The Demon and the Ink Machine

by Circus_Craze

Summary

Bendy and Henry try to find an escape from the horrors in the studio.

Notes

I got inspired to write this from a writing prompt I came across. This is pretty much a story about Bendy being good and trying to help his new friend, Henry, survive and escape the workshop.
Bendy just couldn't seem to understand Henry. At first, he had been terrified to find Bendy waiting for him in the boarded up room. He ran away, and ended up falling through the floor. Now, he was just standing there and laughing.

Why was he laughing? Bendy looked around, but couldn't find anything funny. The walls were bare and the room was empty, save for the man and himself. He must have been laughing at Bendy.

The demon let out this low whine, tilting his head. What was so funny? Bendy tried to ask him, but found that his voice was too garbled to say anything. If he wanted answers, he would have to try something else.

His gaze fell on Henry, and found that he was covered in ink. Bendy took his gloved hand, quickly touching him. Henry flinched, then said nothing and watched as Bendy wrote on the wall. "Why are you laughing?"

"I'm sorry," Henry choked out between laughs. "You just look so funny."

"But, I'm a demon."

Henry read what Bendy wrote, stifling a laugh. "Demon or not, no-one is going to be able to take you seriously in that 'I'm the birthday boy' bowtie."

Bendy looked down at the blue bowtie he was wearing. When he first found it, he didn't really give it a second thought. Now, he couldn't help but notice how strange it looked.

"Here, I remember seeing one not that long ago," Henry turned back the way he came. Bendy followed, wondering what he was doing. A few minutes later, he turned to Bendy with a grin. He took off Bendy's old bowtie, and put a plain white one in its place.

"There. Much better now," Henry said. He looked at the goopy bowtie in his hand and quickly discarded it, making a face.

"Thank you," Bendy wrote.

"You're welcome." Henry paused. "Do you know of any way to get out of here?"

Bendy thought for a moment. There wasn't a way to the first floor that Bendy could recall, but there might be a way he could get there. However, it would require Henry to trust him. Something he wasn't sure would be possible.

Bendy reluctantly nodded. "Good," Henry said, looking relieved. "Where is it?"

Well, it was now or never. Bendy shook his head, reaching out a hand. Henry eyed him warily, but made no move to stop the demon from taking his hand.

The ink gathered on the wall, creating a small portal Bendy could travel through. It was a new ability he had found, and despite it being strange, it was useful. He never tried it with anyone else, but it
was the only way out. He pulled the man along to the portal. He was able to enter, but Henry couldn't. The portal didn't work.

"Was that the only way out?" Henry asked after a moment. Bendy nodded solemnly, glaring at the portal like it would get intimidated and let them through.

"Well, I guess I'll have to go further down into the workshop to find an exit."

Bendy looked at him. Nothing good was down there. Bendy did have a few friends down there, but the danger outweighed that, especially for a human like Henry. He was defenseless.

"Is it that bad?" Henry asked, noticing the demon's frown. Bendy couldn't help but nod. One of his friends were down on this level. Maybe he could help them.

"There aren't any other options." Bendy took more ink from Henry and wrote on the wall.

"I can help you." Bendy paused, and then continued his writing. "I know it's a lot to ask you to trust me."

"Of course I trust you." At that, Bendy was taken aback. "You're not really evil. If you were, then you would have killed me already. You did have plenty of opportunities to do so."

Maybe he did. The thought of harming the human never crossed his mind before. He didn't even mean to scare him earlier. He was just as confused as Henry was, if not more confused.

"Ready to go, bud?" Henry asked. He looked at the demon with a small smile. Bendy nodded. No matter what, he would protect his new friend. They would find a way out.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all enjoy! Constructive criticism is always welcomed. I'm sure similar ideas have been written before, and it is not my intention to copy any of them. I just decided to write this for fun. Thank you for reading!
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Bendy and Henry head deeper into the workshop, and Bendy finds that his friends may not be as reliable as he thought.

Chapter Notes

It seemed a lot of people liked this, so I decided to turn it into a multi-chapter fan fiction.

How did this place get so big?” Henry asked, looking around the room. Bendy shifted uncomfortably. He felt like he was being watched. It was never a welcome feeling, especially now when he had Henry to look out for.

If he felt the feeling of eyes on him, he didn't show it. The human was too busy looking around. Bendy looked around the room as well, and immediately saw the writing on the wall. "He will set us free." Henry hadn't noticed it yet. Bendy shuffled over to stand in front of it.

"If the Pentagrams have anything to do with it, then I don't think those caskets are just for decoration, are they?" Bendy looked up at Henry and shook his head.

"I figured. Hey, there's a tape." Henry pushed play, filling the room with a voice. Bendy recognized the voice. It was Sammy Lawrence. The man had been pretty nice to Bendy. Hopefully he would be able to help Henry find an exit.

Sammy went on about how great Bendy was before the tape ended. Henry gave Bendy a look, and then the two of them froze when they heard a voice. "I said, 'can I get an amen.'"

The room was silent for a few minutes. The two waited for Sammy to speak again, but he said nothing else. Bendy couldn't see him anywhere. Where was he?

"Was that Sammy?" Henry asked finally.

Bendy nodded. "I'm guessing he's referring to you in that tape. I'm also guessing he's the one who wrote on the wall."

Bendy realized that he had left where he was standing. "You're as clueless as me here, huh?" The demon nodded. He knew how it looked. Henry probably thought he was being tricked, and Bendy didn't blame him. How could you trust a demon?

Henry just smiled, almost like he knew what Bendy was thinking. "Well, don't worry about it. We'll get through this together." He couldn't help but worry, though. Especially when he saw a cutout of himself in front of a Pentagram.

He could feel Henry's uneasiness, knowing that it was directed at him. He was beginning to wonder
if Bendy really was the good guy here, and Bendy was as well. Rather or not he was the good guy, they were still forced to move along. Right into the hallway of ink.

The two hesitated, looking down the long, dark hallway. Henry didn't look enthused to see more ink. Bendy wasn't enthused either. He knew it wasn't a welcomed sight, and an idea formed in his head. One Henry probably wasn't going to like.

The demon dipped a finger in the ink and wrote on the wall. "I can carry you."

"Carry me?"

Bendy nodded. "On my back," he added.

Henry paused a moment, and then nodded. "Sure, I guess. I mean, I'm not really light, but...."

Bendy stopped him mid-sentence as he picked the man up. The human was very easy to pick up, almost like picking up a pillow. He got Henry situated on his back, and then started down the hall.

Bendy got halfway down the hall, and then stopped as he heard a voice. He saw a man walking, holding a cutout of himself. One look told him that it was Sammy Lawrence.

Henry called out to him, but Bendy held up a finger, prompting him to be quiet. Bendy was beginning to doubt that Sammy would help them. The man was acting weird. He knew where the two were, but didn't bother to offer his assistance. Bendy was sure he had something up his sleeve, and it probably wouldn't be good.

Bendy continued through the ink. He could corner the man and ask him what was going on. He was honest to him in the past. Maybe he just didn't know that they needed help.

All those ideas were thrown out the window when Bendy came to a dead end. There was another Pentagram with a cutout of himself in front of it. Sammy wasn't anywhere in sight.

"Where the hell did he go?" Henry asked. Bendy could only shrug. He put the human down.

"Is there some kind of secret passage way or something?" It was a good question, but as far as Bendy knew, there weren't any hidden ways here. If Sammy disappeared, then he must have somehow used the Pentagram to travel. Much like Bendy could use the ink.

Henry seemed to draw the same conclusion. "He must have used the Pentagram." The two shared a glance. So far, instead of answers, they had more questions. Something strange was definitely going on in the studio.

Chapter End Notes

I would like to thank you all for the support you've given me. It means a lot. I hope you enjoyed!

It's been awhile since I worked on this, so if there is anything I can do to make it better, please let me know. Thank you for reading!
Bendy and Henry encounter searchers.

He was looking for switches. Henry found one behind soup cans. Bendy left him at the gate while he went back to find two other switches. He thought it would be best for the man to stay there. He didn't like the idea of Henry wading through the inky hallway.

Bendy found a switch by the coffins, and another one on the wall. He heard the gate rising, and hurried back to his friend.

Henry was standing in the open hallway, swinging his axe to break the boards in front of the door. He paused when the two heard a groan.

"Did you hear that?" Henry asked. Bendy nodded, letting out a small whine. He was beginning to get really worried.

Henry said nothing, breaking the rest of the boards. They found themselves in the music department. There was another tape of Sammy's.

Instead of talking about Bendy, Sammy was complaining about the ink pump. Bendy guessed that tape was not recent, like the other one was. He wondered what made Sammy change. Could it have been him?

Bendy frowned. He had begun to assume the studio wasn't always so strange. Now, he could prove it, and with that came more questions of what caused everything to go so wrong. The evidence all pointed at him being the reason.

He didn't have any memory of doing anything to make things change. It was already like this when he came to exist. The details were foggy. Could he have done something wrong in the fog that he couldn't remember?

"Are you alright?" Henry asked. Bendy nodded, forcing himself out of his thoughts. The only thing that mattered was the human's safety. He could look for answers some other time.

"He was talking about a stairwell. Do you know where that is?" Bendy nodded, gesturing for Henry to follow him.

When they got to the stairwell, they found it to be flooded. The giant exit sign on the door seemed to taunt them.

"Looks like the stairwell is flooded. We'll have to find a way to drain all the ink," Henry concluded. He turned the power switch, and Bendy jumped when he heard creaking.

"It's alright," Henry said with a chuckle. "See? The department is lit up now."
Bendy wasn't sure it was alright. He noticed ink puddles that he was certain were not there earlier. Henry seemed oblivious, until something emerged from the puddle.

Henry gasped. It grabbed his leg, causing the man to fall down. Bendy was quick to act, slamming his hand into the creature. He picked Henry up and dealt with the other creatures that came up from the puddles.

After the creatures were dealt with, the department sign started playing music. Bendy backed away from it, scanning the room quickly.

"It's alright, Bendy. You took care of them," Henry said.

