### Relationship Tags to Be Added
- Not really a reader/character fic
- Sorry, I'm too lazy to change all those tags I hope you understand - Relationship, More like a Oc/Character, Homestuck/Reader, Homestuck/Oc

### Fandom
- Homestuck

### Category
- F/F, F/M, Gen, M/M, Multi, Other

### Relationship

### Character
A new kind of reset

by Eyelesskeleton

Summary

Your name is Skye Scarlet and you started a game of Sburb with your friends, but ended up being ripped out of there and transferred to the Alpha/Beta kids/trolls' games. That Divergence completely ruins their games, but you find a way to save them before it's too late. The exit you found might not exactly be what you were expecting tho...

(You, as a reader, are OC.)

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Ever since you spawned randomly in this session, everything as been going from bad to worst....

It's as if a curse just follows you everywhere you go, scratch that, you probably are the curse. You were the one who suggested the game in the first place after all. No one really wanted to play, but you pushed them. Was it out of boredom that you pushed your friends that much or was it just because you wanted to escape from your responsibilities for a little while? You can't even remember, not that it even matters now. All of your friends could be dead and you wouldn't even know.

You got ripped from your game. Or maybe you just got copied on another session? Either way, it been months since it happened and you never even found a hint of a way back, so you decided to "settle" in this one and try to help them win. Back then, you had this stupid idea in your head that if you reached the end then maybe, just maybe, you'd find your friends again... Really naive, right?

Look at you now, struggling, almost dead you're so exhausted, but giving yourself fully in the feeble hope that this last trick will save at least one copy of everybody in the game. Sollux said that with your arrival, the fate of everybody changed. That now the future was blurred and uncertain. Aradia and Dave have also mentioned timelines suddenly erasing. Nobody knows exactly what it could've meant, but none of this matters now. Lord English is closer than ever and none of the offensives done against him have worked. Every attempt everyone has taken at defending themselves and/or the group also ended as failures. Both the deads and the livings are together now and everyone is hidden in the last piece of the void that hasn't been destroyed. In a few minutes, maybe just seconds, Lord English will arrive and then it'll be Game Over, for everyone.

You frowns, sweat sliding down your brow in concentration. This has to work, it has to. Everyone cannot just be erased, it can't end like this!

As all of you concentrate in pouring your energies and powers in one big mass, holding eachother by the hand and forming one big circle, some begin to wince and others frown in pain. The soft glow that was in the center of your circle now becomes a blinding ray of colorfull lights shining in every directions. A roar can be heard in the distance and all wince or curse in fear, never once breaking the bond.

In what must've been hundredths of a second you feels the connection you were so desperately looking for and then promptly get knocked out along with everyone else.
Chapter Summary

You come home from a shitty day and it's just about ready to become even shittier.

**Warning: lots of blood and painful injuries in this chapter.**

I know this is short X( I wanted to post something, but I'm not having a lot of inspiration lately... If you got some ideas, I'm willing to give it a shot. ;}"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rebirth

You open the door to your lonely loft-type house and struggle to get in with the 30x40 blank canvas you just bought. Kicking the door shut, you huff. Walking to the diner table, you throw your keys on it and head toward your kitchen to put down the big canvas. You leave it leaning on your "painting wall" right beside the kitchen and directly go to the fridge. You dig in there in hope of finding something worth drinking and decide to settle for a two weeks old Faygo that was abandonned at your house after one sip. Slaming the door shut and taking a gulp of the thing, you make a face at the taste and the shitty weather outsite. The sun never really showed its face this morning and the wind and clouds have been threatening of forming a tornado during the whole day. No rain, just a cacophony of thunder. You turn away from one the front windows and pull out your cellphone with another huff. 17h27... Yep time to hit the hay. There's no use trying to paint with that shitty lighting. If you're lucky, you'll just wake up early tomorrow to a real sunny day. You turn at the "exit" of your kitchen and climb up the stair to the only other "closed up" area of your house exept the bathroom, your bedroom.

You throw youself at your bed and plug your phone while scrolling down the news to look at the tomorow's weather. Every two seconds or so, the thunder makes itself known, but it's when the house start shaking that you realise something is wrong. You sit up in bed and hold yourself down in slight panic at the cracking your walls make. As you try to get up to go to grown level, a deafening expolsion is heard from your backyard, then..... silence. Utter. Complete. Silence. You run down the stair and go beside the nearest window. You cautiously take a look oustide and notice that the sky is actually slightly better than before you arrived. You sight in relief and slowly head to your backyard door to go take a look at the damage this lightning strike must've done.

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Opening their eyes one by one, the trolls and kids try to take in their surrounding. This really worked? Are they really somewhere else? Did they just got sent a bit further away and just gained a little more time before their inevitable doom? Damn everything hurts! Some hiss and groan in pain only to hear a voice completely different from their own. Every one just stopped at that moment to take a look a everyone else.
Is this a freaking joke!?

Here, in some crater in the middle of who knows where stand.. or more like crawl.. a bunch of grubs and babies! EVERYONE ARE BABIES!??!

