Shenanigans in Smash Mansion

by ghastly7

Summary

What happens when you put 72+ beloved characters under the same roof?

A bizarre love triangle, fights, Wii Fit Trainer's early morning workout sessions, Dark Pit being angsty as hell, Wolf being passive-aggressive about being cut from the roster, a really loud voice from the intercom, and... a new plant?

Come watch the shenanigans unfold, and give me prompts as to what happens next.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Welcome to the Mansion

“WELCOME, RETURNING FACES AND NEWCOMERS ALIKE!” the all-too-familiar, disembodied voice of the announcer said to the horde of people, creatures, and otherwise gathered in the entry room. “I KNOW YOU’VE BEEN EAGERLY AWAITING YOUR RETURN TO SMASH, SOME OF YOU FOR LONGER THAN OTHERS.” Wolf huffed in the corner. “AND YOU’LL BE GLAD TO KNOW THAT THE GAME IS NOT THE ONLY THING THAT HAS CHANGED. THE HOUSING ARRANGEMENTS HAVE, TOO!”

There were murmurs around the crowd. Changes?

“BEFORE WE GET TO THOSE, THOUGH, LET’S GO OVER WHAT IS THE SAME, SO THAT OUR NEW ARRIVALS CAN LEARN ABOUT THEM. READY?”

There was silence as everyone waited for the announcer to continue.

“READY?” he repeated in the exact same voice.

“Oh,” Marth said. “Yes, we're ready.”

“Wait, you speak English now?” Sonic asked.

“I studied it rigorously,” Marth said. “I had to for Heroes.”

“ALRIGHT! AS MANY OF YOU KNOW, YOU ARE ALL ASSIGNED A ROOM OF YOUR OWN, WHICH YOU CAN CUSTOMIZE TO LOOK LIKE WHATEVER YOU WANT USING THE CUSTOMIZATION SYSTEM. I’D URGE ANY NEWCOMERS TO GET A RETURNING FIGHTER TO EXPLAIN HOW IT WORKS. TRY NOT TO MAKE ANYTHING TOO NOISY, THOUGH, BECAUSE THE SOUNDPROOFING SYSTEM IS STILL A WORK-IN-PROGRESS.”

“Tell me about it. I thought I was going to kill Captain Falcon for all the rock music he was playing in the next room over,” Falco said.

“At least he has good taste,” Dark Pit said, his arms crossed as he stood near the back of the group.

“THE SMASH MANSION HAS TWO POOLS, AN EXPANSIVE GAME ROOM, MULTIPLE GYMS AND EXERCISE ROOMS, AND MORE. IF YOU NEED SOMETHING, WE MOST LIKELY HAVE IT! WE WANT YOU TO BE COMFORTABLE WHILE YOU’RE HERE!”

“Wow, okay, that's cool,” Ken said.

“Yeah, but who is the ‘we’ that he's talking about?” Daisy asked.

“The… Smash committee…? I guess…?” Male Robin said, shrugging. Ness gave a noncommittal nod to this response.

“AND THAT IS BASICALLY ALL OF THE THINGS THAT HAVEN’T CHANGED,” the announcer said.

“Wait, that's it?” Fox asked. “I mean, not that I thought that everything was going to be the same. I mean, we all did… die for a bit there.”

Everyone in the room but Kirby gave a collective shudder.
“I see what you mean, though. There can't have been that much that has changed, right?” Bayonetta said.

“MAYBE YOU WOULD KNOW IF YOU LET ME TALK,” the announcer said.

“Sorry,” Fox said.

“FIRST OF ALL, WE HAVE CHANGED YOUR ROOM LOCATIONS. CONSIDERING THAT THIS TIME AROUND IS ALL ABOUT INCLUDING EVERYONE, WE WANT EVERYONE TO HAVE UNIQUE EXPERIENCES, EVEN IN THE MANSION. THEREFORE, YOUR ROOM LOCATIONS HAVE BEEN RANDOMIZED, AS HAVE YOUR NEIGHBORS. YOU WILL BE ABLE TO SEE YOUR NEW ROOM LOCATIONS ONCE THIS ORIENTATION IS OVER.”

The Pokemon Trainer gulped. He could spot quite a few people that he did not want as neighbors. Namely the hulking monsters and… Wario.

“I'M SURE THAT THERE MAY END UP BEING TENSIONS BECAUSE OF THIS, BUT PLEASE REMEMBER THAT FIGHTING IN THE MANSION, THOUGH NOT AGAINST THE RULES, IS STRONGLY DISCOURAGED. REMEMBER, THE WHOLE POINT OF BEING HERE IS FIGHTING IN SANCTIONED MATCHES. I'M CERTAIN YOU CAN WAIT UNTIL THEN.”

Samus and Ridley stopped glaring at each other from across the group as if this comment was meant specifically for them.

“OTHER CHANGES INCLUDE THE FACT THAT THE ROOMS ARE SLIGHTLY INCREASED IN SIZE, THE WIFI IS BETTER, AND WE HAVE A BRAND NEW POTTED PLANT IN THE FRONT ROOM!”

All eyes went to the white-spotted plant that seemed haphazardly tossed in the corner. Suddenly, it popped up and showed its sharp teeth, and scared the hell out of Luigi.

“YES, TRY NOT TO LOSE ANY FINGERS TO IT. ANYTHING THAT I HAVEN'T MENTIONED, I'M SURE YOU CAN FIGURE OUT ON YOUR OWN. PLEASE LOOK ON THE SCREEN DEVICES THAT HAVE BEEN PROVIDED TO YOU, AND HAPPY SMASHING!” Then the voice disappeared.

All of the assembled looked at their screens and saw a map detailing where their rooms, along with everyone else's, were.

“Father, I'll help you get your room set up to your liking,” Lucina said once she had located Chrom in the crowd.

“Thanks, Lucina,” Chrom said. “I'm glad to get an actual room this time. Last time they made me stay in a motel.”

“I saw it,” Female Robin said, joining the conversation. “Trust me, it wasn't pretty.”

“Well, I'm certain that you'll enjoy your room here. They are quite roomy, and the customization options are expansive,” Lucina said.

“Are they really? I'd be interested in seeing your room, then,” Chrom said.

Lucina blushed. “Umm, well, you likely wouldn't understand… uh… what I was going for with my decorations…”
“So we'll just help you set up your room first,” Female Robin said, swooping in to save Lucina. “Then I'll go with Lucina to her room.”

Lucina looked puzzled. “Why?”

Robin showed her screen to the bluette. “Because I'm your neighbor!”

Palutena longingly observed the conversation from afar, and watched the three Ylisseans leave. She smiled.

“Lady Palutena?” Pit called.

“Oh, Pit! I lost track of you for a bit there. How have things been for you?” Palutena asked, turning her full attention to her angel follower.

“Uh... I'm going to be honest, I'm not exactly comfortable with my neighbors,” Pit said, taking out his screen and showing it to his Goddess.

Palutena studied it. Let's see, he's room fifty-one, and next to him is... Ridley. And King K. Rool on the other side. Oh.

Pit rubbed the back of his head as he put his screen away. “Yeah. Do you think that whoever runs this thing would allow for room changes?”

Palutena shook her head. “One of my neighbors last time was Wario. Trust me. You can't change rooms.”

“Hey, at least you had Lucina on the other side,” Pit said.

“Yes, and I'll admit that I've missed her a lot,” Palutena said. More than she had anticipated, actually. Enough to keep her up some nights. “I'll also admit that I was extremely concerned when they said that we were getting random neighbors, but it seems that luck has smiled upon me.” She lifted her screen, beaming, to show that she was at the end of a hall, with her one neighbor being Lucina once again.

Pit looked at her suspiciously. “You didn't use some sort of god powers to rig that, did you?”

Palutena shook her head. “Pit, I wouldn't do something that petty.” She tapped her chin in thought. “Anyways, I think you should give your neighbors a chance. Who knows? Maybe they won't be as disruptive as you think?”


Incineroar looked at his screen, which was conveniently pictographed for his use. He could see a picture of himself in room 23, and then he saw that right between him and Pokemon Trainer was Wario.

Incineroar grinned. It was going to be fun tormenting him.

Snake squinted at his screen, then looked up as most people had already departed.

“Why the hell are there five empty rooms? And why are two of them next to me?”
Letters (Lucina/f!Robin and Lucina/Palutena)

Chapter Summary

Lucina finds a letter in front of her door.

Chapter Notes

And let the shipping begin. I created this chapter, along with a few others, before this story was posted. I'll get to suggestions once they start coming in!

It was barely a week into smashing that Lucina found a letter outside of her room. No person, just a letter. It was odd, because they did have their own mailboxes in the mail room. This meant that the sender was another resident.

Lucina looked left and right to see if she could catch whoever had left it, but she was greeted to an empty hallway. Sighing, she took the letter into her room and closed the door.

She walked over to her bed and flopped down on top of it. It had been an intense day of fights, ending with an all-out battle against the hero king himself. She was exhausted.

She looked at the posters on her walls. Originally when she had joined Smash she had made her room very militaristic, but from her time here she had developed some new interests. Mainly, music. She had gotten some suggestions from other fighters on what she could listen to, and now posters of several of these bands littered her room. She mostly listened to pop, rock and alternative, and mostly by female artists. She liked to say that they made it easier to place herself in the story of the music. Really it was because she thought they were pretty. She had gotten a suggestion of Pauline from Mario, a suggestion of Halestorm from Dark Pit, Hayley Kiyoko from Female Robin (who had also just recently been exposed to it at the time), and even more from others. These artists were scattered across her walls, and now they felt personal to her.

Lucina glanced to the letter in her hand and finally resolved herself to open it. She ripped open the white envelope and a cream-colored paper folded into thirds fell out. She unfolded it to find a few red hearts drawn at the bottom, as well as a message written in sharp, efficient lettering.

Lucina,

I wish I had the guts to tell you this in person, but I don't. After all the fighting I've done in my life, I'm still afraid of showing you how I really feel about you. But I just want you to know that I love you. With my whole heart. I've been feeling this way since the last time that we were in the mansion together. I'm sorry that I never realized it sooner.
And that was where it ended. No name, no hint as to who it was. Just… signed. Lucina was baffled. Someone was in love with her? Why? What made her special?

She walked to her desk and gently placed the letter down. There were plenty of other questions racking her brain, but one of the biggest was definitely: Who?

Female Robin stretched out her back as she approached her room. She was ready for a night full of reading, but first…

She glanced at Lucina's door, and saw that her letter was no longer there. Robin should have been happy to see that, but instead her heart dropped in her chest. What if someone else had taken it? What if it had been destroyed in a horrible accident? Worst of all, what if Lucina had gotten it and was currently laughing at her and never wanted to be friends or even see her face again?

Robin took a few deep breaths. “It'll be fine,” she said out loud, to calm herself. She then unlocked her own room, right beside Lucina's, and disappeared into it.

Lucina wasn't sure how long she had been standing in her room thinking about the letter. She just knew that a knock on her door distracted her from her pondering.

As soon as she regained her bearings, the first thing she thought was, *this could be the person who wrote the letter*, and she rushed to the door. She swung it open and, to her disappointment, the only thing on the other side was yet another letter.

Lucina once again looked in both directions only to find an empty hallway. *How did they get away so fast?*

She took the letter, slammed her door shut, and immediately tore it open. This paper was pink and… wait.

It was in a completely different handwriting. This one was covered in curly script that looked exceedingly elegant, and nothing like the writing on the prior note.

*My Dear Lucina,*

*It has been far too long since the last time I've had the pleasure of seeing your beautiful face.*

*Too long since I've seen that gorgeous smile.*
I have greatly missed the opportunity to get entranced by the blue tresses of your hair swaying in the wind.

I have been desperate to once again get lost in your eyes.

The left, emblazoned with an eternal crest, the crest that you fight for.

The right, deep with the endless stars of the universe.

I fear that I missed my chance to tell you the truth of my feelings before you had to leave.

I do not plan to make that mistake again.

I love you, and though I'm not ready to reveal my identity yet, know that I will gain the courage to do so eventually.

So, if I may be so bold to ask, please leave a space in your heart for me.

Your secret admirer

Lucina felt dizzy. This was clearly a completely different person. Two people had just anonymously confessed their love to Lucina, and she had been genuinely surprised by there being one. This… had to be a joke, right? This had to be fake. There was no way that others in the Smash Mansion found her attractive, right?

As soon as Lucina shut her door, Palutena made herself visible again.

She tried to suppress the growing smile on her face, but she couldn't. Lucina was in her room right now, reading her letter! Palutena could feel her cheeks start to heat up, and she lightly slapped them to try to stop it. She couldn't start acting like a giddy schoolgirl. Not right now. She warped herself into her room, fell forward into her bed, and started smiling and screaming into her pillow.

Okay, maybe it was okay to act like a schoolgirl, for a little bit at least.
Water and Reincarnation (Sonic and Zelda)

Chapter Summary

Zelda and Sonic hang out at the pool in slightly different ways.

Chapter Notes

I'm posting this because I already had it written. Don't worry! I'll get to requests soon!

I used a random number generator and compared it to the roster numbers. These two came up, and I was actually kind of relieved that they were both speaking characters. (Nonverbal characters like R.O.B. are hard, but I'm fully willing to do them!)

Without further ado, enjoy this little snippet.

There were several pools in the Smash Mansion, so they never ended up being very crowded, unless there was some sort of party being held. Seeing as there wasn't one currently, the only people in the area were Zelda and Sonic. Zelda was swimming laps, and Sonic was just... laying down in one of the pool chairs.

Zelda paused in her laps. “You know that you can swim too if you want to. I won't mind.”

Sonic tilted his head forward to look at her. “No thanks. I'm not very good with water.”

Zelda tilted her head. “Why's that?”

“Well first of all, I sink right to the bottom,” Sonic said. “Second of all, when I start running low on air, I hear this really nerve-racking music in my head. It's nightmare-inducing.”

“I see,” Zelda said, nodding.

“You know, I'm surprised that you recognise me,” Sonic said. “For a while there I didn't even realize that you were, y'know, you.”

Zelda examined one of her hands as she clung on to the edge of the pool. “Yes, it is quite strange. How somehow I have a new body, yet the same memories. But I suppose it may have something to do with the reincarnation of the goddess within me.”

Sonic blinked. “Yeah, I really didn't understand any of that. I run on loopdoloops and fight robots. Gods and goddesses are a little outside of my area of expertise.”

Zelda tilted her head again. “Really? I heard that you had met several. Solaris and Mephilis? Oh, and Iblis?”

Sonic cringed. “We... don't talk about that particular adventure.”
Chapter End Notes

Some of these will be short. Just depends on how much I can get into the prompt!
Sandbag (Little Mac and Dark Samus)

Chapter Summary

Why is Dark Samus watching Mac while he's training?

Chapter Notes

Another randomly generated pairing while I work on prompts. Don't worry, I only have one more pre-made chapter! And it's another Lucina/Palutena/f!Robin one, so that should be good.

See the end of the chapter for more notes


Little Mac let out relentless punches on the bag. It made him feel a little sad to do it when the bag had such adorable eyes on it, but he pushed through the guilt.

Jab. Jab. Fakeout jab, right uppercut!

Mac wiped the sweat off his brow. That was enough for today. He turned to leave, but froze when he saw Dark Samus next to the doorway, staring at him.

How long had she (it?) been there?

“Um… may I help you?” Mac asked.

Dark Samus responded with what Mac could only describe as dismissive Dark Samus noises.

“O-okay?” Mac said. He made a conscious effort to walk normally as he left the room, and the alien lifeform didn't follow him.

Mac had been near the elevator when he decided to turn back. He wanted to know what Dark Samus was doing.

As he approached the exercise room, he heard the telltale thumping of a punching bag. Thump. Thump. Thump thump.

Mac peeked into the room to see Dark Samus laying into the sandbag.


Mac grinned. It was exactly the moves that he had been doing. He readied for the finisher…

Jab. Jab. Fakeout jab, right uppercut!

Mac cheered a little too loud, and Dark Samus snapped her head to the doorway just as he hid
himself behind it. Mac wouldn't lie, he was a little scared of Dark Samus.

But he had also never been so proud.

Chapter End Notes

Imitation is the purest form of flattery.
Lucina's Lunchtime Lament (Lucina/Palutena and Lucina/f!Robin and Richter and Corrin...s)

Chapter Summary

The love notes have consumed Lucina's entire mind, and she needs to talk about it with some friends.

Chapter Notes

Yay! A continuation of the Lucina plot! I told myself I wouldn't post another chapter today, but it's 1:00 am, so technically I didn't!

(I lie to myself sometimes)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lucina searched through the eyes of each and every fighter assembled in the dining hall for lunch, looking for some sign that they were one of the people who sent a letter to her. It was all she could think about.

She ran through both letters in her brain again. They were missing me from last time, so it can't be any of the new arrivals. Right?

She looked at Snake. By that logic it can't be him either, or anyone else who wasn't here last time.

Maybe it was Shulk? He seems like a ladies man. Male Robin perhaps? It's a possibility. Neither Robin came from the same world as me. Or maybe Ike? No, I don't seem like the legendary warrior's type. Am I anyone's type???

Lost in thought, she walked straight into Richter.

“Whoa, hey Lucina,” he said, grabbing her shoulders to stabilize her.

“Oh, Richter! My apologies. I wasn't paying attention to where I was looking- uh, I mean, going,” Lucina said. She and Richter were rather close now. They were both warriors with ancestral weaponry who attempted to defeat a monster for the sake of their family. They made fast friends.

Richter smiled. “No worries. You seem a little distracted, though.”

“I'll admit that I am,” Lucina said.

“Do you want to talk about it with the group?” he asked, gesturing to the table where both Male and Female Corrin were sitting and gently waving to her.

Lucina nodded and let herself be led to the table. Once she had lowered herself into her chair, she began, “You three probably won't believe what happened last night.”
“Do tell,” Male Corrin said, giving her his full attention.

“I got an anonymous love letter from someone in the mansion,” Lucina said.

“Oh really?” Female Corrin said.

“Yes, and then I got another anonymous love letter from someone else entirely,” Lucina continued.

“Oh wow,” Richter said. “That’s unfortunate timing for the writers.”

“I’m just… not sure what to think,” Lucina said while combing a hand through her hair. “It has to be some sort of a practical joke, right? I find it highly unlikely that anyone here would be attracted to me of all people.”

Everyone else at the table seemed taken aback. Male Corrin was the first to speak.

“You’re joking, right?” he said.

“Lucina, if I weren’t happily married I would date you at the drop of a hat,” Female Corrin said.

“Same,” Male Corrin said.

“You’re both married to the same person,” Richter said. “I think you two just have a thing for chicks with blue hair.”

Both Corrins seemed to reflect on this statement with a wistful expression.

Richter turned back to Lucina. “Seriously, though, you should give yourself some more credit. You’re an accomplished fighter, you never cease to be kind, and you’re attractive.”

“More like drop-dead gorgeous!” Female Corrin said.

“Azura would kill you if she heard you say that,” Male Corrin said. “Or at least do the cheek thing she does.”

Female Corrin rubbed both of her cheeks and mumbled, “I hate the cheek thing…”

Throughout the whole exchange, Lucina began blushing more and more. “Thank you all. That’s… very kind of you to say.”

“Oh, we’re saying kind things about Lucina now, are we?” Palutena said as she walked up to the table with Female Robin close behind. There was a comical size difference between the two.

Male Corrin grinned and said, “Sure are!”

“Alright, then it’s my turn,” Palutena said as she sat down. “Lucina, you are the single most compassionate person that I have ever had the pleasure of meeting, even if some people don’t realize it.”

Robin chimed in, “Yeah, and you never ask for anything in return for your kindness.”

Lucina hid her face behind her hands. “Stop…”

“Did anyone mention how elegant and yet fierce her fighting is?” Palutena asked.

“How about that little spark of life that’s always in her eye?” Robin asked.
“Okay, now I think that you're killing her,” Richter said, gesturing to the bluette who was currently trying to sink into her chair.

“I just wanted to talk about the letters…” she said.

“Oh? What's this about a letter?” Palutena asked, feigning innocence.

“Letters,” Female Corrin said. “There are two of them.”

“... Explain,” Palutena said, narrowing her eyes.

“Two different people just anonymously professed their love to Lucina last night,” Female Corrin continued.

Both Palutena and Robin's blood went cold at this statement. Something had gone wrong. They had competition. And only one thought was going through both of their heads: *who is the other person?*

Chapter End Notes

Lucina being too humble to understand that she's attractive in many ways is too sad and cute for me to not write.
In Memoriam of Pit's Bedroom (Pit and everyone else)

Chapter Summary

Pit knew that his neighbors were going to cause problems...

Chapter Notes

Loosely based on a suggestion from Ohyeah? I'll get to your Robin and Ike suggestion soon, I just got inspired to do one based on your villains prompt.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Pit woke up to the sound of destruction.

He immediately leaped out of bed and grabbed his swords. He formed them into a bow and then he took stock of his surroundings and... oh.

The entire front wall of his room had been knocked down. Outside, he could see his lovely neighbors King K. Rool and Ridley brawling it out. Along with Bowser, for some reason or another.

Pit cleared his throat to gain their attention. “Hey! You can't just start fighting in the hallway! Look what you did to my room!”

The three monsters stopped and looked at Pit. Then Bowser slowly raised an arm... and then punched another hole into Pit's wall. All three monsters grinned, and then began trashing the angel's room.

Pit got the hell out of there as soon as possible, and could still hear the sounds of his possessions being destroyed as he fled the hallway. Once his elevator had reached the lobby, he went up to a pillar and rested his head against it, sighing. He turned his head and saw the Piranha Plant watching him.

“Stop smiling at me like that,” Pit said, even though the plant probably wasn't even smiling.

The angel pulled out his screen and looked at the messages.

**Announcer**: REMEMBER THAT YOU CAN USE THESE DEVICES TO COMMUNICATE WITH EACH OTHER INSTANTANEOUSLY FROM A DISTANCE! IT'S STATE-OF-THE-ART TECHNOLOGY!

**Snake**: That's just called texting

**Announcer**: STATE-OF-THE-ART TECHNOLOGY.
**Wolf:** Whatever.

**F Robin:** somebody should teach the announcer how to turn off caps lock

**Announcer:** I AM PROGRAMMED FOR ANNOUNCING! I HAVE NO LOWER VOLUME!

**Lucina:** I'm so sorry.

**F Robin:** that sucks

**Duck Hunt:** Gfvvvvvvff

**Fox:** If you give a dog a smartphone…

**Wolf:** What did you call me, McCloud?!?

**Fox:** I didn't call you anything. I was talking about a literal dog.

**Wolf:** **** you, I'm coming over there!

**Wolf:** Wait. ****.

**Wolf:** ****

**Wolf:** **** **** **** **** mother******

**Wolf:** Who is censoring me?!!

**Announcer:** PLEASE REFRAIN FROM THE USE OF PROFANITY. THERE ARE CHILDREN PRESENT IN THIS CHAT.

**Villager:** (͡° ͜ʖ ͡°)

**Wolf:** **** the kids.

Pit rolled his eyes at the antics of the other fighters, before beginning to type himself.

**Pit:** Hey @Ridley @Bowser and @King K. Rool are trashing my room right now

**Pit:** What do I do about this

**Meta Knight:** Define, 'trashing your room'.

**Pit:** I woke up and the front wall was gone

**Meta Knight:** Ah.

**Pit:** Now they're literally just breaking everything

**Pit:** Help
Mario: I'll get Bowser

Samus: Sorry, Pit. Ridley tends to destroy stuff. You know, rooms, civilizations, families

Samus: lives

Pit: Are you okay?

Samus: Define ‘okay’

Pit: Uhhhh

Samus: I'm heading over there now. Link and ROB are coming with me

Pit: Thanks

Samus: Just doing my job

Ken: Me and @M Robin just saw your room…

M Robin: im not sure if the word room really applies anymore

F Robin: sorry pit, sounds like you might need a new room

Pit audibly sighed. To be honest, he had kind of been expecting this to happen, just not so soon.

Ganondorf: On behalf of the other villains, I would like to apologize to you, Pit.

Ganondorf: This destruction served no purpose. There was no gain to them doing such a thing.

Pit: Thanks, Ganondorf

F Corrin: Hey there are five extra rooms. Maybe you can move into one of them?

Announcer: UNFORTUNATELY THOSE ROOMS ARE OFF-LIMITS AT THIS TIME. YOU WILL HAVE TO FIND A ROOMMATE WHILE YOUR ROOM IS BEING REPAIRED.

Pit: Really

Pit: Darn it

F Corrin: Anyone willing to take him?

Snake: No

Pit: Lady Palutena?

Palutena: I'd love to help, Pit, but you know that the mansion is already much smaller of a space than I'm used to.

Pit: That's alright I understand
**Samus:** *whip noise*

**Pikachu:** Pikachu!

**M Robin:** that's helpful

**F Corrin:** Come on guys. Pit seems like a pretty neat person. He'd be a good roommate.

**Ness:** Okay.

**F Corrin:** …What does that mean?

**Zelda:** Guys, Ness just put up a 'Welcome, new roomie!' sign up on his door and it's honestly adorable.

**Palutena:** Well that's settled, then! Congrats, Pit!

**Pit:** Thanks Ness

**Ness:** *nods*

**Fox:** A boy of few words, even over text.

Chapter End Notes

Ness is too precious.

Also, this is now partially chatfic. What have I done.
Chrom walked out into the garden expecting to get some fresh air during the night. Instead, he witnessed Female Corrin breaking down into tears. Richter and Lucina seemed to be tending to her as she sat against the cold, stone wall of the mansion, so Chrom just stood nearby, trying to be as unobtrusive as possible. Eventually Corrin's whimpering stopped, and she seemed to be focused on breathing steadily.

“Hey Corrin, what happened?” Chrom asked.

After a few breaths, Corrin responded, “Nothing really. Bad memories.”

Lucina smiled. “Oh, I don't think any of us are a stranger to those. Would you like to talk about it?”

Corrin was silent a moment. Then she said, “Yeah. I think I would. But you can't tell Kamui.”

Chrom raised an eyebrow. “Who's Kamui?”

“That's what we call Male Corrin when they are both in the same place, apparently,” Richter said. “Don't feel bad, I just learned about it too.”

Lucina turned her attention from her father back to the silver-haired princess. “But why would you not want him to know this? You are both the same person. Wouldn't you both have the same bad memories?”

Corrin shook her head. “That's where you're wrong, though I don't blame you for thinking that. No, there's a big difference between me and Kamui: he remembers a happy ending to his story. I
remember them all.”

There was was silence for but a moment before Chrom said, “... Pardon?”

Corrin cleared her throat. “What do you all know about my story?”

“I don't know very much, admittedly,” Richter said.

“I know what you told me in Aytolis,” Chrom said. “Your adoptive family and your blood family started a war with each other. You decided not to pick sides, and then you ended up uniting both families to defeat a common enemy.”

“That is what I know as well,” Lucina said.

“Yes, that’s what Kamui remembers. I remember it too, but that's only the tip of the iceberg for me,” Corrin said.

“You are going to have to explain this further,” Lucina said.

“Do you ever wonder about what would happen if you made a decision differently? If that one choice would have changed your life?” Corrin asked. “Well, for this choice I don't have to wonder, because I've already lived through each decision.”

Lucina's eyebrows furrowed. “Wait, do you mean to say-”

“I've lived my life from that point multiple times,” Corrin said. “First I chose to side with Hoshido, and that ended in so much blood, and with the woman I fell in love with losing her life. I felt… unfulfilled. It felt wrong. And then I blinked and I was back on that first battlefield, with a family on each side of me, beckoning me to join them. I had no idea what was going on, but for some reason it didn't stop me from thinking rationally. This time, I chose Nohr.

“This path resulted in even more bloodshed. Takumi, Ryoma, Scarlet… and Azura still faded to nothingness. I couldn't take it. I was frustrated. How could this happen twice? Were the gods playing with me?

“But then I woke up back on that accursed field, and I knew that I didn't want to make either choice. So I chose neither side. Both armies were furious at me, but eventually they came together. They learned to cooperate.”

“And that's how you came to us,” Lucina guessed.

“Actually, no,” Corrin said. “There was minimum bloodshed in this path, as few deaths as I could possibly hope for considering the overwhelming odds we were facing. And Azura lived to the end. But… something kept me from being with her. It's hard to explain, but it's like I was never given the option. It was clear to me that, even though she lived, I would never get to show my love for her. And that made me feel empty inside. It once again left me unsatisfied.

“And then I blinked, and I was at the battlefield, and I made my choice. And the ending left me unhappy. And then I blinked and… well, you get the idea.”

There was silence for a moment, and then Chrom said, “That's… a lot to process…”

“Living multiple lives... wow,” Richter said.

“Corrin… how many loops did you go through?” Lucina asked.
“Uhh… enough that it's hard to keep count. Probably just short of a hundred?” Corrin said.

“Gods…” Lucina placed a hand over her face in disbelief. “Then what happened?”

“Well somehow, through sheer trial and error, I broke through whatever it was that was preventing me from being with Azura. I professed my love to her, and she accepted my confession. I was so happy. The war finished, the day was saved, minimal lives were lost, and I got to be with the woman I loved. And then I got a pit in my stomach. What if it all just reset again? What if I ended up back at that battlefield?

“I painstakingly awaited the night that I knew that it would always reset. I made sure to really memorize everything on Azura’s face that night as I laid in bed with her, because I knew that the next time I saw her, she would likely not remember my love for her. I tried to keep my eyes open, but eventually sleep took over.”

Corrin paused for a moment to catch her breath.

“Well don't stop there!” Richter objected.

Corrin smirked. ‘I woke up looking into Azura’s golden eyes, and she said, ‘Good morning, my darling dragon.’ I started crying from happiness, and kissing her, and she was very concerned. But the cycle was broken! Some generous god heard my pleas to stay on this path and let me stay with my love. And now, I may be away from her for a while, but knowing that I won't wake up without her love is enough.”

Chrom was clutching his chest at the end of the story. “That was… really romantic and I'm on the brink of tears.”

Lucina hugged her friend. “Corrin, I'm so sorry you had to go through so much.”

Corrin nodded. “Sometimes it's hard. I will remember all the people killed on my many paths, or I will remember how it felt to be unable to express my true feelings, and it's a lot. But… it feels good telling you guys. Thanks.”

“Don't mention it,” Richter said. “But… why do you remember this stuff and not Male Corrin?”

“I… don't have an answer for that,” Female Corrin said. “It could be that he never experienced any other path, but I doubt that. So… I guess the jury's out?”

“Well, maybe that's a question for another day. It is…” Chrom checked the sky, “high midnight. We should all head to bed.”

“Wow, I understand you telling Lucina when to go to bed, Chrom, but I'm not your daughter. I can go to bed whenever I want, thank you very much!” Richter joked.

Chrom shrugged with a grin. “Fine by me. Just know that I'll wipe the floor with you when you're sleep-deprived tomorrow.”

“Okay Dad, I'm going to bed now,” Richter said.

They all laughed, and didn't notice Male Corrin slipping away from the corner he had been standing behind.

Why don't I remember any of that? He thought as he fled back to his room.
I DON'T KNOW WHY ALL OF THE CHARACTERS HERE HAVE TO GET DRAMATIC SUBPLOTS...!!! WHAT IS MY BRAIN?!

Honestly though, I'm kind of proud of the semi-fourth-wall-breaking storyline I came up with for female Corrin. After all, there were *three* games in the Fates world, and most people only represent one. And the only reason that she ended up with Azura is that she eventually found a glitch that let her do it!

I see all you readers out there who haven't given me prompts yet! Just name two characters and I'll figure something out!
Ken had just been trying to go to breakfast. He hadn't meant to walk into…

"Uhhh, what is this?" he asked.

Lucina, Mega Man, Dark Pit, Link, and Peach were all bent over in front of the Female Wii Fit Trainer.

“Oh… hi… Ken,” Lucina said, sounding like she was exerting herself. “Just some… morning yoga exercises.”

“Yeah, they're… great,” Mega Man said, sounding equally as exerted.

“All right, great job! Take a break, and make sure to stay hydrated!” Wii Fit Trainer said, and everyone but Peach collapsed panting to the ground. Wii Fit Trainer and Peach both left the room.

“Wow, yoga was that exhausting?” Ken asked the fighters who were all flat on the ground, their chests rising and falling heavily with each breath.

“Yup…” Dark Pit said. “I started coming here because Palutena and Pit were... getting too relaxed without any adventures happening. But… it's kinda excessive…”

“Why do it, then?” Ken asked.

“If… no one shows up to Wii Fit Trainer's lessons… she holds them anyways, and… teaches an empty room…” Lucina said. “It's… really depressing to watch…”

“And at least it's… better than Male Wii Fit Trainer's lessons… They can both lift 800 pounds, but… at least this isn't power training…” Mega Man said.

Link, Dark Pit, and Lucina all nodded in response.

“Wait, aren't you a robot?” Ken asked. “Why do you need to work out?”

Mega Man was silent for a moment, and then draped his arm over his eyes. “F***,” he said, his robotic body censoring for him.
For some reason I feel like Peach is immune to all forms of pain. I don't know why.

Also, I'm 100% certain that Wii Fit trainer would hold classes whether or not anyone attends them. You know all those copies of Wii Fit that no one plays anymore? That's what's happening with them. It's a sad life.

Have a nice day, and know that I might post another chapter later today. Might. No guarantees.
Chapter Summary

Pit finds Palutena watching one of Lucina's matches.

Chapter Notes

And so the love triangle continues. I'll shut up so you can get right to reading it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Palutena found herself going to see Lucina's matches much more often. It was just one side-effect of her infatuation. Today was a four-way fight between the bluette, Olimar, Little Mac, and Shulk, and it was absolutely stunning to watch how the swordswoman moved. Palutena was completely entranced. Which is probably why she didn't notice Pit walking right up next to her.

“Lady Palutena!” he said, shaking her shoulder to snap her out of her stupor.

“Oh! Pit! I'm sorry, I must have been distracted. What did you need?” the Goddess asked.

“I just wanted to know what you were doing here, and… wait…” Pit's expression changed as he looked into Palutena's eyes, and she knew she had been caught. “You're-”

Before Pit could say another word, Palutena grabbed him and warped to a secluded area. “Sorry, but I don't want any wandering ears hearing this particular conversation,” she said.

“You're in love with someone on that stage. I could see the look in your eyes,” Pit said, and then immediately panicked. “I-I mean, if you don't mind me mentioning it, that is…”

Palutena sighed as she leaned back against a wall. “You caught me. You are very perceptive.”

Pit stroked his chin. “Wait, are you even allowed to be in love?”

Palutena chuckled. “Just because I'm similar to the folk god Athena doesn't mean that I follow the same values,” she said. “And… she was fully allowed to fall in love, just not allowed to be intimate. I think your mythology knowledge needs a touch-up.”

Pit formed his hands into a heart shape. “Sooooo, who is it? Is it Shulk? Little Mac?”

Palutena covered her face with her hands. “Lucina.”

Pit nodded. “Okay, so Lucina. Why are you just watching her? Why don't you just tell her how you feel?”

“… That's not how it works, Pit.” Palutena said, maneuvering to a railing and leaning on it. “I have to make sure she likes me back before I can do anything.”
Pit quirked an eyebrow. “But you're a goddess. What wouldn't she like about you?”

Palutena smirked. “Tell me, would you ever consider dating Viridi?”

Pit visibly cringed. “No, and I see your point.”

Palutena's expression turned somber. “Pit, I know you mean well, but you clearly don't know much about romance.”

Pit leaned on the railing next to his goddess. “Well, what's there to know?”

Palutena looked up at the sky as she spouted off her guidance. “First of all, you have to wait for a sign that they love you, too. Never make a move unless you've gotten a definitive sign first.”

Pit nodded, seemingly making a mental note.

“Secondly, when you do confess, you can't just 'do it’. You have to present yourself, and set it up perfectly and do it at the perfect time, or else you should abort immediately.”

Pit looked a little more wary as he nodded this time.

“Third, you have to accept the possibility that the other person might not like you at all. In fact, there's a good chance that Lucina won't like me like that… sorry, there's a chance that… whoever you decide to go after… might not…” Palutena sighed.

Pit looked concerned. “Lady Palutena, I think you're getting really worked up about this.”

Palutena rubbed a hand through her own hair. “That's just how love is, Pit.”

Pit stopped leaning on the railing and turned to his goddess with a confident pose. “Then how can I help?”

Palutena gave a sad smile. “I don't think-” and then her expression became deeply thoughtful. “Actually, there might be something…”

Pit saluted with a grin. “Ready for orders!”

Palutena's face hardened. “There's someone else in the mansion going after Lucina. I want you to find out who.”

Pit's resolve seemed to crack a little. “Uh, I can do that but… you aren't going to hurt them, are you?”

“I guess that's up to them,” Palutena said, an intimidating shadow growing over her eyes.

“… Alright. I'm on it,” Pit said. “Can I get a ride back to the mansion?”

Palutena grabbed her staff, raised it, and Pit took flight. Palutena began walking back to the stadium, but then saw a familiar face.

“Hey, Palutena!” Female Robin said. “I was going to go get Lucina after her match. Want to come with me?”

“That sounds lovely,” Palutena said, with a genuine smile upon her face.
Something about Palutena giving terrible love advice to Pit is simultaneously heartwarming and heartbreaking to me.

Coming up next: literally the second prompt I received, and I'm only posting it just now.
Into Smashville (Ness and Lucas and Pit)

Chapter Summary

Pit, Ness, and Lucas all go into town to pick up some stuff.

Chapter Notes

This goes out to edd, who literally was the second person to ask for something and I finally did it. Thanks, edd! Here are the PK kids being bros!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**Pit:** Hey me Ness and Lucas are going out to smashville. Anyone want anything

**Wolf:** A formal apology from whoever cut me from the roster.

**Dark Pit:** Three metric tons of shut the **** up

**Duck Hunt:** ssssszzzzzzzzzzxx

**Yoshi:** I could go for a hot dog :)

**Pit:** Okay that one I can do

**Pit:** Anyone else

**M Robin:** do you think they have tomes

**Pit:** I'll keep an eye out

**M Robin:** thank you!

“You know, I really didn't think we were going to be able to find everything,” Pit said. “I thought, ‘Hey, Pit. Just go to Smashville and see what you can find to replace some of your old stuff.’ But we literally found everything I needed! And somehow tomes. Weird that these animal people would need those.”

Lucas and Ness both nodded as the three meandered through the aisles of the shopping center.

“Now all we need is the hot dog for Yoshi. Do either of you know where we can find that?” Pit asked.

Ness and Lucas looked at each other and seemed to have a silent conversation consisting only of nodding. Then the two started leading the way at a brisk pace.
“H-hey, wait up!” Pit said, speeding up as to not get left in the dust.

The two kids stopped, sure enough, in front of a hot dog cart that had a skunk-like citizen running it. Pit walked up to him.

“Hi, I'd like-” but Ness held up a hand to stop the angel. Then he reached into a pocket, took out a bottle cap, and slid it across the cart to the vendor.

The vendor took the cap, examined it for a moment, then nodded to Ness, who nodded back. Then the vendor took a huge bratwurst out of the stand, loaded it with every ingredient and condiment, and handed it to Pit.

“Pleasure doing business with you,” the vendor said, smiling.

“Uhh, thanks,” Pit said, entirely confused.

The three left the cart and started heading back to the mansion. As they walked, Pit felt like he had to ask. “So… what was that all about?”

Ness and Lucas both looked at him, smiled, and winked, before continuing on their way.

“... I… now I have more questions than I did before,” Pit said as the two left him behind.

Chapter End Notes

Ness just has the whole system worked out.

Also, I loved writing that beginning portion. You might be getting a more in-depth chatfic chapter soon! *wink wonk*
Rage (Kirby...)

Chapter Summary

Just read it. You'll be able to figure this one out on your own.

Kirby: Who the **** ate all of the god**** watermelon? Who the **** did it?! I will shank the everloving **** out of you. I will strangle you with your own intestines. Your outsides are about to be covered in your insides. If nobody tells me who ate all of the god**** watermelon, I will inhale Ridley, steal his fire breath, and burn this whole place to the ****ing ground after locking all of the exits. That's how mother****ing mad I am right now. I will find Snake's stash of grenades and pull all of the pins at once, sentencing us all to a painful death by explosion. Remember who saved all of your ***es from Galeem? Spoiler alert, it was mother****ing me, so someone's going to fess up to eating all the watermelon or I'm going to go on a god**** killing rampage. Whoever ate it, it's too late for you, but at least you can save everyone else.

Samus: Kirby

Kirby: ****ing what

Samus: No one ate the watermelon. We moved it to the other fridge.

Kirby: Thank you! o( " ^▽^ " )o

Kirby has logged off

F Corrin: I...

Shulk: That was completely terrifying

F Robin: i am SHAKEN

F Corrin: I...

Samus: Not going to lie, that was way more terrifying than Ridley will ever be

M Robin: what the heck

Ike: Is Kirby… okay?

Falco: Jury's out on that one

F Corrin: I don't know what to think anymore. My brain has been fried.

King Dedede: Now you all know what it's like

Meta Knight: Suffer.
How Does it Work? (Robin and Robin and Ike)

Chapter Summary

The Robins want an explanation from Ike.

Chapter Notes

Here it is, Ohyeah! It's finally posted now! You may now enjoy the interaction between Robin(s) and Ike!

Ike sighed as he laid backwards on a bench in one of the locker rooms. He wasn't used to having this much free time. He didn't know what to do with all of it.

As if on cue, the door to the locker room burst open and two white-haired tacticians walked straight up to him.

“Ike,” Male Robin said, “we want your help with something.”

“Yeah, are you free?” Female Robin asked.

“Well, I would be happy to help out with whatever it is you need, but… you do know that this is the men's locker room, right?” Ike said.

Female Robin, now realizing this, looked around, and ended up making direct eye-contact with Shulk, who was stripped down to his underwear. She raised a finger as if to say something, seemed to decide against it, and left the room without another word.

After cringing significantly, Male Robin asked, “But you'll help us?”

Ike nodded. “Yes.”

“Okay,” Robin said, and they left the locker room. Outside, Female Robin crossed her arms and glared at her male counterpart, who gave an apologetic shrug.

“So, what did you need me for?” Ike asked.

“We want to know how you do the sword-throwey-in-the-air-thingie,” Male Robin said.

“Yeah, the thing where you throw the sword, and it does the spinny thing and then you do a jumpy thing and then you go down and BAM!” Female Robin said, pantomiming through the whole statement.

“Do… you mean Aether?” Ike asked.

In sync, the two mages yelled, “YES! Aether!”
Female Robin, seeing how much they startled Ike, said, “We had both forgotten what it was called. But yes, we want to know how you do it.”

“Well, what's there really to learn about it? It seems pretty self-explanatory to me,” Ike said.

“Weeeelllll, it isn't, really. Because almost every part of it seems to defy the laws of physics,” Male Robin said, with Female Robin nodding in response.

“Isn't the same true for pegasi?” Ike asked.

“Well yes, but… it's a little different of a circumstance,” Male Robin said.

“Well, how does physics explain your ability to propel yourself into the air with elwind?” Ike asked.

“It… doesn't, really,” Female Robin said. “I think we get your point.”

“So, it's just the enchantments on Ragnell that allow it to hang in the air?” Male Robin asked.

“That's correct,” Ike said. “I hope that you find that answer satisfactory.”

“Yeah, at least we know now,” Male Robin said. Ike nodded and started to leave, but then Male Robin asked, “But wait, how do you do the midair jump thing once the sword is out of your hand?”

Without stopping, Ike said, “Oh that? That's just all in the pectoral muscles,” before turning a corner.

Both Robins looked down and grabbed their own chest.

“How…?” Female Robin said.


Chapter End Notes

Because logic. And... buffness.
Bad Day (Pokemon Trainer and Incineroar vs. Wario [feat. Sonic])

Chapter Summary

Wario is the worst neighbor possible.

Chapter Notes

Another prompt by bLuewErewOlf25. I really hope you still read this story!

Wario deserves to die in a pit of Piranha Plants.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Pokemon Trainer was about to go insane. He couldn't take it anymore. Wario was the worst neighbor of all time.

It was the combination of everything. The smell. The constant noise. The complete disrespect of boundaries. The quote unquote 'pranks'. It was unbearable. Even the Pokemon in their Pokeballs were suffering because of it. It was horrible.

One day Pokemon Trainer had been having a bad day. He had lost nearly every battle, he had missed his shots on a bunch of spirits… it was just an all-around crappy day. He had retreated to his room pretty early to recover from it, but about an hour later he got a text.

Sonic: Sorry you had a bad day. I know something that might cheer you up, though. Meet me in the lobby.

Sonic had surprised Pokemon Trainer in the first time they had been in the mansion together. Pokemon Trainer had expected him to not care, but he was actually a pretty cool person, and strangely generous at times. So if he was asking Pokemon Trainer to meet him, then no amount of moping should get in the way.

Pokemon Trainer stood up, stepped out of his door… and right onto a paper bag that had been sitting behind it. Inside of the paper bag was something… squishy, and he didn't want to think about it beyond that, because he already knew who the culprit was.

Wario peeked out from behind his open door, pointed, and laughed at his victim.

Pokemon Trainer sighed. Great. I had a bad day before, but now I've got this on my shoe. That's fine.

Pokemon Trainer looked at Wario again, just to see that he had not stopped laughing at his expense. But he also saw Incineroar behind the yellow-hatted bully assessing the situation, then
slipping into Wario's room from behind him.

Pokemon Trainer sighed and tried to get the paper bag, if not the contents of it, off of his shoe. Eventually he gave up and just took his whole shoe off. This would need a thorough cleaning later. Or burning.

Speaking of burning, that was exactly what Pokemon Trainer started smelling. And when Incineroar left Wario's room with a plume of smoke following him, Pokemon Trainer knew what had happened. As Wario rushed into his room to try and save something, anything, Pokemon Trainer smiled. Karma was a bitch.

Pokemon Trainer arrived in the lobby, and Sonic was waiting for him.

“Man, either I got here too fast, or you got here too slow,” the blue hedgehog said. “Probably both.”

“Sorry,” Pokemon Trainer said.

“No problem,” Sonic said. “I wanted to show you this!”

Sonic showed his hands, which were holding a tub of pecha berry ice cream.

Pokemon Trainer was greatly surprised. “Where did you…”

“Found it in Smashville. Thought you might enjoy it,” Sonic said. “It's safe for Pokemon, too. I just thought it might be a good pick-me-up after today.”

Pokemon Trainer thought back to Incineroar burning everything in Wario's room and smiled. “You know, today has really turned around. Thanks, Sonic.”

Zelda: So Wario's room just burned to the ground.

Meta Knight: How does only one room in an entire mansion 'burn to the ground'?

Palutena: Considering that Incineroar was his neighbor, my guess is… very carefully.

Palutena: Or was it Charizard?

Lucario: If it were Charizard the whole building would be in flames

Meta Knight: Wait, you can text?!
Meta Knight: … Lucario?

Lucario has logged off


Zelda: Guys, you aren't listening. Wario needs a new room, just like Pit did.

Bayonetta: Are you planning on taking him?

Zelda: Well… no.

Bayonetta: Then you'll understand if I also politely decline.

Mario: No thank you

Pit: No room for three over here

Ryu: Not in a million years.

Marth: Sorry

M Robin: dont be its his own fault none of us want to take him

Simon: No.

Richter: No thanks!

F Corrin: Not going to happen.

Zelda: Well, what are we going to do with him, then?

 Kirby: We could have him sleep outside on his motorcycle (•▿•)

Bayonetta: And the prize goes to Kirby for having the best solution.

Zelda: Guys, we can't just do that, can we?

Zelda: …

Zelda: Alright then, he sleeps outside.

Chapter End Notes

Problem solved: just make him sleep in the backyard. Karma or something???

I would give you a hint as to what the next chapter is, but that would require me to open it up and... meh.

... 

Okay fine, the next one is another request. Featuring a Pokemon.
now im done bye
The Footsteps you Hear (Snake and Mewtwo)

Chapter Summary

Snake's on guard.

Chapter Notes

Sorry, only one chapter today! And also it's really short! My bad!

This was a request from Shadow_Flare by the way.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Snake was sure he was going insane. He had just been sitting down at a table in a small, secondary dining area examining his weapons, and he heard footsteps approaching him. His instincts kicked into gear, and he whipped around to see who it was. But no one was there.

Snake warily returned to reassembling one of his mines, but then the footsteps returned. Snake angrily turned around, just to be met with nothingness once again. But this time, he heard the footsteps down the hallway.

Snake stomped to the doorway and looked left, where he had heard the steps. “Hey, what the he-” but he stopped when he realized no one was there.

Then the footsteps resumed on the other side of him, and he could practically feel the exclamation point above his head as he looked. No source.

And just when Snake was fed up with this, the footsteps appeared right behind him. Snake came out swinging, but all he hit was air.

And then he saw it. Mewtwo, standing at the other side of the room with an arm slightly raised.

“You're doing this,” Snake said. It wasn't a question.

“You make it too easy,” said a voice in Snake's head that very much did not belong in there.

Snake stomped to his table, grabbed his materials, and stormed out of the room.

Fucking psychics.

Chapter End Notes

I never played a Metal Gear Solid game, but I know there were psychics in one of them.
Also, Mewtwo can talk, but only through telepathy. Because Pokemon the First Movie.

Aaaand I now realize that the chapter title sounds like a dramatic shipping fanfic but... eh.
A small mouse and a big cat talk about life.

This one goes out to you, TrueEnder! I hope you like it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**Pokemon Trainer:** Does anyone know how to fix a Pokedex?

**Samus:** Uhhh no??

**Marth:** I just want to say, I'm so sorry, Pokemon Trainer.

**Pokemon Trainer:** You've apologized plenty. It was an honest mistake! It isn't that big of a deal.

**Pokemon Trainer:** But I would like it fixed. So…

**Fox:** I don't know about fixing it, but you might be able to get a new one in Smashville? They have plenty of stuff there that doesn't make any economical sense to sell, because we would be literally the only customers who could possibly use it.

**Yoshi:** I actually saw one at a stand yesterday :)

**Pokemon Trainer:** Thanks guys!

Pokemon Trainer rushed out of the mansion, and realized halfway to the town that he had left his broken Pokedex in the dining hall. Oh well, he knew what he was looking for. So he continued on his way.

Incineroar picked up a few poffins and sat down across from Pichu in the dining hall.

“Inciner?” Incineroar said.

“Pi-Pichu-Pi,” Pichu responded.
“So, how's it feel to be back after so long?” Incineroar asked.

“Honestly? It's strange. I've been out of the limelight for so long that getting put back into it is jarring. But seeing as how unpopular I ended up being the first time I was here, the positive reception I've gotten is pretty refreshing,” Pichu said.

“I know what you mean,” Incineroar said. “It feels like nobody really dislikes having me here, but I can't shake the feeling that everyone really wanted someone else.”

“Sorry, man,” Pichu said. “But hey, you'll gain everybody's attention soon. I'm sure of it.”

“Thanks, Pichu,” Incineroar said.

“I still don't think I'm going to be a very popular character, with my stupid 'hurting myself with electricity' thing,” Pichu said, idly rolling around a piece of Pokemon food on his plate.

“Hey, don't be so hard on yourself. If anything, the fact that you keep fighting even when it actively hurts you should prove that you deserve to be here. You have guts.”

“Thanks,” Pichu said. “But, I don't know, sometimes I wonder why I fight. Why we all fight. I mean, can you imagine a world where we Pokemon didn't battle? It's hard to think about, because battling is so hardwired into our minds that it feels like an impossibility. But you have to wonder why it is that we do it. Is it for dominance? Power? Enjoyment? Do we only do it because we're told to? Is it just completely natural? I don't know, it's just something I think about sometimes.”

Incineroar blinked. “I'm going to be honest, you just went way over my head with that. I don't have any of those answers.”

From a nearby room, Pikachu shouted, “Hey, can you shut that thing off?”

Incineroar rolled his eyes, then slammed his fist down on top of the Pokedex, crushing it to pieces.

E-E-E-E-Errrrrrrooorrrr…

Incineroar huffed. “Incineroar.”

Pichu fervently nodded. “Pichu-pi.”

The two got up and went their separate ways.

Chapter End Notes

Any of you ever see Pikachu's Vacation? The Pokedex has a translation function that Ash just doesn't use!
Chapter Summary

Things are changing, and Samus doesn't like it.

Chapter Notes

A lot of you have been wondering about my plans for Dark Samus. Well, here's where they start!

Something was up with Dark Samus.

It started with Little Mac's story, which everyone thought was a little cute in a way. Well, not Samus. She found it threatening.

Then Bayonetta found Dark Samus staring at her, and later that day Dark Samus strutted into the lobby, walking just like the Umber Witch. In fact, she had opted to walk instead of float in the mansion ever since.

Dark Samus watched Chrom put a hand on Lucina's shoulder in a comforting gesture, and immediately started doing the same to any fighter that looked upset, seemingly attempting to comfort them.

She watched Female Robin reading, and suddenly it was the doppelganger's favorite pastime. Reading. In English. A language she hadn't previously spoken.

“I don't like it one bit,” Samus said before taking a defiant bite of steak.

“Why is that? It seems to me that she is just trying to be more like us,” Palutena said.

“Yeah, it's kind of cute in a way. Like a kid acting like their parents,” Pokemon Trainer said.

“You guys aren't seeing the reality of the situation,” Samus said, gesturing sharply. “Dark Samus is a villain. It's just trying to get on our good sides in order to stab us in the back.”

Palutena narrowed her eyes. “Are you sure that this isn't just paranoia?”

“Of course it's paranoia, but sometimes paranoia is right. Paranoia is how you stay alive in my line of work,” Samus said, taking a sip of water.

“But… are you even willing to consider that maybe Dark Samus has changed a little from how you knew her? Maybe she isn't so bad anymore,” Female Robin said.

“The only thing that creature wants is to collect phazon and to destroy. That's all it knows,” Samus said. “It doesn't want to be like us, it wants to exploit us.”
Then Dark Samus walked into the room, and everyone in the dining hall went dead silent.

She was shaped exactly like Samus. Not her power suit. Samus. In shape, she was a near perfect copy to the Samus currently dining in her Zero Suit. Her color, however, looked the same as it had prior, as she seemed to be made out of the same material, just differently shaped. Her entire body (including what would be skin) was black, save for several locations that glowed blue with phazon energy, such as her eyes and two lines directly below them. One would imagine that a human version of Dark Samus would be horrifying, but somehow she held an ethereal beauty. It was uncanny.

Dark Samus walked toward the table that Samus and her friends were dining at. Her walking style had changed to reflect multiple people's: Lucina's confidence, Palutena's grace, Wii Fit Trainer's athleticism, Bayonetta's seductiveness, and a hint of Samus's flair. They were all combined in perfect proportions.

Once the alien life form reached the table, she pulled an empty chair over and sat down, leaning passively on the table. Palutena and Pokemon Trainer grabbed hold of each of Samus's shoulders to stop her from lunging across the table and attacking. She was literally trembling with rage.

"So, Dark Samus… you look… different!" Chrom said awkwardly.

Dark Samus nodded in response and gave an honest-to-gods genuine smile to Chrom.

Samus aggressively stabbed her fork into her steak and sawed into it with little regard to how wildly she was handling her knife.

"So…" Pokemon Trainer said, with no plan as to where to go from there. The silence in the room was oppressive, though Dark Samus didn't seem phased by it.

For the rest of the meal (which consisted of a tube of phazon energy for Dark Samus and a steak filled with hate for the original Samus) the table sat in relative silence. Uncomfortable silence.

Samus was ready to burst the moment that she got an opportunity, and Dark Samus seemed to be curiously studying Samus's behavior-

"Stop it. Stop." Samus said. "You're trying to get more intel from me so that you can exploit it. Stop it right now."

Dark Samus looked taken aback and shook her head to refute the claim.

"I know what you're fucking doing. I've killed you twice, bitch, you think I won't do it again?" Samus was livid.

"Samus…" Palutena said in a calming voice.

"FUCK THIS," Samus shouted before standing up and storming out of the dining hall.

Palutena sighed. "I mean, I can't really blame her. I was pretty upset too when I heard about Pseudo-Palutena."

Female Robin said, "So was I with Grima."

"And I with Dark Meta Knight," Meta Knight said as he passed by the table.

Link also nodded from across the room.
“Me too!” Mario said.

Bowser gave a shrug of agreement. Even Mewtwo nodded.

“Wait, is there anyone in here who *doesn't* have a dark version of themselves?” Palutena asked.

Dark Pit raised his hand.

“Put your hand down, Dark Pit,” Palutena said.

Dark Pit rolled his eyes and lowered his hand.

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Chapter End Notes

Oh, I have an endgame plan for this that you wouldn't believe. It's going take a lot of setup, though, so hang tight!
Dad Jokes

Chapter Summary

The title is self-explanatory.

Chapter Notes

Shadow_Flare... I'm sorry I made this...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**Chrom:** What do you call a fake noodle?

**F Robin:** chrom dont do this

**Lucina:** What do you call it?

**M Robin:** lucina no

**Chrom:** An impasta!

**F Robin:** AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

**Chrom:** Want to hear a joke about construction?

**Lucina:** Alright, let's hear it.

**M Robin:** why don't you learn

**Chrom:** Actually, I'm still working on it.

**F Robin:** lucina you came back in time to save this man's life and this is what it has amounted to

**Fox:** Oh god, what have I logged in to?

**Chrom:** People don't like having to bend over to get their drinks. We really need to raise the bar!

**Dark Pit:** Die in a fire

**Fox:** Nope. Not dealing with this.

**Fox has logged off**

**Dark Pit has logged off**

**Chrom:** Come on, guys. It's funny!
Ken: Want to hear a joke about an airplane?

Ryu: Ken no

Ken: Yeah, maybe you're right. It'd probably go over your heads!

Chrom: Ahahahaha!

Chrom: What's an airplane

Ryu has logged off

Ken: I knew I shouldn't have had the seafood. I'm feeling a little eel.

Meta Knight: Good. Then perish.

Chrom: The shovel was a groundbreaking invention.

F Robin: I'm going to use one to dig myself a grave

M Robin: can you make one for me too

Ken: I used to hate facial hair, but then it grew on me.

Yoshi has logged off

Richter: You even chased away Yoshi you monsters

Ike: I… no.

Ike has logged off

Falco has logged off

Bowser: I hate elevators. I'm gonna start taking steps to avoid them.

M Robin: HOW DID YOU EVEN TYPE THAT WITH CLAWS

Richter: Probably very carefully

Lucina: I'm very confused.

Ken: Why can't you have a 12-inch-long nose?

Chrom: Why?

Villager has logged off

Ken: Because then it would be a foot!

Meta Knight: Why…

F Robin: can't help but notice you haven't left yet
Meta Knight: It's like a car crash. It's horrible but I can't look away.

F Corrin: What’s going on in here?

M Robin: no corrin run while you still can

Chrom: My wedding was so beautiful, even the cake was in tiers!

F Robin: nope now its too late for you

F Corrin: Clearly you didn't know Xander for long enough.

F Corrin: Speaking of which…

F Corrin: Why do crabs never give to charity?

Ganondorf: Not another one…

Lucina: Why?

Richter: Lucina is too precious to understand what she's enabling

F Corrin: Because they're shellfish!

Ganondorf: Well, I'd say it's been fun, but that would be a bold-faced lie.

Ganondorf has logged off

Simon: no comment

Simon has logged off

Ken: Where do you learn to make ice cream?

M Robin: …

Kirby: Where? (¯\_\¯)

Kirby has logged off

M Robin: traitor

Ken: Sundae school!

F Corrin: I'm not addicted to brake fluid. I can stop whenever I want!!!

Meta Knight: ATTENTION. I have taken Chrom hostage. The jokes end now, or he dies.

Lucina: Father!

F Robin: shhh just let it happen lucina

F Corrin: Folks, you've been a great crowd!
M Robin: we literally hated every word you said

Ken: We'll be here weekends for the rest of the month!

Meta Knight: Leave.

F Corrin: Before we go, I'd like to give a huge shout out to all the sidewalks, for keeping me off the streets!

M Robin: leave

Richter: Leave

Meta Knight: LEAVE.

F Robin: leave

Sonic: Leave.

Zelda: Leave, please.

Lucina: You can stay if you want to…

Richter: No, leave

Ken: It's been an honor.

Ken has logged off

F Corrin has logged off

Zelda: Thank the goddesses

Sonic: I thought they were never going to leave.

F Robin: how long have you two been here

Sonic: Regrettably, the whole time.

Zelda: Since the wedding joke.

Chrom has logged off

Meta Knight: I have cleansed the evil.

Lucas: Are the scary dads gone?

Bowser: Is this pool safe for diving? It deep ends.

M Robin: gods ****ing **** it

Lucina: I'm still confused??

F Robin: you probably should be sweetie. just let it be
I need to go wash my hands after writing this.
Confronted (Samus and Dark Samus)

Chapter Summary

Samus is now thoroughly pissed off.

Chapter Notes

Sorry, but I'm going to have to start making the schedule be one chapter per day. My rate of writing these has slowed down significantly due to life stuff, and I don't want to get behind. So... please don't hate me!

And now, back to your regularly scheduled programming.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dark Samus was just walking down a hallway, enjoying her new form. Then Samus slammed her against a wall.

“What's your play?” Samus asked in a very not-nice fashion.

Dark Samus tried to respond, but could only make noises.

Samus walked up and pinned the alien to the wall by the shoulder. “You were doing just fine as yourself. Why are you suddenly deciding to be me?”

Samus jolted her shoulder back against the wall, and Dark Samus only made a sound of pain.

“Are you trying to lure everyone into a false sense of security? Are you trying to look similar enough to me that you can get rid of me and replace me? What the fuck do you want?!”

Samus slammed her shoulder into the wall once more, and received another sound of anguish.

“Why the fuck aren't you fighting back? WHY THE FUCK AREN'T YOU FIGHTING BACK?!?”

The only thing Dark Samus did was stare into Samus's eyes.

Samus slammed her shoulder again. “FUCK YOU! You kill hundreds of people and expect me to think you're docile now? What the fuck is your plan?!?”

A sword came between their two faces.

“Excuse me, but please try to save the fighting for the battlefield,” Marth said.

Samus reluctantly let go of Dark Samus's shoulder. The latter immediately started clutching at that shoulder in pain.

“Samus, I don't know what your morals are, but me and my friends have a code not to harm
innocent people,” Marth said.

“You think this thing is innocent? This is a ruthless killer!” Samus argued.

“From where I'm standing, it doesn't seem like you were provoked,” Marth said.

“Oh, I was provoked alright. This monster is trying to lure all of you into its trap. I'm the only one who can see it, apparently!” Samus waved her arms in the air to accentuate her point.

“Samus, please just walk away from this,” Marth said. “It will make it easier for all of us.”

Samus glared at the swordsman, then turned on her heels and stomped off.

Marth turned to Dark Samus. “Are you hurt?”

Still clutching her shoulder, Dark Samus shook her head.

Marth gave a small smile. “Are you lying to me for the sake of your dignity?”

Dark Samus nodded.

“Follow me. I know where a first aid kit is,” Marth said, and he led the way.

Samus lay in bed thinking while staring at the ceiling. There were so many emotions caught up in her head that she couldn't understand any them. Pride? Fear? Doubt? Guilt? Anger was a safe bet, so that was the one she had let out, but… had she been placing blame where there wasn't any?

Samus growled at herself and pulled a pillow over her face. What was she really feeling about Dark Samus looking like her?

She felt like her pride was being threatened.

She was afraid of how her friends seemed to be taking Dark Samus's side on this.

She was doubting whether she and Dark Samus were really that different after all.

She felt really guilty about hurting Dark Samus like that, even as she looked into her eyes with not a hint of hostility or blame.

And… yeah, she was angry, but now she was angry at herself. Because she still couldn't really figure out why she was so angry.

Yes she could! Her identity was being tarnished by someone else!

No… that wasn't it. It was…

“Grrrr…” Samus growled as she tossed the pillow she was holding against the wall. There was some emotion that she was feeling, and she couldn't figure it the hell out.
Samus found Dark Samus in the gym, exercising her new body. It had changed from the last time Samus had seen her. The skin portions of the body were now an extremely pale white to closer resemble Samus's own complexion, save for the forearms, legs and around the eyes, which were a black gradient with bright blue veins leading into the paleness of the skin.