Finally, at Henry's prompting, Bendy sat him down. The man retrieved his axe, then turned to Bendy for answers.

"What were those things?"

"Searchers," Bendy answered, using some of the ink from the leftover puddle. He hoped Henry wouldn't ask any other questions about them, because Bendy had no idea what they did, or what exactly they were.

He had seen them before a few times, but they never caused him any harm before now. Even now, they probably would have left him alone. They wanted Henry, not him.

"Thanks for your help." Bendy nodded, following Henry closely as he walked on. He stopped when he saw the Alice poster, and Bendy couldn't help but let out a low growl.

"Is she alive, too?" Henry asked. Bendy nodded with a huge frown. She was alive, but she probably wasn't what Henry was expecting. The poster did her no justice, instead painting a false picture of her personality. He really hoped they wouldn't run into her. She hated Bendy, and he was certain that she wouldn't be that fond of Henry. Especially if Bendy was anywhere near him.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

The two discover Sammy's sanctuary.

The tape shut off, leaving an uneasy silence in its wake. Henry flipped on the projector again, watching the cartoon play out. Bendy was drawn to it, to himself. He wondered why he didn't look like that anymore. There, he was a cartoon and now, he was a monster.

The projector shut off. Henry sighed. "I don't get why Sammy would turn on his projector and then dash downstairs. It does nothing." He paused. "Unless he goes into the band room for something."

Bendy was conflicted. He knew Sammy had a sanctuary, and he knew how to open it. He wondered rather or not to tell Henry. He should tell him, but at the same time, he didn't want to betray Sammy. The man had been nice to him.

He followed Henry into the band room, deciding to tell him all he knew. He knew Henry suspected that the demon was hiding stuff from him. He didn't want it to be true.

When they got into the band room, Bendy pointed at the shut room. The room that would open if they knew the code. It was hidden in plain sight, really.

Henry caught on quickly. "It's a secret door." Bendy nodded. "We need to figure out how to open it." Henry spotted another tape. "Maybe this will tell us." He pushed play, and a voice filled the room. He recognized it, and growled. It was the angel's voice.

He didn't like the way Henry was looking at him. The man was watching his every move closely. "Bendy, are you doing okay?"

The demon nodded, turning and looking around. He knew that Sammy would flip on the projector, and play a certain sequence on the instruments. He just needed to remember the order. It was the bass fiddle, piano, banjo, and banjo again. He had seen Sammy do it, and now he could as well.

He pointed up to the projector booth, surprised to see a cutout of himself looking back. Henry followed his gaze and looked at the cutout. "Where did that come from?" He wondered aloud.

Bendy pointed at Henry, and then up at the booth, hoping he would understand. Then, he pointed at the screen they put up for the projector. "You want me to turn on the projector?" Bendy nodded, and Henry turned to do so. "Alright, buddy." He turned on the projector.

Bendy played the instruments in order, and the sanctuary opened. Henry came into the band room, and went inside, holding his axe close. Inside was a pump switch, which they twisted. Then, they headed out.

Bendy spotted the ink puddles first, holding out his hand to stop Henry. The man wasn't as strong as he was, and Bendy didn't want to see him get hurt. He could take care of the Searchers.
He killed them quickly. There were a lot, but Bendy was able to easily kill them. He had just killed
the last one when something caught his eye. He looked up to see Sammy standing in the booth,
watching him. He couldn't understand why Sammy wasn't helping them, or even showing any sign
of recognition to him. His stare was unsettling. Why was Sammy staring at him?
Henry and Bendy drain the stairwell, but their escape plan is thwarted by a certain musician.

Henry could tell something was wrong with Bendy. He was on high alert, and seemed to be having a war inside his head. It worried him a little.

"Bendy? Are you doing alright?"

The demon nodded, snapped out of his thoughts. He was trying to understand Sammy. He desperately wanted his help. He was afraid that he wouldn't be able to protect Henry by himself, and he wanted to help the human escape more than anything else. If only Sammy knew that.

It couldn't be helped though. There was no use in worrying about it, but he felt uneasy and on edge. He was certain Sammy was planning something, but he didn't know what. That thought scared him more than anything else.

Henry turned the second valve. "That should do it," he said with a nod. He glanced up at Bendy and smiled. "Hey, don't worry so much. It'll be alright."

Bendy tilted his head. How was Henry so sure? He was trapped in a studio with monsters, and he didn't even seem that freaked out about it. "We're going to get out of here, and everything will be okay."

Bendy whined softly. We? Henry must have been joking. He wouldn't take a demon along, right? He dipped his finger in some ink and wrote his question on the wall. "We?"

Henry read it, and then smiled sadly. "Of course, silly. I can't just leave you in a place like this."

"How?"

"The details may be messy, but we'll figure it out together. I don't know what kind of stuff Joey did, but I'm not about to abandon you."

He was surprised at that. Henry was actually going to take him with him when he escaped. He couldn't quite get it, but he was happy. Happier than words could express.

He took a step towards Henry, his arms outstretched. He didn't want to get too close and scare the human. He felt like he was going to cry, and the idea was weird.

"Come here," Henry said with a smile, giving Bendy a hug. "Don't get emotional on me, now."

If the man was surprised at the idea of comforting a demon, he didn't let it show. He hugged Bendy until he regained his composure. "Ready to go?" Henry asked. Bendy nodded, determined to help him find a way out.
"Alright. Let's head back to Sammy's office."

Bendy went first, on the lookout for any Searchers. They encountered a few, but Bendy was able to easily take care of them. He looked back to make sure Henry was still following a lot, and breathed a sigh of relief when they made it to Sammy's office.

Henry turned the pump control switch while Bendy looked around. He was drawn to the writing on the wall. "It's time to believe." Believe in what, the demon wondered to himself.

"The stairwell should be completely drained now. Let's get out of here." Bendy liked the idea of that. He was afraid of the unknown that lied outside, but as long as Henry would be safe, he was alright with it. They were both more than happy to leave the studio behind them for good.

They headed out. Henry was walking in front of him, talking about the outside world. Bendy stopped, hearing a noise. It was loud, ringing in his head. It was all he could focus on. He held his head in his hands and let out a growl.

"Bendy, what's wrong?"

He looked up to try to answer, but when he did, he saw a man behind Henry. The sound got louder, and Bendy was frozen in place, clutching his head and unable to move while the man knocked Henry out.

The last thing Bendy heard was his voice. "Do not worry, my Lord. I'm doing this all for you."
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Bendy goes to try and stop the sacrifice and save his friend.

All he could feel was rage. It burned inside of him, seeming to light his entire body ablaze. He hated himself. It was his fault. All of this was his fault.

He let Sammy take Henry. He didn't even try to help, just watching before the darkness consumed him. Now Henry was gone, and could even be dead. It was all his fault.

He let out a growl, dragging his claws down the wall. He had done this. He was bad. He wasn't going to just stand by and do nothing, though. He would find Henry. It couldn't be too late. He refused to give up. He would find the man, no matter what it took. He just didn't know where to look.

He tried to remember Sammy. Where would he go? He did spend time in a room. It was big enough to keep Henry in, too. He must have been there.

Bendy headed down the halls, sheer determination keeping him moving. His leg ached, but he didn't pay it any attention. It wasn't important, especially if Henry's life was on the line. He made it there, and a scary sight awaited him. Henry was tied up, Sammy standing in front of him with a grin.

"Our Lord is calling to us, my little sheep. The time of sacrifice is at hand. And then, I will finally be freed from this prison. This inky, dark abyss I call a body. Let us begin. The ritual must be completed. Soon, he will hear me. He will set us free."

Sammy turned and left, going into a room and shutting the door. Henry was left alone. It was Bendy's chance to save him. He stepped forward, but a loud noise greeted him.

"Sheep, sheep, sheep, it's time for sleep. Rest your head. It's time for bed. In the morning, you may wake. Or in the morning, you'll be dead. Hear me, Bendy! Arise from the darkness! Arise and claim my offering!"

His head felt like it was splitting apart. The room was shaking, and all he could feel was rage. "Free me, I beg you! I summon you, ink demon! Show your face, and take this tender sheep!"

At that, he used his power to make a portal, walking into the room Sammy was in. He let out a growl, and swiped at the man.

"No! My lord! Stay back! I am your prophet!" He walked forward, and then stopped. Sammy was cowered, looking at Bendy with a look in his eyes. Bendy recognized it as a look Henry gave him before, and he was finally able to identify it. Fear.

The way Sammy was looking at him made him sick. He thought he was a monster, and maybe Sammy was right. Maybe he was a monster. What if all of this was his fault?
Could he have done that to Sammy? Turned him into whatever he was? He wasn't always this way, was he? He couldn't have been. Once, he must have been normal. Did he take that away?

He reached out. Instead of hurting Sammy, he helped the man up. He was mad, but he wasn't a monster. He wasn't going to hurt Sammy. He was his prophet, and that had to mean something.

He let go, leaving Sammy speechless. He turned and went through his portal into the room Henry was in, only to find it empty. He heard retreating footsteps, and figured that Henry must have escaped.

Thanks to his portal, he was able to get to Henry quickly. Emerging from a pool of ink wasn't pleasant, but at least he found his friend.

Henry froze, looking at Bendy with the expression he learned to recognize. Fear. As quickly as he could, Henry turned and fled.

Bendy chased after him, trying to cry out and beg for his friend to wait for him. The man was scared of him. He thought he was a monster. Just like Sammy did.

He ran into a room, slamming the door behind him on Bendy. Bendy desperately beat on it, whining and growling. Please, let me in, he begged, but to no avail. Henry couldn't hear his thoughts, and wouldn't open the door.

He must have thought Bendy was behind it all, and Bendy couldn't help but wonder if he was right. What if it was all his fault?
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Bendy tries to find Henry and regain his trust.

What now? He had lost everything. Henry was gone, and his own prophet didn't even want him. He was alone, just like before, only worse. Very worse.

He could retreat to level fourteen, but the Projectionist wouldn't want to see him. He wandered endlessly in the halls with the cartoons, losing himself inside them. Maybe it was the perfect place to go, after all.

