Bendy and the IRL AU

by RavenGryphon

Summary

What if Bendy was pushed out of the studio and into the real world? Can he handle the world? More importantly, can the world handle Bendy? Warning: shameless Bendy/Sammy shipping.

Notes

This is the first time I've actually written a sex scene. Like, on paper, not in my head. I have no idea what I'm doing with my life. Also the bit where he's in the studio was supposed to be short. But then I literally wrote almost 17,000 words in one day, and they're still in the studio. Oops, got a little caught up in the angst, there. Sorry.
I can't decide how long chapters should be.
Lost in Hell

Chapter Summary

This quick sketch of the building may help understand the general layout. The front door is actually on the second floor, then all the floors go down. It's the best I could do while keeping the studio at least *somewhat* realistic.

https://imgur.com/a/3BvA42H

Here's my version Bendy, for anyone curious:

https://i.imgur.com/yVkCEyd.jpg

Be nice, I don't art well.

Bendy blinks.
For him, there is no such thing as time. The only windows in the studio are on the top floor, and he does not venture there often. In any case, they were boarded up ages ago. The subbasement where Bendy spends most of his time remains more or less the same temperature at all times. Sure, sometimes it's warmer, and sometimes it's so cold Bendy feels like his hooves are going to freeze solid, but those indicators mean nothing to a creature who has never been outside.

Instead, Bendy exists by whatever his current need is. If he's tired, he sleeps. If he's antsy, he walks. If he needs ink, he gets some. There's always the aching hunger, of course, but Bendy ran out of the only food source available to him eons ago. Much like the cold mustiness of the building, hunger just became another common sensation to him. Thanks to the oddness of his inky body, judging the passage of time by his body's needs proves a terrible way to tell time. Besides, after a lifetime of days melding together, it becomes hard for Bendy to remember if he's tired because he hasn't slept in a while, or because he's bored.

There are other souls here with him, of course. But most of them are dreadfully boring. The so-called “searchers,” as he's come to think of them, mostly wander about aimlessly, sometimes moaning or sobbing, always looking for something they will never find. In any case, they mostly flee from him when they notice him. Not that Bendy minds. The last thing he needs is more unhappiness in his life.

Bendy blinks. He realizes he is seated on the floor, back against a wall, in a random hallway. He is staring at the opposite blank wall, which doesn't even have a poster to keep his attention. He wonders how long he's been sitting here, then slowly brings a hand up to rub at his eyes. Even though he's deprived of any signals of time, his mind still struggles constantly to place it. Bendy shakes his head, feeling that familiar ache behind his eyes. “Worthless.... worthless,” he mumbles to himself, referring to the futility of thinking about it. Bendy has too high an opinion of himself to call himself worthless.

He slowly stands. His legs feel stiff and sluggish, struggling to respond to him in the cold environment. He pauses a moment to rub his sore rump, arching his back in a stretch as he does so. His long, thin tail curls with the stretch, then flops limply to the floor.

Bendy pauses a moment. Why did he get up again? Although naturally an energetic person, everything he does now is slow, pondering. After all, what rush is there? This moment is the same as it was five years ago, and will be the same five years from now. He vaguely remembers a time when he was his normal energetic self, a time where he would run and laugh, kick, and even dance. But that is faded behind the fuzziness of decades spent in pain and limbo.
He slowly trails his hands over his chest, down to his stomach. He can feel his white gloved claws pull lightly at his flesh. This is good. It's good to remind himself that he can still feel things. His fingers pause at his painfully empty stomach, then dig in a little, threatening to puncture his ink with the tips of his claws. He knows that part of his lack of energy comes from not eating. He also knows that eventually he will starve until he winds up like Boris, a shell of his original self. Occasionally, when he feels so dizzy and tired that he gets scared, Bendy sneaks upstairs to steal some bacon soup from Sammy, who apparently has more self control than Bendy and has not yet eaten his entire supply. But Bendy sees the former music director's dwindling supply of food. It's a temporary solution to a very large and looming problem.

Boris. He had stood up to see Boris. Bendy shuffles his hooves on the wooden floor, barely bothering to lift them off the ground. He has to take in his surroundings to figure out where he is. Bendy tends to lose chunks of time, or perhaps he simply forgets what he was doing before, as the days and hallways blend together. Another symptom of his confinement. Somewhat oriented, Bendy turns and clops off towards the last place he saw Boris. It's a fair bet that he is still there. Boris doesn't move around much these days.

Bendy loses time again. The hallways fade and meld with the countless other times he has walked them. Bendy blinks, but instead of seeing Boris, he sees the ink machine. If the studio were in good repair, the machine would cut off when the pressure in the pipes were steady. But countless pipes throughout the building are broken, so the ink machine chugs endlessly, always creating and spilling more ink into the hallways, making massive floods. Bendy places a hand fondly on the machine, then leans forward until his horns hit the side of it with a dull clunk. There is no electricity sparking in the walls, and no fuel for the machine to run on, but somehow it impossibly grinds on, producing the ink Bendy and the others need to survive. Like the rest of the beings here, the ink machine continues to live simply because it has no choice. Bendy doesn't know how to shut the thing off, even if he wanted to. Then, of course, he wouldn't know how to turn the machine back on again. Starvation, while painful, won't actually kill Bendy and his kin. But a lack of ink certainly would. Bendy is not ready to destroy himself and everyone else here by tampering with the ink machine. His existence is hell, but at least he's alive to suffer through it. Who knows what awaits them after death.

Bendy blinks again and there's Boris. The transition is so sudden he actually lurches on his hooves a bit, convinced he was still leaning on the machine. The wolf lies on his back on a cot. The mattress is thin, the blankets bunched around him messily and stained gray with ink. Where the wolf's eyes should be are a pair of X's, and his ribs poke out of his hollow body cavity. Boris exists, though barely, as a constant reminder of the cruelty of humans. Bendy kneels down beside him and gingerly prods his side.

"Boris?" he whispers. Boris does not respond. This is normal; most of the time he doesn't. Bendy slowly stands again, shuffling his hooves against the floorboards. He gazes down at the tops of his shiny hooves.

Bendy blinks. How much time just passed? He palms his head again, pushing against the ache behind his eyes. Stop thinking about time. Time doesn't matter. Time is endless; it always was and will always be. He will rot here while time marches on without him. He supposes eventually the building will become so old and out of repair that it will simply cave in on them. Or they will run out of food, and energy, and will simply collapse on the ancient wooden floor to lie there until their ink runs dry and they finally die, unable to gather the energy to crawl and get more. He shakes his horns moodily; these thoughts disturb him. And it's not like there's anything he can do about it.

Bendy is lonely. He considers going to see Sammy, but decides his headache is too painful to deal with him. He can only handle Sammy in small doses, and even then when he has to be in the mood. Bendy knows Sammy paces the halls above him, trapped in a similar timeless hell. But Sammy responds to the stress in an entirely different way. An annoying way.

Bendy drags his hooves to the cot next to Boris's. He's not tired, but his back and rump still ache, so he figures he can lie down for a while. Hours, days, weeks, it doesn't matter. He will lie down and wait for Boris to stir again. Then maybe they can go get some ink together. Or, more likely, Boris
will ask Bendy to bring some ink to him. Bendy can't remember the last time Boris stood up. Oops. He's thinking about time again. It's really hard not to do so.

Bendy lies on his back to straighten his spine and squeezes his eyes shut, flinging an arm across them. Though the darkness under his arm looks much like the darkness in the rest of the unlighted building, he tries to pull comfort from it. Bendy wonders if he is actually in hell. If he had somehow died, and this is what eternity will be like. Forever.

Even though his back still aches, Bendy rolls onto his belly and pushes his face into the flat pillow. He wishes he could still cry. Tears would be something different. Tears would help him feel something else. Something other than the loneliness and boredom. But his ability to cry had faded with time. Doomed to live in this haze, he closes his eyes and tries to sleep.

Bendy blinks.

He's on his back again, but doesn't remember rolling over. Did he fall asleep? A glance over at Boris shows the wolf is still out. Bendy returns his eyes to the ceiling. An odd tickle creeps up his flesh. He rubs his eyes, trying to clear his head. No, the feeling is still there. Like he's being watched. Like there's danger nearby.

Still in that slow haze, Bendy sits up and tilts his head in thought. He is deeply connected to the ink that pulses through the building. The ink whispers that there's something happening. Bendy tries to listen, but has trouble focusing. He keeps losing track of his thoughts, of time. He blinks and doesn't know if one second has passed or a lifetime.

Bendy shakes his head, struggling to clear it. This is important. If there's danger, he needs to address it. Besides, it's something new. Something different.

Bendy stands and heads out into the hallways. He walks down it towards the nearest ink leak and walks straight into the icy cold ankle deep mess. Now that he's physically touching the ink, he has a better, clearer vision of his building.

There are humans here.

Humans have opened the door on the top floor. He hears their voices, feels their footsteps. Bendy grins with interest, his tail starting to flick behind his heels. Humans don't often enter, but when they do, they are rarely allowed to leave. Who dares invade his house this time? Bendy lowers himself to the ground, folding his digitigrade legs under him. His pushes his hands into the ink, increasing contact with it. Hidden under the ink, his tail swishes back and forth, creating ripples along its surface, expressing his interest and, yes, even a bit of excitement. He tilts his head and listens through the ink. He can make out two different voices.

“Wow, what a wreck. I'm surprised it took this long for them to call us out here.”

“Don't you know? This is Joey Drew Studios.”

“That doesn't mean anything to me.”

“Seriously? C'mon, you're older than me, you should know. Joey Drew, the animator. He made Bendy!”

“The kid's cartoon? Huh. I don't think I've heard that name in a long time.”

“Nah, you wouldn't. Bendy ended back before I was born. The studio went under, something about really bad money management.”

“So this place is famous?”

“More historical than famous, I guess. In any case, the news is Joey Drew vanished. No one's paying taxes on the building anymore, and I guess it's too run down to restore. So we gotta tear it down. It's a shame, really. Can you imagine the creativity this place once housed?”

There seem to be two human men. Talking about HIM. Joey Drew. Talking about... Tearing this place down? Destroying Bendy's home? That can't be right. Bendy may not enjoy his time here, but what would he do without it? What would happen to him, to Boris and Sammy and even the searchers, if the roof fell down on their heads? What would happen to all the ink creatures if the ink machine was destroyed? These thoughts echo his fear of the building falling down due to it's own disrepair. Bendy shakes his horns again, trying to clear his mind, and struggles to focus back on the men.

“Why are we even bothering with a walk-through? It's obvious no one's been here. Not even
squatters would want to stay here.” The man kicks at a shallow puddle of ink; Bendy feels the ripples from where he sits four floors below, and is annoyed at the human's violation of it. “And what's with this black shit everywhere? Is this a health hazard?”

“We're doing the walk through so that no stinking hobos get squished. And, yes, there's ALWAYS at least one hobo, no matter what the health hazards are.”

A walk through? Bendy's tail lashes, splashing the ink behind him as fury grips his chest. Not only are these humans going to destroy his house, they're going to walk through it first? Kicking ink as they go? Invade it all the way to the depths of the building? All the way to the ink machine? For the first time in over two decades, Bendy moves quickly. He leaps to his hooves, ignoring the uncomfortable pull of stiff muscles and the hollow pang in his belly.

No.

No, sir, they would not invade his home and tear it down. Bendy does not ask much out of life. He does not impose himself on the humans in their outside world. He does not bother anyone who doesn't first bother him by entering his realm. How dare they break down his door and threaten him? They have no right.

Bendy clenches his fists and grits his bared teeth as he reconnects to the ink. He calls to the searchers, feels them tremble at his sudden interest in them. He sends a powerful mental message that they are incapable of refusing.

“Attack the humans. Go to the first floor and prevent them from taking a single step farther. If they return you to the ink, reform and throw yourselves at them again. Show no mercy. Drive them from our home!”

There's a shift among the ink creatures. He feels them surge towards the top floor, compelled through the ink to do as he commands. Bendy settles back on his haunches, lowers his hands back into the ink, and grins as he watches. Within the minute the two humans are set upon by ink creatures.

Appearing as torsos lounging through the floorboards, the searchers reach at the humans, snatching with their hands, trying to grip the humans and tear them apart. The humans batter at them with their flashlights and clipboards as they turn and run, stumbling over themselves in an effort to get to the exit. The door slams shut behind them.

Satisfied, Bendy stands again, idly flicking ink off his fingers as he considers. Joey Drew stopped paying his bills, eh? Sounds about right. It also sounds right that his actions would put Bendy and his crew in danger. Well he took care of those humans. He doubted he would hear from them again.

Bendy is tired from the excitement. Not bored-tired, but tired-tired. He doesn't command the ink much these days, and doing so now wore him out. But it was good exercise to push his will through the ink. In fact, his headache seems to be gone. With another grin and a flick of his tail that makes ink splatter along the wall, he turns and clops back to the room he likes to sleep in, the room Boris occupies. He's a little sad that the excitement is done, but satisfied at a job well done. As he settles back onto his cot, curling onto his side with his hands tucked against his chest, he feels the searchers bubble around, agitated by what happened. They slowly return to their own haunts as the studio settles back down. Bendy closes his eyes and quickly slips into sleep.

Bendy blinks.

The feeling is unmistakable. He recognizes it instantly now. Humans are in his home. More this time, he thinks. Bendy's tongue curls out of his mouth in thought, suddenly uneasy as he stares at the ceiling. These humans are persistent. He swings his legs off the cot, clumping them onto the floor. This won't stand. Without bothering to spy on the humans first, he closes his eyes and easily connects with the ink. Once again he sends the searchers forward.

“Drive them out!” he screams at them. The searchers scramble to obey. After all, they don't have a choice; Bendy controls all things ink, including those who are made from it. They rush to do Bendy's bidding, anything to stop their master's mental screeching. Meanwhile, Bendy stands and trots back to the ink puddle to observe their attack. The moment his hooves hit the ink, Bendy sinks down into the puddle, hands outstretched into the cool depths.

These humans are armed with more than flashlights. These humans have guns, which they fire at his searchers. Of course, the searchers can't really die, but once they explode into ink it takes them some
time to recover and pull themselves back together. They are splattering apart faster than they can reform.

“We're gonna need backup,” Bendy mumbles to himself. As exhausting as he is, Bendy is going to have to see Sammy. To slow the humans, Bendy wills the ink into flooding hallways and stairwells, and even uses it to reinforce doors, sealing them shut. Resigned and unable to put it off any longer, Bendy straightens and quickly strides towards the old music director's floor. It's been a while since his last visit, and Bendy isn't looking forward to it now. It can't be helped.

Sammy spends his time in prayer. He knows his lord lives only a few floors below him. He knows the only person who can ease his obsession, ease the longing and pain that makes his whole body ache, lives so close. If only Sammy could get his attention. So Sammy tends to his Bendy shrines, sings the old songs, paces the hallways endlessly in agitation, and prays to the god of the ink. Sammy's god. If he's really lucky, a sheep will wander into his realm. Bendy will always make the trip up to the music department for a nice, tender sheep. But Sammy has not been lucky for a long time. Bendy has not come to Sammy in years.

Sammy tries not to think about that, tries not to feel abandoned. For all he knows, Bendy is sleeping, or busy with something else. He has more important things to deal with than his lowly disciple. Bendy will return when he can. He always does. Right? Sammy blinks tears back from his masked eyes as he lies sprawled on the floor before a shrine. His bony hip hurts where it's been pressed against the wood for far too long. A cardboard cut-out in the shape of Bendy's original cartoon design overlooks the shrine. Of course, Bendy doesn't look like that these days. Though it doesn't exist in the studio, nonetheless time had still managed to warp Bendy. Time had warped all of them. Sammy feels exhausted and restless at the same time. Exhausted of his constant pleading towards Bendy, and from holding back his tears and emotions. Sleep would probably help, but he can't seem to settle long enough, his ranting mind keeping him awake. He feels restless because he feels there must be something more he could do for his lord. But the music department remains empty, and the one-way mental connection Bendy can open between them remains closed.

Sammy slips a hand underneath his mask to poke at an eye socket. A tear threatens to spill out of it, and he jams his finger into the eye as if trying to force the ink back in. The pain comforts him, reminds him that he does still exist, even if his beloved Bendy refuses to visit. But that's not a fair thought.

“I'm hardly worth visiting,” Sammy reminds himself. Sammy can't blame Bendy for being distant. Clearly he hasn't done enough for his master. There must be something more he could do. “There is something you can do,” Bendy's sudden presence in Sammy's mind hits him with a physical jolt. Sammy sits straight up with a gasp, gazing at the cut-out with adoration. His master is speaking to him! Sammy is so excited, thoughts bubbling over each other, that he can't hear Bendy's mental voice over them. It doesn't matter, though, as a moment later Sammy hears the much anticipated sound of hooves clip clopping over the floorboards. Sammy spins around on his rear and sees his master's dark form headed towards him. Slim and tall, with outward pointing horns and a forked tail that's longer than it has any right to be flicking behind him, Bendy is a distant echo of his original cartoon design. Sammy thinks Bendy is the most beautiful creature he's ever seen, no matter what form he chooses to take, and falls flat on his belly at Bendy's approach.

Sammy's vision is filled with Bendy's hooves a moment later, and he dares to stretch a hand towards them, lightly brushing his fingertips against the black shining ink that forms the cloven hooves. Sammy can't help but imagine the sharp hooves shifting, pinning his fingers against the floor, grinding into them. He shivers with excitement, but alas, the hooves remain firmly planted. A whip like tail flickers around the edge of Sammy's vision, but he doesn't raise his eyes.

“My lord....” Sammy mumbles in awe, trying and failing to calm his frantic thoughts.

“Sammy. I need something from you.”

“Y- yes, my lord! Anything! Please, let me help you in any way I can!” Sammy's heart pounds.

Bendy mostly visits Sammy for physical release. Sammy's belly clenches in anticipation of his lord's attention. Sammy knows Bendy doesn't love him or care for him as a person, but he tells himself that
he doesn't mind. After all, Sammy feels he is not worthy of Bendy's love, and is thrilled to please Bendy physically or any other way he can. He struggles to express his emotions to the ink demon, trying to vocalize his careening thoughts so that Bendy might understand Sammy's need.

"Slow down... Sammy, stop... SAMMY SHUT UP!!" Bendy tries to speak over Sammy's rambling praises until his patience breaks and he snaps at the groveling man. Sammy cuts off mid-word, fearfully pulling his fingers back from Bendy, which had somehow managed to roam a bit up his leg. Sammy knows he annoys Bendy greatly, but he has such trouble containing his joy around him. Sammy bites his tongue hard enough for ink to leak from it. He must do better. He must obey. He must do what his lord wants.

