why do you say that you like me Dave? What do you gain from that? Why would you ever start to care about me?! Why did you ask me to help you, two times in a row, even though I made my dislike for killing clear the first time?! Why…?”

Kind of shocked at the amount of pain and confusion in Old Sport’s voice, he got serious for a moment.

“Geez, calm down Old Sport, there’s no need to be upset. Do ya really need to know why I liked you since the first time we met?” He pondered the question for a while. “It’s hard to explain. You could just as easily ask me why I kill people… it’s of course boredom and such, but it’s also a… instinct. The first time I saw you, your soulless smile, I just… felt a connection. Like it was meant to be that we met and talked. Even I knew how weird it was, so I pretended as if I only needed lackey… and yeah, a lackey is always helpful, but YOU should be the lackey, you and nobody else. I mean… I pulled it off just nicely on my own. Don’t be hurt, but I really didn’t need you. I just wanted you.”

The silence wasn’t uncomfortable and not even empty. Both were only trying to process the last conversation.

It was almost cute how nervous the Purple Guy became, wriggling around in his bed and playing with his blanket. Obviously he wasn’t used to talk about his inner thoughts and feelings.

“Enough information, Sporty? Because I’m hungry again and I really want to find out if the political-satire-series is still on air.”

Calmed and in a better mood the Orange Guy went and reheated the soup and decided to cook some rice as well, seeing as his patient’s well-being was rising rapidly.

“It’s really impressive how quick your body regenerates… even I needed three days to get back up and was only in that suit for two days.”

“Well, my body is probably used to regenerating so much, since it needed to do it for a long time by now. Maybe regenerating is a skill you can train, like strength!”

“Fine by me, as long as you can soon go out into the sun with me.”

“Eh, it’s gonna take me a few days for that, no matter how fast I heal. First I gotta get some meat on my bones!”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m making sure the refrigerator is full at all times.” Giggling he sat down on the bed beside him, curiously looking at the program Dave was watching.

“You’re an angle, my sweet little Sporty!” Dave kissed him on the cheek, satisfied with the sudden red glow emitting from his companion.

Of course Old Sport knew that it was just a joke, an attempt to embarrass and confuse him, but he felt his face getting hot anyway. It was Dave, just pure Dave, the way he talked, the way he acted, the way he tried to annoy. Sleepy the self-proclaimed good guy rubbed his eyes and turned to leave.

“I’m going to sleep on the couch, if you need anything just use the cell phone next to you call me
and I’m going to get whatever you need.”

“W-wait! Don’t… go. Stay here.”

Surprised he turned around, not expecting Dave of all people to use this pleading tone. Obedient he returned to the bedside and sat back down.

“Why? Do you want me to sleep in this room?”

“In this bed to be exact.”

Red once again, he scoffed a little. “Why? Why would you want that?”

Purple Guy looked at his fingers, then sighed and looked back up. “First; I like my bed warm and another person would most certainly warm it up, second; I always wanted to have a sleepover as a kid, but never got one, so I won’t pass up this opportunity to simulate one now and third; because if I wake up from a nightmare, screaming, thinking I’m back in the suit, you’re right there to remind me that I’m not.”

The last point hit as expected and the Orange Guy nodded guilty. “Alright, I’m just getting ready for bed. While at this; do you want some clothes from me to sleep in, or do you keep your clothes on…? They’re kind of torn apart and dirty…”

Using some pillows to get up, Dave smiled at him. “Yeah, gimme some of your widest and biggest clothes, I’m gonna change while you’re getting ready.”

Once he returned to the room, he was witness to a completely snuggled in Dave that watched the screen with big eyes. He appeared smaller in the bed, like a kid that was allowed to stay up late for the first time.

Orange Guy couldn’t remember the last time he slept with another person in the same bed. Probably it was his mother or father though. Careful he slipped next to his befriended foe and after getting a bit more used to it, he even leaned on him.

In the dead light of the TV, he already looked a lot better, his flesh getting replaced as the younger one watched, little by little. On the nightstand was an enormous pile of snacks, to fight Dave’s endless hunger at night, without needing to stand up all the time.

His body felt quite cold; probably all his body’s energy was used to heal him, but that was fine, since the blanket itself was warm and thick.

The flickering and the quiet noises of the TV, together with the comforting feeling of having someone breathing next to him and the warm blanket, multiplied Old Sport’s sleepiness tenfold and at the time Dave slipped his arm around him and started petting him, he was already gone.

His show ended and Dave was positively surprised by the quality of the new episodes. Not everything got worse with time.