No, not yet. He had to try to get Henry to forgive him. It wouldn't be easy. He knew that Henry was right not to trust him, but he wanted to try. That way, he would know.

How? He didn't even know where Henry was. After he shut the door and wouldn't open it, Bendy had fled. He couldn't find Henry anywhere, and the thought terrified him. What if he was hurt?

He disappeared into the ink, trying to track where Henry went. It wasn't hard, especially with his good hearing. Henry was in the Heavenly Toys Factory.

He emerged from the ink. Henry looked at him with wide eyes before backing away, looking for an escape. Finally, he ran into a Little Miracles Station and shut the door.

Bendy frowned. He wasn't going to hurt the human. If only he could talk. He thought for a moment before a thought came to him. He may not be able to talk, but he could write. He wrote on the floor in ink. He stood up to check his work, and then went to sit on a couch. Now, he would just have to wait.

As it turned out, he didn't have to wait for long. Curiosity got the best of Henry, and he emerged from the station. He eyed Bendy wearily before reading the writing on the floor.

"I'm sorry," Bendy had written. "I know you don't trust me. I don't blame you. I promise, I won't hurt you. I would never do that."

Henry was silent for a moment before looking at him once more. The demon was clearly nervous, his mouth set in a frown and his foot tapping. With a sigh, he took a seat beside the demon.

Bendy was surprised. He tensed up, wondering if he should scoot away to give Henry more room. He decided against it, and sat perfectly still. He didn't want to risk moving and scaring the human again.

"I'm sorry for running away," Henry said finally. "I shouldn't have done that. It was foolish, but I was afraid. For a moment, I thought..." He didn't go on, but he didn't need to. Bendy knew what he meant. He had thought that himself.

"I was stupid. If I know you, you were probably blaming yourself. Be honest with me now. Were
you?" Bendy nodded. Henry gave him a sad smile. "I thought so. You don't know what's going on either, and you were alone and afraid. Some friend I am."

Bendy growled lowly. He didn't like Henry putting himself down like that. He regretted doing it, expecting Henry to jump up and flee. Instead, the man just looked at him.

"Oh, c'mon. You have to admit: that was a rude thing I did." Bendy shook his head firmly, growling again. Henry tried to look annoyed, but failed when he burst out laughing. "Fine, but you can't doubt yourself, either. Deal?"


After Bendy relaxed, the man smiled up at him. "I'm glad you're back. It was unsettling without having a trusted friend to have your back."

Bendy smiled, pressing his forehead against Henry's. He felt the same. The workshop was cold and lonely without the human.

"I love you, too, buddy." He pulled away, looking at the demon with a smile. "I met a friend while I was out." Bendy cocked his head, surprised and interested. "I think you'll love him."

Bendy nodded eagerly, smiling even wider. Any friend of Henry's would be a friend of his. Especially if they were going to help the human.
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Henry and Bendy have their first encounter with Alice.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The door shut automatically behind Henry, leaving Bendy outside. He was terrified and began beating on the door. "It's alright, Bendy. I'm okay," Henry reassured him. "There's got to be a way to open the door. I'll-"

He was cut off by another voice. He recognized the voice. Oh no. Not her. Frantically, he tried to break down the door, but it wouldn't budge.

He was helpless, left to wait outside. He heard Henry gasp, and glass broke. The room fell silent, and he heard her voice. She was there in the room with Henry. The angel.

The door opened into the bright room. Henry was standing in the middle of it. He wasn't hurt, but surprised. "Bendy, there you are."

Bendy scooped the man in his arms and hugged him. Thank goodness he was alright. "I'm okay. Really." At that, he sat him down. "Thank you. I met Alice. Or, whatever she is. She looks nothing like her poster."

Bendy nodded, then frowned. He didn't, either. His posters made him look cute, but he wasn't. "It doesn't matter now. I have a feeling that we'll be seeing a lot more of her." Bendy had that same feeling, and nodded. "Well, let's see if we can find Boris and a way out of here."

Bendy reached out for Henry's hand. He didn't want a repeat of what had just happened. Henry raised an eyebrow, but said nothing.

They went ahead and came to a crossroad. "The demon, or the angel," Henry read. He looked at them for a moment, and then nodded. "Demon." Bendy frowned, wondering if he was sure. Henry seemed to read his mind, and smiled at him. "Especially because he's my friend."

Bendy sighed. It might be dangerous, but he wasn't going to talk him out of it. However, he wasn't going to let Henry go unprotected. He picked up the man.

"Is this really necessary?" Bendy nodded, and Henry sighed. "Alright, fine." Bendy grinned and walked down the path.

The path was filled with ink. It wasn't a welcomed sight. There was no way he was putting Henry down to walk in that.

"Hey, what's that?" Bendy looked where Henry was pointing. There was a tape on the table. Bendy went over and picked up the tape, giving it to Henry and continuing on his journey. He stiffened
when Henry pressed play. He recognized the voice on it.

"Joey," Henry said to himself. Bendy knew the man, and his name brought back a bad feeling. He'd rather not think or talk about him.

They finally were out of the ink and on the dry ground. He sat Henry down reluctantly. "Thank you." Henry sat the tape down. "Joey always had his head in the clouds, but I never thought...." His voice trailed off.

They walked hand in hand, through a door and down the hall. They stopped when a cutout of Bendy peeked out at them. It was becoming a common occurrence, but was still unsettling. Henry went around the corner to investigate, and chuckled. "Boris! You scared me half to death!" Boris?

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all so much for your support. The kudos and comments mean so much to me! I'm glad you all are enjoying the story!
"Bendy, this is Boris. Boris, this is Bendy." The wolf in front of them showed no sign of even hearing the human. He was cowered down, covering his eyes and shaking. He was scared of him.

Bendy tried to force himself to smile, but it soon turned into a frown. "Don't worry, Bendy. I'll talk to him, alright?" He wasn't surprised that Boris was scared of him. It was getting to be a common reaction, and Bendy wasn't fond of it. It still seemed to break his heart everytime it happened.

Still, he appreciated Henry's offer. The man was willing to try and convince Boris to trust him. He doubted it would work, but it was the thought that counted, he guessed.

He did take comfort in the fact that the wolf had given Henry a pipe. It wasn't much, but would be quite useful. Especially since Henry didn't have a weapon.

The three of them stepped into the room. It was inky, and had shelves of toys. He recognized a plushie of himself, Boris, and of the angel.

He investigated them as Henry talked quietly to Boris. At last, Boris nodded, and shook Bendy's hand hesitantly. After he realized that Bendy wasn't going to hurt him, the wolf gave him a big hug.

"See? I told you that you'd love him," Henry said, a proud smile on his face. The man chuckled when Bendy pulled him into the hug as well.

"We'll be a wonderful team," Henry said finally. Boris nodded cheerfully. "If only we could get Alice on board with us."

The two exchanged a glance. The angel made them both uneasy. Henry read their expressions, and frowned. "Don't worry. We'll be fine." Bendy hoped so.

The three came to a switch. "It looks like we'll need to throw two leavers at once to open this," Henry mused aloud. "Boris, you and Bendy get this one, and I'll go find the other one."

Typical Henry, Bendy thought with a sigh. He shook his head. There was no way he was letting the human go alone, and they both knew it. Henry sighed. "Alright, but I'm going first."

He would take it. He followed Henry down the curving hallway to the second switch. He wasn't expecting the poster to rip open, and for a monster to crawl out of it. Henry wasn't, either. He backed away quickly, pulling out his pipe and swinging it.

He killed the creature, but was panting heavily. He turned to Bendy, managing a small smile. "See? I could kill it."

Bendy frowned. Maybe he could, but he didn't have to. He didn't like the way his body heaved with
his breaths, and the way the creature was so close to hitting him. Why was Henry so stubborn sometimes?
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Henry and Bendy have a date with an angel.

Chapter Notes

Here's chapter 10 of our story. I apologize for the long wait. Things have been kind of busy lately, but I finally got the chance to work on the story, so updates should be posted sooner now. After I complete all of chapter 3 in the story, it will be on hold until chapter 4. Anyway, thank you for reading, and I hope you all enjoy!

They all stepped into the elevator, the cage closing in front of them as the elevator descended. Then, he heard her. The angel's voice filled the elevator shaft, sending a shiver down his body. It was her. She was down here, and that was far from a good thing. He knew what she was, and about all the horrible things she did. She would hurt Henry if given the chance. He knew it.

He kept quiet though. The last thing he wanted was for her to hear him. Who knows what she would do. He just stood rigid, his teeth showing and claws out, ready to attack if he needed to.

Henry gave him a weary look and shuffled a bit closer to Boris, saying nothing. She told them to head to level nine before she fell silent. She wasn't listening any longer. Bendy growled when Henry's hand went to the button. The man shouldn't go there. Despite his warnings and clear disapproval, the man pushed the floor anyway.

"We have to, Bendy. She might know a way out of here." He wasn't convinced, growling lowly. Henry just glared at him. "Well, what else should we do? Hmm? Because, as far as I can tell, there's no other exits. Unless you have any ideas."

Bendy took a half a step back, whining softly. Henry frowned and approached him. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have snapped at you like that. I know you're just trying to help, but I...I need you to trust me. At least on this. I don't think she's going to harm me."

The demon frowned. He didn't know the angel like he did. He knew how dangerous she was. She would kill anything and anyone to achieve what she desired. Even if she didn't, he still didn't want the man to go somewhere he couldn't follow.

"It'll be okay, alright? I promise." Bendy whined softly, and gave a nod. He didn't like the idea, but Henry was right. They didn't have any other options, and maybe she would set him free.

He pressed the button for level nine. Bendy was uncertain how far he could follow. She didn't like him, and he didn't like her. If she found out that he was friends with Henry, she would kill him.

Henry seemed to pick up on Bendy's unease, having similar ideas himself. "Hey, you can follow as far as you can. I'll be alright."
Bendy nodded, and the elevator stopped. The doors opened. "Come on, step out of your cage. There's a whole twisted world out here." Bendy reluctantly followed Henry and Boris out of the elevator, scanning the area quickly for any threats. He was on edge. An attack could come at any time.