Bendy sighs, gathering his patience back. "Sammy. There are humans invading my house. We must not allow them any farther. Not a step. Go to them and force them out."

"Yes, my lord! Would you like me to collect a sheep while I'm at it?"

Bendy grins. "While I would love a sheep, the most important thing is for them to leave. If one falls behind, then do what you do best, Sammy. But be careful. They are well armed."

Sammy leaps to his feet and nods sharply at Bendy. He scrambles away to do as he's ordered. While perhaps not as physically pleasing as feeling Bendy's body against his own, Sammy is very excited. This is different; Bendy has never sent him out to attack humans before. Sammy has captured them, yes, and brought them back to his lord. But these humans are different. These humans are looking for a fight.

Satisfied, Bendy turns and retreats towards the sub basement he calls a home. Sammy is fairly useless, but even he should be able to handle turning back a handful of humans. Halfway back to his place on the bottom floor, Bendy pauses and tilts his head, listening to the ink again. The more he does so, the easier it becomes, like an unused muscle relaxing into doing what it was made to do. Sammy starts by mocking them softly through the hallways, sending his voice echoing to the humans. "What's this I see? Lost sheep? Better turn back before they stumble into the wolf den." It's a sound strategy, Bendy acknowledges. Perhaps Sammy can scare them off without fighting them. Instead, the humans call back to him, trying to start a conversation.

"Who is that? Show yourself! You are trespassing on government property. It's not safe here, you need to evacuate."

"Did you see him? That horrid mask, what a freak! No, let him go. If we're lucky he'll bleed out before he attacks us again."

Well that's just rude, Bendy thinks with an annoyed flick of his tail. Sammy isn't worth much, but for a bunch of humans to stomp in here and wish death on him seems a little much. The longer the humans invade his home, the more Bendy's hatred for them grows. He sends another call out to the searchers, and they quickly push the demoralized humans back to the exit.

Bendy's not sure what to do. It's been a long time since he's really dealt with humans. He thinks back to the ones he used to know, and remembers how hard headed they can be. He knows now that these humans will return. They have numbers on their side, after all. Or what if they decide the building is simply too dangerous and just pull it down? He's so hungry and tired, it's hard to think straight. Bendy's tail swipes back and forth with stress. He reaches out and sinks his claws into the nearby wall, dragging long scratches deep into the wood. Bendy hates humans.

Henry lives the American dream. He has a wife and two daughters, and lives in a cozy house that he
somehow managed to pay off years ago. He works for a couple of newspaper companies, mostly
managing the advertisements printed within the papers. It's not nearly as high pressure as working as
an animator, and he likes it that way. He enjoys working 9 to 5 and coming home to his loving wife
and child. His older daughter is away at school, but his younger one remains at home. Their little
surprise had pushed back Henry's retirement plans, but he does not mind at all. He adores his little
girl, and would gladly trade away all of his retirement years for her.
It's with this daily contentment that he settles in front of the television one evening after dinner to
watch the news. With Linda's homemade cooking settling in his stomach and a cold beer in his hand,
he puts his feet up with a happy sigh. His mind is drifting, almost dozing. He works at a newspaper,
after all, and already knows most of what's going on in the world. Some breaking news bulletin
flickers on screen, but he doesn't pay it any attention until a familiar name is spoken. Joey Drew.
Henry's eyes flicker open to see the old studio on the screen. Apparently there's odd things
happening there. Odd enough that the FBI is involved.
Henry shifts uncomfortably, lowering his feet to the floor. He remembers his old friend's insane
rambling about bringing cartoon characters back to life. This insanity is what eventually drove Henry
away. That and the studio's obvious downward spiral to bankruptcy. Henry could not see a future
there, so he left. Now reports of solid black creatures that explode when struck, only to seemingly
reform, are going out over the television.
Henry adjusts his glasses, shifts the beer can in his hand, before taking a tiny sip from it. It's a hoax,
right? Or something unrelated. Maybe there's some sort of odd Bendy cult squatting there. He's heard
of stranger things than that.
But Henry's stomach flips when an ink splattered FBI agent speaks to the camera. That ink, the
haunted look in the man's eyes. There's no mistaking it. Joey must have done something horrible.
Henry doesn't even consider remaining uninvolved. He knows in his soul that he must do something.
Even just providing a detailed floor plan of the building may be helpful. After all, the way the floors
go DOWN instead of UP is quite unique, to say nothing of the disorienting hallways and lack of
windows. He picks up the phone.
The game of cat and mouse continues. The humans invade, waking Bendy. He does what he can to command the ink, as well as the searchers and Sammy, to turn them back. So far it's working, but Bendy is not used to such activity. He finds himself exhausted all the time. “Never happy, are ya? Either you're too bored or too tired,” Bendy grouses at himself. He understands the irony of his situation. But it's not only his own complaints he has to tend to, but Sammy's as well. He whines about the humans and their weapons, complaining about the guns and how the bullets tear painfully through him.

And, of course, all this movement and energy means the creeping starvation snaps at Bendy relentlessly. At one point he even snags a can of bacon soup right in front of Sammy, blatantly stealing from him. The ink man did nothing, just averted his eyes and mumbled “...Anything my lord needs,” although with less enthusiasm as usual. After all, the only reason Sammy still has any food left is due to his own never-ending hunger. It's hard to remain pious with the looming threat of starvation.

There is one treat that stumbles into Bendy's lap. Bendy is currently on Sammy's floor, leaning into a steady trickle of ink falling from a pipe. While surveying a group of humans slinking through his hallways, Bendy realizes that two have broken off from the rest of the group, foolishly exploring a side route. He grins wickedly, and turns to Sammy, who watches Bendy with unwavering adoration.

“How would you like a bit of sport, Sammy? I believe there might be a couple of sheep for us.”

Sammy's spine straightens. “Where are the poor, lost sheep, my lord?”

“In the hallway, near storage room B12. I've sealed them off from the rest of the group, so not even you should mess this up.”

Sammy nods and scampers off, taking Bendy's criticism with his usual acceptance. Anything Sammy's lord says is true, including anything about Sammy's character. Bendy's words continue to be true when Sammy is successful in kidnapping the two, returning with them to the music studio. Sammy is hungry and tired, but still strong enough to easily drag both humans at once behind them. He settles the humans into chairs, as customary, and binds them with rope. He checks that the symbols are still clear and correct, and lights the candles. The ritual is set up, now all he has to do is start it.

“Sheep sheep sheep...” Sammy starts his chant to the two unconscious humans. Bendy is impatient, though, and steps forward before Sammy is done with his short ritual. He continues his chant as Bendy leans forward to inspect the humans.

It's been a long time since Bendy has seen a human. Not since the last sheep, at least. There are two now, one appears to be male and the other female. He stands before the male now, arms tucked behind his back and horned head tilted with interest. Sheep are meant to be slaughtered, offered to the divine, of course. But with the rumbling in Bendy's stomach, he is reminded of another purpose sheep can provide. Meat.

The male groans and lifts his head drowsily. He sees the slim, ink black creature standing before him, and has the crane his neck to look up at Bendy's face. Bendy has his trademark grin plastered on, eager for what's about to happen. His tail lashes back and forth, so much so that it makes a soft popping sound, not unlike a cracking whip. The human's face pales as he looks upon his death.

Sammy is done with his ritual, and now bounces eagerly on his toes, looking from Bendy to the
sheep and back, wondering why his lord is hesitating. Bendy reaches down and grasps the human's chin, cranking the head back painfully. Bendy leans down and sniffs the creature's neck, wanting to learn more about these humans and why they've come here. But hearing the blood pulse through the human, feeling his warmth like a shock through Bendy's fingertips, prove to be too much for the ink demon. Instead of talking to the human first, as intended, Bendy's form starts to shift slightly. His head grows larger, his arms dip down to the floor as his hands grow heavy with longer claws. His lips pull back as far as they can, and his jaws part to show that his cartoonish teeth are actually quite pointed and sharp. Black drool drips from those teeth as Bendy's gray forked tongue flicks out to lick the human's face, tasting the salt of sweat, feeling the racing pulse.

The human stares silently at the monster before him. He tugs lightly at his bounds, but knows before he even tries that it's hopeless. Bendy basks in the human's resigned fate, then his jaws open as his neck rears back. Bendy lashes forward, locking his long teeth into the human's shoulder, his jaws long enough to reach the man's chest as well. But something's wrong. Bendy's teeth don't slip easily into soft meat while blood sprays into his mouth. There's something in the way.

As Bendy's teeth latch onto the agent's body, the man can't help but to let loose a cry. It's one thing to understand you're about to be eaten, and another thing to experience it firsthand. My body armor, the man thinks to himself. It can't get through the armor.

Though driven almost mad by his hunger and the teasing food before him, Bendy is far from an unthinking beast. When his teeth get caught up in the man's vest, Bendy brings his claws up to try to pull it away. When brute strength fails, Bendy sits back on his haunches and regards the human with frustration. The man stares back, his mouth open and panting, confusion, fear and a bit of hope on his face.

“My lord, if I may...?” Sammy's soft voice interjects the situation. At Bendy's nod, Sammy darts forward and quickly opens the vest, yanking it out from behind the man's back. The human begins to whimper. An FBI agent trained for the field is not a timid person, but having his life saving armor stripped away, along with his only hope of living, is enough to make him cry softly.

Bendy, tail lashing, hardly waits for Sammy to clear the way before leaping at the human. Bendy's teeth dig into the chest, pulling it open. Claws assist, slicing through the man like he is made of nothing. Bones, organs, meat, it doesn't matter. Bendy crunches through them with ease, large masses of organic matter sliding down his throat with horrid slurps while the blood pools underneath the man's chair.

Before long, Bendy is sprawled on the floor among the gore, picking his teeth with one hand as he idly reaches for another chunk of flesh with the other. His belly feels painfully distended, but his need to eat has not yet calmed.

Sammy stands nearby, shivering in awe at what he just witnessed. “My lord. I don't wish to deny you the pleasure of your sheep, but you killed that one so quickly...”

Bendy glances up at Sammy. He knows the creature, who was once human, would not eat or otherwise violate human flesh, so he doesn't bother to offer it to Sammy. “...That's why there's two of 'em,” he replies lazily.

They both look to the other human. She is awake now, for who knows how long, and she gazes back with a pale face and a mouth stretched into a frightened grimace. She knows who the gore on the floor once was. She knows what will likely happen to her next.

Bendy stands slowly, back into his standard bipedal form. He stretches his back happily, feeling the fullness of his belly and the warmth of blood on his face and in his throat. He purrs, a deep rumbling sound, his physical needs finally met. Well, most of his needs, anyway. But that will be satisfied soon.

Still purring, Bendy stalks in a circle around the woman, eyeing her. He stops in front of her, then squats down on his haunches to see her face to face. She stares back with the same expression she wore before.

Bendy pauses to pick at some piece of gore caught in his teeth again, tail gently sweeping the floor behind him. “I'm sure you have questions,” he purrs to the human. “But I have some of my own. Mostly.” Here, his calm demeanor changes into one of pure fury. Spines erupt from his back as his
teeth elongate and his eyes change from the sweet pie cut shapes they normally are into a demonic flame. “-WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE?!”
The woman cowers back from him. Bendy didn't so much yell as his voice changed, pitching into a rough, craggy voice that only brings to mind hellfire and pain. She struggles to answer, knowing that ignoring the demon would only make him angrier.
“-uh, um, we- we're just checking- for abnormal- um- abnormal signs of- we're just checking, is all. Just checking.” When she started to repeat the mission statement, she realizes that he might take offense to being called abnormal. She bites her tongue and looks up at him with tears in her eyes. But she doesn't cry.
Bendy sits back on his heels, considering. “Abnormal signs of life? Ya mean me?” His voice and body is back to normal. She takes this as a good sign and continues.
“Not you specifically. But any creatures made of.... Whatever it is you're made of. We didn't mean to upset anyone. We'll leave. We don't want a war here.”
“Ya say that now,” Bendy says with a smirk and a purr, “But ya sure were quick to cut down my searchers. And Sammy, here. Why, I heard you folks wish death on em! What did lil ole Sammy ever do to you? Other than kidnap you for me, that is.”
She squirms uncomfortably. “We didn't know. We'll leave now. We won't bother you anymore. Please, let me go so I can report back to my people. Let them know that we're leaving now.”
“Mhmm. See, there's a problem with humans. And don't tell me I'm wrong, because I've dealt with your kind before. Once one human is dead, you don't take it as a good and proper warning to leave. You decide that ya need revenge. Whatever kills humans must die in turn. Am I wrong?”
“We're in the wrong here. We're the ones in your house. We'll leave you alone, I promise you.”
“Mhmm. Well. There's a second problem.” Bendy peers into her eyes. His own are normal again, flat black as they gaze at her curiously.
She shallows, having a bad feeling about this. “What problem is that?”
“I'm outta food.”
She blinks in surprise. “Oh,” she almost laughs. “Is that it? We can get you food. That's no problem. We'll give you lots of food and then leave you alone.”
“I don't believe ya. Humans are stinkin' liars. They tell you straight to your face exactly what you want to hear, then hurt ya the moment your back is turned.”
Bendy snorts his disgust. “Humans. There's not an honest one alive. No, I don't think I'll be believin' ya. Yer just tryn' ta not die.”
“Bendy stands up. “But I won't be killing you yet. Your friend was fillin’, and I couldn't take another bite.”
The FBI agent's eyes dart over to the body on the ground. There's almost nothing left of the man she once knew. Just a smear on the floorboards, really, with congealing blood and some unidentifiable bits of flesh. She looks back to the creature before her. He still stands tall and slim, like he didn't just eat almost 200 pounds of man.
The creature yawns, and turns towards a doorway. “Sammy, be a dear, and keep our guest company. I'll be needin' her in a few hours.” With that, he leaves, door shutting behind him.
Her eyes dart to Sammy, having almost forgotten he is there. He seems agitated, pacing back and forth while mumbling, balling his fists into the legs of his pants. She's not sure how sane this creature is, and wants to proceed with caution.
“...Is there something wrong?” she asks the ink man.
“My lord was hungry, that's all. And he ate too much. He doesn't mean to neglect me. You see how hungry he was. He needed to eat. Ate him all up. Now he must sleep, just for a while, just for a while. Lord Bendy will be back, he will take care of me. He will take care of me. He always does, when I bring him a sheep. He won't forget about me. I did well, he said so himself. He will reward me.”
During Sammy's rant, his hands travel across his body. Sometimes over the back of his head, or down his chest and belly, other times palming his crotch through his pants, then twisting again against the fabric over his thighs. He does not spare the woman so much as a glance. She wonders if he is distracted enough for her to slip away, but the ropes are tight against her tugs. In any case, she doesn't try to speak to him again.
In the strange way that happens in the studio, time passes. Even the FBI agent, used to living in the world above, feels disoriented. In the stress of her situation, she can't tell if it's been minutes or even days. All she knows is that she's thirsty and needs a restroom. But surely her comrades would find her soon. They would know two of their own are missing and come looking for her. But she doesn't hear or see a sign of them. Meanwhile, Sammy paces, working himself up into a frenzy, tugging on his suspenders, running a finger along the edge of his mask, then his hand returning to his crotch. He seems unbalanced and upset. She worries that he will turn on her against Bendy's orders.

The door re-opens and Bendy appears again. The creature eyes the trapped woman, and mumbles, "Good job, Sammy. Ya did somethin' right for once."

Sammy falls to his knees. "Yes, my lord. I will do anything for you. Just, please-"

His plead is cut off with Bendy's upraised hand. He slumps towards the woman, hooves thumping on the floor. He regards her with a tilted head. "It is a shame, isn't it? Almost like it's going to waste."

His gloved hand reaches for her shoulder, gives it a squeeze, then slowly travels down her breasts. Her breath catches in her throat.

Of course, as a woman working in a man's field, she accepted long ago that she may be overpowered and used in a number of situations, including this one. And she had made peace with that. But that was assuming the other was a MAN, or at least a HUMAN, and not... Whatever Bendy is. Her mind races as he unstraps her body armor and starts on the buttons of her shirt. Almost dizzily, she asks herself, does this count as rape? Or beastiality? Or some other horrific thing she doesn't even have a name for?

As Bendy unbuttons her pants and slips his hand against her sensitive parts, she asks, "What are you?"

Bendy grins as he uses his claws to tear away fabric. "Sweetheart, I'm nothin' you've ever seen before."

Of course, Bendy sports all the trappings of a stereotypical devil. The agent, while not overly religious, does wonder what would happen to her if she has sex with a demon. Would it condemn her soul? Would it kill her? She doesn't want to find out. The whole thing is so UNNATURAL, her skin feels like it's about to crawl away and her stomach quakes. She's not even sure he's a mammal. "Please stop. I don't want this," she says, keeping her voice as calm as possible. He simply ignores her quiet pleas.

Bendy starts to explore her body, slipping thin fingers into her. She shivers as she feels the dangerous claws skim over areas she really doesn't want claws to be. She looks at his face with dismay, disturbed by that wide, unflinching grin, the soulless black eyes that peer back at her. His tail is sweeping back and forth with excitement, occasionally tapping against the floor.

He stops his unwanted attention to bring a hand to his own featureless crotch. He rubs himself a moment, then stands and turns to Sammy, who stands nearby wringing his hands.

"On your knees," he commands the masked man. He does so so quickly that his kneecaps crack onto the floor. Bendy stands over him, and without having to be asked, Sammy moves his mask to one side and leans forward, burying his featureless face into the demon's crotch.

The agent watches, confused. Bendy doesn't seem to have any equipment, so maybe he won't- Oh. As she watches, a member sprouts from Bendy and into his follower's mouth. Sammy takes it in stride, moving from simple licking to a full on blow job. Bendy closes his eyes happily, lightly touching the back of Sammy's head with the claws of one hand, the other propped on his own hip. After a few moments, Bendy pulls away, removing himself from Sammy's mouth with a lewd sound. Bendy turns back to the woman, leaving Sammy panting on his knees and alternating between touching himself and forcefully removing his own hands from his cock. Like Sammy feels that he's not allowed to touch himself, but can't seem to help doing so.

Bendy approaches the woman, eyes lidded and a smirk on his face. Her ankles are tied to the legs of the chair, forcing her legs apart, but not exactly in the ideal position. Bendy won't be able to access her as she is.