What the hell happened!?

Most turn their heads a the sudden clack of something hitting the floor near them.

What... the... shit?

You just can't process, you think you just dropped your phone. There's just grubs, troll grubs, everywhere, and they apparently destroyed the end of your proch and ruined your lawn. There are even some kids too!

What the shit? really?

You snap out of it when you notice that they are actually alive. Not only that, but there are some that are injured. Their bloods are soaking the ground under them, painting the whole hemospectrum in disorderly splatters. Some a keening, trilling and crying in pain as you near them quickly and your heart clench at the sound. Well, this day couldn't get worst now.

You grab as many as you can and bring them inside, quickly putting them on one of your couches and run back outside to repeat the process until their are all in. You take a quick look at them one by one to see who is really hurt. Some twist and turn in what you can only assume as fear, some just cry or try to bear their pain while squeezing their eyes shut and others just stare or glare at you in confusion. You separate the most injured ones from the rest and run to the bathroom for towels. Coming back out of there, you run to your backyard to fetch your phone. Running back inside, you call the jades mothers. You hear them pick up and don't even let them answer before talking, at the same time wrapping the injured kids in the towels and putting pressure on them.

"This is Skye Scarlet, I need help immediatelly!"

The baffled jadeblood at the end of the phone ask what is wrong. You take a good look at the ones you are holding and answer.

"I have injured troll grubs with me right now. Some of them are really bad. A rust, gold and teal blood are all bleeding from their eyes and/or mouths, a bronze as it's hind legs practically severed, a jade as been stabbed... uhm, ah, a cobalt is on the verge of losing an arm, an indigo has a broken bleeding horn and a violet blood is gravely injured on its stomach." You take a big breath in. "That and I have one, sometimes two, more of every blood cast and some humans babies that have some bad cuts and bruises. I need help right now please, some could die!"

The jade blood answers hurriedly. "It's okay miss Scarlet, I have already contacted the human authority for the babies as well as dispached a group of troll doctors for you. Can you please give me your adress?"
You nod stupidly to no one and give your adress to her. "I have to go, I need my two hands to hold them, come quickly!" You hang up while she tried to keep you on the phone and take the worst of them in your arms to hold them close, putting pressure on the gashes. The minutes lengthens painfully with their hiccups and wails. It's torture to your ears and the former white towels are now forever stained. Their bloods are now soaking your shirt too and you fear the worst.

Then... they start to thrash.

Not the ones you're holding. The hole hemospectrum beside you is suddenly convulsing and their screeches thighten you stomach to the point of you wanting to hurl. You take a new towel and wrap it tightly around those you held before tying it. You crouch in front of the thrashing grubs, not knowing what to do. A purple blood has now a vicious slice starting from it's forehead down to its belly. An olive blood snap its head to the side as new gashes appear on it forehead. The cobalt and indigo already wrapped thrash, hurting the others around them. The Indigo look like he's gasping, not managing to take in enough air. All of the other grubs just scream, clawing everywhere they can reach. You shuckily surround them with your arms while trying to shoosh them. They bleed throught the couch. You never noticed your own crying in all this panic, not registering this overflow of adrenalin.

Just then you hear choking. You snap your head to the other couch, were the human kids are seated. They also started thrashing and choking, coughing blood. Completely hysterical, you hurriedly wrap the other grubs and go to them. The two blond boys spasm and choke, holding their bleeding throats while also coughing some blood up. One blonde girl thrashes while the other cries in pain, holding her torso tighly. Same goes for the two black haired girls. One black haired boy just cries hot tears while coughing blood and clenching his chest, the other weezes, clawing at his throat and throwing himself around.

You hiccup a barely audible "It's gonna be okay..." and surround them with your arms as best as you can. Squeezing your eyes shut, you repeat and repeat and repeat again that everything is gonna be fine, that help is on the way. You fear the worst...

Your front door is suddenly forced open and you snap your head up toward it. You choke a laugh as an almost demented smile find its way on your lips while you see the horde of people enter your house. Trolls and humans alike rush to your living room area and you just fall limply on your knees, arms dropped losely by your sides as they reach for the kids.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, sometimes we forget how gory Homestuck really is. Going through your death(s) and some past injuries as a way to balance your unplanned (re)birth into a new world is as fuck up as you could imagine it.

(I'm gonna say it right now, it's been a while since I've read Homestuck. Don't expect everything to be perfectly matched with the canonical stuff. That and this story has a lot of headcanons and canon divergance.) (I just looked up the death list to freshen up my mind while writing this chapter, be merciful.)

Hope you enjoyed! Don't forget to "like" if you.. well.. liked it and comment. You are the ones who push me forward and give me the inspiration and/or determination to continue.
Skull out ;}

End Notes

Hello everyone~ You like the teaser? ;}

Just a little warning before you get too attached to this story, I'm doing this during my free time and I also have two other works in progress (or more in the future.) I might not update often, sorry in advance!

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