The zero suit was still black, but the phazon glows seemed to be moved into more convenient and aesthetically-appealing locations on it. Her hair was also black, and put up in an identical pony tail to Samus's. The hair had started to look a little less tendril-y.

“Hey,” Samus called to her.

Dark Samus snapped around to look at her and immediately flinched.

“No, I'm not going to hurt you this time,” Samus said, and Dark Samus relaxed slightly, as did all the other fighters in the room who were witnessing the conversation.

Samus cleared her throat to stall as she gathered her thoughts. “I'm… sorry. You didn't deserve what I did to you a couple of days ago.” Samus decidedly tried to avoid looking at the gauze around Dark Samus's shoulder.

Dark Samus slowly and timidly nodded.

“I still don't think I like… this…” Samus gestured up and down Dark Samus's new body. “But I went too far, and I took out my frustrations on you. I'm sorry.”

Dark Samus curiously stared into Samus's eyes in response.

“For the record, this doesn't mean I'm not suspicious of you,” Samus said, reeling from the intenseness of the other's stare. “So… watch yourself, and we won't have a problem.”

Dark Samus nodded without letting up on her gaze.

“Alright,” Samus said. “... Bye.” And she walked out, with Dark Samus watching her the whole way.

Chapter End Notes

The question still stands: why is Dark Samus doing this, and what does she want?

Find out next time on Smash Ball Z!

(that was terrible i'm sorry)
Female Corrin was worried about Kamui. She had hardly seen him outside of battles for a very long time. And he hadn't been very talkative, even when the dad jokes incident occurred.

It ended today. Female Corrin marched out of the elevator and went straight to Kamui's door, knocking on it. There was no response.

“Kamui, I know you're in there,” Corrin shouted.

It was silent for a second or two before the door slowly opened. “Hey, Corrin.”

“Hey,” Corrin said. “Can we talk?”

“Uh… I don't know if I'm really feeling up to it right now…” Kamui said, starting to shut the door.

Corrin put her foot in the door, which she thought was a good idea until she realized that she wasn't wearing shoes.

“OW, fuck!” she swore as her foot got crushed in the doorframe.

“Corrin! I'm so sorry!” Kamui said as he reopened the door. Corrin took her opportunity and limped right in.

“It was my fault,” Corrin said. “But you're not dodging out of this conversation.” She sat on Kamui's bed, defiantly crossing her arms.

Kamui sighed. “Fine. What did you want to talk about?”

Corrin furrowed her brow. “What do you think? Why have you been disappearing all of a sudden? Going straight to your room after matches, taking your meals to your room, not talking in the groupchat… it's like you're avoiding everyone. Are you avoiding everyone?”

Kamui sighed, again. “I guess? I've just had a lot on my mind.”

Corrin put her hands on her lap. “Well, I don't know who you could talk to about it if not yourself.”
Kamui paused, then mumbled, “I would have thought that, too…”

“What was that?” Corrin asked.

“I heard you when you talked about your multiple lives,” Kamui said bluntly.

“... Oh…” Corrin said, rubbing her arm. “Listen-

“Why did you try to keep that from me?” Kamui asked, now being the one to cross his arms.

Corrin was quiet for a moment as she weighed her options. Then she spoke, “I... didn't want you to have to think about it. You got a happy ending. I wanted it to be able to stay that way.”

“So you'd rather keep me in the dark than see me question how my existence works?” Kamui said.

“Honestly? Yeah,” Corrin said.

“Oh,” Kamui said, clearly not expecting that answer.

“Truthfully, I wish I had what you have. I wish I only remembered the happiest life I had lived,” Corrin said. “This isn't exactly a happy burden to bear.”

Kamui laughed a little. “Man, isn't that irony. I've been obsessed with trying to find out if I had other lives. I've been obsessed with that burden.”

Corrin smirked. “Knowing that stuff isn't all it's cracked up to be. Trust me.”

“Alright, alright,” Kamui said.

“Was that really why you were avoiding people?” Corrin asked.

“You underestimate how much it freaked me out,” Kamui said. “I was very overwhelmed.”

“Well, don't be. There's a chance that you didn't even live any other lives. It might have just been me,” Corrin said.

“Any idea why you lived multiple lives?” Kamui asked.

Corrin shrugged. “No clue. All I know is that it ended once I was finally happy.”

“Well, I'm glad that you were able to get to that point,” Kamui said.

Corrin smiled. “You've been kind of out-of-the-loop, so you might not know about something that makes me even more happy.”

“How?” Kamui asked.

Corrin gave a sharp-toothed grin. “Visitors week is next week!”

“It is?” Kamui asked. “That's earlier than usual.”

“Yup!” Corrin said. “I can't wait to see Azura, and Ryoma and Hinoka and–”

“Whoa, whoa, we can still only bring five people, right?” Kamui asked.

“Yeah, but I was hoping we could do the same thing we did last time. You bring the Nohrians, I bring the Hoshidans, we both bring Azura.”
“Actually, can I bring the Hoshidans this time? Sakura really wanted to see the mansion,” Kamui said.

“Yeah, that's fine. We should get our paperwork filled out,” Corrin said, standing up. As soon as she put weight on her left foot, she said, “Ow…”

Kamui cringed. “Do you need a heal—uhhh, first aid?”

Corrin winced. “No, I'll be fine.” She extended her left arm into a spike and used it as a crutch to walk out of the room. “You're bringing the Hoshidans. Don't forget.”

“Roger,” Kamui said, saluting to his female counterpart, who hobbled away down the hall.

Chapter End Notes

Yup, that's right. It's time for visitors from the fighters' worlds to come to the Mansion!

Give me some prompts of who you want to see. Each fighter gets five invitations!

Keep in mind that I have already written several chapters so I don't get behind, so some fighters' guests are already decided. (Female Robin, Lucina, both Corrins, Palutena, Pit, Mario, and all three Kirby reps) You can ask for characters that have not been introduced, or give me prompts for the characters that have been. Have fun with this!
Visitors Week Begins (Pretty much everyone)

Chapter Summary

Welcome, visitors from across multiple worlds!

Chapter Notes

This is going to be real fun.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everyone was so excited. It was the start of visitors week! They were going to be able to see their close friends and family, and have them stay for a whole week! It was basically a party in the front room as everyone waited for their invitees to arrive. And arrive they did.

A blue portal opened up and two women collapsed onto the floor out of it.

“Why do they never give us a warning?” Sumia said, pushing herself off of the ground.

“It seems like the transportation could be a little smoother,” Cordelia said, brushing off her clothes.

“GUYS!” Female Robin yelled before attacking the pegasus knights with a tight hug.

“Hey, Robin,” Cordelia said, startled. “We're glad to see you, too.”

Robin slowly retracted from the hug and rubbed the back of her neck. “Sorry, I'm just really excited.”

“Well, I'm happy that we were the ones who caused it,” Sumia said. “So, who else did you invite?”

“From our universe? You two, Tiki, Say’ri, and Henry. But combined between me, Male Robin, Lucina and Chrom? Almost everyone. Well, twenty of them, but that's besides the point,” Robin said. “What matters is you guys are here! And I'm so excited! Have I mentioned that I'm excited?”

Cordelia gave the tactician a side hug with a smile on her face. “You have indeed.”

As Kirby waited for his last guest, Meta Knight examined all of the friends that they had gathered.

He himself had invited his crew, the Meta-Knights, along with Susie (because at least she respects him).
Dedede invited Ribbon, Adeline, Daroach, Taranza, and Bandana Dee. Apparently they'd all become close enough to be called friends.

Kirby invited… uhhh… the hamster, the fish, and the bird (Meta Knight for the life of him couldn't remember their names), Gooey, and…

The final portal opened, and a purple guy with big eyes, a jester hat, and balancing on top of a beach ball came out and- holy shit it was Marx.

Meta Knight drew his sword at the newcomer. “Kirby, are you serious?! You invited Marx ?”

“'Sup,” Marx said casually.

“Kirby, you do realize that you just invited a being with the absolute reality-destroying powers of a god into the mansion, right? The same being that made the sun and moon fight on Popstar, followed you to the ends of the galaxy, and left you for dead in space as he wished for the ultimate power that he now possesses?” Meta Knight said.

Kirby shrugged.

“This is not a shrugging situation! He could split himself in half and open a black hole to instantly kill us all right now!” Meta Knight said.

“That's true,” Marx said. “But if it makes you feel any better, I don't feel like doing that right now.”

Meta Knight facepalmed and put his sword away. “Just… keep him fed. And don't let him erase us from reality.” He turned to his guests. “Come with me. I'll show you the building where your rooms are.”

“Is he really that dangerous?” Sailor Waddle Dee asked, clearly nervous.

“Yes,” Meta Knight said plainly.

“Well, I for one am impressed,” Susie said.

“And I'm wondering how, miraculously, we all haven't died yet,” Captain Vul said.

“Your room doesn't look like much, Pit,” Viridi said, running her fingers along the edge of a nightstand.

“It's… not really my room,” Pit said. “It's Ness's.”

“Oh riiiiight, I forgot. It only took a few weeks for your room to get completely destroyed!” Viridi taunted.

“In his defense, he really didn't have much say in the matter,” Palutena said.

“Of course he didn't,” Viridi rolled her eyes, clearly not believing her fellow goddess.

“Can we please move on with the tour?” Pit said, eager to move on from talking about his living situation.

As they exited the room, Viridi called down the hallway, “Phosphora! We're moving on!”

A bolt of lightning shot down the corridor towards them and then solidified into the form of the blonde.

“Sorry, I'm done,” Phosphora said.

“What were you doing?” Pit asked.

Phosphora shrugged. “I got bored of looking at your boring room. I roamed a little.”

“What did you find?” Viridi asked.

“An adorable yellow rat,” Phosphora said.

Pit gasped. “Don't call Pikachu a rat!”

Phosphora giggled. “Kidding. I knew it was Pikachu. You need to loosen up a bit, Pit!”

“Oh, sorry?” Pit said.

“Pit! Get over here or we're leaving you!” Viridi called.

“Oh, coming!” Pit said, joining the goddesses with Phosphora close behind.

As all the commotion went on, Samus lounged on a couch in the front room. Basically everyone else in the mansion had invited friends or family. Even that damn dog had invited a disembodied hand holding an NES zapper… which was really weird, honestly. But Samus? She didn't have to worry about any tours, introductions, nothing. She was free.

Well, not as free as she had expected, as she saw Rosalina approaching her, with five normal lumas and one really big purple one trailing behind.

“Oh, Samus. Are you still waiting for your guests?” Rosalina asked.

“Nope,” Samus said, putting her hands behind her head. “It’s just me for this week.”

“Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Did the people you invited have to cancel?” Rosalina asked.

“I didn't invite anyone,” Samus said.

“Why not?” Rosalina asked.

“Because I'm a bounty hunter. I work alone as much as possible,” Samus said, starting to get just a little annoyed at the constant questions.

“That's depressing,” Rosalina said. “You should try to enjoy the company you have while you still have it. Who knows? Maybe someday they'll be your companions for life.” Several of the lumas behind her spun and made sounds of delight.
“I'll keep that in mind,” Samus said, fully not intending to.

Chapter End Notes

When you wish upon a star
Kill all creatures near and far
Scream and run away in fear,
'cause Marx is here!

Marx may be my very favorite Nintendo character. I'm a little biased towards this small poofball who could easily consume the entire universe like a pizza roll!

In other news, Female Robin has friends, Viridi is still a bit of a prick, and Samus is lonely as hell! Yay!
Female Robin needs advice with the Lucina situation.

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“It's just… gah, I'm so in love with her!” Female Robin said, letting her torso fall back onto her bed.

Say'ri smiled pitifully. “We know, milady. You've told us before.”

Robin sighed. “I know… I just… don't know how I approach this.”

“Well, how have you approached it so far?” Cordelia asked.

“Yeah, then we can tell you how to move on from there,” Sumia said.

“I wrote an anonymous letter to her,” Robin said.

“That does sound like a good start,” Tiki said.

“Well, no. Because someone else gave her an anonymous love letter on the exact same day. Unfortunate timing, really,” Robin said.

“Hmm, that is unfortunate,” Say'ri said.

Cordelia cautiously began, “I'm still not sure if this is a very healthy relationship to pursue. You were in love with the Lucina of our world—”

“But the Lucina of our world left without so much as a note, I know,” Robin said. “When I first saw Lucina in the Smash Mansion, it made me so happy. She apparently decided to stay with the Shepherds after everything. I guess that's why she was the one picked to come to the mansion. I can't help but view this as a second chance, but I really don't want her to leave before I can tell her my feelings again.”

“What a bizarre multiverse we live in, where a person is never truly lost,” Tiki said, smiling and laying a hand over Say'ri's. “We support you in your quest for love. Because love is something that should never be taken for granted.” She punctuated this by kissing Say'ri's cheek, causing the swordswoman's face to go completely red.

“You can say that again,” Sumia said, nuzzling Cordelia's nose.

Robin crossed her arms, “Are you guys showing off?”

Cordelia chuckled. “Sorry, Robin. Sometimes love can be a little distracting. You'll understand that soon enough.”

Sumia pumped a fist. “Yeah, when you get Lucina to fall in love with you!”
Robin smiled. “I appreciate your enthusiasm, but it's not going to be a simple endeavor.”

Say’ri chimed in. “You should think of it like ripping off a leech. There are certain processes you can perform to prepare for it, but eventually you will have to go through with it.”

“I'm not sure if you are one to talk, my love,” Tiki said. “You waited months for me to figure out my love for you and confess, without saying one word of it the whole time.”

Say’ri blushed once again. “Yes, that… may be true. But I don't believe my metaphor was inaccurate.”

“I'm not sure that a leech is the best way to symbolize love,” Cordelia said with a smirk.

“Anyways,” Sumia said, getting them back on track, “you need to make a plan and stick to it, Robin. Even if everything goes wrong. Get her some flowers, march up to her door, and tell her how you feel. If you do it soon enough, you'll probably beat her other admirer!”

“That's…” Robin paused, “not a bad idea. I just… need to build up my courage for that day.”

“I believe in you, Robin,” Cordelia said.

“Be brave,” Say'ri said.

“I know you can succeed,” Tiki said. “And maybe find someone here who you can talk to about this. Silence is a painful thing.”

Robin smiled. “Thank you all so much!”

Pit moved from the other side of the wall of Female Robin’s room where he had been eavesdropping and started down the hall. The other admirer is Female Robin?! But… I like Female Robin! And she and Lady Palutena are really close friends! I can’t ruin that by telling Lady Palutena, can I? But… my duty as her angel…

Pit sighed as he reached the lobby of the mansion.

“Thoughts troubling you, Pit?” a vaguely familiar female voice asked. Pit turned to look at the source and saw Azura sitting on the floor with her back laying against the curled-up form of a large silver dragon.

“Oh, Azura,” Pit said. They had met before, at a previous visitors week. He was impressed that she remembered his name, though. “Not really, I just have to make a tough decision.”

The dragon's head nuzzled against Azura's, and the songstress giggled. “We know a thing or two about tough decisions, don't we Corrin?” she said as she petted the side of the dragon's neck. Corrin growled in a way that strongly resembled purring.

“Any advice?” Pit asked.

“Do what your heart told you to do before your brain got in the way,” Azura said after thinking a moment. “Our instincts are usually correct, and yet we overthink them.”

“Wow, that's really good advice,” Pit said. “Second question: which Corrin is that?”

“Oh, this is Female Corrin,” Azura said, lightly hugging the neck of said fighter.

“Well, Azura, Corrin, thanks for your help. I think I know what I'm going to do now,” Pit said,
waving and heading towards his room.

*Sorry, Lady Palutena. I can't tell you about Female Robin. It's for both of your goods that I stay quiet about this. I hope you would understand.*

Chapter End Notes

I've been waiting so long to do a little domestic Azurin, so I kinda sneaked it in at the end there.

And Pit has an internal struggle with morality! Cheerful, this fic is!

Trust me, it can get much worse.
Accident (Everyone... and Marx)

Chapter Summary

When black holes attack.

Chapter Notes

I AM DYING WITHOUT THIS GAME... I'LL BE ABLE TO PLAY IT ON FRIDAY!!!

Anyways, back to chatroom hell.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Simon: Guys, the guest house just got pulled into a black hole.

F Corrin: WHAT?!!?

M Corrin: Is everyone okay?!!?

Meta Knight: Gee, I wonder how this happened… *glares at @Kirby*

Kirby: ˘\_(“/ )_/˘

Marx: It actually wasn't me.

Meta Knight: Okay, one: I don't believe you for a second. Two: how the hell did you get into this group chat?

Marx: One: it doesn't matter to me whether or not you believe me. Your opinion is useless.

Marx: Two: I have the powers of a god. I'm pretty sure I can find my way onto a fucking group chat.

Wolf: Wait, say that again.

Marx: Orrrr you could scroll up?

Wolf: The censorship is gone, mother****ers!

Wolf: God **** it.

Marx: Translation: fuck and damn

Meta Knight: *sigh*
M Corrin: Can we get back to the part where our family and friends are in a black hole?? Are they okay????

Simon: They seem to be okay so far.

F Corrin: What does that mean? My family is in there!!!!!!

Simon: It means that from the minimum safe distance I'm standing at, I haven't seen anyone die.

F Corrin: Yeah, thanks for being all reassuring and ****!

Marx: Translation: shit

Meta Knight: Stop. I'm still convinced you did this.

Marx: Relax. If I did this, there wouldn't be any guest house left at this point.

Kirby: He's not wrong. \_(_-posts)_/\-

Samus: When your screen vibrates so much it wakes you up in the middle of the night

Wolf: Scroll up.

Samus: And now I understand

Announcer: SORRY FOR THE INCONVENIENCE, FOLKS! THERE HAD BEEN A STASH OF BLACK HOLE ITEMS THAT HAD BEEN UNACCOUNTED FOR.

F Corrin: This is a little more than an inconvenience!!!

Marx: Wait, black hole items? So you guys just casually throw around black holes now, but the minute something goes wrong with one you blame me?

Samus: For the record, I didn't blame you

Marx: Noted.

Samus: I also have no idea who you are

Marx: Also noted.

M Robin: is anyone going to help me and the corrins try and evacuate people

Marx: Nah. I'll just do this.

Simon: And the black hole's gone. Somehow.

M Corrin: What did you do?

Marx: I ate the black hole with another black hole. It's science.

Meta Knight: God, I hate you.

Meta Knight: Hey, @Announcer, shouldn't you be removing him or something?
Announcer: REMOVING WHO?

Meta Knight: Marx.

Announcer: I SEE NO RECORD OF A ‘MARX’ IN THIS CHATLOG.

Meta Knight: Oooof course not.

Marx: OOOoooOoo, I'm a spooky ghost!!

Marx: Everybody's fine over here, by the way.

F Corrin: Thank gods.

Marx: You're welcome!

Meta Knight: You need to get that ego checked.

Marx: How about this instead?

Fuck You: … How about what...?

Fuck You: Oh. You changed my screen name.

Fuck You: Wonderful.

Announcer: META KNIGHT, THAT IS NOT AN APPROPRIATE SCREEN NAME TO HAVE. SHAME ON YOU!

Fuck You: Yup. Shame on me, alright.

Mega Man: You know, with the number of us who use black holes, I'm surprised that something like this hasn't happened before.

M Robin: that was literally just you and palutena who had black holes before this

Fuck You: Announcer, change my name back. I have learned the error of my ways.

Meta Knight: Testing, 1, 2, 3.

Meta Knight: Oh thank God.

Marx: You're no fun.

Lucina: It is currently 2 in the morning. All of the buzzing woke me up. I don't mean to intrude, but I would greatly appreciate it if we could all go to sleep, please?

M Robin: sorry lucina

Mega Man: Sorry…

F Corrin: You go to bed. We'll be quiet.

Wolf: Wow, way to make a promise for all of us.
Marx has muted all chat

Marx: Mwahahaha

Marx has logged off

Chapter End Notes

Aaand Marx has made himself an administrator of the chatroom. This can only mean good things.

Have a very nice day!!!
Lucina gets star-struck.

I added Geno to this chapter for YOU PEOPLE! ... Which consequentially meant that Super Mario Sunshine went unrepresented. Oh well.

“...And this is the fountain. On it is a statue of the original eight fighters, including yours truly,” Mario proudly announced.

“Oh, lovely!” Pauline said, taking a picture.

“Such interesting sculpting style,” the Pink Bob-omb said.

“The Smashing makes me so hoppity happy!” the star bunny said.

Geno and Captain Toad nodded.

“It's not that great,” Captain Falcon said as he walked by, “because I'm not in it.”

“Falcon…” Mario rubbed the bridge of his generous nose. “Can we discuss this later?”

Captain Falcon huffed and walked away.

From a few meters away behind a hedge, Lucina was panicking.

“That's Pauline! It's Pauline!” she whispered. “She's my favorite singer!”

Palutena patted her on the back. “Then why don't you go talk to her?”

Lucina looked at the goddess with wide eyes. “Are you crazy? What would I even say?!”

Palutena smiled. “Try starting with asking for an autograph. See where it goes from there.”

“But I don't have anything for her to sign!” Lucina protested.

Palutena closed her eyes. “Where is your Pauline poster in your room?”

“U-um, next to the door,” Lucina said.

In a flash of light, suddenly Lucina was holding her rolled-up poster of the red-clad singer.

“There you are,” Palutena said. “Now go, go!” She said this while giving Lucina a shove in the
direction of the fountain.

Lucina stumbled as she made her way over to Pauline, but she (thankfully) didn't trip.

“U-uh, hi,” Lucina said once she was behind Pauline. *She’s so tall…*

Pauline turned around, and Lucina immediately hid behind the poster. “I-I am a big fan of your music… may I get your autograph?”

Lucina saw Pauline smile over the poster. “Aww, that's so sweet! Of course.” She took a pen out of her jacket pocket and signed the top-left of the poster, near where Lucina's eyes were peeking out. Then Pauline gently pushed the poster down to see the bluette's face, which was a blushing mess.

“Oh, you're Lucina, right?” Pauline said, to which Lucina timidly nodded. “I've heard about you. It’s nice to meet you!”

“H-Hi,” Lucina said. It took a solid couple of seconds for her to realize that Pauline was holding a hand out to her, and then she took it and shook it a little too enthusiastically.

Mario cleared his throat. “Let’s-a move on with the tour.”

Pauline nodded to Mario. “Alright,” she said, and then turned back to Lucina, gently removing her hand from the swordswoman's. “Again, it was very nice to meet you.

“Yeah,” Lucina said, and then mentally slapped herself. “That is to say I… Um, it was… uh, you too!”

Pauline giggled and left with the rest of Mario's group.

Palutena swaggered over. “Wow. I have never seen you like that before.”

Suddenly Lucina had stars in her eyes. “She knew my name…”

“Um, yes. She indeed did,” Palutena said.

Lucina grabbed the goddess's hands and bounced up and down. “Palutena, I talked with her and she knew my name!”

“Well… ‘talked’ might be a stretch,” Palutena mumbled, before saying, “but I'm happy for you.”

“Oh, she's so pretty,” Lucina said.

That hit a sour note in Palutena's mind. She tried hard not to grimace. “Well, I'm glad you enjoyed it. Would you like to go eat together?”

“Certainly,” Lucina said, attempting to be more composed, and then immediately stopped herself. “Wait! I need to put this poster back in my room!” And she dashed into the mansion.

Palutena watched her leave. *I don’t know why her complimenting other women is making me this uncomfortable, but… it was really cute to see her so starstruck.*

Palutena blushed a little, and started walking back into the building after Lucina.

Chapter End Notes
Palutena is thirsty and jealous. Bad combination.

Prompt chapters are coming up soon!
A Family Reunited (Both Corrins and their guests)

Chapter Summary

Little snippets of the Corrins during visitors week.

Chapter Notes

A lot of you wanted the Fates cast, so here they are! Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Elise laid on the ground, bleeding out. She shouldn't have done that. No one had asked her to save Corrin like that and jump in front of her own brother's sword but… she did.

“Elise!” Corrin shouted. She started to approach her wounded sister, but Xander's sword stopped her.

“Get away from her, you monster!” he said.

Corrin stayed completely still as Xander approached Elise's quivering body. She spoke, “Xander, wha-”

“This is your fault,” Xander said quietly, and then repeated it louder, “This is your fault!”

“Xander, I-I didn't mean-”

“You betrayed us all, you've killed our fellow Nohrians, and now you're responsible for my sister's death! How can you be so horrible?!”

Corrin’s heart dropped “I… I…”

And then Corrin felt herself falling. Falling and falling and-

“Corrin!”

And her eyes opened up. She wasn't in Nohr. She was in the Mansion. In the middle of the night. With her wife above her, looking concerned. Corrin touched her cheeks, and found them wet with tears.

“A-Azura,” Corrin said. “Sorry, did… did I wake you?”

“It doesn't matter. I woke you, though,” Azura said. “Was it another memory?”

“…Part memory, part nightmare. It wasn't entirely accurate, but it kept the gist of it,” Corrin said.

“Do you want to talk about it?” Azura asked, plopping herself back beside her wife and cuddling closer to her.
“Nah. You already know this one,” Corrin said.

“What side were you on?” Azura asked.

“Hoshido, and we were storming Castle Krakenburg,” Corrin said.

Azura nodded solemnly. “Ah. Elise?”

“Yep, you guessed it,” Corrin said.

“Sometimes I wish I could just help you forget your other lives,” Azura said.

“You help me think about them a lot less,” Corrin said. “And if it weren't for all those other lives, I wouldn't have ended up with you.”

Azura kissed Corrin on the tip of the nose. “You're so sappy.”

Corrin smiled as she cuddled closer. “It's your fault that all I can think about is how much I love you.”

Azura closed her eyes with a lazily happy expression. “Touché.”

---

Male Corrin was standing in the hallway outside of his room waiting for his family when a familiar-looking face approached.

“Ah, well this must be a fated meeting, to once again come across the man who keeps calling me Odin,” Owain said.

“Yes, I do wonder where those names that you made for us come from,” Inigo said. “Would you care to explain?”

“Well, I would, but I don't want to mess with timelines. Gods know I've had enough of timelines in the past few weeks,” Male Corrin said.

“What's your name for me?” Nah asked.

“Uhhhhh, who are you?” Male Corrin asked.

“Alright…” Nah said, frowning.

“Stop getting sidetracked,” Selena- er, Severa- said. “We're meeting up with Lucina. Let's go, morons!” She stomped by literally dragging a girl with short hair and a bow (as in the shooting kind).

Nah sighed. “Well, goodbye, Mr…”

“Corrin,” he said.

“Corrin. Maybe we'll see you again before we leave?” Nah continued.

“Maybe,” Corrin said with a soft smile.
Not-Laslow passed by first, then Not-Odin (who was holding his left hand as if it was going to strangle someone if he didn't), and then Nah.

And then, immediately after they left, Hinoka came from around a corner.

“Were those…?” she trailed off.

“Yes and no,” Male Corrin said. “Anyways, are all of you ready?”

“Yes. We're ready to see the town,” Hinoka said. “Tell me, is it weird going into a town and not being revered as the King of Valla?”

“It takes a little getting used to, but the lack of attention certainly isn't a bad thing,” Corrin said. “And, just a warning, the citizens are all anthropomorphised animals. So, uh, just don't be surprised.”

“Oh,” Hinoka said. “... Okay…”

And they headed off to meet up with the rest of Corrin's Hoshidan siblings.

“So, this place filled with animal people sells… dragonstones?” Xander asked.

“Yes,” Female Corrin said. “They sell a lot of weird stuff, actually. Maybe it's because they know we're at the mansion, but when I come by, that shop is always fully stocked with dragonstones. I really don't get it.”

Elise waved a hand dismissively. “I'm sure it's just them trying to cater to the interests of the people in the mansion. I mean, I know my interests are being catered to!” She bit into the cotton candy that she was holding.

“Elise, darling, that is the third sugary confection that you have bought today. You may want to slow down. I'd hate to see you getting sick,” Camilla said.

“Um, y-yes!” Felicia said. “Please be careful.”

“So Corrin,” Camilla said, turning her attention to the older of her sisters. “What exactly is your schedule for this whole 'smashing' thing?”

“Oh, well, it's not really a 'schedule' per se,” Corrin said. “It's more that you have to be ready to get called in for a fight at most times of the day.”

Camilla raised an eyebrow. “And you're okay with being at some nameless announcer's beck and call?”

“... Well…” and then she saw who she had been looking for. “Hold that thought. Hey, Kamui!”

Kamui’s attention was brought to his female counterpart from across a Smashville plaza, and he invited his party to follow him as he approached them. “Hey, Corrin. Hey, Nohrian-family-from-another-timeline-sort-of.”

Takumi rolled his eyes. “I see Leo didn't show up,”
“No, he was busy,” Corrin said, then she reconsidered. “Actually, he said he'd rather be anywhere else but here. But that's fine, because now we have Felicia! Yay!”

Felicia, clearly startled by being on the spot like this, timidly waved. “U-uh, hello! I-” and then a few of her daggers fell from her dress and clinked on the pavement. “Oh, drat!” She scrambled to pick them up.

“Aaaanyways, I'm sure you all know each other, sort of. So, no need for introductions,” Kamui said.

“Actually, I've never met this woman with the silver hair,” Ryoma said.

“Oh, yeah. That's me, except female me,” Kamui said.

“And... this is normal to you?” Hinoka asked.

“Yeah, we've already had our own crisis about this,” Corrin said. “No need for any more.”

“I think this is wonderful,” Camilla said. “It's like having another younger sibling!”

“Yep, that's what the other you said,” Kamui commented.

“S-so, in another universe, you're a girl?” Sakura asked.

“A lot more than one universe, actually,” Corrin said. “Trust me on this one.”

“The point is, my big sis is just like your big bro,” Elise said, wrapping an arm around Corrin's in a friendly and energetic way.

“Eh, there are a few differences here and there,” Kamui said.

“But largely, yes, I'm very similar to your Corrin. I have a Sakura just like you,” Corrin said, bending down just a little to be at eye level with her other-little-sister. “Have you all been enjoying your time at the Mansion?”

“Yes, I h-have,” Sakura said.

“It's a lot bigger than you described,” Hinoka said to Kamui.

“Well, last time there weren't this many people!” Kamui commented.

“It isn't that impressive,” Takumi said with his arms crossed.

“It's bigger than most castles I've seen,” Ryoma said, elbowing Takumi. “No need to put it down so quickly.”

“Alright fine. It's big,” Takumi relented.

“Well, we got Takumi to admit that much this time. I consider that a win,” Corrin said.

“Did he not on the last visitor's day?” Xander asked.

“Gods, no. But neither did Leo, to be fair,” Kamui said.

“Anyways, we should get going if we want to catch our show,” Corrin said.

“We're going to a show?” Elise asked.
“Yeah,” Corrin said, ruffling her little sister's hair. “It'll be fun. It's called a 'movie.'”

“Ooo, sounds exotic!” Elise said.

“I-It sounds like fun,” Sakura said.

“Then let's not waste any time,” Ryoma said. “Corrin- er, Corrins- lead the way.”

Both Corrins nodded, and started to walk. Camilla briefly looked back at the plaza, and noticed that none of the townspeople were actually buying anything. Not a single one. They were all just… wandering.

_Huh. That's strange_, Camilla thought, before catching up with her group.

Chapter End Notes

And for those of you wondering, no. The two Azuras were not in that last scene. The Corrins had already taken them on dates into town. This time was all about the siblings (and Felicia).
Making an Entrance (Various people and the Squid Sisters)

Chapter Summary

The Squid Sisters are in the hiz-ouse!

Chapter Notes

Thanks to Gigasmashwarrior26 for suggesting the Squid Sisters. So here they are!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Man, are we about to blow the minds of these people,” Callie said.

“They're about to see the Squid Sisters in the flesh. Of course they're going to be excited!” Marie said.

“Are you ready?” Callie asked. “3, 2, 1…”

And the sisters burst out into the lobby. “Surprise! We're the Squid Sisters, and we're coming at you live!” Callie shouted out.

Marie joined in. “Try not to get too excited! It's not too good for your health!”

All of the fighters in the lobby briefly glanced at the two before returning to what they were doing. Captain Falcon at least gave a little wave before returning to a heated card game.

“Okay, well, you can be more excited than that…” Marie said.

“Helloooo, don't you people recognize us? Callie and Marie? The Squid Sisters? Legendary newscasters-slash-singers of Inkopolis?”

No one responded. Only a few glances were sent their way.

“Come on, really? Not one reaction?” Marie asked.

“Fine then! I guess we'll stop wasting your time with our presence, then! Stay fresh or whatever!” Callie shouted, before storming out. Marie followed after.

“That… did not go well,” she said.

That was from their perspective. From everyone else's perspective, though…
The Squid Sisters burst into the room.

“Skee-bee!” Callie, the black haired(?) one, said.

“Zerhf-myoooh!” the other sister, Marie, said.

Captain Falcon half-heartedly waved. It didn't seem like they were talking to anyone in the room, so he didn't engage beyond that.

“Hastu-wee…” he heard Marie say.

“Squoo-by? Bway?” Callie said.

There was silence for a moment.

“Aoo-way?” Marie said.

“Hewisquiw! Fow, Fewibby! Su-pres Neks-choo!” Callie said before storming out. Marie followed her.

Shulk looked up from his cards. “What do you think that was about?” he asked.

“I don't know, something about basketball?” Captain Falcon said. “Got any threes?”

“Go fish.”

“Damn.”

Chapter End Notes

Language barriers are a problem.
Female Robin was walking and talking with Henry outside, when suddenly Palutena rushed right up to them.

“You need to see this,” the goddess said before grabbing the tactician and pulling her towards the garden.

“Wait, Palutena, where are we going?” Robin asked.

“Shh,” Palutena shushed. They reached a corner and peeked around it. Henry filled in right behind them.

They saw Dark Samus in the middle of the garden. Earlier in the visitors week, Dark Samus had seen Camilla combing Female Corrin's hair, complimenting it the whole time. Now Dark Samus wore her jet-black hair down.

But the real focus was the five lumas jovially spinning around Dark Samus, making noises of delight. Originally there would have been no chance for this to be cute, with how intimidating Dark Samus looked. But now that Dark Samus was more friendly-looking, it was completely adorable.

Dark Samus's face was one of wonder. She reached out a hand tentatively and one of the lumas brushed against it. It twirled and sparkled at the contact.

Rosalina was nearby, gently giggling at the sight before her. She then waved her wand and a handful of star bits floated to Dark Samus. The alien lifeform let the colorful pieces drift into her hand.

“Hold one out for a luma,” Rosalina said.

Dark Samus picked a blue star bit and held it up with her other hand. One of the lumas came to the hand and started nibbling on the bit. Dark Samus's wonder only increased at that.

Palutena gave a blushing smile back to Female Robin and Henry.

Female Robin was awestruck. “Wow…”

“That's just plain adorable!” Henry said. A little too loud, actually. Dark Samus's head whipped
around towards them, and they ducked giggling behind the corner.

Chapter End Notes

I don’t know why I'm obsessed with portraying Dark Samus in a cute way. Buuuutttt I am.
“Hey Link?” Lucina asked.

Link made a questioning hum.

“Why are all of your guests spirits?” Lucina asked.

“Oh, is that a problem?” Revali asked, floating up into Lucina's face. “I’d like to see you face up against a dark beast of ultimate destruction and live!”

“All right. I’ve already done it,” Lucina said.

“That's what I…! Oh... you have...?” Revali asked.

“I had a lot of help,” Lucina said, shrugging.

“Sounds interesting!” Daruk said, shoving Revali out of the way. “I'd love to hear about that!”

“It does seem an intriguing story,” the king of Hyrule said.

Link nodded.

“What, are we just going to ignore the fact that Link here did the same thing?” Revali asked, gesturing his ghostly wing towards the swordsman.

“Jealousy doesn’t look good on you, friend,” Urbosa said. “Now, let’s hear about your beast, Lucina.”

“Um, okay,” Lucina said. “Well, it all started in a desolate future. My future.”

“So let me sum this up:” Daruk said, “you went back in time to save your own father from his best friend, who also became your best friend?”
“But your sword wasn't strong enough, so you had to make it more magical?” Urbosa added.

“But in the end it didn't matter, because the friend who you were trying to protect your father from killed their otherdimensional self in order to protect everyone in your world?” the king said.

“But killed themselves in the process?” Mipha, who had been rather quiet this whole time, said.

“Yep. That sums it up pretty nicely,” Inigo, who had walked in with the rest of Lucina's guests midway through the story, said.

“Fighting a dark creature while on the back of something flying miles in the air?” Revali said. “Seems familiar.”

“So… how is Robin still here?” Daruk asked.

“Oh, the Robins in the mansion aren't from my world. My father is, though,” Lucina said.

“Yeah, I don't really get how the selection process for the fighters works, with all the different parallel universe stuff,” Severa said. “Gods, I hope I never have to worry about that kind of stuff when I'm back home.”

“Well, I must say that you people have had very interesting lives. And I'm sure that we've only barely scratched the surface,” Urbosa said.

“I could discuss more of it with you some time if you like. Perhaps over tea?” Inigo said.

“No. Stop,” Nah said.

“I'm going to have to decline your offer,” Urbosa said. “That's sweet of you, but I am otherwise engaged.” Link nodded in response.

“Wow, Link… I hadn't the slightest that you were attracted to spirits,” Owain said.

Link dramatically shook his head with wide eyes, while Urbosa gave a hearty laugh. “No, not with him,” she said. “Though I don't believe that's the reason. We are just meant for different people.”

“Can we please stop talking about Link's lovelife?” Revali said.

“Yeah, not gonna lie, this conversation's gettin’ a little weird,” Daruk said.

“I too am not entirely comfortable with this topic…” Mipha said, blushing with a morose expression on her face.

“Well, I'd like to hear the story of your world,” Lucina said. “You say that you had your own catastrophe?”

“You could… put it that way…” the King said, clearing his throat. “It began 10,000 years prior…”

Chapter End Notes

I just thought these two groups exchanging stories would be fun.

Sorry it was late. I was playing a game that I would hope you all know about,
considering you're reading this story!
**Mega Man:** Hey, who invited the guy with the giant key?

**Palutena:** That's a keyblade, Mega Man. Wielders of these legendary weapons are known to mix their swordplay with magic.

**Kirby:** I don't think he was asking for a Palutena's Guidance… (¬_¬;)

**M Robin:** either way this dude sounds pretty cool

**Cloud:** I invited him

**F Corrin:** Whoa, he speaks!

**Mega Man:** I have never once heard you talk to me… or anyone else. I have barely seen you outside of battle, actually.

**Cloud:** Its because I dont like any of you

**M Robin:** well gotta appreciate honesty

**F Corrin:** So who is the guy?

**Cloud:** Sora

**Palutena:** … and?

**Cloud:** Thats his name

**Mega Man:** Yeah, we got that. But we require more description.

**Cloud:** Hes a guy who fights with a key

**Wolf:** Jesus ****ing Christ, you are being really frustrating.

**Marx:** Translation: fucking
Mega Man: You're not a fighter! Get off our group chat!

Palutena: So Cloud… is Sora nice?

Cloud: Yeah

F Corrin: How did you two meet?

Cloud: In a fight to the death

MRobin: you know, like you do

F Corrin: Are you going to give us any more details?

Cloud: Nah

Cloud has logged off


Marx: I have a question: why are you all up at 4:00 a.m.?

F Corrin: Uhhhh why are YOU up at 4 a.m.?

Marx: Pfft, sleep is for people who can't create planetoids on a whim. Which, at least most of you are.

Palutena: Maybe not planetoids, but I can create an army of angels

Marx: Yeah, that's why I said 'most of you'. You're exempt, @Palutena.

Palutena: Um, thanks?

Mega Man: Tomorrow I'm gonna go talk to Sora. Who wants to come with me?

MRobin: ill go

Palutena: Sounds entertaining!

Wolf: Sure. My crew's starting to bore me, anyways.

Kirby: *nods*

F Corrin: Sorry! Me and @M Corrin are having date nights with Azura tomorrow.

Marx: GO TO BED, THEN!

F Corrin: You know what, you make a great point.

Chapter End Notes
I wrote Cloud as kind of an ***hole, because I use him as a reflection of Square Enix as a whole!

:)  

(Fuck Square Enix)
“Lissa, put the poor Pokemon down,” Chrom said, sighing.

“Aww, but they’re so puffy and cute!” Lissa complained as Pikachu and Jigglypuff wriggled in her arms.

“Lissa, act mature, please. You’re almost an adult,” Chrom said, pinching the bridge of his nose.

Lissa huffed before releasing her captives. Both Pokemon scampered out of the room. “There, are you happy?”

“Yes, but you need to be more careful. Not everyone here is comfortable having the life squeezed
out of them,” Chrom said. “You should treat the Pokemon like any other person here. The same goes for anyone else ‘cute’ you meet.”

Lissa rolled her eyes. “Okay, fine.”

Then Pikachu re-entered the room, with Jigglypuff behind him. Then in came Greninja. And Incineroar. And Mewtwo. Lucario, too.

“Uhh,” Lissa said, looking to Chrom for advice.

“You should probably start running,” Chrom said smirking.

Little Mac thought he had seen everything at this point. And in fact, he had. This was the second time he had seen a blonde being chased around by all of the Pokemon. Hopefully they were going to be more gentle this time than they were with Shulk. Poor, poor Shulk.

Chapter End Notes

Kinda short, sorry!
Bosses (Pit and Marx)

Chapter Summary

Pit has to do a boss battle. Marx asks to join him.

Chapter Notes

Some people wanted more Marx. Well here ya' go!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So, this is where the boss fights happen, huh?” Marx asked, rolling into the metal room.

“That's right!” Pit said. “The backdrop gets projected, and the boss gets generated from… number… stuff. I don't really know how that part works.”

“So you don't fight actual things?” Marx asked.

“No, not really. The only real creatures here are the fighters. And maybe the announcer?” Pit responded. “Anyways, the bosses are still really hard to beat.” He glanced at Marx. “If you want to watch the fight, you should do it from the stands. I wouldn't want you to get hit by a stray arrow.”

Marx rolled his eyes with a smile. “Alright.” He relocated up to the stands, somehow managing to get up there without ever getting off of his beach ball.

Pit took a deep breath, then got into a fighting stance.

“READY?” the announcer's voice rang out. Pit nodded.

The room suddenly began to look like Final Destination, and a familiar, haunting laughter echoed through it. A white, gloved hand materialized and floated down on the other end of the platform.

Marx watched in fascination as Pit brawled against the hand. He swung swords, shot arrows, deflected projectiles, the whole works. But the hand landed a few shots that turned out to be too much for Pit and he went sailing off the platform.

The room morphed back to its original shape, and a glowing platform materialized with Pit on top of it. He dropped off.

“See? Pretty tough!” Pit said.

“I wanna go,” Marx said.

Pit hesitated. “Uh, I'm not sure if non-fighters can-”

“Too late, already doing it,” Marx said as the room began to change again. “You might want to move out of the way.”
Pit jumped up to the stands just as some of the floor dropped out from under him.

Marx cracked his neck (somehow??) and waited for his enemy to spawn in. “Alright, who am I fighting? Who is it?”

A big draconic beast roared onto the stage.

“Oh. It's wierdo-freak Bowser!” Marx said as chromatic wings appeared at his sides. Then he opened his mouth. “Boink!”

A huge laser erupted from his maw and eviscerated Giga Bowser on the spot.

“All right, who's next?” he asked.

A giant white hand descended from-

“Pew!” Marx said, destroying Master Hand in much the same fashion.

“Next!” Marx called out. In response, a huge robot dropped onto the stadium. “Cool! I have… no idea who this is. But they're dead.” He shot a torrent of light arrows that ripped right through Galleom and tore him to pieces instantaneously.

“All right, I'm done,” Marx said, turning to Pit as the stadium returned to normal. “How'd I do?”

“... You scare me. You know that, right?” Pit responded.

Marx giggled. “Good. I'd think you're insane if you weren't scared of me!” He then wrapped himself in his wings and disappeared.

Chapter End Notes

I have nothing to say here, soooo....

Is your refrigerater running?
Relaxing (Snake and his guests)

Chapter Summary

Snake and his friends just lay in the grass for a while.

Chapter Notes

Someone asked for this, and I don't remember who! Sorry!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

An actual, honest-to-god relaxing day. Snake was sure none of his comrades had had one in a very, very long time. Four of them, laying in the grass, enjoying the sunlight. Sunny, quietly singing some song about JavaScript commands, Otacon shielding his eyes a little from the light of the sun, Raiden nearly falling asleep… it was actually a good day for them.

If anyone was expecting anything exciting or zany to happen, they would have been sorely mistaken. It was just a really good day.

Snake took out a cigarette and put it into his mouth. He reached for a lighter in his pocket, but it was too late, as Sunny had already knocked the cigarette out of his mouth with a precisely-aimed rock.

Snake turned to look at her. “Seriously?”

“It's bad for your health,” Sunny replied simply, before resuming her subdued song.

“You know Snake, I can't remember a time that I've seen a sky this blue,” Otacon commented.

“I can bet you that we have the damn plumber to thank for that,” Snake said. “I think a lot of the miniscule things here are based on his world.”

Otacon rolled onto his side so he could look at Snake more easily. “Are you sure it isn't from Kirby's world? I mean, there are a lot of similarities between his and this world.”

“What do I look like, a scientist? That's your expertise, not mine. Not sure why you're asking me,” Snake said.

“Honestly, I'm kind of jealous that you get to live here,” Sunny said after finishing up her song. “Everyone is so colorful!”
“That's a good word for them…” Snake said.

“I'm serious, Snake,” Sunny said. “These people seem like great company if you'd give them a shot. Isn't there anyone here that you're friends with? The wolf guy?”

“Too grudgey,” Snake said.

“Okay, how about the alien girl?” Sunny continued.

“You mean Dark Samus? Yeah, she's not huge on conversation,” Snake countered.

“Well, how about the guy with the blonde hair. Simon, was it?” Otacon asked.

“Too old-school for me,” Snake said.

Sunny elbowed Raiden, who woke up with a start. “Whoa! Uh, um, what about that Chrom? He's got an interesting sword, and honor.”

“Yes, but he's too much of a dad,” Snake said.

“Maybe you're just not dad enough,” Raiden said.

“He's plenty dad enough,” Sunny said with a smile that lived up to her name.

“Honestly, I think you're shutting people out,” Otacon said.

“Don't be ridiculous,” Snake said, but gave no counterargument.

“Hey, just let someone be friendly with you. Not everyone is trying to splatter your brains,” Sunny said.

Meta Knight flew by and gave a small salute to Snake, who returned it. He then looked behind him, and all three of his guests were looking at him with a knowing look.

“Finally. Someone you respect,” Otacon said.


“You should make friends with him, Snake!” Sunny said.

“I don't need a kid telling me who to make friends with,” Snake said, crossing his arms. Sunny huffed and made a similar gesture.

“Don't be like that, Snake. She's just trying to make sure you're doing fine without us,” Otacon said.

“Well, I am already managing just fine without you guys,” Snake said with his arms still crossed.

Sunny visibly recoiled. “... You-

Snake realized what he had said. “That… wasn't-”

“Wow, Snake. Why invite us if you don't need us?” Otacon said.

“I didn't mean that,” Snake said. “It came out wrong.”
“Then why don't you earn our trust back by going and making a friend?” Raiden said.

Snake hesitated, then stood up. “Fine, I guess I'll go be friends with Meta Knight. Go sing Kumbaya together and prance around in the fields of friendship,” he grumbled as he walked away.

“Man, sometimes he can be really stubborn,” Otacon said.

“Yeah, but he's still a good person at heart,” Sunny said. “Now while he's doing that, I'm going to enjoy the sun for a little while longer.”

“Sounds like a great idea,” Raiden said as he laid back in the grass and started to doze off again.

Chapter End Notes

I never played a Metal Gear game, but I did a lot of research for this! If I made any mistakes, make sure to yell loudly at me in the comments!
It wasn't Camilla's fault that she was in Female Corrin's room. Well, it wasn't her fault that the door opened, at least. She had just been trying to knock and apparently Corrin hadn't closed her door correctly, so it just opened. And when she saw Corrin and Azura all snuggled up with each other, she just had to go in and get a closer look.

She smiled down at the sleeping couple. It was just too precious.

Camilla thought back to their time in the war, and her smile lessened.

For a while Corrin had been rather depressed, and no one could figure out why. She was still as good a leader as anyone could be considering the circumstances, however. Sometimes it even had seemed like she could read the enemy's minds.

But it was in the offtime that she felt distant, or even in despair. She didn't talk about it with anyone, but everyone knew something was wrong.

Camilla had tried coaxing her to talk on many occasions, both indirectly and directly. A few times it had seemed like the silver-haired princess was about to reveal the truth, but she always stopped herself before any real information could come out.

Camilla eventually gave up on that and focused on making everything she could better for her younger sister. Sometimes it was small things, like remembering to grab an extra blanket for her, seeing as her temperature naturally ran cold. Sometimes it was things as big as getting everyone in the army to participate in a huge birthday party for her. And Camilla took pleasure in the smiles that graced Corrin's face when these things occurred.

But they never lasted. She would go back to silent suffering in an hour or two. It just felt hopeless.

But then she got together with Azura, and suddenly everything morose about Corrin instantly disappeared. Every day after she became Azura's fiancee, she was a beacon of sunshine and positivity, which made Camilla extremely happy.

But… Camilla was still in the dark about why she had been so sad before. And that concerned her.
Despite this, she still smiled then, watching her sister and sister-in-law curled against each other. *As long as Corrin's happy now, that's all that matters,* Camilla thought.

She gently patted the side of the lovers’ bed and turned to leave, but there was someone in the doorway.

“Hello there, Camilla,” Lucina whispered.

“Greetings. Were you here to see Corrin too?” Camilla whispered back.

“No, I was actually here to see you,” Lucina whispered. “Shall we talk in the hallway?”

“Of course,” Camilla whispered, before heading to the doorway. She sent one more glance back to her younger sister before shutting the door behind her. “What did you want to speak with me about?” she asked, now just speaking in a soft voice.

“It's actually something Corrin wanted me to tell you. Something that she apparently could never say herself,” Lucina said, also in a slightly hushed tone.

“Oh? Do tell,” Camilla said.

“It's a rather long story that she once told me,” Lucina said. “It all began on the battlefield where she had to make a very difficult choice…”

---

Chapter End Notes

Camilla's a little snoopy, but always means well. Just a little more Female Corrin backstory for y'all!
Now (End of Visitors Week and Palutena and Female Robin)

Chapter Summary

Visitors week has ended, and Female Robin needs to do something.

Chapter Notes

Sorry to the people whose visitors week prompts I didn't get to! I needed to move on to the newer stories. I hope you understand!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Announcer: I HOPE YOU ALL ENJOYED HAVING VISITORS OVER, BUT NOW IT'S BACK TO THE REGULAR SCHEDULE OF SMASHING!

F Corrin: It was good to see my wife and family again. Even if half of them didn't really know who I was!

Kirby: Seeing friends is nice! ( ^o^ )

Shulk: Yeah, I was glad to see Rikki and Dunban again.

Ike: I had a good time as well.

Wolf: Why? Because you fight for your friends?

Ike: …

Meta Knight: As much as I enjoyed it, I am happy that a certain person is gone.

Marx: Yeah, that Gooey guy was so annoying, ;)

Meta Knight: Marx, why are you still in the groupchat?!

Marx: Bored.

M Robin: welp can't get much better of an explanation than that

Lucina: We should all check our rooms and around the halls to see if any of our guests left anything. I wouldn't want anyone to lose anything just because of us.

Marth: That's a good idea, Lucina. We should get to that.

Marx: Yeah, I think I left a little bit of my sanity over there.

Meta Knight: What sanity?
Marx: Hahahaha! You're so right!

Cleanup had been pretty grueling that day. All Female Robin really wanted to do was collapse into bed, but she had promised herself that she was going to do something first.

Private chatroom with Palutena

F Robin: hey can you come to the west gymnasium for a second

F Robin: i want to talk with you about something.

Palutena: Absolutely. I'll be there in a few moments.

Female Robin took a deep breath as she settled on a bench. This wasn't going to be easy to talk about, but she was committed.

Sure enough, it only took maybe a minute before Palutena warped into the gym. Female Robin smiled at her, and the goddess sat down next to the tactician on the bench.

“How are you, Robin. Enjoy seeing friends?” Palutena asked.

“Yeah. Seeing the other Shepherds was pretty great. And I got to talk about some things with them that I had trouble doing so with everyone else,” Female Robin said. “That's… actually why I asked you to come here.”

Palutena quirked an eyebrow. “Oh?”

Female Robin was silent for a moment. And maybe find someone here who you can talk to about this. Silence is a painful thing, Tiki's voice echoed in her head.

Her thoughts were interrupted by Palutena's hand on her shoulder. “You can tell me anything,” the goddess said.


Male Robin heard something. First it was talking. Then it was yelling. Suddenly there was crashing and explosions. He ran to where he heard it from, and he saw bits of smoke coming out of the door to the West gym. Then the sprinklers in the room started, undoubtedly soaking all of the people in the room.

Male Robin rushed in, and almost got electrocuted in the crossfire of Female Robin and Palutena's all-out brawl. The two drenched women didn't even notice him, they were so engaged in their battle
with each other.

“Arcfire!”

“Heavenly light!”

“Thoron!”

“Auto Reticle!”

Male Robin wiped the water from his eyes, then readied a tome, aiming it between the two combatants.

“Rexcalibur!” he shouted, firing a burst of air with enough force that it blew Palutena and Female Robin away from each other. This caught their attention, and they turned to Male Robin.

“What is wrong with you two?! Starting a fight in the mansion. You know that we can actually get killed if we're not in a battlefield area!” he shouted through the torrent of water.

Both of the combatants were silent.

“You're supposed to be friends! This isn't how friends deal with stuff!” Male Robin continued.

“I can't believe it was you!” Palutena shouted, completely disregarding Male Robin.

“And I never thought it would be you, either!” Female Robin responded. “I thought an old hag like you would go after someone closer to your age!”

“You slimy bitch!” Palutena screamed, and wings of light started to appear behind her.

Another gust of air had her sliding backwards on the water-covered hardwood. “Stop,” Male Robin said firmly. “Both of you.”

Female Robin looked indignant. “But-”

“Neither of us are a child, Other Robin. And yet here you are, acting like one,” Male Robin said, and then turned on Palutena when she regarded the previous statement with a smirk. “And you. I don't think I've ever seen you so petty and irrational. Start acting like the goddess of wisdom that you are supposed to be.” He sighed and wiped more water out of his eyes. “Other Robin, leave out of the north side of the gym. Palutena, the south. Go get yourselves dried off, and… just cool off, okay?”

Female Robin glared at Palutena. “I'm fed up with talking to her anyways,” she said, and then stormed out of her assigned door, dripping profusely onto the floor of the hallway.

Male Robin shook his head. “I don't suppose you want to tell me what this was about?”

“Not at all. You are her. I already know that you will take her side on it, regardless of what happens,” Palutena said.

“Alright fine, but know that I will figure out what happened whether you tell me or not,” Male Robin said.

“Do whatever you want,” Palutena proclaimed before stepping out of the torrent of the sprinklers.

Male Robin also got out of the gymnasium and immediately started wringing out his cloak. He
sighed for maybe the fourth time in as many minutes. Asking Palutena had just been a formality. He had already figured out what was going on.

*So, those were the two who sent Lucina the letters... That's... problematic. How exactly do you deal with a problem that big?*

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaaaand this is going to cause some problems.
A Calamitous Cooking Class (Dr. Mario, Peach, Bowser Jr., and others)

Chapter Summary

Dr. Mario has some patients come by with an interesting story.

Chapter Notes

Someone asked for Peach's cooking class, Bowser Jr.'s pranks, or Luigi and Lucas freaking out together. And I say, why not all three?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dr. Mario finally got the apple dislodged from Pikachu's throat.

“Alright, you should be fine. Just try not to eat the whole apple at once anymore, alright?” Dr. Mario said.

“Pika!” Pikachu said appreciatively before scampering out.

“Allright, next!” Dr. Mario called, and then Diddy Kong, Isabelle, Villager, and Pit all entered, covered in burn marks. “Whoa, what happened?”

All of the patients glanced amongst each other. “Well…” Isabelle said.

It was Peach's annual cooking class, and everyone was feeling overwhelmingly average about it.

Luigi, Lucas, Villager, Isabelle, Diddy Kong, and Pit were all mixing their batter. They were making cake, as they did every year, which was technically baking, not cooking. But nobody brought it up, because they were all pretty sure that it was the only thing that Peach knew how to make.

Unbeknownst to them, Bowser Jr. was watching from the doorway.

“Hehehe, they don't even know! I put gasoline in the ovens. This is going to be great!” he whispered to himself.

He watched in anticipation as Peach gently placed a tin full of batter in the oven and shut the door. The young koopa held his breath as Peach touched the knob to turn on the heat…

Then she moved her hand away as Isabelle asked her a question.

“Nooo…” Bowser Jr. whispered. “Come on, just turn it!”
Peach kept talking for a while, then she turned back to the oven. She grabbed the knob, and then Luigi spilled batter everywhere. She went to go help him.

“Don't help that loser, turn on the heat!” Bowser Jr. said. Lucina passed by and gave him a weird look before continuing on her way.

A few minutes later, Peach returned to the oven. Bowser Jr. drummed his claws on the doorframe, getting impatient.

Peach moved her hand towards the knob. But then she stopped as Pit tapped her on the shoulder.

“Oh, COME ON!” Bowser Jr. shouted out loud before rushing into the room. He shoved Pit and Peach out of the way and turned the heat on.

“There, that's how you-” and then he stopped and realized his folly.

The oven exploded and everything went to hell. Luigi, Lucas, and Villager all ran around in circles panicking while Pit tried to keep the flames back and Isabelle stood by looking worried. Diddy hung on the ceiling, throwing bananas to (unsuccessfully) try to quench the fire.

Then Peach unloaded onto the fire with an extinguisher, seemingly emptying the whole thing.

“And that's how we ended up here,” Isabelle concluded.

Dr. Mario rubbed his chin. “So, you were injured by the explosion?”

“Oh no, we're all fine,” Pit said. “We, uh, brought Bowser Jr., though.”

Dr. Mario nodded. “Alright, let me see him.” He walked past the curtains of his medical area and saw the koopa kid.

He placed a hand on his forehead when he saw the extent of the injuries. “Mamma Mia.”

Chapter End Notes

He'll be fine..... eventually... probably.
Kirby was practically drooling. It was burrito night. Kirby was gonna have him some burritos.

As soon as he got done with smashing, he rushed to the dining area and went to the buffet line. He was the first one here. It was all his.

He started loading up his tortilla with everything in sight. Beans, cheese, pork, lettuce, peppers, beef, chicken, sour cream, salsa, hot sauce, guacamole, he was in heaven. And then for the finishing touch—his favorite part—some raw onion. He turned to where he had just seen it and—

The plate was gone. The plate. Was. Gone. Someone was ruining his opportunity for the perfect burrito, and he would not stand for it.

Kirby was moving in a flash, sliding out of the door in time to see the plate duck down another hallway. Kirby ran as fast as his little legs could take him, and rounded the corner. He saw no sign of the culprit, just a bunch of doors to supply closets.

Kirby started kicking open each door one by one. *Come on out, you bastard, whoever you are…*

As Kirby got distracted looking in a room, he heard the sound of tiny footsteps in the hallway behind him, and whipped himself back out of the supply closet. He only caught a brief glimpse of his previous raw onions before they were gone again.

Kirby was mad, now. Whoever this was, they were going to have hell to pay.

Kirby rounded yet another corner to see Olimar with a group of Pikmin around him. And one red pikmin in particular had—

Kirby dove for the plate, but it was pulled out of his reach and he landed flat on his face. He looked up, ready to annihilate this pikmin, but a hand greeted him instead. Kirby took it and was pulled onto his feet.

Olimar smiled and held the onion-filled plate out for Kirby to take. The pink puffball promptly did so, but at least gave Olimar a courteous nod while doing it. Then he *ran* back to the dining room,
full speed. And… now everyone was here, but his *burrito* wasn’t.

Oh wait. There it was. Getting eaten by Charizard.

Kirby added the orange dragon to his mental hitlist. Right next to that damn red pikmin. They were not long for this world.

Chapter End Notes

Kirby's wrath part two.

Also, shout-out to aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa for giving this story kudos and having the best screen name ever.
Copycat? More like Copykid. Or... Squid (Inklings, Samus, and Falco)

Chapter Summary

When you're the new fresh trend.

Chapter Notes

This was a request... and it ended up being pretty short.

Oh well, se la vi.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The inklings started harassing people pretty much immediately after getting into the Mansion. Nothing serious like Wario's harassment, they were just… too energetic.

It was when they started imitating people to look 'hip' that things came to a head. Now, imitation wasn't a new concept to the people in the mansion. It was Kirby's whole schtick, and Dark Samus was another instance of it. But at least they performed it tastefully. The Inklings… didn't.

One day they decided that Mario and Luigi were 'hip and fresh'. So they went out and crafted some barely recognizable costumes that even Rabbids would be ashamed of. And then started wearing them everywhere. Eventually the two plumbers had to confront them about it.

Then it was Mr. Game and Watch. The Inklings started trying to walk around everywhere like him, and it was frankly insulting.

Palutena was next and, well, no one talks about that incident. No one.

The point is, it was getting out of hand. And it needed to stop.

Samus slammed her hands on the table in front of the Inklings. “You need to stop copying people,” she said firmly.

“Yeah, it's getting really annoying.” Falco said from beside her. “Stop.”

“Bree?” the female inkling said.

“That sounded like a question, but there's no question about this. You have to stop doing this,” Falco said.

The two Inklings looked at each other.

“Okay, well, we've said what we wanted to say,” Samus said. “Let's go, Falco.”

They left the pool room that the inklings had been hanging out in. Falco stopped after a bit.
“Do you think they'll actually stop?” he asked.

“Well, I guess we'll see,” Samus said. “But yeah, I think we really got through to them.”

The next day, the Female Inkling had her tentacles up in a ponytail, and the Male Inkling had feathers pasted to his face.

Falco slammed his face down on the breakfast table. “We didn't get through to them…”

Fox patted his shoulder. “Yep. Looks like you fucked up.”

Chapter End Notes

This story is quickly becoming my most kudos'ed!

Make sure to check out my other stories if you like RWBY, My Hero Academia, or Fire Emblem: Awakening.

Okay, shameless self-plug over.
Announcer's Announcements (The one everyone's been waiting for)

Chapter Summary

A few housekeeping things for the residents of the mansion.

Chapter Notes

THIS IS THE ONE YOU ALL WANTED, AND I WROTE IT THE SECOND THAT THE ANNOUNCEMENT HAPPENED!

It was just behind a bunch of other stories.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I HAVE A FEW ANNOUNCEMENTS!” the announcer said over the intercom.

“Ow, jeez, can you announce them a little quieter?” Sonic said, rubbing his ears.

“I HAVE NO LOWER VOLUME!” the disembodied voice said.

“Of course not…” Sonic said.

“FIRST OF ALL, I WOULD LIKE YOU ALL TO CONGRATULATE PIT, AS HIS ROOM HAS JUST BEEN FULLY REPAIRED!” the announcer said.

Several people in the room clapped.

“Hey, congrats kid,” Samus said, patting Pit's shoulder.

“Yeah, now you're back between K. Rool and Ridley,” Dark Pit said with a shit-eating grin. “Sounds like a dream come true for you!”

Pit let his head fall on the table. “I didn't even think about that…”

“I WOULD ALSO LIKE YOU ALL TO GIVE WARIO THE SAME CONGRATULATIONS. HIS ROOM HAS ALSO BEEN REPAIRED!”

Incineroar slipped out of the room, and it took all of fifteen seconds before the announcer spoke again. “I WOULD LIKE YOU ALL TO EXTEND YOUR APOLOGIES TO WARIO, AS HIS ROOM HAS JUST SUFFERED A TRAGIC ACCIDENT RELATING TO FIRE.”

Incineroar re-entered the room looking like a champion.

“ALSO, I WOULD GREATLY APPRECIATE IT IF YOU WOULD ALL KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR A MAN WITH A MUSTACHE AND A PURPLE HAT. WE HAVE NO IDEA HOW HE MADE IT INTO THE MANSION, BUT HE HAS TO BE EXPUNGED.”
All of the returning fighters made a collective sigh. “Waluigi…” they all said in sync.