Now his full attention laid on Old Sport, next to him in his arms, sleeping like a baby. Careful not to wake him up, he freed his left arm and leaned over him.

With his right hand he absent-mindedly grabbed a pillow and held it over him, pondering.

This was the third time this exact moment had happened.

Slowly he reached out for his victims orange curls and stroked them aside.

The first time was after his first proposal. He feared that this guy would tell the police and get him arrested.

The second time was after his second proposal, where the realization sunk in that he would never join him.

And now…

He wasn’t angry.

Maybe he felt angry the first days… months… years? After the first hour or so he had already lost his feeling for time. It had been a shock to him as Old Sport mentioned that it had been thirty years. The first while, stuck and unable to move, he imagined tearing the Orange Guy apart in the most creative fashion that he could cook up.

Another while later he started to imagine how it would have ended if Henry was still alive and on his side. He enjoyed that fantasy for quite some time.

But then the thought crept back in his head, the thought that he had all the way back in Colorado.
What if Old Sport had become his new Henry?
Quickly he noticed that this fantasy was even more satisfying than his revenge fantasies. Together with Old Sport he took gruesome revenge on the dumb Phone and everyone else inside that cursed restaurant.
He imagined Old Sport following him, imitating him, admire him…
Dreaming was all he could do, so he felt no need to stop and correct himself on this. After all, who could say how long he would be stuck here? Until the building was breaking down or another business wanted to use it? Would take a while, Freddy’s still had quite the stigma, even if he didn’t manage to shut it down.
So, giving his dreams rules already would make the wait a whole lot more boring.
Old Sport laughing, talking, thinking, being startled, being embarrassed, trying to please him…
Yes, he lost his anger a long time ago.
His feelings towards Old Sport changed from hatred and blaming, towards…
Something else that he couldn’t name.
Now he only felt… weird.
It wasn’t the exact feeling he got when he wanted to hurt people, but it felt somewhat similar.
His arms felt heavy from letting the pillow hover over Old Sport’s face for so long.
Should he just suffocate him?
Open up his veins and watch him bleed out, getting dizzy and disoriented?
Old Sport wouldn’t be mad, that’s for sure, but he would be… disappointed.
A feeling burned up inside of him, a restless fire, making it clear that he didn’t want Old Sport to be sad.
He wanted something else, something that fried his brain and froze his fingers.
But he didn’t knew what.
With a deep sigh he threw the pillow back and stared at his… Old Sport.
Once he could see that it was Old Sport who was sitting inside the office, who was the one who directed these man to his sealed off room, all of his brainpowers seized to function. There was nothing in his head, except the hundred dreams he had, the images that seemed to come alive right in front of him, wonderful wish fulfillment flooding his body with endorphins until he didn’t even felt the pain anymore…
And the way Old Sport talked; terrified, guilty, pleading… they needed each other. Because that was their fate. There couldn’t be another reason. They were simply made for each other.
But… why did he reject him before? If this was fate, then fate was cruel and convoluted.
Well, here Old Sport was, right at his fingertips.
Now, for the third time, he leaned down and kissed him.
Time always seemed to repeat around this orange guy.
His head felt like it was spinning. Did he still make sense?
Probably not.
Slowly he sank down into the bed, his eyes still glued to his… friend’s face.
Out of an impulse he wrapped his arms softly around him, breathing in his scent.
For the third time.
But this time he didn’t need to wake up before sunrise, to get away and not letting him know he was there.
No, this time they would wake up together. Teasing each other. Eating breakfast together. Telling Jokes.
And now, now that it was certain that were meant to be together forever, he would give it ALL to change him. To turn him into his mirror image, making him understand all that he felt and think all that he thought, making Old Sport love him for who he was.
A monster for a monster, a perfect team, understood by no one but each other.
After that they would visit the Phone and make him pay.
And it would be Old Sport’s idea.
Smiling to himself Dave drifted off to sleep. The next months would be busy.
Guess I better stop it here, before it gets dark…
So, this is the first non-slash story about them as far as I can see… or at least on this site. I sure hope the three other people who are fan of this shipping like it!
AND I SURE HOPE THEY START TO WRITE AS WELL, I NEED MORE! *Incoherent screeching*
I actually have a head-canon for how every ending (except the pure evil) will lead to Dave/Old Sport… I might need help.
Comments, of any kind are welcome, since I don’t have a good judgment… ^^”
Last, but certainly not least, thank you for spending your time with me and have a nice day! :3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!