He followed them down the stairs, and they came to a stop at a tape. He was expecting it to be from his Prophet, or maybe the Angel, but it was from neither of them. Instead, it was a man talking about how he didn't like the elevator. He had no idea why, but it sent shivers down his spine. Almost like the man knew something. Something that he didn't.

He tried his best, but he couldn't shake the feeling as he followed Henry up the stairs to the giant doors. The room began to shake as the doors opened. He felt uneasy, especially with the angel's head hanging over it. Despite it not being real, he still let out a low growl at it. Henry started to follow Boris inside, and he reached out to stop him with a whine.

He wished that Henry would realize how much danger he was in. Henry only gave him a small smile before shrugging off the demon's hand and pressing on. With another whine, he limped after them.

The hall twisted around, and the sight in the room left all three of them uneasy. Boris was standing in front of a copy of himself, strapped to a table and gutted. There were a ton of them everywhere, along with clones of the Butcher Gang members.

"O-oh gosh," Henry exclaimed. Bendy froze in place, watching the man as he explored the room. He started to follow, but Henry turned to him. "Stay there with Boris. I'll be back." Despite how dangerous it was, Bendy knew that he should listen.

"Look around. It took so many of them to make me so beautiful." He backed away by Boris as the angel spoke. All of this seemed so wrong, and he didn't want to look at the torn apart toons any longer.

"Anything less than perfect was left behind. I had to do it. She made me." He watched Henry disappear from sight, and he could hear a faint zapping noise and garbled cries.

Boris seemed to hear it, too, and he turned, heading back the way he came. He whined softly, looking at the now closed door before following Boris back to the elevator. The wolf wouldn't budge again, and he didn't honestly blame him. With a sigh, he decided to head back and hope that Henry would be back. He hurried along, hoping that his friend would be okay. Who knew what the angel could have done to him.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Bendy feels that Henry is keeping things from him after his visit with the Angel.

The man was hiding something from him. Bendy could tell, and it scared him. He knew that it was hard to trust a demon, and he understood that, but he still just felt uneasy. Something had happened in that room with the angel. She must have said or did something. Whatever it was, Henry wasn't telling him.

"It's okay," the man said, sensing his companion's uneasiness. "We're just going to find gear boxes." Bendy let out a whine in reply, crossing his arms and standing in front of the man.

"Come on, Bendy. Trust me on this." The man sighed when Bendy didn't move. "Fine. Look, how about this? I'll tell you everything along the way, alright?"

Bendy finally nodded, whining softly and stepping away from the elevator doors. "Did you really think I would keep things from you?" After Bendy frowned and slowly shook his head, Henry looked at him with a sad smile. "I won't, okay? I trust you, and I know you trust me."

Henry smiled and reached up to try to pet the demon's head. Bendy lowered down a little so he could, and whined, leaning into his touch. "Come on." He followed Henry, and then they both stopped when they heard the angel's voice.

"There are so few rules to our world now. So little truths. But there is one rule 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."

Work? Did Henry and the angel make a deal? Were they working together now? The thought terrified him. He knew that she must have said horrible things about him, and he and Henry were already treading on thin ice.

"Hey, it's okay. Let me explain, alright? When I met her, she said that she would help me escape this place if I did some favors for her. I have to go get parts from the gear boxes."

He looked up at Bendy and smiled at him. "See? It's alright." He gave him a hug. "I know that you'll be able to help keep me safe." Bendy nodded. He would do that. He would make sure of it. Henry smiled, and took his hand. "Now, let's get going."
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Bendy and Henry look for gearboxes, and an unexpected obstacle comes up when Bendy's foot starts to hurt.

The gear boxes were harder to find than they had thought. On top of that, there were a lot of enemies around everywhere they turned. Bendy was on edge, keeping Henry behind him while fighting the enemies. It eventually got so bad that he put the man on his back despite his many protests.

"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 will draw him in."

Bendy felt uneasy at that. He felt the man on his back tense, but then he pointed. "There's a gearbox!" He let the man off his back and he opened it, pulling out the gear.

"One down," he said with a smile. He took Bendy's hand and they continued onwards. It took awhile, but they had all four parts they needed.

Bendy's twisted foot was sore, and his limp was getting worse as he struggled to stay caught up with Henry. "You need to rest," the man told him sternly. The demon growled in response. He wasn't going to leave Henry's side for anything. He would protect the human no matter what the cost.

Henry sighed. "Look, I'm going back to level nine to return these. You can use your portal and wait for me at the Heavenly Toys factory while you sit on that couch and rest your leg." Bendy frowned and shook his head.

"Or, I could always try to carry you. Just think about how much strain I would put on my back. I could throw it out and break it."

Bendy finally growled, the ink on the wall forming together to create a portal. The man was too stubborn for his own good. Henry pulled him down a little to rub his head. "It'll be fine. I'll meet you there, okay?"

Bendy nodded, whining softly. He gave the man a hug before he walked into the portal, glancing behind him one last time. He didn't trust that the man would be alright, but what other choice did he have? He didn't want him to try and pick him up.

He emerged from the ink portal in the Heavely Toys factory. He moved the cutouts from the couch carefully before sitting on it, propping his aching foot up.

He didn't know what had happened to his foot. It was like this ever since he could remember. It was fine most of the time, but on days he was more active, it hurt. No wonder it was hurting now. He would never admit it to anyone, but carrying the human wasn't his best idea. Still, he would carry the man again in a heartbeat.

He examines his foot. It seems swollen, but he can't tell for certain. It could just be excess ink, but it doesn't seem like it. He frowns and reaches out to touch it. It burns at his touch, and he winces. Definitely swollen, he realizes. He massages it in an effort to make it feel better. It hurts, but also
feels good. He does this for a little, and eventually ends up drifting off.

"Bendy?" He opens his eyes to see Henry. The man smiles, reaching out to pet his head gently. "Hey, bud. It's just me. I came just like I promised." He frowns. "You can stay here and rest more if you need to."

The demon sighed before rising to his feet. Did Henry honestly think he was just going to rest and let him fend for himself? Henry chuckled. "I figured you weren't going to take me up on that offer. You know, though, things are going to change when we get out of here. You're going to rest rather you like it or not."

Bendy just nods at this and smiles. The thought of being able to rest and not have to worry about Henry is nice. He can't help but wonder how safe the outside world is, though. It has to be dangerous, but it won't be as dangerous as the studio, and that's a comforting thing for both of them. It's all the more reason to escape, and Bendy is going to make sure that they all get out safely. No matter what he has to do.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Bendy and Henry go after swollen searchers, and catch a glimpse of a very dangerous creature that makes them both uneasy.

They were looking for searchers. It wasn't the normal kind, either. They were swollen ones, full of extra ink. For some reason, the Angel needed them. Bendy didn't quite understand. He wondered if it would count if Henry just took some of his ink to use, but he didn't think so. Especially if she found out about it. They would have to do what she asked.

The task proved to be difficult. It seemed the searchers could hear him coming from a mile away, and unlike the normal ones, the swollen searchers would sink back into the ink and disappear. Henry wouldn't say it, but they both knew that it was Bendy's fault they were getting away.

At last, Bendy growled, feeling the anger coursing through him. He was failing everytime he tried, and he couldn't do anything right, it seemed. He knew he needed to stay away, but he didn't want to leave Henry. He remembered how much it took out of the man when he fought that one butcher gang member, and there were an over abundance of enemies.

"Hey, it's alright." Henry said, trying to relax his companion. The demon turned to look at him. He could sense the human's slight annoyance. Why wasn't he expressing his anger?

He whined sadly, admitting defeat. "I know you're trying to help. I appreciate it, too. You know I always do. There just has to be a way that we can work together to catch these searchers."

He paused for a moment, and then he smiled. "I have an idea, too." Bendy leaned in curiously, eager to see if the man knew what they could do. Hopefully his idea wasn't for Bendy to go rest on the couch again.

"What if you create a distraction to lure all the other enemies away, and I use that to creep up on the swollen searchers? It could work, right?" Bendy considered this and nodded. It was worth a shot at least, he thought.

"Alright." Henry smiled, then they parted ways. Bendy went away from the man before he began to make loud noises and footsteps, trying to attract the enemies. His plan was working. The butcher gang members and searchers were coming towards him, leaving Henry alone. He heard the man's voice. It had worked.

He created a portal on the wall to walk through so he wouldn't lead the creatures back to Henry. He reached the man, and saw him smiling proudly. "It worked. I was able to get one." He said happily.

He pulled Bendy into a hug. "You did a great job." Bendy smiled at that. He was glad the plan worked, and even more glad that the man was able to get one of the searchers that he needed. They would need to get more, but now that they knew what to do, it should be much easier.

They were heading out again. Bendy was leading the way, and then stopped when he heard something. They were heavy footsteps, and they were growing louder. Closer. Henry stopped
behind Bendy, looking up at him to see what was wrong. One glance told the demon that he didn’t hear the sound yet.

"Bendy? Is everything alright?" The demon frowned and shook his head, pushing an arm in front of the man. Whatever it was must have been big to have such heavy footsteps. They were almost as heavy as his own, he guessed.

Who could this creature be? Endless possibilities ran through his head. Was it Joey, the man who created him? Was it Sammy? Was he coming back to try to sacrifice Henry again? Bendy wasn't going to let that happen. Whatever that thing was, he wouldn't let it hurt Henry.

The sound got louder. He could tell that the man heard it as well, and he visibly stiffened. Bendy bared his teeth and growled, getting ready to attack if needed. The creature didn't come in, though. It walked by, as if not even noticing their existence.

Its projector was fixated on something unseen in the distance, hunched over form walking forwards steadily. It was just that creature. It wouldn't bother them. He wasn't sure, though. It never paid any attention to him, but he had no idea how it would react to Henry.