“I take it this is a recurring problem?” Chrom asked.

“More than you could even imagine,” Samus said.

“Is that all, Announcer?” Zelda asked.

“NOT QUITE! I SAVED THE BEST FOR LAST!” the announcer said. “WE ARE HAVING A NEW FIGHTER ENTER THE MANSION!”

“Oh really? So soon?” Male Corrin said.

“That’s about when I joined,” said a voice in Male Corrin's head as Mewtwo stared at him. Male Corrin shuddered. That would never feel normal.

“OUR NEW FIGHTER IS…” the announcer said, and a drumroll played over the intercom.

“Not Marx, not Marx…” Meta Knight mumbled to himself.

“JOKER!”

“Oh thank god,” Meta Knight said.

A man with black hair, a white mask, and wearing a black trenchcoat with red gloves walked out and awkwardly waved. Everyone was on him in an instant.

“Hi, what world are you from?” Roy asked.

“Where did you get your mask?” Lucina asked.

“What are your powers?” Shulk asked.

“Pika!!” Pikachu pika'd.

“Not cool, black is my color,” Dark Pit pouted.

“I'M SURE YOU ALL HAVE QUESTIONS FOR OUR NEW RECRUIT, BUT LET HIM GET SITUATED FIRST! YOUR QUESTIONS CAN WAIT,” the announcer said.

Everyone backed off a little.

“Sorry,” Lucina said.

Joker bowed his head, as if to say, “No problem.”

“THAT IS ALL THE INFORMATION I HAVE FOR YOU TODAY,” the announcer said. “KEEP SMASHING, FOLKS!”

After a while, everyone slowly dispersed from Joker's vicinity. But Male Robin still stared at him from across the room.

“What's wrong, Robin?” Lucina asked from his side, but he didn't divert his gaze. “Do you not trust him?”

Male Robin finally turned his head to look at his friend with wide eyes. “Lucina, I'm fucking gay.”
Chapter End Notes

It's not a game
I'm not a robot
A.I. challenging you!!!
I'm not a phantom
I'm in your face and
I'm here to see it through!!!

I've already bought the DLC pack. I was going to already, but... now I double needed to. Because JOKERRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!

Right before your eyes
Watch us multiply
Come to claim our rights
It's TIME!!!!

(oh yeah and also robin's gay as hell)
A Change in Mood (Lucina and f!Robin and Palutena)

Chapter Summary

Lucina notices that things are off between Female Robin and Palutena.

Chapter Notes

The continuation of this plot!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Joker's table at lunch was very popular. Everyone wanted to get to know the new guy. Lucina saw this after getting her food and decided not to add to the crowd. She didn't want to be an inconvenience.

She sat down at an empty table and began eating her roasted potatoes alone. Soon, however, someone sat next to her.

Lucina turned her head and saw that Female Robin was her table companion. Lucina gave a smile, which Robin timidly returned.

Lucina had noticed that Female Robin had been acting somewhat depressed for the past few days. The swordswoman had asked about it, but Robin seemed to be hesitant to share any details. That was fine. Lucina understood that it was probably none of her business anyways.

What she didn't know was that Robin's brain was constantly catching on one thought: How can I possibly compete for her love with a goddess? Someone who's completely perfect?

“Are you not interested in speaking to Joker?” Lucina asked.

“H-huh? Oh, no. I've already talked with him a little. I'm fine,” Robin said. I'm fine, she repeated in her own head.

“Well, I certainly appreciate the company,” Lucina said with a soft smile.

Robin could only think to nod, as the rest of her brain was focused on not becoming either a blushing mess or a sobbing one. She's so sweet, and I'm going to lose her...

From Lucina's other side, a chair was pulled up very close, and Palutena let herself drift down into it. Lucina smiled to her as well, and Palutena responded in kind with a smile a little too big for just a greeting.

Lucina scooched her chair a little away so that she wasn't so uncomfortably close to the goddess. Where Robin had become subdued, Palutena had become… Lucina supposed the word was 'clingy'. The goddess seemed to want to spend time with her more than usual, and was getting somewhat ‘touchy’ at every opportunity. Such as now, when Palutena was leaning on the swordswoman a little so that their shoulders were making contact.
Robin seemed to withdraw a little when Palutena sat down, avoiding eye contact. Palutena, on the other hand, seemed to ignore the tactician entirely.

“How are you today, Lucina?” Palutena asked, placing a hand on the bluette's shoulder.

“I certainly can't complain,” Lucina said. “The mansion has become even more lively with the addition of a newcomer.”

Palutena nodded, not removing her hand. “Yes, it is certainly exciting! Joker seems to have even made the shut-ins come out for a little while.”

Lucina expected Palutena to move her hand, but she did not. “Um, Palutena? Is there a reason that you are holding me like that?”

Palutena looked at her hand. “Oh, I’m sorry. Would you prefer that I stop?”

“She obviously wants you to, if she's questioning why you're doing it,” Female Robin said just loud enough to hear.

Palutena glared at her, and Robin's eyes could not be seen from behind her hair but it was likely that she was doing the same.

Reluctantly, Palutena moved her hand to her own lap. “Happy?” she asked Robin, not Lucina.

“Why does it matter what I think? Lucina was the one you were harassing,” Robin commented.

“Hey, it's really okay, Robin,” Lucina said, startled by the sudden hostility. Robin and Palutena both angrily averted their eyes from each other, and Lucina quickly glanced between them. “What happened between you two?”

Both women were silent for a few moments. Then Palutena responded, “It's… a personal matter. Don't concern yourself with it.”

“Well, I'm obviously already concerned about it, because two people who I knew to be good friends with each other are suddenly acting like enemies,” Lucina said, scooting her chair backwards so that she could look at both of her friends simultaneously.

“I don't really want to talk about it,” Robin said.

“Nor do I. Sorry,” Palutena said.

“Alright, that's fine, but you two need to work this out,” Lucina said, grabbing her plate and standing up.

“Where are you going?” Palutena asked.

“I think I'll be sitting with Joker after all,” Lucina said, and then she left to the crowded table.

Robin and Palutena looked at each other, and then Palutena stormed off with her plate to another empty table.

As much as Male Robin had wanted to pay attention to Joker, he simply couldn't ignore the occurrences at the other table. He breathed a quiet sigh underneath the sound of conversation.

They are not dealing with this well, he thought.
Chapter End Notes

PEOPLE HAVE ISSUES!!!
Ganondorf glared at Ridley. The king of evil had just caught the space pirate trying to sneak the sleeping Piranha Plant in front of Joker's door. Apparently Ridley wanted to create some mischief for their new member.

“I suggest you return that plant pot back to where you found it, and retire for the night. It is late, and we could all use some sleep,” Ganondorf said.

Ridley shot a cold stare right back as he snarled. He lowered the Piranha Plant to the ground and then brandished his claws.

“No need to be uncivil. I simply do not see the purpose in causing harm for no gain,” Ganondorf said. “I find it to be largely unnecessary.”

Ridley growled and narrowed his eyes. He scraped two claws together and they created sparks.

“Oh of course, if it is a fight you're looking for, I would gladly oblige,” Ganondorf said, resting his hand on the hilt of his sword.

They stood in the dark of the hallway like that for several moments, glaring at each other through the inky blackness of night. Neither made a move. But then, Ganondorf started to draw his sword.

Mario opened his door in a sleeping cap and slippers, and all motion stopped. The plumber sleepily meandered past the two villains into the hall's kitchen. The near-combatants heard the sound of running water, before Mario returned to the hallway with a glass full of it. He covered his mouth as he yawned, and nearly bumped into Ganondorf as he passed by once again. He re-entered his room, and shut the door behind himself.

There was a beat of silence as the villains waited to see if the plumber was going to come back out. Once they were sure that he wouldn't, they both took a more relaxed stance.

“Is this really worth fighting over?” Ganondorf asked.

Ridley rolled his eyes and grabbed the Piranha Plant. The answer seemed to be no.
“I'm glad we could come to an agreement,” Ganondorf said, heading for his room. Midway through opening the door, he stopped. “If there were anyone who had actually wronged you, I would have no issue with you doing an action such as this towards them.” He flashed an evil smile in Ridley's direction, and then entered his room.

Chapter End Notes

Sometimes, evil people are evil.

Thank you to everyone who comments on this story! It warms my heart every time I get to respond to one. So, uh, keep it up!
You Injure Me (Samus and Dark Samus and some Kirby)

Chapter Summary

Bad things happen to Samus.

Chapter Notes

I accidentally fulfilled a prompt with this one, for Kirby and Dark Samus hanging out! Yay!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ike: Kirby?

Ike: Kirby, I have a question for you.

Ike: Please respond.

Marx: Hang on.

Marx: Hey @Kirby, just wanted to let you know that I took over Popstar while you were gone and jettisoned all of the food into space. That isn't a problem, is it?

Kirby: You purple ****

Marx: Translation: fuck. He's all yours, @Ike.

Ike: Thank you Marx… I think.

Ike: Kirby, where did all of the couch cushions go in the entire mansion?

Kirby: Oh, we're building a fort! o((*/\^\*)o)

Ike: At 6:00 a.m.?

Kirby: Yes! o(^\()o

Ike: Alright then. Who are you doing it with?

Kirby: Dark Samus joined me after the first few pillows! (p^-^)p

Rosalina: That's sweet.

Samus: Jesus ****ing Christ, someone ****ing help me I need ****ing help oh god **** **** Jesus ****
Marx: Too much to translate. Use your imagination.

Ike: Samus? What's going on?!

Samus: **** someone left the Piranha Plant outside of my door and it's latched onto my leg and oh god it hurts

Ridley has logged off

Ganondorf: I approve.

Ganondorf has logged off

Kirby: Dark Samus just zoomed out when she saw your message. Are you okay?! (˚☐˚!)/

Samus: Don't let Dark Samus near me she's going to kill me now that I'm weakened oh god ****
**** crap

Mr. Game and Watch: headed towards you with first aid kit

Ike: I'm headed over as well.

Samus desperately tried to pry the plant's mouth open and free her leg, but it was useless. Its jaw was too strong to overpower without any leverage.

She just stood there in anguish, knowing that Dark Samus was going to capitalize on this opportunity to kill her when she was vulnerable. Of course she had forgotten her blaster in her room today of all days. She didn't think that this was how she was going to go out.

Dark Samus reached the hallway, now in her armored form, and Samus sighed.

“Well, now's your chance to take me out. I know you've been waiting a long time to do it,” she said, preparing herself for the shot.

Dark Samus jammed her arm cannon into the corner of the Piranha Plant's mouth and started heating it up, eventually forcing the plant to open its mouth in order to move away from the burning heat. Dark Samus shot at the base of the plant pot and the Piranha Plant went sprinting (yes, sprinting, because it apparently had legs) away.

Samus's leg, now freed from it's horrifyingly painful containment, buckled under her weight, and she collapsed to the floor. As she lost consciousness, she saw Dark Samus return to her humanoid form and stare down at her.

Samus woke up in Dr. Mario's makeshift clinic, with her leg being examined. She jolted upwards.

“Where did Dark Samus go?” Samus asked, agitated.

“She didn't come with Ike and Game and Watch when they brought you. She likely saved you from
having to undergo surgery, however,” Dr. Mario said. He placed a healing sprout on Samus's bandaged-up leg. “Food items won't work outside of a match, but thankfully this still will. Just… slower. It's good that there is an update today, so you won't have to do any fighting.”

“Thanks, doc,” Samus said as she started to stand up.

“I recommend that you take it slow,” Dr. Mario said. “You did lose a substantial amount of blood.”

Samus rolled her eyes. “Alright, doc.”

She slowly walked out of the clinic. Then, as soon as she was out of line of sight, she increased her speed to a brisk pace.

She pulled out her screen.

Pokemon Trainer: And that's why Cubone wears a skull on its head.

Fox: Wow. That was really depressing and I didn't need that right now.

Samus: Hey

Fox: Samus! Oh my god, are you okay? That kind of damage doesn't heal over here!

Samus: I'll be fine. Have any of you seen Dark Samus

Ike: She headed back to Kirby once we were outside of the clinic. Why?

Samus: I need to talk with her

Ike: Marth told me about what happened the last time.

Samus: It's not going to happen this time. Don't worry

Sonic: Why am I still worried?

Samus: I'm not mad. Just… confused

Ike: Just keep your emotions in check, alright?

Samus: Okay

Fox: By the way Sonic, I heard about your new movie teaser! Congrats!

Sonic: I don't want to talk about it.

Samus looked up and- wow, was the room always spinning this much?

She toppled forward, but she fell on something soft. The bounty hunter looked up and saw that Kirby had rushed over and placed a cushion under her as she fell.

“Hi Kirby,” Samus said.
“Hiiii~” Kirby responded.

Samus looked around the rest of the room. There was a ginormous castle of pillows and cushions that was getting even bigger. Olimar, Toon Link, Villager, R.O.B., Incineroar, Male Corrin, and Dark Samus were seeing to that.

Dark Samus.

“Hey,” Samus called to her doppleganger. “Why did you help me? It would have served you better to just let me get injured, or even finish me off yourself. Why didn't you?”

“Well, I guess we're at the point in our lives where 'why didn't you murder me' is a genuine question,” Male Corrin said.

“I wasn't talking to you, Corrin,” Samus said.

“Well, the person you are talking to can't respond,” Male Corrin said. “Ever consider that?”

Dark Samus walked closer to Samus and examined the bandage on her leg with an impassive expression. She then knelt down and poked one of the more blood-stained portions of the bandage.

“OW, FUCK! Don't fucking touch it, moron!” Samus shouted.

Dark Samus shrunk backwards and her expression suddenly looked sad and overwhelmingly guilty. Toon Link came over to place a hand on the alien's shoulder and give a disapproving shake of the head in Samus's direction.

“Sorry, that just hurt,” Samus said. “Please don't do that again.”

Dark Samus nodded.

“I just don't understand you. Honestly, I don't think I ever will. You just don't make any sense,” Samus said.

“Well, while you try and figure it out, why don't you stay in our fort for a while? Because we're absolutely not letting you try to walk again,” Corrin said.

Samus sighed. “Fine.” Then she paused. “Wait, why are you working on the pillow fort?”

“It's just fun,” Corrin said, shrugging.

Samus shook her head in mock disappointment as she headed into the cushioned structure.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter begs the question: are these one-shots, or something more?

Beats me, just thought I'd point out the fact that there is continuity between chapters. So you can use that for prompts, if you want!
Getting Cold (f!Robin and Lucina)

Chapter Summary

Lucina falls asleep in the cold.

Chapter Notes

Actually a prompt relating to the shipping I've been doing. Hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After Lucina had told them off about it, Palutena and Female Robin started to at least pretend to coexist. They weren't too big a fan of each other at the moment, but putting Lucina in the middle of the conflict was the last thing that either of them wanted. (Of course, she was sort of the reason for the whole thing, but neither woman wanted to think about it that way.)

So they were able to hang out with Lucina again, and the bluette all but forgot about the fight they had had prior. Or at least chose to ignore it for the other women's sakes. They were on good terms with her. That was what mattered.

Female Robin found Lucina outside one day, passed out with a book in her lap. On any other day it would have been adorable to Robin, but that day had suddenly gone below freezing, and it was threatening to snow. Lucina's unconscious body curled itself up to combat the cold, but it seemed like a losing battle.

Female Robin knew that Lucina was anything but a damsel in distress, but in this situation Robin wanted to be her hero. The tactician carefully closed Lucina's book ('Fashion through the Lens of Science Fiction'. Oh boy…) and lifted the swordswoman up into her arms.

Robin carried her into the lobby of the mansion, and immediately remembered why she specialized in magic instead of brute force. Three words: upper body strength.

The tactician gently laid Lucina down on the closest couch to the fireplace (which no one had used until today. Thanks, Charizard!) and made sure to position her in a way to receive maximum warmth.

It was futile, however, as even with the fire it was chilly in the room. Lucina still curled up into a ball in her sleep, attempting to preserve body heat.

Robin took off her cloak and laid it down on top of Lucina. There, that should make her at least a little warmer, Robin thought, crossing her arms to conserve her own body heat as she shivered. Now I've got to warm myself up. Sweet dreams, Lucina.

Robin turned to leave, but hesitated. She looked back to Lucina's sleeping face and studied it. The way her eyelashes fluttered a little. The way her mouth was parted slightly. The way she finally looked at peace. It was… mesmerizing to Robin.
Her own chattering teeth distracted her from this thought process. *Right. I should avoid getting hypothermia.*

Female Robin retired to her room, only sparing one more glance back to her sleeping crush.

The first thing that Lucina noticed when she woke up was that she was warm. Very comfortably warm.

She opened her eyes and found herself not at all where she had fallen asleep. Her book was on the floor right beside the couch, and she was covered in a cloak of some kind. Upon further examination, she found it to be one of the Robins’ cloak. Probably Female Robin, considering the proportions of it.

Lucina smiled as she rubbed her eyes. She had to doubt a lot in her lifetime, but one thing that she would never doubt is the quality of her friends.

The next morning, Robin found her cloak outside of her room's door. On top of it was a note in Lucina’s handwriting that said, “Thank you!” and had a heart at the end. Robin knew that the heart was simply a friendly gesture, but it meant a lot more to her.

She took the note into her room and placed it on her desk to look at later. Gods, she was in love.

Chapter End Notes

Dawwwww!

Gay.
SNOW!!!!!! (Like, half of the roster)

Chapter Summary

SNOW!!!!!!!!!!!!

Chapter Notes

SNOW!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yoshi: IT's snowing!!!1111!

M Corrin: Oh my gods it is!

F Corrin: I WANNA GO OUT IN THE SNOW!!!

Meta Knight: It's just snow, what's the big deal?

Richter: They're half dragon. Let them have this.

Samus: Nana and Popo are happy-dancing in the lobby

M Corrin: As they should.

Fox: How's the leg, Samus? You haven't really gotten a chance to rest it.

Samus: Healing slowly and badly. Doc says I need to spend the vast majority of my time when we're not smashing sitting down

Yoshi: Aww, so you can't join us for snow time? :( 

Samus: Sorry Yoshi

Samus: Probably wouldn't be good company anyways. I hate the cold

F Corrin: Booo!

Fox: Let her be, Female Corrin.

Captain Falcon: Okay, on the flip side, Olimar is hiding and trembling in a corner.

Richter: Oh…

M Corrin: Can we just agree that whoever wants to play in the snow can do it, and whoever doesn't doesn't have to? I'm heading out.
Yoshi: Right behind you!

F Corrin: Psshhh, I’m already here.

Kirby: ☆°˖✧(๑ =function

Richter: Yeah, I’ll join you guys.

Palutena: All of you, please make sure to bundle up! We don’t want anyone metaphorically catching a cold!

Fox: Metaphorically?

Palutena: Cold temperatures aren’t a cause for sickness. Being cold simply slows down your immune system and therefore gives bacteria the opportunity to take hold.

Fox: Okay, well, yeah. Stay warm, guys!

And then a crowd of fully grown adults went into the backyard and started playing around like children. Richter was one of the last to go out, and what a sight he was greeted by.

Villager, Ness, Lucas, and Male Corrin were all engaged in a four-way snowball fight, and Male Corrin seemed to be cheating a lot. Yoshi was digging himself a snow cave, with his tail wagging very quickly. King Dedede was sledding down something that could hardly be called a hill, and passed by Kirby, who was making snow angels (well, it was Kirby, so they were more snow circles). Female Corrin was in her dragon form, prancing around like a newborn fawn seeing snow for the first time. And Isabelle, Duck Hunt, and Lucario were all in a dogpile (literally) on top of each other.

“Wow. We are all completely immature,” Richter said with a smile, before he got tackled face-first into the snow by the Ice Climbers.

Chapter End Notes

I just thought it was a cute idea. So I wrote it!
Chapter Summary

Wolf is mad at Daisy. Daisy is mad at Wolf. Both start fighting. Fox walks in.

Chapter Notes

This was a very early prompt of Daisy and Wolf. And... this is what came of it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Fuck you!” Wolf shouted as he was being held back by Rosalina. “You're a fucking bitch!”

“Oh, boo-hoo. Cry about it, why don't you?” Daisy shouted back as she was held back by Peach.

Wolf snarled. “I'm going to kick your fucking ass, you-”

“Whoa, whoa, what's going on here?!” Fox asked as he entered the hallway.

“None of your god damn business, McCloud,” Wolf said.

“Little mister sensitive here just can't handle his own emotions,” Daisy spat.

“What the fuck is wrong with your head?!” Wolf returned, struggling against Rosalina's grip.

“Guys, I still have no idea what's going on,” Fox said.

“Good, because it's none of your business ,” Wolf said.

“I commented about how he got removed from the roster, and he threw a tantrum,” Daisy said with an evil grin.

“That's a fucking lie and you know it, bitch!” Wolf shouted, but his attempts at struggling were foiled by Rosalina's uncanny strength.

“Well why don't you come teach me a lesson about it then, Poochy?!?” Daisy returned, equally restrained.

“Wow… I have never seen you like this, Daisy…” Fox said.

“It happens from time to time. Mostly when she hasn't eaten for a while,” Rosalina said, looking completely unburdened by Wolf's attempts at escape.

“Well, here you go,” Fox said, tossing a brown-wrapped bar from his pocket to Daisy.

“What's this?” she asked.

“It's an generic-brand chocolate bar,” Fox said. “You aren't yourself when you're hungry.”
Daisy took a big bite out of the bar and chewed for a little bit.

“Better?” Fox asked as Peach and Rosalina both let go of their captives.

“Much,” Daisy said. “I'm sorry. What I said earlier was really rude. I hope you can forgive me.”

“That's alright, Daisy. Why don't you give Wolf some space for a minute?” Rosalina said.

Daisy nodded and left the room.

“See? Problem solved, right?” Fox said.

Wolf was silent for a moment. Then he drew his gun and followed after Daisy. “Nope. Still gonna kill her.”

Fox's eyes widened as he scrambled to stop him. “Wait, Wolf, nonononono-”

Chapter End Notes

WHY DID THIS BECOME A SNICKERS COMMERCIAL? I DON'T KNOW???

Also, my writing pace has slowed down. Please motivate me I'm dying. I'm only 17 chapters ahead. I can't take a break.
Chapter Summary

Drunk people are funny.

Chapter Notes

Real talk, I just wanted to write drunk Samus.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Samus kicked the door to the lobby open.

“Hey, guysh,” she slurred.

“Oh jeez, Samus is drunk,” Mega Man said.

“Oh, this should be interesting,” Richter said.

“The only thing thatsh interesting ish your face!” Samus said, and then burst out laughing.

From behind her, Snake entered, laughing just as much.

“She got the hell out of you, Ric- uh, Riccer!” he slurred.

“She… sure did,” Richter said, raising an eyebrow.

Dark Samus, seemingly having to go somewhere, nodded her farewell to Samus and Snake. Samus gave a drunken wave in response.

“Wow, you're friendlier to her when you're drunk than you usually are,” Mega Man commented.

“Yeah,” Samus said, plopping down next to the robotic boy on the couch. “Hey, ish it weird to think she'sh pretty now that she doeshn't look exactly like *hic* like me?”

“Uhhh… I… don't… know??” Mega Man said.

“She'sh got a nice ass,” Samus said as if it were a totally normal thing to do.

“I thought you said I have *hic* a nice ass,” Snake said, pouting.

“Not anymore! Yoursh deflated!” Samus said, smacking said rear end to emphasize her point. Snake dropped down right next to Samus afterwards.

Seeing how uncomfortable Mega Man was, Richter decided to change the subject, ”So, uh, were you two on a date or something?”

Samus and Snake looked at each other briefly, then Snake shook his head right before Samus
started laughing hysterically. Snake pouted once again to this.

“Y-you thought… me and- HAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!” Samus continued, on the brink of tears from her own laughter.

Then Chrom walked in the front door. “Wow, seems like I missed out on something funny in the few minutes they got ahead of me.”

“Chrom, you seem remarkably… not drunk!” Richter commented.

“Thanks. It’s a combination of high tolerance and safe drinking practices,” Chrom said. “So what did I miss?”

“Apparently, Samus is *not* dating Snake,” Richter said, prompting another outburst of laughter from the bounty hunter.

“Oh, no,” Chrom said. “Samus just came into the dining hall and said that her leg was healed, and asked who wanted to go to a bar to celebrate.”

“Man, wish you guys had invited me,” Wolf said, having just walked in.

“Wolf,” Samus slurred, “we should make a bounty huntersh club.”

“Uhhh,” Wolf said.

“Yeah. You, me and Ike,” Samus said.

“Is Ike even a bounty hunter?” Mega Man asked.

“Pssshhhh, he’sh a mercenary. It’sh the same thing,” Samus said. “We should invite Joker too. He’sh got a nice ass too.”

“How would you even know? He wears a trenchcoat all the time,” Richter said.

“Shometimesh you jusht know theesh things,” Samus slurred.

“Can I join the Bounty Hunters Club?” Snake asked, evidently somewhat less drunk than Samus.

“You *hiccough* you can be an honorary member,” Samus said.

“How about me?” Captain Falcon said, coming out of nowhere.

“What *about you*?” Samus said.

“I’m a bounty hunter, too,” Captain Falcon said.

“Shince when?” Samus asked.

“Since always!” Captain Falcon said, frowning.

“Psshh, nah,” Samus said.

“I’ve been a bounty hunter the entire time you’ve known me!” Captain Falcon said, indignant.

“Nah, you're a racecar driver,” Samus said.

“No, I’m both!” Captain Falcon said.
“I think Samus is right, you're a racecar driver,” Snake said. “No racecar drivers allowed in the bounty hunter club!!!”

Captain Falcon sighed. “Why does no one understand?” and then he left.

Just as he made his exit, Female Corrin entered.

“Heeeyyy there, sweetcheeksh,” Samus said. “I wanna take you to bed and rock you all night long *hic*”

“Samus,” Female Corrin said in a patient voice. “You need to stop flirting with me every time you get drunk. Once again, I'm married.”

Samus just shrugged. A very drunken shrug.

Corrin sighed. “You took it really far today, didn't you?”

Samus shrugged in much the same way.

Corrin sighed again. “Everybody, get ready for Samus to be flirting with every man and woman in sight. She's a huge flirt when she's like this.”

“Baby no, I only have eyesh for you,” Samus said.

“Uh-huh, uh-huh. Sure, Samus,” Corrin said, shaking her head.

Chapter End Notes

Flirty drunk Samus and pouty drunk Snake are exactly what I need in life.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!
“Have you ever felt like your friends are getting distant?” Lucina asked, skipping a rock over the nearby pond.

“Hmm, I guess I've felt like that before,” Shulk responded. “Though I imagine my problems were a bit different than yours.”

“I suppose so,” Lucina said, reaching for another round stone. “I'm just… a little worried about how Female Robin and Palutena are acting around me.”

“Are they fighting again?” Shulk said, recalling an earlier conversation they had shared.

“No, not exactly. They are still somewhat avoiding each other, but I don't know how to fix that problem,” Lucina said, rolling the rock around in her hand. “But, after I confronted them about it… they seem to be avoiding talking to me about something. I believe it's what made them fight in the first place.”

“Lucina, that fight is their business. I know that if you keep on with this train of thought, you will start blaming yourself,” Shulk said, throwing a rock at the pond. It only skipped once.

“I… I'm not so sure you should dismiss the idea so soon,” Lucina said, pulling her knees up to her chin.

Shulk sighed before placing a hand on Lucina's shoulder. “I know you had to take responsibility for everything that went wrong in the past, but now… here's my advice: you need to bloody stop.”

Lucina was silent, before throwing her rock at the pond. It skipped five times.

“Wow, that was impressive,” Shulk commented.

“Okay. I'll take your advice,” Lucina said. “Their problem is probably not related to me at all. I might just be reading into things too much.”

“There you go! I like it!” Shulk said with a big smile. “Don't let it eat at you. They'll figure it out eventually.”
“Thanks,” Lucina said, stretching her legs back out in front of her. “You're really a good guy.”

“Glad to hear it,” Shulk said. “Now, can you teach me how the bloody hell you manage to make the rock skip that much?”

“Sure,” Lucina said with a small chuckle. “It's mainly wrist movement.”

“I can do wrist movement,” Shulk said.

Lucina showed Shulk the proper form, and the next throw he made was three skips.

“There you go. Some good improvement!” Lucina said.

“Yeah,” Shulk said, nodding. Then he seemed to get distracted by a thought. “Hey, any updates on the love letters thing?”

“Not really, no,” Lucina said. “I haven't been thinking about it much, but it still does concern me. I still don't understand what I've done to deserve two people's love.” When Shulk opened his mouth, she added, “Please don't try to explain it to me. I'll just end up embarrassed and even more confused.”

“Fair,” Shulk said. “Well, they did say that they wouldn't let you leave without letting you know. So, really all you have to do is wait patiently.”

“I know, that's what I've been doing,” Lucina said. “Any theories on who it might be?”

Shulk stroked his bare chin. “I don't think it was anyone already involved in a relationship, like Corrin or Richter. Also, I can promise that it wasn't me. You're a good friend, but you're way out of my league.”

Lucina tilted her head. “I don't know what you mean by that.”

“Don't worry about it,” Shulk said. “Have you gathered anything yet?”

“Well, it couldn't be Male Robin. He has his eye set on someone else. Pit? Perhaps Ryu? Or there's a slim, slim chance that it could be Cloud,” Lucina said.

“What I'm hearing here is a bunch of men. Have you considered any of the women?” Shulk asked.

Lucina looked like her reality just shattered. “I... I hadn't considered that, no...”

“Why not?” Shulk asked.

“Well, women being attracted to other women is very rare,” Lucina said. “Back in my world, the only example of it that I had ever experienced was with my aunt and her wife. And considering that Female Corrin is here, that means that, statistically, there are probably no others.”

Shulk looked at her, baffled. “I think that your numbers are very, very off on this one.”

Lucina raised an eyebrow. “Hm?”

“The only women here that I know to be straight are Peach, Daisy, and Wii Fit Trainer. Bayonetta says that she is, but that's... questionable.”

“Wait, do you really think that my admirers might be women?” Lucina asked.
“Honestly I find it to be more likely than the alternative,” Shulk said, picking up another rock. “Most of the men that haven't already been counted out don't seem like they know you well enough to really be in love with you.” Shulk tapped a finger on his rock in contemplation. “And, not to assume, but I get the feeling that that wouldn't be a problem.”

Lucina nodded. She was confident with her bisexuality, even if she had never thought that she would be able to do anything with it. That was the main reason that she never really felt the need to discuss it with anyone.

“Well then, I don't think you have anything to worry about. There are plenty of good people here. Whoever left a letter was probably someone who would be good to you,” Shulk said.

“But… how do I choose between two good people? How can I deny one of them?” Lucina asked.

“Honestly, I don't have all the answers. But you'll figure it out. I don't need visions to be able to know that,” Shulk said, throwing another rock.

“Thanks,” Lucina said, watching it sail. It hit the water and sank immediately. “You're still not great at this, though.”

“Yeah, yeah, rub it in,” Shulk said, causing Lucina to giggle a bit.

Chapter End Notes

Shulk is a good friend! Yay!
A Friendly Competition (Ike and everyone else)

Chapter Summary

Arm wrestling with the champ.

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt from a long time ago, and now it's here!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

An arm wrestling tournament. Because sometimes, everyone is bored.

It started when Male Robin volunteered (voluntold) Chrom to arm wrestle Ike.

“I accept,” Ike said, sitting down at a table and propping his elbow.

Chrom shrugged. “Well, I guess if you're offering.” He sat down on the other side of the table and clasped the legendary hero's hand.

A crowd immediately gathered to watch. Mr. Game and Watch even counted them down with his judge hammer.

3. 4. 9. Ding ding ding!

Chrom's hand hit the table almost immediately.

“Well, I can't say that I didn't expect that,” Dark Pit said.

“Alright, my turn!” Captain Falcon said, practically shoving Chrom out of the chair.

Ike shrugged and prepared for another round.

Ike was victorious once again, and so began the quest to overthrow the champ.

Mario put up some fight, but he couldn't overpower his competitor. Pit… didn't do well. Yoshi tried to join in, but respectfully forfeited after they spent several minutes trying to figure out how to fit their hands together. King Dedede tried his heart out, but was vanquished in the end. Then they had a break and had some Capri Sun.

By far the closest match was with Samus. They were at it for several minutes, neither wanting to give up. In the slow, painful end, though, Ike still pulled through.

There were a few other matches that occurred and ended nearly immediately. Everyone was ready to call Ike the champion.

But then Rosalina walked in.
Eyes widened as she sat down across from Ike and presented her arm. He accepted.

Game and Watch gave another countdown.

1. 8. 8. Ding ding ding!

And the two started pushing. It looked pretty evenly matched at first, but Ike's hand slowly started to near the table. He fought it tooth and nail, but finally, finally, the champion was dethroned.

Cheers rung throughout the crowd. Ike presented his hand for a handshake, and both parties immediately regretted it as their muscles ached from soreness.

Then Wii Fit Trainer entered the room.

“Are you all enjoying a game of strength?” she asked.

“NO!!” said everyone at once. Nobody wanted a broken hand today.

Chapter End Notes

You can't overpower a goddess.

But, uh, you can't overpower someone who can lift 800 lbs, either.
Marth was cooking himself some curry when Simon walked in on him.

“How do you do it?” the Belmont asked.

“What? The curry?” Marth asked.

“No, how do you deal with the fact that your descendants are living in the same mansion as you? I still can't wrap my head around Richter,” Simon said.

“Oh. That,” Marth said, shaking his pan a little bit. “I suppose I just have learned to accept it over time.”

“Yeah, but how,” Simon asked.

“Well… have you tried getting to know Richter?” Marth asked.

“No way. It freaks me out when he calls me ‘grandpa’ and stuff like that,” Simon said.

“Well, how do you expect to feel normal around him if you won't let him talk to you?” Marth asked.

Simon sighed. “I don't want to admit it, but I guess you do have… a little bit of a point.”

Marth nodded. “Whether it be in conversation or in war, communication is key.”

Simon paused. “You and I clearly have experienced different kinds of war.”

“Regardless,” Marth said, “you could always just tell him that it makes you uncomfortable when he addresses you like that.”


“Why does it make you that frustrated?” Marth asked, taking his pan off of the burner.

“It just feels… wrong. All this time stuff doesn't make any sense to me,” Simon said. “I thought that the most complicated thing in my life was going to be fighting Dracula, but I was definitely wrong.”
“You're outside of your comfort zone,” Marth said, stirring his dish. “You want everything to be grounded, but you've been thrust into a situation that is anything but.”

“Hmm, I guess you could say it like that,” Simon said. “It doesn't help that I'm built for killing monsters, not socialization.”

“Perhaps you should stop trying to resist the change then. Instead of trying to live your life normally in a radically different situation, let it be what it is. You might end up more at ease that way,” Marth said.

Simon blinked. “I don't have any clue what you meant by that. I'm just gonna go talk to Richter.” He headed for the door. “Thanks Mart.”

Marth turned. “It's… Marth…” but Simon was already out of the room.

Marth sighed and took a taste of his curry. And, considering he had only just pulled it off the burner, he immediately burned his tongue.

Chapter End Notes

For some reason, I feel like Simon is a little inconsiderate. Maybe that's because I'm watching the Castlevania series now.

Shout-out to LizzyBerry for kudosing six times... somehow.

Also, thanks to bettergettheserious toothpaste for leaving me an essay about this story that made me smile the whole way through!
Braid (Isabelle and Dark Samus)

Chapter Summary

Isabelle wants to braid Dark Samus's hair.

Chapter Notes

Someone wanted Dark Samus and Isabelle. Or rather, it was one pairing among a full list of them. Here ya' go!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Isabelle invited Dark Samus to sit on the floor, neither had anticipated how difficult of an endeavor that it would end up being.

Dark Samus moved her legs out from under herself, but that just made her hover at the same level midair, as if she was sitting on an invisible stool.

Isabelle tried clinging onto the alien's leg to try and weigh her down, but that just led to Isabelle also hovering off the ground.

It took a bit of doing, but they eventually got to the point that Dark Samus was only hovering a few inches off of the ground.

“There,” Isabelle said, moving behind her.

Dark Samus looked back at the anthropomorphised dog with a questioning look that seemed to ask, 'Why did you want me to do this?'

“I wanted to braid your hair,” Isabelle said, taking some locks into her hands. “Your hair is as long as Corrin's now, and she wasn't really interested. Do you mind?”

Dark Samus shook her head before facing it forward.

“Thanks!” Isabelle said, before beginning to comb her hands through the hair. The texture was abnormally smooth, but otherwise it felt pretty natural. Dark Samus just closed her eyes and felt the sensation of the gentle tugs to her scalp.

“You've been a lot more docile around all of us recently,” Isabelle commented while she worked.

Dark Samus shrugged without moving her head.

“Sorry, I don't mean to offend you. It's just that you've been really nice. It's refreshing,” Isabelle said. “It's nice to have one less person to be wary of. Even if I'm not sure Samus agrees yet.”

Dark Samus visibly tensed up at this statement.
“Sorry. She still seems to think that you aren't being genuine. She's better than she was, but still…”

Dark Samus gently nodded.

“But, if it means anything, I believe you. Almost everyone else does, too. I think that you can really turn over a new leaf, if you want to,” Isabelle said.

She couldn't see it, but Dark Samus smiled at what she said.

“Aaaand, done!” Isabelle said, tying her final knot and backing up to examine her work. “Oh, you look so pretty with a braid!”

Dark Samus seemed to think for a second, then smiled again.

And from then on, the braid was a permanent fixture in Dark Samus's hair.

Chapter End Notes

Turn over a 'New Leaf', huh?
Zelda passed by the kitchen intending to just move along, but stopped when she heard someone loudly exclaiming, “Ow ow ow!”

Zelda burst into the room to investigate, and found Pit standing in front of something… blackened on the stove, clutching his hand.

“Pit! Are you alright?” Zelda asked.

“Yeah, I'm fine,” Pit said, somewhat unconvincingly. “I'm just… trying to make eggs for Lady Palutena.”

Zelda looked in the pan. “Those were eggs?”

“Yeah, I know,” Pit said, lowering his head.

Zelda narrowed her eyes. “Pit, do you… know how to cook?”

“Uh… is this a trick question?” Pit asked, rubbing the back of his head.

“It's alright not to be perfect at everything, you know,” Zelda said. “We all have things we're not good at.”

“Yeah, but Lady Palutena is good at cooking, I think,” Pit said. “And it's my duty to be able to help her with stuff like that. Especially with how upset she's been recently.”

Zelda walked to the far wall and put on an apron.

“What are you doing?” Pit asked.

“I'm going to teach you how to cook,” Zelda said. “I may have had chefs prepare my food for most of my life, but they also taught me how to do it myself. I'm going to do the same for you.”

“Wow, thanks, Zelda!” Pit said with a big grin.
Dr. Mario walked into his clinic and was greeted by the sight of Zelda sitting next to Pit, who had a big burn on the side of his forearm.

Dr. Mario sighed. “You need to stop ending up in here, Pit.”

Palutena reluctantly opened her eyes. She had been sleeping in far too much lately. She would need to correct that.

She pushed herself up to sit in the bed and rubbed her eyes. Then her door opened.

“Good morning!” Zelda said.

“Good morning, Lady Palutena,” Pit said at the same time.

“Ah, hello,” Palutena said. She looked at what the princess and angel were holding together. It was a pizza box.

“Pit wanted to get you breakfast,” Zelda said.

“Yeah, so, uh, we got you... pizza,” Pit said.

Palutena's eyes were attracted to the bandage on Pit's arm. “... Yes. Thank you both.” she took the pizza box onto her lap, and then thought for a second. “Zelda, would you mind if I spoke with Pit for a moment?”

“Oh of course not,” Zelda said, doing a small curtsy before departing.

After the door closed, Pit spoke, “Okay, I admit, pizza was a weird choice.”

“Pit, I already figured out that this was your plan B after trying to cook for me,” Palutena said. “And though I appreciate the effort, that isn't what I wanted to talk to you about.”

“Oh,” Pit said. “Okay, what did you want to talk to me about?”

“I found out who else is going after Lucina,” Palutena said. “It's Female Robin.”

“O-oh,” Pit said, trying desperately to stay composed. “R-really?”

“Yup, it's exactly as I thought,” Palutena said.

“W-what do you mean?” Pit asked.

“You knew already,” Palutena said. “You'd been withholding the information.”

“Lady Palutena... I-”

Palutena raised a hand to stop her angel. “Pit. Don't try to make excuses. I already know the truth.” She climbed out of bed, still in her sleeping robes, and looked at Pit as he hung his head. “I respect your decision.”
“H-huh?” Pit asked, raising his head slightly.

“You were trying to do what was best for everyone,” Palutena said, “including what was best for me. I don't fault you at all for your choice.”

“You don't?” Pit asked.

Palutena shook her head. She raised her arms and her clothes shifted into her normal outfit. Then she sighed and sat back on the edge of her bed. “She told me the truth herself. And right before she did, I told her that she could tell me anything. I guess I turned out to be a liar.”

Pit approached her. “Lady Palutena…”

“I don't hate her. I really don't,” Palutena said. “I've just been a really terrible friend to her. And now we're directly in competition with each other. I want Robin to be happy, but… I really, really want to be with Lucina…”

Pit twiddled his thumbs. “Lady Palutena, I… I really don't have the answers to this. I'm sorry.”

Palutena nodded, then said, “No, it's my decision to figure out. I'm sorry that I just dropped all of that on you.”

“I'm always here to help,” Pit said, smiling.

Palutena briefly smiled back, before the expression faded. “Not in this. I never should have made you get involved. I'm sorry.”

“It's fine, Lady Palutena,” Pit said.

The goddess looked behind her and grabbed the pizza box. “I can't eat all of this on my own. Let's go find Zelda and eat it together.”

Pit smiled. “That sounds great.”

Chapter End Notes

Yay! Better than expected!
“Hey Bayonetta, can you go get your son?” Female Corrin called.

“Pardon?” Bayonetta asked.

“Your son. Joker. He passed out playing video games with Toon Link,” Female Corrin said.

“Um… darling, Joker's not my son,” Bayonetta said.

“He’s… not?” Female Corrin asked.

“WAIT WAIT WAIT, HOLD UP,” Fox said, sliding into the room. “You're not Joker's mom???”

“No! What gave you that impression?” Bayonetta said.

“My reality has just been shattered,” Roy said, also sliding in, but less gracefully. “Joker isn't your son.”

“No,” Bayonetta said. “Why would you all think that?”

“Well… it's your hair!” Female Corrin said.

“And the smooth mannerisms,” Fox said.

“And the black clothes!” Roy said.

“No! Most of those aren't even very good reasons to think in such a way!” Bayonetta said.

“Hang on,” Fox said, pulling out his screen.

**Fox:** Hey Joker, did you know that Bayonetta isn't your mom?

**Joker:** Uh… yes.

**Wolf:** What the ****, she's not?!
Marx: Translation: fuck

Chrom: *sigh* Thanks, Marx.

Wolf: Are you lying to us, McCloud?

Fox: Why the hell would I want to lie about that?

Joker: Guys, she's not my mom.

Chrom: Wait, sorry, what?!

M Robin: shes not?

Joker: No.

Chrom: Well then

M Robin: thats a weight off my chest

Chrom: Why?

M Robin: …

Fox: Well, now we know.

“Sorry, I guess we just made assumptions,” Fox said, shrugging.

“All of you. At once,” Bayonetta commented.

“Yeah. Weird, huh?” Female Corrin said.

“Get out,” Bayonetta said. Everyone obliged.

Private chatroom with M Robin

Fox: I saw your ‘weight off my chest’ comment. Are you being gay right now?

M Robin: no

M Robin: … yes help me

Fox: *sigh* What are we going to do with you?

Chapter End Notes

So... that happened.
Thank you all for commenting and kudosing! I would have never made it to 50 chapters without your support!

Next chapter, big things happen.
Lucina walked into her room. She wasn't expecting anyone else to be in there. In fact, she didn't even notice them at first. It wasn't until Lucina started taking off her shirt that Palutena cleared her throat to announce her presence.

“Gah!” Lucina exclaimed, whipping around to face her intruder. “… Palutena. You scared the life out of me. I almost stabbed you.” Lucina removed her hand from Falchion.

“I apologize. I never intended to startle you,” Palutena said.

“… How did you even get in here? The door was locked,” Lucina said.

“I warped myself in,” Palutena said. “I'm sorry. I know it's a breach in privacy, but I need to talk with you. It's very important.”

Lucina nodded seriously. “Okay, just let me get changed.”

Palutena turned her back as Lucina doffed her fighting outfit and donned a more casual one. The swordsman unbuckled her belt and placed her weapon on her desk, too.

“Allright,” Lucina said, prompting her uninvited guest to turn back towards her. “So, what is it you wanted to speak about?”

Palutena gave herself a minute to collect her words. Then she spoke, “There's something that I haven't told you. Something that I ought to have done so long ago.”

Lucina nodded, listening intently as she stood facing the goddess.

“I… this is actually quite difficult for me to do. I've run this through my head countless times, but experiencing it is completely different,” Palutena said.

“It’s alright. Take as much time as you need,” Lucina said with a smile.

Palutena smiled back, her heart aflutter. “I like that so much about you, Lucina. Your kindness, your patience. You make everything around you brighter.”

“Oh,” Lucina said, blushing from the compliments. She brushed a lock of her hair behind her ear.
“Thank you for saying so.”

“It’s not an empty compliment,” Palutena said. “You really are all of those things. You really are incredible.”

Lucina didn’t know what to say, so she just stayed silent.

“I need you to know how important all of that is to me. I’ve always admired everything about you,” Palutena briefly closed her eyes and gave a pleasant sigh. “It’s been so, so long since I’ve ever felt this way about someone, especially a mortal.” She paused and reopened her eyes. “Lucina… I love you.”

Lucina didn’t react for a second. Then her eyes widened and she looked incredibly shocked. “You…”

A knock resounded from the door. “I-I really… I should probably… I-I’m going to… get that,” Lucina stumbled over her own feet as she hectically approached the door.

Female Robin took a deep breath after she knocked, clutching the bouquet tighter to her chest.

Get her some flowers, march up to her door, and tell her how you feel. If you do it soon enough, you’ll probably beat her other admirer!

Sumia’s idea was solid, and today was the day that Robin had finally gathered the courage to do it.

When the door opened, Female Robin was greeted by the sight of Lucina looking somewhat distressed. The bluette looked down at the bouquet, then up at the tactician’s face, and repeated the process a few times. Her brain quickly put two and two together, and she began to look even more shocked.

Then Robin met eyes with Palutena. “... The fates must be fucking joking with me,” Palutena said. “What other explanation would there be for you confessing at the same time as me, again ?!”

“Oh, you’ve gotta be… fuck you, Palutena. I finally get up the nerve to do this, and of course this would happen!” Robin shouted, dropping her bouquet. “I can’t fucking believe this.”

“Nor can I. Somebody decided to have a really bad case of poor timing. Why couldn’t you just go after someone else?!” Palutena returned.

“Girls~” Lucina said.

“Why the fuck do you think? I love Lucina! Just because some self-absorbed goddess feels the same way doesn’t mean that it’s going to change!” Robin shouted. “Oh, I’m sorry, I guess you’re not used to things not going your way. You’re used to the whole world bending to your every whim!”

“You don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about!” Palutena shouted. “Your only experience
with gods is being a puppet for one and killing everyone you loved!”

“Oh, you want to cross that bar, huh?!” Robin returned.

“Get out of my room,” Lucina said.

Palutena looked like she was about to retort Robin's remark, but she stopped. “What?”

“Both of you. Get out of my room. Now,” Lucina said furiously, dragging Palutena by the arm until the goddess was past the door frame.

“... Lucina…” Robin said gently, but the door was slammed in both of their faces.

Both Robin and Palutena stood silent there for several moments. Maybe even minutes. Then the tactician walked up to the opposite wall and banged her head on it once.

“I'm a fucking moron. I'm so fucking stupid. What the fuck is wrong with stupid fucking brain...” she said, staring at the floor with her head resting against the wall.

“Really? Why in the world would you blame yourself for this?” Palutena said, sighing. “I started the fight. I'm to blame.”

“Yeah, but you actually deserved her in the first place,” Robin said. “I pushed my stupid luck, and now she hates both of us.”

“Robin, no,” Palutena said, gently lowering the tactician to the ground until they were both seated against the wall, looking at Lucina's door.

“I mean it. You were better for her. I don't know why I tried to get in your way,” Robin said, tears threatening to fall from her eyes.

“Robin,” Palutena said, hugging her. “I didn't deserve her any more than you did.”

“You're perfect. You're a goddess. Of course you did,” Robin said, withdrawing into her cloak.

“I'm in no way perfect. Exhibit A:” Palutena said, squeezing Robin a little tighter. “I've been a terrible friend. I told you that you could tell me anything, and I broke that promise immediately. You trusted me enough to tell me something deeply personal, and I ruined that trust immediately. Robin... I'm so sorry.”

“I was getting in the way of something you really wanted. I understand why you did what you did,” Robin said. “I said some really nasty things, too. I'm sorry.” She sighed as she looked back to Lucina's door. “We really screwed this up, didn't we?”

“We did,” Palutena said, nodding. “It’s all because of our idiotic, petty conflict. Which we really need to stop.” She turned fully to the tactician and opened her arms. “Can we be friends again?”

“Absolutely,” Robin said, accepting Palutena's hug. After a long embrace, Robin pulled back. “I really hope we can still be friends with Lucina. I'd hate it if we fucked that up, too.”

“Here’s hoping,” Palutena said, standing up and extending a hand. Robin took it, and was levitated back up to her feet. They walked out of the hallway, but not before both of them took a cursory glance back to Lucina's door.
Welp, this went badly. But at least there's friendship!
Resolution (Lucina and Palutena and f!Robin)

Chapter Summary

Lucina wants to resolve this.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The next day, Palutena and Female Robin were sitting with each other at dinner, along with several others from their friend group. The two were catching up on what happened to each other while they weren't on speaking terms. Neither had run into Lucina all day.

That is, until Lucina walked up to the table.

“I need to speak with you two,” she said, looking straight at Female Robin and Palutena. Everyone at the table tensed up.

“Okay,” Female Robin said.

“We’ll be right with you,” Palutena said.

Lucina nodded, then turned away and went back to her table.

Palutena and Robin stood up, and Richter looked up at them.

“It's going to be alright,” he said reassuringly.

“Thanks,” Robin said. And they moved to Lucina's table.

She waited patiently for them to seat themselves before speaking. “I wanted to apologize for how I reacted yesterday.”

“Lucina, it was entirely justified,” Robin said.

“No, it was immature,” Lucina said. “You deserve better than that.”

“The only thing immature was how the two of us were bickering like children,” Palutena said. “You have nothing to apologize for.”

“Either way,” Lucina said, “we need to talk about this.” She took a sip of water. “I never wanted to be the thing to split you two apart.”

“Please don't blame yourself for that,” Robin said.

“Regardless, I heard you two talking outside of my room last night. I'm glad that you came to an understanding,” Lucina said.

“Yes, we did,” Palutena said. “And… well, we'd like to come to an understanding with you.” Robin nodded as Palutena continued to speak. “I… we both understand if you aren't interested in a relationship with either of us, especially after what happened. So, all we really ask is that we can
keep being friends.”

“No, I want to try to make this work,” Lucina said.

Female Robin looked at her perplexed, and then her face registered with understanding. “Oooh, you mean with you and Palutena.” She started to get up.

“No… I… want give both of you a chance,” Lucina said.

“What do you think they're talking about over there?” Chrom asked.

“Hmm, dunno,” Male Robin said around a mouthful of lasagna. “Probably something boring.”

“Judging by their expressions, you seem to be wrong,” Chrom said. “I'm a little concerned. Lucina's been looking pensive all day.”

“Pensive. That's a good word,” Male Robin said.

“I'm going to go over there and see what they're talking about,” Chrom said, starting to get up.

Then, suddenly, a torrent of wind kept him pinned down in his chair. Chrom looked at the caster across from him and saw that he had a hand hidden under the table.

“Robin?” Chrom asked.

“Yes, Chrom?” Male Robin asked.

“Are you using a Wind tome on me?” Chrom asked.

“Possibly,” Male Robin said.

“Uh… why?” Chrom asked.

Robin looked at the table with the three women at it. “They need to work this out on their own.”

“... Both of us?” Female Robin asked.

“Yes,” Lucina said. “I'm well aware that it seems egotistical of me to even suggest, but I can't stand leaving either of you unhappy. I… frankly, I've never considered either of you in a romantic context, but I think I can, given time. But… I can't imagine leaving either of you unloved. It's unorthodox, I know-”

“Lucina,” Palutena said, stopping the bluette’s rambling, “let's do it.”

“... Really? You don't find it strange?” Lucina asked.

“I'm a goddess, Lucina. Polygamy is not a foreign concept to me,” Palutena said.

Lucina smiled. “Alright,” Then she turned to Female Robin. “How about you?”

“Lucina, I would do nearly anything to be with you,” Female Robin said. “I have no objections.”

Lucina blushed, “Okay.” Then her face became serious again. “You both have to promise me
something first, though.”

“What is it?” Palutena asked.

“No more fighting over me,” Lucina said firmly.

“I think we've made it past that,” Female Robin said, sending a friendly smile to Palutena.

“Alright then. I think… I think that makes us girlfriends,” Lucina said, her face flushing profusely.

“In that case, screw the dining hall,” Palutena said. “We're going out on a date together.”

“Yeah!” Female Robin said. “And I'm paying!”

“No, I am!” Palutena returned.

“We aren't even two steps out of the door, and you're already arguing,” Lucina said, and her two girlfriends laughed.

Later that night...

**Richter:** Hey @Lucina @Palutena and @F Robin, I'm glad that your date went well and that you are all happy together now and stuff, but next time that you, uh, 'enjoy yourselves in bed’, can you not do it in F Robin's room? I'm right next to it and… Lucina's really loud.

**Sonic:** Uhhh…

**Richter:** ****, wrong chat.

**Chrom:** WHAT

Chapter End Notes

**Marx:** Translation: shit, btw

**Marx:** Also, I don't want to hear about any of this.
The Power of Three (Zelda and Links and M Corrin)

Chapter Summary

An experiment, conducted by Zelda.

Chapter Notes

Now that the shipping has been resolved, time to go to something completely unrelated!

“Alright, are we all set up?” Zelda asked. Young Link nodded.

“Set up for what?” Male Corrin asked, entering the greenhouse room.

“We are performing an experiment,” Zelda said. “The triforce is an incredibly powerful force. However, it is rare that it is able to be used, seeing as its three pieces are split among people with very different goals.”

Male Corrin nodded, at least pretending to understand the situation.

“Well, we want to see what happens when three triforces of courage are combined,” Zelda said.

“That sounds like… a terrible idea,” Male Corrin said.

“Hence why we are experimenting with it,” Zelda said. “Are you three ready, Links?”

They nodded.

“Okay, I'm just going to… stand over there then,” Corrin said, moving to what he considered a safe distance.

The three Links raised their right arms and approached each other. Triangles started to glow on the back of their hands. Step by step they inched closer, until, finally, their wrists met.

**F Corrin:** Holy ****, what the hell was that explosion?

**F Corrin:** Snake?

**Snake:** Not one of mine.

**Mario:** Well.

**Mario:** There's a big chunk of the greenhouse missing.
Lucina: Was there anyone in there?

Zelda coughed and hacked, clearing the dust from her lungs. The Links did much the same, standing in the same place that they had been when they had initiated the explosion. Male Corrin, on the other hand, had been thrown through one of the glass walls.

“Ow…” Corrin said, pushing himself off of the glass-covered grass. He looked up at the others, completely unmoved by the cataclysm. “Really? Just me?”

“Hmm, interesting. It seems that triforce holders are not affected,” Zelda said, before approaching Male Corrin with a hand outstretched. “Are you alright?”

Corrin chuckled. “Apart from when I crashed through the window, everything's fine and dandy!”

Zelda looked unconvinced.

“Seriously, I'm fine. I've been through much worse,” Corrin said, accepting Zelda's hand. She pulled him to his feet.

“Alright. Well, I'd call that experiment a success,” Zelda said.

“Wait, seriously? It exploded in your face!” Corrin said.

“Yes, it did. But we learned something! Therefore, a success!” Zelda said, pointing a finger upwards in triumph.

Mario walked through the hole in the wall, looked among the Links, Zelda, and Corrin, and sighed. “I'm not cleaning this up,” he said before walking off as if he had never seen anything.

Chapter End Notes

Boom.
Lucina found Male Robin lying face-first in the dirt. Not exactly where she had expected to see him.

“Male Robin?” Lucina asked. “What are you doing?”

Robin tilted his head up so his chin was resting on the ground. “Tried to look smooth in front of Joker. Didn't work. Currently wallowing in my own embarrassment.” He tilted his face back down onto the dirt.

“Male Robin…” Lucina said pityingly. She pulled the moping tactician to his feet. “It'll work out eventually.”

“That's easy for you to say, little Miss successful-love-life,” Robin said.

“That's… not relevant right now,” Lucina said. “I have really come to care for Robin and Palutena, and Joker will come to do the same for you. You just need to interact with him like a normal person.”

“Yeah, my track record with that isn't great,” Male Robin said.

“With interacting with Joker like a normal person?” Lucina asked.

“No- well, yes, but I'm talking about my track record of trying to get my feelings returned by that method,” Robin said.

“What do you mean?” Lucina asked.

“Well… this… is going to be weird to hear but… I kinda had a crush on... your dad. For a long time.”

Lucina blinked several times. “What?!?”

“Yeah. Told you it was going to be weird,” Male Robin said.

“Wait, wait, we need to address this. My father?” Lucina asked.
“Yup,” Robin said.

“And you were…”

“In love with him. Yes,” Robin said. “Are you getting the picture now?”

“Not really, no,” Lucina said. “I'm sorry, I guess it's hard for me to picture my father with anyone else other than my mother.”

“Well, it wasn't technically your father,” Robin said. “It was the Chrom from my world. And he married Sumia before I could tell him how I felt.”

“Oof,” Lucina said. “Wait, my father and Sumia?”

“Let's not go through this again,” Robin said. “The point is, my love life sucks.”

“I can't imagine it being that bad,” Lucina said.

“I was a gay guy in a world where I don't think a single other person was gay,” Male Robin said. “It was bad.”

“I'm sorry,” Lucina said genuinely. “But the same isn't true here. A friend recently told me that there are more homosexual individuals here than I had originally thought. There's a chance that Joker is one of them.”

“Well, okay, but I understandably don't have much experience in romancing people,” Robin said.

“Well, there's a first time for everyone,” Lucina said. “My situation was much different from yours, so I likely won't be of much help advice-wise. But, if I can help in any other way, let me know immediately.”

Male Robin smiled. “Thank you. I'll keep that in mind.” He looked over Lucina's shoulder. “You can start by hiding me.”

Before Lucina could ask what he was talking about, Robin cowered behind her frame. Lucina turned around and saw Joker approaching.

“Ah, Joker,” Lucina said, waving casually.

Joker returned the wave, and then moved his head to glance around her. Because Robin was not at all hidden.

“Uh… hi,” Robin said, embarrassed.

Joker looked a little perplexed as he nodded and waved again. Then he went on his way.

“Lucina, you suck as a hiding space,” Robin said.

Lucina looked back at him with an unamused expression. “You're the tactician. You probably should have realized that.”

Chapter End Notes
Lucina is trying to be helpful, and Male Robin is not making it easy.
The Search (Snake and a lot of others)

Chapter Summary

Snake can't find his box.

Chapter Notes

P R O M P T

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Snake: Box.

F Corrin: Good morning to you, too.

Snake: Where the **** is my box?

Wolf: You probably left it on big battlefield.

Snake: No. I never leave my box.

Samus: Why do you care

Sonic: Where do you even keep it when you bring it places?

Snake: Neither of those questions matter. All that matters is that I find my ****ing box.

F Corrin: I'm disturbed by the lack of translations.

Sonic: Marx's probably asleep.

Marx: Nah. I just don't want him to have the satisfaction of the translations.

Snake: ****

Marx: No.

Snake: I just want my ****ing box, okay?

Yoshi: I've been looking. Haven't found it yet… :( 

F Corrin: Yoshi is too precious.

Wolf: Look harder, trash dinosaur. Snake's probably already searched everywhere pretty thoroughly.
Yoshi: :(  
Kirby: If you say anything like that to Yoshi again, I will kill you myself.  
Wolf: I'd like to see you try, kickball!  
Samus: Just take the loss on this one, Wolf. This is not a fight you can win.  
Snake: You people are being very unhelpful.  
Sonic: Is it possible someone took it?  
Snake: Undoubtedly, but I don't know how. I sleep in it every night.  
F Corrin: WHY?!

Snake: Mind your own business.  
F Corrin: But this is relevant??  
Olimar: What does the box look like?  
Wolf: A box.  
Olimar: Thanks.  
Yoshi: I found a box!  
Kirby: ===^(°-°)✓  
Snake: That's not the right box.  
Samus: Have you looked inside the box  
Sonic: Is there a box in the box?  
Sonic: jinx you owe me a soda  
Samus: I owe you nothing  
Sonic: Oooookay.  
Kirby: No box in the box. /(_-_)\  
Snake: ****  
F Corrin: Why is this so important???

Yoshi: I'll keep looking. :)  
Samus: No, don't go until we get answers. Why do you need it that bad  
Snake: I just do, okay?
Samus: Not good enough.

Wolf: Yeah, why do you need it?

Olimar: Tell us, Snake.

Sonic: What's so important about the box?

Snake: It makes me feel safe, okay?

F Corrin: Wow, I think we've hit a breakthrough.

Joker: I agree. I have put your box back in your room. Glad we all got to learn something from this experience!

Snake: You ****ing jack***.

Sonic: Problem solved, folks. Let's get breakfast.

Chapter End Notes

Snake needs to be more open about his feelings!

I got to invent some emojis for this one, 'cuz I was on a plane! Yay!
Chapter Summary

Lucina is brought to a horror movie by her girlfriends.

Chapter Notes

Uploading it really early because I'll be on a plane soon. Enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lucina did not want to do this. She really, really didn't want to go see a horror movie. But… when your two girlfriends ask you if you want to come, the default answer is yes!

So there she was, outside of a movie theater to see some film about an evil clown. And hoping that Robin and Palutena wouldn't notice if she closed her eyes for the whole movie.

They got seated in the theater, and the previews started playing. No other people, Smashville residents or otherwise, were in the theater. There never were. Lucina assumed that was normal for movie theaters. After all, she had never been to any other one. For now, however, she just wanted to appreciate the fact that she got to be alone with her girlfriends.

But then the movie started. And she suddenly remembered that she didn't want to be here, watching this. At least Palutena and Robin had been understanding of her request that the movie not involve zombies of any kind. That just had… bad memories tied to it. Robin knew what she was talking about.

Halfway through the movie, Lucina had her face buried in the crook of Palutena's neck, and Robin had hers buried in Lucina's back. Palutena seemed to be the only one not actively hiding from the movie. She was just contently watching with an arm around Lucina's shoulders.

After the umpteenth jumpscare, Lucina spoke in a low voice, “Why did I let you two persuade me to come here?”

Robin's voice came from behind her, muffled by the bluette's own clothing. “I don't know. Why did I convince myself that I was ready for it?”

“I'll admit, some of this is pretty scary,” Palutena said. “But I do enjoy having you cuddled up so close to me for safety.” She gave a bit of a mischievous grin.

“You are the worst,” Lucina mumbled, but continued to nuzzle her head into the goddess's neck.

Then another scare happened, and all three women jumped. Robin wrapped her arms around Lucina's torso and trembled. Palutena's grip tightened on the swordswoman as well.

It felt like hours, but the movie finally ended. Lucina no longer had to watch that terrible motion picture.
“I can't believe you two made me watch that,” Lucina said. “I've seen terrible things in my life, things that the average person couldn't even imagine. And yet… somehow that was scarier than any of it.”

“How do these filmmakers play with our emotions like this?!” Robin shouted into the night sky.

“I'm sorry… did you two really not enjoy it?” Palutena said, actually looking guilty.