He reaches behind her and easily cuts the rope with his claws. She tries to wrench away, but he has a tight hold of her wrists, and easily retyes them together. Soon she is on her back, right in the middle
of what looks way too much like a pentagram and way too much organic material. It's easier on her to think of the mess as a butcher's mistake, not as the kind, friendly man she knew so recently. Bendy kneels above her, and she can't help but to look at his twitching cock with dread. She knows Bendy is too big to fit comfortably inside her. She knows this is going to hurt. She knows there's nothing she can do about it. Her hands are bound behind her back, and anyway, how would she even begin to hurt such a thing? Nonetheless, she kicks uselessly out.

Bendy settles between her legs and rests his genitals on top of hers. He sighs at the warmth coming from her body. Bendy is reminded that he's supposed to be warm, too. He's a warmblooded creature who enjoys heat. But he's lived in this cold building for so long that all warmth has leached from his body. Without food to maintain him, his body heat is lost in the uncaring wood of the building. Feeling hers is both a comfort and a torment, a reminder of what he is supposed to be. A reminder that he's not even allowed the comfort of warmth.

Bendy reaches up to his mouth, slips his fingers inside, and pulls out a glob of thick inky spit. He knows she's dry and tight, and doesn't want to cause himself discomfort. He slicks it on his member, then without pause, thrusts himself all the way into the unfortunate woman, starting a harsh pace immediately. Her back arches as she shrieks in pain. Her heels drum the ground as she tries to push herself away, but Bendy's hand on her chest pins her firmly to the ground. She pants as she feels her tunnel stretch around him, flesh tight as it struggles to deal with the agony. She sees white teeth dripping with ink as he looms over her, growling with incredible lust. He's too big he's too big he's too big--

Her pain lessons as Bendy pauses his treatment. She looks up through her tears to see Sammy standing above them. “My lord...” he mumbles softly, petting Bendy on and around his horns. Then Sammy kneels down and licks a horn, being careful of the sharp body part. Sammy's accidentally gotten his mouth banged up by Bendy's horns before, and it's not a pleasant experience. Bendy hisses softly, his snake like tongue slipping out from behind his teeth.

“Please my lord,” Sammy moans needily. “It's been so long. Please, I beg you, have mercy on me...” Bendy glances down at the woman below him. She is new, different, and that makes her exotic and tempting. But Sammy knows how to treat a demon, knows where to touch him, and his praise and begging are sweet to Bendy's ears. But he can't just leave her like this.

Bendy raises a hand and clamps it around her neck. He starts to squeeze, carefully, pushing his thumb into her windpipe, claws sinking into soft skin, until he hears the crack he's looking for. Having collapsed her windpipe, Bendy stands, disengaging from her body. She's so tight around his cock that, for just a moment, her body seems to stick to his, her hips rising slightly off the floor with him, before she falls back to the ground.

The FBI agent is no longer completely aware of what's happening around and to her. She knows she was being raped by a demon, but that seems to have stopped. She knows she can't breathe. Her breath rattles in her throat painfully. She looks down and realizes that one of his claws must have punctured her neck, and she leaks blood steadily. Too much blood. There's an odd slapping sound, and she raises her eyes to see the demon fucking Sammy. The former man is on his back with Bendy hunched above him, in much the same position she was just in. Bendy awkwardly pushes into the creature, his hooves scrabbling on the slick floorboards for purchase as he struggles to find a good angle. With the way his legs naturally bend, it's hard for him to get at Sammy in this position. Nonetheless, Bendy pounds into Sammy ruthlessly, grunting like an animal as black spittle drips from his fangs. His claws dig into Sammy's bleeding hips as the demon tries to force their bodies together through the awkward angle.

It's all Sammy can do to keep himself together. He pushes back, trying to help Bendy penetrate his body, teeth bared in pleasure and pain as he cries and whimpers at Bendy's rough treatment. The whole act is brutal and desperate, and looks incredibly painful for Sammy as he's bucked roughly into the floor. They're fucking, she thinks to herself. They're fucking, not even a foot away from me, while I'm dying. She watches as Sammy's hands scrabble against the gore covered floor. Both creatures are becoming coated with blood and other bits of flesh as they writhe around in the mess. Bendy's tail
lashes back and forth, making trails in the thick gore as he fucks Sammy. The agent watches as her own blood mingles with the whole situation, and giddily wonders if it counts as a threesome now. She knows that she's dying, and knows that once they're done, Bendy will probably eat her. What an odd sight to die with, she thinks. But still has the presence of mind to be thankful that it was no longer happening to her.
Enter Henry

Chapter Notes

Keep in mind, Henry and Bendy have never met before in this AU.

Also, is anyone else getting a Thanos vibe from Bendy? Just keep sitting back and sending out your minions, Bendy, that always works.

Bendy is taking the chance to rest. The humans come in waves, and he has to sleep when he can. Thankfully the ink always alerts him when they return, so he tries to sleep as deeply as possible. For some reason, Bendy is not informed of an intruder until the human gets quite deep into the building. Bendy's eyes snap open. As always, he glances at Boris, and as always, he is dead to the world. Bendy scrambles to get up, focusing on the human. It's a single one this time, which may be how it slipped past his guard. But more than that, the human steps through the studio with an air of familiarity. It is not hesitant or fearful like the others. It seems to know exactly where it is going. Bendy stiffens. Joey? No, Joey walks with a limp. This human is walking straight. The human pauses at a large puddle of ink, then simply slogs through it, heedless of any risks. Bendy's teeth clench as his claws dig into his palms. His first response is to send ink creatures after the human, then thinks better of it. He remembers the enjoyment the FBI agents gave him and Sammy. This one lacks a gun. It is by itself. It's a perfect little sheep, ripe for the harvest. His grin spreads as Bendy mentally reaches out to Sammy. There's been so much work and tension around here; it's important to have a little fun, too. And Bendy's belly is already clenching from hunger. He can't tell how long ago the agents died, but Bendy will always need food. Humans do have some uses, Bendy supposes.

As always, Sammy is eager to comply to his lord's wishes, especially when he hears his lord's instructions. It's normally so rare that he and his master can enjoy a sheep together, and here another one comes, wandering right into their arms.

One moment Henry is walking through the ghost town of his old work place. Something about it leaves eerie shivers going up his spine. It's not just the echos of the once cheerful place, but a feeling of something terrible lurking in the bones of the building, lurking like the steady thumping of the ink machine far underground.

The next thing he knows, Henry awakes to a terrible ache throbbing from the back of his head. He tries to lift a hand to touch it, but finds his hands are bound. He sits strapped to a chair in the middle of some sort of shrine. He blinks around the room and recognizes it as the music hall. Gazing at the candles, Bendy cut outs, and carefully drawn symbols, he's reminded of his suspicions about a cult hiding here. He tries to not think about the brownish mess near his feet; that could be any number of things, no need to jump to conclusions. He hopes he can talk to the cult members, calm them down, let them know he's not a threat. He may even mention that he created Bendy, if it looks like that statement would not offend them. Perhaps his work on the old cartoon will help convince them to untie him, at least.

A low, soft voice reaches out to him, pleasant and soothing. Or it would be, if the message wasn't so creepy. “Sheep sheep sheep, it's time for sleep. Rest your head, it's time for bed. In the morning, you may wake. Or in the morning, you'll be dead.”

The voice is so familiar to Henry. Like an echo, or a ghost from the past. Who has such a melodic voice? Melodic. Music. Music department.

“Sammy? Sammy Lawrence?” Henry calls out. He knows Sammy. If he's the cult leader, perhaps he
can talk up to the man's huge ego. Though Henry never took Sammy to be the type to fall into a
religious group. What happened to him?
Henry gets his answer, at least in part, when Sammy steps out in front of Henry. Dressed only in tan
slacks with a set of suspenders and an unnerving cardboard Bendy mask, the man approaches Henry.
Something is obviously wrong with Sammy; his flesh is no longer pale, but inky black. Though
clearly made of ink, his bare chest is well defined, and his fingers wiggle with nervous energy at his
sides. Sammy steps up to the trapped Henry, leaning forward and pushing his face far too close, head
tilted to one side as if in thought.
Henry tries to not flinch away from the invasion of personal space. “Yes, Sammy. I'm Henry, you
remember me. We had to work together to get the animations synced properly to the sounds.
Remember? We spent hours together.” Henry would not admit it, at least not at the moment, but he
does not enjoy those memories. Sammy is a perfectionist and can be very difficult to work with. He
also lives in a state of annoyance and dry humor. Or at least he used to. It's been 30 years since
Henry has seen Sammy, and obviously a lot has changed since then.
Sammy steps back, faltering. “No... It doesn't matter. Not now.”
Henry stammers, remembering his original plan. In the face of the evidence before him, he has no
reason to think Sammy is not a part of a cult, no matter what's happened to his body. “Yes, Sammy,
it matter now more than it ever did! You remember me, right? I created Bendy's original design. I
was a major animator for the cartoons. Bendy is my creation.”
Sammy grabs his head and shakes it in confusion, distant, hazy memories of his past life creeping up
on him. It distresses him to think of the way he used to be, the life he had but lost. Memories of warm
skin, a head of hair, and clean clothes. Hot showers and sitting at a table with warm food and soft
beds. Four talented fingers and a thumb on each hand that could play any instrument. Listening to
and writing music. A pair of expressive eyes set in a real, complete human face.
Around the side of Henry's vision, another creature stalks into view. Though walking on two legs,
this one is not in the shape of a human. Henry eyes the creature horn to hoof, but does not recognize
it.
“Mhmm. Typical human.” Bendy's voice is soft, grumbling as he complains at his sheep. “Always
lying to save your own worthless skin. Now look what you've done to Sammy.”
The shape of the mouth, Henry realizes with a jolt. The pie cut eyes, the white face. “...Bendy?”
Henry asks, voice shaking and uncertain.
“Oho, look who finally recognizes me! So, tell me, creator,” Bendy squats in front of the human, tail
tapping impatiently. “If you designed me, why didn't you recognize me?”
“...Because I designed a cartoon. On paper. And, to be fair, you look a bit... Different.” Henry
proceeds with caution.
“Mhmm. Perhaps, Henry, right? The name does sound familiar.” Bendy stands, takes a few steps
backwards, and regards the human with doubt, fingers tapping his chin in thought.
Sammy stumbles forward, his own fingers tapping Bendy's elbow. “My lord, he is merely another
troublesome human. We must make proper use of him and sacrifice him, as a sheep should be.”
Bendy shrugs away Sammy's touch. “Why are you here?” he asks Henry.
“It was on the news. Hostile creatures seemingly made of ink holed away in the old studio where I
used to work. I remembered what Joey said, about bringing his characters to life, and I contacted the
FBI to try to help. I'm here to talk to you, Bendy. Sammy. Anyone. Please, we can work this out.
There doesn't have to be more violence.”
“That's funny. Most of the violence I've seen are your humans tearing through my searchers. Shootin'
at Sammy, here. You coulda just left, Henry. All of you could. But more to the point, why are you
here NOW? You left all this behind,” Bendy indicates the studio with upraised arms and a dramatic
twirl. "Why have you returned?"
Henry glances around the mostly empty, icy room. He's not sure how to answer Bendy. He's here
because of the news report, but he'd already said that. Instead he asks, “How long have you been
here?”
Bendy looks annoyed. “How am I supposed to know the answer to that?”
“Oh. Well, I mean, it’s been a long time, right?”
“...you could say that, yes.”
“Don’t you want to leave?”
Bendy’s tail freezes mid-sweep. “Leave? Leave the studio?”
“Yeah, leave. Or are you happy here?”
“Why not?”
“Because Joey said so! Joey said that if humans ever saw us, learned of us, they’d tear us apart. Which is pretty rich, after what he did to Boris, but the point still holds!”
“But, Bendy, didn’t you hear me? It’s on the news. Everyone already knows you’re here, that you exist. Why not step outside, see the sun?”
“They know there’s creatures here. None have seen me and lived to tell the tale. As far as I’m concerned, I’m still safe.”
Henry’s eyes dart back to the suspicious brown splatters on the floor. Can he smell a hint of rot in the air, or is it just his overactive mind? Henry licks his lips nervously, the implications not lost on him.
“Well, you know humans. Once they find something interesting, they’re not going to leave it alone. This... this battle, or whatever it is, is going to continue until someone loses. And humans have a lot more weapons than you do.”
Bendy hisses, his tongue flicking out at the bothersome human. “Is that a threat?”
“No, no! If anything, I’m on your side. But I don’t know how much you know about the world, Bendy. Have you ever been outside? Do you have a television, or a working radio? Do you have any idea what you’re up against? Taking on the entire world of humans can only end badly for you.”
Bendy doesn’t want to admit his ignorance, so he just quietly says, “I’ve never been outside. I’ve never even seen through a window.”
Henry looks down at his toes, letting that knowledge settle on him. Let’s see, Joey Drew Studios went under maybe 25 years ago? Henry himself left just over 30 years ago. “You’ve been here for over 25 years, Bendy, maybe as long as 30.” He glances around the room again. It looks much the same as the rest of the building does. He looks again at Sammy, fidgeting at Bendy’s side. “How have you not gone insane?”
“I dunno, Henry. Maybe I have gone insane. How would I know otherwise?”
“Please,” Henry says softly. “Let me help you. I know you don’t have any reason to trust me, but please. I can make your life better. What’s something you need? What’s something I can give you to show you I’m telling the truth?”
Bendy squints at Henry. His words echo that of the FBI woman’s, but somehow they ring true while hers did not. The woman was just some underling, some grunt who found herself in the wrong place at the wrong time, desperate to save her life. But Henry speaks out of compassion, not fear. His eyes aren’t wide with fear, but soft with... Bendy wasn’t sure what, he’s still pretty bad at human emotion. Henry’s mouth is also relaxed, not clenching or stiff, which is an expression Bendy has come to associate with lying. He doesn’t pull at the rope, or plead for his life. He simply asks to make Bendy’s life better.
He turns away to pace, deep in thought. One hand taps his chin, the other is held behind his back, settled right above his antsy tail. While he normally swings his tail in a steady rhythm, it now jerks unsteadily, stilling a moment, then violently spasming, occasionally popping against the floor. Henry stays quiet, trying to ignore a tense Sammy, whose mask stares unblinkingingly at him, and still standing far too close for comfort.
Bendy turns back to Henry. “How will I know you’ll come back with what I ask? How will I know you won’t go spill ya guts out to everyone? How can I trust you? How can I trust you after you left? For all I know, you’ll run off again, tail tucked.”
“I won’t even leave. I have a radio, I can just ask them to leave it by the front door.”
“...You’re volunteering to stay?” Now this truly is different. Every human Bendy has met is always
trying to run away or attack.

“Yes, I’ll stay. I promise you, Bendy, I won’t go anywhere.”

Bendy turns away with a stomp of his hoof. He wants, no, he ACHES to trust the human. Deep down in Bendy’s gut he feels it would be nice to be able to trust someone, to have someone take care of him, at least a little bit. But this is such a big risk. If Henry truly is one of the original creators, how could he believe someone who walked away from his own creation? Left Bendy alone to rot in hell.

“Where is the radio?”

“Right here, on my hip,” Henry points to his right hip with his chin. Bendy strides forward and grabs it, fiddling with the knobs until it makes a steady fuzzing sound. “Uh, I'm pretty sure you just switched the channels on it-” Henry shuts up at Bendy's sharp look. “It's fine, I can walk you through it.”

A few simple instructions later, Bendy holds the radio in front of Henry's mouth with his finger on the correct button. “Hello, this is Henry. I have a request from the people living here. They want a few items to show good intention after all the shooting and trespassing.” Bendy releases the button and a confirmation sizzles over the radio.

“Hello, Henry. Good to hear from you. We copy you, over.”

“Ok, Bendy. Just tell me what you want,” Henry reminds the demon.

Bendy shifts his hooves a bit, fiddling with the rubber antennae of the radio. “I want food. Lots of food. And blankets, all of ours are falling apart.”

Henry stares up at Bendy for another beat, waiting for more demands, then starts a little when he realizes that's all Bendy is asking for. He feels a pang in his gut when he realizes Bendy is down here, more or less all alone, cold and hungry, without even a blanket to comfort him. For decades.

“Yes, of course. Bring the radio back, I'll tell them. Or, you could tell them yourself, if you want to.”

Bendy hesitates, looking at the radio, then lowers it back to Henry's mouth. “Ok, the people here just want some food and blankets. If you could bring some up and leave them just inside the door, that would be great. Thanks, over.”

Bendy nods and pulls the radio away. He presses it into the ink of his stomach until it sinks inside his body cavity. Henry tries to keep his face neutral.

Henry has a few things to learn about the oddness of ink creatures.

“Now that that's out of the way, do you think you could untie me?” Henry asks hopefully.

“Food's not here yet,” Bendy replies shortly.

“Oh, yes. Of course.”

Almost on cue, Bendy pauses, tilting his head. “But it's here now.” He levels his gaze back to Henry. “That was fast.”

Henry shrugs back at Bendy.

“Sammy, go get it.”

A few minutes later Sammy and Bendy sit across from each other on the floor, a pile of various snacks and blankets caged in their splayed legs. Henry watches sadly as they rabidly tear into the food, starting with the warm hamburgers and then working their way through chips and candy. At one point Bendy scoops up a blanket and throws it around his shoulders, one corner of it stuck on a horn. The two eat a downright impressive amount of food, then Sammy lies back, kicking his legs out over the wrappers with a deep burp.

“'s better than bacon soup,” he mumbles.

“Hah, bacon soup, I remember that,” Henry chuckles.

“Yeah, we had a whole storage room full of it. Had.” Bendy says around a mouthful of Doritos. “…You've only eaten bacon soup this whole time?”

“And thrilled to have it. Our supply is pretty much gone.” Bendy, in an unusual show of playfulness, tosses another blanket at Henry, which falls over his head. Henry tries to shake it off, but fails. Henry hears a thump as Bendy joins Sammy on the floor. After some squirming, Henry manages to knock the blanket off at the cost of rubbing his wrists a bit on the ropes binding him. He blinks down at the two sprawled on the floor among the food wrappers. Bendy is curled on his side and still has his blanket wrapped around him, but Sammy just lies on his back, wiggling his bare toes as he watches
Henry from the corner of his mask. From the slow and smooth tapping of the tip of Bendy's tail, as well as his breathing, Henry decides he must be in some sort of food coma. Henry shifts in his chair, resigned that he's going to be stuck here for a while and trying to get a bit more comfortable.

Bendy blinks.

The ink is quiet. He's stiff from napping on the floor, and while his body is cool from the floorboards leeching his body heat, he realizes he's not ice cold. He has a blanket, and his stomach only rumbles a little bit. He slowly sits up, blinking fuzz out of his eyes as he looks around. He spies Henry slumped over in his chair, and sighs. There would be no blood lust fueled sex today, but a food coma is also nice. He supposes he should keep his end of their deal.