He would have to be careful if they ever encountered that creature again. He wondered how it got there. Didn't it stay in level fourteen? It usually wandered down there, watching the cartoons that played. Maybe it wandered away from them? He didn't know, but he knew that he and Henry would have to be careful. Anything was possible in the workshop, and that meant that a variety of dangerous things could happen. He would have to be ready for them.
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Bendy and Henry go on the hunt for power cores, but discover an old friend that may be a big concern later on.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all the support you've given me! I love reading your comments, and seeing all the kudos. This is the most popular fan fiction I've ever written, and it's crazy to think it was originally going to only have one chapter. Thank you all again, and I hope you continue to enjoy the chapters I post.

It took awhile, but finally, they had filled the syringe with ink. Bendy and Henry went back to level nine, Bendy waiting in the elevator with Boris to avoid the angel finding him out. Henry returned the syringe, then got another task.

"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." The weapon was a plunger.

Bendy looked at it in dismay. Why would she just give him a plunger? He can't defend himself with a plunger. He folded his arms and frowned. That wouldn't do at all. He wished he could just take the plunger and shove it in her face.

He was visibly unhappy when Henry came back. He noticed the demon's scared look and tried to relax him. "Hey, it's alright. There's no need to look so down. I know this is less than desirable, but I don't need a weapon. Not when I have you."

Bendy whined. He didn't get it. The man was putting all of his trust in him. If he turned away and a searcher or a butcher gang member attacked him, then he wouldn't be able to defend himself. What if that thing from level fourteen was walking around again? If they encountered it, Henry would be defenseless.

"We'll manage, alright?" Henry sighed, and then looked up at him. "If it will make you feel better, then I'll let you carry me on your back. Deal?"

Bendy nodded. If he felt the man needed to be carried, then he was going to do it, no matter what he said. Still, it was nice to have approval.

"Do you know where these valve panels are?" Bendy nodded before pointing to one on the wall. "I'm a bit embarrassed I didn't see that." Bendy followed Henry over to it. The man turned the wheels, trying to get the liquid in all three to match up. When they did, the box opened and he was able to get a valve core.
It was a long and tedious process. With Henry having to focus on it, then he would be susceptible to attacks. That meant that Bendy would have to guard him carefully. The thought scared him. What if he couldn't?

"Let's go find some more cores, okay?" Henry asked, taking his hand. Bendy nodded and let the man lead him into the elevator. They started with level K, and found one on the stairwell.

They went down and Bendy paused when he came to these instruments. They were lined up in the hall, and they reminded him of Sammy's sanctuary. He remembered how he hadn't hurt the man. Could he be around somewhere? He frowned. It felt like he could be near.

Henry noticed he had stopped and turned back, looking at the demon curiously. "Are you okay?" He asked. Bendy reached out a hand to the wall, seeing if he could feel anything. He couldn't, and all he heard was the veins pulsating.

He turned to the instruments, and decided to test his theory. He played the bass fiddle, drum, violin, piano, and then the drum again.

Everything was silent, and then a voice spoke. "We've all been waiting, but now, he will set us free." The room went silent again. Bendy reached out to the wall, whining softly but getting no reply.

"Sammy?" Henry asked. There was no response. Henry turned to Bendy in confusion. "I thought he was dead. I thought you-" Bendy growled. He didn't want to think about what Henry thought he had done. He was so angry, and he could have hurt him, but he would never hurt anyone. He wasn't evil.

"Bendy, I didn't mean it like that. I..." Henry reached up to pet Bendy's head. The demon leaned into his hand. "I know you're not bad. You only do what you have to. I know that."

Bendy relaxes at that. The man knew he wasn't evil. He didn't want to hurt anyone, and he hoped that he never would. The way Sammy was acting made him fear that he would have to end up hurting someone. The thought only grew when he thought of the projectionist on level fourteen. It seemed that hurting someone would be inevitable, and he more than anything, he hoped he was wrong.
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Bendy and Henry go to destroy the cutouts for their next task, however, certain problems arise that were unexpected.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"You see those grinning demons? Let's remove them, shall we? I've got just the tool to make this even more enjoyable." Henry went and grabbed the axe that the angel had given him.

Bendy felt uneasy. He didn't want his cutouts to be broken. He knew they were just cutouts and nothing more, but he felt attached to them. He remembered when it was just him, wandering the studio alone in the beginning. He didn't know who or what he was, and why he was there. He met the scary creatures below, soon realizing that he was one.

The cutouts were what kept him company. They were his friends, silent companions that would watch him. They were always happy, even with all that was going on. They made him feel better when he was upset.

He remembered looking at them with such wonder and so many questions. He was supposed to be like them. He was the same entity, after all. They were what he was supposed to look like, so why was he so different? Why was he a monster? He would sit there, his hand on them and wishing he could be like they were. He imagined what the world would be like if he wasn't a monster. If he was actually the way he was supposed to be.

The man pushed him out of his thoughts, pulling him into a hug. He seemed to know what was going on. Bendy bent down to hug him back, his eyes welling up with tears. "It's okay. I know, buddy. I know you don't want to break them. I don't want to, either."

'We have to, though.' He waited for Henry to say that, but he didn't. Instead, he just rubbed his back soothingly, murmuring to him. Eventually, he felt better. They didn't have a choice. They would have to destroy the cutouts.

They decided to go to the heavenly toys factory. He remembered all the cutouts that were there. The ones that he moved to sit on the couch. He wished he could apologize to them for what they were going to have to do. He couldn't, and even if he could, he knew that they wouldn't be able to hear him or understand. They weren't real. He knew they weren't real, so why did it feel like they were?

The elevator doors close as it takes them up. Bendy is silent and frowning. Henry doesn't look much better, holding his axe with a frown. They finally make it, and the two leave the elevator together.

Henry takes Bendy's hand, giving it a reassuring squeeze as they walk. They come to the Heavenly Toys Factory, and Bendy sees the cutouts. He had put them back after waking up from his nap on the couch. They were looking at him and smiling, as if unaware of what was going to happen to them.
Bendy takes a deep breath, turning away as Henry raises the axe. He hears it come down and hit the cutout as he feels a heavy pain. It feels like the hit the cutout took was actually taken by him. It's like he was hit by the axe right in his head, his body taking in the blow. He clutches his face and lets out a cry of pain.

"Bendy?! Bendy, what's wrong?" The man asks, already bringing his axe down on another. He cried out in pain, feeling like the blade of an axe just went through his chest. Henry seems to catch on. "Hang in there, Bendy! There's only a few left, okay?" Henry quickly broke the cutouts, the jolts of pain running through his body at each one. He sobbed, the agony sending him into tears and making him screech. He dropped to the ground after the last one, crying out and hugging himself.

Henry dropped the axe after he was finished. He ran to the demon and pulled him into a hug, trying to calm him down. Bendy hardly noticed him. His inky body felt like it was on fire. Everything hurt so bad. Once he registered that Henry was hugging him, he latched onto him tightly.

Eventually, the pain faded. His body was tired and sore, but it didn't hurt as much anymore. Only his leg burned from the way he fell. His sobs lessened before disappearing entirely. He was still trembling while holding onto Henry.

Neither wanted to pull away, but they knew at some point they would have to. Henry did it so Bendy wouldn't have to, pulling back and trying to check his inky skin over. "Are you okay?" He asked worriedly.

Bendy nodded hesitantly. He was okay, at least, he thought he was. He proved to be wrong when he tried to stand and couldn't help but wince. The pain in his leg was great, and it hurt a lot.

"You must have twisted it more when you fell." Henry said with a frown. "You should sit down." Bendy refused with a whine. He knew what Henry was going to try to do. He wasn't going to let him go alone while he rested. He would help Henry. He had to.

Henry seemed to know this, too. He just sighed and made Bendy lean on him. "Alright, but tell me when you need a moment to rest, okay?" Bendy nodded and the two were just about to set off again when the angel spoke.

"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."

"Yeah, thanks for the warning." Henry muttered. Bendy whined, and Henry turned to him, managing a smile. "It's okay, Bendy. I just wish she wasn't so mean to you." He laughed to himself. "And there you were worrying that I was going to be her friend and try to kill you."

He chuckled at Bendy's shocked expression. "I knew you were thinking it. You're bad at hiding stuff, you know that? Besides, you were pretty uneasy anytime I was around her, or when she was talking.

"I'm not going to betray you, Bendy. I would never do something like that to you. You're my best friend. I trust you more than her, and you know that. We're going to escape together. You, me, and Boris."

Bendy liked the idea, but he knew it wouldn't be that easy. He would have to protect Henry. With the Angel, he knew they had their work cut out for them. The two both knew it, and shared an uneasy smile. They would protect each other to secure their happy ending. Bendy knew that he would be willing to sacrifice his happy ending for Henry's and Boris's. He would do anything to help them escape and be safe.
Chapter End Notes

I had the headcanon, and I think some others did as well, that when you break the Bendy cutouts, it feels to Bendy like he got hit with the axe. So basically, the blow is transferred onto him. I'm not sure if that's actually the case or not, but I decided to add it in here.

Anyway, thank you for reading, and I hope you enjoyed! Also, thank you for all of your support!
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

After completing their task, they have to battle to protect their angel. Their next task after that is very interesting, and has a twist neither of them expected.

"The disgusting wretches have wandered my halls, have been left unchecked!" The angel's voice shouted angrily. Henry and Bendy exchanged a worried glance. Was she talking about Bendy? Did she know that he was there?

Bendy found that she wasn't talking about him. She was talking about the enemies approaching the door. There were a lot of butcher gang members and searchers. "They're trying to drag me back to the darkness! Don't let them take your angel!"

The angel was almost screaming now. Bendy put his hand out in front of Henry. All the man had was a pipe, and he didn't want him to be in danger. "Purge them one by one! Smash them into puddles! Kill them!!!"

The demon went into the battle. His clawed hands swiped at the creatures, turning them into puddles once more. Henry was defending himself with a pipe, then joined to help. He couldn't stand to stay on the sidelines.

Bendy turned to him with a slight growl. Henry didn't budge or even flinch. "You can't do all of this by yourself, especially with your leg. We'll do it together, alright?"