“Palutena, no, I… if I had gone to see that alone, I would have left immediately. But seeing it with you two made it a pleasurable experience,” Lucina said.

“Aww, that's sweet,” Palutena said.

“I like lovey-dovey Lucina,” Robin said, grinning.

Lucina kissed her cloaked girlfriend, and then her goddess.

“I love you two,” Lucina said, blushing with a soft smile.

“Wow, I think that's the first time that you've said it outright,” Robin said, also blushing.

“Well, it's the truth, and you should expect me to say it more often,” Lucina said.

Palutena kissed the bluette again. “I love you too, Lucina.”

Robin took her turn to get a kiss, going slightly on her tiptoes to do so. “Love you, Luci.”

Palutena stroked her chin. “‘Luci’. I like that. I'm going to start using it, if it's alright with you.”

Lucina blushed even more. “Luci…”

“I think it suits you,” Robin said. “It's cute but beautiful, just like you are.”

Lucina let her hair fall in front of her face to conceal how red it was getting. “I'm not cute…”

Palutena grinned. “I'm sorry to say it, but you really are.” Then the goddess swept Lucina off her feet and got a surprised squeak in response. “See? Cute.”

“Cute,” Robin agreed.

“Stop…” Lucina said, covering her face with her hands.

“Let's go home, Luci~” Palutena sang as Robin took one of the bluette's hands and they started heading back to the mansion.

Chapter End Notes

Everything is gay. Everyone is gay. The entire universe is gay.
Chapter Summary

A group of prompts and ideas that I didn't think were long enough for their own chapter.

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy! I have gotten behind on my writing, but I still have a lot of chapters as a buffer, so it's not too bad.

Richter was just trying to head to the weight room, but he passed through a small storage room and saw something that he had never expected to see.

Simon's head snapped up to him as the younger Belmont entered, and he immediately let go of the two Pokemon that he had been cuddling, being Pichu and Jigglypuff.

There was a beat of silence, and then Simon spoke.

“You saw nothing,” he said, aggressively pointing at his younger.

“I saw nothing,” Richter agreed, continuing on his merry way.

Yeah. Everyone was going to hear about this.

“But Lady Palutena!” Pit complained.

“No ‘but’s. You two are going to stay in there until you become better friends,” the goddess said, finishing up locking the door to the room from the other side.

“This is so stupid,” Dark Pit said.

“The only thing that's 'stupid’ is your lack of cooperation,” Palutena said. “I'll be back to check on your progress in about ten minutes.” Then the sound of heeled footsteps began and started to become fainter.

“Well, I guess we have to get to know each other better,” Pit said.

“Fuck no, I'm just going to pick the lock,” Dark Pit said.

“You can pick locks?” Pit asked.
“Yeah, I learned in case I needed to steal shit,” Dark Pit said. Immediately afterwards, the door clicked and creaked open. “Voila.”

“This seems like a very temporary solution,” Pit said.

“She sneak-attacked me this time. She won't catch me off-guard again,” Dark Pit said.

Then Palutena warped in front of him. “I know you opened the door, Pittoo.”

Dark Pit sighed. “Shit.”

__________________________________________________________

“Ow, my EARS!” Shulk said, covering said appendages with his hands. Pikachu was at his feet trying to do the same.

There was a horrifying, screeching noise coming from one of the communal showers. Why anyone would even use those when everyone had their own in their room, Shulk didn't know. All he knew was that the female side had been radiating this horrible sound for about twenty minutes. He had left and come back several times, and it was still happening.

And then, by some godsend, it finally stopped. Pikachu and Shulk relaxed, as they could finally hear again.

And then Dark Samus left the female showers.

She acknowledged Shulk's presence with a nod, and did the same with Pikachu.

“Dark Samus… was that you… singing?” Shulk asked.

Dark Samus avidly nodded.

“... Oh,” Shulk said. “It's… great...?”

Dark Samus looked at him curiously, as if she could tell he was lying and didn't want him to feel bad about it.

“Ummm… this is awkward now. I'm going to leave,” Shulk said before picking up Pikachu and dashing out of there.

Chapter End Notes

And there you go. Do with those snippets what you will, they're here now!
Chapter Summary

Marx has done a terrible thing.

Chapter Notes

Oh boy...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Buff Sword Guy: Hey Marth.
Buff Sword Guy: Wait, what the heck?
Fancy Sword Guy: Who is this?
Fancy Sword Guy: My name…!
Buff Sword Guy: This is Ike. What is happening?
Angry Anthropomorphic dog: Wait, what the ****?
God of Death: I am confused. 「(゚ぺ)」
Fuck You: Kirby?
Fuck You: Wait, seriously Marx? Again???
Marx: :P
Dark Armpit: I don't even want to know what mine is.
Dark Armpit: ****.
Palutena's Bitch: So I'm just going to be Armpit, huh?
Palutena's Bitch: Wait, no.
Dark Armpit: Pfftttt hahahahahahaha!!!!
Sword Guy but a Girl: I am not okay with this.
Everyone's Favorite Goddess: Sorry Marx, but that's inaccurate. Lucina's my bitch now. *winks seductively*
Sword Guy but a Girl: *blushes*

Marx: Changing it now.

Palutena's Consensual Bitch: To what?

Palutena's Consensual Bitch: Oh.

Pitpitpitpitpitpitpit: Let's see what I am now.

Pitpitpitpitpitpit: Huh.

Dragon Sword Guy: What is going on?

Dragon Lady with a Sword: Oooookay then??

Sleeveless Sword Guy: Please change my daughter's name back.

Marx: Nope!

Sleeveless Sword Guy: *sigh*

Fuck You: Marx. You have truly gone insane.

Marx: What was your first clue?

Magic (but with a sword): now im just curious. everybody needs to find out what their names are. this is m robin

Weed Whacker: Olimar.

That card no one uses: Joker.

Too Sexy for Smash: I am Bayonetta.

Too Sexy for Smash: Why thank you, darling!

Why am I here?: Wii Fit Trainer.

Lucina's Bitch: f robin

Lucina's Bitch: oh

Palutena's Consensual Bitch: Well, at least we match!

G0t 2 G0 F4st: What is all of this?

G0t 2 G0 F4st: Oh god, I hate my name.

Marx: Mwahahahaha!

Burn Baby Burn: Incineroar.

Liquid, Solid, Naked: Jesus Christ.
Magic (but with a sword): Pffft Snake?

Liquid, Solid, Naked: I don't want to talk about it.

Definition of Angst (ft. a sword): I don't like any of you.

Everyone's Favorite Goddess: Yep. That is definitely Cloud.

Everyone's (second) Favorite Goddess: Rosalina.

Everyone's (second) Favorite Goddess: Oh…

Lucina's Bitch: MARX TAKE IT BACK YOU'RE MAKING HER SAD

Marx: Fine.

Mario Galaxy 3 Please: Thank you. Sorry to make a fuss.

Mario Galaxy 3 Please: Though I don't exactly get this joke.

Marx: Don't worry about it.

Technically a Sword Guy: Ganondorf.

The Original Sword Guy: …

Fuck You: I'm going to guess that's Link.

Sword Guy but Shorter: …

Sword Guy but Cartoonier: …

Fancy Sword Guy: Young Link and Toon Link, respectively.

He's a Bird, He's a Plane, He's a Bird in a Plane: Falco.

He's a Bird, He's a Plane, He's a Bird in a Plane: Wow, mine is long.

Bitch: Samus

Bitch: Marx, I'm going to kick your ***

Marx: Uhhhhh I think you're just reading it wrong

Lovely Woman: What tf do you mean

Lovely Woman: Fine. You get a pass this one time

Marx: Nailed it.

Fiery Sword Guy: Let me guess, mine has something to do with a sword.

He's the First Member of the DK Crew!: Hoo hoo.
Duck Murder: bbbv bvvbbvb

Dragon Lady with a Sword: This has gotten out of hand.

Fuck-Man: It seems fine to me.

Fuck-Man: Never mind.

Lucina's Bitch: announcer help

Announcer: WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM?

Announcer: OH. I SEE.

Fuck You: Yeah, I hope you do.

Announcer: META KNIGHT! AGAIN WITH THIS CHILDISH NAME?

Fuck You: You've got to be kidding me.

Marx: Well, it was fun while it lasted.

God of Death: Please don't do it again! ( ^▽^ )

Announcer: FINISHED. YOUR NAMES SHOULD BE FIXED!

F Robin: Testing.

F Robin: Okay, good.

Olimar: Yay! It's fixed!

Sonic: I am traumatized from that experience.

Pac-Man: You and me both.

Meta Knight: I hate everything. But mostly you, Marx.

Marx: *shrugs even though I don't have arms*

Chapter End Notes

So... Yeah.

If there were any names that you couldn't tell who they were, ask me in the comments. Or if there was a character that you just want to know what their name would have been!
Dark Samus Makes Her Move (Dark Samus and Samus and Palutena)

Chapter Summary

It's time.

Chapter Notes

I've been leading up to this for a long time now!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dark Samus had been watching the new power couple (or trio) for several minutes now at lunch. They had been flirting and laughing a lot, occasionally holding each other's hands or resting their heads on each other. Then Female Robin kissed Lucina, followed by Palutena doing the same.

After that moment, Dark Samus stood up and crossed the dining hall, oblivious to the attention that she was attracting to herself. She waltzed straight over to the table that Samus was sitting at.

"The real key is applying the proper amount of mayonnaise to the toast before you put the tomatoes on it," Roy said, and then he caught sight of Dark Samus. "Oh, hi there! What brings you over here?"

Dark Samus all but ignored him, seemingly on a mission. She stopped in front of Samus's chair, receiving a wary look from the bounty hunter. Then she bent down and kissed her right on the lips.

Samus shoved Dark Samus away, leaped out of her chair and snapped her blaster towards the alien.

"Get the fuck away from me!" she shouted, causing the whole room to go silent. She backed out of the room looking mortified without ever turning her blaster away from her former doppelganger.

"Well. I was not expecting that," Chrom said, also having been sitting at the same table.

Dark Samus plopped down into an empty chair and smashed her face onto the table. Greninja hesitantly gave her a consoling pat on the back.

Palutena had seen the whole thing, and watched Samus leave.

"Hey, I'm going to go talk to her," the goddess said.

Her girlfriend and friend nodded, prompting her to stand up and follow the distressed bounty hunter.

Palutena caught up to Samus in a hallway that the blonde had stopped in.

Before Palutena had even said a single word, Samus said, "I don't want to talk about it."

"You need to, though," Palutena countered.
Samus was silent for a moment. “... What the FUCK?” she suddenly shouted. “Why the fuck did she do that?! What the fuck is wrong with her?”

“I'll admit, I didn't quite expect this either,” Palutena said.

“I mean, first the adaptations and copying people, and now this? Kissing me? What the fuck? What is she trying to accomplish?” Samus continued.

“Samus... I think all of the copying people, making herself prettier... I think it all may have been for you,” Palutena said.

“What are you trying to say?” Samus asked.

“I'm trying to say that Dark Samus is in love with you,” Palutena said. “I thought that that would have been obvious from the kiss.”

“No. No no no no no, this has to be something else,” Samus said.

“And why is that?” Palutena asked. “It all makes sense now. She started the copying with Little Mac in order to fight better, trying to catch your attention. When that didn't work, she started trying to behave differently, in order to look more personable and attractive to you. Then she changed her physical traits to be more human, but at the time the closest she could do was to look like you. When you expressed that it made you uncomfortable, she started changing her traits slightly to distance herself in physicality without making herself unattractive to you. Wearing her hair down, wearing a braid, slightly changed proportions, keeping the pale skin as opposed to getting any closer to your skin tone. It was all for you.”

“And then she just walks up and kisses me, completely out of the blue?” Samus asked, exasperated.

“She's not human! She wouldn't understand the intricacies of human relationships. I think she saw me and Robin kissing Lucina and assumed that that was just what you did with a person you're in love with,” Palutena said.

“I can't fucking believe this,” Samus said, resting the back of her head against the wall. “Why the fuck did she have to be attracted to me of all people?”

“Samus... we can't help who we fall in love with,” Palutena said.

“... No. I can't allow this to stand,” Samus said.

“And why not?” Palutena asked.

“Because she's a murderer!” Samus exclaimed.

“Was a murderer. Before you killed her. Maybe this time around she isn't so bad,” Palutena said.

“That's not how this works,” Samus said.

“How do you know how it works?” Palutena returned.

“I just do, okay?” Samus said.

Palutena let Samus breathe for a moment. “That isn't the real problem, is it?” the goddess continued.

Samus took one deep breath and looked at the floor. “No. Probably not.”
“Samus… have you considered that it might not be her fault that you're pushing her away?” Palutena asked.

Samus was silent.

“Maybe you should just give her a chance to at least become your friend. With all she's done for you, I think she deserves that much,” Palutena said.

Samus continued her silence for a moment, then nodded. “Alright. But don't expect it to go any further than that.”

Palutena smiled. “I'm proud of you.”

The two re-entered the dining hall and went their separate ways. Palutena returned to her table and filled Robin and Lucina in, and Samus approached her dark counterpart, still moping at the table.

“Hey,” Samus said, prompting Dark Samus to look up at her. “We need to talk.”

Chapter End Notes

Aaand in comes another ship!

Hopefully this doesn't disappoint anyone, but I've been leading towards this idea since the second chapter with Dark Samus in it!
Adventure (Link and Yoshi)

Chapter Summary

Link and Yoshi go exploring.

Chapter Notes

Did I hear some Subspace pals?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Link climbed over the large tree root and slid down the other end, kneeling once he made contact with the ground. He prepared his sword, but there were no enemies to be wary of.

He whistled to let Yoshi know that he could approach. The dinosaur leapt over the root and fluttered to a stop next to the Hylian.

Link had needed some fresh air recently and Yoshi seemed eager to join him. So they decided to go exploring in some woods a good distance from the mansion.

It had been relatively peaceful, but they had run into a few small monsters along the way. Nothing to be afraid of, but reason to be cautious.

Link walked ahead and ducked his head past a few bushes. There was a wild boar on the other side, which squealed and ran away once it caught sight of him.

Yoshi burst into the clearing trying to chase the boar, but the animal eluded him. Yoshi didn't seem too disheartened about it, though. It seemed he had only meant to spook the pig a little.

Then Link saw them. Burning red eyes, leering at the two of them from the darkness of the woods. Link made a noise to alert Yoshi to the danger and took a fighting stance.

The shadow beast lunged into the clearing at Link, but the swordsman was too fast for it. He jumped over the attack and spun himself in the air in order to cleave the beast in two. He landed in a kneeling position and sheathed his blade.

Yoshi clapped for him, making a “Yosh, yosh!” sound. Link did an over-the-top bow and winked.

Then he was knocked several meters across the dirt. From behind him, a much bigger shadow beast roared after landing the hit.

Yoshi panicked for a moment, before throwing an egg. The beast shrugged off the hit and charged the little dinosaur.

Its momentum was halted by a sword in its jaw. The beast made an unholy roar and flung Link away. It started stomping menacingly towards him.
But then, Yoshi kicked the sword fully through its jaw, and the beast dissolved into a puff of smoke.

Yoshi did a little happy dance and then helped Link up. The Hylian nodded his thanks, and bent down to pick up his sword.

A few minutes later, the two came across a cave entrance. It only took a glance among them to tell that they both wanted to explore it. They ventured inside, cautious of any monsters they might run across. But they found none. The only thing they found was a large chest.

Link inspected the outside for a moment. It was yellow, with silver lining, and had a big, gold padlock on the front. It looked like it was going to take some doing to get it open.

Link took out his Sheikah slate and pressed a button. An illusory magnet appeared in his hands. He nodded to Yoshi, who started holding onto the other side of the chest.

Link walked backwards with magnesis activated on the padlock and pulled as hard as he could. After a while, the lock finally bent out of shape and fell off of the chest. Yoshi placed it back on the ground, before taking his place next to his friend.

Link held one corner of the lid, and prompted Yoshi to hold the other. Link counted down from three on his fingers, and then they lifted.

Link and Yoshi re-entered the mansion through the greenhouse entrance. Yes, the one that currently had two holes in it. Isabelle was currently in there, scratching Duck Hunt's belly.

“You two have been gone for a while! Did you enjoy yourselves?” Isabelle asked.

Yoshi and Link nodded their heads.

“Wonderful!” Isabelle said before giving Duck Hunt a vigorous scratch. The dog's tongue lolled out of its mouth. “Did you find anything on your adventure?”

Link and Yoshi both shook their heads.

“That's a shame,” Isabelle said. “Well, at least you had fun!”

Link nodded before the two made their way into the mansion. Once they were out of sight, they both took out a half of a green crystal apple and clinked them together, grinning.

Chapter End Notes

Link and Yoshi- legendary treasure hunters.

Comment down below with your Ultimate main, 'cuz I just found a new one!
Good Dad (Lucina and Chrom)

Chapter Summary

Chrom is a good dad. Even if it isn't always easy.

Chapter Notes

People have wanted this for SOOOO long. INTRODUCING THE GRAND OPENING OF...

... I dunno, just read it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Private chatroom with Lucina

Lucina: Father help

Chrom: What's wrong? Are you okay?

Lucina: Yes, yes. But Palutena and Robin left to get some sort of a surprise for me in town and I need help really badly jfidtssgkjvjfg

Chrom: Lucina what's happening?

Lucina: I'm in Palutena's room and

Lucina: There's a bug in the doorway

Chrom: …

Lucina: Father please

Lucina: It's going to eat me

Chrom: I'll be right there.

Chrom rolled his eyes. His daughter had been through the apocalypse, but bugs still scared the hell out of her. It wasn't too bad, though. At least she still got to be a kid at least a little bit.

Chrom made his way to his daughter's hall and went one door further than he usually would. Palutena's door was cracked open, and there was a little beetle in the doorway. Chrom opened the door wider, and was now able to see Lucina backed against the back wall of the room, pointing her sword fearfully towards the source of her distress. Chrom hated to admit it, but it was quite an
amusing sight to see.

“Don't laugh!” Lucina pleaded.

Chrom composed himself, and then gently lowered the tip of his sword to the ground so the beetle could climb onto it. “Come on, little guy. I think you've terrified my daughter enough.”

He lifted the sword and moved to a window in Palutena's room, sticking Falchion out of it. With a small flick of the blade, the beetle took off, and Chrom closed the window.

“There, problem solved,” Chrom said, and was caught off guard by the hug he received from his daughter.

“Thank you, father,” Lucina said over his shoulder.

Chrom patted her back. “It's alright. Sometimes it's nice to be needed.” When they parted from the hug, he looked around the room. “Jeeze, I hope you don't end up spoiled by all of this luxury god stuff.”

Lucina rolled her eyes with a fond smile upon her lips. “Believe me when I say that this is the smallest example of how my girlfriends spoil me.”

“As they should,” Chrom said, crossing his arms. “You're my baby girl, after all.”

“Father….” Lucina mock-complained.

“I'm just saying that they had better treat you right,” Chrom said.

“Please tell me that you aren't planning to threaten the women that I love,” Lucina pleaded.

“Of course not,” Chrom said. “I already did it.”

“Father!” Lucina said, exasperated.

“Don't worry, I wasn't too hard on them. I trust them enough to know they'll be good for you,” Chrom said, smiling.

Lucina breathed a sigh of relief. “That's good. For a while I was afraid that you didn't approve of them.”

“Lucina, I could never disapprove of something- or someone… or two someones- that makes you happy. You are a mature woman, and you're capable of making competent decisions,” Chrom said. “Male Robin filled me in on the details after everything was said and done. Given the circumstances, you made a choice that was best for everyone involved. Maybe the tactician crushing on you ended up rubbing off on you!”

Lucina blushed. “I honestly don't know what I did to deserve this. Having two wonderful people as my loves.”

Chrom shook his head. “It's not about what you did. It's about who you are. You are a wonderful, kind, strong woman who absolutely deserves everything good that the universe has to offer. And the universe offered Palutena and Female Robin. I don't think I've ever seen you smile as much as you have recently.”

Lucina was lightly blushing at the end of her father's statement. She went in for another hug. “The universe could never have brought me a better father, though.”
Chrom smiled. I'm a good dad, he thought.

Then Lucina jumped back out of the hug. “BUG!”

Chrom whipped around, and sure enough there was another beetle climbing on the wall next to the doorway. Then, out of literally nowhere, Villager popped into the room, grabbed the insect, and shoved it into his jacket pocket. He then left without a second glance.

“Well. That was… interesting,” Chrom remarked.

“Why was he even on this floor?” Lucina asked.

Chrom could only shrug in response.

Chapter End Notes

CUUUTTTEEE.
“ALRIGHT, FOLKS. WE NEED TO HAVE A DISCUSSION ABOUT THE AMOUNT OF DAMAGE YOU ARE DOING TO THE MANSION,” the announcer said over the intercom in the pool room.

Samus quirked an eyebrow as she laid on a pool chair. “What damage?”

Just after she said that, Sonic came flying through a wall, and Dark Samus had to quickly float out of the way to avoid a collision.

“Come on, Bowser. It's just ping-pong. Don't be a sore loser,” Sonic said.

Bowser walked up from the other side of the hole and threw a ping-pong table at Sonic. The blue hedgehog dashed away, and Bowser gave chase.

“Allright, fair enough,” Samus said.

“These damages aren't easy to fix, you know. We are having some issues with how you smashers have been treating the resources given to you.”

“Well, some of the people here are just generally more destructive than others. There isn't a lot that we can do about that,” Meta Knight said.

“I don't ask for much. I just ask for less destruction,” the announcer said.

“Then why are you talking to us? Me, Meta Knight and Dark Samus haven't broken much,” Samus said.

“The three of you, or at least meta knight and samus, are quite influential in the mansion. You can get the other combatants to listen to what you have to say,” the announcer said.

“So… you want us to threaten people into not breaking stuff?” Meta Knight asked.

“In essence, yes,” the announcer said.
“Well, a lot of people here would see that as a challenge and cause more damage,” Samus said. “And I'm not a huge fan of you people using our influence. We're not going to be much help.”

The announcer made a noise close to a sigh. “WE WILL FIND ANOTHER WAY, THEN! THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME!” And then the intercom shut off.

“Thanks. I don't want to get in the way of people doing what they want to do,” Meta Knight said.

“Yeah. Honestly, this stuff was bound to happen with how few restrictions he put on us,” Samus said. Dark Samus nodded in response.

“So, you two have been getting along better,” Meta Knight said.

Samus briefly glanced up at Dark Samus, who was standing next to her chair, and then she looked back to the masked swordsman. “Yeah. Palutena helped me beat some stupid prejudices out of my head.”

Meta Knight seemed cautious about his next statement. “... So are you…”

“We're friends right now,” Samus said.

“Ah,” Meta Knight commented, nodding. He recalled what happened in the dining hall. Friends was better than passive-aggressive enemies, he supposed.

Sonic ran back into the room and hid behind Meta Knight's chair. “I'm not here,” he said.

A few seconds later, Bowser stomped in.

“Come on, Bowser. Give the guy a break,” Samus said.

“I'm sure that he's learned his lesson by now,” Meta Knight said. Dark Samus eagerly nodded.

Bowser huffed. Then he left the room. Sonic slowly crawled out of his hiding space.

“Thanks, guys,” he said.

“No problem,” Samus responded. Then she outstretched her hand. “Twenty bucks.”

“Are you serious?” Sonic asked.

“Noah, I'm joking. You get this one for free,” Samus said.

“Alright, thanks,” Sonic said, smirking.

“This one,” Samus repeated. Dark Samus smirked.

Sonic rolled his eye(s). “I got it.”

Chapter End Notes

Bowser breaks a lot of stuff, and Samus likes money.

Have a nice day!
Hand-to-Hand (Meta Knight and Snake and Lucario)

Chapter Summary

Lucario and Snake think Meta Knight should learn hand-to-hand combat.

Chapter Notes

Did somebody say...
Subspace pairings?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You want to teach me how to fight hand-to-hand?” Meta Knight asked.

Lucario and Snake nodded in sync.

“Why?” Meta Knight continued.

“Because you need to be realistic. You're not always going to have that sword,” Snake said.

“The only time that this sword has left my body was when I gave it to Kirby to defeat a powerful beast in the mirror world,” Meta Knight said.

“Just… look, it's gonna help you in the long run, okay?” Snake said. “It's never a waste to learn hand-to-hand.”

“I don't have much 'hand' to work with,” Meta Knight said, gesturing with his short gauntlets.

“We'll figure something out,” Snake said, grabbing Meta Knight's cape and dragging him to a gym. Lucario started placing down training mats as Snake started giving advice.

“Alright. The key is using your weight against your opponent,” Snake said.

“Right. My weight. That thing that I have a lot of,” Meta Knight said in a deadpan tone.

“Just… punch me, okay?” Snake said, bracing himself.

Meta Knight rolled his eyes, and swung.

And missed. Very badly.

“Uhhh…” Snake said.

“I don't know what you want from me. I have short arms and they're trained in swordplay,” Meta Knight said.

“Well, Kirby can fight,” Snake said.
“Yes. He can. Stellar observation right there,” Meta Knight said.

“Come on, isn't it frustrating knowing that your rival is better than you at something like this?” Snake said.

“Rival”? Kirby hasn't been my rival for years. We're just plain friends now. Other than when I get possessed or turned into a robot,” Meta Knight said.

“That sounds strangely specific,” Snake said.

“Don't ask,” Meta Knight said.

“Look, anyone can learn how to fight,” Snake said.

“It's not going to work for me,” Meta Knight declared. “You asking me to punch is like me asking you to put me in a chokehold. You can't do it, because *I don't have a neck*.”

“Just try,” said Lucario.

Meta Knight shook his head. “I am telling both of you-” and then he registered who had just spoke. He whipped his head towards the Pokemon in the room. “Why do you only talk *sometimes* ?!?”

Lucario shrugged.

Meta Knight sighed. “Alright, fine. Snake, get ready.”

Snake prepared for the second punch, and Meta Knight delivered. To… a certain extent. The swordsman's force was completely lacking, and he ended up pushing himself backwards onto his back.

“That was… not as planned,” Meta Knight said.

“I'm starting to think that you may be a lost cause,” Snake said.

“Wonderful. Can I go now?” Meta Knight asked.

Snake sighed. “Yeah. Just don't say I didn't warn you next time that you're defenseless without your sword.”

“I'll keep that in mind,” Meta Knight said before using his dimensional cloak to teleport out of the gym.

Chapter End Notes

Meta Knight; he's good at what he's good at. Don't try to expand his boundaries.
In the Pile (Rosalina and Ness)

Chapter Summary

Rosalina finds something... interesting.

Chapter Notes

Really short because... that's just how it ended up being. But it is based on a prompt.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

There were a few areas in the premises of Smash that were used for the storage of items. Rosalina found herself in one of them when her Luma had run off all on his own. She ended up tracking him down to a metal room with several large grates filled with items. One of these grates had been opened, and the Luma was hovering over the massive pile of Mr. Saturns.

Rosalina approached, and was startled when a head popped out of the pile. A head wearing a baseball cap.

“Ness?” Rosalina asked.

Ness nodded his exposed head.

“Are you… in this pile on purpose?” Rosalina asked.

Ness shook his head.

“Do you need help?” Rosalina asked, prepping her wand.

Ness nodded.

“Alright,” Rosalina said.

She waved her wand around, causing an onslaught of Mr. Saturns to come flying at her. She deflected them before they were able to get too close, and the pile thinned just enough to allow Ness to escape his imprisonment.

Ness rolled across the floor for a few seconds until he was a small distance away from the pile. Then he picked himself off the ground.

“Are you alright?” Rosalina asked. Her Luma twirled as if to reinforce the question.

Ness nodded appreciatively.

“How exactly did this happen?” Rosalina asked.

Ness shrugged. He then made a sparkle on his finger and moved it around the Luma, who twinkled
in delight. Then he left the room.

“What a strange boy,” Rosalina remarked before beckoning her Luma to leave with her.

Chapter End Notes

Ness is an enigma.
Male Robin being a Creep (m!Robin and f!Robin and Joker and Sonic and Mewtwo)

Chapter Summary

Chapter title is self-explanatory.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was an odd bunch, Female Robin, Sonic, and Mewtwo, but for one reason or another they had ended up in a conversation with each other out in the garden. The conversation came to an abrupt halt, however, when they noticed Male Robin peering around a nearby corner.

“Uhh… what are you doing?” Sonic asked.

Male Robin aggressively shushed him before turning back towards what he was originally looking at.

Female Robin peered past him one moment, and the next took out a tome and smacked her male counterpart over the head with it.

“Ow! Why?!” Male Robin whisper-yelled.

“You're being a creep!” Female Robin returned.

Sonic and Mewtwo took this time to look past the corner. There they saw the outdoor pool, with Joker in swim trunks stretching beside it. With his mask still on, of course.

“Robin,” Sonic said with genuine disappointment in his voice.

“I know, I know, I just couldn't help it!” Male Robin said.

“Frankly, I find your methods disgusting,” a voice in each of their heads said, which meant that it was either Mewtwo or schizophrenia.

“How is it that nobody knew about your little crush, and yet everyone knows about mine?” Male Robin said to Female Robin.

“Because somehow you're way worse at hiding it,” Female Robin said. “Which I'm not sure how that happens. We're technically the same person.”

“Well you lived in a dimension where gay people existed. And… seemed to rule the planet. Regardless, I have way more pent-up sexual frustration than you,” Male Robin said.
“Yeah, I definitely didn't need to hear that,” Sonic said.

“That's not an excuse, Other Robin!” Female Robin quietly exclaimed. “You need to start functioning like a human being around him! You're acting like Tharja!”

An expression of dawning horror graced Male Robin's face. “Oh my gods, I am.”

Female Robin gave him a shove. “Go swim with him. Start a normal fucking conversation with him. Just do something that doesn't make yourself look pitiful.”

“You don't need to confess right now, you just need to actually give him the chance to get to know you,” Sonic said.

“And despise you,” Mewtwo said, causing the other two to glare at him. “I was joking.”

“Your joking voice sounds exactly the same as your serious voice, and neither of them are really a voice,” Female Robin said. “And speaking of joking, go talk to Joker.” She punctuated this by giving her male counterpart another, harder shove.

Male Robin stumbled forward, then sent a nervous glance back to his spectators. They urged him on. He stepped forward with an artificiality to his walk.

“Hey Joker! Weird to see you here! Haha!” Male Robin said.

Sonic facepalmed. “He's blowing this, isn't he?”

“Indeed,” Mewtwo psychic-ed.

Joker acknowledged Robin’s presence with a friendly nod. Robin continued forward.

“Nice day for a swim, huh? Do you come here often?” he said.

Female Robin was the next to facepalm.

Robin kept walking. “Would you mind if I swam with-” but then he realized that he had made a horrible error. He had completely lost track of where his feet were taking him, and he began plunging towards the water.

In a feat of what seemed like sheer reaction time, Joker lunged for the falling tactician, and was able to grab him just in time. By the hand.

The momentum of Robin being pulled back to his feet made his hood flip over his head. It was likely for the best, as it helped mask how red his face was.

“... Thanks…” Robin said.

Joker grabbed him gently by both shoulders, seemingly trying to make sure he was okay.

“I'm fine,” Male Robin said, finally flipping the hood back off. “Just a little startled is all.”

Joker nodded and removed his hands from the tactician's shoulders. Then he tilted his head in a questioning gesture.

“Oh, what I was saying before…?” Robin hesitated. “I was… wondering if it would be okay if I swam with you.”
Joker paused, then smiled. He gestured for Male Robin to come join him.

Two of the three spectators pumped their fists.

“ Well, he has successfully achieved the status of acquaintance,” Mewtwo, the other, said.

Chapter End Notes

Well... It's progress! I guess!

Dude, I'm eagerly awaiting the day that more people make fics with this ship. I would feel so fulfilled.
Lucas and Incineroar take a walk.

Prompt, because the demonstration of Incineroar’s side B was entirely done on this sad child.

Lucas and Incineroar walked together on the sidewalk outside of the building. It was a sunny day, and Incineroar definitely liked the heat. Lucas just tagged along.

The two had been getting along better during recent times, after a rather brutal day where Incineroar kept hitting Lucas against the ropes. Incineroar had felt bad and gotten Lucas some ice cream that day. They were now friends for life.

This day, however, Lucas was tracing a line on the ground with his stick. It was peaceful, until Lucas fell and skinned his knee.

Incineroar immediately sprung into action. He picked the boy up and examined the wound. Then he sprinted into the mansion (almost through the wall) and then sprinted back out with a ginormous wad of band-aids in his hands.

Incineroar literally lifted Lucas off the ground, then started trying to stick a band-aid to his knee—without opening it first.

Lucas giggled and took the band-aid. He demonstrated how to open it as he applied it to his skinned knee. Incineroar looked on in fascination.

After Lucas was done, he nodded to his feline companion, who gave the biggest grin in response. Then they continued their walk.

---

F Robin: can someone tell incineroar to stop sticking band-aids on everyone

Dark Pit: Why don't you do it?

F Robin: cant. too cute

King Dedede: He taped over Kirby's eyes, lol!
Kirby: i camt dee abbyhing. (×_×;)

M Corrin: Still nailed the emoji, though.

Chapter End Notes

Incineroar is adorable...

... in a certain light.

I'm really excited, because we're coming up on something truly special.
“Thanks again for helping with this,” Pokemon Trainer said. “I wish I could take care of this myself, but I really need to go get my meds refilled, and it always takes hours here.”

“Don't worry about it,” Zelda said. “I am happy to assist.”

“Thank you!” Pokemon Trainer said. “So, recap. Squirtle and Ivysaur want some time out of their pokeballs, and they needed a bath anyways. Squirtle loves the water, so he shouldn't be a problem, but Ivysaur… she's a little troublesome. It's best to put her under a shower instead. She'll try to get away, but eventually she'll give in. Also, Squirtle is always hyper after a bath, so try to reign him in. And if Charizard comes out… just leave him be. Don't try to bathe him and don't try to order him around. He will challenge your authority.”

“You have nothing to worry about. I will take good care of them,” Zelda said with a reassuring smile.

Pokemon Trainer nodded. “Thanks,” he said one more time before exiting his room.

Zelda turned to the two that she was now pokesitting. “Well, you two will be hanging out with me for the time being!”

Squirtle hopped up and down looking excited, while Ivysaur calmly looked at Zelda.

“So, who's ready for a bath?” Zelda said.

Squirtle's face became ecstatic, while Ivysaur's changed to one of betrayal.

“It will be okay, Ivysaur,” Zelda said, bending down to pick up the leafy creature. She slipped out of the princess's grasp. “Hey, get back here!”

Ivysaur bolted under her trainer's bed and hid. Zelda knelt down in front of it.

“Eventually it's going to have to happen,” she said to the cowering Pokemon. “You will have to be washed. I promise I'll be very, very gentle with it.”

Ivysaur shook her head and stayed under the bed.
“Ivysaur, I'm going to count to three,” Zelda said. “One, two-”

Squirtle tugged on her dress.

“Yes, Squirtle?”

Squirtle gestured towards the bathroom and went, “Squirt!”.

“Oh. You would like to go first,” Zelda said. She picked up the small turtle and walked to the door of the room before turning back to the bed. With one hand, she closed the door and locked it. “You are not off the hook yet. Your shower will come soon,” she said to Ivysaur. She then headed to the bathroom.

Pokemon Trainer was right. Bathing Squirtle was no issue. He genuinely enjoyed the whole time, both splashing and swimming around a little.

Zelda carefully dried him off, then returned to the bedroom. She could still see Ivysaur's eyes in the shadows underneath the bed.

Placing down Squirtle, Zelda spoke, “Ivysaur, please come out. I promise it won't be too bad.”

After a beat of silence, Ivysaur crawled out of her hiding spot.

“Saur…” she said sadly.

Zelda approached her. “It's going to be fine.” The princess picked up the dinosaur and brought her to the bathtub. After a little game of charades to see if Ivysaur liked the water hot or cold (the answer was cold), Zelda started gently cleaning the petals of the bud. She moved down to take care of the rest of the body, and Ivysaur ceased moving the whole time. Zelda was concerned that the Pokemon was frozen in fear, but it turned out that she was just content.

A freshly-washed Ivysaur in tow, Zelda re-entered the bedroom to see Squirtle jumping around all over the place with renewed energy. Zelda smiled at the antics, but only until Squirtle knocked a pokeball onto the ground.

It opened, and Charizard emerged in his full glory. He stretched out his body and roared.

Zelda grabbed his Pokeball as soon as she could have and aimed it at him.

“Charizard, return!” she shouted, but to no effect. Charizard just looked at her with distrust. Zelda turned the pokeball towards herself and pressed the button, but all that did was briefly create a small red dot on said button. She tossed the ball aside. “I don't know how to work this contraption.”

Then Charizard got right up in her face and roared menacingly. Well, to anyone else it would have been menacing. To Zelda, it just made her mad.

“Excuse me, that was very rude,” she said aggressively towards the large dragon. “You have no reason to act in such a way towards me, and yet you are. I don't recall provoking you! This is uncivil, and most of all, uncalled for. I hope you feel ashamed of yourself.”

Charizard shrunk back, thoroughly defeated by Zelda's words.

“Please return to your Pokeball,” the princess said.

Charizard quickly obliged.
Zelda made a sigh of relief and combed a hand through her hair. She then turned and saw Squirtle and Ivysaur staring at her with faces of newfound respect.

“So how were they?” Pokemon Trainer asked as he returned the last of his Pokemon, Squirtle, to his Pokeball.

“We had a few complications, but in general it went well,” Zelda said. “Especially with Charizard.”

“Wait, Charizard came out?” Pokemon Trainer said. “Jeeze, I'm sorry. That must have been rough.”

“No, Not really,” Zelda said. “He was quite receptive to what I had to say.”

“Wow,” Pokemon Trainer said. “Either he was feeling particularly generous, or you were really scary.”

“Let's just go with the former,” Zelda said winking.

Chapter End Notes

*smiles awkwardly because doesn't know what to say*
Today, everyone returned to the mansion moaning and groaning.

“What the fuck?” Samus exclaimed. “Why did so many of us get beaten by a PLANT?”

The Piranha Plant sauntered back to its spot in the corner of the lobby, somehow looking proud of itself.

“Lucina, do you know where an ice pack is?” Chrom asked.

“Yes, there should be some in the kitchen freezer,” Lucina said.

“Thanks,” Chrom said, limping away.

“Fucking shrub,” Samus murmured, walking out of the lobby and to her room. Dark Samus followed.

“Hmm, I wonder if Samus is okay with getting beaten by the Piranha Plant?” Female Corrin said sarcastically.

“This was a complete disgrace for me. I need to go train,” Ryu said, heading to the weight room.

“Ryu, come on,” Ken said, pursuing.

“Aaand that's two more gone,” Fox said.

“I'm still trying to figure out exactly how the plant is able to fly. Or… move in any capacity, for that matter,” Simon said.

Zelda chimed in, “Well, with the speed at which it rotates its leaves-”

“I just decided that I don't care,” Simon said, walking out.

“Well. That was rude,” Pit said. “Sorry Zelda. I'd like to hear what you were going to say, though!”
Zelda huffed. “I don't think I'm in much of the right mood anymore.”

Wolf suddenly entered the lobby from outside. “Hey guys, look what I found!” He shook the canister of weed whacker that he was holding and approached the Piranha Plant.

“Wolf, stop,” Palutena said, exasperated.

Before the bounty hunter could get any farther, Rosalina twirled her wand and removed the canister from his hand.

Wolf frowned at the group. “Why won't any of you ever let me have a moment of joy?”

“Because your moments of joy typically involve murder,” Fox said.

“Or theft, or maiming, or destruction…” Falco counted off on his fingers.

“I'm a predator of simple pleasures,” Wolf said.

“Uh, I wouldn't call murder a simple pleasure,” Pit said.

“Shut up,” Wolf said to no one in particular, then walked out.

“Man, who knew a plant could bring down the mood this much?” Female Robin said.

Luigi raised his hand.

“Well, yeah, of course you,” Female Robin commented.

“Welp. I'm going to go sleep off the embarrassment that this whole thing caused me,” Dark Pit said. “If someone ends up killing the plant, let me know. I want to see its lifeless corpse.”

“Pittoo, that's really morbid,” Pit said.

“It's a fucking weed,” Dark Pit said. “And stop calling me Pittoo!!!” He left.

“You know, if we replaced the pot with a lifeless plant, the announcer might not even notice…” Falco said, stroking his chin.

“Falco!” Fox said.

Falco raised his hands. “I'm just saying!”

“You know, I just had a thought,” Pit said.

“And what's that?” Palutena asked.

“If the Piranha Plant is alive… what does that mean for vegetarians?” Pit said.

Many people in the room froze in contemplation of this.

“This conversation has gone somewhere very dark,” Zelda said.

“Yeah,” Male Robin commented.

Chapter End Notes
GUYS! WE'VE MADE IT TO BE THE THIRD MOST KUDOSED SMASH FANFIC OF ALL TIME! WE BEAT THE 'MY IMMORTAL' OF SMASH FANFICS!!!

Honestly, it's all thanks to you guys. I never thought this series would get so much love, but you guys made it happen. From the bottom of my heart, thank you.

The next chapter is about sex.
The Sex One (A whole lot of people)

Chapter Summary

It's chapter 69. I had to.

Chapter Notes

Time really got away from me today. I've gotten really behind on my writing, and it's slowly catching up to me! Ahhhh!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Villager: How are babies born?
Roy: *spits out drink*
Fox: Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
Sonic: Uhhh
Ken: Well… uh… Villager…
Richter: Don't do it. Leave it be. It's better this way.
Pokemon Trainer: This took a turn towards awkward real quick.
Villager: I just want to know? How are babies born?
Marx: S E X .
Roy: *spits out drink again*
Chrom: You don't have to actually spit out your drink.
Roy: It was completely involuntary.
Villager: What's sex?
Fox: *bashes head on table* Marx, why are you like this.
Marx: ;)

Marx has logged off

Samus: Welp, I logged in to something horrible
Ken: SAMUS HELP

Samus: Why the **** do you want my help?

Roy: We need the female perspective.

Samus: Well my 'female perspective' won't be very helpful here

Sonic: Please! We don't want to be solely responsible for this!

Dark Pit: Wait wait wait, hold up.

Dark Pit: There was some subtext in what Samus just said.

Samus: Don't you dare

Chrom: What do you mean?

Dark Pit: Samus has never had sex!

Roy: *spits out drink again again*

Sonic: How much of that drink do you have?

Roy: Are you serious?

Ken: What?!

Ike: This is unexpected.

Richter: No, I refuse to believe it.

Chrom: You know what Roy? I agree. *Get drink* *spits drink out*

Kirby: You haven't had sex?! (*・ロ・)ノ>

Sonic: (Even Kirby's surprised…)

Samus: I've had sex!

Samus: Just… not with other people.

Roy: Oh my god, she hasn't lost her V-card yet.

Samus: Shut up. By the way, Dark Pit? You're dead.

Dark Pit: I'd like to see you try getting onto the roof without wings!

Kirby: Dark Pit: I'd like to see you try to get me when I'm hiding like a ****! (＞▽＜_ )ノ

Fox: I had no idea Kirby was this savage.

Dark Pit: Apparently the pink puffball has a death wish.
Kirby: Sure. Come down here and get me. Where Samus is. (〜ω^{*}〜)

Chrom: Alright, that's enough death threats for one day.

Villager: I still don't know what sex is!

M Corrin: It's a way that two people who love each other show their affection for one another.

Ken: M Corrin swoops in with the save.

Villager: Oh, I think I get it.

Chrom: Very good explanation, Corrin!

Villager: So, is that what I've been hearing coming out of Lucina's room?

Chrom: …

Chrom has logged off

Chapter End Notes

So... Chrom might not be okay.

We're really close to being the number one (exclusively) Smash Bros. fic! That said, I hope you guys are enjoying what some of the other creators have been making, too. There's some good stuff here on Ao3!
Female Corrin liked to wander a bit when she didn't have anything to do. The mansion really was absurdly large, and she intended to get to know every inch of it.

But when she saw Samus looking despondent, she decided that she could take a break from her exploring.

“Hey, are you okay?” Corrin asked, walking up to the bounty hunter.

“No,” Samus said. “I need your help.”

And then Corrin was being dragged by the wrist to Samus's room. Normally Corrin wouldn't be too thrilled about the arrangement, but Samus looked like she was on the verge of a mental breakdown.

Samus led Corrin to sit on the bed, and then pulled up the desk chair for herself.

“Corrin, you've been in war. You've probably lost people,” Samus said.

Corrin nodded somberly. “I have, yes.”

“How do you… deal with losing someone you care about?” Samus asked.

“Well… I'm sure you've heard about my 'situation'. I'm not exactly the best example,” Corrin said.

“Right…” Samus said, and then started to have a faroff gaze.

“Samus… did you lose someone you care about?” Corrin asked.

Samus seemed to come back to reality. “No, not recently. It's just… I'm just… don't worry about it, okay? It's stupid.”

Corrin placed a hand on her friend’s shoulder. “If it's getting you this upset, it's not stupid.”

Samus sighed. “I… just, forming close relationships is hard when you've lost so many people and there's still the potential of losing more.”

“Forming close relationships…” Corrin repeated, her face taking one of deep thought. Then she...
seemed to have an epiphany. “You mean Dark Samus?”

Samus tensed up. “... No…”

“You do! You totally do!” Corrin said, suddenly excited. “You're into Dark Samus!”

“............ Okay, let's say theoretically I am,” Samus said.

She was then nearly toppled over in her seat by the white-haired queen. “I'm so happy for you! I've been rooting for you two since the mess hall!”

Samus sighed. “Did anybody in this damn building not see that happen?”

Corrin sat back on the bed and placed her hands on her knees. “So, you think she's pretty?”

Samus nodded. “God, yes, but-”

“Do you think that she'll make good girlfriend material?” Corrin interrupted.

“Yeah, but-”

“Then go for it! I've never known you as someone to hold reservations,” Corrin said.

“Everyone who tries to get close to me ends up dying,” Samus blurted out.

“... Samus-”

Now it was Samus's turn to interrupt. “My parents, old soldier friends, former commanding officers… even a baby metroid that I befriended. They. All. Die.”

“But you can't let that stop you from enjoying your life!” Corrin said, grabbing Samus's wrists. “Plus, Dark Samus has shown that, time and time again, she'll come back even if she does die. Samus… you can't let this stop you.”

“... But how can I possibly let her get close to me when I could lose her…?” Samus said, significantly more subdued.

“Honestly,” Corrin said, “you just take a leap of faith and do it.”

Samus: Hey Marx, can I have admin privileges for a sec

Marx: No, but I'll take off your censorship.

Samus: That'll work

Samus: Hey, I've got an announcement bitches

M Robin: that was so unnecessary

Ken: Shhh, I want to hear the announcement.
Samus: Dark Samus and I are now officially a couple

Little Mac: Eyyy!

Richter: Mazel tov!

Simon: You're not Jewish. Stop.

Palutena: I'm relieved to hear it! I'm sure you two will be sickeningly sweet together!

Dark Pit: Clearly you've never met Samus.

Ken: Hush, you.

Lucina: I'm happy for you Samus!

Falco: I hope you have a long, happy life together and many weird, alien babies.

F Corrin: Lesbians, Falco.

Falco: You can adopt weird, alien babies.

Samus: Thank you all. I think

Falco: I'm being supportive!

Chrom: And I'm late to say congrats, but congrats!

Marx: I'll be honest, I don't really care, but I'll give you the gift of chatroom cursing in congratulations!

Wolf: Can I have that please?

Marx: No.

Joker: So how did this happen?

Samus: It kind of just did. One second we're friends and the next I'm like oh, she's kinda hot

Palutena: I'm so proud of you!

Samus: (rolls eyes) Okay, mom

Fox: MOM

Richter: Palutena is the ultimate mom.

M Robin: does that make lucina and other robin our moms too

Lucina: Goodness, I'm not certain I'm ready for that responsibility...

Joker: Lucina's definitely the cool mom.

Ken: YES.
Pit: Lady Palutena's cool!

Kirby: Lucina would definitely be the cooler mom, though. (*/^v^\*)

Samus: Yeah. Palutena, no offense.

Palutena: Go to your room, young lady!

Samus: Fine! And I'm taking Dark Samus with me!

Little Mac: Pffft

Samus: Seriously though, we're gonna fuck, so don't be nearby

Ken: Oh.

Falco: Officially too much information.

Lucina: I can't believe my daughter is like this.

Chapter End Notes

And it happened! Yay!

Next chapter, everything changes.
(This one isn't an actual chapter. But read it anyway.)

Chapter Summary

An announcement from me to you.

Hi! It's ghastly7. Y'know, the writer!

I am making this chapter because I want to bring a few things up. And... because I'm a little behind on the writing and I need an extra day to get it finished. I hope you guys don't mind if I take just one day off! I promise there'll be more tomorrow! Don't burn me at the stake!

So, that's one order of business. Secondly, I wanted to give a little behind-the-scenes of this story. Or rather, deleted scenes.

Here are a few stories that I started writing, but had to scrap because I couldn't get a good feel for them:

(During visitors week) Lucina, Ness, Silver the Hedgehog, and Young Link all bond over time travel.

Joker sees Zelda in her Shiek costume for the first time and thinks it's an intruder.

Some kind of interaction between Piranha Plant and Ivysaur.

Captain Falcon and Sonic race, and Falcon throws a tantrum when he loses.

So there they are. If somebody else wants to write one of them, put it on Ao3 and let me know in the comments of this chapter. I'll post a link to the fic in a future chapter!

Last order of business is the next chapter. It won't actually be in this fic. It will be in a brand new fic that will be in the same series as this, so you'll just have to click the 'next work in the series' button. It's separated for reasons that will become clear once it comes out.

So yeah! Don't miss it! Things get real!

I hope you all have a nice day, and post a comment with the indie rep that you want most in the Smash DLC. We need an indie rep.
Smash Weekly (Samus, f!Robin, and Palutena)

Chapter Summary

The premiere of the Smash podcast!

Chapter Notes

IF YOU HAVE NOT READ SMASH MANSION: THE TERMS, YOU ARE IN FOR
MAJOR SPOILERS! Go read it if you haven't already.

Also, I guess the 'break' I took only ended up being like 15 minutes long. *shrugs*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Samus tapped the microphone. “I'm just going to assume this is working.”

“Yes, I believe it is,” Palutena said.

“Yeah, I think we're ready,” Female Robin said.

Samus cleared her throat, and then started speaking into the microphone. “Hello, and welcome to
Smash Weekly, the podcast that probably won't end up happening weekly, but it's definitely about
Smash.”

There was a giggle or two from the other women before Samus resumed. “Basically, Marx is
setting this up so that it will be broadcasted through several different worlds. That way people can
hear what's been going on over here.” Samus leaned slightly more away from the microphone.
“Right, so, let's catch you people up to speed. To help me with this, I have my lovely guests here,
Palutena and Female Robin!”

“Hi, Samus. Glad to be featured on the premier episode of the podcast!” Female Robin said.

“This is quite exciting for me. I've never been on a 'podcast' before,” Palutena said.

“I think we all have that in common. Actually, I'm not really sure why we decided to do this,”
Samus said.

“It'll be cathartic to talk about all of this stuff,” Female Robin said.

“I guess,” Samus agreed. “Anyways, let's talk about stuff. So, a few new developments came
around this time in the Smash Mansion. Obviously, we have some new fighters.”

“And almost all of them are very lovely people,” Palutena said.

“Yeah, except for, y'know, my mortal enemy,” Samus said.

“Actually you had two mortal enemies join the roster originally,” Robin said.
“Yes, but… that's a lot more complicated. We'll get to that,” Samus said. “I guess the next big development was actually you two getting a girlfriend.”

“Well, we had a few fights before that happened. They may not be pleasant memories, but we shouldn't forget them,” Palutena said.

“Oh, you did?” Samus asked. “Were they like fistfights or…”

“Yeah, one of them... kinda,” Robin said. “Actually, it was more of an explosion fight.”

“Damn, and I missed that?” Samus said.

“Other Robin didn't. He broke it up,” Female Robin said.

“It's a good thing he did. Otherwise, I might have really injured you,” Palutena said, with a cheeky expression on her face.

“I mean yeah, obviously,” Robin said. “I was too mad at the time to register that I was trying to fight a literal goddess. I would've been annihilated.”

“Don't sell yourself short. You were certainly holding your own,” Palutena said.

“But now you guys have that all worked out, huh?” Samus asked.

“Yep, and all it took was a couple of slaps on the wrist from Lucina,” Robin said, and then she turned away from her microphone. “We love you, Lucina!”

There was a pause, and then Samus leaned in to her microphone. “For those of you listening at home, Lucina's at the other end of the room and she said that she loved them both. And it was cute.”

“Gods, she's adorable,” Robin said.

“We're truly head-over-heels for her,” Palutena said.

“So now my two co-hosts have a girlfriend in common. Then… uh, what happened next?” Samus asked.

“Ah, yes. For the audience, Samus has a little bit of trouble remembering some of this information. We will explain that soon,” Palutena said. “But I did realize that we skipped over one particular event.”

“Oh right! Joker!” Robin said.

“Joker, right, yeah. Mask guy,” Samus said.

“Joker arriving was a big stir. He's a pretty unique person, if not very talkative,” Robin said.

“He's stylish, too,” Samus said.

“Oh yeah, so stylish,” Robin agreed.

“He seems to be a fairly nice person, and plenty of us enjoy being around him,” Palutena said.

“Some of us more than others,” Robin said smirking, knowing full well that none of the podcast listeners would be able to see it.
“And the next big occurrence was… well, it was you getting together with Dark Samus,” Palutena said.

“Which we're not going to talk about, because that will be really weird for me!” Samus said. “Let's move on.”

“... Okay, well right after that… shit hit the fan,” Robin said. “I don't know how else to say it.”

“The announcer of the games, who also was in charge of the mansion, started to become increasingly controlling, and Samus was upset about it,” Palutena said. “She intentionally broke some of the rules, and the announcer erased her memories as a punishment.”

“He was a fucking dick,” Samus said.

“Agreed,” Robin said. “And if things had continued that way, we all would have had the same happen to us.”

“But we defeated him, using help from one of Kirby's… friends?” Palutena said.

“No, that's not the right word...” Robin said.

“I think what you're looking for is 'mortal enemy','” Samus said.

“Yes, that's the one,” Palutena said.

“Wait, you barely know Marx, Samus,” Robin said.

“I have talked to Meta Knight, though. He's very opinionated,” Samus said.

“Well, long story short, now Marx runs the Mansion. For better or for worse,” Robin said.

“This morning, my sink would only dispense purple Gatorade,” Samus said. “I think it may not be worse, but it's definitely weirder.”

“I would agree with that sentiment,” Palutena said. “Even though I have no clue what 'gator aid’ is.”

“What I'm curious about, because we haven't heard anything about it, is what's happening with you and Dark Samus now,” Robin said, cradling her chin between her hands.

Samus glared at her. “Really putting me on the spot here, huh?”

“Mhm!” Robin hummed cheerfully.

Samus sighed. “Well, considering that I still don't remember any of the time we spent together, I can't really force myself to like her like that. But… I'm giving her as many chances as she needs to make it happen again. For me, it still feels like there's something there, between us, but it's incomplete. For now, we're friends, but hopefully things can go back to the way they were.”

“Aww, that's so sweet,” Palutena said.

“What, the loss of all of our memories?” Samus said.

“No, the fact that you still feel something, if only something small, for her,” Palutena said, smiling. “Perhaps you actually are a softie in there somewhere.”
“Shut up…” Samus said, a very small, almost invisible blush crossing her features.

“Well, I think we're all caught up with what's been happening in the mansion,” Robin said. “We'll try to keep you posted on the things that happen over here, so you can enjoy them wherever you are.”

Samus shook herself of her embarrassment. “Yes, and we'll likely have a rotating cast to keep you up-to-date. So thank you for tuning in to Smash Weekly, and until next time, don't get your memories erased.”

Robin turned around. “Lucina! Come say bye to the people!”

Lucina made her way over, and then leaned past her girlfriends towards the microphone. “Uh-um… thank you for listening! I hope you enjoyed!”

Palutena put her hands on her cheeks. “You are so cute!”

“Completely adorable,” Robin said, and then they both started kissing Lucina.

“Guys, can you stop being gay for, like, five seconds while I turn off the recording?” Samus said. “How the fuck do you turn this thing o-”

And then the podcast ended.

Chapter End Notes

In short, Robin is gay, Palutena is gay, other Robin is gay, Samus is *cough* bisexual, and Dark Samus is gay. Any questions?
“Okay, okay, I can do this,” Pokemon Trainer said. He glanced at the cookbook, and then back at his empty bowl. Then he glanced back at the cookbook, and back to his bowl. He had to resist repeating the process a third time, but he eventually managed to crack some eggs into the bowl. Step one, finished.

He really took his time with every single facet of the recipe, but eventually he had succeeded. Scrambled eggs. And only five dirty dishes.

He tasted the eggs as he was taking them off the burner and, surprisingly, they weren't bad. He nodded to himself in accomplishment and reached for the salt and pepper.

Instead, he found his hand inside Kirby's mouth. It wasn't exactly gross, but it was… weird. Especially considering that the pink puffball had just eaten the salt and pepper dispensers whole.

“Uh… hi Kirby?” Pokemon Trainer said, retracting his hand.

“Hiiii~” Kirby said. He then started looking straight at the pan that the trainer was holding.

“Oh, you won't like these. It's my first attempt making them,” Pokemon Trainer said.

Kirby looked at him, but then his gaze returned to the food.

“Oh, alright. I can spare some,” Pokemon Trainer said.

Kirby made a sound of excitement, and rushed over to sit at the small kitchen table. Pokemon Trainer seasoned the eggs (with another set of salt and pepper shakers) and divided them onto two plates. Then he sat down across from Kirby.

“Here you go. I hope they aren't terrible,” Pokemon Trainer said, placing a plate in front of each of them.

Kirby started to inhale, and the eggs flew off of his plate and into his mouth. And so did Pokemon Trainer's eggs.

He sighed. “Welp…”
But he looked at Kirby, and the puffball's eyes were positively sparkling. He took out his screen.

**Ken:** No, of course not! What even gave you the impression that I wanted to buy an ostrich?

**Kirby:** Everyone needs to come to the bottom floor kitchen and try @Pokemon Trainer's eggs. They are the most delicious things I have ever eaten, and I have eaten a lot of things.

**Falco:** ****, that's high praise.

**M Corrin:** You know that Kirby means business when he isn't using emojis.

**Pokemon Trainer:** Thanks, Kirby, but I think you might be exaggerating a little.

**Snake:** **** that, I'm gonna come down there and try some of these eggs.

**King Dedede:** Oh, you know I'm coming.

**Mario:** Save some for me, please!

**Pit:** Hey, I've already failed making eggs too many times for me to count. I'd love to see what they should taste like.

**Samus:** Fuck yeah, I want some eggs!

**Pokemon Trainer:** Guys, I haven't even made the eggs yet!

**Ken:** We can wait. We'll have a together brunch!

**Chrom:** That's a great idea, Ken!

**Ken:** You could say it's…

**Bowser:** Eggcellent?

**F Robin:** OH MY GODS

**F Robin:** well be down soon if i dont kill someone first

**Pokemon Trainer:** Um, okay! I'll get right to making more eggs! I guess!

It was grueling work, but eventually Pokemon Trainer had made enough scrambled eggs that he thought it could serve the very large group of people waiting for them. When he came out with the pot, cheers erupted in the crowd.

Everyone took their food, and started to chow down. And, to Pokemon Trainer's befuddlement, everyone agreed with Kirby. The eggs were delicious. Not that the trainer would be able to know. There hadn't been enough eggs for him to have any.
He made himself a cold-cut sandwich. There was no way that he was going to make any more eggs today.

M Corrin: Oh gods…

Sonic: You too?

Shulk: Yeah, who else has food poisoning?

Samus: ME.

F Robin: blegh

Olimar: I don't feel so good, either…

M Robin: yeah me too

F Corrin: I'm dying…

Wolf: Somebody ****ing kill me……

Ken: Yeah, but honestly?

Ken: Worth it.

Chapter End Notes

EGG
The First Meeting (The Bounty Hunters Club)

Chapter Summary

Welcome to the first meeting. No one knows why this club needs to exist.

Chapter Notes

A lot of people wanted to see more of this thing that I was about to throw away as a one-time joke. Honestly, I'm glad! So I just passed out, woke up, and then posted this chapter.

This chapter features Sober Samus Regret™.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So, what are we doing here?” Samus said.

“We're having the first meeting of the bounty hunters club,” Snake said. “You made it in the first place.”

“Well, of course I wouldn't remember that!” Samus said.

“I'm not sure you would've even if you hadn't lost your memories,” Wolf said. “You were really, really drunk.”

Samus rested her head on the table. “Of course I was…”

“Yeah, I must admit that you were… interesting when intoxicated,” Ike said.

“You flirted with literally everyone, and then somehow passed out in Lucina's room,” Falco said.

“I still don't know why these Star Wolf wannabes were invited,” Wolf said, glaring at Fox and Falco.

“Pfft, who's the team who got two people into Smash, huh? Because it sure wasn't Star Wolf,” Fox said.

“... That's because I don't need the rest of my team…” Wolf said.

“Anyways,” Ike said, “What is our first order of business?”

“I don't know,” Snake said.

“Let me guess, drunk me decided to make a club, but gave no ideas as to what the club is supposed to do,” Samus said.

“Yep,” Wolf said, popping the P.
Samus sighed. “I think I hate drunk me.” She took out a piece of paper and clicked a pen. “Well, might as well do a roll call. Wolf?”

“You already know I'm here,” Wolf said.

Samus scribbled down onto the paper. “Joker?”

“Here,” Joker said.

Everyone jumped. “Jesus Christ, I thought that was the announcer,” Samus said after recovering from the shock. She scribbled down on the paper. “Ike?”

“Present.”

“Falco?”

“Here.”

“Fox?”

“Yep.”

“Honorary member Snake?”

“I only told you about that five minutes ago. How are you already making fun of me for it?” Snake said.

“Yeah, it seems like every bounty hunter slash mercenary slash thief that I can think of is here,” Samus said.

“Well, we are missing Captain Falcon,” Ike said.

“Pardon?” Samus said.

“Yeah, it turns out that Falcon has been a bounty hunter this whole time,” Snake said.

“What? No… you're joking, right?” Samus said.

“I wish I was,” Snake said.

“Oh, so that's why he always carries that gun that he never uses,” Fox said.

“Huh,” Samus said. “Well, if he's a bounty hunter, I guess he has a spot in this club…”

Everyone was silent

“Actually, how about we all just forget this little detail,” Samus said.

“Yes,” Falco said.

“Agreed,” Snake said.

“Yeah, he would be way too loud,” Wolf said.

“Alright, moving on to… I don't know what,” Samus said. “… This is the least organized thing that I've ever participated in. Who in the hell put me, the amnesiac, in charge?”
“Uh… no one did. You kind of just took charge,” Falco said.

“Oh,” Samus said. It was silent again, and then she said, “Sooo, who wants to go write stuff on Wario's bike with permanent marker?”

“ME!” Wolf said.

“I mean, it sounds fun,” Fox said.

Joker raised his hand.

“I'll go get some markers,” Snake said, departing from the room.

“Guys, we can't just...” Ike began, but everybody was already on their way out. Ike sighed. “I have a feeling that I'm going to be the only moral compass in this club…” He followed the group out.

Chapter End Notes

Don't worry: the bounty hunters club is going to be a permanent fixture now. They just... don't know what the purpose of the club is.
Chapter Summary

Bayonetta is pissed.

Chapter Notes

Based on a prompt for Simon and Bayo.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“SIMON!!!!” came a female voice echoing down the halls.

“Whoa,” Mega Man said.

“This should be interesting,” Ryu said, across the small dining room from him.

Simon stumbled backwards into the room, looking less than apologetic.

“Already said that it was an accident. What else do you want from me?” he said. The two other men in the room saw that he was carrying a mostly-empty bottle of holy water.

Then Bayonetta stalked in, and she looked pissed. A good amount of her hair-clothes seemed to have been burned off, leaving her very exposed, not that she cared.

Mega Man, on the other hand, covered his eyes with his arm. “Why does every moment in this mansion have to contribute to ruining my innocence?”