When Bendy snaps the ropes, Henry tumbles out of the chair with a yelp. He sits up, blinking dully around him, then settles on Bendy standing over him, arms crossed, tail twitching.

Bendy turns to kick around the food wrappers before pouncing on an overlooked bag of chips. "Yer gonna hafta get more food, by the way," he mumbles through a mouthful. "I said a lot of food, and this is barely an armful." He also scoops up more of the blankets, then steps over the side-sleeping Sammy, his tail popping him hard between the shoulder blades as he went, earning a groan from the man. He heads for a door. Henry hesitates, then scrambles to follow Bendy. Between the two, Bendy seems to be the leader. And, besides, Henry needs to learn more about this place. Like just how many people are trapped here. He won't learn much staying with the sleeping Sammy.

Henry follows Bendy down two floors, all the way to the sub basement. It's incredibly dark down here, so dark that his wide eyes has to follow the slightly darker blob that is Bendy to make it around. He shivers in the chilly air and wonders if he could borrow a blanket from Bendy. He almost runs into the ink demon when he pauses at a doorway, looking back over his shoulder at the shorter human.

"If you touch 'em, and I mean just look at 'em funny, I swear to God I will rip out your throat and dance in the spray. Got it?"

Henry looks up with wide eyes, wondering where this aggression had come from. He gives a tense nod, which seems to satisfy the demon. Bendy ducks into the room.

It's a small space, barely big enough for the two twin sized cots opposite each other. One is empty, the other has the corpse of an ink creature on it. Henry gulps as he recognizes the pale muzzle of Boris the wolf. Bendy dumps his armload of blankets on the spare cot, then carefully selects the thickest one to drape over his buddy, leaving only the wolf's face and toes poking out. After some consideration, Bendy puts a second blanket on him, then wraps a third around his own shoulders.

"Um.. Bendy? If you have a spare, do you think I could borrow...?"

With a roll of his eyes, Bendy tosses the man one, leaving just one left on the cot. Bendy snaps his tail with annoyance. He was looking forward to having a bed softened by a pile of blankets, but it looks like that's not happening now. Once again, the human has fallen short of expectations.

Back in the hallway, Henry shivers and stuffs his hands in his pockets. "So, uh, now what?"

Bendy gazes down at Henry. "Welcome to my life."

The bad thing about being fed is the energy that follows. Yes, it's nice to feel heat burn in his chest again. But it's harder to lose time when you have a healthy body ready to move. It's been long enough that Bendy forgot how it feels.

He paces the hallways a bit with a Henry shaped shadow on his heels. He avoids the ink machine room, not yet comfortable with having a human see it. After a while, Bendy wonders why he ever felt alone. Having someone with you all the time is bothersome.

"Hey, Bendy? Is there anyone else here?"

"Other than the searchers, Sammy, what's left of Boris, and myself? No."

Henry is silent for a while. He wonders if there were any other characters made, and if so, what had happened to them. Before he can figure out a way to ask Bendy without offending him, a muffled sound comes from the ink demon. Bendy startles in surprise, then quickly reaches into his stomach and withdraws the radio. He looks it over briefly, shrugs, and passes it to Henry.

"Yes, this is Henry. I copy."

"Hello Henry. You've been inside for over 24 hours now. We haven't heard from you in a while and
wanted to see if things were ok."
"Yes, the people here are calm now. Things are fine. I'm hoping to move forward with the negotiations soon. But we're going to need more food. Preferably hot food. And some water. I haven't seen any water yet."
"Rodger that." The radio goes dead.
"What negotiations?" Bendy asks suspiciously.
"Oh. You know, what we were talking about before. You leaving the studio?"
Bendy makes a dismissive sound and grabs the radio back, sinking it into his stomach once again.
"Yeah, right. That whole mess."
Henry is quiet for a moment, then says softly, "What will you do for food? What if you get sick? Do you age like a human does, or will you stay here forever, until the roof falls down? What if a tornado hits, or a fire catches? Honestly it's amazing nothing bad has happened to the building yet."
Bendy doesn't like these words. They are too much like his own worries. Here's your chance to change your life, a small voice squeaks from deep within Bendy's mind. He shoves it aside. "Don't be dumb, Henry," is all he growls out.
"I understand. I can't imagine what your life has been like, but I understand where you're coming from. This studio is your life, your whole world. It can be scary."
Bendy spins around with a snarl, leaning over Henry with bared teeth and raised claws. "I am NOT scared!!" Bendy howls, more scared than he's ever been in recent memory.
Henry takes a stumbling step back, but to his credit, does not turn and run. "Of course not," he says softly. "I'm sorry, that's not what I meant to say."
Soothed, Bendy turns his back on Henry again before slogging onwards. They walk in silence for a while, then Henry says, "What's this? I don't remember a vault being put in." Bendy turns to look at the wretched place. He hasn't set hoof in it since the moment he broke out so long ago. He shivers, rubbing his thumbs over his arms. Ink doesn't scar, but he swears he can still feel where the chains once bit into his flesh for so long. Ice cold iron dragging at him for years, until he finally tore his body away.
With an angry snap of his tail, Bendy turns and continues his walk without answering.
After a while, Bendy turns his path back upwards, heading towards the surface again. He stops by Sammy on the second level, who is busy adjusting and readjusting a shrine, tilting his head one way than the next in consideration. Henry can't tell any difference between the two positions of the Bendy cut out that Sammy is so thoughtfully arranging, but decides not to say anything. Sammy is lost in thought, but the moment he sees Bendy he falls to his knees with a gleeful squeak.
"Food's here," is all Bendy says before turning and clopping away. Henry and Sammy spare each other a glance, then hurry to follow Bendy.
Bendy rarely goes to the top floor, but he figures he'd better see for himself what the humans have been up to. The place looks much the same, except for all the bullet holes and clumps of dirt tracked in by boots. Bendy gazes curiously at one of the larger clumps, complete with a blade of grass poking through it. He leans over and scoops it up in his hand, cradling it and poking at it as he continues his walk to the front door.
As promised, hot food is piled there, more than enough for three people. Henry joins them in the feeding frenzy on the floor this time, but notices he is the only one to drink water with his food. Soon they are leaning back on elbows or walls, or simply stretched out on the floor, guts full and satisfied.
After a moment of peace and quiet, Henry dares to break it. "Would you like to look outside?"
Bendy's eyes pop open and meet Henry's. "Whuttyamean?" he slurs.
"I mean, we're right by the door. Don't you want to crack it open, just to see? No one will see you if you stay behind the door."
Bendy looks at the door, sorely tempted. There was a time when he would consider leaving almost every moment of his life. The studio seemed to close in on him, and he simply couldn't take the boredom a moment longer. But eventually that part of his will snapped, and he stopped thinking about it. The walls started to feel cozy instead of constraining.
He snaps his teeth in annoyance. Bendy doesn't like to think of himself as a caged animal, lulled into complacency by the walls of his own cage. Too broken to survive in the wild. But, he realizes with tears stinging his eyes, that's what he has become. With a snap of his tail he hops to his hooves and stomps away, back into the bowels of the studio. Henry watches him leave, but does not follow, figuring the demon needs some time to sort out his thoughts.
Bendy skulks about, finally alone. He feels angry. Oh, sure, Henry shows up after who knows how many years, and he talks real sweet. And he feeds them, makes them feel full and warm for the first time in forever. But it's all just a tease. A mockery. Bendy knows he can't leave, and he knows no one will continue to feed him in the long run. In a way, Henry is teasing Bendy with life. But Henry will leave, just as all humans do, and Bendy will be back to slowly starving to death in the cold depths of his own personal hell. Only this time he will have recent memory of someone pretending to care to torment him.

Bendy slumps against a wall, slides down to the floor, and holds his head in his palms. He remembers not long ago that he wished to cry. Now he struggles to hold back tears. His stomach makes an odd sound, and for a moment, he thinks his food is disagreeing with him. Then he remembers, and pulls a squawking radio out of his belly.

“Henry, do you copy? Did you get the food? How are negotiations?” Bendy sniffles back his unshed tears, and decides to take his frustrations out on the radio. He pushes the button and holds the thing to his mouth. “What do you care about us?” he asks moodily. “Why didn't you just go away when it was clear you weren't wanted here?”

“...Is Henry ok? Who am I speaking to?”

“Oh, Henry's fine. Nevermind, I dunno know why I even asked.” Bendy squeezes the radio in his fist, tempted to break the thing.

“We are concerned about the well-being of any creatures left in a condemned building. I don't know if you are aware of this, but there's some damage on the roof, and some evidence of mold. We are trying to encourage everyone to leave of their own choice, for the safety of all.”

This doesn't sound right to Bendy. Why would humans care about a thing like him, a non-human being who shows no sign of being friendly to outsiders? His tail taps uncertainty.

“...Hello? If I may ask, to whom am I speaking?”

“Oh, that fancy talk. Joey loved to talk all fancy like that. So I guess I kinna pushed back by not talkin' well at all. But it's ok, you can talk fancy to me all night, baby.”

“It's actually daytime. What's your name?”

Bendy smirks a bit. He can tell the person is trying to match Bendy's tone, get him a little more comfortable with talking. “The name's Bendy,” he responds, not seeing the harm in it. It's nothing Henry won't tell him, anyway.

“Bendy, nice to meet you.” The man is already slipping back into his formal speech. “Has Henry spoken to you about the proposition?”

“Oh, so now you're propositioning me? That's a little forward, but I like your style. Come sit in my lap, you can proposition all night long.”

“It's still daytime. And I'm speaking of the deal regarding your evacuation of the building.”

Bendy huffs into the radio. “Ugh. Boring. If you're not going to play along, I've got better things to do.”

“... Uum, wait! I, uh, only want you to leave so we can, um, copulate in person. All intimate like.”

Bendy tilts his head back and howls with laughter, hooves drumming the floor. The situation really isn't that funny, but it's been a while since anyone's bantered with him, even a little bit.

“Now that's more like it. Still pathetic, but I appreciate the effort,” Bendy chirps into the radio. He's enjoying himself, he realizes. He's talking to someone, yet Bendy is entirely in control. At any point he can turn off the radio, or just break the thing, and end the conversation. Bendy enjoys being in control. He catches himself licking the radio, and pulls his tongue back, clearing his throat. “If you're so interested in copulatin', why don't you come inside and see me, soldier?”
“We're actually more interested in getting people out of the building, instead of more going into it. We're willing to work with you and your people on what needs to happen for everyone to go home safely.”

“...But, this is my home. Where am I supposed to go, Mr. Soldier? Are you willing to take me into your house, into your bed? What about all my friends?”

“We can sort these details out. The important thing—”

Suddenly bored, Bendy turns off the radio. Moody now, he idly chews on the rubber antenna, wrapping his tongue around the radio as he does so. Where is he supposed to go, indeed? Stepping outside is problematic enough, but what would happen next? His tummy flips at the uncertainty.

After 30 odd years of the exact same thing happening from moment to moment, anything new and possibly dangerous sets him on edge. Again, it's not the way he envisions himself. Not so much the fearless demon taking command, calling the shots. Instead, he's cowering in these walls, listening to the ink machine pump away, and feeling scared. He spits out the radio and returns his face back to the palms of his hands.

Henry spends a quiet night in Sammy's department. The creature is surprisingly accommodating, offering to Henry his cot. “I don't sleep much,” is his only answer to Henry's questioning look. In the end, Henry accepts the cot and drifts to sleep while Sammy resumes his endless task of praising Bendy.

In the morning, or whenever Henry naturally wakes up, he steps out into the hallways to search for Sammy. He finds him bowing before a Bendy cutout, sobbing softly. Concerned, Henry kneels down next to him. He eyes the cardboard Bendy a moment, then carefully rests a hand on Sammy's shoulder. “Hey, Sammy, are you alright?”

Sammy sits up, slips a hand under his mask to wipe his eyes, and mumbles, “I'm fine.” Henry doubts it, but stays next to him anyway, patting Sammy's shoulder and hoping his company is comforting rather than intrusive. Sammy's flesh does not feel like human skin, Henry realizes. Instead, it's soft and has a bit of texture to it, almost like velvet or short pile fur. Smooth, but with depth.

After a few moments, Sammy sighs and shifts away from Henry's touch. “Have you seen your new best friend today?”

Ah. Jealousy. “No, I haven't seen him. Why don't you go find him?”

“I am not allowed in the lower levels of the studio,” Sammy answers briefly.

Ah. And I was, Henry thinks to himself. “Oh, well, I'm sure Bendy will be up to visit you soon.”

It was the wrong thing to say. Sammy sniffs and stands, turning away from Henry and skulking off. Henry frowns; he hadn't meant to upset the man further.

In any case, Henry does need to talk to Bendy. Even though he knows his actions will hurt Sammy, he travels to the lower levels to seek out Bendy. Henry stumbles through the darkness, calling for the ink demon. He is quickly lost, and constantly walking into walls and dead ends, stumbling over loose trash as he goes. Eventually he finds Bendy, but only from his yelp as Henry falls over an outstretched hoof. Henry hits the floor hard, and has to take a moment to gather himself. Rubbing a sore wrist, he glares at the demon's general direction. “Why didn't you answer my calls?”

“Cause I'm sulking,” comes the unexpectedly truthful answer. Henry sighs and shifts so he's sitting next to Bendy, close enough to feel each other's presence in the darkness, but not actually touching. He hears Bendy's tail tapping nearby.

“I'm glad I didn't step on your tail,” Henry says almost absenty.

“I'm glad, too, cause then I'd hafta kill ya.”

Henry's not sure if he's serious or not. “...Is there anything I can do to help? With this whole mess, I mean. If there's something I can do...” Henry realizes he's rambling and lets his sentence trail off. Bendy does not reply.

“Um. Do you think you could do it out of spite?” Henry feels Bendy's eyes on him as he shifts his
attention to the man. “Sometimes, when I was really angry at Joey, I'd do things just to spite him. The stupid thing it, most of the time it was something good for me. Like, Joey wants me to work overtime with no pay? Well I'm going to get a really good night's sleep, just to spite him.”

Bendy snorts, “How pathetic.”

“Maybe,” Henry admits with a soft chuckle of his own. “But it works. Joey told you to never leave. This place is no longer good for you, if it ever was. Maybe you can leave, just to spite him? Prove him wrong? Show the world that you can handle it, you can deal with the outside. You don't need the shelter of some dumb, collapsing studio.”

These words are awfully close to insulting, and Bendy's tail starts to snap in warning. “Are you implying that I can't handle it?”

“I don’t know, Bendy. Can you?”

There's a tense moment as Bendy considers murder and Henry anticipates being murdered. For some reason, that brown stain in the music department keeps appearing in Henry's mind.

Bendy pushes against the wall to stand. “Alright, Henry. I'll look. But just a quick peek.”

Elated, Henry scampers to his feet and starts to lead the way – before smacking face first into a wall. “Not a word, not a word,” he mumbles to the laughing demon, rubbing his nose. Henry is tempted to grab that swishing tail to use as a guide, but after being threatened with death if he steps on it, Henry resigns himself to staggering blindly after the demon.

The world gradually becomes lighter as they travel upwards. Soon they stand before the door.

Bendy's tail twitches near his ankles, unsure of what he's about to do. Shrugging away 30 years of confinement, Bendy tucks his body behind the door and carefully cracks it open.

Sunlight streams in and hits him in the face. Bendy staggers backwards, shielding his eyes with one hand and slamming the door shut with the other. He tries not to whimper as sunspots dazzle his eyes, but fails.

Henry is chittering around him, frantically grabbing at Bendy's arm and talking words into his face. Bendy shoves him back and uses both hands to ball at his eyes. After the moment of excitement is over, he slowly opens his eyes to squint at Henry through the odd spots swarming his vision.

“….It's bright,” Bendy growls at Henry.

Henry shuffles his feet and looks sheepish. “Sorry, Bendy. We should have done this at night. I didn't think...”

“No, you don't think, do you? You're just as bad as Sammy.” Annoyed, Bendy stomps away, back towards his dark refuge.

Henry hesitates, then follows Bendy. Though he hides his grin as best as he can, he counts this as a victory. Bendy has, quite literally, seen the light, and Henry has no doubt that he will be drawn to it again. After all, all living things crave the sunlight. Even ink demons.

The day drags on. More food is delivered to the door, more hallways are walked, and Boris is checked on. Henry's been here for a short amount of time, but already he feels the stress of confinement. Sometimes, out of the corner of his eye, he swears the walls are moving, slowly closing in. Other times silly ideas pop into his head, like trying to climb the walls to somehow escape through the ceiling. But, eventually, night settles. The temperature drops slightly, and a quick radio contact confirms that it is night, and food is by the door.

Bendy sits with his back pressed against the front door, idly picking at a peanut candy bar. With the steady feedings he's feeling less and less like he must stuff all the food down his throat as quickly as possible. “It's strange,” Bendy muses softly, “how quickly I've gotten used to things.”

Henry perks up. “Like what, the studio?”

“No. The food, the radio connection to the outside world. Even you, Henry.”

At this, Sammy growls softly, shifting his position on the floor and scooting slightly closer to Bendy's side. Henry tries not to notice. Sammy worries him; would the man become so jealous to strike out at Henry? Perhaps he should sleep in the lower level tonight. But, then again, that would only make Sammy even more upset.

“It makes me wonder what else I can get used to,” Bendy continues. Henry's mind scrambles back to Bendy's train of thought. Without another word, Bendy stands and turns towards the door. Pressing
himself tightly to it, he slowly pulls it open, squinting around the corner at the world. The nighttime landscape is much less overwhelming to Bendy. Soothing blacks and blues stretch as far as his eyes can see. Stars twinkle above, and vehicles with FBI written on them huddle nearby. A cool breeze brushes by Bendy's face, and he is enraptured by the feeling. It smells sweet, like plants and other things Bendy can't name. He leans farther out, trying to feel more of the night air. Then, a sudden panic grips him when he realizes how far outside he is. Legs suddenly scramble as his hooves slide across the floorboards, struggling to gain traction and get back inside. Once the door is slammed shut and his back pressed against it once more, his breathing finally starts to calm.

Henry watches from several feet away, wanting to give Bendy space, but also there if he needs support. Sammy sits on the floor still, the pile of food wrappers truly getting out of hand as they're now deep enough to fall across his legs. He seems unconcerned about the outdoors and blind to what Bendy is going through.

Henry takes a slow step forward and reaches out to Bendy, very lightly resting his fingers on his elbow. “Are you alright?”

Bendy blinks back at him. “I saw the stars.” It was such a simple statement said with such innocence and wonder that Henry couldn't help but smile at him.

“It's nice, isn't it?”