Bendy reluctantly nodded. There were a ton of enemies. It would be a long, tiresome battle for Bendy to kill them all. Henry's help was welcomed, although he was a bit weary. He would try his best to keep an eye on him, and hopefully, if Henry got outnumbered and a bit hurt, he would retreat and let Bendy finish them off. They quickly started fighting them again.

It wasn't an easy task. The enemies now not only attacked Henry, but Bendy as well. It was as if they had caught word that the demon had joined forces with the human. They seemed to be seeking revenge for it, as well.

He found himself to be surrounded. The creatures swarmed around him, hitting, biting, and cutting his body. They targeted his hurt leg, but he wasn't going down easily. It only took one swipe of his claws to lay waste to the creatures.

He looked up while battling to check on Henry, seeing that the human was having better luck than he was. The enemies went after the demon more, leaving the human with a lot less to fight. It was comforting that he wouldn't have to worry about Henry as much. With that knowledge, he was able to defeat the remaining enemies that kept ganging up on him easily.

The last of them were defeated. The room was clear and quiet, save for the ink. "So quiet. Like a welcoming grave. I like the silence, don't you?" The angel spoke. Neither of them replied. The two were breathing hard, Bendy slightly wheezing as he struggled to catch his breath through the inky mess in his throat and lungs.
Henry seemed to hear that, turning to Bendy a bit worriedly. "Are you okay?" He asked. Bendy nods. Henry frowns, not seeming totally convinced. "I'll get my next task, and then we'll take a little breather before going on it, alright?" The demon nodded. Henry helped him sit on the steps before going up the stairs to get his next task.

"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."

An old friend? Bendy thought that he knew what she was talking about. She must be talking about level fourteen. The only thing down there was the Projectionist. Was that who she was referring to? Did Henry know him before? Before what exactly? He always thought Sammy used to be a human. Could the Projectionist have been one as well? Was he once a human?

The angel continued on, saying that they needed to go to level fourteen to gather five ink hearts. "I'm sending you a little present. A little firepower. Take good care of it. It belonged to someone very special." The case opened to reveal a gun.

Bendy cowered back. Something about it made him uneasy. He knew it would be good for Henry to defend himself with. If Henry had that gun and a demon, then he would be completely safe, right? He knew it was true, so why did the idea feel so unwelcome to him?

Henry went up to grab the gun. Bendy looked away until a gasp made him look. The gun had melted in his hands. He looked horrified. "Oops. I forgot. It's a little hard to get ahold of. Oh well. Better luck next time." She laughed before turning off the speaker.

Bendy whined, taking the man's hands in his own and looking them over. He finally gave Bendy a small smile and after motioning for Bendy to bend down, which he did, he pet his head. "I'm fine. It just really surprised me." He wiped his hands on his clothes.

Bendy was grateful he was okay, and gently gave him a hug. "You don't have to worry about me. I'm not as weak as you think." Henry chuckled. He led Bendy back to the steps, where they sat down to rest. They were silent for a little, each lost in their own thoughts.

"You know," Henry said finally, "they were wrong about you. They all say to fear and beware of you, but you're nothing like that. You're just a really big softie."

Bendy smiled, and Henry laughed. "You can be a bit scary when you want to be, but anyone who gives you a chance and takes the time to get to know you will see how great you are."

Henry frowned. "It's going to be really strange getting you and Boris out of here, though. That's definitely going to be a new experience for all three of us. Trust me when I say that you're going to love it. I live in a really rural area. My parents once lived there, and there's a big yard and field. The neighbors live a bit away, so you'll be able to take walks outside."

Henry continued to talk about it as they sat together. Bendy listened, trying to imagine the scene Henry was describing, but finding himself unable to. He had no idea what outside even was. He had never seen it. He wasn't afraid, though. From what Henry said, it was great. There was a whole world filled with color and peace. If only they could find their way out of the inky nightmare to get there.
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

The angel's next task takes them deep down into the only depths of level fourteen, where a very dear old friend waits for Henry.

The elevator takes them down to level fourteen. All three of them are on edge. Henry is wondering out loud about who this old friend could be. All he can guess is Sammy. Bendy knows who's down there, but he isn't sure who exactly the angel is referring to. Could something or someone be down there with the projectionist?

The doors open to reveal a wooden floor. It was a staircase leading down into an inky abyss. Bendy could hear the loud footsteps of the Projectionist. He had definitely found his way back, and was currently going through the same motions over and over. He knew all of this without even having to look. He and Henry stepped out of the elevator and looked over. There was ink all over the floor, and they could see the Projectionist walking through the ink.

"Shhh.....there he is. The Projectionist. Sulking 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."

As far as Bendy could tell, there was no other monsters down there. The Projectionist must have been the old friend the angel was talking about, although he didn't know what or who it used to be.

His light shone brightly, bobbing up and down as he walked unsteadily on his feet. The process was so precise. He looked like it was hard to walk, his body slouched forward. He must have been weighed down with the projector. Bendy felt pity for him.

"That doesn't look that promising." Henry said at last. Bendy nodded with a whine. "We'll be alright though. Somehow." He didn't sound too convinced, and the demon wasn't either.

They had no other choice and turned to go down the stairs, walking along the winding passage. Bendy paused to write on the wall, offering Henry a chance to stay with Boris while he finished the task. He refused.

"I want to finish this and help you. Besides, she said something about an old friend. I want to find whoever that is. We'll just have to be weary of that monster."

They went into the ink. Henry wouldn't let Bendy carry him on his back, no matter how much he whined. They pressed on together, finding a box floating in the ink with a tape on it. Henry went up to it, a familiar, yet distant voice filling the room.

"Now, I'm not looking 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 watching. Even when I'm right behind them."
Henry dropped the tape into the ink, this haunted, pale look on his face. Bendy felt his skin crawl and wondered what was wrong. He whined worriedly. The man turned to him, his eyes watery. "That monster. That's the friend she was talking about. That thing...it's Norman." He wiped his eyes. "We used to be friends. Really close friends. We lost touch, and now, I know why."

He let Bendy lead him to the stairs, where they sat together. The demon didn't know how to comfort him. He was frowning, then tried to hug Henry and pat his back. Hopefully that was right.

Henry chuckled and looked up at the demon. "I'm alright. Just a bit sad. That's all. Thank you for trying to help me, though." He sighed. "Norman was a really smart person. He always knew so much. I went to him for advice. He was my most trusted friend. To see him turned into this mindless creature..... it just hurts."

The man looked thoughtful, and turned to Bendy. "Maybe he's not completely mindless. He might still be in there somewhere. Maybe we can get him to come back, and we can save him!"

Bendy growled lowly. That idea was dangerous. The Projectionist attacked everything that moved. It never thought about its actions. The way it wandered was so random and mindless. It didn't feel like Norman was in there. He was long gone.

"I have to try. You can come, too. Maybe if we work together, we can get through to him. Please, Bendy. We have to help him." The demon nodded. He knew Henry was determined, and wasn't going to back down. He would help and protect him. He was hoping that they could save the Projectionist. He was really strong, and another member on their team would always be wonderful. It wasn't going to be easy.

They got up and went back into the ink, their feet making noises as they waded through it. The Projectionist was wandering in the same patterns, unaware they were there.

They went further into the room. There was a concrete statue of him. It was the way he was supposed to be, and he looked at it before turning away and ignoring it. No, he couldn't get distracted. He had to protect Henry. That was all that mattered.

The Projectionist had his back turned, going into the twisting, inky maze. Henry called out to him, but the Projectionist didn't even seem to notice. Henry continued to call out. They reached the conclusion that he could no longer hear. They would have to try something else.

Bendy knew what Henry would want to try next, but whined, gesturing around the maze. He nodded in understanding. "We should get the hearts and get a feel for this place before we try anything. You're right."

They went the opposite way the Projectionist had went. The halls winded, and Bendy went first, looking for any threats. They found a dead body of one of the butcher gang members. They continued on and came to a cartoon being projected on the wall. Bendy stopped for a moment, mesmerized. It was him, yet it wasn't. He was so different. Why was he different? What had he done wrong? He reached for the cartoon and then snapped out of it when Henry touched him.

"Are you okay?" Henry asked. Bendy nodded, not daring to look at the cartoon again as they continued on. They found another heart down the hall, then they found a third, and at Henry's request, Bendy let him carry them. They were gross. He didn't want the human to have to hold him, but he had insisted, and Bendy knew he needed both of his hands to attack anything if needed.

A fourth heart was behind these boards, almost like a shelf of sorts but not exactly right. They couldn't find any more, so they went in the part the Projectionist had went into. Henry followed the
demon closely, and they saw the Projectionist's light. He was looking straight ahead, never turning to look a different way.

They were silent, creeping slowly as he walked along. They found the fifth heart, then found their way out of the maze and sat them in the elevator with Boris. Everything in his being screamed at him to push Henry into the elevator and to head back up, but he didn't. Henry had to do it. It was important to him, and he couldn't betray him like that. They would go try to save Norman. Henry would make sure of it, no matter what the costs were.
Bendy goes along with Henry's plan to get through to Norman, but it's harder than they thought, and there are some consequences from their actions.

He felt uneasy as they went back into the ink. His stomach felt queasy, and his foot burned, pain shooting up with every step. It was as if his body was telling him not to do this. That something bad was going to happen. He closed his eyes, hoping that it wouldn't. Hoping that he would be strong enough to protect the man who was in front of him.

"Bendy?" Henry asked. Bendy opened his eyes and Henry walked over to him, motioning for him to bend down. He did, and Henry gave him a big hug. "It's okay. I know you're scared. I know. I am too, but we're going to be okay. We'll get through this together. You know we will." He hoped Henry was right. He was right about a lot of stuff, and the demon had no choice but to trust him. He nodded, and the two made their way into the maze.

They spotted the Projectionist quickly. He was walking, his back turned to them and sight set straight ahead. Henry called out loudly to him, getting no responses. He asked Bendy to lead him to where they would end up in front of him. The demon reluctantly agreed, feeling like he was walking into a trap. His bad feeling only worsened.