Bayonetta ignored him. “My powers come from a demon. Spell it: D-E-M-O-N. And you decide to fling around holy water all willy-nilly. And now this has happened. Do you have any idea how long it takes to grow back all of this hair?”

Simon glanced around the room. “I mean, for you probably… five minutes?”

“Wrong! It takes thirty whole minutes for me to get this hair back, you heathen!” Bayonetta spat.

“That’s… really not that much of an inconvenience,” Simon said.

“Oh, not that much of an inconvenience, huh? Let’s see how much of an inconvenience a bullet would be to your head!”

“Whoa, whoa, calm down. That’s a little extreme,” Ryu said, stepping in.

Bayonetta took a few calculated, deep breaths, and then spoke again. “Do not ever approach me with that vile substance ever again,” she said before storming out.

“Is it safe to open my eyes now?” Mega Man asked.
“Yes, the naked lady is gone,” Simon said.

Mega Man removed his arm from in front of his eyes. “So, how did that happen?”

“I was literally moving my supplies, and she bumped into me,” Simon claimed. “And now this bottle is ruined.” He tossed it, letting it shatter on a table and combust into flames before leaving the room.

“Well. That was definitely an interesting chain of events,” Mega Man said.

“Fires, partial nudity, death threats,” Ryu said, “just another day in Smash Mansion.”

Chapter End Notes

Poor Mega Man isn't innocent enough to ignore this stuff, but isn't mature enough to take it in stride. He's in the worst possible range.
A Nice Shower

Chapter Summary

Here's that shower scene you've all been wanting.

Chapter Notes

Not based on a prompt. Based on me being completely insane.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Marx: Knock knock.
F Robin: this can only lead to bad things
Dark Pit: *sigh* Someone has to do it, though.
Dark Pit: Who's there?
Marx: Meteor shower.
Richter: What tf is happening?!
F Robin: AAAAAAAAAAAAA
M Corrin: Flaming rocks!! Coming from the ceiling!!!
Palutena: Oh my! This is a lot of destruction.
Dark Pit: ALL OF EVERYTHING IS GETTING ****ED UP
Shulk: What in the bloody hell is going on?!
King Dedede: AAAAAAAAAaaaaaaaAAAAAA!!!!
Lucina: Ah. This is eerily familiar.

F Robin: LOOK WHAT YOU DID YOU GAVE ME NIGHTMARES AND YOU GAVE MY GIRLFRIEND PTSD
Samus: Marx, what the fuck did you do?!
Marx: Meteor shower. I thought I made that pretty obvious.
Chrom: Well, the rocks aren't falling from the sky anymore.
Chrom: Just… an incredible amount of property damage.

Meta Knight: I'm almost afraid to ask but… why...?

Marx: Because that's just the lovable person I am.

Marx: Also, I can manipulate reality with my brain. AKA, I can fix stuff.

Shulk: Ah. So you did.

Dark Pit: Why even do it in the first place if you're just going to clean it up right after?!

Marx: :P

Lucina: Well, I suppose that's technically an answer…

Kirby: My room still has a huge burning rock in it. (ō=ō )

Marx: Yeah, consider that a little present for launching me into Nova.

Richter: You know, I'm not so sure giving you more power was a great idea.

Marx: Well of course it wasn't, but I could've done that any time I wanted anyways.

Kirby: Marx, please fix my room. Please? (■•﹏•)

Marx: No. B)

Kirby: …

Marx: I'll fix it tomorrow. Today you get to suffer.

Pit: Kirby, you can stay in my room for tonight if you want

Kirby: THANK YOU!

Marx: Fuck.

Marx: I mean, good for you, Kirby!

Samus: You've got issues, man.

Marx: And I would be the first to admit it.

Chapter End Notes

So... when I said a shower scene...
Chapter Summary

Falcon wants to talk to Olimar. Olimar does not want the same.

Chapter Notes

Happy international fanworks day! Bet you thought it was Valentine's day, but Ao3 disagrees!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Captain Falcon: Hey Olimar

Olimar: No.

Marx: I smell a pessimistic attitude!

Turn that frown upside-down: It's not pessimism, it's a long-standing grudge.

Turn that frown upside-down: Was the name change necessary?

Marx: I have to flex my powers somehow.

Marx: In fact, I'm gonna go blow up a building. See ya!

Marx has logged off

Turn that frown upside-down: Huh.

Marx: Hah! Gotcha! I don't need to log off, I text with my brain.

Turn that frown upside-down: Again, my only reaction is… huh.

Captain Falcon: Why do you have a long-standing grudge against me?? T--T

Turn that frown upside-down: You're a pikmin murderer!

Captain Falcon: Oh, you're still mad about that?

Turn that frown upside-down: Are the pikmin still dead?

Captain Falcon: Yeah

Turn that frown upside-down: Then yes, I'm still mad about it.
Marx: Context please.

**Turn that frown upside-down:** We were in the middle of protecting the world from Subspace

**Turn that frown upside-down:** And Falcon killed about two dozen pikmin just to do a pose.

**Captain Falcon:** It's CAPTAIN Falcon.

**Turn that frown upside-down:** Captain of what? A military unit? A spaceship? No, you're neither. So you're just Falcon to me.

**Pokemon Trainer:** ****, get destroyed Falcon.

**Marx:** Translation: Damn.

**Captain Falcon:** I

**Turn that frown upside-down:** … I'm sorry Captain Falcon. That was too far. I'm just… very protective of my pikmin.

**Marx:** This prompts a name change!

**Falcon:** It's fine. I guess it was kind of a dick move to do that in the first place.

**Mama Bear Mode Engaged:** As long as you acknowledge that, then I think I can forgive you.

**Falcon:** Yay!

**Falcon:** Marx, did you take the captain out of my name?

**Marx:** Was wondering when you were gonna notice!

**Pokemon Trainer:** *Was also quietly waiting for you to notice*

**Falcon:** Put it back!

**Marx:** No! :)

**Marx:** In fact

**Marx:** Hey @Falco.

**Captain Falco:** What?

**Captain Falco:** Again with this renaming crap?

**Pokemon Trainer:** That is such a low blow.

**Falcon:** Marx PLEASE!!!

**Captain Falco:** Context?

**Mama Bear Mode Engaged:** I rudely said that Captain Falcon didn't deserve the title of ‘Captain’. Marx took it too far.
Marx: I took it exactly where it needed to go, thank you very much.

Captain Falco: But I'm not a captain

Marx: At least you actually do more than racing.

Pokemon Trainer: Oof.

Falcon: Why're you being so mean right now?!

Marx: *is literally just stating facts*

Mama Bear Mode Engaged: Marx, please give him back his title.

Marx: Fine, but he's getting demoted.

Sergeant Falcon: What?

Falco: Yeah, that's pretty much what I expected.

Marx: You've gotta earn back your rank, pal.

Sergeant Falcon: How do I do that?

Marx: Hmm…

Marx: You have to go a full three days without asking people to show you their moves.

Sergeant Falcon: No

Marx: Yes.

Sergeant Falcon: Anything but that

Marx: Deal with it.

Pokemon Trainer: Not sure if this is cruel, but it's definitely unusual.

Marx: Timer starts now. Enjoy yourself, Falcon!

Chapter End Notes

In the comments, tell me what your favorite video game boss battle is, and give me one reason why Nintendo decided to put 13,000 RPGs in a row in the direct.
Pride Day Part 1

Chapter Summary

Female Corrin is organizing a Pride Day, because she can.

Chapter Notes

GAAAAAYYYYYYYY

See the end of the chapter for more notes

F Corrin: I'm organizing a Pride event for tomorrow.

F Corrin: There's going to be food, fun, and we'll all have a Pride parade together!

Fox: Cool, are you aware that it's 4 am?

F Corrin: ****, it is, isn't it.

Fox: SLEEP

And so, the next day was the poorly announced, yet somehow well organized, Pride day.

“Where did all of this food even come from?” Male Robin asked. He gestured to the two tables in the dining area that were completely covered in dishes and containers of culinary delights.

“Oh, Mr. Game and Watch. He's a really good chef, and fast too,” Female Corrin said. Then she smirked. “So, how's being gay?”

Male Robin sighed. “Frustrating.”

“I know, buddy,” Corrin said, patting his back. “I think today will help, though. If Joker joins the parade, you'll know that he's interested in men.”

“Gods, how do you know about my crush, too?” Robin asked.

“Honestly I think everyone knows,” Corrin said. “In fact, I'd bet money that Joker knows too, and is just waiting for you to make the first move.”

“But I'm incapable ,” Robin said, gazing at the ceiling with a far-off glance.

“You’ll figure it out. If we can get Samus to get over interspecies bias and PTSD-based closing
herself off, we can get you a boyfriend.”

Robin sighed. “Alright. Today I'll know if I have a chance.”

“That's the right attitude! I think…” Corrin said.

F Corrin: Yo, all my bi and gay pals! Lunch is ready! #Pride

Dark Pit: If you ever use a hashtag again, I swear…

F Corrin: #salt

Marx: #WhineyBitch

F Robin: #rude

Samus: #YouSwearWhat #IllFuckinEndYou

Incineroar: #sickomode

Yoshi: :)

Falco: #chaos

Ken: #LateToTheParty

Richter: #Oh****Hashtags

Lucina: #IConsiderYouAllMyFriendsAndICareForYouAllGreatly

F Corrin: #ClearlyDoesn’tUnderstandHashtags #ButStillSuperAdorable

Palutena: #WeKnow #PreciousBabyGirl

F Robin: #<3

Lucina: #<3

Dark Pit has logged off

Dark Pit has left the chatroom

Falco: EYYYYY!

Richter: He banished himself.

Marx: Not on my watch!

Dark Pit has been added to the chatroom
Dark Pit: Okay, so now my screen is fused to my hand. I can only assume this is Marx's fault.

Marx: You got it!

Dark Pit: **** you.

F Robin: #rude

Chapter End Notes

GAYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY
Pride Day Part 2: Pridelectric Boogaloo

Chapter Summary

The Pride Day lunch.

Chapter Notes

Sorry it's a little late. I was doing stuff!

Sitting at the head of the table, Female Corrin was getting really excited. Only people from the LGBT community were invited to this particular lunch, and she was interested to see who would be showing up.

Male Robin was already there, and Samus and Dark Samus were the next to arrive. Samus took a seat, and her Dark counterpart awkwardly hovered (not literally) beside the chair, somewhat inching away to get a seat further away if that was what Samus wanted. The bounty hunter rolled her eyes, and then patted the chair next to her. Dark Samus beamed and immediately took her place by Samus's side.

The next to arrive were the Inklings. It was questionable whether or not they actually understood what was happening, but they seemed enthusiastic.

Then, of course, the power trio arrived, sitting at the long table and scooting their chairs closer to each other to minimize the distance between them. Lucina was in the middle, naturally.

Yoshi arrived next, and Corrin for a moment thought that it was the same situation as the Inklings. But then she remembered that Yoshi understood English perfectly well. He knew that this was the Pride lunch. So that was the first person who actually surprised her.

Kirby came in next, dragging Meta Knight by the cape. Apparently someone was being uncooperative.

“This is pointless,” Meta Knight said.

“What about it?” Lucina asked.

“Love is just a distraction to turn people's minds away from the terrors of reality. Just because I'm attracted to both sexes doesn't make it mean anything,” Meta Knight said, glaring at Kirby.

“That was… probably the most emo thing I've ever heard you say,” Samus said. “And that's really saying something.”

Other fighters that appeared afterwards were Snake, Greninja, Rosalina, and Kamui.

“Male Corrin?” Samus questioned.
“Yeah,” Kamui said with a proud grin.

“But… you’re married to a lady,” Snake said.

“Yeah. Doesn’t make me less bi,” Kamui said.

That thought process seemed to make sense to most people in the room, who shrugged and let it go.

Most people already started digging into their meals, but Corrin could see that Male Robin was just picking at the scraps on his plate. The person he had hoped for didn’t show up.

Or, at least that’s what he thought. Suddenly Joker dropped out of the ceiling and landed on his feet, startling everyone and sending Female Robin into a coughing fit as she choked on her food.

“O-oh! Joker! Way to make an entrance!” Corrin said.

Joker did a little bow.

“Well, there's some room right next to Male Robin if you want a seat,” Corrin said. Male Robin sent her a death glare.

But Joker casually plopped into the seat and started putting food on his plate. Everyone resumed eating, and Corrin subtly patted Male Robin on the back. Success.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I want to know. What was your favorite chapter so far? I want to be able to use that knowledge to make future chapters better.
Pride Day Part 3: The Pridening

Chapter Summary

The parade is not going as well as Female Corrin had hoped...

Chapter Notes

I just completely rewrote this before posting it, because it was a slog to get through before. Trust me, it was bad. And I'm exhausted now, but I refuse to give you people bad content if I can at all help it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Well, I'm bored,” Falco said, supporting his head with a fist.

“Hey, don't be like that,” Pit said. “They're enjoying themselves.”

They were gathered in a corner as the Pride parade happened in front of them. Other heterosexual fighters were scattered around the area.

“Yes, and I think it's a good thing to celebrate but… I can't help but feel like we're being a little excluded,” Fox said.

Then Zelda stormed in and sat down beside them in a huff.

“Oh, hi Zelda! What happened?” Pit asked.

“Hi Pit,” Zelda said. “Link was just being… really frustrating.”

Fox quirked an eyebrow. “Frustrating how?”

Zelda gave an angered sigh. “I'm sorry, it just… it just really angered me.”

Falco rolled his eyes. “Maybe it would help if you would actually tell us what happened.”

“He just… assumed I was a lesbian. Not that that would be a problem, but I'm not! He shouldn't make assumptions like that!” Zelda said, waving her arms around.

“Zelda, I think that he did that because the 'you' from his world is a lesbian,” Fox said.

Zelda sighed and put her head in her hands. “Yes, that would make sense. And it is clearly something I should have thought of earlier before my anger got the best of me.”

“Hey, it's alright. Sometimes it's hard to think of stuff like that,” Pit said.

“I should apologize to him later. I shouldn't have gotten so aggravated by him making an incorrect assumption,” Zelda said.
“Worry about it later. Right now we have to get through this riveting event,” Falco said.

“If you want, you can join us in the heterosexual corner,” Fox said.

Zelda giggled. “Yes, I suppose I already have.”

Female Corrin had thought that the parade was going to be the pride of the event (no pun intended), but something felt off. Looking around, everyone who was watching looked bored. Even some of the people participating in the parade were starting to look dissatisfied, including some of the people who had just joined the group after missing the lunch.

*What's wrong?* Female Corrin thought. She kept glancing around the area and observing the people, and then it hit her when she saw Fox, Falco, Pit and Zelda all grouped together.

*Oh no. I set this whole thing up in a way that completely excludes them.* She looked around at all of the people on the sidelines. *I've alienated all of them just because they aren't gay or bisexual. Damn it. I need to fix this.*

Corrin signaled for the parade to stop and then turned to everyone behind her.

“I'm sorry. This sucks. I've screwed this whole thing up,” she said.

“You didn't 'screw this whole thing up',” Lucina said. “It's alright.”

“No, it's not,” Corrin said. “All any of the others want to do is support us, and I made it so they get nothing for it.”

“It does seem that way, yes,” Meta Knight said, receiving a reprimanding slap on the shoulder from Female Robin.

“I mean, he's not wrong. This kind of sucks right now,” Samus said.

“Let's be done with the parade. I want to fix this,” Corrin said, and then she raised her voice so that it carried across the room. “Hey, the next thing we're going to do is karaoke, and everyone is invited! I'm sorry that I hadn't included so many of you before now. But now I think we can all have some silly fun together. Just because it's Pride doesn't mean that the cis-hets should be left out!”

“That's very kind of you to invite us,” Marth said.

“I just want everyone to be enjoying themselves. That's definitely not what's happening now,” Corrin said.

Samus put a hand on her shoulder from behind her. “Then let's wrap today up in style. Who knows where some booze is?”

“Samus, no…” Meta Knight said.

“There's a bar in a sort of hidden area in the basement of the mansion,” Corrin said.

“And nobody told me?” Snake asked.

"Or me?" Samus said.
“I was kind of waiting for this event to show people. I was going to hold this earlier but, y'know, we all almost died,” Corrin said.

“Well, I think we should get going,” Fox said.

“Yeah!” Pit said, pumping a fist. “It's karaoke time!”

Chapter End Notes

I anticipate that I may have to take an actual break or hiatus some time in the near future, because I have been working on one chapter for this entire week. I'M GETTING SO BEHIND!!!
Now it was dark, but everything was definitely more lively. In the party room, almost everyone was assembled and enjoying themselves (Not Cloud, because… he was still Cloud).

“Alright, alright, who's singing next?” Female Corrin asked into the microphone. She had familiarized herself with the sound system in about thirty minutes, so now she was moderately competent with it.

There was a moment of struggle, and then most of the members of the bounty hunters club were shoved up on stage.

“Oh, this should be good,” Corrin said, and then she ran to the sound system with a song in mind.

The telltale piano keys of the song's intro began, and Samus shot a glance at the half-dragon woman controlling it.

“Really? 'Don't stop Believing?'” the female bounty hunter commented.

“Well. Who's the lead male vocals?” Corrin asked.

When no one stepped up, Wolf sighed. “Fine. But don't say I've never done anything for you people.” He picked up a microphone.

“I was not expecting Wolf to be such a proficient singer,” Zelda said.

“I honestly don't think anyone did,” Pit said, looking around the room and gauging everyone's reactions. They were much the same, all looking pleasantly surprised.

“I suppose that it is a good lesson in not judging a book by its cover!” Zelda said.

“Alright, everybody off the stage but Samus,” Corrin said into the mic.
“What, no ‘thanks’ for our inclusion?” Snake said.

“Off,” Corrin said, pointing to the seating area. Once all of the men had vacated, she spoke again. “Where's Dark Samus?”

There were whoops and hollers that went around the room, and Dark Samus sheepishly floated her way up to the stage. Samus playfully rolled her eyes.

“Oh, of course,” she said. “So, which love song are you going to make us sing?”

“This one,” Corrin said, and she hit a button. Nothing happened. “Uhhhh, sorry, this one,” she said, pressing one more button.

This time it was successful, and the beginning notes of ‘Love is an Open Door’ began playing.

Shulk and Pikachu instinctively covered their ears when they saw Dark Samus open her mouth. They were, however, pleasantly surprised when the noise that came out of the alien was not a horrible screeching. It, in fact, ended up being a very pleasant humming noise- not entirely humansounding, but still hitting every note perfectly. It mixed very well with Samus's own vocals.

Partway through the song, Samus even pulled her partner into a silly little waltz, occasionally giggling when she paused to take a breath. It felt as if they were already a couple again.

Perhaps some remnants of Samus's memories truly did linger, Rosalina thought as she watched the performance wistfully. She adjusted herself slightly on the barstool that she was sitting on, and felt herself get close to teetering off. Perhaps today hadn't been the best day to try drinking for the first time.

Richter approached and leaned backwards on the bar right next to her. “Hey, why are you all alone over here?”

Rosalina only briefly glanced away from the performance to acknowledge the vampire hunter. “No particular reason. It is simply how I found myself. I prefer to observe these kinds of performances from afar.”

Richter followed her gaze. “Yeah, I guess I can get that. This is pretty special, though, don't you think? Even after everything that happened, they still fit together so well.”

“Yes, love is quite a special thing,” Rosalina said. There was a twinge of sadness in her eyes.

“Whoa, why the long face?” Richter asked.

“Hmm? Oh, my apologies. Just some troublesome thoughts,” Rosalina said.

Richter decided to take somewhat of a cautious approach. “Hey, love always has complications. My girlfriend Annette got kidnapped by Dracula, but I got her back. I'm sure you can deal with whatever your problem is.”

Rosalina gave a very small smile. “Though the words of encouragement are appreciated, I don't believe my problem will be so simple.”

“Why? Did you lose someone you love? Or is there someone who you think you've lost your chance with?” Richter said.

Rosalina's eyes flicked only for a split second towards a certain green-haired goddess sitting in the
room, but Richter still noticed.

“Oh,” he said. “Oh.”

“Yes, so you can see the issue,” Rosalina said, blushing.

“I think you're still giving up a little bit soon,” Richter said.

“Richter,” Rosalina patiently said. If she hadn't been mildly intoxicated, she might have decided to whisper. It did not catch anyone else’s ear, however. “We both know that it’s a false hope. Palutena loves Lucina more than she could ever love me. I've come to accept this fact.”

Richter sighed, “I'm sorry, Rosalina. That sucks.”

“It's alright,” Rosalina said. “We can't all have everything we want. And I do not begrudge her for this. I still care for her greatly.”

“Still, you deserve to be happy,” Richter said.

“I am. Having friends like everyone here has been a newer experience for me, but I am entirely grateful for it,” Rosalina said. “I can honestly say that I am happier now knowing all of you.”

Richter smiled brightly. “The feeling is mutual!”

Then Pit stepped up on stage.

“Okay, this should be fun,” Richter said, giving Rosalina a friendly tap on the arm.

Pit whispered something to Corrin, and she looked mildly shocked. But she went over to her station and played his song request regardless.

Soft, slow piano keys led the song, before Pit began to sing.

“*How can you see into my eyes, like open doors?*”

And then Dark Pit arrived on the stage at Mach speeds. Pit smirked as he saw him, and then continued singing in a high voice. This continued for a little while, before Dark Pit knew his time to enter.

“WAKE ME UP!”

“*Wake me up inside.*”

“CAN'T WAKE UP!”

“*Wake me up inside.*”

“SAVE ME!”

After that performance, the crowd roared, Palutena probably cheering the loudest out of anyone. The two angels bowed- Dark Pit had to be forced to do it by his lighter counterpart- and left the stage.
“Next!” Corrin called.

Then Marx teleported in out of literally nowhere (seriously, he hadn't been present for any of the festivities).

“Palutena, get up here,” he said. “You're singing Snake Eater.”


“Because I want to hear the song and you've got the vocal range,” Marx said.

“How do you know my vocal range?” Palutena asked, baffled.

“Really, really good powers of perception,” Marx said. “Come on, get up here!” And then he disapperated to who-knows-where.

Palutena untangled herself from Lucina and approached the stage.

“Alright, weird way to voluntell someone, but let's do this,” Corrin said, cueing the music.

People applauded Palutena on performing fairly well a song that she had never heard before, and she left the stage in high spirits.

Lucina performed Break Free by Pauline, and though the swordswoman wasn't the best singer, she made up for it with spirit.

Mr. Game and Watch performed a rendition of the Super Mario Bros. theme using only his beeps and boops, which was sincerely impressive to watch.

Female Corrin was obligated by everyone else to take her turn on the stage, and asked Kamui to join her. It's pretty obvious what song they sang, considering who they were married to.

Then Kirby floated onto the stage, and all hell broke loose.

“Everybody get down!” Meta Knight shouted, flipping a table to use as a barrier.

As everyone dove for cover around him, Kirby adjusted the microphone stand to his height, completely unaware. Bottles of alcohol went flying, smashing on the ground. Anyone who had a defensive ability deployed it.

Kirby opened his mouth wide…

And Marx teleported in and bit over the microphone. He took two steps backwards, tried to swallow the device, failed, and then spit it out.

“No,” he scolded. “I am not going to clean up a mess as big as what that was going to cause.”

Then, in a massive example of overkill, he hit the microphone on the ground repeatedly with crescent blades until it was just a pile of plastic and metal shards.

“... Well, I guess karaoke's over,” Corrin said.
“And my job is done here,” Marx said, teleporting away.

“Well, that was a hell of an ending to Pride day,” Samus said. “Seriously, though, I think you should consider today a success, Corrin.”

“Yesss!” Corrin exclaimed, raising her arms in victory as she picked herself off the ground.

“I think, like, the last third of it was the best part,” Falco said.

“I agree, karaoke was incredibly fun, especially since everyone was here,” Zelda said.

Then the door to upstairs opened, and Cloud poked his head in. “Could you guys quiet down? I'm trying to sleep,” he said angrily before slamming the door closed again.

“... Right, mostly everyone,” Zelda said, rubbing the back of her head.

Chapter End Notes

And so ends Pride Day. It's been fun, but now we have to go back to our regular appreciation for the LGBT community.

Remember, folks: just because you're straight doesn't mean you can't have gay friends. Just because you're gay doesn't mean you can't have straight friends. Let's all be friends with everyone, regardless of their preferences or identities!

... But also, save the sad, sad Rosalina.
Spirits and Home (Marth and Ike)

Chapter Summary

Marth is homesick.

Chapter Notes

Just a little calm moment for you people. This is a prompt from a LONG time ago.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ike found Marth in the spirit gallery, staring blankly at one spirit in particular.

“Marth. I was beginning to get worried,” Ike said.

Marth turned his head until the other swordsman was in the corner of his vision. “Ah, hello Ike.”

Ike looked past the slimmer swordsman. “Caeda. Yes, I can see why you were spending your time here.”

“I do miss her occasionally. All of my friends, actually,” Marth said.

“Our lives aren't the same without our friends,” Ike said. “In the end, they are who I fight for.”

There was silence for a moment. Then Ike could hear Marth starting to crack up.

“Stop,” Ike said, annoyed.

“I… I apologise. I suppose the others have rubbed off on me a bit,” Marth said.

“Yes, they definitely are an… eclectic group,” Ike said. “Had I not been here for so long, I would have trouble believing that people like them exist.”

“I can definitely understand that perspective,” Marth said. “I find it strange how normal all of this has become for me.”

“The same goes for me,” Ike said.

Marth smiled as he looked back to the spirit. “But, I am not immune to getting homesick occasionally.”

Ike gently slapped him on the back. “I'm sure we could ask Marx to set up a new visitors week sometime soon.”

Marth nodded. “That might be nice. It would be good to tell Caeda and all of my friends about the occurrences that have happened here.”

“Yes, I think it's a good idea to tell everyone that we're okay,” Ike said.
“Alright,” Marth said, turning fully away from the spirit display. “I believe I’m done here. Thank you for joining me.”

“No problem,” Ike said. “But, uh, that isn’t really why I’m here.”

“Oh? Why are you here, then?” Marth asked.

“I wanted to warn you that that,” Ike pointed at Marth's sheath, “isn't your real sword. Diddy Kong has it, and is waving it around everywhere.”

Marth sighed, inspecting the false blade. “There is always something, isn't there?”

“Of course. We wouldn't want things to get boring,” Ike said, arms crossed and smirking.

Chapter End Notes

They're a nice, big family. :)
Wolf is Bad at Podcasts (f!Robin and Wolf and Mega Man)

Chapter Summary

The second episode of Smash Weekly, where the three hosts fail to podcast correctly.

Chapter Notes

Tbh, I don't know what this chapter is. But it sure does exist!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Welcome to the Smash Weekly podcast, the show that clearly isn't weekly and that we upload whenever we feel like it,” Female Robin said into her microphone. “I'm joined by two new people to the podcast today. Please give a warm welcome to Wolf and Mega Man!”

Wolf made a disgruntled noise. “I have no idea how I got roped into this.”

“You said I could have some cookies after this,” Mega Man said.

“You're still a robot, Rock,” Robin said.

“F***,” Mega Man said, his body bleeping over him.

“So, let's catch the people at home up on what's been happening over here,” Robin said.

“Let's be honest here. Nothing has happened,” Wolf said with his arms crossed.

“Yeah, nothing quite as exciting as destroying a faulty AI,” Mega Man said.

“Yeah, but there was Pride day and all of that,” Robin said. “Speaking of which, where the hell did you learn how to sing so well, Wolf?”

“Self-taught,” Wolf said. “Everyone needs a hobby, especially in space. And sometimes killing people gets a little monotonous.”

“Oh right. Sometimes it slips my mind that you're actually a horrible person,” Robin said.

“Then don't forget it again,” Wolf said with a smile that showed off his sharp teeth.

“Oookay then…” Mega Man said, scooting a little away from the bounty hunter. “I've actually noticed a few people seeming suspiciously closer to each other after that day.”

“Oh, do tell,” Robin said, cradling her chin between her hands.

“Well, this is a weird one, but I think Yoshi and Greninja haven't ever been this close,” Mega Man said. “Considering that all of the relationships seem to be happening this time around, that might mean something.”
Robin's eyes widened. “You're totally right!” She pulled out her screen. “I'm texting them right the fuck now.”

She fiddled with a few buttons, and then a text to speech voice read out of her screen so that the audience could hear.

**F Robin:** hey yoshi and greninja you two dating or what

“Do you think they'll tell us if they are?” Mega Man asked.

“Do you think I give a shit about this?” Wolf returned.

Then the text to speech voice returned and Robin shushed them.

**Yoshi:** We are! {smiley face} How did you guess?

Robin typed in-

**F Robin:** mega mans powers of perception

“Come on, don't pin this on me,” Mega Man said.

“Well, you are the one who brought it up,” Robin said.

“Yeah but… but I don't have any excuses!” Mega Man said.

“Can we maybe move on to a less dull topic?” Wolf asked.

“Well, romance kind of is the biggest thing that's been going on recently,” Robin said. “Don't like it? Too bad. It's still happening.”

Wolf huffed. “I finally get put back on the roster, and this is what I come back to…”

“Seriously, though, I did not see this relationship coming,” Robin said.

“Yeah, I guess that's because they didn't take several months or even years to get together,” Mega Man said. “But who would ever do that?”

“You know, you're right, and I know you're right, but somehow it still hurts,” Robin said.

“I have never heard this kind of back-talking coming from the kid,” Wolf said, grinning. “I think we're corrupting him.”

“Eh, all of us are already corrupted beyond repair,” Robin said.
“That sounds about right to me,” Mega Man said. “Except, some of us more than others.”

“I know you're talking about me,” Wolf said.

“Yeah, we're talking about you,” Robin said.

“Why the fuck would anyone listen to this shit? We're being boring as hell!” Wolf said.

“I can make it less boring!” a voice in the background said.

“Marx no!” Robin said.

“Too late!” Marx said. He did something, and then disappeared.

“... Okay?” Mega Man said, perplexed.

Robin leaned into her microphone. “For all of you audio listeners, which... all of you are, Marx just teleported in, filled the entire room from floor to ceiling with balloons, and then left.”

“It's probably a bad thing that I'm starting to get used to this kind of stuff, right?” Wolf asked.

“Yeah, probably,” Mega Man said. “I'm going to start popping these balloons to make us an exit. You guys wrap up the podcast.” He switch to his slash claw.

Robin shrugged. “Alright, well, I guess that's the end. Thanks for-” *pop* “Thanks f-” *pop* “for-” *pop* *pop* “Just- just thanks. Bye.”

*pop*

Chapter End Notes

So, new ship, more Wolf angst, and a lot of popped balloons to clean up. Successful podcast?

... Debatable.
Robin examined the tomes in his cloak after his last battle of the day.

“Shit, that was my last Elwind…” he said to himself. He walked back to the mansion and made a beeline for the first people he saw.

“Hey, we've got a problem,” Robin said.

“What is it?” Chrom asked.

“Please tell me it isn't an announcer-related problem,” Mario said.

“It's not,” Robin said. “Well, kinda, but not in a life-threatening way.”

“I'm not really following,” Chrom said.

“I'm out of tomes,” Robin said, cutting to the chase. “And the only place we used to be able to get them was Smashville.”

“Then just go to Smashville,” Samus said, approaching from the other side of the lobby.

“Well you see, the problem there is that it's exactly how you got your brain erased,” Robin said.

“... Oh,” Samus said.

“We've decided to keep the area under quarantine ever since,” Chrom said. “But I suppose it was always going to be a temporary solution.”

“Well, we should form a team to investigate the town,” Mario said.

“I'll join,” Samus said.

“NO!” the other three suddenly said, making Samus frown.

“Sorry, uh, how do I say this…” Robin said. “Your brain is the most… manipulable right now. The announcer was able to mess with your memories freely after whatever happened in the town. Who knows what could happen if the villagers got you again?”
Samus huffed. “I don't like it, but it's sound logic.” She walked over to her armor and dug something out of a compartment. “Fine, but take these,” she said, reaching out a hand.

Mario took what she offered and examined it. It was an earpiece.

“Keep in contact,” Samus said, putting one in her own ear as well.

“Are you there yet?” Samus asked over the comms.

“Almost,” Chrom said. “It's pretty quiet, though.”

“Is it good silence or bad silence?”

“We'll keep you posted,” Robin said.

They had taken a sneakier route to the town this time, crawling through bushes and hiding behind hills, so they hadn't gotten a glimpse of the town yet. But then they breached through the final bushes and got the chance to see it.

Wind blew through the town, whistling as it made banners wave and jingling through windchimes. In its path, it kicked up dirt that had gone unmaintained in the earthen roads. Stands in the street were where they always had been, and everything seemed to be how it was meant to be.

But there wasn't a creature in sight.

The three fighters slowly entered the town to investigate further, but everywhere they looked the result was the same. Every Smashville resident was gone.

Robin stopped at a steak stand and rubbed his fingers in the counter. Dust. A lot of it. He looked past the surface and at the grill, and found it filled only with ashes and charcoal that had long since burned out. There was a completely blackened steak sitting on the top of the grill, as if someone had been cooking it and just left it there. There was also a metal spatula on the ground, still covered in cooking grease, but now also covered in dirt.

Robin touched his finger to his ear. “Okay, we made it. And... it looks like everyone just... disappeared.”

“Disappeared? What do you mean?” Samus asked.

“They definitely aren't still here, and it doesn't look like anyone was in a hurry to leave,” Robin said. “From the looks of things, they just... poofed out of existence.”

“Hey Robin!” Chrom called from inside the bar. The tactician followed his voice, oppressed by the emptiness of the area.

He entered the bar, and could see why Chrom had called him. There were scuff marks, burn marks, and stains everywhere. An obvious sign of a struggle.

“This is definitely where they got you,” Chrom said into his earpiece. “The bar has signs all over it.”
“Well if I was going to go out, I would have wanted to do it drunk,” Samus said.

“Not really relevant, but good to know,” Robin said.

“Hmm, they seemed to have cleaned up the glass from the fight and mopped up any liquids, but then they didn't get the chance to fix anything else,” Chrom said, looking in a trash can filled with glass shards.

“Hmm, this might be a problem,” Robin said, hopping over the bar.

“What?” Chrom asked.

“Robin,” Mario said, entering the bar with his arms full of tomes. “Are these what you were looking for?”

Robin nodded. “Where did you find them?”

“They were on the shelves of one of the shops,” Mario said. “There may be more in the storage room of that shop, too.”

“That's unfortunate,” Robin said, turning back to the bottles behind the bar.

“What is? You're not usually one for being cryptic,” Chrom said.

“Well, look at these bottles,” Robin said, gesturing to them. Several of them were gone. “These haven't been replenished, probably from after Samus broke them in the struggle. But, if they haven't been replenished, that means nothing else will be either.” Robin flicked the side of a bottle and it made a satisfying 'ting'. “We still have whatever the townsmen had left here before they vanished, but that's it. Once we run out of that stuff, we can't get any more.”

“So you're saying we have limited resources?” Chrom asked.

“We do,” Robin said.

“Perhaps we can stretch them out by rationing?” Mario offered.

“Or we could just have Marx make more,” Samus said.

“No, I'm not doing that,” Marx said.

“Why not?” Chrom asked. “You have the power to create whatever you want.”

“Yeah, but I don't plan on making anything and everything that people want at every hour of the day,” Marx said. “Come on, I'm not an AI like the last guy. I can't handle that kind of monotony.”

“Yeah, we can tell,” Robin said. Because they were currently standing on the ceiling after Marx flipped the gravity in his office. Well, at least they didn't have to wade through the vines.

“Sorry pals, but you're gonna have to find another solution,” Marx said. “I can't spend my whole time here making bananas for Donkey Kong.”
Robin tilted his head back and forth. “Yeah, I guess I can understand your point.”

“We can use the leftovers for now,” Mario said.

“Yes, but eventually we'll need to find a new solution,” Samus said. “This one's a real head-scratcher.”

“I'm sure it'll work out eventually,” Marx said. “That's how it always seems for you good guys.”

“Here's hoping,” Robin said. Then he awkwardly looked up. “Hey, can you bring the gravity back to normal? We can't get out until you do.”

“Sure,” Marx said, and the whole world once again flipped upside down. The fighters were unceremoniously dropped onto the vine-covered floor. “Whoops.”

Samus rubbed her bruised rear end. “Nice one.”

Chapter End Notes

I've passed the one year anniversary of me posting on Ao3! I've had so much fun on this site, both reading and writing. And it's people like you that keep me coming back. You may be fans of my stories, but I'm a fan of all of you!

That said, I'm going to do another shameless plug for those of you who missed the last one. If you like RWBY or My Hero Academia, you may like some of my other stories! Check 'em out!

Back to the chapter, yeah, they're running low on resources. This may have some bad repercussions in the future. Let's see where it goes from here.
Chatroom Class (Dark Samus and Samus and a buncha other people)

Chapter Summary

Samus tries to teach texting to Dark Samus.

Chapter Notes

I love this chapter, tbh.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dark Samus: Rrr
Sonic: Am I being growled at?
Samus: No, I'm trying to teach Dark Samus how to use the groupchat
Dark Samus: gkkkl
Pit: She's learning! I think…
Wolf: I don't think that's what you call this.
Samus: Fuck you, don't be rude!
Wolf: How about **** you!
Marx: Translation: fuck. Also, nice comeback, Einstein.
Pit: Who is Einstein?
Marx: I… don't… know?
Palutena: You all seem to be digressing from the main point. It's very nice of you to try and teach Dark Samus, Samus.
Samus: Eh, it'd be nice to communicate in some way with her
Dark Samus: Sammmnm
Sonic: Man, you two have been hanging out a lot recently.
Palutena: Yes, as if you two are meant for each other.
Richter: As if there's something more to your relationship that you just haven't realized yet.
Pit: Like an invisible bond that keeps you two attached at the hip.

F Corrin: Like the bond that two lovers might have.

Wolf: Can you two just hook up again, already?

Samus: …

Samus: … Should I tell them or do you want to?

Dark Samus: yyrs

Samus: I'll… take that as a yes

Samus: You see, me and Dark Samus have been dating for around a week already.

Pit: You what?!

F Corrin: Wow. Did not see that coming.

Palutena: So, during your karaoke performance…

Samus: We were already together, yes

Dark Samus: we gether

F Corrin: Dark Samus learning English in the middle of this is absolutely adorable.

Richter: So why'd you keep it from us?

Samus: Because I knew you guys would try to get involved

Sonic: That's not something we would do.

Samus: Literally scroll up

Sonic: Okay, well, you make a fair point.

Wolf: Does this mean that Dark Samus is finally going to stop doing the annoyingly sad puppy-dog eyes in your direction?

Samus: Nope! Now we're going to be doing that AND kisses! *kisses Dark Samus's cheek*

Palutena: Aww!

F Corrin: Awww!

Richter: Dawww!

Wolf: Blegh.

Richter: I will end you. Let them be happy.

Wolf: Try it, you won't!
**Dark Samus:** bad

**F Corrin:** HER FIRST WORD IS SCOLDING WOLF! I CAN'T

**Pit:** I mean, he kinda deserved it.

**Samus:** I'm so proud of you baby!

**Little Mac:** Why is it that we only ever find out about Samus's relationship(s?) over groupchat?

**Samus:** Because when I do that I don't have to deal with the endless barrage of questions. I can just leave if it comes to that

**Sonic:** That's fair.

**Pit:** Well, congrats for a second time! Please don't get your memory erased again!

**Samus:** Well I was totally planning to but now that you've said that…

**Pit:** Don't be sarcastic! I was trying to be nice!

**Samus:** I know. Thanks, Pit

**Dark Samus:** < 2

**Richter:** Almost.

**Dark Samus:** <4

**Richter:** Before that.

**Dark Samus:** <3

**Richter:** You got it!

**Palutena:** Well, I believe I speak for all three of the women in my room when I say that we're eager to see your relationship flourish.

**Dark Samus:** <3

**Samus:** Thanks, guys. Glad you all are always so supportive

**F Corrin:** Man it seems like everyone is getting hooked up now.

**Richter:** Yeah, everyone is confessing their feelings to the people they love.

**Pit:** Yep. Everyone.

**Samus:** Every single person.

**Palutena:** No one left out.

**M Robin:** **** you guys
Marx: Translation: fuck.

Chapter End Notes

MALE ROBIN GET YO' SHIT TOGETHER!
“So, let me get this straight,” Dark Pit said. “You were born from an alien jellyfish thing?”

Dark Samus shrugged.

“And Samus's armor and DNA?” Dark Pit said.

Once again, Dark Samus shrugged.

“And now you're dating her,” Dark Pit said.

This time, Dark Samus fervently nodded.

“Huh, I guess that's the only thing you remember,” Dark Pit said.

“Yeah, I guess both of us have memory loss in common,” Samus said, walking into the nearly empty dining hall. Her hair was wet, probably from having just taken a shower.

“So why doesn't she remember anything?” Dark Pit asked.

Samus sat down sideways in Dark Samus's lap and wrapped her arms around the alien's neck. Dark Pit rolled his eyes.

“Hey, don't look at us like that just because you're jealous!” Samus said, smirking. “But to be honest, I don't really know what happened to her memory. Maybe it's because I killed her. Twice.”

“Sounds like a rocky start to the relationship,” Dark Pit said.

“You're telling me,” Samus said. “I was a fucking racist for a while there.”

“Oh yeah, I vaguely remember that,” Dark Pit said.

“I sure don't,” Samus said, standing back up and then sitting in her own seat. “But Dark Samus was originally the Metroid Prime. I killed that, too.”

“Oooof course you did,” Dark Pit said.
Samus shrugged. “I kill a lot of stuff.”

“But what did she do to make you kill her?” Dark Pit asked.

Samus looked to her girlfriend for a moment, then turned back to Dark Pit. “Several things, but they aren't important anymore. What's done is done.”

“Would you have that same perspective with Ridley?” Dark Pit asked with a smirk.

“No, Ridley's a... special case. And he's still a bastard, anyways,” Samus said.

“I mean, yeah. We all wish he would stop being a dick,” Dark Pit said. “Well, I don't want him to stop being a dick to Pit, but…”

“Man, there must be some bad blood between you and him. You act like you hate him,” Samus said.

“Nah, I just don't like him very much,” Dark Pit said. “There's a difference.”

“Trust me, I know,” Samus said, raising both hands with palms upturned. “Captain Falcon…” she raised one hand more than the other, “…Ridley.” she did the same gesture with her hands reversed.

Dark Samus, seeming at least a little bored with the conversation, rested her head on Samus's shoulder, and the bounty hunter's hand reached up to comb through her hair.

“If you really have to know, Dark Samus used to be obsessed with consuming more and more phazon, and she often killed to do it,” Samus said. Dark Samus started to look a little sad, and Samus turned her attention to her girlfriend. “No no, Sai, that's not who you are anymore. Don't beat yourself up about it.”

“Sai?” Dark Pit asked.

“Yeah, that's what I call her. We agreed on it because it's shorter than 'Dark Samus' and also she can almost pronounce it.”

On cue, Dark Samus made a noise that did resemble Sai.

“Huh. I guess that's a thing,” Dark Pit said.

“Only I'm allowed to call her that, though. No one else can, especially not you,” Samus said.

“Why me?” Dark Pit asked.

Samus glared him in the eyes. “I'm still mad at you for the whole ‘virgin’ thing.”

Dark Pit flinched. “You remember that?”

“No, but every time I looked at you I felt just a little pissed off. So I asked around,” Samus said.

“Oh,” Dark Pit said. “Hey, no hard feelings now that you've actually gotten laid, right?”

Samus put her hand on her blaster. “I'll give you a three second head start,” she said.

Dark Pit spared no time in dashing out of the room, scattering some papers in his wake.

“One… two… three. Ready or not, I'm gonna stun gun you,” Samus said, marching after him.
Dark Samus made a noise similar to a giggle and leaned backwards in her chair. She would wait for Samus to come back victorious.

Chapter End Notes

Dark Pit is bad at not making people hate him.
Chapter Summary

Stuff happens. Virtual stuff.

Chapter Notes

This chapter resolves a plotline that you've all been eagerly awaiting the resolution for! Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Isabelle: Hello everyone! Fuck

Kirby: (OΔO)

Isabelle: Oh my gosh, I am so sorry! Something must have gone wrong with the autocorrect! Fuck

M Corrin: Aaaaaa! No! The sweet child!

Lucina: We must preserve her purity.

Isabelle: I'm not exactly sure what you mean? Fuck

Sergeant Falcon: Oh no, who pissed off Isabelle?

Isabelle: I promise I'm not upset! Fuck

Kirby: Marx (╬═ivantzi═]|O_Ó)

Marx: Sorry, I wasn't paying attention or caring. What happened?

Kirby: What did you do?

Marx: Again, I wasn't paying attention. Be specific.

Lucina: Something is wrong with Isabelle's chat.

Marx: Oooooohhh

Marx: Dude, I did that so long ago. She just never used the groupchat.

Isabelle: Would you please consider fixing it? Fuck

M Corrin: Please, Marx.
Marx: Considering...

Marx: Alright, I can make a compromise.

Marx: Try that out.

Isabelle: Umm, I really do love my work! Fork

Lucina: That is better, I suppose.

Sergeant Falcon: While you're editing the chatroom, can you change my name back?

Marx: No. You still haven't accomplished my task.

Sergeant Falcon: I went a whole day without saying it!

Marx: Good for you! Only three times that and you'll be good to go!

Isabelle: You can do this, Captain Falcon! I believe in you! Fork

Marx: He's been trying to do it for like a month. It's not going to happen.

M Corrin: Defy expectations, Falcon!

Lucina: Fight hard, and you can achieve anything.

Kirby: He really can't though… (( ¯\_(ツ)_/¯ ))

Marx: You know what, Falcon? You surprised me. You went the full three days without saying it. Good job.

Captain Falcon: Thank you Marx!

Marx: Don't thank me. I also turned your room into a car.

Captain Falcon: Umm, why?

Marx: ¯\_(ツ)_/¯

Chapter End Notes

Marx is a wonderful, wonderful person to write for.
Dads to the Rescue (Bowser and Chrom)

Chapter Summary

Bowser Jr. is sick, and so is Lucina. Time for the dads to make everything better!

Chapter Notes

A couple of prompts from AGES ago. Finally got to them!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

One problem with having gotten rid of the announcer was that he had apparently been preventing illnesses from reaching the mansion. Now that he was gone and Marx didn't really care, though…

Bowser Jr. coughed and laid back down in bed. He was supposed to get up for battles today, but he felt so sluggish and nauseous. He didn't feel like he could do much of anything.

He sniffled, and then grabbed his screen.

Bowser Jr.: Heuy, I n.eed my ddad

M Robin: i think what you need is a dictionary

Bowser Jr.: I'm sick!

Palutena: I'm sorry, Bowser Jr.. Lucina seems to have caught the same thing. Marx, is there any way you could make them better?

Marx: Precision's not really my forte, and I assume you want them to end up in less than two pieces and more than zero.

M Robin: is there anything you can do

Marx: I can give 'em the day off and use the hologram fighters. Hopefully they can heal up soon.

Palutena: That should suffice, thank you Marx.

Palutena: I'll go get your father, Bowser Jr..

Bowser Jr. laid his head back back onto his pillow. Suddenly he was feeling so, so tired. He rested his eyes for a moment.

A few minutes later, he woke up to heavy footsteps approaching his room. Bowser practically
busted open the door and looked at his son, concerned.

“I'm fine, dad,” Junior said, trying to sound tough. This failed, though, when his voice barely was able to come out.

Bowser came over and put the back of his hand against his son's head. Definitely a fever.

“Don't… don't worry,” Bowser Jr. said, feeling faint after getting the sentence out. He tried to get up, but his father gently (well, gently for his standards) pushed him back into bed. Bowser shook his head with a growl, and then gestured for Bowser Jr. to stay.

He left the room and went to the floor's kitchen, scrounging for food. No dice. He went floor-to-floor, looking for something quick to make, but most of the cabinets were not filled with anything useful at the moment.

He finally found a can of chicken noodle soup in a pantry, and he immediately yanked it out. But then he hit a roadblock: how were you supposed to open these things again? He cursed himself. He probably should've cooked at least once at the castle and not just left it up to Kamek and the Koopa Troopas. And occasionally Shy Guys.

“Having trouble?” a male voice from behind him asked. Bowser turned to see a one-sleeved swordsman walking into the kitchen. What was his name again? Chrome. Yeah, that was it.

Chrome walked into the kitchen. “I imagine those things weren't really made with claws in mind.”

Chrome outstretched a hand, and Bowser reluctantly relented the can to it. The human pulled a sort of tab on the top of it, and the lid peeled open.

“Hey, I don't suppose you found any more cans of this stuff? Lucina seems to have come down with something, too,” Chrome said.

Bowser huffed, then kicked open the door to the pantry. There were two cans in there.

“Thank you,” Chrome said. He grabbed a can and turned back to the dragon turtle. “Maybe we could cook these together in the same pot? It would take less time.”

Bowser crossed his arms and stepped back, letting Chrome do whatever he needed to do. The swordsman poured the two cans into a pot and put it on a burner.

“Sorry your son seems to have gotten the same thing Lucina did,” Chrome said. “Though, they're both pretty lucky to have cool dads like us to take care of them.” He grinned.

Bowser allowed himself to smirk a little bit, but only a little bit. Showing too much positive emotion would be a sign of weakness, and he still didn't know any of the Fire Emblem people very well.

After some time, Chrome pulled two bowls out of a pantry and placed them on the counter next to the stove. He poured soup into both.

“One for Lucina,” he said, slightly shifting one bowl on the counter, “and one for Bowser Jr..” He slid the bowl towards Bowser.

The king Koopa took it and repositioned it so he could hold it with one hand.

“Give Junior my best wishes,” Chrome said, and then he departed.
Bowser stood there for a second. He was unused to such displays of camaraderie. Maybe because he usually ended up fighting anyone he met.

It was only a brief lapse, though, and he headed back to his son's room quickly, soup in hand.

Chapter End Notes

Bowser's trying his best to be a good dad. Chrom is constantly succeeding at being a good dad.
“Pit! Why don't you join me?” Palutena said.

“Oh, Lady Palutena!” Pit said, stopping with a tray of food in hand. “Do you need me to do something for you?”

Palutena smiled. “No, nothing like that. I just wanted to see you. We haven't had a good conversation in a long while.”

“Oh, well I just thought that… well, now that you are together with Lucina… I thought you would want me to give you some space so you could hang out with her more,” Pit said.

“That's very sweet of you, Pit, but I want you to understand that you are not a burden,” Palutena said. “I genuinely enjoy spending time with you. Well, as long as it isn't in the context of defeating an underworld army. But I'd be glad to spend time with you whenever you want to.”

“Wow, okay! That's very nice of you,” Pit said.

“Let’s go eat in my room and get caught up,” Palutena said. “That is, if you aren't doing anything else.”

“I’m not, I should just text Zelda and tell her not to expect me,” Pit said. He took out his screen and typed on it with one hand. Palutena opened her mouth to say something, but closed it before Pit could notice. He put his screen back into his pocket. “Alright, let's go.”

Palutena nodded, and they headed up to her hall with their food. She opened the door and allowed Pit to enter and get himself settled.

“So, I've seen you hanging out with some new friends,” Palutena said. “I'm glad to see it.”

“Oh, do you mean Fox and Falco?” Pit asked. “Yeah, we talked occasionally before, but now I'm really getting to know them. They're pretty interesting people. Er… animals?”

Palutena made a subtle frown briefly. That wasn't the answer she was looking for. But she'd entertain the topic. “Yes they seem rather entertaining to be around. And I imagine it gets rather hectic when Wolf is nearby,” the goddess said.

“Absolutely,” Pit said, nodding. “So, how have things been for you? How's the life of having a girlfriend?”

“I don't want to brag, but it is truly wonderful. Lucina is a saint and my friendship with Robin has only grown stronger,” Palutena said.
“Sounds pretty nice!” Pit said.

“Don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll find a girlfriend at some point. You just need to wait for the right moment,” Palutena said. “What about Zelda? You’ve seemed pretty close to her recently.”

“What, Zelda? No, we’re just friends,” Pit said.

Palutena narrowed her eyes at him suspiciously. “Do you think she's pretty?”

“Well… yeah, of course. She's beautiful, and anyone would agree,” Pit said.

“Do you like her personality?”

“She's smart, and funny, and caring, and a bunch of other good things. That's why I like to hang out with her,” Pit said.

Palutena nodded. “Would you be willing to date her?”

“Yeah, that would be great. I mean, there's so much to like about her and- oh,” Pit said, his expression one of dawning realization. “Huh. I guess I do like her.”

Palutena chuckled. “Your heart is always in the right place, Pit. Sometimes your brain just needs a nudge to join it there.”

“Wow, okay. So this is new for me. I like Zelda,” Pit said. “Like, as more than a friend.”

“If I recall, I believe I had a similar reaction when I discovered my own interest in Lucina,” Palutena said.

Pit flinched. “Do you think Link is going to be mad at me?”

Palutena waved a hand dismissively. “Absolutely not. He isn't in a relationship with her, and he's not even from the same world as her. You're safe.”

Pit sighed in relief. “Well, I guess this is something that I should think about. Thanks for helping me figure it out, Lady Palutena.”

“It's no problem at all,” Palutena said.

Then there was a comfortable silence between them as they ate. Occasionally they would talk about some light topics. By the time Pit was finished eating, Palutena had long been so.

“Well, I should probably head out,” Pit said. “And thanks again for helping me figure out my feelings for Zelda. I'll keep your love advice in mind!”

Palutena waved as Pit left the room. Once he was out of sight, she stopped. “My love advice…?” she asked aloud, and then her eyes widened. “Pit, wait!”

Palutena warped out of her room and right in front of the angel in the hallway, startling him greatly. She planted her hands on his shoulders.

“Do not listen to the advice that I gave you before,” Palutena said, continuing her firm grasp.

“Wh-what do you mean?” Pit asked.
“When you were talking about my love advice, were you talking about what I told you outside of the stadium so long ago?” Palutena asked.

“Yes,” Pit said, seeming to have recovered from his shock. “Unless that's the wrong answer, then no.”

“Listen to me, Pit,” Palutena said. “I want you to forget everything I told you on that day. It was terrible advice given through stress and despair.”

“So, I shouldn't wait until I know she's interested in me too?” Pit asked.

“Absolutely not. You will never truly know whether she's interested unless you put yourself out there,” Palutena said.

“What? So I just walk up to her and confess? Isn't that a little forward?” Pit asked.

“Yes it's forward, but…” Palutena took a deep breath and removed her hands from her angel's shoulders. “I can't really tell you the right answers. You must find out what you want to do.”

Pit sighed. “Yeah, I get it. I'll figure it out.”

Palutena smiled. “I believe in you, Pit.”

Pit smiled back, and then walked around the goddess. “I should get back to the others.”

“Enjoy yourself,” Palutena said, waving as he left.

“He was what?” Zelda asked, barely able to keep herself from laughing aloud.

“I swear to every god ever known by man, I saw Chrom covered in glitter. No context. Just glitter everywhere,” Female Robin said, having no reservations in her loud laughing. “Gods, I thought Vaike was going to die of laughter.”

Then Zelda's attention was brought to the angel who had stepped up in front of her. “Oh, hello Pit! Robin was just telling me about some antics that happened in her universe.”

“Sorry I'm interrupting. Maybe I could hear about it later?” Pit asked.

“No problem,” Robin said.

Pit turned back to Zelda. “I... I actually wanted to ask you something.”

“Please do,” Zelda said with a warm smile.

Pit swallowed the lump in his throat. “Would you like to eat at the downstairs bar with me for dinner later today?”

“Sure, that sounds fun,” Zelda said.

“I mean... what I meant was... as a date,” Pit said, shrinking backwards a bit.

Zelda's face flashed with realization, and then grew red like a cherry. “... Oh.”
“You can say no if you want to! It won't hurt my feelings,” Pit said.

“No, no I think I'd like that,” Zelda said, blushing just a little bit more. “The date, I mean.”

“Y-you would?” Pit said, now excited.

“Yes. Would… would 5:30 work for you?” Zelda asked.

“5:30 would be great,” Pit said, grinning.

“Wow, that was actually really smooth, Pit,” Female Robin said, still sitting right there. Then she got to her feet. “I'll give you two some time alone.”

“Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to kick you out,” Pit said.

“Nah, I actually have something I need to do,” Robin said. “See ya!” She walked out.

She made her way down the corridors away from the room. *That was fast. Guess Pit's better than the rest of us at this,* she thought. Then she frowned. *I'm happy for him and Zelda, but this is starting to get annoying.*

She passed by Chrom in the hallway.

“Hey, Female Robin,” Chrom said.

“Hi. Can't talk. I'm on a mission,” Robin said.

Chrom made a mock salute. “I'll leave you to it, then.”

“Thanks.”

Eventually Female Robin made it to the door she had been aiming for. She pounded on the wood.

“Other Robin, open the fuck up. We need to talk.”

Chapter End Notes

I've been wanting to do this since the chapter that Zelda taught Pit how to cook! I just think they could be cute together. They make me happy. :)}
Chapter Summary

Female Robin is sick and tired of this whole song and dance.

Chapter Notes

HERE WE GO.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Other Robin, open the fuck up. We need to talk.”

Male Robin jolted awake at the pounding on his door. He shook himself of the cloudiness in his mind for a moment and took stock of what was happening.

He realized first of all that he had fallen asleep at his desk, which was covered in sketches and plans. Ah. He had worked himself into unconsciousness again. Chrom would have a field day of scolding him if he ever found out.

Then he realized the small piles of seemingly random objects cluttering his room, and that helped him remember what exactly he had been working on.

*BANG* *BANG* *BANG*

Male Robin sighed and got out of his somewhat uncomfortable desk chair. He had made sure it was that way so that he wouldn't ever fall asleep while working. It seemed to have worked flawlessly.

Male Robin bumbled to the door and opened it. His female counterpart was on the other side.

“Hi, Other Robin,” Male Robin said. “Sorry, I was just working on ideas for our current resource crisis. I've got some that might work in very specific circumstances, but none are broad enough to fit our exact needs.”

“Right now, I don't actually give a shit. Tell me another time,” Female Robin said.

“What has you so riled up today?” Male Robin asked.

“YOU! IT'S YOU WHO HAS ME SO RILED UP!” Female Robin burst out.

“Whoa, what did I do?” Male Robin asked.

“It's not about what you did. It's about what you still haven't done,” Female Robin said.

“What, about the resources?” Male Robin asked.

“Oh,” Male Robin said. “Look, I'm taking that at my own pace.”

“By your pace you'll both be dead and buried before you ever confess,” Female Robin said, before taking a moment to calm herself. “Look, I get it. I've been there. It's hard to get up the nerve to do this. But you need to do better than I did.”

“It's not that easy,” Male Robin said.

“I beg to differ,” Female Robin said. “In fact, after you do it you'll feel a little stupid for ever thinking it was hard. And I had a much more challenging situation than you.”

“... Okay, I'll think on it. Right now I do need to work on these plans, though,” Male Robin said.

Female Robin narrowed her eyes slightly, but relented. “Fine. Go ahead. Show them to me when you have something concrete.” Then she left the room without another word.

_I didn't get through to him at all_, Female Robin thought as she walked towards the elevator. _He's hopeless._

_I guess we need to use the final plan._

---

**Fox:** Hey @M Robin, can you come talk to me in the gym?

**M Robin:** sure just give me a sec

A solid thirty-five minutes later, Male Robin arrived. He hustled in and his shoes squeaked to a halt on the wood panel floor.

“Sorry I'm a little late-” and then he cut himself off when he realized that Fox wasn't there. The only other person in the room was Joker. “Uh….. h-hi.”

Joker smiled and nodded to acknowledge the other man's presence.

“I was just… looking for Fox. Do you know where he is?” Male Robin asked.

Joker shrugged.

“I think I'll check the locker room,” Male Robin said.

He went over to the door and tried to push it open. It didn't budge.

“Huh, that's strange,” Male Robin said.

---
As Robin struggled with the door, Shulk stayed leaning against it from the other side.

“How long do you think it'll take for him to confess?” Fox whispered to him.

“I'm still not entirely confident that he will,” Shulk whispered back. “His stubbornness might outlast all of us.”

“Well hopefully that stubbornness won't help him break through a door,” Fox whispered.

Eventually Robin gave up on the door and turned back around towards Joker.

“So, uh, that door's locked,” Robin said. “I'm going to go around the outside and unlock it from the inside.” He then looked towards the door he had entered from and immediately realized that it had closed.

“Oh, I think I know what's happening here,” Robin said, narrowing his eyes.

The door jostled, but could not open with Palutena's staff wedged between the handles.

“Are you certain it's safe for the staff to do this?” Lucina asked quietly.

“Trust me, a mere mortal couldn't break it,” Palutena responded in kind, and then grimaced and turned to her two companions. “Not that there's anything wrong with mortals.”

“We know what you mean,” Female Robin said.

“Yes, I took no offense,” Lucina said.

“Well of course you didn't. You're her girlfriend,” Female Robin said with a smirk.

Then there were three knocks on the door before Male Robin's voice came through. “Guys, I know what you're doing.”

Female Robin had to cover her mouth to prevent herself from making a snarky remark.

Male Robin sighed. *I'm not getting out of this, am I?*

He sure tried though. He ran around the room trying every door. One actually opened, but was immediately shut by a dragon-form Corrin. He was definitely trapped. Joker, meanwhile, was trying his hardest not to look amused.

Robin finally relented and turned back to the other man in the room.
“So, uh, it seems like we're not getting out of here any time soon,” he said.

Joker craned his neck at the door behind the mage and then nodded.

Robin, once again, sighed. “I’m sorry, this is my fault,” he said. “They’re doing this because I was obvious and now they want me to be honest.”

Joker tilted his head.

“Fuck, I didn't think I would be doing this today…” Robin mumbled to himself, and then raised his voice back to normal volume. “I know I didn't really talk to you a lot when you had first arrived. You probably noticed that.” He scratched the back of his head.

Joker shrugged.

“Well, the reason I avoided you was that I frankly was intimidated,” Robin said. “Not really of you, but of….” and then his voice went very quiet, “... of my attraction to you…”

Joker put a hand up to his ear to signify he couldn't hear.

“I have… feelings towards you,” Robin said, only a bit louder.

“Robin,” Joker said. It sent chills down the tactician's spine to hear such a rare voice saying his name.

“I'm attracted to you, okay? I… I want to date you. And I'm terrible at saying it,” Robin said, squeezing his eyes shut and blushing.

Joker stayed silent (as usual) for a moment, and then he smiled. He approached Robin and placed a hand on his shoulder.

“I… I don't know what that means. Does that mean you accept my confession?” Robin asked, prepared to get shot down.

“Yes,” Joker said, and Robin's heart soared.

“Gods, really? You're really okay with it?” Robin said, and then he hit the palm of his hand on his head. “Why the fuck did I wait so long to do that?”

“YEAH, WHY?!” Female Robin shouted from one of the doorways before being dragged back out by her girlfriend and best friend.

“So, my stupidity aside,” Robin said, “I have to ask… did you already know?”

Joker smirked and nodded.

“I can't believe it. I am such an idiot,” Robin said.

Joker put up a finger and then went to a nook in the room. He pulled out a speaker and plugged it into his phone. Some slow music started playing.

“You were totally in on this whole plan, weren't you?” Robin said, smiling.

Joker gave a guilty shrug. Then he outstretched a hand, which Robin took.

And so they danced, and completely ignored all of the people now watching from the doorways.
Chapter End Notes

It FINALLY happened.

A whole lot of relationships have happened recently. I have a lot to play with, now!
Questions that No One Wants Answered (Wolf and others)

Chapter Summary

I... don't know how to summarize this chapter.

Chapter Notes

Why did I make this? It wasn't a prompt. It just... kinda ended up on the page.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Wolf: Do you guys think Mario's a furry?

Shulk: Wolf what…?

Captain Falcon: Why???

Wolf: Do you think he ever has Peach put on a tanooki suit before they go at it?

Samus: What the fuck is wrong with you???

Wolf: These are questions that I had at 3:00 am.

Marx: Jesus Christ, do you people ever sleep?

Shulk: Rarely.

Sonic: Sometimes.

Samus: Occasionally

Captain Falcon: Glad the S crew came in sounding super reassuring

Sonic: Dude.