Bendy swallows and turns back towards the door for another hit of the outside world.

Henry ends up spending the night in Sammy's cot again, as uncomfortable as it makes him feel. Bendy did not invite Henry below to sleep, and he did not feel like asking, especially with Sammy lurking at his shoulder, twisting his fingers together in some display of anxiety. Poor Sammy seems to swing through emotions quickly and without much context or reason. One moment he's calm, the next he's about to rip his own ears off in agitation. Henry still hasn't figured the man out, and his mood swings don't help him feel safe sleeping near him.

Somehow Henry survives the night. He wakes to someone nudging his ribs.

“Psst. Hey, Henry. Are you awake?”

Henry opens blurry eyes and sees a large black blob with a disturbing grin on it hovering far too close to his face. He jumps in surprise, then tries to cover the movement by grabbing his glasses off the floor. Able to see again, he squints up at Bendy. “Well, I guess I am now,” he says a bit grumpily. Henry’s time in the studio is taking its toll on him. His legs are always sore from following Bendy around the hallways, he can never see well thanks to the poor lighting, and there's not one piece of comfortable furniture in the whole place. Honestly, Henry's getting too old for this shit.

“C'mere, I wanna ask ya somethin,” Bendy slurs before vanishing into the larger room of the music department.

Henry carefully stands, staggering a little on his stiff legs and sore back. He could really use some aspirin; perhaps he will ask for some to be brought to the door. His clothes are also getting pretty rancid, and he could really use a shower. Pushing his hair back, he drags after Bendy.

He finds the creature fiddling with the radio again. “Make it work?” he asks, shoving it into Henry's hands. The antenna looks like it's seen better days, and one of the knobs is missing.

“Are these tooth marks?” Bendy doesn't make eye contact. “It doesn't matter,” Henry quickly dismisses. It takes some creative thinking, but he gets the radio working again. “It's almost out of battery,” he explains to Bendy as he hands it back. “It needs power to work, and it hasn't been charged recently.”

Bendy clutches the radio in both hands, looking agitated. He starts to twist it, straining the plastic between his paws, and a tongue dips out of his mouth to lick it. Henry watches and carefully keeps his face blank. “…Are you alright? Did you need something else?”

Bendy shifts his weight on his hooves. “I wanna go outside.”

“Rodger Henry, we hear you loud and clear.”

“Hello? Is anyone listening?”

“Rodger Henry, we hear you loud and clear.”

“I'm going to take a little walk outside with my new friend. Please stand down, don't approach. Everything is fine.”
“Copy that. Good luck!”

Henry hands the radio back to Bendy, who obviously enjoys having it in his possession. They start the walk to the top floor, Bendy grabbing Sammy along the way. At the front door, Bendy stops, staring at the doorknob.

“May I?” Henry asks. At Bendy's nod, he wraps his hand around the knob. “It'll be bright,” he warns Bendy, then twists it open and steps outside onto the landing. He reaches out and grabs the handrail, taking his first breath of fresh air in days, squinting against the sun. After a moment, he turns back to the ink creatures huddling in the doorway.

“You go,” Bendy says, and roughly shoves Sammy through the door. He stumbles as his toes catch on the doorway, but catches himself before he falls. He joins Henry on the landing and stands calmly there, like this isn't some huge occasion. Henry shakes his head, still confused by the musician's actions.

“See, Bendy? It's fine. Come on, now.” Henry reaches a hand towards the demon, who lightly slaps it way.

“I'm fine, I can do it,” he grumbles, a little shamed by Sammy's nonchalant reaction to the great outdoors. In Bendy's defense, Sammy grew up as a normal human and has been outside before. This is a first for Bendy, who takes a shaky step out onto the wood and metal landing. He peers over the edge of the railing, looking down one story at the grass below. Then he lifts his eyes and casts them about.

Bendy is not used to color. The studio is made of wooden boards, and that's what Bendy is used to seeing. The world outside is not made of wood. It's late fall, so the grass is a pale yellow color and the trees are bare. Even still, the bright blue sky above him is overpowering, as are all the textures that meet his eyes. He squeezes his eyes shut a moment, feels the breeze blow around his horns, and slowly opens them again. Sammy is already trodding down the stairs, interested in looking around a little. Bendy hesitates, then quickly follows after him, taking one nervous glance back at the still open doorway. Henry trails behind.

The moment Bendy's hooves touch the natural earth, something clicks in his head. Like a switch being thrown, his entire demeanor changes. His drooping head lifts, his lowered tail flicks up into the air, his fingers stretch and clench, his breathing turns excited. Then he's running through the grass, arms raised above his head, raised tail streaming behind him, hollering at Sammy about something. Then he drops to all fours and lowers his head to the ground, sniffing the dirt and grass. Then he's running again, this time towards a nearby tree, which he pauses at and touches lightly with his claws. Below the tree is a spot bare of grass, and Bendy drops to the ground to roll in the dirt, feeling the textures scratch pleasantly on his back and shoulders.

Henry stands back and watches Bendy's elation happily. The demon is even kicking up his hooves in joy as he scrambles around, trying to absorb everything around him. Every smell, touch, color, and texture is new to him, and after 30 years of almost no stimulation, Bendy goes wild.

Eventually, Bendy returns to Henry, thin chest heaving as he pants. A dead leaf is impaled on one horn, and dirt dusts his skin. “Having fun?” Henry asks.

“Yuh! N look, I'm not even gutted!”

He's so endearing in his exhilaration that Henry can't help but to reach up and pet behind one of Bendy's horns. Bendy shakes his head in annoyance at a touch he finds too intimate, but doesn't hold it against Henry.

“What about them?” Bendy asks, pointing towards the huddle of humans and vehicles watching them closely.

“They're going to stay back, give you some space.”

“That's not what I meant. I wanna go say hi.”

Henry hesitates. “Is that a good idea?”

“Dun worry, Henry, I'll play nice,” the demon replies with a charming smirk.

“Well, I guess you'll have to meet them at some point,” Henry says with a shrug. Bendy spins and starts to rush towards them, but for once, Henry is faster, his hand snatching out and catching Bendy by the wrist. Confused, Bendy looks over his shoulder at the human. “Walk, please. You don't want
to look threatening,” Henry explains, then quickly releases the wrist.
Bendy chuckles, “Yeah, I guess I don't want them shootin' at me before I even get there.”
With that, Henry and Bendy walk together towards the people in the outside world, Sammy trailing behind them.

Chapter End Notes

Don't worry, there's more to this story. But I wrote almost 17,000 words in one day, and I'm tired. Can you see the story get less detailed and less edited as it goes on? Yeah, sorry about that, maybe I'll fix it later. Will hopefully update soon, but no promises.
The Joey Drew property is ringed by an old fence that's in the process of falling apart. The parking lot has been reclaimed by nature, so Bendy's walk towards the fence and the people waiting there is carpeted with more yellow grass. Even still, it's hard for Bendy to remain focused. A small white flower catches his eye first, then a tiny feather. He darts off to pounce on these finds, more often than not squishing them between his eager fingers before dropping it in favor for the next thing that catches his attention.

By the time they've arrived by the FBI encampment, most of the humans watching have been sent back, leaving only a few to meet them. They've set up a whole area, complete with circled vans, radio equipment, and recording devises. The man waiting for them at the gate stands tall and straight, looking unconcerned at the otherworldly creature approaching him. His black suit is neat, and his grayish, sandy hair is somehow staying in place through the softly blowing wind.

Bendy finally stands before the man, eyeing him as he chews on a rock. Bendy settles his claws on the gate separating them, tail swiping, and spits out the rock at the man's feet. It bounces over the well shined toes of his black leather shoes, marring the finish.

As the two make tense eye contact over the gate, Henry shifts uncomfortably. Is this really the right time for a pissing contest? He's about to step in, when Sammy experiences one of his random mood swings.

Sammy squawks out a pained sound as he suddenly rakes his fingers down an arm, screaming “I don't understand!! Why is this happening to me?” He howls as ink springs from under his fingers. Normally Bendy is able to ignore Sammy's odd outbursts, but in this situation, he jumps a bit. The agent jumps harder, his hand flying to his holstered gun, but steadies himself before drawing the weapon.

Unsatisfied with his self flagellation, Sammy grips his ears and twists them brutally, falling to his knees with a cry. “I've done something wrong, I must have. Please, why doesn't he save me? Why doesn't he come for me? I'm bad, I know I've been bad, but please, don't-”

Annoyed by Sammy, one of Bendy's hooves shoots out like lightening, catching him on the side of his kneecap. Sammy topples all the way over at the kick with a wail. Stunned, Henry drops to his knees to try to comfort the confused creature, pausing just long enough to shoot a glare up at Bendy for being so mean.

“Anyway,” Bendy says, ignoring the two men on the ground, “where were we? The name's Bendy.” He sticks a white gloved hand out to the other man, who eyes it a moment before reaching out his own hand.

“Agent Eleven.”

“...What, is that your real name, or some sorta call sign?” Bendy starts to chuckle as they shake hands. “I gave you my real name, the least you could do is return the favor,” he says, his tone become more serious with just an edge of anger. “Or can't you fucking humans even tell the truth
regarding your own damn names?” This last sentence comes out as a growl, his claws lengthening and digging into the top of the gate where they rest while spines start to bristle along his back and shoulders.

In response, the man pulls out his ID and shows the demon. Sure enough, the name Agent Eleven is printed on it. “It may not be the name I was born with, but it's now my legal name. It's what I go by. Everyone calls me Agent Eleven. I believe that's the definition of a name.”

Bendy eyes the man suspiciously. He's not sure he buys what this asshole is trying to sell him. It's an awkward beginning to his first contact with the outside world, to say the least.

Meanwhile Henry gets Sammy calmed down and shakily back on his feet. The ink man looks confused, gazing around him like he's not sure how he got here. His eyes settle on Bendy, though, and seeing his lord is enough to ground him again. If Bendy is here, everything must be alright. Bendy will take care of everything.

Bendy's eyes snap to something over Agent Eleven's shoulder. “Are those french fries? I want those. Give them to me.” Eleven blinks at the creature, then takes a step back, unlatching the gate as he does so. Bendy brushes by him to snatch up the french fries, happily munching them while someone in the background voices a small complaint at his lost lunch.

The ice more or less broken, Eleven steps up to the eating demon. “I was wondering if you could help me with something,” he starts. Bendy just grunts in reply. “It seems I'm missing a couple of agents. They got lost in the hallways of your studio. Do you know what became of them?”

Bendy gazes at the human, slowly chewing his fries as he considers. He swallows, licks his lips, and sneers. “Ya, I think I might know somethin' about that. Let's see here, two bumbling idiots, separated from the group? Mhmm, sounds familiar. Sammy, do you remember what happened?”

“We took the sheep as sacrifices,” he replies straightforwardly.

“Yeah, that's right. Those sheep.” Bendy's eyes bore into Agent Eleven's, and Henry realizes the pissing contest is not over yet. Bendy is establishing himself. He wants to cut in, to stop this train wreck, but knows the truth will come out sooner or later. Plus, he's not sure how to go about stopping Bendy. Stepping between the two seems like a really bad idea.

“Oh, they were real tasty. I ate 'em both. Their bones crunched real nice. Their souls are now one with the ink. But I didn't kill 'em right away, well, not her, anyway. Not before havin' a lil bit o fun with her.” Bendy finishes with a cruel sneer, baring his sharp teeth and leaning forward and over Agent Eleven, the threat clear in the tense lines of Bendy's frame and his stiffening tail. His tongue dips out from behind his pointed teeth, and black drool threatens the top of Eleven's head.

Keeping his calm, Eleven takes a careful step back, letting Bendy win this one. “I figured something like that might have happened,” he says carefully. Eleven is aware of the immortal nature of the ink creatures, and doesn't want to consider what an enraged demon could do to his small encampment. Seemingly satisfied, Bendy returns to his french fries, drawing the rest of them into his mouth with one sweep of his tongue. Spines still rise from Bendy's back, though, and he holds his body tense and ready for action as his tail pops energetically against the grass.

Henry takes a shaky breath. The interaction went better than he had hoped, though he is saddened to hear Bendy speak that way about murder and, what, torture? His smirk and harsh words clash with Henry's memory of a creature speaking in awe about the stars and joyfully rolling in the grass. His eyes flick up at the leaf still caught up in Bendy's horn, reminding himself of the creature's kinder side. He tries to shoo away doubts, wondering if maybe letting this demon out into the world is a bad idea. A terrible idea. How many people have I just killed? Henry asks himself.

No, Henry reasons, and starts making up excuses for the demon. Bendy didn't know any better. He was hungry, starving. He was dealing with people he saw as intruders. Yes, there's a logical reason behind what Bendy did, it wasn't just needless violence. Nevermind the obviously ritualized nature of the so-called sheep Henry himself experienced, including the symbols and Sammy's chanting and excitement.

There's a silence as Bendy checks for more food, carelessly knocking a pile of folders off a table as he shuffles around. He grabs a tall cup of something, pops the top off, sniffs, and sends his tongue down into the warm liquid, only to withdraw with a sour face, tossing the unflavored coffee over his
shoulder and continuing his search.

“...Are you hungry?” Eleven asks, still from his position of retreat.

“Always hungry,” Bendy mumbles a reply, finding a half-eaten pastry and stuffing it in his mouth. He pauses at the taste, then runs his tongue over his palm to lick up any lost sugar. Agent Eleven finds a moment to be disgusted at all the food his people are leaving around. To him, even a field post should be kept nice and tidy. That's how you get ants, after all.

“We'll send some people out for food, if you like,” he offers. Bendy grunts in reply, knocking the entire folding table over as he pushes through to check other places. He pauses at a van, eyeing it. It looks so much bigger up close. He taps his claws against it experimentally, hearing the odd metal sound it makes. Then he scratches it, the spines still lining his back twitching at the screeching sound it makes.

Eleven turns to Henry. “Do you think you can keep him... happy... until the food arrives?”

Henry swallows. “I'll do my best.” Eleven nods and stalks away to order people around.

Bendy spends the afternoon running his fingers and tongue over everything he can find. Yes, absolutely everything. From the odd white splatter mark on the hood of a van to a screaming human's hair, Bendy is determined to explore everything he's missed. Henry trails behind, trying and failing to direct Bendy to more constructive activities, while Sammy amuses himself with the piles of papers Bendy had thrown around. He bites a tip of his finger open and uses his own ink to draw the all the familiar religious symbols and silhouettes of cartoon Bendy's head. Sammy does so completely heedless of whatever information he blots out under the ink, just happy to handle paper again.

After the food arrives and everyone has eaten, an exhausted Henry suggests they return to the studio for the evening.

Bendy pauses, his tongue stilling from licking cheese and grease off a wrapper. “Why tho?” he slurs, tongue still out. “S fun out 'ere.”

“Aren't you getting tired? It's an awful lot to take in... I'll come with you,” Henry adds with a hint of dread in his voice. He doesn't look forward to another night on a thin, uncomfortable cot. “We can go outside again tomorrow,” he adds, making sure the demon doesn't think Henry is trying to lock him up forever.

Bendy considers, tail tapping thoughtfully on the grass. He gazes up at the sky, which is still a bright blue complete with fluffy clouds, then back at the studio. He knows Henry's suggestion is really a request. But Henry's done right by him so far, so Bendy decides to not be difficult, just this once. “Fine,” he agrees, standing from the ground with a stretch. He could use a nap, anyway.

Back within the bowels of the studio, though, Bendy has trouble relaxing. After being outside, the hallways seem too dark and close, the air too still and cold. He misses the sun on his shoulders, and even the pesky humans buzzing around. They are fun to startle, anyway, especially when news got around about their two missing co-workers. Bendy grins to himself, feeling powerful and justified. He admitted his killings right to the human's face, and he had simply stepped back in respect. No screams of outrage, no talk of revenge. Just quiet respect. Bendy likes that, it makes his tail flick and lust coil in his gut.

He's in his own cot again, next to Boris, with his two new blankets. He reaches down to lightly run his claws down the space between his legs, shivering slightly at his own touch. He's excited and restless, and he considers going to see Sammy. Henry's up there, though, and he's not sure he wants to rut in front of the man. It's not that Bendy is shy or modest, far from it. The strange life Bendy has led means such things were never taught to him. Like eating or sleeping, sex is another need that Bendy will satisfy wherever and whenever he pleases. But Henry seems on edge and tired, and Bendy realizes the violence and yowling of their coupling would probably make him uncomfortable. And once Bendy starts to mate, he really hates interruptions.

Bendy traces his claws across his lower belly and hips before returning his attention back to the sensitive area between his legs. He glances over at Boris, remembering with longing the fun they had together. He was much less annoying than Sammy. But that was before Boris lost his guts. Before Sammy became Bendy's only option.
Bendy decides to open the link between their minds and calls Sammy to the basement, the level that rests between Bendy's sub basement and Sammy's ground floor. He feels Sammy's excitement through their connection and his ready agreement, already on his way down. Bendy swings his legs to the floor and stands, happily trotting off to meet his booty call.

The basement level is definitely the home for unloved toys. Piles of Bendy merchandise litters the level. A long time ago, Bendy used to spend more time here. The rows of smiling faces made him feel less lonely. It helped that they had his own face. He used to spend hours watching the old cartoon reels, too, before the power cut.

These days, though, the toys just look sad. Old, musty, and falling apart, the level reminds Bendy that his era was over before he got to enjoy his fame. In his worst moments of moodiness and depression, he even considered himself a worthless creation. Some experiment made after the fact, right before the studio's death.

But Bendy doesn't think these thoughts now. Now he pushes plush toys into a pile to make himself a comfortable place to sit. Moments later, Sammy appears, finding him among his soft counterfeits. Bendy's tail taps at Sammy's slow approach. He kneels before Bendy's hooves, and in response, he stretches one out to Sammy. He quickly catches the hoof, arranges himself so he's sitting on his butt with the hoof carefully positioned on his knees, and starts to massage it.

Bendy tilts his head back with a contented sigh. What's the point of having a minion if you don't make him work now and then? And Sammy is happy to work, first rubbing the hoof between his palms to warm it, then lightly stroking the inky skin.

Sammy makes sure to do a good, complete job on Bendy's hooves. But once the second hoof is lowered to the ground, Sammy slips his mask off for better access and starts working his way up Bendy's legs, caressing and petting, pausing to press kisses against the flesh, until he reaches Bendy's crotch. There he settles, working with fingers and tongue, lapping at Bendy.

Sammy realized ages ago that Bendy prefers female anatomy when receiving oral. He had mumbled once that his clit is more sensitive than his cock. So as Sammy licks Bendy, he lightly presses and rubs his fingers into his flesh, encouraging his female form to emerge.