They saw the Projectionist turn the corner. "Bendy, I need you to stay here." Bendy whined, grabbing Henry's hand. "I know it's dangerous, but I think I can get through to him. You need to trust me. Please." He reluctantly nodded, staying put. The man walked out into the hall. The Projectionist came forward. Henry fell into his light, and the Projectionist screeched instantly, running towards him.

Henry yelled Norman's name, trying to get through, but he couldn't. The Projectionist slammed into him, knocking him to the ground and scratching a gash into his shirt with his sharp claws. Bendy was horrified to see that the cuts were already welling up with blood.

"Norman, it's me, Henry!!! Don't you remember?!" He didn't respond. He raised his claws and let out another screech, only for it to be cut off as he turned his light to Bendy, who had grabbed his hand quickly. He wasn't going to let the Projectionist hurt Henry again. He would just have to deal with him.

Bendy pulled him away from Henry. The Projectionist struggled and screeched loudly, trying desperately to get free and attack. The other clawed hand proved to be a problem as he raked it down the demon's stomach. It hurt quite a bit, and Bendy flinched, but he didn't let go.

His mouth was set into a firm frown as he grabbed ahold of the Projectionist's other arm. They seemed so fragile in his hands, yet there was so much strength behind them. He found that out the hard way when the Projectionist got one of his hands free and managed to claw down the demon's face just as he was trying to get closer.
Bendy couldn't help but let out a cry, flinching back and instinctively grabbing where he had been cut. It was pretty deep, and this thick ink was seeping from the wound, covering his one eye and taking his vision.

"Bendy?!" The demon turned and growled at Henry, making it known that he was to stay put. He turned to the Projectionist again, that was readying himself for another attack. He let out a staticy cry before charging right at Bendy.

The demon felt everything around him blur. He could hear Henry shouting, but he couldn't make out the words. He caught the Projectionist as he ran towards him, slamming him into the wall. He got in some cuts, but he was no match for the demon. He held him against the wall, where the Projectionist fought, trying to reach his attacker and be set free. The Projectionist was tiring out, and eventually, he stopped struggling, looking at Bendy blankly, as if to say "Okay, you win."

Cautious to make sure he wouldn't be able to get away, the demon stepped closer, and wrapped the Projectionist in a tight hug. At first, he fought back, raking his nails down Bendy's back. Bendy could hear Henry shouting, but he ignored him. He would be fine. He trusted Henry's plan, so now, the man would have to trust his.

It took a bit, but the Projectionist stopped struggling. His body seemed to be trembling. His arms weakly wrapped around Bendy as he buried his projector in his chest the best he could. It had worked.

They stayed like that for awhile. Henry watched them, completely speechless. Bendy tried his best at comforting the Projectionist, rubbing his back gently and patting it a bit. It seemed to be working. The trembling began to soften, but it was still there. Finally, the Projectionist moved, and he let him pull away.

Ink was pushing itself from the lens. The demon reached out to wipe it away, feeling the cracks that was in it. He must have been through a lot. He pulled away and let the Projectionist look around. He turned his gaze to Henry, but he didn't attack, instead regarding him and then letting out a staticy whine, taking a slight step forwards.

Henry didn't run. Instead, he walked towards the Projectionist. Once he knew that the man wasn't afraid of him, the Projectionist hugged him tightly. Henry hugged back, tears welling up in his eyes. "Norman."

Chapter End Notes

I originally was going to make this super angsty, but I scrapped the idea. It wouldn't fit the atmosphere of the story. I'm happy with how this chapter turned out, and I hope you all enjoy.
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

After getting through to the Projectionist, Henry and Bendy try to figure out what they're going to do with their new friend.

The question of what to do remained. Norman had been brought back, but not exactly. He was super childlike, not able to communicate and getting lost in the cartoons. He loved hugs though. He wanted someone to touch and hold him so he wouldn't be alone.

At first, Bendy had thought that he could team up with them, but he didn't like the idea that much now. Norman was his friend. He didn't want him put in any kind of danger. After all he had went through, he deserved to be somewhere safe and free.

They both agreed that Boris's safe house would be a good place for him. Henry explained how he had been there, and how safe and nice it was. Hearing that, the demon was sold. They would have to ask Boris for permission first. They headed upstairs and asked him. He agreed, and they were all really happy. Norman would be safe there. They were sure he would like it there as well.

After that, they sat down, and Bendy checked Henry over. He had quite a few cuts. He managed to make an ink portal to the infirmary. He grabbed some bandages and disinfectant that wasn't covered in the ink before returning. Then, he cleaned and bandaged Henry's wounds.

"Thank you." Henry said once he finished. "Now, it's my turn to check you." Bendy shook his head, looking at Norman. He was the one that needed checked next, he thought. Henry should worry about him last.

One thing the demon didn't expect was how stern Henry could be. "Bendy." He said in a firm voice. "You are going to let me take care of your wounds." Bendy shook his head and pulled back with a whine. Henry wasn't having it, though. "Nope. I'm not letting you get out of this. You got really hurt back there, and I need to check you over. I will clean and bandage your wounds rather you like it or not."

He knew he took it too far when the growl slipped out. He was surprised and looked at Henry worriedly. "Did you just growl at me?" The man sounded angry. Bendy shrunk back, whining, but not moving. Henry sat down in front of him. "Did you think I was serious? I was just kidding around with you. I'm not mad. I promise. I will be if you don't let me help you, though."

Bendy nodded, then let Henry take care of him. Henry seemed most concerned with the scratch on his face. His vision in that eye was gone, the ink covering it thicker than usual. Ink was always covering his eyes, though, so he didn't know why this was different.

"Try opening your eye, alright?" Henry asked. Bendy nodded, then tried. He couldn't. It was like the ink had caked around it, gluing it shut in a way. "Okay, we'll have to clean it. You're not going to like it, though. Close both of your eyes and don't open them until I tell you."

He obeyed. The disinfectant burned as it came into contact with his inky skin, especially where there were cuts. He let out cries of pain when it came into contact with the wound by his eye. He could tell
Henry was worried, but he had to finish up cleaning that wound, and then clean the others.

Norman held his hand, motioning for him to squeeze it whenever the pain got to be too much. It did get too much, but he wouldn't squeeze it. He didn't want to hurt Norman, so he just clenched his teeth and let out small whimpers and cries.

Finally, Bendy was done, and Henry let him rest while he cleaned Norman's wounds. The demon was still shaking, so Boris went to hold his hand. He hadn't realized how hurt he had been from the fight. Norman was definitely strong, and his claws were super sharp.

After Norman was cleaned up, they checked over Boris. They were glad to find that he was alright. With that, they headed to Boris's safe house. Henry led the way, holding Norman's hand and guiding him along. Bendy looked out for enemies. Any he found were killed quickly. He wasn't going to let any of his friends get hurt.

They finally entered the safe house. It was super nice. Bendy found himself mesmerized by the clock of himself. He stared at it for a bit, then went to make Norman comfy in his new, temporary home.

Henry showed him around. It seemed he liked the house a lot. The fact it was safe seemed to make him happy, and he was mesmerized by the clock as well. He would be happy there.

Bendy put a cot by the clock and sat Norman down on it, wrapping him with blankets. There were a couple plushies in a chest, so he sat those down by Norman to keep him company.

Since they were there, they figured that they might as well rest. Henry made some soup for himself and Boris. They ate, then played cards. They were both really good at it. They offered to let Bendy join, but he was more happy just watching. He didn't really understand the game that much. After that, they brought the other two cots into the room and went to sleep. Bendy ended up making himself a blanket pile on the floor. Once he laid down, he was fast asleep.
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Bendy, Henry, and Boris leave Norman at the safe house and explore before going to check for any more tasks. They find none are left. The angel promises them freedom, but her idea of freedom is different than they thought.

Chapter Notes

This story is going to go on break for awhile. Don't worry, though! When chapter four comes out, it'll continue. Some things will probably not be canon, but this story is already not canon, so that's okay. Thank you for all of your support! It really means a lot, especially since I got more than one hundred kudos. This is the first story that got that many. Thank you for everything, and I'll be looking forward to continuing this when chapter four comes out!

Bendy woke up to Henry shaking him gently. "Hey, bud. Are you okay?" He nodded, looking at the man curiously. "I'm sorry you had to sleep on the floor. We didn't have enough cots for all of us. You know what though, when we get back to my house, you can have your own bed. It'll be super comfy, too." Sleeping somewhere comfy would be nice. He wondered if there would be enough beds for everyone. He would gladly sleep on the floor if he had to, but he hoped he would at least get to try out how a bed felt. It didn't matter, though. As long as Henry and the others were safe and comfortable, everything would be okay.

Henry and Boris ate breakfast, and then it was time for them to continue on. They cleaned the safe house up, and then gave Norman hugs and told him goodbye. He hugged Bendy the longest. Bendy was fighting back tears, not wanting to leave his friend. Henry knew that it was hard, but he reassured Bendy that he would be just fine at the safe house. Bendy knew he would. He gave Norman one last hug, and then they went on to return the ink hearts.

Hopefully, they would turn in the hearts and the angel would finally be satisfied. It was unlikely, but Bendy hoped so, and so did Henry and Boris. What else could they do?

They headed down the stairs where there was this really inky part. Bendy was certain he had never seen that part before. It seemed Henry and Boris didn't remember it, either. They looked around, and Bendy found a tape on a table. He pressed it, a familiar voice speaking.

"Only two weeks into this company, and already it's gotten interesting. Joey is a man of ideas.... And only ideas." It was Henry. The tape was Henry's? "When I agreed to start this whole thing with him, I thought there would be a little 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, Henry. On the plus side, I've got a new character I think people are going to love."

New character? Could it have been him? Did Henry actually create him? He looked down at the tape, total silence settling over the room.
"Bendy?" It was Henry, but he sounded a bit worried. He approached cautiously. Bendy didn't get it. Why was he acting so strangely? He whined and handed the tape to Henry.

"I completely forgot this even existed. It's been so long ago. I'm guessing you want an explanation. Well, you were the character I came up with. I know it seems like I betrayed you, but I swear, I didn't know any of this would happen. I would have never left if I knew you would become real."