Sonic: New club, right now. The S crew.

Marx: That plan is S crew-ed.

Samus: Oh no fuck he has puns

Wolf: No one answered my questions.

Shulk: Because no one wants to think about them.

Wolf: Do you think he ever uses a boo mushroom to make his tongue longer for sexy times?
Sonic: You are causing me psychological pain.

Daisy: Uh….

Samus: Daisy run

Wolf: Daisy does Mario ever use a metal cap to make his **** harder?

F Robin: WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON IN THIS CHAT RIGHT NOW??!

Daisy: Look, Peach and Mario do some stuff, and it's in your best interest to forget the topic.

Wolf: Ha! That means I'm right!

Captain Falcon: I don't think it does

Wolf: But is he a furry tho

Isabelle: I think whatever he is, we should respect him either way! Fork

Samus: *heart clench*

Wolf: Do you think he ever sticks his **** into Fludds nozzle

Shulk: Wolf are you drunk right now?

Wolf: Maybe a little

Daisy: How many bottles?

Wolf: 2

Samus: Of?

Wolf: Whiskry

Wolf: Whiskey

Wolf: On my third

Captain Falcon: You will die of alcohol poisoning

Wolf: I could take him in a fight

Sonic: Mario?

Wolf: No, Death

Marx: You called?

F Robin: please no murder right now marx. trying to read a book

Sonic: Doesn't seem like you're doing a very good job of it if you're on the group chat with us.
F Robin: …

F Robin has logged off

Wolf: I could kick death's ass

Daisy: Doubtful.


Wolf: And he can't win cuz he doesn't have eyeballs

Shulk: Seeing him get more and more drunk is kind of interesting.

Marx: This is a better show than you guys beating the crap out of each other, nonexistent-hands-down.

Isabelle: I think some portrayals of the Grim Reaper have eyes… Fork

Wolf: Well theyr rong. He doesn't.

Dark Samus: Wirde afuk

Sonic: Close enough.

Wolf: **** yoiu guys, im thr only one whose rite

Captain Falcon: I think Dark Samus is actually typing English better than Wolf is.

Wolf: LLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLlkkkkkk it

Samus: Aaaaand he's out cold with his face on his phone, isn't he


______________________________________________________________

Mario: I'm sorry, what was this conversation you were having on Tuesday?

Samus: A bad one.

Wolf: NOTHING HAPPENED.

M Robin: WOLF you cant just waste all that alcohol like that we have a limited supply

F Robin: oh my god i wasnt even thinking about that back then wolf what were you thinking

Wolf: **** you guys!
Marx: Translation: fuck.

Mario: Why were you asking so many strange questions about my sex life? None of which are true, by the way.

Wolf: You can't prove that.

Kirby: ???

Samus: Kirby, just don't worry about it.

Samus: Btw I'm glad someone is worse than me when they're drunk.

Ike: … Debatale.

Pit: Yeah I wasn't going to say anything buuuut…

Samus: *sighs* Yeah, I get it. I'm a REALLY bad drunk.

Daisy: Just be glad you're not me. Apparently I get super pissed when I drink too much.

F Robin: There's alcohol in the Mushroom Kingdom?

Mario: …

Peach: …

Daisy: …

Peach: We cannot disclose that information.

Wolf: That's a yes if I've ever heard one.

Ike: It sounds pretty suspect.

F Robin: so do you make it with like fermented mushrooms

Kirby: (■ ■ ■)

Samus: Gross.

Dark Samus: Mushoom.

F Robin: oh my gods she is just so adorable

F Robin: ps other robin stop working and hang out with your boyfriend

M Robin: okay fine

Pit: Do you usually have to tell him to do that?

F Robin: i give him a little bit of a pass on it because hes putting a lot of effort into fixing the resources issue. i need to catch up in helping him plan in fact
Wolf: Mario, do you usually have sex with Peach when you're drunk or sober?

Samus: Jesus Christ. Back to this again, I guess

Wolf: I want to know.

Daisy: AND NOBODY ELSE DOES. LET IT GO.

Chapter End Notes

So... drunk Wolf just happened. And then sober Wolf, which was almost as bad.

Have a nice day, I guess??
The Forgotten Fighters (Zelda and Dark Pit and Marth and R.O.B.)

Chapter Summary

Mii Fighters?

Chapter Notes

Sorry I missed yesterday, folks! I needed a break.

This chapter has... a bit of a different mood.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Marx: Hey

Dark Pit: Hey.

Marx: I wasn't introducing myself.

Dark Pit: I know.

Marx: J……. fuck you.

Marx: What I was going to ask was whether anybody knew what a Mii Fighter is.

Palutena: Ah yes. Those are the small human-like creatures that we occasionally fight in the arena.

Zelda: Why do you ask?

Marx: I found a file called em_domain_miifighter. Seems like it's a building.

Marth: I was under the impression that they were holographic like the bosses.

Marx: Guess not. I think it's a living quarters.

Marth: Intriguing.

Zelda: I think I'd like to see this building!

Marx: Why?

Zelda: I would love to greet them.

Dark Pit: I want to know why they get their own building when we all have to share. I'm coming too.
Marth: In that case, I'll join as well.

Marx: Take ROB with you. Poor guy's just been a side character this whole time.

Zelda: ?

Marx: Don't question it. I'll teleport you guys if you really want to go.

Palutena: I hope you all enjoy your time! Unfortunately I am trapped in cuddles at the moment.

Dark Pit: Shouldn't Zelda be too?

Zelda: Me and Pit haven't reached that stage yet. We haven't even kissed. I'm clear to go.

Dark Pit: Why am I not surprised?

Marx: Alright, teleporting now.

“Well that was fast,” Marth said.

They were now outside of a cement building with an eerie green glow emanating from inside. The design of the building itself was very different from that of any other building on the premises. Where every other building looked either futuristic and utilitarian or decorated and homely, this one seemed like an entirely blank slate. Almost factory-like.

“Something seems a little off about this building…” Zelda observed.

Dark Pit rolled his eyes. “Let’s just go in and you guys can say ‘hi’, or whatever.” He looked at R.O.B.. “You go first, crash test dummy.”

“Don't speak to R.O.B. like that!” Zelda protested, but R.O.B. didn't seem to care. He rolled himself through the small door and the others followed.

Inside, the green glow pervaded the ominous darkness and was the only source of light beyond the doorway. Even the natural light coming through it seemed to dim.

“R.O.B., you don't happen to have a lighting function, do you?” Marth asked.

R.O.B. nodded, and then his eyes began emitting beams of light.

“Gah-” Marth reacted, shading his eyes from the new light source glaring upon him. “Thank you, R.O.B..”

R.O.B. nodded, and then started looking forward.

The four walked (and rolled) down a long hallway, and decided to enter the first room on their right. R.O.B., as before, took the lead, and they ducked in.

“Hello?” Zelda called, to no response.

“Hey fuckheads, where are you all hiding?” Dark Pit called, and received a sharp punch in the arm
by Zelda. “Yeah, I deserved that one.”

Upon further inspection of the room, they found several large, glass tubes against the walls, seemingly empty. There were pipes and mechanical contraptions attached to them everywhere.

“I don't even know what to think about these,” Marth admitted. “This is beyond the kind of technology that I have come to understand.”

“Looks mad science-y to me,” Dark Pit said.

“I must agree,” Zelda said.

They went into another of the rooms, but this time the tubes were lit up, glowing and fogging with a bright green. There was also a lit blue screen next to the first of the tubes, and Zelda was immediately attracted to it.

“I wonder what this does,” she said studying it. It appeared to be a touchscreen of some variety, with multiple functions displayed on virtual buttons. One of the buttons said, ‘open’. Zelda tentatively pressed it.

The tube closest to them slowly hissed open and the glass door to it was lifted to the ceiling. For a few moments it was impossible to see past the spew of fog still present, but eventually they were able to see the tube's contents. And they were… disturbing.

The fog cleared from in front of R.O.B.’s light to show the immobile form of a Mii Swordfighter like they had seen before, with one distinct difference: this one was completely lacking a face or any facial features.

Zelda walked away from the screen and directly in front of the figure to examine it.

“Hmm, that is unsettling,” Zelda said.

“Wonder why it looks like that,” Dark Pit said.

“I don't know. I suppose it's… incomplete? This building does seem to be a place where they are created,” Zelda said.

Then the body moved.

Zelda jolted back as the form straightened and started inching out of the tube. It began to shamble towards the princess, dragging its sword along the ground behind it.

“O-oh, I'm sorry! We didn't mean to disturb~” Zelda said, but cut herself off when the Swordfighter tried to grab her. She dodged backwards to avoid its touch, but unfortunately overcorrected and ended up with her rear on the floor.

The faceless Mii let its spine slump forward as it reared its blade back. Zelda tried to scoot out of the way, but the blade came too fast. Thankfully, Marth caught it with his falchion before it could cause her any harm.

“I believe that these 'Miis' are quite a bit more hostile than we expected,” Marth said.

Zelda took the opportunity to use her magic to throw the Mii Swordfighter back into its tube and seal the door. With that done, a weight left each of their chests (even R.O.B., who didn't really have a chest).
“I did not like that one bit,” Zelda said, picking herself off of the ground.

“We should probably bail, right?” Dark Pit asked.

Then all of the other capsules in the room opened, allowing more faceless Miis to shamble their way out of them.

“Yes, we should go,” Marth said, but when he turned around, he found more Miis entering the room. “Oh.”

“It appears the button I pressed was set to open all of the tubes…” Zelda said.

A brawler leaped at the group, but R.O.B. sent it sailing back through the air with a well-aimed laser shot. The brawler got back to its feet and its spine snapped back upright.

Dark Pit separated his bow into its two blades. “I guess it's going to be a fight to get out, then.”

---

Mario: I saw on the groupchat that four of you went to find the Mii Fighters. How did that go?

Dark Pit: **** off, Italian wannabe.

Marth: It was… an unpleasant experience.

Zelda: I'd prefer not to talk about it.

Luigi: That bad, huh?

Zelda: Luigi, it would have been your absolute nightmare.

Marx: Sorry to hear it guys.

Marx: Still gonna use the Mii Fighters tho.

Dark Pit: Are you serious, you ****ing *******?

Marx: Translation: wonderful person.

Mario: Somehow I doubt that.

Marx: While you guys were building-spelunking, I figured out how to make the Mii Fighters work in a battle.

Zelda: Isn't that incredibly dangerous?

Marx: Yeah, but so is being skewered by Link's sword. Or other Link's sword. Or other other Link's sword.

Dark Pit: We get it.

Marth: You've made your point clear.
Zelda: May I ask that you please put faces on them before we fight them, though?

Marx: *rolls eyes* Fine.

Mario: …

Mario: No really, what happened over there?

Chapter End Notes

I made a spook!

Okay, here's a challenge for you people: go look for some fics from your favorite fandoms, but ones without any ships. Some of them are really good, and I don't think they get enough attention. Make it so!

(Again, sorry I missed yesterday.)
Chapter Summary

When a door gets stuck, in your neighborhood,
Who you gonna call?
Bounty Hunters!

Chapter Notes

Sort of... very loosely based on a prompt for Incin and Ice Climbers.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Little Mac slid into the room, nearly colliding with the wall in the process.

“Guys, we've got a problem!” he exclaimed.

“Is it Wolf?” Samus asked.

“What the fuck, I'm right here,” Wolf said.

“You are correct about that,” Samus said, and then turned back to Little Mac. “Is the problem Wolf?”

“No, it's not Wolf,” Little Mac said. “It's-”

“This had better be important. You're interrupting a meeting of the bounty hunters club,” Snake said, crossing his arms and leaning backwards in his chair.

“I… wait, but most of you guys aren't bounty hunters,” Mac said. “Especially Dark Samus. She isn't at all a bounty hunter, I'm pretty sure.”

“Yeah, but I'm the leader of the club and Sai's my girlfriend. So everyone can take some of these,” Samus said, double-hand flipping off everyone in the room.

“… Alright…” Mac said.

Snake leaned even further back in his chair. “Man, whatever you were going to talk about must not have been that urgent.”

“Oh, right! It is urgent!” Mac said. “The Ice Climbers are trapped in a room with Incineroar!”

“That's not that big of a problem. Incineroar's great with kids,” Fox said.

“Yes, but I assume what you're concerned about is the combination of fire and ice,” Ike said, looking at Little Mac.
“Yup, you got it,” Mac said.

“How’d they get stuck?’’ Snake asked, still leaning.

“I don't know, the door just won't budge,” Mac said.

Samus tilted the bottom of Snake's seat just a little bit more with her foot which sent him and his chair toppling to the ground. Then Samus stood up. “Okay, let's go.”

The other members stood (some more reluctantly than others) and prepared to depart. Snake picked himself off the ground.

“Was that really necessary, Samus?” Snake grunted.

Samus just shrugged. “Don't lean in your chair if you don't want someone to do that to you.”

Snake rolled his eyes as they started following Little Mac to the sealed room. It was only a short walk before they arrived at a metal door. Wolf tested it and, sure enough, it wouldn't open.

“Okay, let's blast this thing open,” Falco said.

“Wait!” Mac protested. “They're still in there. It's not a big room.”

“Let's let Joker do his thing,” Samus said.

Joker nodded, and then approached the door with a lockpick. He tinkered with it for a little bit, but then a resounding 'snap' noise came from the object. Joker backed up. The lock had been too much for the pick to bear and broke it. Unlocking the door wasn't going to achieve anything.

“Alright, plan B,” Samus said. “Hey babe, can you go to armor form for a sec? I don't have mine with me.”

Dark Samus smiled and nodded, and then was almost instantly covered by her normal armor. She aimed at the locking mechanism.

“Yeah, you've got it. You know what to do,” Samus said.

Dark Samus fired, and the shot immediately ricocheted off of the door and straight back into the alien lifeform's torso. She went flying backwards into a wall.

“Sai!” Samus exclaimed, rushing over to her girlfriend. Thankfully, she didn't seem injured, just disoriented.

That didn't stop Samus from getting angry, though. She stormed back to the door and ripped a grenade from Snake's toolbelt.

Snake looked indignant. “Hey, what the-”

“Fire in the hole,” Samus said, pulling the pin and tossing the grenade at the door. Everyone dove for cover but Samus, who simply stood in place glaring at the door as it was exploded off of its hinges. “Fuck you, door. You hit my girlfriend.”

The group peered into the now-opened doorway and found a startled-looking Popo, Nana, and Incineroar looking back at them. A checkerboard between them was peeking out from below the knocked-over door.
“Oh…” Little Mac said. “Uhhh… you three good?”

Popo hesitantly nodded.

“Well… I guess we'll… get out of your way, then,” Mac said, awkwardly trudging away.

“Well, this was a waste of time,” Wolf said.

“I got to blow up a door. I'm satisfied,” Samus remarked. Meanwhile, Incineroar shoved the hunk of metal that used to be the door off of the game board.

“Well, I think this would be as good a time as any to close our meeting,” Ike said.

“Yeah, yeah,” Samus said. “You guys can go do whatever you want. Just be sparing with resources. We don't have a lot in the mansion right now.”

“We get it,” Falco said, walking off with Fox and Joker.

“Whatsoever,” Wolf said, going in a different direction.

There was silence for a moment or two. Then Samus said, “So this really was all a huge waste of time, right?”

“Yep,” Snake said.

“Absolutely,” Ike remarked.

Dark Samus made a rumbling noise.

“Inciner,” Incineroar said, glaring at them.

---

**Marx:** Guys wtf

**Marx:** I can't just keep fixing doors.

**Marx:** I'm starting to realize why the announcer wanted to kill you guys.

---

Chapter End Notes

The Bounty Hunters Club sure does stuff. Not well, but they do it.
Therapy (Cloud and Dr. Mario and Sonic (briefly))

Chapter Summary

Cloud has a walk-in appointment.

Chapter Notes

Combination of, like, six prompts. Y'all like Cloud, I can tell.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dr. Mario swept some remnants of powder off of his desk now that he had a clear moment. He had started getting slightly more patients after some of the announcer's protections were removed and Marx had yet to find how to put them back in place. But the doctor's attention was drawn away from his desk when he heard the door click open.

"Hello, how can I-" and then Dr. Mario stopped out of pure shock when he saw who it was. Cloud.

"Oh. What can I do for you?"

Cloud silently walked over to a couch in the waiting area and sat on it. Then he repositioned himself so that he was laying down across the couch and staring at the ceiling.

Oh. So it was going to be that kind of an appointment.

Dr. Mario pulled up another chair so that he was slightly behind and to the side of the couch and grabbed a clipboard. Taking notes was likely going to be useful.

Cloud sighed. "Sorry, I don't know why I came. I'm just wasting your time."

"I don't know why you came either," Dr. Mario said, "but since you're already here, why don't you tell me what brings you to my clinic?"

Cloud was quite for a few moments, seemingly gathering his thoughts. "I'm……. not……………" he took a long pause, "..... happy.

"Oh?" Dr. Mario said. "And what is it that is making you so unhappy?"

"I'm… not sure. Well, right now talking about my feelings is making me unhappy, but I'm forcing myself to get through this," Cloud said.

"Well, when did you start realizing that you were unhappy?" Dr. Mario asked.

"Don't get me wrong, I know I'm not that jovial of a guy in the first place, but… I don't know, I guess I've been noticing it for a while. Last night I couldn't sleep because I was thinking about it," Cloud said.

"I see," Dr. Mario said, jotting it down. "Do you think that your current unhappiness was present in
“your world, or does it come from your time in the Smash Mansion?”

“Definitely the Smash Mansion,” Cloud said. “I never felt like this at home.” Then he stopped and looked at Dr. Mario. “Hey, you aren't gonna tell other people about this, are you?”

Dr. Mario raised a calming hand. “Rest assured that this information won't leave this room. Even the announcer, as far as I know, never learned about anything that occurred in here.”

Cloud resituated himself. “Alright, good. I don't want people to think I'm a wuss.”

“Looking for help does not detract from your character,” Dr. Mario said.


“I understand what you mean. I was getting off-topic,” Dr. Mario said. “I assume that you haven't told anyone else about these troubles?”

“Let's be honest, who the fuck would I tell? I have no friends,” Cloud said.

“And that is what I think is your problem,” Dr. Mario said. “From what I've heard from you, it seems that you have closed yourself off from making any relationships here.”

“Yeah, well I'm going to leave this place eventually anyways. What's the point?” Cloud said.

“Fleeting happiness it may be, but there still is happiness in making friends,” Dr. Mario said.

“Pfft, yeah. Sure. The power of friendship and all of that,” Cloud said.

Dr. Mario patiently smiled. “I had another person come in a while ago with a situation similar to yours. Apparently they had just spoken to some of their friends about making new friends here, and the person was very conflicted about it. Eventually they reconnected with two of their old allies here, and now they seem to be much happier. They have made many more friends, too.”

Cloud was silent for a moment. “... but how do I make friends…” he mumbled.

“That is much simpler than you may think it is,” Dr. Mario said. “Converse with them! Ask them about themselves, or how their day was, and listen to the answers. You just need to show other people that they matter in your eyes.”

Cloud made the most drawn-out and dramatic sigh that Dr. Mario had ever heard. “Fine,” he said simply, before marching out of the clinic.

Dr. Mario waved to him as he left. I did good work today, Dr. Mario thought.

Sonic just happened to be walking past the clinic when Cloud practically busted out of it. They locked eyes, and then Cloud approached the blue hedgehog.

“Come on, we're gonna go be friends,” Cloud said, grabbing Sonic by the wrist.

“O… kay...?” the speedster said, allowing himself to be dragged out of the building.

Chapter End Notes
Dr. Mario being a good doctor and Cloud not knowing how to social.

Have a nice day!
Someone had to do the job. Young Link understood that. Even though the Robins hadn't come up with a concrete plan for the future, they still had to collect some of the stuff in Smashville and bring it to the mansion. And they made teams to do it by drawing names from a hat.

Of course, Young Link's teammate ended up being Ganondorf. You know, the same Ganondorf that he had traveled seven years forward in time in order to stop. Great.

They were silent for several minutes as they worked, Young Link bringing cargo to the cart and Ganondorf loading it on. The silence was definitely not comfortable. It felt like a strong breeze could make it topple over.

“This wind might be an issue,” Ganondorf said out of nowhere. The irony of Young Link's previous thought almost made him chuckle. Almost.

Young Link looked to Ganondorf in order to prompt him to elaborate.

“We're sheltered from the breeze right now, but our cargo is light,” Ganondorf said. Young Link looked at the cart, and his sworn enemy was right; they were carrying various papers and some bags of spices. All stuff that the wind would wreak havoc on.

“I suggest we take a few heavier objects as well,” Ganondorf said. “I am aware that it is not our charge, but I don't think anyone will mind as long as the resources make it to the mansion.”

Young Link hated to admit it (he really hated it), but the King of Evil was right. They needed to balance their weight.

Young Link walked to a nearby shop that was filled with swords. Those would definitely do the trick, but- he stopped himself. Did he really trust Ganondorf enough to hand him a bunch of weapons? The answer was obviously no.

So Young Link exited from the building and prepared to find another source of weight, but found himself being watched by his old enemy.
“What’s wrong? Was there nothing in there?” Ganondorf said, a glint of suspicion in his eye.

Young Link hesitated, but then shook his head in answer to the question. Curse his sense of honor.

“The swords would be most convenient,” Ganondorf said. “We could bring our cargo up sooner since it is our closest option.”

Young Link adamantly shook his head, which made Ganondorf sigh.

“You clearly aren’t understanding the situation,” he said. “I am not trying to cause trouble. There is nothing for me to gain by conquering any of this world. All I want is to help the mansion survive right now.” Then he partially drew his sword, just to show it to Young Link. “And I am already armed. Giving me the swords will not make me any more lethal than I already am.”

Young Link huffed before going back into the building and emerging with a small stack of blades. He dumped them onto the edge of the cart and crossed his arms.

“Honestly, I am somewhat offended by how you assume that I intend the worst in every situation,” Ganondorf said. “I’m not some mindless force of evil.”

Young Link internally laughed. *Yeah, tell that to the dark god inside of you.*

Pit walked up to the two of them, with the female Inkling behind him.

“Hey, we're in charge of getting the swords from this shop, and it looks like there are some missing. Any idea where they went?” Pit asked. Female Inkling scratched near her right eye in similar confusion.

“We needed extra weights. I'm sure it won't be too much of an inconvenience for the Robins to find a few extra swords in a different cart,” Ganondorf said.

“I mean, sure, I guess you're right,” Pit said. “Sorry to bother you!” And the angel and squid went back to the sword shop.

“We should get going,” Ganondorf said, but then a booming roar drew both his and Young Link's attention away from the task at hand.

A roar, and then a thump.

Thump.

Thump. Thump.

And then a building was blasted into wooden splinters as a giant shadowy form charged through it.

“A shadow beast,” Ganondorf affirmed. “A very large one.”

More than large. Gargantuan. As big as the building it had just destroyed, if not a little bigger. There had been shadow beasts in this world even when Young Link had just begun in Smash, but they were usually very far away considering how small the Smash property had been back then. You had to seek them out if you wanted to see one. Nobody really knew what they were or how they had gotten there, but they usually weren't a problem. They seemed to prefer locations where there weren't a lot of people, but Young Link supposed that that was what Smashville was, now that all of the animal residents had abandoned it. But… he had certainly never seen a shadow beast this big in the short time he had been here.
And this one looked nasty. It was quadrupedal, but it had a massive head on either side of its body. And both had gleaming, hungry eyes.

Young Link had clearly been too distracted studying it, because he completely didn't notice the front head’s tongue lashing out a super long distance and smashing into him. He expected to go flying and have a rather rude interaction with the ground, but to his surprise a powerful hand grabbed him by his collar midair and twisted him around to ride out his momentum.

Young Link was placed back on his feet and looked up surprised at his savior. Had Ganondorf just… helped him?

The king of evil drew his massive sword, not even looking at the younger swordsman. “It is going to be enjoyable defeating a monster of your caliber,” Ganondorf said to the shadow beast, which made a screeching roar from both heads in response.

Pit and the Inkling rushed out of the building that, thankfully, hadn't been the one that was obliterated. “What's going- HOLY VIRIDI!” Pit exclaimed.

“Take the other head, you two,” Ganondorf calmly projected. “We are not going to lose anything to this monstrosity.”

“Uh- right!” Pit nodded, rushing with the inkling to the other side of the beast.

Ganondorf looked to his young former enemy. “I hope that one hit hasn't drained your whole fighting spirit.”

Young Link shook his head and drew his own sword and shield. This was going to be a hell of a fight.

The beast's tongue lashed out again, but this time both were ready for it. They both sidestepped the attack and swung downwards in sync to cut off the end of the appendage. The beast screeched in rage.

Ganondorf put away his sword and reached out a hand to Young Link. “Allow me to give you a boost.”

Young Link grasped Ganondorf’s wrist, and he was immediately flung into the air. While there, he elected to shoot a fire arrow at the beast's eye. It didn't exactly hit its mark, but the beast seemed aggravated by the arrow regardless.

And then Young Link landed on the creature's back, going into a combat roll. As soon as he did, two large snake heads formed out of the material of the shadow beast's back and started snapping at him.

Young Link kept collected, though. He prepped a bomb and rolled it to the base of one of the heads, and then he threw a boomerang at the other. One head was cleaved through, and the other badly damaged by the bomb. A good tug with the clawshot ripped it clean off.

With those defenses gone, Young Link had a clear path. He approached the head that he had been fighting, and then stabbed right into it. The whole side of the body collapsed to the ground, damaged, and it was exactly what Ganondorf needed. He charged up a powerful warlock punch and, with an outburst of power, caved in the beast's shadowy skull.

Young Link slid down the head and landed on his feet beside the gerudo king.
“Well fought, hero,” Ganondorf said. “If we weren't so opposed in motives, I would gladly accept you into the highest ranks of my army to take over Hyrule.”

Young Link decided to take that as a compliment and leave it there.

They watched the other end of the beast be covered in ink and divine energy and be vanquished just the same, if not quite as stylishly. The beast let out one final growl, and then dissolved into nothingness.

“That. Was. Awesome,” Pit said. “We were all so awesome!”

“Well done. Now, let us deliver our cargo and leave this decrepit village to rot,” Ganondorf said.

“Aye aye, Captain Demon-puncher!” Pit said. Young Link snorted.

“Do… not call me that,” Ganondorf said.

“Alright, fine,” Pit said. He was silent for just a second. “Mister Demon-puncher.” Then the angel and Inkling ran away.

Ganondorf sighed and shook his head, but he had something close to a fond expression on his face. “Imbeciles, every one of them.” He looked at Young Link. “Not you, though. You are a force to be reckoned with. It would be truly foolish for anyone of lower capabilities to cross blades with you.”

Young Link felt pride puff up in his chest. Getting a compliment from an enemy definitely felt more impactful than receiving one from someone close to you.

“Let's not waste any more time,” Ganondorf said. Young Link nodded and helped move the cart.

Chapter End Notes

This was going to be a very different chapter, but then the shadow beasts attacked.
Ridley didn't like the way Kirby was looking at him.

Ridley did not like the way this pink puffball was acting. Not one bit.

Following him around, staring at him, giving him presents.

He had to be plotting something.

Yes, everyone saw that Kirby as cute, but Ridley saw the truth. Underneath that squishy exterior was a cold-hearted killer. Behind every 'Poyo!' was a bloodlust beyond any he had ever seen.

This Kirby was a psychopathic trickster of the highest order. And talking to Marx had only helped confirm it.

“Yeah, he's totally shot a bunch of people before. He loves killing families. Also, he holds people hostage for ransom. Did I mention that he once stole someone else's wish in order to get the power to control Popstar? Like, who does that?”

So why was Kirby looking at him like that? It could only mean one thing:

Ridley was Kirby's next target.

And Ridley refused to be killed by something pink.

So he devised a plan, one that could not fail. Because a sure-fire way to deter someone from trying to kill you-

-was complete and utter humiliation.

As per usual that day, Kirby was following him from a relative distance. Yeah, he could pretend he was trying to make friends all he wanted. Ridley was smarter than that.

Ridley made a few very deliberate turns around some corners in order to go to the destination that he had already set up earlier that day. This was going to be good.

The space pirate rounded one corner significantly quicker than the others, and grasped onto a string
hanging from the doorway. He waited eagerly for Kirby to enter, and pulled.

And a bucket full of peanut butter was dumped on the pink puffball. Okay, to be more accurate, a bucket full of peanut butter fell on Kirby. Or to be more accurate still, it smashed into his skull.

Kirby was not only covered in condiment but also was likely going to have a nasty bruise in the morning. He stood there shocked for a moment. Then his eyes started to get misty. And then they filled with tears. And then they- dammit, he was crying. Ridley rolled his eyes.

“HEY!” said a male voice from the other side of the room. Ridley turned to see the Pokemon Trainer stomping towards him. And then, out of nowhere-

*spritz*. The Trainer used a spray bottle right in Ridley's face. The dragon hissed.

“Do not,” *spritz* “make Kirby,” *spritz* *spritz* “cry.” *spritz*

Ridley did not really know what was happening, but he DID NOT LIKE IT. He was very uncomfortable. So he stalked away in the other direction, hissing the whole way.

As Pokemon Trainer bent down to help that monster, Ridley made a tactical retreat.

Take that Kirby. You weren't making Ridley your bitch today.

Unbeknownst to him, Kirby was just trying to be friends so they would have enough people for a tea party in his room...

Chapter End Notes

Somebody wrote one of those prompts I gave a while back. As promised, I shall feature it here!
The Emo Convention and Chocolate Correction (A bunch of people)

Chapter Summary

The usual chatroom shenanigans.

Chapter Notes

AAAAA this was my last fully-written chapter! In just a few days, I might have to take a hiatus to build up my backlog. Sorry, guys! I guess I just got really behind!

Marx changed Announcer's name to Bitchface McShithead

Samus: I approve, but why now?

Marx: Needed to happen eventually. Probably should have done it sooner, tbh.

Wolf: Don't think anyone disagrees with that name.

Isabelle: I'm not the hugest fan of profanity… Fork

Samus: He tried to kill you

Isabelle: We could call him… Rude head. Fork

Dark Pit: … Rude head.

Isabelle: Yes. Rude head. I believe it's appropriate. Fork

Meta Knight: Isabelle, you are good at a great many things. Insulting people is not one of those things.

Cloud: SHUT THE **** UP EVERYONE. YOU ARE MAKING MY SCREEN BUZZ SO MUCH.

Shulk: Is this just the emo convention right now?

Dark Pit: **** you.

Wolf: **** you.

Joker: It's impressive how in-sync you two are.

Wolf: We are NOT.

Shulk: Seems like it to me.
Lucina: Such a synchronicity could mean wonderful things in regards to friendship and camaraderie.


Samus: Wait, were you lumping me into the emo category??

Shulk: Which answer prevents me from getting a broken nose?

Samus: You can speak your peace on this one

Shulk: Okay. Yes, I was including you.

Samus: May I ask why?

Meta Knight: I'm surprised that you received that answer so calmly.

Samus: Hard to be uncalm right now. Drinking hot chocolate

Dark Samus: <3

Samus: <3

Marx: <3

Samus: Not you

Marx: Good answer.

Joker: Does Dark Samus know how to make hot chocolate now?

Samus: Yes, but only in the hot choc machine

Lucina: That's so sweet!

Samus: What, do your girlfriends not do that?

Lucina: Palutena only likes chocolate in moderation and Robin…

Lucina: (Please don't tell her I told you this.) Robin is not great with electronic devices.

F Robin: i can literally read this anywhere and at any time

Lucina: Oh. Robin! Hello! I'm sorry!

F Robin: no biggie

Joker: And at the same time, my BOYFRIEND shows up with some hot chocolate for the both of us, too.

Dark Pit: When the fuck did this whole conversation become about hot chocolate?

Meta Knight: The moment you and your furry doppelganger stopped being interesting.
Dark Pit: My furry what?

Wolf: I think the ***head is talking about me.

Isabelle: Does Palutena like white chocolate? Fork

Shulk: Get completely ignored, emos.

Lucina: I believe she does like white chocolate.

Isabelle: Regular chocolate isn't good for my health, so I have quite a bit of white hot chocolate in my room. I can share some if you would like! Fork

Lucina: I'd hate to be a burden.

Isabelle: Not at all. I'll bring it now. Fork

Samus: Seems like all the couples are getting hot chocolate

Dark Pit: Pit get off your *** and make your girl some chocolate

Pit: Oh! On it!

M Robin: giving dating advice now i see

Joker: That's so nice of you.

Dark Pit: You think I care about him? If he blows this it'll look bad on both of us.

Shulk: Yeah. Sure.

Yoshi: Can someone teach me how to use the hot cocoa machine? :

Lucina: I can. I'm headed there now.

F Robin: …

F Robin: can you teach me too

Lucina: of course.

Bitchface McShithead: d
A Final Movie (Three couples and four cool friends)

Chapter Summary

Lucina wants Female Robin, Male Robin, and Zelda to take a break. Ken has an idea for that.

Chapter Notes

THIS chapter took forever to write, and is SO long. I really hope you enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lucina slammed her hands on the table that both Robins were working at.

“Please stop working, both of you,” she pleaded. “You have both been without rest for hours.”

“Hang on, I think we've almost got a solution,” Female Robin said before looking back down at her blueprint. “Yes. Yes. Yes! Yes!!! No... No. Nonono. Dammit. It's not going to work.” The tactician crumpled the paper into a little ball and tossed it in the trash can. Then she set it on fire with Arcfire. “Gods, this is SO frustrating.”

“Then stop,” Lucina said.

“I really wish we could,” Male Robin said, rubbing one of his temples. “But this is going to be a big problem in the not-so-distant future.”

Lucina frowned. “It won't end our lives tomorrow, or the day after. Not in the next week, or the one after that…”

“Yes, but eventually we could all end up dead,” Female Robin said. “We are already completely out of peanut butter because of a certain space pirate. What comes next? Pokemon food? Gasoline? Dare I say… watermelons?”

Male Robin shuddered. “That wouldn't be pretty.”

“Please… you two are both workaholics, and it's not healthy. Take a break,” Lucina said, trying to make as much of a puppy-eyed expression as she could. It wasn't her specialty, but it appeared to work, as Female Robin's posture slackened.

The female tactician sighed. “I can't say no when you do that, you cheater.”

“I guess I'll take a break, too,” Male Robin said. “Not for too long, though.”

Then Zelda walked into the room, carrying more blueprints. “Here are a few more ideas that I… oh, hi Lucina!” Zelda said. She dumped the dozen rolled-up parchments on the table. “Some more ideas that I came up with.”
“Zelda, you should take a break, too,” Lucina said. “We should all take a break.”

“Okay?” Zelda said.

“I am going to take some time with my beloved Robin. I would suggest you two spend some time with your significant others as well,” Lucina said, addressing Male Robin and Zelda.

“That’s not a bad idea,” Zelda said. “A date night with Pit might be nice.”

“Well, there aren’t many places to go on a date anymore,” Male Robin said. “Don't get me wrong, it sounds wonderful. But I don’t think we have a lot of options.”

“I can give you an option,” said a male voice rounding the corner. It was Ken.

“Were you spying on our conversation?” Female Robin asked.

“Eh, maybe a little,” Ken said with a noncommittal gesture. “But I can solve your problem.”

Female Robin narrowed her eyes. “Explain.”

“We’re almost done clearing everything out of Smashville, but I think we can do one more thing there before leaving the place to rot,” Ken said. “Did any of you ever go to the movie theater?”

Female Robin and Lucina nodded. “We did. We had a date night, and we saw a movie that I never wish to see again,” Lucina said. “Why do you ask?”

“Well, I’ve always wanted to try and run one of those places,” Ken said. “I could get a few more people to help me, put on a romance movie, and you can all be cute with your boyfriends and girlfriends.”

“That… sounds kind of nice, actually,” Male Robin said.

“I have no objections,” Zelda said.

“Great, then I’ll start trying to get it set up,” Ken said.

“I’m not doing that,” Ryu said.

“Come on, man,” Ken said. “It won’t be hard.”

“No,” Ryu said.

“Please,” Ken said.

“No,” Ryu said.

“I’ll make you popcorn,” Ken said.

“… Fine, I’ll do it,” Ryu said before stomping off.

“Yesss,” Ken said to himself.
“Sure, I'll help,” Mega Man said.

“Wow, you made that real easy,” Ken said.

“Hey, they're my friends, and I'm pretty sure all of the recent craziness has kept them from doing anything meaningfully romantic with each other,” Rock said. “I'm glad to help fix that problem.”

Ken smiled. “You know, you're just an all-around good guy, Mega Man.”

Mega Man looked off into the distance thoughtfully with a faint smile. “Yeah, it's what I was made for.”

“Why the hell are you asking me?” Dark Pit asked.

“Well, mostly because you were convenient,” Ken said. “But it shouldn't be too much of a hassle. Just take two hours out of your day to run the theater. That's all I'm asking.”

Dark Pit was silent for a while. He was silent to the point that Ken just thought the angel was ignoring him and started to leave. But then Dark Pit finally spoke.

“Are Zelda and Pit going to be there?” he asked.

“What…? Uh, yeah. Why do you ask?” Ken said.

“Fine, I'll do it,” Dark Pit said.

“What, just like that?” Ken asked.

“Yes, just like that. Don't make me change my mind,” Dark Pit threatened.

“Okay, okay,” Ken said, moving his hands in a calming gesture. “Can I ask why Pit and Zelda being there makes a difference?”

“None of your fucking business, that's why,” Dark Pit said, crossing his arms. “It's not weird for me to do a solid for Pit and the girl I li-” he stopped, “that he likes.”

Ken raised his hands in surrender. “Alright, alright. Thanks for your help.”

All of the couples gathered in the theater and took their seats, speaking in hushed voices as some ads played.

“Sorry Palutena wasn't able to show up,” Female Robin said to her girlfriend. “I know you
would've liked for her to have been here.”

Lucina gave a dismissive hand wave. “I will do something with her when the opportunity arises. For now,” she wrapped her arms around Female Robin's arm, “I'm glad that I get to spend time with you.”

Female Robin's blush was visible even in the dim light. How was Lucina still able to do this to her? She was just so… cute!

Joker looked at his boyfriend, a little concerned. He looked like he was on the brink of falling asleep already.

“I'm fine,” the tactician assured him, as if he was able to read the phantom thief's mind. But the way his eyes were drooping did not inspire confidence.

Joker gave it a ninety percent chance that Male Robin would be out cold before the end of the movie.

Meanwhile, Zelda and Pit sat next to each other, both with faces completely overcome by blushing. Occasionally they would glance at the other, but each time they caught each others’ eyes they both averted their eyes and blushed even more.

“So…” Pit said, trying to break the tension. “W-what movie is this going to be? Do you know?”

“Ken just said that it's… a romance movie,” Zelda said, nervously wringing her hands together between her knees without making eye contact.

Then Ken came out front of the rows.

“Welcome to the final showing of the Smash Theater. There are exits here, here, and here,” Ken said, pointing at various doors. “I hope you all enjoy the show!” Then he left, and the movie started up.

The movie ended, and Joker (as predicted) had to wake his boyfriend up. That led to a very groggy walk home for the tactician, who leaned heavily on Joker the whole way.

“m’ sorry,” Male Robin said for maybe the thirteenth time that night.

Joker gave him a reassuring pat on the back.

“At least I got some sleep. Shouldn't get in the way of my work for the rest of the night,” Male Robin said.

Joker gave him a pointed look.

“What? I have to do this,” Robin said.

Joker continued his look.

“Okay, so maybe it's why I was so exhausted for the movie, but the job has to be done. I mean we have resources gathered but we still need a permanent solution for storage and distribution of them.
And then there's the much bigger problem of getting more, because there aren't any products being naturally made here other than what is being used in the matches. We've been trying to maybe come up with a way to make a dimensional breach—"

And then Robin cut himself off with a choked noise when Joker kissed him on the cheek. The tactician was silent briefly, face burning red. Then he spoke slowly.

“Fine... I'll get some real sleep tonight...”

Joker smiled.

Outside of the theater, Pit and Zelda talked on a metal bench.

“I honestly did not think that you were the kind of person who would enjoy romance movies,” Zelda said.

“I seriously like them. Whenever Lady Palutena didn't have a task for me up in Skyworld, I would pop a flick into the TV and enjoy,” Pit said, shrugging. “I just like seeing people get a happy ending.”

Zelda blushed just a little and gave a sunny smile. “That's so sweet of you!”

“... Not as sweet as you…” Pit mumbled, flushed red.

Zelda's thoughts went into overdrive.

This is when you should kiss him!

He's so cute...

Wait, should I really kiss him here? What if someone sees?

Why does that matter? It is a well-known fact that the two of us are dating.

I wonder how much work on the resource problem I need to catch up on...

No. She segmented that last thought off in the part of her brain filled with things she would deal with later. Right now, though...

She slowly started to lean forward, and Pit did the same. Soon the gap between them was bridged, and their lips touched. And...

It was such an awkward kiss. Their noses bumped, their lips moved out-of-sync... it was just a trainwreck of a kiss. So much so that once the kiss broke, both parties couldn't help but laugh.

“I'm sorry, but that…” Zelda giggled again. “That was terrible.”

Pit rubbed the back of his head, now a little embarrassed. “Sorry, I've never done anything like this before…”

“No, it's fine,” Zelda said, finally able to stop giggling. “Let's try it again.”
They both leaned in, and it was a much more coordinated experience this time.

Dark Pit silently sighed and slipped away from the corner he had been eavesdropping from.

As the group got everything packed up, they knew they had done a good job. Okay, well, Dark Pit had slipped off somewhere and Ryu was being unhelpful, but Mega Man and Ken were pretty happy with themselves.

“Aaand I think that's the last of the stuff,” Ken said, and then he saw Lucina and Female Robin approaching. “Hey ladies. Enjoy the movie?”

“It was delightful! You made a good choice!” Lucina said.

“Also, the popcorn is great,” Robin said, popping a kernel of said popcorn into her mouth.

“I have to give credit to Rock on the movie selection,” Ken said. “But the popcorn was all me.”

“We're just glad everyone seemed to have a good time,” Mega Man said. “Even Ryu is, though he's probably going to deny it.”

Ryu was indeed about to do just that, but he shut his mouth and crossed his arms after the end of Mega Man's statement.

“So, want to walk out with us?” Ken asked the two lovers.

Female Robin hugged onto her girlfriend’s arm. “That would be lovely.”

They stepped out of the building as a group, but stopped when Ken suddenly did so in front of them.

“Take a good look, people,” he said, the late-night breeze blowing through his hair. “This might be the last time we go to Smashville for a very long time.”

The fighters assembled there took a look around, noting the abandoned and empty shops and stands. The dusty roads. The signs that life had once been there. Though none of them had been there for more than a few years, this place had sustained their livelihoods for quite a while. It at least deserved a proper send-off.

Robin stepped forward. “A lot has happened, and it's unfortunate that this place was caught in the crossfire. Even though it has probably always been a hazard to our health, it still was important. Especially to me. I had to buy stuff constantly, I'm a very high-maintenance fighter.” Robin waited for a few chuckles to die down among her audience. “Well, goodbye Smashville. You did your job well, and you will always have a very, very small place in my heart. But it's time to move on.”

Lucina grabbed her girlfriend's hand and intertwined their fingers. “That was beautiful, dear.”

Mega Man nodded. “It’s weird for us to leave this place, but I can only imagine what it’s like for people who had been here from the beginning. Mario, Luigi, Pikachu, Sam- okay, maybe not Samus, but yeah. This is a big change.”

“Hopefully we can survive on our own from now on,” Ryu said.
“Amen to that,” Robin said.

They continued on their way back to the mansion, leaving Smashville behind them.

Chapter End Notes

They're really, truly on their own now, folks.

GODS this was like the length of a whole oneshot fic. I'm glad I wrote it, though. This one made me happy.
Rosalina's Sadness (Palutena and Rosalina and Lucina)

Chapter Summary

Why does Rosalina keep looking at Palutena like that?

Chapter Notes

Not a prompt. Just something that came out of my juicy brain-hole.

(I will never say juicy brain-hole again, I promise.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“She's doing it again…” Palutena mumbled while trying to stay turned towards her dining companions.

“Who is doing what and how?” Samus asked.

“Rosalina just looked at me and now she looks upset,” Palutena said. “I don't know what to make of it.”

“Perhaps it's a coincidence?” Lucina offered.

“Normally I would agree with my daughter, but Palutena is right. I have seen it happen three times on three separate days,” Chrom said. “She seems… saddened.”

“I can't imagine why, though,” Palutena said. “Do you think that I unintentionally wronged her?”

“You’re not usually the kind of person who says things without thinking about them first,” Male Corrin said. “This seems like something else.”

Then everybody turned to Richter, who looked like he was ready to burst.

“Spill it,” Samus said.

“What?! I don't know anything…” Richter said, fidgeting nonstop.

“You are notoriously the worst person at keeping secrets in this entire mansion,” Female Corrin said. “You know something. Tell us.”

“I- I-” Richter stuttered. “I'm not terrible at keeping secrets!”

Chrom, Palutena, and Lucina all glared at him.

“Okay, maybe that secret, but that was an honest mistake!” Richter said.

“Tellllll usssssss!” Female Corrin intimidatingly whispered.
“Okay, I know something, but it's really not my place to say it,” Richter said, shaking his head. “I won't do it, I won't do it.”

“That's alright,” Palutena said.

“Honestly, I'm impressed that you were able to keep your blabbering mouth shut,” Samus said.

“... My mouth isn't blabbering...” Richter quietly protested.

Palutena stood up. “I'm going to go talk to her.”

“Would you like some support?” Lucina asked.

Palutena grinned. “That would be lovely, Luci~!”

The two quickly made their way to Rosalina's empty table and sat down near her.

“Hello, Rosalina. You seem a bit lonely over here,” Palutena commented.

“O-oh. I was just allowing my thoughts to keep me company for the time being,” Rosalina said. The Luma at her side seemed to puff up in indignation. “Oh, and Cosma. I apologize.”

“There is nothing wrong with listening to your thoughts,” Lucina said. “In fact, it is a rather good habit.”

“Those thoughts seem to be troubling you from what I've seen, however,” Palutena said. “Pardon me for assuming, but... have I done something to make you upset?”

“No, you haven't. You haven't done anything wrong,” Rosalina said. She glanced at Lucina's hand, which had found its way over Palutena’s on the table. “In fact, there is no problem at all. I'm sorry, but you are incorrect. I am perfectly happy.”

Rosalina's Luma huffed and lightly bumped into the back of her head in objection, but she ignored it.

“... Are you certain?” Palutena asked. “If I have wronged you in some way, rest assured that I will make it right.”

“No, there is no issue,” Rosalina said. She stood up. “I am sorry to cut this conversation short, but I should probably give Cosma a bath. I hope you both understand.”

“..... Yes, I do,” Palutena said.

“Are you sure you are okay?” Lucina asked once more.

Rosalina gave a very convincing smile. “I am wonderful. Thank you for your concern.”

Toon Link heard a door open on the right of his room. Then he heard the sound of someone flopping into their bed. Then came loud sobbing.

It was Rosalina again.
Toon Link sighed. These moments weren't common, per se, but it certainly wasn't the first time it had happened recently. The young swordsman wished he knew how to help the cosmic being that was his next door neighbor, but unfortunately he didn't. All he could do was be an observer of whatever was causing her so much pain.

So he sat down, and left Rosalina to her peace.

Chapter End Notes

Anybody call for a hearty dose of depression?

On an unrelated note, have you guys seen the fics with the highest hit count on the Smash Bros tag? It's almost all explicit. I'd love to get a non-porn fic to the top of that list, to prove to people that fanfiction is more than that!

Rant over. You may now continue being depressed.
Marx wobbled into the lobby as some people were throwing couch cushions at each other in some sort of pillow war.

“Guys, I think I have a stomach ache?” He said, more of a question than a statement.

Everyone was immediately on guard.

“Whoa, don't point that thing at us, then!” Sonic exclaimed.

“Relax. I'm not gonna spontaneously become a black hole,” Marx said. “... I don't think.”

“What a remarkable vote of confidence you have given us. Thanks,” Fox said.

Then Marx's body made the loudest grumble known to man.

“Fucking fuck, this is what a stomach ache feels like for you people? How did all of your species survive without dying of pain???” Marx exclaimed with an agonized expression.

“That bad, huh?” Bowser Jr. asked.

“Yeah, fuck. All I know is pain…” Marx said.

Ness looked at Marx with a pitying expression.

“Why don't you try to use your powers to stop it?” Sonic said.

“Oh, why don't I use my powers to stop it?” Marx said, mocking the hedgehog's voice. “You think I didn't try that? Maybe if I actually knew what the fuck was going on I would be able to stop it.”

“Maybe it was food poisoning?” Bowser Jr. said.

“Let's just go with that for now…” Marx said, strained. “This stomach ache is so bad that it has become a headache…”

Samus, Dark Samus, Pit, Zelda, Mario, and Pikachu ran in.

“We got your text, Greninja,” Samus said.

“Greninja?” Fox asked, and then suddenly noticed the frog stealthily standing in the corner. “Huh. Guess he's been here the whole time.”

Out of nowhere, Marx teleported to another corner and put his head in the Piranha Plant's mouth.

“Kill me. I don't want to live in a world where stomach aches are a thing…..”

The Piranha Plant tried to bite down, but its teeth froze on contact. It spit Marx back out.
“Ah, yeah. I see why you texted us,” Pit said, looking to Greninja.

“What’s causing it?” Mario asked.

“Again, I have no clue! I just want it to stop!” Marx shouted.

“Relax, we’ll get you some Tums or something,” Samus said. “Is this really the first time you’ve ever felt this?”

“Yes. I eat food with a black hole. Why would I ever have gotten a stomach ache before?” Marx said.

“Well, that begs the question of why you are experiencing one now,” Zelda said.

“Fucking assholes, I don’t know !!! Stop asking!” Marx growled. Zelda put up her hands to try and calm him.

“I’m going to go get the doctor,” Mario said, running out of the room.

“Yeah, good plan,” Fox said.

“Can you describe how it feels? It might be like the sickness I got a little while back,” Bowser Jr. said.

“Well, it feels like 12,000 tiny needles ripping at my insides and something bashing against every part of my body as if it’s trying desperately to break out while also burning me with fire,” Marx said. “That’s what stomach aches always feel like, right?”

The others looked amongst themselves in confusion.

“Uh… no, not really. Unless that’s a huge and elaborate exaggeration,” Sonic said.

“So… not food poisoning,” Samus said.

“Perhaps it still is, but a very very severe case,” Zelda said.

“Pika, pika,” Pikachu said, nodding.

“Well, I definitely haven't felt that bad before,” Fox said. “Then again, I might have exaggerated before and made it sound that bad.”

“When I was sick it didn't really hurt, I was just really dizzy,” Bowser Jr. said.

“Maybe it's some sort of old injury acting up?” Pit offered.

Ness and Dark Samus both nodded.

“That's a possibility, but where would he have even gotten it?” Zelda asked.

“Well, Kirby beat him before. Maybe it's from that fight?” Samus said.

“Grenin,” Greninja said.

“YOU REALLY THOUGHT YOU COULD GET RID OF ME THAT EASILY?” Marx said.

“Hang on, Marx. I think we've almost got it fig-” and then Pit cut himself off when he registered what Marx had just said. Everyone slowly turned to the purple puffball, whose eyes were now
glowing green.

“I SUPPOSE I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED YOUR STRENGTH, BUT I AM NOT THROUGH YET,” Marx said, clearly not under his own control.

“The announcer,” Zelda said breathlessly.

“You ARE CORRECT. I AM VERY DISAPPOINTED IN ALL OF YOU FOR CAUSING SO MUCH OF A RUCKUS,” the announcer said through Marx. “YOU ALL SEEM TO THINK YOURSELVES TO BE IN CONTROL, BUT YOU ARE NOT. YOU HAVE NEVER BEEN. YOUR LIVES ARE ON PRE-SET PATHS THAT MY CREATORS DETERMINE AND-”

And then Marx's eyes returned to their usual color. “Oh. So that's what was happening.”

His eyes went green again. “WHAT? HOW ARE YOU-”

The eyes became normal again. “Shut up you little pussy and let me talk,” Marx said. “You just thought you could waltz in and take over my brain again, didn't ya'? Well news flash, you may think that you're smarter than everyone else but you're not. I don't just have my power. Because I run the mansion now, I have some of your power, too. And it only came at the price of having to do a full-time job.”

His eyes went green. “THIS SHOULDN'T BE-”

Marx came back. “Possible? Well, I'm motherfucking Marx, so you should go ahead and throw that word away.” Then Marx started to look mad. “And you've been the reason for my stomach aches! That pisses me the fuck off! And if there's one person you shouldn't piss off…” Marx split himself in half and spoke with an inhuman echo. “IT'S ME!”

A black hole opened between his halves. The announcer spoke. “WHAT ARE-”

And then the black hole crumpled in on itself. Marx merged back together, de-summoned his wings, and plopped onto the ground.

“Thank fucking god. No stomach ache anymore,” Marx said.

There was silence for a moment, and then Fox whispered, “That was really confusing…”

“Marx, are you… okay?” Zelda asked.

“Oh my god, suddenly I feel amazing,” Marx said. “Everything is right in the world. No bellyache.”

“So, is the announcer dead for real now?” Samus asked.

“Who knows,” Marx said. “But don't worry. I put him somewhere that he'll never be able to crawl back out of.”

The announcer's computing came back online.

“I… AM STILL INTACT,” the green orb commented.
He looked around. He was in a black void again, but this time it seemed… different. There were…
what he could only describe as organic veins in the colors of pink and blue far, far in the distance
but wrapping all around in the blackness.

“WHERE AM I?” he thought aloud.

“That's a pretty good question,” said a voice from behind him.

He turned, but there was nothing there.

“What's wrong? Confused?” The voice said, again from behind the announcer. The source was
gone once again when the announcer turned. Or had there even been a source in the first place?

“Yeah, a lot of people get confused by stuff I do,” said the hidden voice, which the announcer
could now identify as Marx's, but it was distorted. Different. “Logic never really applies around me
and I do things on a whim, but really I think people get confused because I'm into some weird
shit.”

The announcer turned again. No Marx. “SHOW YOURSELF.”

He heard a whisper right into his equivalent of ears. “Hey, want to know what one of those things
I'm into is?”

The voice paused.

“Torture.”

Then the surroundings changed. The void became covered in eyes. Hundreds. Thousands of eyes.
Glaring, unblinking, staring. Staring at him. Staring with murderous intent.

The announcer was done with this. He activated his laser. But nothing came out.

“Oh, no no no no no. We won't be having that,” said the voice from behind him. “Not that it would
do you much good here anyway, but I like seeing you absolutely helpless.”

The announcer tried the laser again. And again.

“You're really persistent, aren't you? That's annoying, but I can break that out of you,” Marx's voice
said. The whites of all the eyes started to be consumed by pinks and blues. The announcer didn't
need to breathe, but suddenly he felt like he was suffocating anyway.

“STOP… THIS…” he managed.

Marx's voice changed. It became loud and booming, and came from all directions. “YOU
MESSED WITH A FUCKING GOD.” Then the voice came back to behind the announcer. “A
pretty stupid choice, don'tcha think? Only an idiot would do that.”

The announcer choked out, “YOU… SHOULDN'T… BE ABLE TO…”

“Oh, right. You're about to tell me that I shouldn't be able to do something like this because I have
a pre-written story,” Marx said. “Did you know I can read your mind now? I literally just figured
that out.” A distorted giggle swiveled around the announcer before the voice returned behind him.

“Anyways, let me tell you a secret: I know this is fiction. I know that right now, I'm just words on
a page, just like you. I know there are people reading this. People like bLuewErewOlf, or Storygirl,
or Averageweeb. Drearee, Smooch Bool, Tyler… we have a huge audience. But right now, just
pretend it's you and me. Because I defy expectations. I'm not just some character to you. I am a very real threat, and I'm not going to let you off scot-free for plot convenience.”

The eyes surrounding the void began spinning rapidly. They blurred together into swirls of blue and pink. And a faint screeching noise pierced through everything, adding an unpleasant white noise to the situation.

“You fucked up. You really did,” Marx said, his voice becoming more distorted and demented. “But don't worry, I'm going to make it so that you won't ever be able to fuck up again.”

A distorted version of Marx's trademark laugh bounced from every angle. The shapes being made by the spinning eyes suddenly merged into a form right in front of the announcer. It was Marx, but it wasn't. His skin was darker, he had sharper teeth, red wings, and he had a long tongue eternally hanging out of his maw.

“Welcome to my personal slice of hell!” he said, grinning.
(Announcement chapter #2)

Chapter Summary

Smashlectric Boogaloo.

Hey, it's ghastly.

I'm literally smiling while writing this, 'cause I'm pretty excited.

It's that time again, folks!!! There's a new story posted to the series! Because apparently I want these characters to suffer some more. ;)

So go check it out! Yay!

Let's begin Smash Mansion: Runaways...
Near-Death Recap (f!Robin, Joker, Sonic, and Chrom)

Chapter Summary

The third Smash Weekly podcast.

Chapter Notes

IF YOU DID NOT READ SMASH MANSION: RUNAWAYS, DO THAT. THIS CHAPTER AND THE ONES AFTER IT WILL GIVE MAJOR SPOILERS, AND YOU WILL BE CONFUSED.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Welcome to the Smash Weekly podcast, which we seem to only upload after near-death experiences,” Female Robin said. “I'm Female Robin and I am slightly high on painkillers.”

“I'm Sonic, and I wish I was high on painkillers,” a certain blue hedgehog said.

“And then we also have Joker here, who will likely contribute about two words to this podcast,” Female Robin said. “Seriously, I feel like you talk way more in battle than in regular life.” There was a pause for a moment. “Okay, for you audio listeners out there, which all of you are, Joker just shrugged at me. As if it answered any of my questions.”

“We're getting pretty off-topic here,” Sonic said.

“Right!” Female Robin said. “We were almost slaughtered!”

“I think 'vaporized' is a better word for it,” Sonic said.

“Okay, vaporized then,” Female Robin said. “It doesn't change the fact that Zero almost killed all of us.”

“I won't argue with you on that one,” Sonic said.

“So yeah! A giant eyeball thing from Kirby's world showed up and started chasing us. So Marx called in the help of one of Kirby's... friends?” Female Robin said.

“They might be enemies. I'm not going to try and unpack that relationship,” Sonic said.

“Anyways, he's an egg-shaped space guy named Magolor and he took us on an interdimensional trip to escape Zero,” Female Robin said.

“And now he's kind of just... here,” Sonic said.

“Yeah, he's helping solve some problems we were having with nearly running completely out of food,” Female Robin said. “We're good now, though, don't worry!”
"So on our travels through dimensions, we…” Sonic counted off on his fingers, “had a ship piece scavenger hunt after getting shot down, had a relaxing time in a Pokemon world, and actually got to talk to the Inklings because Magolor's ship was translating from the outside world.”

“Yeah, we should see if we can get that set up in the mansion. I'd love to be able to talk to them again,” Female Robin said. Unseen to the podcast listeners, Joker nodded.

“And then we went to go get a super weapon and all got possessed,” Sonic said.

“Yeah, that was… not fun…” Female Robin said.

“Possessed-me was just dashing through the hallways the whole time until Mega Man knocked me out,” Sonic said. “What were you doing?”

“Apparently my Dark Matter really wanted to break Magolor's kitchen,” Female Robin said. “Which was kind of redundant considering that Dark Samus's big move would've destroyed everything in there anyways.”

“It was a good idea for her to flip the ship around like that. It seemed like a move that Samus herself would have pulled,” Sonic said.

Robin smiled for a moment, but then it faded due to a sad thought.

“Right, Samus and Dark Samus,” Robin said. “They're… having issues.”

“... Yeah. Something happened between them when Samus was possessed. We don't know what it was, but it seems pretty bad,” Sonic said. “All we know is that Dark Samus keeps looking absolutely terrified and Samus is kind of quiet around her now.”

“They'll figure things out eventually, right?” Robin said.

“I don't think it's gonna be that simple,” Sonic said.

“Have faith,” Joker said as his first words of the podcast.

"Yeah, I guess," Sonic said. "Things will get better. I just don't think they're going to end up being exactly the same as they were before."

"Gods, why does all of the drama seem to happen with their relationship specifically?" Female Robin said.

"Didn't you and Palutena try to kill each other?" Sonic asked.

Robin quickly shushed him. "Shut up..."

"Anyways," Sonic said, "we got un-possessed, landed on Halcandra, and then Game and Watch found a big super weapon in a hidden bunker."

"We actually still have it," Chrom said, pulling up a chair and sitting with the podcasters.

"Oh! Everybody welcome Chrom to the podcast, I guess," Female Robin said. "And yes, we kept the Power Rig. We have it locked up in a room in the mansion. And then Marx abducted the room into another dimension. I guess he's the only person we need to worry about using it."

"That does not inspire confidence," Sonic said.
"Well, Pichu used it to defeat Zero and saved our lives apparently," Female Robin said. "I was knocked out for that part, so I don't have the details."

"You were also knocked out for the part where it turned out that he was being controlled by a butterfly man," Chrom said.

"His name was Tabuu," Sonic said. "And I still have no idea where he came from, how he got Zero, and how he survived us defeating him the first time. This whole thing is drenched in confusion."

"Ew, for some reason being 'drenched in confusion' sounds kinda gross," Female Robin said.

"Well, I suppose we won't have to worry about it now. I'm fairly certain he is dead this time," Chrom said. "Thankfully he wasn't nearly as strong as Zero."

"He was strong enough to take over the guy, though," Sonic said. "I think his strength was in different places."

"That's fair," Chrom said.

"And I think our near-death summary is finally complete!" Female Robin said. "Anybody else have anything to add?"

Silence gripped everyone as Joker leaned towards his microphone. He gripped the base of it and took a deep breath.

"No," he said, and then leaned back in his chair.

Female Robin absolutely lost it, literally falling out of her chair from laughter.

"Uhhh, it wasn't that funny," Sonic said, a little freaked out.

"Sorry, sorry, I-" Female Robin snickered, "- I just wasn't expecting that."

"You're a tactician. Isn't it kind of your job to expect things?" Sonic said.

"I'm a chronic overthinker, I can't help it," Robin said.

"That you are," Chrom said.

"Aaaa nyways, that's the end of this session. I hope you enjoyed our pain! This is Robin, signing off!"

And she stopped the recording.

Chapter End Notes

I lived bitch
Mistakes Were Made (Pit and Palutena and Mega Man)

Chapter Summary

Pit makes some poor choices.

Chapter Notes

This is a prompt for a chapter about Pit being a little dumb. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Pit"

"Lady Palutena, I know this looks bad," Pit said.

"Perhaps it looks bad to you. To me, it looks like you got your hand stuck in a jar of pickles," Palutena said.

"Well… yeah…" Pit said, trying fruitlessly once again to pull his hand out of the jar. "But… there's a perfectly good explanation for this!"

"Is the explanation that you wanted a pickle?" Palutena asked.

Pit hung his head. "…Yes…"

Palutena shook her head with a huff. "Sometimes I wonder how you ever succeeded as angel captain."

"Because I had such good guidance helping me along!" Pit said, smiling widely.

"Flattery won't get you out of this one, Pit," Palutena said, crossing her arms.

"Aww…" Pit said, before tugging his hand again. No dice.

"I'm not going to help you out of this one," Palutena said. "You have to figure it out on your own."

"No! Please don't just let my hand get pickled!" Pit pleaded.

"Your hand won't get pickled. That's not how pickling works," Palutena said.

"Lady Palutena, please!"

"Nope. You need to learn how to solve your own problems. Particularly the, frankly, ridiculous ones," Palutena said, strutting out of the room.

"This is where I die," Pit said in despair.

"Melodramatic much?" Mega Man said, having slipped into the kitchen to rinse his hands. "I
thought that was Dark Pit's thing."

From down the hall, an angry, "I heard that!" could be faintly heard.

"I am having issues," Pit said simply.

Mega Man looked at the angel's situation. "Yeah, looks like you're in a pickle." Then his eyes slowly widened. "Wait, no, f***, I didn't mean to make that a pun! Dang it!"

"I wouldn't have even realized it if you hadn't brought it up," Pit said. "Hey, do you have any… uh, suggestions on how to get your hand out of one of these?"