With a soft sigh, Bendy complies. Sammy knows exactly what Bendy likes, and proceeds to dip his finger inside Bendy's body while taking the clit into his mouth. He starts slow, as usual, with just some gentle licks and one finger teasing him. Then, guided by Bendy's groans and the tempo of his tail, Sammy works faster and harder, adding more fingers as he goes.

Soon Bendy is clutching the back of Sammy's head, shoving him harder into his crotch as his body shivers with delight. A moment later Bendy reaches his orgasm, his hips thrusting forward and his tail stiff as he peaks.

With a happy sigh, Bendy settles back. And Sammy tries his luck. With Bendy relaxed and his female form slick and ready, Sammy shimmies out of his pants and climbs on Bendy, quickly mounting him.

Bendy cracks an eye open as Sammy slips his legs between Bendy's, matching their hips together, and pushes inside with an excited moan. Bendy is aware of this little trick, of course, and sometimes he allows Sammy to have his fun, especially on days when one orgasm is enough to tire him. But tonight is not one of those nights.

He lets Sammy have a few minutes of bliss, praises spilling from his lips in mumbles that Bendy can't
even understand. He reaches out to make mental contact to feel Sammy's euphoria at being inside the person he loves the most, the person he considers his god. Bendy marvels for a moment at the joy pumping through Sammy's body. It seems he never tires of his adoration.

But Sammy can never last long. Probably due to over stimulation, his hips are already starting to stutter, his breath turns ragged, and he reaches for his climax. Bendy chooses now to kick Sammy off of him, easily throwing him to the floor.

Sammy is so shocked, so close to release, that for a moment his hips keep going. Then, with a shiver, he looks sheepishly up at Bendy, who is now standing over him with crossed arms.

"Hmm. Clever, Sammy. But not tonight," he says with a cruel grin.

Sammy shifts on the floor, knowing what the gleam in Bendy's eye means. He carefully cups himself, but does not stroke. If he came now, he knows Bendy would retaliate with even rougher sex than usual.

Bendy reaches down and grips Sammy around his rib cage, lifting him up. At just over 6 feet, Sammy is tall by human standards. But Bendy is taller, and strong enough to easily carry Sammy over to a nearby wall. Bendy presses his follower to the wall face-first with one hand on the back of his neck, then uses the other to start petting Sammy. Lightly he trails his claws over his skin, making him shiver and moan as goosebumps rise. Up and down Sammy's back, over his arms, across the smooth dome of his head, then down his firm buttocks. Here, Bendy's hand stops. Purring softly, he pushes his thumb between Sammy's cheeks, looking for what's hidden inside. His claw catches on Sammy's skin, though, and he jerks his hips and whimpers as a drop of ink bubbles from the puncture wound.

Bendy's purrs harden into a growl as he jerks Sammy back by his neck before pushing him against the wall again. The message is clear: stop moving.

Bendy returns to a purr, and returns to his work on Sammy. His thumb finds what it was looking for and he pushes against it. Sammy whimpers again at the feel of his thumb claw pushing dangerously against him. If Bendy's not careful, he could rip Sammy a new one. But Bendy's not a novice, andsoon his thumb is seated inside Sammy's body. He presses into the thumb, leaning his weight against Sammy's hole, before withdrawing and reaching for Sammy's mouth. Sammy knows the drill and takes Bendy's fingers, sucking on them and providing the needed lubrication. Doing a poor job now will only cause him pain, so he does his best to produce as much as he can.

Bendy slicks the spit over his member and braces against Sammy, growling softly in his ear as he takes a hold of Sammy's hip.

Sammy squeezes his eyes shut. His body is marvelous in it's healing ability. But that means that no matter how often Bendy uses his body, it's just as tight as the first time. He doesn't mind pain, in fact, he quite enjoys it, but this part is always difficult for him. He presses his forehead against the wall and tries to relax, but the knowledge of what's about to happen forces him not to.

Bendy is never gentle. His hips start thrusting, the first push or two failing to penetrate, then manages to fully sheath himself in Sammy's body. Sammy screams as his body is split, ink leaking from Bendy's force. He feels his guts catch painfully on Bendy's length, as they stretch and jolt in his body at the rough invader. The spit hasn't smooth itself out evenly between their bodies yet, and the lack of lubrication in some places worsens his pain. His hands scramble to find something to grab onto, something to squeeze against the agony, but the wall is smooth and featureless. Bendy's own hands are busy, one still pinning the back of Sammy's neck to the wall, the other digging mercilessly into his hip, drawing more ink blood from his claws.

Sammy manages to stop screaming, but only by clenching his teeth together. His belly turns and threatens to spill his dinner while his hole screams with tearing pain and his lower guts shift inside his body. Sammy's own erection fades in response to the agony as Bendy fills Sammy to the limit, and then beyond.

Right when Sammy feels like he can't take a moment more, his body relaxes a bit, responding to the slide of Bendy's dick, the rhythm pushing into him, and then in turn into the wall. Bendy's hot breath huffs in his ear, and Sammy's dick starts to stir again, rising back as he gets used to Bendy's body. He reaches down and starts to stroke himself, getting lost in the sensations ripping through his body.
Meanwhile, Bendy pushes into Sammy with enthusiasm. He bucks so roughly that Sammy's toes often leave the ground, getting pushed up the wall by the savagery. He listens as Sammy's screams turn into yelps, then into gasps of pleasure, and Bendy grins to himself. Bendy can't help it. He loves being in control, and he loves hurting others. To that point, Bendy lowers his head and bites into Sammy's shoulder, drawing another pained scream from the man. Sammy reaches back and grabs onto the wrist Bendy uses to clutch Sammy's rump. His grip is tight, desperate. Then Sammy comes, his back arching against Bendy as violent shivers take him. Bendy may be cruel, but to his credit, he does note that the rougher he is with his follower, the harder Sammy comes.

Afterwards, though, Sammy becomes limp, whining as Bendy continues to use his body. Now that his peak is over, Sammy feels more pain and less pleasure. Bendy knows Sammy's done and ready to stop, but he refuses to stop until his own pleasure is found.

Finally, after what seems like a lifetime to Sammy and his battered body, Bendy's rhythm starts to stutter. With a few more harsh snaps of his hips, Bendy stills, drooling onto Sammy's bleeding shoulder and purring softly.

He lowers Sammy back to the floor and pulls back. Some of his member he simply dissolves, leaving it behind with his cum in Sammy's body. The rest he pulls back to his own body, still dripping ink. Sammy leans against the wall, his palms and face braced on it. Bendy clicks his tongue at the sight of him, panting and shaking, leaking ink from his many wounds and from between his legs.

“Honestly, Sammy, you truly are useless,” Bendy mumbles to him. He gathers the man into his arms and carries him to the pile of plushies, setting him down, then turns and leaves him there, returning to his own cot so he can finally get some sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Sammy. He tries so hard and always gets the shit end of the stick.

And shame on you, Bendy! Haven't you heard of after care? Sammy needs to be wrapped in blankets and cuddled, not abandoned in a pile of your creepy toys.
Bendy does him some learnin'. And Sammy gets what he deserves. By that, I mean nice things, of course.

Are my chapters getting shorter and shorter? I feel like I'm not writing as much. And what year does this actually take place? I have no idea. That requires thought, and a decision. I'm no good at period writing, so it's probably best to assume this is modern, maybe in the late 90s. I'll try to keep technology vague, so the reader can choose. That said, I do mention computers in this chapter. Whatever, it's a porn with plot AU, it just doesn't matter that much.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Today is colder than yesterday. A sharp wind cuts through the FBI encampment, making shoulders hunch and fingers curl. While Bendy has seen very little of the world, he is quite familiar with the cold. And the weather is making him bitchy.

“Bendy, PLEASE, take the coat! You'll feel better!” Bendy responds with lashing claws, and Henry jerks the coat away to save it. Henry sighs at the creature's hardheadedness. He doesn't understand why Bendy has to make such a big deal out of absolutely everything. Like putting on a damn jacket. Sammy, on the other hand, acts rather subdued today. He huddles within his own loaned coat, the blank eyes of his mask staring off at nothing.

“As I was saying,” Eleven states, struggling and failing to keep the annoyance out of his voice. “We have a building rented nearby, not 5 minutes away by car. We've set up a more permanent headquarters there, and you're welcome to join us.”

“Meh, not much point,” Bendy dismisses, lifting a hoof and giving it a shake to dislodge some grass wedged between his toes. “I'd ruther be outside, even if I am freezing my tail off.”

“You misunderstand. I mean for you and your... friend... to move in. Stay there, at least while we get more acquainted.”

“...You mean stay in a different building? Away from the ink machine?” This is a mistake; Bendy didn't mean to mention the ink machine.

“The ink machine?” Eleven questions.

“...It's not important. Look, it might be interesting to leave for a night or two, but then we gotta get back.”

“For the ink machine?”

“I told you, it's not important. I just don't wanna away from home that long, is all.” Bendy is not a very convincing liar. He doesn't make eye contact and idly kicks at the grass, quietly hating himself for falling so quickly into the human habit of lying. But it's for the ink machine, he tells himself. He must protect the ink machine, above anything else.

Agent Eleven glances at Henry, who shrugs back at him. They've all heard the mechanical thumping throughout the whole building, of course, but they have no understanding of it's importance to the life of Bendy and his kin. They couldn't understand.

Bendy turns to Sammy. “Should we get Boris?”

For a moment, Sammy doesn't seem to realize he's being spoken to. Then he jerks, swinging his head to Bendy. “Erm, my lord, I understand and respect the relationship you had- have with Boris. But
it's my understanding that he hasn't stood up in quite some time. Perhaps it's best to leave him, just for the time being. We won't be long, anyway."

Bendy squints at Sammy. Sammy is jealous of everyone else in Bendy's life, including the comatose wolf. This makes Bendy suspicious of Sammy's opinions. But his logic seems sound this time; Boris has not stirred since before this whole human mess started. There's no reason to think he will in the next two days. Even so, Bendy keeps a cup of ink next to Boris's cot, so if he needs it it will be within reach. Finally, Bendy nods, “Al'ite. Le'ss go.”

Bendy, Sammy, and Henry are shown to a van. The side slides open and Bendy peers inside it at the seats. He understands the concept of vehicles, as he has seen them in his cartoons. But this is the first time he's ridden in one. He hangs back as Henry and Sammy load up first, then hesitantly slides in next to Henry. He shivers as his bare rump touches the icy seat, and curls his tail tightly around his leg. Once again, he remembers the downsides of a healthy, warm body. When he's always cold, he never actually feels the cold, just a general uncomfortable numbness. Still, he wouldn't trade it for anything. The cold makes him grumpy, but it's different from before. And different is always better. “Make sure you crank up the heat, please,” Henry requests to the driver. When they start to move, Bendy plasters himself to the window, watching the passing landscape.

Joey Drew Studios is located in the American midwest. During its peak, the nearby town was large and thriving. But time took its toll on the area, and now the studio is not the only abandoned building. Bendy watches as fenced pastures dotted with livestock shifts to a small downtown area. They approach a small cluster of buildings; some are houses, others are houses converted into businesses. The van pulls into the driveway of a mid sized ranch house. Bendy scrambles to get out the door, even though the heat is just starting to warm him. After all, there's more to explore here. The house has quite a large yard, and it's enclosed with a six foot tall chain link fence. The yard is mostly just more yellow grass, but Bendy finds some new hibernating plants in the raised garden beds tucked around the house. Then Bendy and Sammy are shooed inside.

The large living area is converted to an office. Rows of tables are pushed together with computers perched on top. All that's left of traditional furniture is one small couch in front of an old television. Humans sitting at their computers pause when they see Bendy stalk through the room, then almost frantically resume their work.

In the kitchen, Bendy spies a box on the table and rips it open. Only two doughnuts remain, but he eats them both then licks at the glazed sugar left in the box.

“There are only two available bedrooms, so I'm afraid someone will have to share,” Eleven states, pointing the way towards the back of the house.

Sammy perks up hopefully, but is cut off by Bendy: “Yeah, I'll bunk with Henry.”

Sammy looks crestfallen, and his anxiety spikes as he starts wringing his fingers together. Henry spies a bathroom and quickly excuses himself, wanting no part of whatever is between Sammy and Bendy.

Bendy spends the day learning about standard household appliances. Refrigerators, coffee makers, microwaves, running water, and the heat pumping through the vents all interest him. Then he finds the television, and the rest of his day is spent sprawled on the couch watching everything from the news to cartoons. He is careful to hide his disappointment when his old show doesn't come on. He knows that he's a part of the past, but he figured there would be some re-runs or something. Nonetheless, he sees a lot and learns a lot about the outside world.

Meanwhile, Henry is also enjoying the comforts of the house, but for different reasons. He's finally able to shower and put on fresh clothing, have a cup of coffee, and talk to other human beings. There are comfortable chairs for his old bones, newspapers to read, and a phone to call home with. Sammy, though, acts lost. He is away from his familiar haunt, the old music hall where he feels the most comfortable. There are no Bendy shrines to tend to, and though he does sing the songs he wrote over 30 years ago for Bendy's show, it somehow doesn't feel the same. It doesn't feel right. It doesn't help that Bendy and Henry are able to interact with the humans, but Sammy isn't. He's not sure if people find him too off-putting or if it's his own disinterest in them, but they pretty much leave him alone to his pacing, singing, and anxiety attacks. He finds no enjoyment over household items, either.
He's not interested in reading a newspaper or watching television, and appliances certainly hold no fascination for him. Towards the end of the day, Henry approaches Sammy. “Hey, how are you doing?” he asks, though he thinks he already knows.

Sammy glances at Henry, then looks away. “When will we return to the studio?”

“I'm not sure. In a night or two, I imagine.”

Sammy picks at a wound on his arm he'd opened not long ago. The pain tickles down his arm, but lacks the usual comfort. This time, it's not enough to calm him.

“Would you like to listen to the radio?” Henry tries. “There's a lot of new music out there.”

Sammy pauses, tempted. There are two things in his life that Sammy loves: Bendy and music. Although his stumpy fingers keeps him from playing instruments, at least he still has functioning ears. He can still listen to it.

Henry carefully takes Sammy's wrist, still not sure what the man's boundaries are, and leads him to one of the two bedrooms. There, a radio sits, and Henry lets go of Sammy's wrist to turn it on. Sammy watches. This radio looks different from the ones he knew. It's smaller, and the dials are different. But he catches on quickly, and soon he's tuning through the stations, exploring the new world of music at his fingertips. Satisfied, Henry leaves him to it.

That evening finds everyone settling in nicely. Though Sammy still prickles at Bendy choosing Henry over him, he at least understands that Bendy is not having sex with Henry. For now, Bendy still saves that for Sammy – and whatever unfortunate sheep that happens to be in his clutches.

Henry is not so easy to adjust to the situation. He stares at the one queen sized bed in the room. The demon has no qualms about plopping down, sprawling his long limbs in every direction. Henry has no idea how he's supposed to share a bed with such a creature, and shifts on his feet awkwardly.

Bendy looks up, “Wassa matta, Henry?” he asks with a grin.

Henry isn't sure what Bendy is capable of sexually. He doesn't know if Bendy even understands sex or the complications surrounding it. After all, Bendy appears to have no equipment, so he must be a non-sexual being, right? Of what use would sex be to a creature like Bendy?

Having calmed his doubts, Henry steps to the side of the bed. “Move over,” he grumps at the demon. Bendy pulls his limbs back in, then slips under the heavy blankets. He nestles down until only his horns are visible on the pillow, curling up on his side. Henry shakes his head and settles down, himself, trying to ignore the sound of Bendy's tapping tail.

As Henry's eyes sweep across the room, he notices a surveillance camera. This annoys him for a moment, then realizes that of course, the FBI would try to gather whatever knowledge about the strange creatures that they can. He just hopes there isn't one he failed to notice in the bathroom.

Settled at last in a comfortable bed, Henry starts to doze. The demon's form next to him makes him uneasy, but not as much as sleeping near Sammy had. In any case, Bendy seems to be sound asleep, his breath huffing evenly from under the blankets while his tail taps slowly against the side of the mattress.

Henry wakes to a heavy weight pinning him. He blinks his eyes and realizes he is on his back with an ink demon draped across his chest. Bendy is still asleep, but has his arm wrapped tightly around Henry's ribs, his head resting on his chest. A horn pokes uncomfortable close to Henry's face. A black, damp smear of drool spots his night shirt.

Annoyed, Henry wiggles, but finds the demon's grip tight. And when he squirms, Bendy reflexively tightens his fingers, pushing his claws into Henry's side. He stills, resigned to his fate as a demon pillow.

The morning grows late, and eventually Bendy stirs, slowly shifting his body into a lazy stretch as he sighs. He lifts his head slightly and smacks his lips groggily, then glances over at Henry's glare.

“Oh, hey, Henry,” Bendy mumbles.

“Hi. Would you please get off of me?”

“S that any way ta greet someone in the morning?”

“No, but I really need to pee.”

Bendy chuckles and rolls off of Henry. “Stupid humans,” he mumbles.
The day advances much as it had yesterday, only with Sammy getting more and more upset. In the afternoon Henry hunts down Bendy, who he finds sprawled upside down on the couch, some Spanish soap playing.

“Do you speak Spanish?” he asks.

“Oh, is that what they're doin'. I thought they were just makin' up words.”

“Looks, Bendy, Sammy's really unhappy. Maybe you could go talk to him, calm him down a little?” Bendy grumbles, “S not my job to keep Sammy happy.”

“No, but isn't he your friend? Please, Bendy, he's really upset.”

“Fine.” Bendy's hooves thump on the carpeted floor as he rights himself, then with an annoyed snap of his tail, he stalks off to find Sammy.

He's not difficult to find. Pacing in the short hallway of the house, Sammy expresses his anxiety with hand wringing and clawing at his arms. His head is ducked, and he mumbles to himself.

“Sammy.” Bendy stands in the middle of the hallway and is almost run over by the distracted man. Once Sammy's attention snaps up to Bendy, though, he drops to his knees.

“My lord! You've finally come for me. Please, I'm so confused. Where are we? Why aren't we home? What should I be doing?”

“Shh, shh, shh,” Bendy soothes. He reaches out and grabs Sammy's shoulders, pulling him back up to his feet. Sammy slumps against Bendy's grip in response, leaning into the touch. “It's alright, Sammy. I'm here, there's nothing to worry about.”

Sammy sniffs and looks up at Bendy's eyes. “Am I of no use to you?” he asks softly, in almost a whimper.