Henry looked sad. Bendy felt bad, and tried to figure out what he could do. He settled on patting his head. Henry did it to him a few times. It usually worked, so maybe it would work for Henry as well? It seemed to. He thanked Bendy, then put down the tape and they continued on.

They did a bit of exploring before going to level nine. Bendy was feeling nervous that the angel would be angry they took so long, and she would try to hurt Henry. Henry put the hearts into the dropbox and stepped back, taking Bendy's hand and squeezing it reassuringly.

"It seems we've reached the end of my to-do list, my little errand boy. I hope you enjoyed our time together. I'll always treasure it. Return to the lift. It's time to go home."

Henry looked excitedly up at Bendy. Boris jumped and gave Bendy a big hug. The demon accepted it, tears rolling down his cheeks. He picked up both Henry and Boris, spinning them around with a big grin. He sat them down, but Henry gave him another hug. "Come here." He bent down and Henry gave him a hug, petting his head. "Don't get emotional on me now." When he pulled away, he saw Henry was crying as well. "See? Look what you've done." He laughed and pulled Bendy and Boris into another hug.

"Let's get out of here now. It's time for us all to go home." The demon and wolf both tilted their heads slightly at that. Home? They didn't know what the word meant exactly.

"Yeah. You two and Norman are coming to live with me. You remember the place I was telling you about. It would be perfect to have some company. We wouldn't have to worry about anything. It's safe there, and far away from any other people. In the spring, we could pick flowers, and in the winter, we could build snowmen and go sledding. Doesn't that sound nice? There would be a safe house that was cool in the summer and warm in the winter. It would be light in the dark, and cozy. You could be happy and free there."

Boris seemed excited. Bendy loved the idea of somewhere Henry, Norman and Boris could be safe. Henry smiled. "We can go grab a few things from my car, then lead Norman out safely. I feel like the big, open space is going to scare him."

Boris took Henry and Bendy's hand, trying to pull them to the elevator. He was clearly excited, and Henry laughed. They stepped into the elevator, the doors closing behind them. They stood on both sides of the demon, holding his hands. Henry was smiling. Boris was happy as well.

"Have you ever wondered what Heaven is like?" The angel asked. "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 boy? The heavens are waiting."

Bendy's grin froze and fell. Heaven? They were supposed to be going home. Henry and Boris were still smiling, unaware. This was a trap. The angel wasn't leading them home.

The elevator rose up. Henry noticed Bendy was tense and frowning. He was melting a little. "Bendy, what's wrong?" Before the demon could reply, the elevator began to fall, sparks flying.

"Did you really think I'd let you steal from me?! Did you really think I'd just let you go?!!" The Angel
was furious. Boris covered his eyes, shivering. Bendy tried to force open the doors, but he couldn't. He began to hyperventilate. No, there had to be a way out.

"No, Henry! I know who you are, and I know why you're here!!" They were falling faster. The demon felt sick, backing away from the doors and pulling Boris and Henry against him, trying to shelter them.

"I know you've been working against me! You saved the Projectionist, and I know you have been working with the Ink Demon! I know that you are together. You will not stop what needs to be done!!! I will erase the scum of the world and be perfect again. Now come down here 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 its insides so I can be beautiful again! Don't you understand?! Don't you get it?! Give him to me!!"

Bendy growled loudly. There was no way he was letting her get close to Boris. He would do whatever it took to keep them safe. He killed searchers and the butcher gang. He would do it again to protect his friends.

"Or better yet, I'll take him! ONCE YOU'RE DEAD!!"

The elevator fell to the ground. A wave of pain washed over the demon as his vision went black. He lost Henry and Boris in the blur.

He opened his eyes. His body felt like it was on fire. He let out a cry of pain, trying to get up. He had to find the others. He had to. He couldn't, though. He was trapped under the rubble, and he saw his leg had been impaled by a piece of metal. He couldn't move.

He let out another cry, looking around the room and craning his neck to try to find the others. He saw Boris shaking Henry. The man was limp in his arms. He was terrified as he thought the man could have been dead. He couldn't save them. He couldn't save anyone.

Tears rolled down his cheeks, then there was laughter. The angel walked into the room. Boris backed away, but she paid no attention to him, instead looking at the demon.

"Look at this. The strong Ink Demon. Not so strong now, are you?" She chuckled, walking over to him. Bendy growled lowly, but it turned into a cry of pain as she stepped right on the metal in his foot, sending it deeper. She laughed as he cried out. He reached out, wanting to scratch her.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you." She said with a laugh. She stomped down hard on the metal, making Bendy stop trying to attack and instead crying out. Through his blurry vision, he saw that Henry was awake, reaching out. She just chuckled, then turned away, not even paying any attention to Henry as she went to Boris. She grabbed him. He cried out, but neither of them could help. He was forced to watch as the angel carried his friend away before everything faded to black.
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Bendy and Henry rise from the rubble to save their kidnapped friend. Along the way, they find new secrets and disturbing revolutions.

Chapter Notes

After much wait and anticipation, the Demon and the Ink Machine is back. We are delving into chapter four, so there will of course be spoilers. Thank you all so much for your support, and I hope you enjoy!

Bendy had no idea how long he had been knocked out. Everything was black and troubling. Thoughts swirled around inside his head. He had failed. He let his friend get taken and couldn't do anything to help him. He couldn't help Henry either. The angel had won.

He felt movement. The world seemed to spin as he felt the weight on his body becoming lighter. He lifted his head slightly to see Henry pulling the parts of the elevator off of him. “Hang in there Bendy. I'm here.” He looked around, hoping to see Boris, but he couldn't. He let his head fall again. He wasn't that lucky for Boris to be here and safe. The angel had him.

Henry got everything off, and knelt by his impaled leg. “This is going to hurt, but I have to get this out. Ready? One…, two…, three.” The demon let out a cry as the piece of metal was removed. He could feel the ink running out from the wound. He heard a tear and felt something wrap around his wound tightly.

“That should do for now. Hopefully we can find some bandages.” Henry went over by the demon. “Can you stand?” Bendy wasn't sure if he could or not, but he had to. He had to stay and protect Henry. They had to go save Boris.

Henry offered his hand. Bendy used it to help him stand, then winced and let out a whimper at the pain. He almost fell, but luckily, Henry was there to help him. “It's alright. I got you. I know you want to hurry, but we have to go slow.”

Bendy took a glance around the room they had fallen in. It was relatively small and empty. There was a long hallway that they went down. A couple of posters lined it, but aside from it the walls were bare. At the end was a sign under a flickering light.

“Level S. Accounting and Finance. Grant's office is that way, and archives are the other way.” Henry read, pointing at the two ways they could go. Bendy tried to think of which way had his friend.

“Let's go to Grant's office. There might be some bandages there.” Bendy didn't object and followed Henry to the right. That hallway was smaller. They opened the door to Grant's office, and a chill ran down Bendy's spine.
There was writing all over the walls and floor. The room was a mess, and there was a tape recorder covered in ink at the desk. “Sit down.” Henry helped Bendy sit at the desk and began looking through the drawer as Bendy looked at the tape.

The instant he pressed play on it, he wished he hadn't. These horrible noises filled the air, making Henry freeze as he listened. This tape could have belonged to anyone, but Bendy was certain it was Grant's. He had no idea what had happened to him, but he was sure it was horrible. It sounded that way.

The tape shut off, leaving silence. Henry rummaged around the drawers, finding bandages. He bandaged Bendy's leg. “The bleeding looks like it's stopping, which is good.”

‘What about the tape,’ Bendy wondered to himself. Henry seemed to read his mind. “I have no idea what that tape was, but I think it's clear something horrible happened to Grant. He wrote all over everything. I think something happened with the finances and Joey turned him into something horrible.” Bendy thought so too. “Anyway, there's nothing we can do about that now. Let's keep moving after I look around.”

Bendy stayed seated as Henry took a look around. He didn't find much aside from a handle to open a door. Henry took it and they headed back the way they came from, this time going to the archives.

“I knew this would come in handy.” Henry put it in the right place and turned it. The archives door opened. They stepped inside and then stopped. There was a statue of Bendy with a banner that read “He will set us free.” The most alarming thing was the creatures posing in front of it.

They were obviously worshipping the statue or made to look like it. Bendy eyed them warily, but none moved. Henry noticed how tense he was. “It's alright Bendy. They're just mannequins.”

Bendy wasn't so sure. These things looked like they were humanoid and made of solid ink. Still, they didn't seem like they were going to move anytime soon. Henry went on, taking Bendy with him. Bendy kept staring at them and almost tripped. “Bendy, I know you're freaked out, but what else would just pose in front of your statue all day? If they were alive they would have to move sometime, and I haven't seen them move yet.” Henry had a point. Bendy made a note to keep an eye on what was behind them as they looked around.

The room was big and filled with books. Bendy wondered what was in them, but it would take too long to read them. There was another room that had even more books. There was a door that was shut. He wasn't sure how it could be opened.

In the middle of the room was a chandelier and a table. There was a tape. Bendy braced himself for the worst as Henry pressed 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 an “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, on he's got another thing coming. Alice, ooh, she doesn't like liars.”

Bendy felt a growl rising up but stopped it. This was just a tape. “I wish that said something about how to open the door, but I see Joey hasn't changed at all.” Henry commented.

Bendy didn't know what his creator used to be like, but he had a bad feeling whenever he was mentioned, and all of these tapes painted a picture that he was an awful person. A picture the two
both had no trouble believing.

They walked around again. Bendy noticed that some of the books were poking out. He pushed them back in. Apparently, he did something right because there was a noise and one of the lights above the door lit up.

“I see. There are secret books that will trigger the door. Good thinking Bendy!” The two knew what they were looking for, and found the books. There was only two left to find. They pushed it in one and the room began to glow. The doors started blowing in a wind and Bendy held Henry close to him, looking around and growling.

Everything stilled, almost like it hadn't happened at all. “You saw that too, right?” Henry asked. Bendy nodded, feeling on edge. They found the last book and Bendy stopped, whining. Henry went over to see what was wrong and they both stood there in shock. The creatures by the statue were gone.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!