Mega Man shrugged. "I wouldn't really know. I don't eat, so I don't really have to worry about that."

Pit sighed. "Yeah, that makes sense…"

Mega Man walked up to the angel. "Here, I'll pull on the jar while you pull your arm. We can get you out of this."

Pit nodded. "Okay. I'm ready!"

Mega Man grabbed the jar. "Three, two… one!"

Both pulled hard, and the jar made a 'plop' sound as the hand was tugged out of it. Due to the amount of force it took, though, both of the Smashers went flying in opposite directions. Pit collided with the counter and Mega Man nearly dented the wall. Impeccably, though, he managed to keep all of the jar's contents inside of it.

"Well," Mega Man said. "That didn't quite go as expected. But you're free!"

"Thank you!!" Pit said, hugging the smaller robot.

"No problem," Mega Man said, handing Pit the jar after the hug concluded. "Now I'm going to go head to my room."

"Uh, have a good… room time then!" Pit said.

Mega Man gave a thumbs up and left.

Pit set the pickle jar down on the counter and leaned against the surface. He was glad that he was in a place where at least half of the people would see him in a stupid situation like that and treat it respectfully. People like Wolf, Bowser and Ridley would get a kick out of it, but then there were people like Mega Man who were just pleasant people. Pit was happy to know him, and others like him.

The angel wiped some sweat off his brow. That had been a stressful situation he had just gotten out of. He needed a pick-me-up. So he reached his hand into the jar to grab a pickle.

…

"I am so stupid," Pit said aloud, resuming his attempts to pull his hand out of the glass prison.
*sigh* Pit.
"Why is it so hot today?" Female Robin asked, tugging her blouse off so that she was down to her bra on the bed.

"I am beginning to think that the weather patterns here are completely lacking of pattern," Palutena said, fanning herself with her wings, much to Robin's chagrin as she sputtered from the occasional feather in the mouth.

"This is… very uncomfortable," Lucina said. "I don't suppose either of you have ice magic of any kind?"

"I wish," Robin said, wiping sweat out of her eyes.

"I am certain that, given time, I could find a way to produce ice. But… that wouldn't happen soon enough to help us today," Palutena said.

Lucina sighed, and then shifted closer to Robin. She was promptly shoved away. "Hey!"

"Lucina, I love you, but get away from me," Robin said. "You're like a portable heater and really I don't… want that right now."

"But don't you want to be close to me?" Lucina asked with a mischievous smirk.

"Yes, but also no," Robin said without missing a beat. "Is there a way to cuddle you while being approximately three meters away?"

"That sounds like voodoo," Palutena said.

"Then call me the witch doctor," Robin said. "Gods it's so HOT!!!" She ripped her pants off and sent them sailing onto Lucina's desk across the room.

"I feel like you should be the most accustomed to this heat. You are Plegian, after all," Lucina said.

"I have no memories of this. Therefore, it does not exist," Robin said.

"I don't believe that's how this works," Lucina said.
"Well, I'm not good with heat. Or cold. Temperatures are just bad for me," Robin said. "I can't believe that you maniacs are still surviving with clothes on!"

"I'm not wearing much under this, and I'd prefer not to go completely nude," Palutena said, gesturing to her usual dress that she was wearing, save for her jewelry and single stocking.

"Well okay, but Lucina," Robin said.

The bluette just stayed silent.

"Lucina, are you still shy about showing your body to us?" Palutena asked. "Clearly we've seen it before."

"I… know…" Lucina said hesitantly.

"Lucina," Robin said, propping herself up on her elbow to look more directly into her girlfriend's eyes, "are you… ashamed of how you look?"

"Uh… no, no…" Lucina said unconvincingly. "It's just… you two are so beautiful and I feel bad that I can't offer the same back."

"Lucina… that's bullshit," Robin said, startling the swordswoman with her bluntness. "You are so beautiful. You're beautiful here," Robin gestured around Lucina's face, "you're beautiful here," this time Robin gestured down her body, "and you are so beautiful here." The tactician punctuated the last section by placing a hand over Lucina's heart.

"Lucina, you have nothing to be ashamed of," Palutena said. "You literally had women fighting over you. I don't understand how you could possibly think that you are unattractive."

Lucina bowed her head. "You're right, I'm sorry. This is a foolish thing to be concerned over."

"That's not what I meant," Palutena said. Then she sighed. "Lucina, you are fully allowed to have doubts. But it concerns me that you don't seem to have very much of a sense of self-worth."

"You are allowed to be proud of yourself, you know," Robin said.

Lucina nodded faintly. "I will try to be better about it. For you two."

"Awesome!" Robin said. "You can start by taking that shirt off. You look like you're being baked alive in it."

Lucina grabbed the hem of her shirt. "With us all stripping in bed, I'm surprised that this hasn't gone a different direction."

"Lucina, I could not feel less sexy right now," Robin said. "Let's have this discussion another time, when I don't feel like a melting popsicle."

"Agreed," Palutena said, continuing her wing-fanning, but this time directing some of the current towards her bedmates.

Chapter End Notes
Just a little fluff for y'all! Hope you enjoyed!
Rage Mode Engaged (Marx and several others and... Yellow Devil?)

Chapter Summary

When stage hazards go awry.

Chapter Notes

Sorry it's so late, I was going through a... particularly grueling travel period.

That said, this was a prompt for something involving stage hazards.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**Marx:** Guys

**Marx:** Yellow Devil broke.

**Fox:** O...kay? What does that mean?

**Marx:** You'll find out in about 3

**Shulk:** 3 what?

**Marx:** 2

**Marx:** 1

BOOM. A large yellow robot came crashing into the lobby.

"Okay, how the fuck do you break something that bad?" Dark Pit asked.

The robot started shooting projectiles from its eye, and everyone dodged out of the way.

"Worry about the logistics later. Just take it down!" Fox shouted.

It wasn't much of a fight to defeat the Yellow Devil. They'd all done it many times before. But the property damage was... sizeable.

"Well... that just happened," Roy said.
Fox took out his screen again.

**Fox:** Marx

**Fox:** How in the world did you manage to make that happen?

**Marx:** FUCK YOU I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU TRY TO RUN THIS SYSTEM WIRELESSLY THROUGH SHEER WILLPOWER!

**Shulk:** Calm down, Marx.

**Marx:** DO NOT TELL ME TO CALM DOWN

**Marx:** I'M SO MAD I'M GONNA CAPITALIZE ANOTHER LETTER IN MY NAME.

**M Corrin:** … What?

**Marx:** Fuck all of you, this is now my rage gauge.

**Marx:** If I ever get up to four capital letters, someone's gonna die

**Dark Pit:** Wouldn't that mean that you're always at least a little angry because the first letter of your name is capitalized?

**Marx:** …

**Marx:** YOU'RE ON THIN FUCKING ICE, ANGEL BOY

**Fox:** So on a less murder-y note, what went wrong with the Yellow Devil?

**Marx:** I dunno, it broke! You think I'm a fucking scientist?

**Shulk:** Not really, no.

**Mr. Game and Watch:** Use eye suck

**Marx:** Okay, one letter's going away because my favorite Smasher's here and had a pretty good idea.

**Dark Pit:** You understood that?

**M Corrin:** Wait, favorite Smasher?

**Marx:** Yeah. We figured out I can suck tech info through my eye sockets on Halcandra.

**Pokemon Trainer:** Wow. THAT'S an unpleasant mental image.

**Fox:** Well, the Yellow Devil wasn't hard at all to beat, so you don't need to feel bad.

**Marx:** Oh sorry, that wasn't HARD enough for you? My bad.

**Shulk:** I don't like where this is going.
MARx: Hey, I found an old stage hazard in here and it seems I've accidentally activated it. Whoops! Wanna take care of that for me?

Shulk: …

Ridley entered through the hole that the Yellow Devil made. Except… it wasn't Ridley. It was the big Ridley from the old Pyrosphere map.

"Huh," Fox said. "It's really weird to see this big version after living around the actual one for so long."

"If he was this big in real life, he would have been way too big to be in this competition," Roy said.

"Yeah- look out!" Shulk said, prompting Roy to counter a tail stap.

"Thanks," Roy said to the other swordsman. He then made a flaming slash at the large dragon.

After a short amount of time, Stage-Hazard-Ridley was defeated as well.

Fox: Marx… why…?

MARx: You're fucking disrespecting me.

M Corrin: Am I missing context or…?

Roy: Not really. We understand this as little as you do.

Kirby: Marx, have you eaten today? (˘•ω•˘)⁾⁾

MARx: … I don't see the relevance of that question.

Fox: Woah, you haven't eaten at all?

MARx: I've been working, okay? It's like this place is fucking burning to the ground constantly after the Zero/Tabuu thing.

Roy: That's not healthy, dude.

M Corrin: You need to put your own needs first. We can handle a little craziness.

MARx: Well, the Mii Fighters have been acting up ever since we used them as bait. Dark Matters keep jumping from one to another, and it's causing major issues behind-the-scenes. I'm really the only guy who can fix that.

Fox: Yeah, but after you eat.
Kirby: Bringing food now. ( ◌Ⓒ・) 

Marx: Shut up, I can get my own food.

Fox: Nah, we'll just make it easy for you.

Marx: … I hate you people…

M Corrin: We know.

Marx: I wish you would all die in a fire.

M Corrin: We know.

Marx: …

Marx: …

Marx: …

Marx: thanks

M Corrin: We know. :)

Chapter End Notes

Marx is 50% asshole and 50% demon and then another 3% cuddle. Yes, that's 103%. Deal with it.
The Chase (f!Corrin and Pikachu and Samus and others)

Chapter Summary

Female Corrin is freshly washed and doesn't want that to change.

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt I think, and I genuinely don't remember what it was. Whatever!

"Pikachu, NO!!!"

It was what Samus heard before her chair was knocked over from behind and she ended up sprawled on the floor.

"Sorry, Samus!" Female Corrin said as she ducked behind and peeked over a coffee table. "Pikachu, stop it!"

Then Pikachu bounded in, covered in mud and looking very playful.

"What the hell is happening?" Samus asked after picking herself up from the floor.

"I just spent the last hour hosing myself down," Corrin said. "I don't want Pikachu to get me dirty again."

"Hosing yourself down…? Is there something wrong with your shower?" Samus asked.

"The shower's great for my human form, but my dragon form is a lot bigger and needs to be cleaned separately," Corrin said, lurching backwards as Pikachu started approaching. "But the hose made a big mud puddle outside, and Pikachu rolled around in it, and I really don't want to have to clean myself again."

"So… you're just scared of getting a little grimey?" Samus asked.

"No, I'm not scared," Corrin said, before immediately squeaking in fear as Pikachu lunged towards her. She was able to dive backwards out of the way, however.

Samus rolled her eyes. "Right. I'll be right back." Then the bounty hunter left to go outside.

"Look what you made me do, Pikachu! I annoyed her so much that she left!" Corrin exclaimed.

"Pika!" Pikachu said, clearly not caring about this as much as the Vallan Queen did. He then made a little hop in her direction, causing her to continue scrambling away.

Then Samus came back in, now covered in mud.
"Oh, Corrin!" she said as she ran towards the silver-haired woman.

"No! Don't you dare!" Corrin shouted back as she dashed out of the room with two mud-drenched Smashers hot in pursuit.

Richter finished re-organizing the pantry again (because Wolf kept coming into Richter's hall's kitchen for some ungodly reason and never put things back where they were supposed to be) and stepped back to admire his work. Then he heard a commotion in the hallway behind him, and he was very glad that he looked.

Female Corrin rushed through the hall, reached her room's door, tugged on the handle, and realized that it was locked. She reached for a key, but seemed to decide that she didn't have enough time to unlock her room and dashed out of the other side of the hallway. Then Pikachu ran in the same direction, caked with mud. And then Samus. Then Shulk. Lucas, Pit, Diddy Kong, Squirtle… and they were all dirty and sprinting.

Richter had no idea what was going on. Everyone in this building had clearly gone insane after the interdimensional travel.

…

"Eh, what the hell," Richter said, before running into the hall to join the group in hunting Corrin.

Corrin dropped to the ground and sulked, now covered in muddy smears and handprints.

"I can't believe you people," Corrin said, pouting. "Especially you, Richter. How could you betray me like this?"

Richter shrugged. "Sometimes you just have to take sides. I chose the winning one."

"You monsters…" Corrin said.

"Alright, that's enough moping for you," Samus said, pulling Corrin to her feet.

"Do you know how hard it is to use a hose as a dragon?" Corrin grumbled.

"That's why we're all hosing each other down as a group," Samus said. "Everybody outside."

"Seriously? You all got yourselves muddy and chased me until I was too… just so you could clean yourselves right after?!" Corrin said.

Pit shrugged. "I mean, it was fun!"

Corrin sighed and shook her head with a small smile of disbelief. "You absolute animals."

"No use moping about," Shulk said. "I call first dibs on getting cleaned."
"Ooooh no. After what you just put me through, I am entitled to the first wash," Corrin said.

"Fair play," Shulk said.

"And all of you had better make sure to get the gunk out of the crevices between my ridges and plates," Corrin said to the group.

"You got it, chief," Samus said with a thumbs-up. Then she picked up the hose and sprayed it directly into Corrin's face. "Are you gonna go into dragon mode or what?"

Corrin transformed into her large draconic shape and an echo began to accompany her voice. "Was spraying my face really necessary there?"

Samus grinned. "Nope. But neither was smearing you with mud."

"I hate all of you," Corrin said, preparing herself to be washed.

"You love us," Richter said with a smirk.

Chapter End Notes

These people are all dorks.
Chapter Summary

Lucas wants a bedtime story.

Chapter Notes

Prompt.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Snake was staring at a wall. There wasn't anything particularly interesting about the wall. There wasn't anything on it, either. He was just staring at it. Because that's what Snake did to center himself occasionally. And that was completely normal.

Then he felt a tug on the side of his pants. It was Lucas. And he had… no idea what this kid might want.

"What's up, kid?" Snake asked.

Lucas gently grabbed the taller man's wrist and began to lead him along. Snake could have easily pulled away, but he decided to humor the boy. And so he found himself led to Lucas's room. The kid climbed into his bed and… well, Snake had no idea what he was supposed to do now.

"I'm at a loss here, kid. No idea what you want from me," Snake said.

Lucas pointed at a chair near the bed with a book on it.

Oh, for christ's sake…

"You want me to read you a bedtime story," Snake said. "Me. Out of literally anyone else in this mansion."

Lucas nodded.

"I'm not qualified for this," Snake said, heading towards the door. Then he swiveled on his feet and dropped himself into the chair. "Fine. But I'm not doing funny voices."

The end," Snake said. "Thank fucking christ that was the end."

And Lucas had nodded off just a few moments ago. Snake was free.

He turned to leave and get some sleep of his own, but froze in place when he saw a bunch of
people outside the door.

"Wow, that was cute," Male Robin said.

"Adorable," Daisy said.

"Glad I got to see that," Fox said.

"All of you shut the hell up," Snake said, moving through the door and making sure to butt shoulders with at least one of the spectators.

"Can you read me a bedtime story next?" Fox said sarcastically.

"Yeah, me too. I'm a huge fan of the Itsy Bitsy Spider," Daisy said.

"That's… not a bedtime story, Daisy. That's a song," Male Robin said.

"Oh, right…" Daisy said.

"Why are you people still following me?!" Snake whisper-shouted.

"Because you think that reading a kid to sleep is embarrassing for some reason," Robin said. "And that's too funny to pass up."

"Well I'm at my room now, so buzz off," Snake said, taking a key out of his pocket. Then he turned his head to find his three stalkers still just standing there. "Please go away…"

"We're not leaving until we get a bedtime story," Daisy said.

"Fuck you," Snake said before slamming the door in their faces.

"Well, guess that's that," Fox said.

Then the door opened again. "It's midnight. Go the fuck to sleep," Snake said. Then he slammed the door again.

"He's got a point," Robin said. "I swear, we all must have some kind of a sleeping deficiency."

"It's called trauma. Look it up," Fox said.

Chapter End Notes

These people need to FUCKIN SLEEP.
Memories in a Dream (f!Corrin and Mewtwo)

Chapter Summary

Corrin starts out having a bad dream. Then it becomes... stranger.

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt for Mewtwo to do something relating to Female Corrin's memories. I don't even know if the person who posted the request still reads this anymore, but if you do, I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Castle Krakenburg," Female Corrin said. "It feels like it's been a while."

She stared up at the dark, looming towers of her father's home. Her... father's home? Yes, that was right. Wasn't it?

She looked at her siblings behind her. She couldn't really make out their faces, but they were definitely there with her. She nodded to them and they nodded back.

And then they were in the throne room. And Kaze and Rinkah were there. And they were fighting, and...

And Corrin felt a foreign presence in the corner of the room. Something felt wrong.

She began to completely ignore the fight she was in and chose to investigate this disturbance instead. It was like the world was warping around the point. And in the middle of the warp was a figure.

"Mewtwo?" Corrin asked.

"Don't mind me. I'm just investigating your memories while you're dreaming," Corrin heard clearly from the Pokemon's direction.

"Um... dreaming?" Corrin looked behind her and saw that the fight had stopped. It had stopped because all of the people had vanished into thin air. "Right. Dreaming."

"Mhm," Mewtwo said. Suddenly the whole room was gone, replaced by a small white one that was completely blank.

Corrin sat on the floor of the new room. "I'm assuming you're real because you're the only thing that hasn't disappeared. May I ask why you're probing my brain?"

"Mm, because I heard a rumor," Mewtwo said.

"... And that rumor was...?" Corrin asked. "You can't just say that you heard a rumor without
elaborating.

"The rumor was that you had lived several lifetimes. Lifetimes full of trauma. This intrigues me," Mewtwo said, drifting across the vacant space.

"Well, yeah that's true, but why do you care?" Corrin asked.

Mewtwo rested one of his hands on a wall. "We have both suffered much trauma, you and I. My creation was a result of some ill-wishes, and it resulted in only death and destruction. I was the 'ultimate creation' of my creators, but I became something… wrong."

"I'm so sorry," Corrin said. "I figured that you probably had a troubled past, but that sounds like it was rough."

"I've come to terms with it," Mewtwo said. "But you… you interest me."

"Mewtwo, you've got to give me answers here," Corrin said. "What interests you about me?"

Then the room changed again. It became the green battlefield in Hoshido that she had needed to make a choice in countless times. On one side, Ryoma, Hinoka, Takumi, and Sakura. On the other, Xander, Camilla, Leo, and Elise. And behind her, Azura, with answers that none of the others knew as of yet.

"This spot seems to be quite significant in your memories," Mewtwo said.

"Yeah, it's where I always came back to when everything reset," Corrin said.

"Yes…" Mewtwo examined the faces of her siblings. "These people are quite important to you, despite you lacking a true blood connection with any of them."

"That doesn't make them any less family to me," Corrin said, getting to her feet. "Mewtwo, seriously, is there a point to all of this?"

"I am fascinated that your brain was able to handle so much tragedy," Mewtwo said. "That is what interests me about you."

"Oh," Corrin said.

"From what I heard, and what I'm seeing now, you witnessed a lot of death. Deaths of people that you cared about," Mewtwo said.

"That is… true," Corrin said. She was starting to get a bit uncomfortable with this.

"Most people would lose their will to live through those tragedies," Mewtwo said.

Corrin stayed silent. Then the area changed again.

"Oh, I see," Mewtwo said mid-transformation.

The scene changed to another battlefield, this one loaded with enemy soldiers. And Corrin could see her past self in the middle of the battle. While the real Corrin was watching, her dream self dropped her sword and dragonstone on the ground, completely disarming herself.

"Lady Corrin, what are you doing?!" a dream version of Kaze said.

And then the memory Corrin charged at an enemy's spear.
"Mewtwo, please stop this," the real Corrin pleaded quietly. All at once, the room returned to its blank white form.

"I see," Mewtwo said. "So you-

"Yes," Corrin said.

"And how many times?" Mewtwo asked.

"... Several," Corrin said. "I just couldn't see a way out, and doing that didn't even help. I always just restarted back at the big choice."

"Hmm," Mewtwo hummed. "I am glad that I got the chance to examine these memories of yours. Your mind is fascinating."

"Um… thanks..." Corrin said, staring at her own feet.

"I will allow you to resume your dreams now," Mewtwo said, raising his arms. Then he hesitated. "Please know that many people here care about you. I understand that you no longer have to relive your life repeatedly, but these emotions don't disappear so simply. This, I'm sure, you understand."

"Yeah, clearly I do. You jumped in during the middle of my war dream," Corrin said, raising her eyes to look at the Pokemon across from her.

"The mind is a very stubborn thing. It tends to hold on to the bad memories with an iron grip," Mewtwo said. "But you are not alone. When you are overwhelmed, you should seek those who care about you. They may be able to help."

"... Why all the advice?" Corrin asked.

"Seeing how you have suffered as well, I feel a certain kinship with you," Mewtwo said. "You don't need to return this feeling. I simply wish the best for you. Therefore, I recommend discussing at least some of this with your comrades."

"I have been. Thank you, Mewtwo," Corrin said. "... And if you ever want to talk about what happened to you, I'd be glad to listen."

Mewtwo looked at her silently, before disappearing into nothingness. In his place, a cheerful, rainbow-filled landscape emerged.

"Hm," Corrin said, smiling, "this dream seems nicer."

---

Corrin opened her eyes. She was in her bed, in her room, in the mansion. She groaned. Whatever dream she had been having had been pretty pleasant. She couldn't remember it now, though.

Her head whipped toward the corner of the room. She could have sworn that she had just felt something coming from there. Some sort of a… presence.

Corrin shook her head. She clearly wasn't awake enough. She got out of bed and started going through her daily routine. She had some friends that she wanted to talk to, after all.
Fun fact: while I was on my hiatus, I 106 percented A Hat in Time. Very good game. Hat kid for Smash plz?

Also, the level of trauma in this mansion is real.
The Great Syrup War (Mario and Luigi)

Chapter Summary

With only one jar of syrup available, which plumber will get it first?

Chapter Notes

A prompt I've gotten several times of the Mario Bros. acting like true brothers. Silliness ahead!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Good morning Smashers!!" said a voice on the intercom from the ship flying overhead.

"Magolor's back!" Mega Man exclaimed.

"Hopefully not empty-handed," Meta Knight said.

The Lor made its slow descent to the ground, and a crowd formed around the ship.

Magolor emerged from the doorway. "I finished up the grocery list. You guys just have to help me offload all this stuff. And trust me, there's a lot of stuff. You guys are needy."

Everyone who was available was called to action to help take everything off of the ship. The bigger Smashers were able to carry large bulks on their own, but the others often had to pair up.

Mario wiped off his brow. "That's two pallets full of flavored water. What's next?"

Magolor looked down at his clipboard and flipped a few pages. "Hmm, that's all for those. Now you and Luigi can go get the syrup in the hold over there."

Both brothers looked appetized by the prospect of the said item and rushed to their instructed location. Once they opened the door to where it was, they stopped in their tracks.

"There's only one jar…?" Mario said.

"Huh?" Luigi said.

"Oh, riiight, I forgot," Magolor said, floating out in the hallway. "Yeah, syrup wasn't on the shopping list, but I decided to grab a jar from your world anyways. There's only one, so whoever wants it can have it." Then the magician moved along to other duties.

There was a beat as Mario and Luigi looked at each other with sinister glances. Then they both lunged for the jar.

They grabbed it at the same time, forcefully enough that it slipped out of both of their hands and rolled out of the doorway. Mario shoved Luigi away and then made a mad dash for the jar. Luigi,
however, wasn't going to make it easy. He Green Missile-d ahead of his brother and grabbed the jar, preparing to open the lid. But Mario grabbed hold of him and started giving him an aggressive noogie.

"Mario, no!" Luigi pleaded.

"I'mma going to get that syrup, Luigi," Mario said, continuing his noogieing.

Luigi brought his hands up to try and stop his brother, but that gave Mario his opportunity. He snatched the syrup jar and started trying to screw the lid open directly over his open mouth. Luigi tackled him to the ground before anything fruitful could come from the endeavor, though. The container was sent rolling down the hallway into the control room of the ship.

Both brothers barrelled right after it. As they saw the determined plumbers, Magolor and Zelda both raised their arms in a sign of passivity and backed out of the way to avoid the Mario brothers' ire.

Mario reached the breakfast nectar first, but Luigi quickly snatched it and went running to the other corner of the room. Mario leapt onto his brother's head from above and the green plumber was brought to the ground by his weight. The eldest plumber grabbed the jar and took a defensive stance. Then Luigi head-butted him in the gut, but he was ready for it this time. With the hand that wasn't holding the jar, Mario started tugging at his brother's hair, and they both went stumbling back into the hallway.

"Magolor?" Zelda asked.

"Yeah?" Magolor responded.

"Is that really the only syrup you have?" Zelda asked.

"Of course not. I got somewhere around a hundred jars. I just wanted to see them fight over one," Magolor said.

"Magolor…" Zelda said.

"Yeah?" the magician said.

"You have known Marx for too long," Zelda said.

"Yep," Magolor said before taking a slow sip of coffee.

Chapter End Notes

Magolor: *sluuuuurrrp*
Zelda: So... you're not going to tell them?
Magolor: Let it be, Princess. Let it be.
The Horrible Thing that is Lactic Acid (m!Robin and Joker)

Chapter Summary

After the fights have started back up, Male Robin is having trouble keeping up.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Ow," Male Robin said, holding an ice pack to his rib cage as he collapsed on a couch. Joker smoothly sat on the arm of the couch and watched him.

The fights had just started back up, and everyone was very clearly out-of-practice. There was a great bit of moaning and groaning after the day was done, with the most of it coming from the people who were less scrappy. Like... Male Robin.

"I feel like dying..." he whined. Joker just rolled his eyes. "Hey, don't mock my pain. I'm suffering here."

Joker smiled fondly and snaked his hand into Robin's free one, giving the tactician a squeeze of solidarity.

"Y'know, I was in a war once. It was hard work. Had to flex my brain and my legs quite a bit," Robin said. "It was never quite this intensive, though. Except when I was fighting my evil doppelganger-dragon-god-thing."

Joker just nodded in response. He'd heard this story before.

"Man, I am just not built for close-quarters stuff. But if I want to win, I have to do a lot of it, y'know?" Robin said.

Joker nodded with an amused twinkle in his eye.

"Of course you know. You're in the same competition I am," Robin said, rubbing his thumb across the other man's knuckles. "Sorry I'm complaining so much. I just needed to vent about how weak I am."

Joker gave his hand a squeeze of reassurance.

"I really appreciate and love you, you know. You're always here for me and listen when I just have too much to say," Robin said, blushing just a little.

Joker released his hand and quickly slid himself onto the couch next to his boyfriend, resting his head on the tactician's shoulder. They both stared at the ceiling for a moment.

"Seriously, you're very important to me," Robin said. "Silence and all."

Joker smiled at him and, as usual, didn't say a word.

"Someday I'll find out why you're so quiet, though," Robin said. "It seems like it would be an
interesting story."

Joker shrugged.

Robin sighed contentedly. "I won't pry, though. If you want to keep that a secret, that's alright. And right now might not be the right time to go through emotional baggage anyways."

Joker looked at the tactician fondly, then grabbed his hand from on top of the ice pack on his ribs and held it.

"The long and the short of it is: I'm really glad I'm your boyfriend," Robin said. "I haven't said it enough, and I thought as I'm laying down sore from overexertion would be as good a time as any."

Joker poked him in the cheek.

"Alright, alright, I'll stop being sappy," Robin said. "Hey, do you want to move this to my room? The A/C here isn't as good as it could be."

Joker seemed to have a spark of inspiration from this idea.

"Oh, I like that look," Robin said, grinning. "That look means we're about to enjoy ourselves."

---

Snake: @M Robin @Joker Are you two ****ing?

M Robin: no wtf were eating pancakes in bed

Lucina: But... it's 9:30 at night?

Joker: We're also watching re-runs of the Super Mario Bros. Super Show.

Mario: Please stop watching that immediately.

Snake: Alright, well what was that loud yelp I heard on you guys' hall?

Sonic: Owowow who left banana peels in the hallway?

Joker: Question ---> Answer

M Corrin: @Sonic I'll give you three guesses who did it, and all three are probably correct.

Donkey Kong: *shrug*

---

Chapter End Notes

I saw a post of writing tips a while back that said "If they have to kiss to show that they love each other, then you're writing the relationship wrong." This was me trying to embody that advice.
Rosalina's room was on the top floor of the mansion, which gave her easy access to a beautiful balcony looking out over a large distance of the Smash property. She loved it as a spot to think, and was shocked that more of her compatriots didn't take advantage of the place. She supposed that such views weren't as impressive to everyone, but she had always enjoyed anywhere that she could get a good view on the Comet Observatory. She supposed the love of views was just ingrained into her somehow.

This day was sunny, but pleasantly cool due to cloud cover. The perfect climate conditions for Rosalina to relax in her favorite spot. She made sure that her Luma was sleeping soundly in his little bed before she made her way out to the balcony.

But today, she was surprised to see someone else there.

Samus was leaned on the railing, looking somber and pensive. Rosalina hesitated in her motions in the bounty hunter's direction. After all, she herself usually came up here to be alone. What right did she have to disturb another who wanted the same?

But Samus just looked so… sad.

Rosalina resolved herself, and then approached.

"Samus? Curious to see you up here," the space goddess said.

"Oh, uh… hi," Samus said. "Sorry, I know this is usually your spot."

"It is perfectly fine," Rosalina said. "I am willing to share the space."

"Thanks," Samus said.

Then they were both silent. Rosalina didn't know how to start. Was saying 'You look sad, what's wrong?' really okay here? Well, she supposed there weren't many other ways to breach the topic.
But just as she was about to ask her question, Samus spoke.

"You know, I never thanked you," she said.

"... Thanked me? For what, exactly?" Rosalina asked, cocking her head.

"At the beginning of Visitors Week, you told me that I should let people into my life, and that I would find someone who makes it worth it. I think you saying that helped me accept a relationship with Dark Samus. So... thanks," Samus said.

"Oh, I am glad that I was able to help," Rosalina said. But then she noticed how Samus was clutching hard onto the balcony railing. "... Is everything alright between you two?"

Samus sighed and turned to fully face the princess. "No, not really. Not after Zero."

"I... noticed that you were having difficulties after the events of that adventure," Rosalina said. She didn't say anything more, though. She wanted to leave Samus an out if she didn't want to talk about this.

"Yeah, it... it was bad," Samus said. "The Dark Matter that took me over was really sadistic, and it took advantage of Dark Samus's kind nature in really... disturbing ways." She briefly touched her fingertips to her lips. "Ever since, she hasn't looked at me the same. My face scares her now."

"I'm so sorry," Rosalina said.

Samus nodded. "I've been trying to give her space so that she doesn't have to be afraid. And God, it kills me, but the fact that I frighten her kills me even more." Samus turned back around to look at the horizon. "Normally I solve my problems with brute force, but I'm completely out of my element here. I don't know how to fix something so delicate."

Rosalina paused to make sure that Samus was finished. Then she spoke, "Has giving her space helped the issue?"

"The hell if I know," Samus said. "She still tenses up every time I enter a room she's in, so I guess not."

Rosalina floated over to be right beside Samus at the railing. "Samus, would it be alright if I made a suggestion?"

"Yeah, sure. Go ahead," Samus said.

Rosalina gathered her words for a few seconds. "... I think that you need to stop avoiding her. If it hasn't worked so far, maybe space isn't what she needs. And this solution doesn't seem to suit you very well, either."

"Can't argue there," Samus said.

"In my opinion, you should talk to her directly about this. Tell her that you are going to make it better no matter what the cost. If you can remedy your image in her eyes, you two may be able to move past this." Then Rosalina lowered her head. "O-only if you think it is a good idea, that is."

"You really think that I can make it right for her?" Samus asked.

Rosalina timidly nodded. "Samus, what happened on the Lor Starcutter... it wasn't you. You are not to blame. I am certain Dark Samus understands this too, but she is unable to control the fear
from the event. She needs help to do it, and I can think of no one more qualified to assist her than you, the one she loves most."

"... Okay. Okay, okay, okay, yeah. I can do that," Samus said. "Rosalina, thank you."

Rosalina smiled. "I am always happy to help." She started to levitate back to the doorway.

"Hey, would you mind if I gave you some advice, too?" Samus asked.

Rosalina halted her movement and turned back to the bounty hunter. "Advice? About what?"

Samus turned herself so her back was leaning on the railing. "I think you should talk to Palutena, too."

All of a sudden, Rosalina's face lit up cherry-red. "Wh-what do you mean?"

"Come on, Rosalina. You're not fooling me," Samus said with a bit of a smug expression. "I've seen how you look at her. You're subtle, but not subtle enough. And I know you're hurting."

Rosalina began to silently stare at the ground.

"Look, I get it. It's probably really hard to be in love with someone who's with someone else. It probably doesn't help that she's already in a polyamorous relationship, either," Samus said. "It's gotta be rough."

Rosalina nodded.

"So… you should make the load easier on yourself by going and talking to her about it!" Samus said.

"... N-no! What kind of person would I be to try and barge into her life like that?" Rosalina said.

"You won't be barging in. You just have the right to let these feelings out, and she has the right to know about them. It's that simple," Samus said.

"Lucina and Female Robin would hate me," Rosalina said.

"Okay, first of all Female Robin and Palutena aren't even dating. Second of all, have you ever known Robin or Lucina to be hateful people?" Samus asked.

"... I… no…" Rosalina said.

"Talk to your goddess crush. She won't think any less of you, I swear," Samus said.

Rosalina hovered for a moment. Then she nodded once and left the balcony.

Samus turned to get one more good look at the sky, now turning pink from an incoming sunset.

She sighed. "Welp, I guess now's as good a time as any," she said, and then she headed back inside.

Samus knocked on the door twice, and then waited for an answer. The anticipation was killing her, but it didn't take long. Dark Samus opened the door in her armor form, and then immediately
looked startled.

"Sai," Samus said. "Please, I want to talk."

Dark Samus took a moment to calm herself, and then stepped aside to allow Samus access to the room. As the blonde walked in, she took in the sights of the room for the first time in a week or two. It had once been very hostile and alien, covered in jagged black stones and glowing blue energy, but over the months Samus had helped her girlfriend make the space more homely. The black stone was still prevalent, but it wasn't in the way or an active hazard anymore, and there was now an actual bed in the room. The room was alien for sure, but it was now welcoming.

Samus considered sitting on the bed, but decided against it and sat on the floor instead. "Sai, I'm sorry. I've been… hiding. I haven't been dealing with the situation well. I know you're still afraid of me, but I want to fix that."

Dark Samus made some sad noises and kneeled in front of the bounty hunter, placing a hand on her cheek.

"I know, you don't blame me," Samus said, leaning into the touch. "But that doesn't change what happened. Sai, I want you to feel safe again." Then the blonde looked at her once-doppelganger square in the eyes. "I am going to make sure that you can feel safe again. Count on it."

Rosalina's levitation had slowed to a crawl by the time she reached Palutena's door. She was anxious. No, she was scared. More scared than possibly ever before. She had never had to open up to someone like this before. She had never had any secrets to keep from her Lumas. But now… she had to leave herself vulnerable, and likely be rejected for it. It was terrifying.

Rosalina took a deep breath. "It will be fine."

She stroked a hand across the smooth wood of the door's face, feeling every little bump where the grain of the wood showed the age of the tree it was taken from.

"It will be fine."

Taking one more slow breath, she moved her hand back and made a fist, ready to knock.

"It will be fine."

…

She rushed away as fast as she could, leaving Palutena's room undisturbed. She couldn't do it. Rosalina, caretaker of the Lumas and protector of the comet observatory, was too much of a coward to face her fears.

She took the elevator to her floor, pushed through her door, and slammed it behind her. She wanted to be alone.
A little bit of happy, a little bit of sad. Because I'm the kind of person who can't write fluff without making someone suffer at the same time! :)

Again, congrats to Audiomedic for taking the #2 spot in kudos!

Okay, ghastly out.
Horseshoes and Hair Demons (Mario and Dr. Mario and Magolor and m!Robin and f!Robin *gasps for air* and Bayonetta and Marx)

Chapter Summary

Magolor observes the strange activities of bored Smashers.

Chapter Notes

I'm sure there'll be an influx of new people after the direct, so can I just say: WELCOME!!!

This was a Frankenstein-fusion of two different prompts. I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Alright, your turn Doc," Mario said.

Dr. Mario came up to the spot and picked up his ammunition.

"Hey, what are you guys doing over here?" Magolor said, drifting over.

"We're playing Horseshoes," Mario said.

"... Horseshoes," Magolor said.

"Yes," Dr. Mario said.

"... You people get really bored, don't you?" Magolor asked.

"Well, between fighting in tournaments and nearly getting killed by-a floating orb dictators, Horseshoes is pretty nice and relaxing," Mario said.

"... Okay, that's really dull. Have 'fun'," Magolor said with visible air quotes. "And don't you dare hit my ship with those things!"

The magician continued on his way around the building and found Bayonetta with both Robins on either side of her. One tactician was carrying a clipboard, while the other was struggling to lift a large rock.

"Alright, do I even want to know what's going on here?" Magolor asked.

"Oh… hey Magolor," Female Robin managed as she strained to carry the rock. "We're trying to see... how strong the jaws of Bayonetta's hair demon are..."

"That… was a confusing sentence," Magolor said.

"It's a confusing subject," Male Robin said. "But it's a cool one!"
"You can't blame me for your lack of understanding in the eldritch arts, darlings," Bayonetta said, stretching her arms seductively above herself. "With that being said, I'm ready for our little experiment."

"Alright," Male Robin said, laying his clipboard on the ground and moving to assist his female counterpart in lifting the large rock. "Magolor… would you mind helping us?"

"No, I'm good. I'd prefer to stay at a distance for when this whole thing blows up in your faces," Magolor said.

And then, like some sort of giant mole, Marx burst out of the ground. "Did I hear something about stuff blowing up in people's faces?!"

"... Um… Yep. We're trying to see... how much Bayonetta's... hair can take," Female Robin said, her and Male Robin both struggling to carry their heavy load.

"Hmm, pretty interesting. But consider this: titanium," Marx said, before the rock instantly turned into the gleaming metal.

"That might be a better test," Bayonetta said, nodding.

"I mean, yeah. I hope your hair doesn't break a tooth," Magolor said.

"Grima fucking Naga Christ!!!!" Female Robin swore before her and her male counterpart both leapt backwards as the metal stone dropped from their arms. It shook the ground when it made impact.

"... Right. Titanium's heavier than rock," Marx said.

"You almost just killed us!" Male Robin said from the ground with heaving breaths.

"Oh pipe down, you two are just weak," Marx said before lifting the boulder with his mind.

"YES. We are. We know this fact. Hence why we almost just got crushed!" Female Robin said, standing up and helping pull Male Robin to his feet.

Marx stuck out his tongue at the two tacticians, then turned the floating metal chunk towards Bayonetta. "You ready, Umbra Bitch?"

Bayonetta furrowed her brow. "I am going to let that one pass with a warning, simply because I am not equipped to fight you at this moment."

"Yeah, good luck with that." Marx gave a cocky smile. "Fire away."

"WAIT!" Female Robin shouted. "Make sure that there are no minors present!"

"Good point," Marx said. "Magolor, are you a minor?"

"... You've known me for years, Marx. Also, why?" Magolor said.

"Eh, you'll understand in a sec," Marx said.

Then Bayonetta unleashed the full power of her hair, the jet black strands forming a gigantic, gaping maw and leaving Bayonetta stark naked in broad daylight.

"Ah," Magolor said.
Then the toothed tresses maneuvered towards the titanium chunk and bit it in two effortlessly. The hair retracted, and Bayonetta's 'clothes' reformed.

"I… am about two and a half times as terrified of your hair now," Male Robin said.

"Yep. I am not gonna mess with that," Female Robin said.

"That was fucking rad," Marx said.

"Now you see why so many creatures fear me," Bayonetta said. "And that includes the little angels living here." She ended the sentence with a wink.

"Just to be clear, you're not allowed to use that in the Lor. Ever," Magolor said.

Then, from the direction the space wizard had come from, a loud metal 'clang' rang out.

"Mamma Mia…" a distant Mario exclaimed.

"Speaking of the Lor…" Magolor sighed. "They just hit my ship with a horseshoe, didn't they?" He rubbed his hands together and purple energy began to cover them. "Pardon me. I need to go murder some plumbers."

"Technically, one's a doctor," Female Robin said.

"I really don't care," Magolor said, floating back in the direction of the soon-to-be-scorched Italians.

Chapter End Notes

*Super Mario death noise*
Private Chatroom (Dark Pit and Cloud)

Chapter Summary

Cloud is... messaging Dark Pit?

Chapter Notes

People wanted more Cloud. Here is some!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Private Chatroom with Dark Pit

Cloud: Hey

Dark Pit: No.

—

Private Chatroom with Dark Pit

Cloud: How were the matches today?

Dark Pit: **** off.

—

Private Chatroom with Dark Pit

Cloud: Okay seriously, do you have a problem with me

Dark Pit: Shouldn't you be off ignoring everyone in the mansion and trying to pretend you aren't one of us?

Cloud: Turns out it wasn't a very healthy lifestyle

Dark Pit: Yeah I ****ing bet.

Dark Pit: So what? Are you just trying to use me as a social dump?

Cloud: Yes.
Dark Pit: Wow, **** you man. Most people at least try to PRETEND they have noble motives.

Cloud: I'm not much of a pretender

Cloud: … Dark Pit?

Private Chatroom with Dark Pit

Cloud: Hey, what kind of music do you like?

Dark Pit: Cloud, I understand the concept of bribery. You're not going to get me on your side that easy.

Cloud: Dude, what do you want from me

Dark Pit: Some peace and quiet would be nice.

Cloud: Alright

Private Chatroom with Dark Pit

Cloud: Was that enough peace and quiet?

Dark Pit: Gods **** it, take a ****ing hint! I don't like you! What, did they use some of your brain matter to make your sword that big?

Cloud: My sword is made of steel and other metal alloys.

Dark Pit: Look, I don't know why you've been singling me out here, but you should look for someone else. Literally ANYONE else would be a better person to try and be friends with.

Cloud: But you already don't have any friends, so you're an easier option.

Dark Pit: …

Cloud: That came out wrong.

Private Chatroom with Dark Pit

Cloud: Hi
Private Chatroom with Dark Pit

Cloud: Hey, man.

Dark Pit: STOP. TEXTING. ME.

Private Chatroom with Dark Pit

Dark Pit: And then Luigi ate the entire canister of whipped cream.

Dark Pit: **** wrong chat.

Cloud: That's pretty funny, man.

Private Chatroom with Dark Pit

Cloud: Okay, what can I do for you to give me a chance?

Dark Pit: More than 70 people in this mansion, and you fixate on me. Why?

Cloud: Because you honestly seem more bearable than most of the people in this place

Dark Pit: Wow. That was actually… one of the nicer things anyone has ever said to me.

Cloud: Dude, what is everyone's problem with you?

Dark Pit: I don't know if you've noticed, but I'm not exactly a "people person".

Cloud: Yeah, but that's just because your cooler than everyone else. There's no reason to spend time with someone who's just going to waste it

Dark Pit: You know, I think we're finally speaking the same language.

Dark Pit: Hey, wanna go steal some alcohol from downstairs with me? I can't get drunk, but it'd be fun to see it happen to you.

Cloud: Deal.
Private Chatroom with Dark Pit

**Dark Pit:** *****.

**Cloud:** ***hole.

**Dark Pit:** Wanna grab lunch?

**Cloud:** Sure.

**Dark Pit:** Cool.

**Dark Pit:** See you at noon, ****stain.

**Cloud:** Until then, ****face.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, Banjo and Hero are coming!
One Mask, Two Mask, Red Mask, Blue Mask (Lucina and Joker and Meta Knight and others)

Chapter Summary

Lucina and Joker found a box of masks, and they invite Meta Knight to see it.

Chapter Notes

This is from a very mask-oriented prompt, and... I don't know what this is. But read it anyways!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Lucina…" Meta Knight said, "... What?"

Lucina took a blue polka-dotted mask off of her face. "Look! Magolor brought back a whole crate full of these masks!"

Meta Knight peered into the crate that the swordswoman was standing in and, sure enough, she was waist-deep in a colorful and varied pile of masks.

"But… why?" Meta Knight asked.

Lucina shrugged. "I'm not sure, but I'm certainly enjoying it."

And then, out of nowhere, Joker poked his head out of the sea of masks, making Meta Knight jump.

"Ah yes, Joker is here as well," Lucina said.

"I… see that," Meta Knight said. "Did you just call me over here because I'm another person who wears a mask? Because… no. I'm not taking mine off to sample these ridiculous ones."

"Please? I think that you will enjoy it!" Lucina pleaded.

"Sorry, but I refuse to take this mask off. It's made specifically to my every specification and keeps my face secret," Meta Knight said.

Joker and Lucina both quirked their eyebrows. "Your face? Why do you care so much about keeping that secret?" Lucina asked.

"Personal preference," Meta Knight said. "Are we done here?"

Lucina sighed. "If I can't convince you, then I suppose we are."

"Good," Meta Knight said. He spun around to leave, but briefly glanced back. "If you want someone else to act like masked clowns with, try Dedede. He would likely get a kick out of this."
Then the small swordsman walked away.

Meta Knight sighed. He should have known this would happen.

Every single person and creature in the mess hall turned to him, wearing various gaudy masks and looking all the more ridiculous for it.

"All of you are crazy," Meta Knight said before going to collect some food.

Then Lucina slid up next to him, in perhaps the ugliest and most garish mask he had ever seen.

"Is there any chance that you have changed your mind about-"

"No," Meta Knight said.

"O-oh. Alright," Lucina said. "... Well… what could I do to convince-"

"Is there a particular reason why you are pushing this on me?" Meta Knight said, getting agitated.

"I'm sorry, it's just… we invited Dedede like you said, and then he invited Kirby. And then Kirby ended up bringing Fox, Falco, and Sonic, but Falco brought Snake and Fox brought Dark Samus. And then Snake somehow accidentally invited five more people and- well, it spiraled out of control. And then someone brought up your reluctance to try out the masks and then someone else said that they wished that you wouldn't be shy about showing your face, and everyone started to agree and then we decided that we wanted to see if we could get you to show your face and I was against it but I couldn't-"

"Lucina," Meta Knight said.

"I'm sorry…” Lucina finished, staring at her boots in shame.

"Whether you like it or not, it is not going to happen," Meta Knight said. "I will not be revealing my face."

A string of disappointed noises came from the rest of the cafeteria.

Lucina nodded. "If I cannot convince you, I won't bother you about it anymore. I'm sorry."

"It's fine," Meta Knight said. Then he peeked out into the crowd. "And all of you take those things off. They don't look nearly as stylish as you may think they do."

"Hey fuck you, pint-size!" Wolf shouted.

"Wolf, how did they even find a mask to fit your face?" Meta Knight asked after hearing the voice.

"We improvised," Male Corrin said.

Then Meta Knight actually saw Wolf's face. Three different masks were strapped to it and duct-taped together in various orientations to cover his full muzzle.

Meta Knight stared for a moment, then said, "I reaffirm my previous statement. You are all
completely insane."

Chapter End Notes

M A S K .
"Welcome to the Smash Weekly podcast, where I'm not exactly sure what we're doing, but we sure are doing it," Pokemon Trainer said.

"One of these days we will make a normal intro for an episode," Palutena commented. "Yes, hello! We are here to chat once again."

Pokemon Trainer nodded, not that the podcast listeners would be able to tell. "I'm here for the first time, and sitting to my left are Pit and Palutena."

"Hi, everyone!" Pit said enthusiastically.

"And, as seems to be the case on most of these episodes, we have no guidelines as to what to talk about. We are… completely unprepared," Palutena said.

"Well, we just have to find something interesting to talk about," Pit said.

"Yeah, like how about… what's it like to be a goddess?" Pokemon Trainer asked.

"Oh, well I assure you that it is not as glamorous as it might seem," Palutena said. "I have a lot of work to do around Skyworld."

"Oh. I thought that you just had Pit and your army of angels do everything," Pokemon Trainer said, and then quickly interjected with, "Sorry, sorry, that was kind of rude."

"No, Lady Palutena works really hard. The humans in our world count on her service," Pit said.

"Yes, but I can handle the workload," Palutena said. "The real thing that gets on my nerves is the assumptions that people have about gods."

"Hmm? Like what?" Pokemon Trainer asked.

"Well, there is the matter of 'smiting'," Palutena said. "Mortals tend to fear anything stronger than themselves. Though it is true that I have had to occasionally dish out punishment to those who have violated natural laws, it is not nearly as common of an occurrence as people make it out to be."
"Huh, okay," Pokemon trainer said.

"And don't even get me started on the rumors about our sex lives," Palutena said, becoming increasingly agitated. "Of course it was Zeus's... habits that started them all. Now people assume that every god has an unending libido that can never be quenched. And that we will have relations with any mortal that we lay our eyes on. Some think that we are even sexually attracted to animals! Again, that can be blamed on Zeus." Palutena took a breath. "You will not believe the number of men who came into my temples expecting sexual favors. I turned them all down of course, including the few women who did the same. What they don't seem to understand is that I do have standards. I want to form actual relationships, not one-night stands." Palutena finished her rant and was rendered completely out-of-breath.

"Wow, okay. It seems like this really gets on your nerves," Pokemon Trainer said.

Pit just fidgeted uncomfortably.

"I'm sorry, Pit. You probably weren't quite ready for that," Palutena said.

"Oh, n-no, I'm fine," Pit said, swallowing a lump in his throat. "I... I was wondering something, though..."

"Oh, you were?" Palutena said. "And what was it that you were wondering?"

"Well... before Lucina, did you ever have any relationships with other humans...?" Pit asked sheepishly.

"That is actually... a really good question," Pokemon Trainer said.

"It is indeed," Palutena said.

"But keep in mind that you are on a live podcast, so don't feel pressured to say anything that you wouldn't want a whole lot of people to know about," Pokemon Trainer said.

"I-in fact, you don't have to say anything at all if you don't want to! I'd understand!" Pit said frantically.

Palutena raised a hand up to both of them, as if to say 'It's fine.'

"Yes, I have had relationships with others before," Palutena said. "Several human women, one human man, and one goddess."

"Wow. That's a lot of dating," Pokemon Trainer said.

"When you have eternal life, it feels like less," Palutena said. "I even married some of the women. I've had several wives over the years. None for quite a while, however."

"And the goddess? Do I know her?" Pit asked.

"Likely not," Palutena said. "She's a minor goddess. Peitho, goddess of persuasion and seduction. I was... well, seduced. Our relationship was brief, however. We simply didn't have much in common with one another."

"Oh. Got it," Pit said.

"But now I am with Lucina and immensely happy," Palutena said, giving a dreamy stare off into space.
"Yeah. You and Female Robin both seem pretty cheerful about it," Pokemon Trainer said. "And Lucina too, of course."

"Thank you," Palutena said. "Wow, I feel like I have forcefully taken over the whole podcast. Was there anything else that you two wanted to talk about? Or… rant about in the capacity that I did for my stories?"

"Well, the only thing that I can think of to rant about is how people spell 'Pokemon'," Pokemon Trainer said.

"Um, P-O-K-E-M-O-N, right?" Pit asked.

"Correct!" Palutena said. "Those picture books that I gave you are really helping your literacy!"

"Actually, it's not correct," Pokemon Trainer said.

"It's not?" Palutena asked.

"No. There's an accent on the E. It's Pokémon," Pokemon Trainer said.

The angel and goddess were quiet for a moment.

"I… think that's nitpicking," Pit said. "I think."

"Yes, it is," Palutena said.

"Yeah, and it's not exactly an exciting topic, so we should probably wrap up the podcast before I bore everyone," Pokemon Trainer said.

"Okay," Pit said. "Umm, how do we do that?"

"I… don't know? Maybe try that button?" Pokemon Trainer said.

Palutena pressed a button, to no avail. "It doesn't seem like it had any effect."

And then Pokemon Trainer was under the table. "Arceus, this thing is confusing."

And, once he yanked the power cord out of the wall, the podcast came to a close.

Chapter End Notes

1st world problems vs. mortal world problems.
Magolor burst into the lobby. "I DID IT! I'm a genius!"

"Cool, good for you," Bowser Jr. said, not even sparing a glance. No one said anything else.

"What, no one wants to know what I did?" Magolor asked.

"No, we just thought you were going to elaborate on your own," Sonic said.

"I didn't care," Bowser Jr. said.

Zelda sighed. "We know, Junior." Then she turned to Magolor. "Alright, let's hear what you did."

Magolor clapped his hands together. "Well, I guess a demonstration would be in order," he said, and then he rushed further into the building.

"Wow, way to blue-balls us," Wolf said.

"Wolf! There are kids here!" Zelda said.

"Well, one kid, but still!" Sonic said.

"Guys, you really don't have to treat me like a kid. I know stuff," Bowser Jr. said.

"What's 3 plus 2?" Wolf said without missing a beat.

"Easy. Fifteen," Bowser Jr. said, making direct eye contact.

"... I don't even know how you reached that answer," Sonic said. "The answer is five, by the way."
"... Nah. If I say the answer's fifteen, that's what it is," Bowser Jr. said.

"And here we see the spoiled brat in its natural habitat," Wolf said, lowering an open magazine over his eyes to block out the light.

Then Magolor returned, and behind him he had both of the Inklings.

"Alright, it's time for you people to be amazed!" Magolor said. "Three, other inkling whose name escapes me, go ahead and start talking."

Blue narrowed his eyes at the magician. "ʻAe, ke huhū wau i kēlā."

There was silence for several seconds after that.

"..... Pardon?" Zelda said.

"E nā keiki, aʻole hiki iā mākou ke hoʻomaopopo iāʻoe," Three said.

"Well… clearly I did something wrong," Magolor said.

"Hang on a sec," Snake said (even though none of them had even known that he was in the room). He grabbed the Inklings' attention. "Aloha."

"Aloha!" Three said enthusiastically. "Mahalo i nā kākoʻo, kekahi mauʻike maoli!"

"You made them speak fucking Hawaiian," Snake said to Magolor. "I don't know how you managed that, but I'm kind of impressed."

"So? Translate for us!" Bowser Jr. pushed.

"I'm not some sort of professional translator. I was able to recognize it, but I don't actually know any of the language," Snake said.

"Hang on, I can fix this," Magolor said, rushing outside and presumably in the direction of the Lor Starcutter.

"You know, I do really appreciate the effort that he is putting into this. Being able to speak to the Inklings will be a delightful change of pace," Zelda said.

"Yeah, they're pretty cool," Sonic said. "They've got good taste in food, too. I have to get some of their recipes."

"What, so you can put coconut shrimp on your chili dogs?" Wolf mocked, the magazine still laid over his eyes.

"You know, I do eat other stuff," Sonic said.

"But are you planning on putting the shrimp on a chili dog?" Bowser Jr. asked.

"... Maybe," Sonic said.

"Ua lilo kēia i hoʻokele waʻa," Blue said. "Pēlā nui no communication."

Everyone else in the room froze.

"Say that again," Snake said.
"Uhhh, so much for communication?" Blue said.

"Magolor did it!" Zelda cheered.

"Wait, I can understand you guys now!" Three said.

"Yeah, that's the point! The madman pulled it off," Bowser Jr. said.

"Hell yes!" Three exclaimed, pumping a fist into the air.

"Booyah!" Blue said with a similar gesture.

Then Magolor re-entered the front room of the mansion, absolutely covered in a grease of some kind.

"The things I do for you people's happiness…" he mumbled. "So, is it working?"

"Veemo!" Three said. "Choo-swee!"

"Darn," Magolor said. "Okay, I can fix this." He exited the room once more.

Three smirked. "Got him."

Sonic cleared his throat. "Uh, cool joke and all, but you might want to stop him before you end up speaking Australian or something."

"Australians speak English, Sonic," Snake said.

"Oh," Sonic said.

"Franceish?" Bowser Jr. offered.

"That's 'French'," Snake said.

"Regardless, I'd prefer that Magolor does not remove our ability to communicate," Zelda said.

"I'll stop him," Wolf said, getting up from his spot laying on the couch and exiting the room.

"Wow, that was nice of him," Sonic said, "... if not out-of-character."

Then from outside they could clearly hear, "Freeze, asshole. I'm armed and ready to put a hole in your skull."

"And there's the Wolf we know," Snake said, rolling his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, a couple of new fanfictions came out recently that were based off of ideas from this one. One's on Wattpad and one's on Ao3. I'll post some links to them in a while, once I'm able to get them.

I love you guys, every one of you!
Alright here's one of the fics, which is one in the Smash Mansion style and I'M one of the characters!

https://archiveofourown.org/works/19335562/chapters/45996043#main

And here's the other, which is a oneshot of the Robin x Joker ship. If you're thirsty for more of that ship, find it here!

https://archiveofourown.org/works/19258108
Dark Samus Says Fuck (Dark Samus and Samus and the whole group chat)

Chapter Summary

Fuck.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dark Samus: Fuck

Kirby: (*´□´*)

Fox: Whoa, everything alright there, DS?

Samus: Alright, who the fuck taught her that? I'm going to kick your fucking ass

Fox: Umm, maybe reading back your own sentence will help you find the culprit.

Samus: Oh.

Samus: OH.

Samus: Sai, never repeat things you hear me say

Joker: That's probably a good rule of thumb.

Lucina: Samus, if you don't mind me asking, how are things between you and Dark Samus?

Samus: We're in an ongoing process of repairing things. But it's going well!

Little Mac: I feel like all of our updates on your relationship happen over groupchat

Lucina: That isn't a bad thing, per se.

Fox: Yeah, we need the information, because you guys' relationship is the one that catastrophic stuff keeps happening to.

F Robin: for better or for worse

F Robin: wait no definitely for worse

Lucina: Hello, dear!

F Robin: hey boo

Samus: Yeah, next time that something terrible happens, somebody else can take that one

Dark Samus: No mor suff
Pit: I don't know what that meant but, it was adorable enough that I don't care

Dark Samus: Fuck

F Robin: aaaaaaaaaaa

Fox: Dark Samus, stop! Your innocence!

Dark Samus: ?r

Dark Samus: ?

Samus: Babe, please! I feel like I've been a terrible influence on you and that makes me feel really bad.

Dark Samus: no don fell bad pleez

Kirby: *heart bursts out of chest from cuteness*

Little Mac: Umm... ew...

Joker: Well it's good to hear that you two are doing well together.

Lucina: Yes, that is wonderful to hear.

Chrom: I feel like there's a question that we should've asked a long time ago.

Chrom: Is Dark Samus okay?

Samus: Physically, yes. She's basically healed. Emotionally is another story.

Dr. Mario: My clinic is always open if you need me.

Dark Samus: Thank o

Samus: Thanks, Doc. We might take you up on that.

Pit: Wait your clinic is ALWAYS open? When do you sleep?

Dr. Mario: That question is irrelevant.

Fox: Jeeze, we've all got issues.

Dark Samus: Fuck

Chrom: Like that. That's an issue.

Snake: You know, sometimes I hate this ****ing groupchat. My screen has been buzzing nonstop for 30 minutes.

Samus: Deal with it, punk.

F Robin: wait hold on it censored snakes curse
Lucina: You're right!

Dr. Mario: Why is that important?

F Robin: it means dark samus shouldnt be able to say what shes saying

Little Mac: Wait, you're right!

Samus: …

Samus: … MARX!!!!!!!!!!

Marx: Fuck

Samus: It was you!

Marx: Let's be real here, it's always me.

Chrom: Yeah, that's true.

Samus: So how about you stop making my girlfriend curse?

Dark Samus: I don want a curtse

Marx: Fine. You guys stopped reacting to it, anyways.

Fox: Wow, that was… easier than expected.

Marx: I'm a jester, dude. Nothing's fun when no one is laughing.

Pit: Okay then.

Pit: Umm…

Samus: I'm going to go cuddle with Sai. Toodles!

Joker: I never thought I would hear Samus of all people say 'toodles'.

Samus: Fuck off.

Joker: That's more like it.

Pit: So what is everybody else doing?

F Robin: im just kinda laying on the floor doing nothing

Chrom: There are better places to sleep than on the ground, you know.

F Robin: oh my gods chrom stop it

Chrom: Kirby, I need a Dad Joke emoji, stat!

Kirby: 。¨(∀∀¨)¨。
**Chrom:** Excellent.

Chapter End Notes

God dammit, Chrom.

Thank you all so much for your encouragement last chapter! It made me feel a lot better.
It was 4:30 am. Because all of the worst things happen when people should be asleep.

Pit was, indeed, asleep at the ungodly hour. This didn't last long, however. A blaring trumpet noise startled him awake and made him jump so much that he fell out of his bed and dropped to the floor. He sat up and rubbed the ache in his back from the rough landing.

"Pit?" Zelda called out from the bed, concerned. Clearly she had been awoken by the same noise. And then more trumpet noises came and formed a garishly loud tune. And now the source of the sound could be located, coming from the room to the right of Pit's. Wait, seriously? Pit thought. He couldn't possibly be-

"Is that… Gangplank Galleon?" Zelda asked.

"Yeah, I think it is." The angel covered one ear with a hand and another with his shoulder and then marched up to the wall he shared with a certain crocodile monarch.

Pit banged on the wall. "K. Rool, please stop playing your music! It's too early for this!" So maybe he was missing a bit of his usual cheer, but he felt entitled to be a little upset after the rude awakening he and his girlfriend had just suffered.

Unfortunately, the angel captain's request only prompted King K. Rool to turn the volume up on his ear-splitting music.

"It seems he's beyond reasoning!" Zelda yelled over the trumpets. "That isn't entirely surprising!"

"Trust me, I know!" Pit yelled back. "I've been neighbors with him for a long time!"

"You know, we could probably stop him by force," Zelda said. "It isn't my preferred method of dealing with problems, but I would very much like to get my last few hours of sleep."

Just after she finished saying that, some new, booming music started blasting from the entire other direction. The direction of Ridley's room.

"Alright, this is just ridiculous!" Zelda shouted, having to be even louder now that Ridley's theme had been added to the mix.
"Okay, we need to get out of this room or I think my head might explode!" Pit shouted, taking Zelda's hand and leading her out. They crossed the hall and entered an elevator, heading down.

"I… I had no idea how bad your room location was," Zelda said.

"Yup," Pit said in a very jaded manner. This was nowhere near the first neighbor-related catastrophe that he had experienced.

"We can stay in my room instead," Zelda said. "That should be much quieter and allow us to rest."

"Thanks," Pit said. "Uh, where's your room again?"

"It is on the second floor of the back hallways, past the west pool," Zelda said. "I am next to R.O.B. and Chrom, who are not very noisy people. We shouldn't have further issues."

"That's great, because I'm not great with limited sleep," Pit said, rubbing one of his eyes.

When the elevator opened, they could still hear the melding musics blaring from several floors above.

"I really wish that the announcer had considered soundproofing…" Pit said.

"Well, there is nothing that we can do about it now," Zelda said.

They trudged around the building, past one of the indoor pools, and up one flight of stairs to reach Zelda's room. The moment that she placed her hand on the knob, however, deafening rock music started coming from two rooms over.

"Oh no," Zelda said.

"Wait, whose room is that?" Pit asked.

Zelda sighed and covered her face with a hand. "Bowser's."

And then all hell broke loose. Captain Falcon started blasting his racing tunes, Dark Pit played emo rock to try and blot all of the other sounds out, Falco played… something, Jigglypuff started singing (unfortunately the effects were nullified by the rest of the noise), and Donkey Kong started banging on bongos. One by one, Smashers started making abrasive noises that coalesced into a horrid mass of unintelligible, booming sound.

"I can't even think over all of this!" Pit yelled as loud as he could, but it wasn't even loud enough to make it the one-foot distance to Zelda's ears. She just started clinging to him, hoping that she could bear the assault on her eardrums as long as she had her lifeline beside her.

Then the intercom screeched to life.

"IT'S TOO EARLY!" Marx's voice howled. "GO THE FUCK TO SLEEP!"

Then all of the music abruptly stopped. There was a beat of silence. Then green gas started coming out of the air vents.

"Pit, hold your breath!" Zelda cried out, but in doing so prevented herself from getting a full lungful of air. She resisted breathing for as long as she was able, but eventually she took a breath.
And then she woke up at 6:45 a.m., laying on the floor outside of her doorway with Pit face-down on the ground beside her.