The shrines, Bendy realizes. Without the many shrines for Sammy to dote over, endlessly adjusting and cleaning and bowing before them, he feels like he is doing nothing for Bendy. Sammy doesn't realize that Bendy couldn't care less about those stupid shrines.

Bendy leans forward. “Oh, doll, you're more use to me than anyone else here,” he growls into Sammy's ear. “Who else can take my cock like you do? Takes it like a champ, then comes crawling back for more,” Bendy's tail sweeps and flicks with his own dirty words.

“Yes, my lord,” Sammy mumbles, entranced by Bendy's voice. “I live to please you.”

“And you please me well, Sammy.”

“But... If I please you, why do you avoid me?” Sammy boldly asks.

Bendy hesitates, pulling his hands back from Sammy's shoulders. “It's not that I avoid you,” he mumbles, not making eye contact. There he is, lying like a human again. Disgusting. Bendy shakes his head at himself, then looks back up at Sammy. “You can just be a little overwhelming at times, Sammy. Not that it's a bad thing, it's just who you are. But I like to do my own thing, ya know?” It's a cruddy explanation, and Bendy knows it.

“Then... Then I don't please you?”

“No, ya do, it's just...” Bendy breaks off with a growl. “You're really fun to fuck, Sammy.”

“Oh,” Sammy looks down at his toes digging into the carpet. Bendy had meant it as a compliment, but it seems he'd upset Sammy even more.

Bendy sighs, “What do you want, Sammy?”

“Huh?”

“I mean, what would make you happy? Do ya wanna go back to the studio?”

Being back at the studio would comfort Sammy, yes, but that's not really what he wants. But he can't tell Bendy what he really wants. Besides, for all he knows Bendy is not able to provide the love he craves. Who knows if ink demons are even capable of such emotion.

Instead, Sammy decides to settle on something else. “Could... Could you fuck me?”

Bendy smirks. “I think that can be arranged.”

“Uhh, Agent Eleven, you might want to see this,” a woman at a computer says. Her uncertain voice catches Henry's attention as Eleven goes to look at her screen. It must have something to do with the yells they heard a few minutes earlier. Henry had assumed Bendy was bullying Sammy again and hadn't paid it any mind.
“Oh. Um. Wow. Ok, that's a thing that's happening.”

Alarmed that whatever it is is disturbing Agent Eleven that much, Henry decides to walk over and peer over their shoulders.

Henry pales. Apparently he was wrong about Bendy's sexuality. Bendy has Sammy pinned down on his back on the former musician's bed, his movements rough and animalistic. Sammy's mask is off, but Henry can't make out any facial features on the poor quality video. Bendy has one of Sammy’s arms twisted around almost to the point of breaking. The whole act looks dreadfully painful, and Henry's not sure how Sammy is able to take it.

“Do you think it's consensual?” the woman asks.

Henry tears his eyes away from the monitor, suddenly aware of the yelping sounds coming from down the hallway. He rubs his eyes. He thinks of Sammy's devotion to Bendy and his way of hurting himself. ‘I'm almost certain that it is. Almost.’ Even as he says it, though, he's not sure. The sounds rolling down the hallway can only be described as distressed. “In any case, do you really want to go in there and try to stop him?”

Even though the situation is serious, Henry has to mentally laugh at seeing Agent Eleven uncomfortable at that suggestion. He has the feeling that nothing much unsettles the man, but apparently getting between a rutting demon and his victim does. Either that or Henry’s mind is frantically looking for ways to deal with this new information. Not only is Bendy a sexual being, he's also apparently a kinky sadist. The thought is punctuated by a loud yelp echoing down the hall. He slept with this creature last night?!

Henry shakes his head. “I'll talk to Bendy. After.” He remembers how he sent Bendy away to comfort Sammy. This is not the result he expected. He really hopes he didn't just get the man raped. The minutes drag on, but eventually, the sounds lower to whimpers, then stop altogether. Henry risks a look at the computer monitor. Sammy is left by himself, curled on his side with his knees drawn up and clutching his lower stomach. Henry still can't see the man's face, but the tense posture is one of pain. Bendy comes clip clopping into the room a moment later, humming to himself as he munches on a cookie stolen from the kitchen. He pauses on his way to the couch, realizing that everyone is staring at him.

“What?” He honestly looks confused. Henry figures out that Bendy has no concept of social graces, and what's normal and what's not. How could he?

“Uum, hey Bendy, how’s Sammy doing?”

“He's fine. Great, even. I did what ya asked, n cheered him up.”

“Yeah? Cause he was making some unhappy sounds a moment ago.”

Bendy huffs, waving a dismissive paw at Henry. “He's fine. He loves it. Asked for it, even.”

“Does he normally ball up and clutch his stomach in pain afterwards?”

Confused, Bendy walks around to look at the computer screen. “Is it normal for humans to have cameras in all their rooms?” It's an honest question, he really doesn't know.

“...Don't change the subject.”

“Look, I'll admit, I'm a little rough. But he's fine. He's always fine.”

“Did he want it? Did he enjoy it?”

“I told ya, he asked for it. And I always make sure he comes.”

“That doesn't mean anything. You know Sammy would throw himself into a wood chipper for you,”

“What's a wood chipper?”

“I'm saying that Sammy would knowingly kill himself if you asked him to. He craves your attention, Bendy, and he'll get it any way that he can. Even if it's having sex he doesn't actually want. Bad attention is better than being ignored.”

Bendy tilts his head, confused at the complexities of human emotion. Henry's not sure if Bendy is able to understand.

“Iunno bout all that, Henry. He seems to enjoy it, and I know I do, so why shouldn't we?”

“Do you at least check up on him afterwards?”

Bendy shrugs, “No. Why?”

“If you hurt him that badly, even if he does want it, it's only seems fair that you take care of him
afterwards.”
Bendy pauses. “He's hurt that badly?” He peers at the computer screen. Sammy hasn't moved.
“Go see to him, Bendy. And be nice! Be gentle. Sweet, comforting. You know, all those things that
don't come naturally to you.”
Bendy glares at Henry, and with a snap of his tail, turns to walk down the hallway. When Bendy
steps into the man's room, Sammy curls tighter around his belly.
“No, my lord, please. I need to recover first. Let me rest, so I may please you again later.”
Bendy pauses again. He's never known Sammy to tell him no. Perhaps the humans aren't as stupid as
they look, at least when it comes to this whole relationship-interaction-thingy. He sighs and
approaches the cowering creature. He rolls Sammy to one side of the bed, yanks the blankets back,
then rolls him back, tucking him in. Then he slips in behind him, wrapping an arm around the
shivering man.
Sammy shudders away, thinking that Bendy means to enter him again, but Bendy just draws him
back in, snuggling him tightly against his body. After a few moments, Sammy relaxes into Bendy’s
warm grip, slowly accepting that the demon isn't after more sex. His shivering eases, his body
uncoils slightly, and Sammy finds sleep with a comforted mumble. Bendy idly pets Sammy's arm for
a while, then decides that he's pretty comfortable and wouldn't mind a nap, himself.

Chapter End Notes

Aww, Bendy's nice for once. Take care of your bae.
Chapter Summary

Things are moving forward for Bendy and his kin, but there are still hurdles to cross.

Warning, this chapter contains: panic attacks, jealousy, anxiety, unreciprocated love, depression, fear, crying, loneliness, general angst, dripping ink, human hate, betrayal, horrific backstory, implied sexual and physical abuse, and lil bby ink demon abuse.

Would someone just give these two a hug? Shit.

Chapter Notes

Have a Bendy, crying alone in the hallways:
(Edit: I forgot his bow here! He's NEKKED!!)

https://i.imgur.com/P4SvY5p.jpg

As a side note, this is now a massive 40 page word document, and three drawings, that I've vomited out in just under 3 days.

I can't stop working on this thing. It's literally all I'm doing right now. Please send help, my wrists hurt.

Bendy has a problem. He wants to leave the studio, where he finds himself trapped once again. And not for just a couple of nights, he wants to leave this place forever. But he needs the ink machine to live. If his ink dries, and there's none nearby, he will die. He also feels chained to Boris and the searchers. Unlike ink creatures with fully formed bodies, the constantly dripping and oozing searchers cannot leave the machine, not even for a day. They need almost constant access to the ink to survive.

Furthermore, Bendy does not trust the humans with any information about the ink machine. Once they realize his weakness he has no doubt that they will use it against him. All they would have to do is destroy the ink machine, or somehow deny him access to it for a few days, maybe a week, and they would be rid of Bendy for good.

He sees no good solution to his problems, so he sulks. And this time, Henry's not even here to pester him. Bendy sits in a hallway, much like he's done countless times before, and stares blankly at the wall opposite him. Only now he's aware of the painfully slow ticking of seconds dragging by. He's aware of the cold nipping at his tail, and the hunger in his gut. Yes, they sent some cans of food with them, but Bendy can't be bothered right now to stand up, walk to the supply, and eat the cold, unappealing stuff. And think, only a short time ago, Bendy would have been thrilled to have it. "Spoiled," he mumbles to himself. To avoid thinking about problems he can't seem to solve, he tries to lose time, but fails to. He still feels his heart beating in his chest, counting away the seconds. He still hears the machine grinding along, counting the time in rhythm with his heart.

Bendy lowers his head into his palms, curling his tail in close around his legs. Finally, with no one here except the shell of Boris and Sammy two floors above him, Bendy feels safe enough to cry. His
soft sobs echo off the walls around him as his eyes leak ink, and he thinks that even the noise sounds lonely and pitiful.

Sammy is back in his element, at least he thinks so. But performing his rituals feels different this time. He spent years developing and maintaining his shrines and prayers, but then something strange happened. He spent two nights in a different place, and somehow Bendy became closer to Sammy than he ever had before. Talking to Sammy, acting concerned over his unhappiness, offering to him a favor (what would make you happy?), even holding him after sex. It's odd. Sammy had almost felt loved.

He trails his fingers over the carefully placed human bones situated in front of a cut-out. He knocks them over, ruining the carefully balanced pile he once spent hours arranging. He picks one up and thoughtfully twists it in his hands.

Sammy can look at this in one of two ways. First, his hours spent in worship meant absolutely nothing, and the moment Bendy was forced to spend some time near him, he softened to Sammy's plight. Or, perhaps his years of work is paying off and he's finally done enough to earn some of Bendy's favor.

Sammy's not sure, but what he does know is he's lonely now. Lonely in a different way. He had basked in the warmth of Bendy's attention, felt his claws stroke him gently while he dozed with Bendy's arm tucked tightly around his chest, Sammy's body pressed against his lord's. And now he wants more. He needs more. “Greedy. Selfish,” he chastises himself.

He struggles to focus on his tasks, but finds himself easily distracted. The cut outs used to be enough company, used to be close enough to the real thing for Sammy. Now they look cold and lifeless. They will never reach out and touch Sammy, and that's what he craves more than anything. Physical contact. It could even be sexual, he doesn't mind. Just as long as Bendy's hands are on his needy body.

Being his usual space cadet self, Sammy doesn't realize he has company until he spies a tail flicker in the corner of his vision. He immediately stops his makeshift game of throwing bones and trying to hit a small symbol painted on the floor and spins around, dropping his handful of bones with a clatter. He stumble a step backwards, twisting his fingers together in anxiety. He wants to hug Bendy, but is scared to. He would be kicked off, sure, but the emotional rejection would hurt far more than Bendy's sharp hooves. So he hangs back.

Bendy eyes him. Sammy is acting strangely, even by his standards. No throwing himself on the floor and babbling, no praises. Which, honestly, Bendy doesn't mind; that whole song and dance gets old fast. Still, he can feel the tension rolling off the man and knows something is wrong. Bendy mentally shrugs his concern away. We all have our little versions of hell, he tells himself.

“Heya, Sammy,” he says. Sammy mumbles a reply, watching his toes curl under his feet. “I gotta bit of a pickle to figure out, thought I'd talk it out to ya.”

Sammy lifts his head. Bendy wants to talk to him, get his opinion on something? Warmth blooms in his chest as he feels his body relax. It's not a touch, but he'll definitely take it.

The two sit on the floor while Bendy explains their situation. Sammy adjusts his mask as he thinks, then wraps his fingers around the toes of one foot. “I think you need to figure out which human you can trust.”

“I can't trust any of them.”

“No, wait. If you can trust one human, just a single one, with the ink machine, I think this can be worked out. The humans are liars and betrayers, but they have resources. They know things about the outside world. We don't have enough information to solve this ourselves.”

Bendy is quiet a moment. “What if we wait, go out into the world, and learn about it ourselves?”

“Those men – Agent Eleven and Henry – they've lived out there their whole lives. It would take years to catch up. Do you want to spend that time hanging around here?”

Bendy grins, “So yer gettin' sick of this place, too, eh? I thought you wanted to be here.”

Sammy squeezes the toes in his grasp, then glances up at Bendy. “Interesting things happen outside of these walls. And it's cold here.”
Reminded, Bendy runs his hands over his arms with a small shiver. He does miss the warmth of the small, comfortable house. Of carpet under his hooves, piles of blankets to burrow under, and of course, the warm air coming in through the ducts.

Sammy gives Bendy a shy look, then scoots over until their sides touch, leaning into him under the guise of sharing warmth. He shivers, but not from the cold. Bendy considers pushing him away, but Sammy's warmth does feel nice, so he grudgingly allows the contact.

“But how could I trust a human? You said it yourself, they lie and betray. It's in their nature. We're different from them, Sammy. They will never accept us, they will never allow us to live.”

“Do they all want us dead?” Sammy asks, settling his body a little firmer against Bendy's.

“Probably.”

“What about Henry? He did nice things for us.”

“He did, and he's far better than that liar Eleven,” Bendy admits. He remembers the sound of Henry's heart right below his ear, the steady rise and fall of his chest, the look of worry in his eyes when Bendy was stressed, and the way he handed a cheese pastry to the devil with a soft smile. He gives his horns a shake, annoyed at himself. “But it's not enough. This is life and death, Sammy. They don't even know what I'm capable of. They haven't seen me move the ink, or transform. Once they understand, they will all want me dead.” Bendy wraps his free arm and tail around his knees. “I've seen them on TV, I understand a little better about what we're up against. There are countless humans out there, Sammy, some even seem kinda smart. If they gather their numbers... We don't stand a chance.”

“Hm. Isn't that true whether or not they know about the ink machine?”

Bendy freezes, real fear stabbing at his heart. Not just annoyance or stress or concern, but actual scared-for-his-life fear, the kind he hasn't experienced since before he learned how to control the ink. He suddenly feels like a horde of humans is right outside, pressing against the walls, trying to force their way in and destroy everything in their path, including all the ink creatures and their machine. Bendy starts to pant.

Sammy looks up, recognizes the beginning of a panic attack when he sees one, and quickly latches his arms around Bendy, pulling him close. Bendy closes his eyes and presses his face against Sammy's shoulder, reaching his hands up and hooking his fingers on the suspenders as he whimpers quietly. He feels his heart beat uncomfortably fast, his arms and legs quiver, and ink breaks out across his body, dripping down his back and ribs, and down his face from his forehead. Sammy doesn't say anything, just rocks him gently, one hand cupping the back of Bendy's head while the other wraps tightly around his back.

After a few minutes, Bendy pulls away, rubbing at the ink dripping down his face. He takes a deep, shaky breath, slowly filling his lungs as he settles down.

“Talk to Henry,” Sammy suggests quietly. “He tends to know what to do.”

Still shaking, Bendy pulls a radio out of his belly. It's a different one, one that's charged and mostly unscarred by bite marks. Bendy brings it to his mouth and chews on it for a few minutes, still unsure. Then he turns it on.

“Err, hullo? Humans?”

A pause on the other side of the radio. “Hello, Bendy. You can call me Henry, you know.”

“Sure, human. I was wondering...” Bendy pauses, scrapes his hooves against the floor, glances at Sammy, then continues. “Maybe ya kin stop by here? N maybe bring some food. The good stuff, not this canned shit.”

“Sure, Bendy. I'll head over in a few minutes.”

Bendy returns the radio to his belly, and reaches a hand up to nip at his claws. He hates this kind of anxiety. Stressing out and having panic attacks is Sammy's job. Bendy's supposed to stay in a dazed stupor, losing time and sleeping away the years, only stirring to kill sheep and fuck Sammy. Perhaps, Bendy thinks to himself, I have finally found something that's not better just because it's different. Up until now, Bendy has felt in complete control over the humans. Sure, he felt stress over going outside, but it wasn't forced on him, it was still his choice. This is different. This is scary. He supposes he still has a choice, but it's really just an illusion of one. After all, is staying here in the
studio really an option? Bendy's fear stems from his lack of real options. In order to leave this place, he must tell a human about the ink machine. And giving a human that level of power of Bendy makes him feel like he's losing control. Once the knowledge is out there, there's nothing Bendy can do to take it back.

Whenever Bendy is not in complete control of the situation, he is reminded of his youth, back when he was shorter and rounder and couldn't control the ink. Small, weak, and vulnerable, a victim to humans and ink creatures alike, Bendy suffered many abuses at the hands of others. His body was easy to manipulate, easy to lift and pin, twist and push, and others took advantage of him. Then he was locked away, chained in the vault, only kept alive by accident from a small but steady trickle of ink dripping down on him from the ceiling. There, after years in the darkness and in constant pain from the iron piercing through his arms, Bendy reached out in desperation. And he found that the ink responded to him.

His form had shifted as he forcefully tore his body from the chains, leaving his arms ripped in tatters. Cute little shoes turned into sharp hooves, his tiny horns grew and curled outwards, a tail sprang from his spine, and he stretched taller. Teeth sharpened and bared. Strong in a way he'd never been before, he used the ink to force his way out of the vault, ready to take his revenge on the humans who had treated him so badly. Only to find the place abandoned, boarded up. Left alone with his anger to stalk the hallways for decades.

The humans had left what was left of Boris and Alice roaming freely, but had abandoned the place with Bendy still chained up, all alone and in pain. Of course, they had locked Bendy up because he was becoming unstable and violent thanks to the abuses he suffered, and they blamed him for the ink rebelling and starting to consume the humans, absorbing their souls into its depths. Bendy realized later that they were right about that part; the ink was responding to his will, though he couldn't consciously control it until much later. Still, there was a better solution than chaining him up like that. Like maybe never hurting him in the first place. He wouldn't have acted out so badly if he wasn't so scared all the time. Bendy's mind flickers and the unwanted memory flashes before his eyes. He remembers being pinned down in the dark vault, confused and terrified that they were about to pull his guts out like they did to Boris. Instead, they cut deeply into Bendy's arms, in some places slicing all the way through the thin limbs, sinking the large links of chain into his flesh, then binding his arms so that they healed around the iron. They left him with his arms outstretched uncomfortably, perched on a chair, and locked the door behind them, leaving him alone in the dark and quiet. He remembers sobbing there, calling out, pleading for mercy or even death. And never being answered. Bendy blinks back tears. He may be mean to humans now, but he would never do to them what they did to him. Not even a demon can match humans in terms of coldblooded cruelty.