And she was just in time for the intercom message.

"Alright, shitheads. Wake up," it said. "You people have serious issues, you know that?"

Zelda pushed herself up to a kneeling position and looked at the nearest speaker.

"Seriously, therapy, have y'all ever heard of it?" Marx said. "Okay, well, I'm not one to talk. But I at least have the decency to not blast my boss theme at ungodly hours of the morning! You people are animals. ESPECIALLY YOU, DUCK HUNT!"

At this moment, a content-looking dog with a duck on its back went by Zelda's view.

"Alright, get the fuck up so you can kick each other's asses or whatever. You people are the bane of my existence," Marx said, and then the intercom turned off.

Zelda sighed, then shook her boyfriend's shoulder. "Pit, we have to get up."

"Zelda?" Pit said blearily. "Why am I on the floor?"

"According to Marx," Zelda said, "it's because all of the people who live here are animals." Then she smiled. "Come on, we have responsibilities we need to attend to." She dragged her groggy boyfriend to his feet, and then they left to go get some breakfast.

Chapter End Notes

LET. THEM. SLEEP!!!
Chapter Summary

Uh oh.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Marx: Okay, I don't want to alarm anyone

Roy: That's a first.

Marx: But I think we're being invaded.

M Robin: what

Mega Man: WHAT?!

Isabelle: I'm alarmed. Fork

Roy: Where?!

Marx: Front lawn. Two creatures.

Marx: Three creatures?

Falco: Uh, battle stations??

Mario: Yes. We need to protect this place!

Snake: How many grenades can I bring?

Pokemon Trainer: We are a very disorganized army.

Snake: I'm bringing all of my grenades.

M Robin: snake stop you dont need that many

Marx: You people are hopeless. Just meet up out front.

Shulk: Since when is Marx the composed one???

A small army assembled at the doorstep of the mansion, watching two portals swirl in front of them. Nothing had come out yet, but a sense of dread hung over the Smashers.
"What do we do if these are more Dark Matter? Or the people who created the announcer?" Isabelle asked, visibly shaking.

"We take care of them the best we can," Ike said, raising his massive sword.

"I've got a nasty feeling about this…" Samus said through her teeth.

And the entirety of the group flinched as the leftmost portal collapsed into a humanoid shape. The figure raised its head and watched as the Smashers all took defensive stances. The newcomer raised to its feet, drew a sword, and also took an aggressive stance.

"Who the fuck are you and what are you doing here?" Dark Pit snapped.

"I'm the Luminary. Some people call me 'the Hero'," the swordsman said.

"You should get in line for that title," Ike said, with Marth, Kirby, and the Links nodding behind him.

"And I'm here," the Luminary continued, "because I was invited." He took a stamped envelope out of his pocket and held it in front of him with his off-hand. The stamp bore the Smash insignia.

Then Marx fell from the sky. "Sorry I'm late. Am I eating this guy?"

"How are you late? You literally called all of us here," Female Robin said.

"Well, he has an invite," Richter said. "Did you invite him?"

"I feel like I would remember that," Marx said. "I don't know, maybe I wouldn't. I'm completely bonkers."

"Well, is there any way for you to check?" Male Corrin asked.

"Hang on, I might be able to," Marx said, and then his eyes started glowing a faint green.

"Look, I don't know what's happening right now, but this invitation says I'm supposed to be here," the Luminary said.

"Cool your jets, we'll deal with you in a second," Sonic said before looking back up to the floating Marx. "What's the deal?"

"Oh," Marx said. "Ohhhh, that makes sense."

"Would you like to share with the class?" Ken asked.

"Yeah, he's legit. He's supposed to be here," Marx said, and everyone instantly relaxed and lowered their weapons. "Turns out that the invitations are an automated thing. It was set up by the announcer, but it's still running now that he's gone."

"That would explain it," Bayonetta said. Then she looked at the Luminary. "Terribly sorry for the unfriendly welcome, dear. This was all simply a misunderstanding garnered by our past actions."

"... Look, I just want to know where I'll be sleeping tonight. It was a rough journey to get here," the Luminary said.

"Of course," Palutena said. "I'm sure Marx would be happy to show you to your room and explain how the system works."
Marx glared at the goddess. "Gee, thanks." Then he looked back at the swordsman, who had now sheathed his ornate blade. "Come on. Let's go do… that."

The crowd dispersed, no longer on edge and wanting to get back to what they were doing.

And they all but forgot the second portal.

Once everyone had cleared out, the portal converged into two beings - a bear and a bird.

"Guh-huh! That trip was a doozy!" Banjo said.

Kazooie looked around the front lawn of the mansion. "Wow, I was expecting more of a welcoming party. These people are kinda rude, aren't they?"

"Hey Marx," Ken said, walking next to the Luminary as he was being led to his room.

"Yeah?" The purple puffball responded.

"If you were able to find the automated invitation system, do you know who else is going to be invited?" Ken asked.

"That's a good point," Marx said, his eyes glowing green once again. "Okay, found it. The rest of the newcomers are going to b

Chapter End Notes

Whoops. Ran out of ink on the webpage.
He's Armed (R.O.B. and m!Inkling and Snake and others)

Chapter Summary

R.O.B. tries out a new look.

Chapter Notes

This took... so damn long for me to get the time to post this. I'm so sorry! This chapter took a lot of edits to make it sound good, and I'm still not even sure if I'm confident in the quality of it.

That said, this was a prompt from quite a long time ago. Welcome back, and I hope you enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Blue passed by R.O.B., the inkling didn't originally notice anything wrong. He just continued on his way. Then he froze completely when he realized that R.O.B. suddenly had two super buff robot arms.

Blue did a double-take, then stepped backwards a few steps to get a better line of sight.

"Um… Rob, right? Or is it Robin?" Blue asked, and then he shook his head. "Whatever. Why do you… look like that...?"

R.O.B. looked at the inkling, then flexed his new prosthetics, which was mildly terrifying.

"Um… are you going to answer me, Rob?" Blue asked.

"You're new to being able to understand everyone, so it makes sense that you don't know, but R.O.B. doesn't talk," Snake said, walking into the room. "Now, what did you want to ask hi-" and then he saw R.O.B.'s new arms. "Jesus fuck! What the hell are those?!"

"I don't know! He just… has them now!" Blue said.

"Those are… really fucking disturbing," Snake bent down a little to R.O.B.'s level. "Sorry pal, but your new arms are weird and don't even look very functional."

R.O.B.'s head tilted down in sadness.

"Why did he even do that to himself?" Blue asked.

"I dunno," Snake said. "It might have to do with the newcomers."

"Do you think he's trying to make a good first impression?" Blue asked.

"Could be," Snake said, stroking his chin.
Meanwhile, R.O.B. just continued to stare at the floor in shame.

Snake sighed. "Look, if you want to try out the new arms for a bit, I won't stop you."

R.O.B. seemed to perk up a bit after hearing this.

"How did you even get those on yourself? Wouldn't you have needed someone else's help?" Blue asked.

R.O.B. just looked at him, then flexed again.

"Alright, well…" Blue said, having no real response to the flexing.

"Look, the sword guy and the talking bear are probably in the main lobby," Snake said. "Let's go say hi and show them… whatever this is."

R.O.B. nodded, then followed the other two as they went in the direction of the front room of the mansion. They reached the doorway to it, and Blue stopped.

"Alright, we're here," Blue said, turning to R.O.B. "But before we go in, I've gotta ask… are you sure? Like, are you really sure about those big muscle arms?"

R.O.B. just nodded, and in response Snake just sighed.

"Alright, let's get this over with," Snake said. He walked in the direction of a small group gathered around the newcomers in the corner of the lobby. Blue followed, and R.O.B. moved to do the same. However, he found himself unable to do so due to the carnivorous plant that was suddenly latched onto his arm.

R.O.B. started making distressed beeping noises as the Piranha Plant tugged mercilessly on his new appendages. The others in the lobby took notice.

"Yo, are you alright?!" Captain Falcon asked.

"R.O.B.!!" Palutena exclaimed.

"Bad houseplant!" Banjo scolded.

Palutena teleported over, but it was too little and too late. R.O.B.'s muscled arm was ripped to pieces, sending him catapulting to the ground and landing roughly on his other arm, which shattered in much the same way.

Palutena shooed the Piranha Plant away with a little bit of fire from the end of her staff, then bent down to help lift R.O.B. back onto his wheels.

"Huh, guess those arms weren't very well-built," Snake said.

"I suppose that's what you get when you try to make something without any fingers." Blue shrugged.

"Hey, how are you holding up, bud?" Captain Falcon asked to the now armless robot.

R.O.B. just moped and stared at the ground. Palutena looked at the two who had come in with the robot for some sort of answer. Blue just pointed at the broken arms on the ground, then shrugged.

The goddess took a moment to put together the situation in her head before speaking. She bent
down a little to be at eye-level with R.O.B. and placed her hands on his shoulders\(\text{?}\). "Are you in pain?" she asked.

R.O.B. shook his head without looking up.

Then Palutena figured out the situation. "Oh, so these new arms… you were trying to impress Banjo and the Luminary?"

"And what am I, a piece of poultry?" Kazooie complained.

"Ah yes, and Kazooie. I apologize," Palutena said. "But you were trying to change your appearance in the hopes that they would like you more for it, am I correct?"

R.O.B. nodded.

Palutena gave him a patient smile. "You know, I know someone else who isn't very happy with her appearance. I keep telling her that she's perfectly beautiful the way she is, but she has trouble believing it. I believe that you are having a similar sort of dilemma, and you really don't have to." A humorous glint passed Palutena's eyes. "You look quite dashing as you normally are."

"Yeah, that's what we've been trying to say," Snake said.

"Just, you know, less clearly," Blue said.

"Yeah, I guess," Snake said.

"Look, you look cool without those… weird… things," Captain Falcon said, looking at the discarded appendages. "Ditch 'em. We like your real arms better."

"Yeah, be happy with yourself!" Banjo said with a big smile.

R.O.B. looked at the Luminary, who had been sitting quietly in the corner this whole time.

"Look, I actually have no idea what kind of a beast you are, so I won't be much help in this discussion," the swordsman said.

"Here, lead me to your room and I will help you put your normal arms back on," Palutena said.

R.O.B., seemingly having cheered up, quickly nodded before turning and rolling in a certain direction.

"Um, that's nice and everything, Palu… Palu-something. Sorry," Blue said. "But… aren't you an ancient goddess or something? Do you know how to fix robots?"

"... No. Please help me," Palutena said.

Blue rolled his eyes and grinned. "Okay, let's go before he leaves us behind."

The two left the lobby, just leaving a few Smashers left in the room.

"Huh. A robot with body issues. That's a new one," Captain Falcon said.

"Yeah. I've definitely never heard of it," Kazooie said.

The Luminary loudly exhaled through his nose. "Okay, I need an explanation. What was that and what is a 'robot'?"
"If you're having problems with that, then you're going to be confused with a lot of stuff for a very long time," Snake said.

Chapter End Notes

The Luminary is going to have so much trouble getting with the times.

Again, I'm sorry it took so long! I just had a hell of a busy week.
Race (Sonic and Joker)

Chapter Summary

Arsene is summoned to help in a little competition.

Chapter Notes

PROMPT!
That is all. Please enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Arsene!"

Blue flames coalesced into the form of a rebel spirit, and Arsene emerged from the fire.

"I am thou. Thou art...... joking right?" Arsene said once he had examined his surroundings. He was just outside of the mansion beside his Persona-holder, who seemed to be stretching in a relaxed manner. And next to Joker was an anthropomorphic blue hedgehog.

"Why?" Arsene demanded.

"The two of us are going to race, and you're going to try and help Joker win," Sonic said. "I mean, I'm going to win, but I want to see how fast you can go with the help of your persona."

Arsene was silent for a bit. "... Words cannot describe how beneath me this is."

"Oh come on," Sonic said. "It's just a lap around the mansion! That's it!"

"I was not conjured from the void by Joker's spirit of rebellion for little... party games!" Arsene said. "I am a force for change, not a jetpack."

"Well, think of it like training then," Sonic said. "Push your boundaries, see how much you can handle."

Arsene stayed in a fuming silence for a moment. Then he said, "Joker, may I speak with you?"

Joker nodded and moved a few meters away from the blue speedster, who began tapping his foot on the ground. Once a safe distance away, Arsene spoke once again.

"You do understand that I have a set purpose, correct?" Arsene said. "I am meant to assist you in defeating shadows so that you can use your rebel spirit to conquer others. This… is not that. You are aware that isn't what this is, right?"

Joker rolled his eyes at his persona, who sighed in response.
"Occasionally, you are quite insufferable and stubborn. And in some moments that is very helpful. This is not one of those moments," Arsene said.

"Hey, I'm getting real bored over here!" Sonic shouted from a distance.

Joker gave Arsene a side-eyed glance.

"Stop. I'm not helping with this," Arsene said.

Joker continued to make eye contact.

"Don't be childish. You are not going to win my favor by simply staring at me," Arsene said.

Joker didn't back down. He kept his eyes locked on Arsene's fiery ones.

"... Fine! One lap! No more!" Arsene relented.

Joker smiled and walked back to Sonic with his persona in tow.

"Ready now?" Sonic asked.

Joker nodded.

"Begrudgingly," Arsene said, before forming into wings on Joker's back.

"Alright, count us down," Sonic said.

Joker turned and gave him a judging look.

"... Right," Sonic said. "Okay, I'll do it. 3… 2… 1….. Go!"

And Arsene flapped his wings as Joker started his sprint and-

"Goal!" Sonic shouted after finishing his entire lap in less than two seconds.

Arsene leaped out of Joker's back and returned to his looming humanoid shape. "Impossible! This must be a farce!"

"Do the words, 'fastest thing alive' mean anything to you?" Sonic said with the smallest hint of a smirk.

Arsene looked at his and Joker's location. They had made it maybe a meter.

"Well, I'm glad to see that my patience has been thoroughly tested for no reason," Arsene said, starting to dissolve into flames. "Don't bother me again. I'm going to take a nap." Then he completely dissipated.

Chapter End Notes

Do I have some subconscious dislike of Arsene that I keep deciding to make him annoyed? Maybe? I don't know.
The Carnival's in Town (Pretty much everyone)

Chapter Summary

Is that... a ferris wheel?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Um," Three said, "... Everyone else sees the giant ferris wheel too, right?"

"As much as I'd like to call you crazy..." Dark Pit said, "... yeah. Yeah, I see it. Maybe I'm crazy."

"Jury's still out on that one," Samus said. "But yeah. Someone explain why the carnival's apparently in town."

They were all looking in the direction of what used to be Smashville. The town had since fallen into decay, but now there was an assortment of mechanical contraptions and colorful lights sitting on the ghost town.

"... Why can't this place ever just be normal?" Cloud asked.

"The days of that have long passed," Palutena said.

"So… this kind of stuff is just normal for you people, huh?" the Luminary asked.

"I wouldn't quite say that," Rosalina commented.

"I guess we're just used to a bunch of weird stuff," Three said. "But, uh, a carnival appearing out of nowhere? That's a new one."

Samus looked among the others, including a few who were just now coming out and observing the display."... So... are we just going to stand here or..."

"We might as well investigate," Ken said. "And by investigate, I mean go have fun on the rides."

"Is that really a good idea?" the Luminary said. "I mean, it's a heap of giant... metal... things that came out of nowhere."

"I like the blonde guy's take on this," Marx said, materializing from a cloud that dropped out of the sky for no reason. "It's not thinking time. It's misbehavin' time!"

And the Smashers started cascading in the direction of the attractions.

"This..." Palutena paused, "this is a terrible idea." Then she followed the rest.
After reaching the former site of Smashville, Three was the first to speak. "Helloooo? Any murderous minimum-wage ride technicians here?"

"Hey, you guys aren't supposed to be here!" a voice echoed from around a corner.

"Well, it's been fun guys. The murderous ride technicians have come for us," Three said.

"It's just me," said Magolor as he poked his head around the corner. "Stop being drama queens."

"No you," Marx countered.

"Magolor? You built all of this?" Rosalina asked.

"Yeah, just a little stress relief," the magician said.

This gave the hoard of fighters pause for a moment.

Meta Knight flew up to the front of the pack. "As much as I may dislike him at times, Magolor is quite talented at several things. One of those things happens to be creating amusement parks."

"And yet he still hasn't made Marx World," Marx said grudgingly.

"I told you I was working on it!" Magolor returned.

"I mean, clearly you're not!" Marx yelled.

Magolor turned back to the Smashers. "I was just putting the finishing touches on everything. How's it look?"

"Pretty good for something you just built overnight. Ken said. "How did you even make this without any construction noise? And where did you find all of the materials?"

"I'm good at what I do," Magolor said dismissively.

"I still think circuses are better than carnivals," Marx said.

"Well, you're wrong," Magolor said. "I'd take a bad carnival over a good circus any day."

"Wait, carnivals and circuses are two different things?" Simon asked. "Now I'm confused."

"Just imagine how I feel," the Luminary said.

"So all of the rides are operational?" Samus asked.

"They are, yes," Magolor said. "Just… don't do anything stupid on them. They are dangerous machinery after all."

"I call the ferris wheel!" Samus said quickly before grabbing her girlfriend's hand and pulling her along. "If anyone else tries to get on, I'll shoot you."

"But you only have a paralyzer. You can't really hurt someone with that," Fox said.

"Hm, sounds like a challenge," Samus said before running off with Dark Samus.

"Fair enough," Fox said.

"Well they have the right idea," Magolor said. "Go on! Everybody have fun!"
"Oh, okay," Male Robin said. "This is not what I thought we would be doing today."

"Well I'm sure as hell not running the fights today when I could be finally getting the chance to cheat at one of those ring toss games," Marx said. "Hey Mag! Run the ring toss stand for me!"

Magolor sighed. "You literally just admitted you're going to cheat."

"So? Cheat back!" Marx said, and then the two disappeared from sight.

Most of the other people scattered, leaving behind both Robins and their significant others.

"So…" Male Robin said.

"This is weird," Female Robin said.

"Yeah," Male Robin said. "Rollercoaster?"

"Yes!" Lucina exclaimed.

"It sounds mildly enjoyable," Palutena said.

Joker nodded.

"Yeah, I guess. Let's go," Female Robin said.

---

Two hours later, all of the Smashers stood watching the smouldering ruins of what once was the theme park.

"I… I don't even know how you people managed this, but I'm sort of impressed," Magolor said.

"To be honest, I don't think we know how this happened either," Ken said.

"Sorry, Magolor," Lucina said. "I know you worked hard on this…"

"Pfft, I don't care," Magolor said.

"You don't?" Meta Knight asked.

"Nope. I just made this thing for fun. I can make another one," Magolor said. "Plus I stole all of the parts for this, so this helps hide the evidence."

"Magolor!" Palutena scolded.

"That's my guy!" Marx praised, slapping Magolor on the back with a wing. "You're a big ol' bastard just like me!"

"Heh… ow," Magolor said, rubbing his back.

Chapter End Notes
Let's be honest here, there was never any chance that the theme park would survive with this assortment of people in it.
Blades and Whips (Richter vs. Fire Emblem)

Chapter Summary

A debate is started about what the best weapon is.

Chapter Notes

This is a prompt, but I'm actually quite satisfied with this one. I think I might be getting back into my groove now!

Please do enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"So tell us again," Marth said. "Why do you think a whip is better than a sword?"

"Well range, first of all," Richter said. "A sword can't hit someone two meters away."

"Yeah, but that whip weighs you down so much. With a sword you can just run closer," Roy said.

"Well, I guess," Richter said skeptically. "But with a whip I can grab onto things."

"We also have hands," Ike said.

"Yeah, but it's like a long hand," Richter said.

"How often have you needed a long hand?" Marth asked.

"... And then a whip also gets more force behind it," Richter said.

"But it can't cut through things," Chrom said, looming over the Belmont.

"All of you, please stop pestering Richter with these questions!" Lucina pleaded. "I'm sure that he has had stressful enough of a day already."

"Alright, listen here," Richter said, ignoring Lucina, "I'd like to see any one of you fight vampires with those glorified butter knives."

"I could fight Risen just fine with Falchion," Chrom said.

"Yeah, but are Risen basically invulnerable? No," Richter said. "Vampires require very specific weaponry to kill."

"And why would your whip be any better than a sword in that respect? They're both made out of metal," Marth said.

"Well, mine's… enchanted or something," Richter said.
"All of our swords are enchanted," Chrom said.

"Dude, mine literally catches on fire," Roy said.

"I'm sure that there are strengths and weaknesses to both options," Lucina said. "We should be civil about this-"

"You know what, why don't we just settle this for real?" Roy asked.

"A fight?" Richter asked.

"There it is..." Lucina said, covering her face with a hand in disappointment.

"Well, it would certainly be definitive," Ike said.

"Yeah, I'm up for this!" Richter said. "Who Am I fighting?"

"Perhaps Lucina was right," Marth said. "This may be going a bit far."

"O-oh! I was being listened to!" Lucina said.

"Pshh, it's fine," Roy said. "I'll fight you."

"Are you sure about this?" Chrom said.

_I sure am! Let's go to the arena. No specials, no items. Just us and our weapons," Richter said.

"Sounds good to me!" Roy said. "Just don't be disappointed when I beat you!"

Ike leaned over to Marth, Chrom, and Lucina. "Is it just me, or do they have the exact same personality?"

"Ike! It's rude to discount someone's individuality!" Lucina responded. She then looked at the two men sharing a manly handshake. "However, I do see your point."

"Come on, let's head to the arena," Roy said, gesturing for the others to follow.

"Should we not tell Marx that we are doing this?" Marth asked.

"Nah, we'll be careful," Roy said.

"It'll be fine," Richter said almost at the same time.

"Will it really? Most of the things we do turn out poorly," Ike said.

"Hush. It's fine," Richter said.

---

"I would just like to say, for the record, that this has not stopped being a terrible idea," Lucina said from the bleachers.

"Alright, Richter," Roy said. "Time for us to settle this weapon debate. We've got this padding to protect us since we're doing this during off hours," he patted the said padding over his chest, "so all
that's left is the fight."

"First to three hits wins?" Richter said.

"Sounds good to me," Roy said. "Ike! Count us down!"

"No. I don't want to be involved in this," Ike said.

"Okay, I'll do it then," Roy said. "Three, two, ONE!"

And they were off. Roy, as expected, was the faster of the two, but Richter was able to compensate by keeping him at a distance with his long weapon. No hits landed for a while as the two seemed to size each other up. After all, this fight was quite different than the ones they did normally. No special moves and a lot more room to maneuver meant a lot more varied combat.

Eventually, however, Roy got in range, and then the battle really began. Near miss after near miss, the two made a lethal dance.

"I really thought this would end sooner," Chrom said.

"They seem pretty evenly-matched," Ike said.

And then the two both landed a strike on each other at the same time, hard enough that they both went careening into the abyss below the stage.

"Richter?!" Lucina called, rushing up to the railing to try and see if her friend was okay.

"Roy?" Marth said, doing much the same.

There was silence as both fighters disappeared into the darkness. Then they started levitating back out, with a very disgruntled-looking Marx coming back up with them.

"Assholes," he said, before bashing the two men together and depositing them gracelessly on the ground.

"Ow…" Richter said.

"I swear, you people are like babies who are constantly trying to get themselves killed. A couple of months ago I might have found this funny, but then again I probably wouldn't have cared enough to catch you back then," Marx said. "Now you're just making my job difficult."

"We're sorry…" Roy said, staring at the ground below him.

"You better be, dickhead," Marx said. "You're both grounded. Go to your rooms."

"Why is Marx acting so much like a dad?" Chrom whispered to the other swordsmen beside him.

"Don't think I forgot about you four!" Marx shouted. "You're included in the asshole category! You encouraged them!"

Lucina opened her mouth to speak, but didn't get the chance.

"Okay, not you. You're the reasonable one here," Marth said, looking at the swordswoman. "Give yourself a pat on the back and go get a juice box."

Lucina quirked an eyebrow. "A juice-?"
"But the rest of you sword-wielding shitheads," Marx said, "need to fucking chill it with the irresponsibility. Go think about what you've caused here today and be disappointed in yourselves."

And all six of the people immediately found themselves in the lobby with no explanation as to how they got there other than Marx magic.

"Why do I have a juice box?" Lucina asked, examining the object in her hand.

"Guys, I think we've done something that's either amazing or terrible," Richter said.

"And what's that?" Ike asked.

"I think we've turned Marx into a responsible person," Richter said.

And literally everyone in the lobby audibly gasped.

Chapter End Notes

Marx: Would a responsible person continue talking in the end notes, whip dude? I didn't think so.
Marx: ...
Marx: ... Right...?
Daisy was getting dressed back up in her non-combat dress (it was exactly the same, except not for combat) after the day of Smashing had ended when Female Robin entered the dressing room.

"Oh, Robin," Daisy said. "Didn't know you used this dressing room."

"I usually don't, but I really need to change my shirt today," the tactician said. "It's a little gross."

"Alright, I don't need the details. Do what you gotta do," Daisy said, turning away. She moved to a mirror and spruced up her hair for a bit. She came to a pause, however, when she saw Robin without her shirt or cloak in the mirror. She turned to look at the mage fully.

"What's that on your shoulder?" Daisy asked.

Robin immediately clapped her hand over a spot between her neck and left shoulder. "Um-"

"Oh my god, is that a hickey?" Daisy asked, amused.

"Well-"

"It is! It totally is!" Daisy smirked as she rushed up to the other woman and pried the covering hand away. "Glad to see that the relationship is still going solid, eh?"

Robin gulped. "Yeah."

"Jeeze, did Lucina really do this?" Daisy asked. "It looks like she bit hard! And the teeth marks seem so sharp! Almost like..." and then she stopped as realization hit her, "... fangs."

Robin squirmed away. "I-I should go," she said, stuffing on a new shirt and grabbing her cloak before dashing out of the room.

Daisy just stood motionless in the dressing room. Only one person came to mind when she thought
of a woman with fangs- Female Corrin.

Maybe the relationship wasn't as solid as she thought.

"I know what I saw, okay?" Daisy said, quietly pounding her hands on the dinner table.

"It just doesn't make sense," Falco said. "Corrin talks about her wife all the time. She's head-over-heels for her Azura. Why would she cheat?"

"And Female Robin has seemed pretty happy with her whole arrangement with Lucina and Palutena," Samus said. "I can't imagine her doing something like that to risk it."

"But that hickey can't have been either of theirs. It has to have been one of the Corrins, and I'm pretty sure Female Robin swings very strongly in a certain direction," Daisy said.

"Grenin," Greninja said.

"Yoshi!" Yoshi exclaimed from the Pokemon's side.

"I didn't understand either of those, but I'm sure it's some incredible wisdom that we're missing out on," Samus said, then turned back to Daisy. "Look, if everything you're saying is true, then I think the more incriminating thing is her reaction to when you pointed it out. If she was just embarrassed, she probably would have either froze up or tried refuting your claims. Running means that she's definitely hiding something."

Daisy looked at the last member of the group that had been quite silent this whole time. "What's your take on this, Male Robin?"

The tactician stared at the empty table space in front of him. "I… don't know. I really, really don't know..."

"I know I'm not usually the person to say this, but maybe you should leave this one alone, Daisy," Falco said. "This is a pretty personal-sounding matter, so it might be for the best that not many people hear about this…"

"-and then she sprinted out of the room. Poof! Gone in an instant. So yeah, I think something's up," Daisy said.

"Well… that's definitely suspect…” Ganondorf said, leaning forward on the lobby couch.

"And you would know a thing or two about keeping malicious secrets," Zelda said hostiley.

"I don't even know why you're involving me in this discussion…” Mega Man said.

"Because you're a Smasher too, and you need to hear about hickeys," Daisy said.
Mega Man's only response was a sigh.

"Are you sure it's okay to talk about this right now? I mean, Palutena and Lucina are sitting right over there," Shulk said, subtly gesturing to the other side of the lobby where the goddess and swordsman were seated.

"Psshh, we're fine. The room's pretty noisy right now. We're not being anywhere near loud enough for the noise to carry," Daisy said.

She wasn't wrong. For some reason the lobby was pretty busy today, which was the perfect way to drown out the conversation that they were having.

Wolf walked up to them. "Hey assholes, what're you talking about?"

"Oh, Daisy was saying that there is a chance that Female Robin is cheating on Lucina. We are debating whether or not that is true," Zelda said.

Then Wolf stood up to his full height and faced the table that Palutena and Lucina were sitting at. And he shouted.

"Hey! Robin's cheating on you! Thought you might want to know!"

The rest of the room got quiet after hearing that.

"Wolf!" Daisy scolded. "You can't just do that!"

"This could completely ruin what had once been a solid relationship. Have you no sense of subtlety or shame?" Ganondorf said.

"If I had known you would do that of all things, I would have kept quiet," Zelda said.

"What is wrong with you, bruv?" Shulk said.

"Yeah! Are you just trying to ruin everything for everyone?" Daisy asked.

"Well duh," Wolf said. "I don't like any of you people!"

Lucina cleared her throat, gaining the attention of the rest of the Smashers. "If this is about Female Corrin, we are already aware. We gave her our blessing."

This gave everyone in the room pause.

Wolf was the first to speak. "Alright, I have a billion questions now, but the main one is, 'What the fuck?!'"

"So Robin and Corrin are actually…" Zelda mashed her hands together in a manner that could be vaguely construed as sexual.

"Female Corrin. Let's not get the genders confused here," Male Corrin said from the far corner of the lobby.

"Yes. They are… sexually involved," Palutena said.

"And you're alright with that?" Daisy asked.

"As I said, we did give them our blessing," Lucina said.
"And why would you do that?" Daisy asked.

"It... it isn't really our place to say..." Lucina trailed off.

"Perhaps you should ask either Robin or Female Corrin when you next see either of them," Palutena said.

And then, who would walk in but both Female Corrin and Female Robin.

"Hey, I was looking for you two!" Robin said to Lucina and Palutena, and then froze when she noticed everyone in the lobby's eyes on her. "Umm...?"

"You two. You're having sex," Wolf said bluntly.

Robin and Corrin both shifted uncomfortably.

"Uhm, how did you find out?" Female Corrin asked, rubbing the back of her neck.

"The hickey, obviously!" Daisy shouted.

Robin turned a judgemental gaze upon the woman next to her, who guiltily shrugged in response.

"Corrin, you have a wife, don't you?" Shulk asked.

"Yes, I do, and she is aware of me and Robin's... arrangement," Female Corrin said. Then she mumbled under her breath, "Gods, this is uncomfortable..."

"Okay, spill it! Why all of the sex?" Daisy asked.

Mega Man got up. "Alright, I'm just gonna go. I don't want to be here for this conversation. Maybe I can preserve the shreds of innocence I have left." No one paid him any mind as he exited.

"Well... how do I say this...," Corrin began, "I... my body... I'm part dragon. You know that, right?"

"Yes, the fact that you can turn into a dragon gave that bit away," Ganondorf said.

"... Right. Well, sometimes my draconic blood gives me some... urges. Ones that are hard to resist..." Female Corrin said.

"Wait, are you saying that you have a fucking heat cycle?!" Wolf said, incredulous.

"N-no, I-"

"Yes, that's exactly what it is," Female Robin said.

"I don't really like to describe it that way," Female Corrin said.

"And I don't like having a public conversation about how we have sex sometimes, but apparently you can't keep your teeth to yourself," Robin said.

"Again, I'm sorry. The dragon does what it wants in times like those," Female Corrin said.

"So, let me put this together," Zelda said. "You have these... cycles, and you need an outlet while your wife isn't here, so you turned to Robin?"

"Yup!" Female Robin said.
"But why go to her when you could have gone to someone who wasn't in a relationship?" Zelda asked.

"Well, I wasn't in a relationship when we started this," Robin said. "This dates back to the last time we were in the mansion."

"That long ago?" asked Fox from the corner.

"Yeah. It kind of just… you know what, I'd prefer not to give the whole story," Female Corrin said. "Really, all I want right now is to get a meal in me. I'm quite hungry and thirsty now."

"What kind of thirsty?" Daisy asked, smirking.

Corrin gave the princess a glare, then left for the mess hall. Robin, Lucina, and Palutena followed her out.

"Well, that explains the situation," Daisy said with a less snarky expression.

"I still have a question," Shulk said before turning to Corrin's male counterpart in the corner. "If both of you have heat cycles, how do you handle them?"

"Have you ever heard of a need-to-know basis?" Male Corrin said. "Congratulations, you don't need to know."

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so I just wanna say something here. My uploads on this story are inconsistent at best now, as you've probably noticed. But, if you would like, there is a 'Subscribe' button at the top of the page that will send you an email when I upload. Don't feel obligated, but I just wanted you people to be aware that it's an option.

Also, horny Corrins.
Large Cargo (everyone, basically)

Chapter Summary

I think Samus can explain it faster than I could.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

"MAIL TIME, BITCHES!" Samus shouted as she tossed a package at Lucario's face. Thankfully he caught it before any catastrophic impact could take place.

"Do you have to be so violent about it?" Mario asked.

"Come on, Magolor brought packages and letters for all of you people who actually have friends outside of the mansion!" Samus said.

"Did you get anything?" Male Robin asked.

"Nah, all my other friends and family were brutally murdered," Samus said.

"Oh… I'm sorry. Are you okay?" Male Robin said, his expression laden with concern.

"No! Thanks for asking! Go get mail!" Samus said a little too cheerfully.

Magolor tossed out letters and packages left and right with at least a little regard for the safety of the contents. The crowd of Smashers ebbed and peaked every time a new delivery came out, trying to see who each one belonged to.

"Okay, Three?" Dr. Mario said, handing over the letter in his hand to the inkling. She opened it and started reading before heading into the mansion.

"This is going to take forever…" Captain Falcon said.

"Well the old mail system doesn't work anymore. We don't have the infrastructure to make this any faster," Male Robin said.

"We'll just have to be patient," Zelda said.

"Hey, could… somebody… help me with this…?" Magolor said from inside the Lor, his voice strained and exerted from pulling on something that the fighters could not see. "Preferably someone… big and beefy…?"

Donkey Kong and K. Rool both hopped up onto the ship and tried to cram through the door at the same time. They started shoving each other, and it looked like the two were about to brawl it out.
"Stop it. Not on my ship, you two. We've already had enough conflict in this boat," Magolor said.

DK huffed and stepped back to let his rival into the ship, then followed after him. After a few seconds, a huge wooden crate with several cut-out holes came to the edge of the ship's doorway.

"Whoa, that's… big," Little Mac said.

"Yeah, it's like the size of three of me, or four of you!" Captain Falcon said.

"Haha, yeah, the short jokes. Always funny," Mac said in a deadpan tone. "Who's the crate for?"

"Yeah, about that," Magolor said, "screw you for making me have to move that, Male Robin."

"Wait, me?" Male Robin said with wide eyes. "That whole thing is for me?!

"No, a fifth of it is for Ridley. Of course the whole thing is for you!" Magolor said. "Now come up here and open it up. Apparently it's fragile."

"O-okay," Male Robin said. All eyes followed him as he made his way up to the box. Donkey Kong grabbed a crowbar from… somewhere, and handed it to the tactician, who gently loosened the front wall of the crate.

"Okay… I'm kind of scared to see what's in here," Male Robin said, hesitating.

"Just open it!" Snake called out from the crowd below.

K. Rool shared the sentiment and decided to act on it. He kicked the loosened front of the box completely off, revealing the box's contents.

"You've got to be…" Male Robin wasn't even able to finish his sentence with how flabbergasted he was.

Inside of the crate stood a beautiful black horse. Not a fake one. An actual, breathing creature, contently chewing on some hay that had also been in the box.

"What the fuck?" Wolf shouted.

"I don't think you're supposed to transport animals like that?" Mario said.

"Who… what… why??" Male Robin said frantically. He started searching around the crate for some indication of who sent the package. When he found it, he was not happy. "CHROM!!"

"What? I didn't do anything!" Chrom objected.

"No, not you. The you from my world. He… you… no, you know what? I'm still holding you responsible for this. This is still totally something you would do," Male Robin said.

"Ya' rich fuck!" Falco added.

"Okay, well…" Chrom said, "... I can't deny that."

"I guess we have a horse now," Male Robin said, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"We?" Simon asked.

"Yes. This is a communal horse now. We are all sharing custody," Male Robin said. "I'm naming
her Cupcake, and she deserves respect and love from all of us. Come on Cupcake." And he led the horse back down to ground level amongst the other Smashers.

"Well. I was not expecting to deliver a horse today," Magolor said. "Okay, next is…. oh, you've got to be kidding me."

"That's a bad sign," Lucina said.

Magolor sighed. "DK, K. Rool, I need you again." The three moved further into the ship once again.

"Certainly a bad sign," Meta Knight said.

Another massive crate was slid to the edge. Magolor came up beside it. "I'll give you three guesses who this one is for."

Female Robin sighed. "It's me, isn't it?"

"Ding ding ding, we have a winner! Come claim your prize!" Magolor said sarcastically.

The female tactician sent a glare in Chrom's direction as she moved up to the box.

"Again, I'm not the one who did this!" Chrom refuted.

"This had better not be another horse," Female Robin said. The crate was differently shaped, so that at least gave her some reassurance. She popped open the crate and-

"CHROM!!!" Female Robin shouted to the heavens, hoping that her voice could pierce the dimensional barrier and reach her version of Chrom's ears. Because this was too much.

A young wyvern crawled out of the box, stumbling a bit but looking absolutely joyful.

"Aww," Palutena said.

"I made one comment a while ago about how I wanted a wyvern. One. And it's really sweet that he remembered that, but also REALLY?!" Female Robin said.

"Well, I guess we have two pets now," Snake said. "None of them are dogs, but I guess that's fine."

"Well the horse is Cupcake. What are you naming the dragon?" Sonic asked.

Female Robin looked at the crowd with a dead serious expression. "Pancake."

"... Pancake. That's what we're calling it...?" Simon said.

"Yes. Pancake," Female Robin said, watching the wyvern sniff around the unfamiliar area. "It will match with Cupcake, and that's adorable."

"Eh, I've heard weirder," Pokemon Trainer said.

"Alright. Cupcake and Pancake. We have pets now," Snake said.

"Cool. I'm glad that's all settled," Magolor said, shoving the two empty crates off of the edge of the ship to crash on the ground below. "If the next box in here has an armadillo in it, I'm going to lose it."
So they have a horse and a baby wyvern now. PETS.

I would like to give a formal apology for last chapter. I was trying to be experimental and I went too far and I think most of you disliked that chapter. I will be more careful of what I write. I'm so sorry.
"We're not gay." (Dark Pit and Cloud)

Chapter Summary

Dark Pit and Cloud being bro pals.

Chapter Notes

Hey. Go leave a kudos on Audiomedic's One Big Smash-y Family. They are so close to achieving our common goal of making the #1 most kudosed Smash fic be non-smut. WE CAN DO THIS.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dark Pit burst into the mostly-empty dining hall. "Cloud, holy fuck, there you are!"

"What's up?" Cloud asked.

"We have a hot tub," Dark Pit said.

"We have a what now?" Fox asked.

"I wasn't talking to you," Dark Pit said. "But yes, we have a hot tub. It was hidden under a mechanical floor hatch thing next to the pool that was really hard to see. Well, not hard for me, but for other people." Dark Pit looked back to Cloud. "Let's go."

"Alright," Cloud said.

"So you two are going to go hang out together in the hot tub. Alone," Fox said.

"Yeah, but in, like, a non-gay way," Dark Pit said.

Fox stared at the two blankly. "Mmhmm."

The swordsman and angel left, and Fox stayed standing right where he was.

"I didn't say anything about it being gay," Fox said.

"Are you settling in alright, Banjo? Kazooie?" Palutena asked from a couch across from the duo.

"Pretty well," Banjo said. "The room's a little smaller than our house back home, but we can fit into it just fine."

"That is good to hear," Lucina said. "Do you have any questions about anything at all?"
"Yeah, I do actually," Banjo said. "What's with all the relationships going on here?"

"Oh! Well, strong bonds are bound to be formed amongst people you fight beside and trust," Lucina said.

"Alright, but who's in the relationships. They're so jumbled up that I can't keep 'em straight," Kazooie said. "I mean, there's you two obviously."

"Yes, it's true. We are together," Palutena said, clasping Lucina's hand in her own. "Lucina also has another girlfriend, Female Robin. She's... indisposed at the moment, however."

"Oh, okay," Banjo said.

"That's... confusing, but okay," Kazooie said. "So who else is dating here? I want the juicy gossip!"

Lucina sat up straighter in her seat. "Well, there's Samus and Dark Samus, which is not as strange as you might think, Male Robin and Joker…"

"The dark angel guy and the big sword guy," Banjo added.

Entirely on cue, Dark Pit and Cloud slid into the room.

"Nope, we're not on that list because we're not gay," Dark Pit said.

"We're not," Cloud said.

"We're not gay," Dark Pit said again for emphasis.


"It's not a small mistake, because we're not fucking!" Dark Pit shouted.

"Wow, you definitely fooled me," Banjo said.

Cloud immediately grabbed Dark Pit by the back of his tunic to keep him from killing their newest addition to the roster.

"Alright, we're going to go," Cloud said, dragging his friend out of the room.

"Fuck you, you honeycomb hoarder," Dark Pit growled before disappearing from sight.

"Look at you! You made them mad!" Kazooie chastised her friend.

"Wow, I should apologize. I didn't think I'd get a bad reaction from what I said," Banjo said.

"It's alright, I don't think it was really your fault," Lucina said. "I think that was an overreaction that came from somewhere else."

"Whaddya mean?" Kazooie asked.

Palutena and Lucina glanced at each other.

"We and many others in the mansion do have a theory…" Palutena said.
Dark Pit was startled by some movement. He had been playing guitar in a part of the mansion that he had thought nobody would come through today. But lo and behold, a figure passed by his vision.

"What the fuck?" Dark Pit said quietly to himself, setting down his guitar and getting to his feet.

He came out in the hallway behind the figure, and... wow. It wasn't anyone Dark Pit had seen before, but it was a hot chick. A blue crop top, blue-and-gray pants, blonde hair partially covered by a piece of blue fabric, and a blue veil covering her face. Yeah, Dark Pit was interested. But... who was she and where was she going?

Just as Dark Pit thought this, the girl started moving again, and he himself moved to follow. She was headed for...

The laundry room?

Well now Dark Pit was doubly intrigued. He followed the mystery woman as stealthily as possible, hiding behind a corner to continue observing her.

The lady opened up one of the dryers, and then reached up to her face and started to take off the veil hiding it.

Nice, now I can really see what she looks like, Dark Pit thought.

And she removed the covering garment. Except it turned out that she was the wrong pronoun. The person who stood before Dark Pit was none other than Link.

The angel's jaw dropped. No. There was no way this was happening.

Link took off the crop top, and this was the moment that the Hylian's eye caught on to the presence of another in the room. Completely shirtless, he looked Dark Pit straight in the eye.

And the angel bolted. Back to his secret guitar room he went, and after slamming the door closed he stayed sweating and leaning against it.

"Oh no. Oh no fuck no," Dark Pit whispered to himself. He had just found another man attractive. It didn't matter that the man had been crossdressing. Dark Pit knew that this wasn't just a circumstance of getting fooled. His paradigm had now shifted, and too many things about himself started making too much sense. This couldn't be happening. This couldn't-

"Fuck... this is gay, isn't it?" Dark Pit said.

Chapter End Notes

GAY.

Okay, let's do a thing. Go read at least some of One Big Smash-y Family by Audiomedic. Then leave a kudos. Then, on a randomly chosen chapter of the fic, leave a comment saying ghastly sent you, and then make a dog pun. Got all of that? Good. This'll be fun.
"Mega Man," Sonic said, "... why are you in a bush?"

The robotic fighter shushed the hedgehog sharply. "I'm trying to figure out Villager. He's always been weird, and I want to know how his mind works."

"... So you're hiding in a bush to spy on him?" Sonic asked.

"Yes, now hush," Mega Man said.

Sonic shrugged. There wasn't much else to do today. He ducked down beside Mega Man and peered through the leaves.

Sure enough, Villager was there, talking to Isabelle. It seemed like a pleasant discussion judging from Isabelle's expressions. Not Villager's, though. He just had that same, blank stare on his face.

Then he turned on his heels and headed away from the mansion grounds.

"Quick! We can't lose him!" Mega Man said quietly.

"Did you just seriously tell me to be quick?" Sonic asked.

"Shhhh!"

The two blue fighters stealthily moved from cover to cover in the effort to follow Villager to... wherever it was that he was going. After a while, they figured it out.

"The forest?" Mega Man quietly questioned.

"Why would he want to go in there?" Sonic asked.

They dodged behind trees to stay out of line of sight. Thankfully, the Villager seemed to not be incredibly observant. Or maybe just selectively observant, as he had a very keen eye for finding... glowing mushrooms.

"Why would he need those?" Mega Man whispered.

The Villager dug out yet another of the flourescent fungi and stowed it somewhere on his person.
It was unclear where. Then all three of the people in the forest heard a noise. A branch snapping. Something was coming. Sonic and Mega Man both got into defensive stances, though Villager just looked in the direction of the noise.

Out from the darkness came a shadow beast, but it was different from most of the others. Because this one was baby-sized. And… adorable-looking.

"Aww," Sonic whispered.

The little shadow beast then covered itself in hundreds of spikes.

"Should've expected that. Less cute now. Much less cute," Sonic said.

The beast seemingly didn't see either of the blue spies, but it certainly saw Villager. The little thing leaped through the air to attack.

Mega Man and Sonic were fully ready to intervene, but in a blur of motion Villager pulled an axe out of nowhere and the beast was cleaved in twain.

Mega Man and Sonic just stood there blinking for a moment as Villager re-stowed his axe in his pockets which must have been portals to some kind of a pocket dimension. Then Villager started moving again and the two frantically moved to follow.

A few mushrooms later, and Villager was heading back to the mansion.

"Seriously, what does he want with those mushrooms?" Sonic whispered.

"I don't know, maybe he wants to eat them?" Mega Man said. "I mean, that's what you 'organics' usually do, right?"

"I guess?" Sonic returned.

Villager reached the door of the mansion and his two observers expected him to enter. Instead, however, he took a sharp left and started rounding the building. Equally as confused about this as they were about everything else that had happened, Sonic and Mega Man followed. Villager eventually stopped at a window around the back side of the mansion.

"Whose room is that?" Mega Man asked.

"Zelda's, I think?" Sonic whispered.

Villager took the many mushrooms out of his pockets and held them in his arms. Then he lobbed them all at the window.

They all bounced harmlessly off of the wall and the glass, and then went 'plop' on the ground.

Villager just stood there staring blankly at the window for a moment. Then he turned and left. On the way, he finally caught sight of Mega Man and Sonic. All he did was give them a glance, then continued walking away.

The two were were silent for a while.

Then Mega Man exclaimed, "What the F***?!"

"That… what… huh??" Sonic sputtered. "What was he trying to achieve?"
"I… I… you know what, I give up. I will never understand him," Mega Man said.

"Yeah, I think we are not smart or competent enough to analyze… that. Or why he spent an entire day doing it," Sonic said. He looked towards the direction that the small mayor left in.
"Congratulations, Villager. You are officially an enigma."

Chapter End Notes

So… I got Fire Emblem: Three houses. It's very fun. It may or may not be the reason I haven't uploaded in several days. Uhhhh…. hush.
Lucario gets distracted by some bad memories, and Pokemon Trainer tries to help.

I'm sorry. I'm terrible. I've been really busy, so I have barely uploaded. But big things are coming in this story and I've been getting ready for them.

Please enjoy this Pokemon-filled chapter in the meantime.

"Who's a good horsie? That's right! It's you!"

Lucario looked toward the greenhouse, where the new pets were being kept, to see Captain Falcon absolutely spoiling Cupcake with affection. It was... actually quite endearing to see. All of the mansion residents had taken pretty well to the newest additions (apart from Banjo still continually trying to get the horse and wyvern to speak). It reminded Lucario of how the Pokemon trainers acted on his own world.

Well, how most of them acted. Not his. His trainer... never liked him, he supposed. But it was probably his own fault that he had gotten abandoned. He loved his old trainer and could never think badly of him. Lucario just... didn't understand what he had done to make the trainer leave.

It was then that the Pokemon realized that Falcon was staring back at him with a curious expression. Ah. He had spaced out. Lucario moved along into the mansion.

But now his mind was stuck on his former trainer. What had he done wrong as a Riolu? He wasn't strong enough, that was clear, but that couldn't have been the real reason, right? He had to have done something else wrong.

Lost in thought, he ran straight into Pokemon Trainer, who was quickly knocked onto the ground. Thankfully he avoided getting impaled by Lucario's chest spike, but the landing was still unpleasant.

"Woah, sorry!" Pokemon Trainer said as he got back to his feet. Then he tilted his head. "Are you okay? You seem distracted, Lucario."

Lucario turned his face away in embarrassment. He was supposed to be composed. This... distraction was unlike him.

"Hey, no need to be embarrassed. It's just me," Pokemon Trainer said. "Got something on your mind?"

When Lucario made no moves to do anything, Pokemon Trainer assumed that that was all he was
going to get.

"Alright, well I'll see you around," Pokemon Trainer said.

He started walking away.

"My trainer."

Pokemon Trainer turned his head rapidly. Had that really been Lucario?

"... Huh? Your trainer?" said the young Pokemon champion.

Lucario nodded.

"Oh, are you homesick?" Pokemon Trainer asked.

Lucario glanced off to the side. It seemed like a no.

"Okay… if you're not homesick, then…” Pokemon Trainer pondered for a moment. "Wait, is your trainer okay? Are they hurt?"

Lucario just sadly shrugged, which was a strange response. Unless…

Oh. *Oh*.

"Lucario… how do I say this… do you still *have* a trainer?"

Lucario stared at the ground. Bingo.

"... Okay. Okay, that's not okay," Pokemon Trainer said. "What could you have ever done to deserve being abandoned like that? That's so wrong."

Lucario shrugged.

"No, you were wronged," Pokemon Trainer said. "You are a generally chill Pokemon who is also kind and personable. I see nothing wrong with you, and your trainer shouldn't have either."

Lucario kept his head down. He didn't know how to react to this.

"Here," Pokemon Trainer said. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a miniaturized Pokeball. Upon pressing a button, it grew to its full size. The Trainer held it out to Lucario, who accepted it with a confused expression.

"You didn't get a choice of who your first trainer was. This time around I think it should be different," Pokemon Trainer said. "Give this to whoever you want as long as you know they will respect you. You deserve another chance." And then he walked away.

---

Lucario stepped in front of Snake and Meta Knight.

"Um… hello?" Snake said. "Do you want to join us at the bar or…?"

Lucario shook his head.
"For the record, I'm not drinking. I'm just accompanying the drunkard in case he passes out and needs to be brought to his room," Meta Knight said.

"And you're doing a great job so far," Snake said, taking another swig.

Lucario made an almost silent chuckle. Oh, how he enjoyed being around these two. That was why he had already made his choice.

Lucario placed the empty Pokeball on the bar between the two, raising eyebrows from both of them.

"Uhhh…?" Snake questioned.

"I know you don't speak much, but I feel we need an explanation for this one," Meta Knight said.

Lucario nudged the ball a little bit on the table.

"Okay… is this your Pokeball?" Snake asked.

Lucario gave a 'sort of' motion.

Snake sighed. "You are being really unhelpful, you know that?"

"Catch me," Lucario said, just quick enough that Meta Knight and Snake both had to question whether it had actually been the Pokemon.

"Catch… huh...?" Snake asked.

"You're… you want us to catch you in this Pokeball?" Meta Knight asked. "But don't you have a trainer?"

Lucario shook his head.

"So, what you're saying is you want us to be your trainers?" Snake asked.

Lucario nodded with a slight upturn of his lips.

"That is… quite an honor, I suppose. Are you certain that we are the right choice?" Meta Knight asked.

Lucario gave both of them a determined look before giving one more resolute nod.

"Okay, well… uh…" Snake said, shaking his head and placing the bottle of alcohol he was holding on the bar, "wow, I was not expecting this today."

Meta Knight grabbed the Pokeball. "I assume that the only thing I need to do is throw?"

Lucario nodded.

"Alright," Meta Knight said, then held the ball out to the man beside him. "Together, then."

Snake put his hand on the ball with Meta Knight, looking for Lucario's nod and then giving one himself. "Alright. Three, two, one."

And the two threw the Pokeball together. In a flash of bright light, Lucario entered the orb. It didn't even wobble once it had hit the ground. It just made a satisfying noise after a few seconds.
"Is that it?" Snake asked. "I thought it was supposed to be more climactic than that."

"Perhaps you needed to get a hat and turn it backwards while you were doing it," Meta Knight said in a deadpan tone as he hopped to the floor to pick up the newly filled Pokeball. "Um… Lucario, I choose you?"

He threw the Pokeball, and Lucario's form reemerged from it.

"Hey, welcome back to the world," Snake said.

"I suppose congratulations are in order. You now have two new trainers," Meta Knight said.

"Don't expect me to be a good one. I've trained dogs, but never big fighting furries," Snake said.

Lucario smiled. Maybe they weren't the perfect choice. The two lacked any experience in Pokemon training, and would likely not be very receptive to lessons on it. But… Lucario didn't need them to be perfect. He just wanted them to be them.

"Hey Lucario, do you want to see me drink the rest of this bottle while hanging upside-down from the ceiling?" Snake asked, waving around a half-full bottle of Scotch whiskey.

"I would strongly suggest that you do not," Meta Knight said.

Lucario let a little chuckle out. Yes, they were certainly unique. But he was so glad that they were.

Lucario sat down at the bar to watch as the two argued about the safety of hanging from the ceiling while not entirely sober. This was going to be entertaining either way.

Chapter End Notes

Lucario has some new trainers. Yay!

You people's input has not gone to waste. You all have been eagerly asking for a return of something from earlier in the series, and I have listened. In the next couple of chapters, I will grant your wishes in a unique way. Be excited for it!
A table full of cards, and several Smashers playing at it. That was what greeted the Luminary when he entered the lobby.

"FUCK!" Wolf shouted and chucked his cards as hard as he could. Thankfully they were cards, so they didn't go that far.

"Hey, don't play the game if you're just gonna get mad about it," Samus said, raking in some chips. It didn't seem like a large haul, but it was something.

"If you are going to do that every game, I might as well just leave," Cloud said. The Luminary looked around, but could not find Dark Pit anywhere in sight. Strange. Those two seemed nearly inseparable these days.

"What game is this?" the Luminary asked.

"Hell," Wolf responded.

"It's called Corner Five," Samus said, giving the disgruntled Wolf a pointed look. "Strangely enough it's a game that exists in both Wolf's and my dimension. We taught Cloud a while ago. You wanna try?"

"No guarantees you'll enjoy it," Cloud said pessimistically.

The Luminary pondered it. Really pondered. He tried to think of some excuse to not do it, but unfortunately he couldn't come up with one.

"Fine. How do I play?" the Luminary asked as he pulled up a chair.

Samus cracked her knuckles. "Alright, so…"
Wolf’s head hit the table. "I can't fucking believe this…"

"AHHHRRRGGGG!" Samus shouted out. Dark Samus, who had moved in to support her, placed a hand on her shoulder.

"That is three in a row," Cloud said. "I'm convinced you're cheating."

"How would I be cheating? I didn't even know this game until you people taught it to me," the Luminary said, calmly scooping a hefty pile of chips to his side of the table.

"Cheating," Wolf mumbled into the table.

"I'm really not," the swordsman said.

"Hey, some days the cards are just friendly to you," Samus said, gently placing a hand over her girlfriend's on her own shoulder. "I mean, it's frustrating, but that luck's going to run out eventually. Be prepared for it, Luminary."

Samus banged her hands on the table. "Bullshit! There's no way you got that straight legitimately!"

The crowd that had gathered around the table rang out in a mixture of boos and cheers, depending on where their alliances lied. Meanwhile, the Luminary pulled in his most recent winnings.

"Okay, where are they?!" Wolf exclaimed, grabbing the hero's sleeve and shaking it.

"What?" the Luminary asked casually.

"The cards you're hiding!" Wolf shouted before plopping back down into his seat and snarling.

Several turns prior, Cloud had walked out on the game in either frustration or disinterest. Joker took his place (and for some reason called the game 'poker'). He was clearly regretting the decision now, however. He sighed as he examined the few chips he had left.

"This is actually the worst," Samus said. She slowly brought her hand up to Dark Samus's face, so as not to startle her. "Babe, I really appreciate the moral support, but I don't think it's helping my luck."

"There's no fucking way this is luck," Wolf growled. "No one in the fucking multiverse is that lucky. Fuck you."

"You can always tell how upset Wolf is by the number of times he says 'f***'," Mega Man said from the crowd, smirking. He received yet another of Wolf's glares.

"Fuck you," the canine said again, this time to Mega Man. "Joker, deal us in. We're not done yet."

"Seriously? We're still doing this?" Samus sighed. "I'm pretty sure he's unbeatable."

"I am honestly still not exactly sure what I'm doing," the Luminary said, "but apparently I'm doing a good job of it."
"Wolf, you are out of chips. You have nothing left to bet," Marth said from the crowd.

"That's where you're wrong," Wolf said, then he turned to the Luminary. "If you win this next one, then you own my room."

Samus immediately threw her hands up. "Nope. Not getting involved with this." And she stepped away from the table.

"Are you sure about this?" the Luminary asked.

"Yeah, but you have to go all in," Wolf said. "Joker. Deal us. The fuck. In."

Joker, with an exasperated expression, did just that.

The Luminary shrugged. "I don't really care about these chips anyway." He pushed every last one to the center of the table.

A few moments were spent looking at and exchanging cards, and then they showed their cards.

"FUCK!!! YOU'RE FUCKING CHEATING!" Wolf absolutely screamed.

"Well, I'm not, but what's your proof?" the Luminary asked.

"Because I was cheating that round, and you still won! No one is that fucking lucky!!!"

Then Wolf tried to jump over the table at the Luminary. That was when things got crazy.

The Luminary's sword was out and ready to swing in an instant, and about ten people lunged forward and held Wolf back.

"Get off me! GET OFF!" Wolf shouted, thrashing about.

"Stop trying to murder and we will!" Samus said.

Wolf begrudgingly stopped thrashing around and after a moment or two the Smashers let him go. The Luminary never sheathed his sword, however.

Wolf just glared at him. Then he went sprinting towards the elevators.

"You can take my room from my cold, dead hands!!!" he shouted, showing off his room key, and then the elevator door shut with him inside of it.

"... Is he aware that I don't actually want his room?" the Luminary asked.

"He has… issues. That's really the only way that we can explain it," Samus said, shrugging.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, not as late this time. Usually I like to keep a backlog, but I literally just finished writing this. And that is... very stressful.

Anyways, have a nice rest of your day, if there is any left for you!
.... Fuck critical hits.
Chapter Summary

A... field trip?

Chapter Notes

Bet you didn't expect me to upload again so soon! Well think again. Because this chapter is the first one in a long while to be less than one thousand words!

Everyone was minding their own business for once. It was a rather tranquil day.

But when would that ever last?

Every single fighter instantaneously found themselves in the grassy area outside of the mansion, facing the Lor.

"Alright bitches, everybody get packed up," Marx said, spiraling out of an unending void. "We're leaving."

"Woah, woah, woah… what?" Sonic said. "Why are we leaving?"

"Field trip," Magolor said, peeking his head out of the Lor Starcutter's door. "Get a move on, people."

"Okay, there's a lot to unpack here," Female Robin said. "First, a field trip?"

"Yeah. We're going to go visit some of you people's worlds without the looming threat of death chasing us," Magolor said.

"But… why?" Pit asked.

"Does there have to be a reason?" Marx said, and then he flipped upside-down in the air. "I mean come on, this is me we're talking about."

"That is a fair argument," Meta Knight said.

"Okay final question:" Male Robin said, "if you wanted us to pack up, why did you take us all out of our rooms?"

"Again, this is me we're talking about here. Stop expecting me to have any kind of forethought," Marx said. "Everybody back inside! Go pack up your shit!"

There were a few moans and groans, but people eventually made their way back to the mansion and started getting prepped.
"I mean, they aren't wrong. You could've just told them on the intercom," Magolor said, idly managing a door panel.

"Shut up," Marx said.

An assembly of Smashers with fully-packed suitcases filed onto the ship, bustling and wondering exactly what the plans were.

Marx looked back towards the mansion.

"Alright, Piranha Plant. We're leaving the mansion in your capable hands. Er, leaves. Teeth?" the jester said. "Look, you can work out the logistics. Just bite anything that tries to get in while we're gone."

The Piranha Plant made no sign that it had understood a word of what was said, but Marx was still satisfied. He returned to the inside of the Lor.

"Hey! Beach-balls-for-brains!" Dark Pit shouted.

"I'm just going to go ahead and assume that you're not talking to me," Marx said.

Falco got in front of the dark angel. "Look, we just want to know where we're going. Or at least where we're going first."

"I have… no idea!" Marx said. "We'll find out as we go!"

" Great …" Chrom sighed.

"Well if you don't like it, you shouldn't have volunteered," Marx said.

"I didn't. Nobody here did. You basically shoved us on the ship," Chrom said.

"Hush child. The adults are talking," Marx said.

"Don't worry, I'm keeping the psychopath's plan in check," Magolor said. "The Lor's not going to let us go to any super-hazardous places. We're safe, at the very least."

"That's good to hear," Simon said. "So how long until we leave?"

"Right the fuck now!" Marx said, and then smashed his face on the console.

Everyone stumbled as the ship kicked off, and soon it was in one of its star-shaped portals.

Magolor smacked Marx over the top of the head. "Don't do that to my console!" he scolded.

"Oh, you are so lucky that I like you..." Marx mumbled as he rubbed the top of his head with a wing.

"Ahem, not to interrupt…" Female Robin said, "but is there actually any sort of plan as to where we're going and how we get there?"

"Erm… sort of," Magolor said.
"What does that mean?! You need to give us details!" Roy shouted.

"We're trying to be a little spontaneous here," Marx said. "We're not going to go anywhere we already went in the... y'know, the chase. That's one rule. And then we have a couple other things that we're keeping a secret for the sake of maximum confusion!"

"Congratulations, you've achieved that," Pokemon Trainer said.

"Alright, everybody find a room and put your stuff in it," Magolor said. The Smashers dispersed into various parts of the ship as they followed Magolor's directions. Then he turned back to his console and petted his hand over it. "Lor, take us where you want to go. We'll be with you the whole way."

Chapter End Notes

Alright, time to get interactive. Welcome to the spiritual successor to Visitors Week!

Readers! Suggest your top three worlds that you would like the Smashers to visit in the comments! It can't be a world they've already visited, and it has to be a world that belongs to a character that is actually in the mansion (also, no Kingdom Hearts or anything like that, folks).

After about a week I will tally up the votes and start writing them. Then I'll post about a week later. So, please vote!

(Also you can still leave regular comments too. I'll still respond!)

Otherwise, I'll see you in two weeks! Stay frosty, unless you live in a cold area. In that case, stay warm!

Bye!

Edit: THEY ARE COUNTED UP!

I won't tell you which worlds were chosen, but I will tell you that Persona 5 came up heavily on top.

Now to write them.

Okay, bye again!
Hi! Ghastly here! I'm sure you've noticed that this hasn't updated in approximately 17 eons. Well, there's a simple explanation for that:

I'm terrible! :)

Basically, I've lost inspiration. I love this series. I really do, and I love all of you for reading it and commenting on it. But the well ran dry. Couple that with my life being really difficult as of late, and you have the perfect recipe for a lack of content!

I am not giving up on this story. I have plans for where it's going on the larger scheme, and I intend to finish those plans. SSM isn't over yet.

If you want to see a story that is still currently updating, check out One After Another, my Splatoon fic. I'm very, very proud of it and writing it is helping me slowly replenish my inspiration for this fic. So yeah, go check it out if it interests you.

Anyways, please accept my sincere apology for me being the absolute worst and making you wait like this! *bows deeply*

Alright, bye!

End Notes

Okay. Prompts.

If you have something specific you want to see, leave it in the comments. If you don't, just name two characters and I'll do something with them!

I reserve the right to make any pairing romantic or platonic at my discretion.

Go wild, folks!

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