It's with these dire thoughts that Bendy meets Henry at the door to the studio. Henry pauses at Bendy's down-turned mouth and the ink dripping down over his eyes.

"Oh, hey there, Bendy. Are you feeling alright?" Henry pauses, then pushes a bag of hamburgers into Bendy's hands.

"M fine," he mumbles, taking the food and retreating to the music department to share it with Sammy.

Henry watches the two eat, both seeming subdued and on edge. Bendy's ink doesn't solidify the whole time. Finally, Bendy balls up the last wrapper and tosses it with the rest piled on the floor. He tilts his head as he gazes at Henry.

"So, uh, can you see alright like that?" Henry asks. Bendy shrugs. "Sure. It's all ink."

Henry supposes that's how Sammy seems to see through the solid cardboard of his mask. If it's printed with the same ink he's made of, he supposes it makes sense. Well, kinda. Not really. “Is there... Something else you needed?” Henry asks, unsure.

Bendy snorts softly. “Yeah, I guess you could say that. Henry...” Bendy leans forward, peering directly into Henry's eyes. “Can I trust you? I mean, really trust you? Ya can't go blabbin' stuff to any other thing, living or not. I mean it, it's really serious.”

Henry looks into the ink pooling on Bendy's face. He slowly reaches a hand up and brushes the ink
back from his face so he can find Bendy's eyes. “Bendy, I don't know what happened here, what
happened to you. But I know you've been through a lot. I know you feel betrayed and abandoned,
and rightfully so. I'm honored you would even consider trusting me with something that's important
to you. I promise, as much as a lying human can ever promise anything, that I will never tell anyone
any information that you've entrusted to me.” Henry pauses, hoping that his use of the demon's
favorite “lying human” phrase earns trust instead of anger. He continues, “I can keep my mouth shut,
Bendy. Honest.”
The ink demon studies Henry quietly for a moment, then nods slightly. He turns with a flick of his
tail and heads to the lower levels of the studio, Henry hesitantly following behind. Sammy pauses,
reaching a hand out towards them. He wants to join them, he doesn't want to be alone again. But he
knows he's forbidden to enter the lower levels, and pulls his hand back, resigned.
Bendy leads Henry down to the sub basement. He turns into a hallway Henry has never seen before,
and steps into a room. Hidden in the darkness, a sign hanging above reading Ink Machine names the
place.
As always, Bendy approaches the chugging machine with respect. He lightly runs his claws along
the side of it, watching the gears turn as the machine pours more ink from its spout, ink that vanishes
under the grate underneath the machine, where it will be drawn up into the pipes threading through
the building.
Henry watches Bendy pet the thing, and understands this machine must be important to him. He
approaches it carefully, watching the ink sluggishly fall from its spout.
“This is the ink machine. Without it and the special ink it produces, we would all die.”
Henry gazes at Bendy. “I understand,” he says softly.
“As much as me n Sammy would really like to leave, we can't go far from it. We need ink like
humans need water. And not just any ink; only this stuff will do. So we can't leave this hellhole.”
“Ok. Then all we need to do is take some ink with you. The way humans pack their medication or
food, just carry a thermos of ink.”
“Yeah, I thoughta that. But we need enough of the stuff that just carryin' around a bit wouldn't be
enough.”
“But you want to leave here, and I assume, you would be thrilled to never return.” At Bendy's nod,
Henry continues. “Then we need to move the ink machine.”
Bendy blinks at him. “Move the ink machine? Like, take it from the walls and pipes, pick it up, and
move it?”
“Sure. Why not?”
“How would you even do such a thing?”
“There are machines that can lift heavy objects. And us humans are pretty good at figuring out stuff
like this.”
“But what if you break it? What if it stops working?” Bendy's fingers tighten on the side of the ink
machine, just the idea of disturbing it so badly scaring him.
Henry walks slowly around it. “Is it connected to power?”
“No, I don't know how it runs. It just does.”
“So it's not a common machine that runs logically. Which means it's harder to figure out what would
hurt it.” Henry taps his chin in thought. “This is something I'm going to have to think about. In any
case, we will need a good location to move it to, and it looks like it requires a lot of piping and other
structures to function.” Henry kneels down to peer into the grated floor, but of course he can't make
anything out in the darkness. “It's going to take a lot of planning to get this figured out. Also, if
there's some blueprints or something, that would really help.”
Bendy watches Henry work, using his logical human brain to figure out the mechanics of his
beloved machine, and starts to relax a little. Just like Sammy said, Henry does seem to know what to
do.
The two of them walk back to the music department not long after. Sammy sees Bendy's face clear
of ink and his relaxed posture, and sighs his relief through the sudden pain in his heart. It seems
things had gone well with Henry. But Sammy still hates to see the man walking next to his ink
demon, and on some level he even regrets suggesting Bendy talk to Henry in the first place. Bendy should be walking with and talking to Sammy, not some stupid human! But he tries to shove his jealousy aside and reminds himself that Bendy isn't panicking or crying now, and that's what's important. Sammy will try to get Bendy's attention later.

The two update Sammy on what their current thoughts are. “Is there anything left in Joey's office?” Henry asks. “Mainly blueprints or any information on the ink machine?”

Bendy presses a hand against his belly, thinking of the black bond book he keeps safely within his ink. But, no, it's too much. He's shown Henry enough for one day. Besides, Bendy doesn't think there's anything written there about the mechanical components of the machine. Instead, he and Sammy walk Henry to Joey's old office. Partway there Henry gets a strong feeling of deja vu. How many times had Henry walked this very same path to talk to Joey? He pushes the creepy sensation back. That was in the past. His job isn't to create animations, hand drawing picture after picture while carefully following a storyboard and Sammy's recordings. Now his job is to help Sammy and Bendy get out and have a life of their own.

Henry pushes open the door to Joey’s office like it's his own, and stalks about. Like the rest of the building, there's not much there, and what is there is falling apart. After digging into some filing cabinets, he does manage to find some sketches that look similar to the machine. Perhaps they are an early concept design, Henry muses. In any case, they show how the machine connects to the building. Assuming that part hasn't changed, the drawings will be of great use to Henry. He carefully rolls them up and tucks them in his belt. He glances back and sees Bendy almost looking timid. He stands with his hooves together, his head slightly hunched, and his tail droops limply to the floor. His normal grin is turned down into a slight frown, and his arms are folded behind his back. Sammy stands near him, touching Bendy's elbow and mumbling something.

"Ok, I think I've found the only useful thing here. Let's go.” The three of them are happy to leave the area and the ghosts hanging over all their heads.

Henry walks back to the front door and pauses there, looking back over the two unhappy creatures. “There is a problem with all this,” he starts. “Money and space. I do well enough, but I'm not rich. This sort of thing takes thousands of dollars. And then where will we move you to?” Bendy and Sammy only look back with puppy dog eyes. Well, as far as Henry can tell through Sammy's mask, anyway. “I'll figure something out. Just let me think, ok? Keep in contact.” With that, Henry leaves, shutting the door on them. Bendy tries to push away memories of the vault door closing on his sobbing, begging voice. Humans always leave, he thinks bitterly to himself. He knows it's not really a fair thought, but he can't help himself. The pain is too deeply engrained in his soul.
Sex and Anger

Chapter Summary

Ok, nevermind, this is actually very modern; you'll see why in the next chapter. I'm really sorry, readers who prefer old timey Bendy, but I must go where my muse takes me. Though I guess this is an AU where newspapers are still a thing, otherwise Henry would be out of a job. And don't think too hard about how there's only 30 years between hand-drawn animation and current technology. I'm bad with historical accuracy, ok? Shut up and enjoy the porn.

Warnings: self harm, Henry abuse, more Samdy fun, sword penis, a disturbing and unexplained knowledge of cat genitalia, displays of masochism and sadism, ink blood, rough sex

Why am I posting this? This is depraved.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

For just a few days, life settles into a comfortable rhythm. Bendy and Sammy split their time between the studio and the house, slowly getting adjusted to life outside. But while Bendy and Sammy need and deserve a nice, gentle, slow transition to their new lives, unfortunately the world doesn't work that way.

First, the media arrives. News of an entirely new race of sentient creatures doesn't slip by with no notice. News vans crowd the fence of the rented house, and driving through them to come and go is a massive pain. When Henry takes Bendy and often Sammy outside on small walks, cameras flash at them, and questions are yelled. Bendy is conflicted. He likes the attention, but he also feels caged by the overly excited humans, unable to explore beyond the fence because of them. Bendy knows there's a big world out there, and more confinement makes him want to sprout spines on his back and start clawing things. He also still harbors a private fear of humans, and seeing them surge against the fence, yelling, makes him uneasy.

The studio itself also falls under the attention of the world. The FBI manages to keep most of the people out, but one quiet evening, Bendy stirs. He was carefully pouring ink into Boris's chest cavity, still unwilling to let his old friend go, when he feels a shiver through the ink. Bendy perks his head, tilts it to the side. Then he grins. It seems Sammy has caught a sheep.

With no further hesitation, Bendy scrambles to his hooves and trots up the stairs. He manages to arrive at the appropriate moment. “Hear me, Bendy! Arise from the darkness! Arise and claim my offering! I summon you, ink demon, show your face, and take this tender sheep!”

Bendy uses his horns to shoulder his way through the cracked door. There's Sammy, using a splinter of wood to slice into his own arm, ink dripping and splattering on the floor. His head is tipped backwards, mouth open in ecstasy. Bendy touches minds with him for only a moment, feeling Sammy's joy at a ritual completed correctly, the thrill of pain in his arm, and the anticipation of Bendy's arrival.

Bendy finishes pushing through the doorway. As he does so, he shifts. Choosing a feline form, he drops to all fours as his back elongates and his legs lengthen to give him more height. With his thin limbs and tucked tummy, he looks spindly and almost like a giant spider. With his smooth back
almost touching the ceiling, and the unnatural way his body almost slithers forward, the human bound in the chair loses control of their bowels.

“Please, please, I just wanted to join you. Let me be an ink creature, I want to be your friend.”

Bendy slinks forward until he towers over the unfortunate human's form. It's a male, he sees, and quite a well formed one. “Ooh,” Bendy hisses, his gray forked tongue slipping out of his drooling maul. “Don't worry. You'll soon be one with the ink. Friends forever, I promise.” Bendy leans down and runs his tongue over the shivering human, enjoying the salty sweat. Like the grease on a hamburger, Bendy purrs to himself.

He needs to be smaller for what he wants to do next, so he shrinks in size. Popping the ropes easily, he pulls the crying human from the chair and flips him around, fumbling with his paws until he manages to tie the human's wrists to the back of the chair. He grabs the human by the hips and lifts him up so his rump is sticking invitingly in the air. The human props his knees on the edge of the seat, unknowingly cooperating with what's about to happen to him. Bendy leans over him and rips the shirt off his back, exposing soft skin, quivering muscles, and the delicate line of his spine. Bendy runs his tongue over the back, dancing it across the human's ribs, then raises a paw and scratches a deep line across the shoulders, making the human yelp as blood rises. Bendy purrs happily as he laps at the blood, enjoying the sound of the human's pounding heart working to spill more for Bendy's tongue. He hooks a claw over the waistband of the human's pants and rids himself of the annoying barrier.

Bendy is a shapeshifter. As such, he can chose anything for his genitalia. When with Sammy, he sticks to more or less human shapes, though sometimes adding a spiral or ribbing or something just for fun. This human, he decides, will not have such luck. Bendy doesn't need the help of Sammy's talented tongue to create his new masterpiece, a thick member that ends in a cruel point. Still drawing from cats as an inspiration, he sends bristles of hooked spikes along the length. Bendy pauses to look over his work, grinning as he carefully runs a paw over it. It's sharp, even to his own hand. Bendy rears up and mounts the human, then sloppily stabs his way into him. Bendy knows the human won't live after a few thrusts, as the penis is long enough to stab into the creature's organs, so he doesn't bother being careful.

Mercifully, the human only has time to scream once before dying, effectively stabbed to death by something resembling a sword. His death is absolutely brutal, but very quick. Bendy snarls as he keeps thrusting into the corpse, biting into the human's shoulders and proceeding to munch through the bones and flesh. The body quickly falls apart, though, his length simply tearing it to pieces. With nothing left for him to thrust into, Bendy crouches and focuses on eating, the hot wet meat sliding down his throat pleasingly. Though no longer starving, the blood lust and sensation of killing is more than enough to make him hungry, and he manages to eat about half of the human before stumbling away, belly full. Bendy licks gore off one hand, purring as his tongue wraps around his claws. After everything humans have put Bendy through, nothing pleases him more than to tear one apart in whatever way he chooses at the moment. He finds pulling screams, blood, and organs from them so satisfying, scratching an ancient itch for revenge.

Aroused, he looks to Sammy. On his knees and cutting shallow lines along his ribs now, Sammy moans as he rubs himself through his pants, in awe at what he just witnessed and the power of Bendy. “Yes, my lord, take your vengeance on the sheep. Accept my offering, bathe in your blood lust. I only hope the tender sheep pleases you as much as your power pleases me.” Sammy looks so enthralled in the moment that he's about to come.

Bendy prowls towards Sammy, still on all fours. Sammy shivers at the slinky way Bendy moves, with blood and drool and gore hanging from his huge fangs and his paws leaving tracks of blood across the floor. As Sammy gazes up at Bendy, he can't help but wonder if his lord will kill him this time. Occasionally, Bendy gets too excited and responds to the over stimulation by rending Sammy's body, ripping into him and shredding ink until Sammy is just a puddle on the floor that needs reshaping, reviving. Sammy's not sure if Bendy even realizes that it's Sammy he's killing and not another sheep. But it doesn't matter. As agonizing as it is to be torn apart, he will willingly go through it again for Bendy's pleasure. After all, Bendy always brings him back. Sammy trusts him to
This doesn't happen tonight, though. Instead, Bendy knocks Sammy over roughly, then nudges at him frantically, growling with urgency. Sammy's not completely sure what Bendy wants, but he takes a guess and quickly sheds his clothes and mask, then getting on his hands and knees. Apparently, this is the right thing to do. Bendy shifts again to an even smaller, more comfortable size, and mounts the man like an animal, his chest resting against Sammy's back. As Sammy feels Bendy's hips start to pump, seeking his hole, his mind flashes back to the unholy shape Bendy had used to kill the human. Bendy wouldn't do that to him, right? Fear grips Sammy and he can't help but tense his body, hunching his shoulders and tucking his hips in avoidance.

Bendy snarls in frustration, roughly grabs Sammy's hips, and finds his mark, slamming into Sammy with all the energy killing gives him. Sammy screams and almost falls on his face from the force of it, feeling the familiar pull on his guts and the feeling of being split in two. But, to his relief, Bendy's cock feels about the same size and shape as usual. At least, until Bendy pulls back to thrust in again. Sammy realizes the feline-like barbs are still lining Bendy's dick, and howls at the odd scraping feeling on his inner walls. Every time Bendy draws back, the small spines scratch him. After a few pulls, Sammy's arms collapse, leaving his ass up in the air. His body shivers with pain, but Sammy finds the feeling delicious. Intoxicating. The barbs are small enough to not cause real damage, but are just large and sharp enough to be felt. And, boy, does Sammy feel it. It's just the right amount of pain, and Sammy groans in wonder at Bendy's ability to provide him with such pleasure, and how generous Bendy is to do so.

With every draw of Bendy's hips, Sammy mewls at the sharp, dragging feeling inside him. It's so overwhelming that he doesn't experience the typical nausea and other discomforts of mating. He gets lost in the feeling, in the wonderful pain. "Yes, yes, yes, please Bendy, more, please don't stop, Bendy, Bendy Bendy BENDY-" his body suddenly jerks into climax with no warning or build up. Sammy reaches down and quickly strokes himself as he comes, muscles pulling and cramping as his whole body bucks and jerks. He gasps with how intense the feeling is and uses his hand to draw it out until his body simply can't take anymore. He starts to slump all the way to the ground, but Bendy latches onto his hips and keeps his rump up, fucking Sammy deeply.

Sammy starts to whimper in exhaustion and pain. Now past his peak, the pain in his guts starts to feel bad. He feels ink leak out from around Bendy, and knows his recovering period is going to be long and intense. Thankfully, Bendy finds the push and pull of Sammy on his barbs just as pleasing as Sammy had, and quickly finishes, tail pumping in time with his orgasm as his body stills over Sammy's. Bendy gazes through blurry eyes down at Sammy, and grins. He braces himself on Sammy's hip, then rips out roughly, pulling one last scream from the spent man, who finally falls to the floor. Bendy purrs as he leans over his mate, pressing against his rump to reveal the tired hole and lapping at the ink leaking from his body and down his thighs, tasting a mix of salty cum and tangy blood. Sammy quivers on the floor, grabbing at his lower stomach, and whimpers at the feeling of Bendy's tongue against his overly sensitive and sore hole.

With a sound of contentment, Bendy shifts back into his preferred form. He gazes down at Sammy, knowing now how much he hurts, then stoops down to gather the man up in his arms. He shuffles over to Sammy's cot and lies down with Sammy on his chest. It's the only way the both of them can fit in the narrow space. The tired man wiggles a bit so their bodies nestle together like a pair of spoons. Bendy throws a blanket over his back, and wraps his arms around Sammy, lightly petting him. He reaches down and gives the rump a squeeze, enjoying how the firm flesh cups perfectly in his palms. Bendy yawns, kicking his legs out. Full, satisfied, and tired, he settles for sleep, one of Sammy's hands clutched tightly in Bendy's.

When word gets out about the missing human, security increases around the studio. Agent Eleven doesn't even bother asking Bendy what happened to the young man, just glares unhappily at him and shakes his head. This does not have the desired effect, as Bendy responds by grinning proudly and polishing his claws on his chest. Other than the actual act of killing humans, flaunting his ability to
do so brings Bendy a great amount of pride and smugness. Henry chooses not to think about it. If he does, he'll start to blame himself for the death.

The media is not the only change. As time passes, Henry feels the need to get back to his family and job. His own personal haven beacons to him. But he has no good way of telling this to the ink creatures. Bendy would definitely see his leaving for even a short amount of time as another act of betrayal and abandonment. Henry can't stand to put the devil through such pain, not so soon after Bendy entrusted him with knowledge of the ink machine. Then again, does Henry really feel ok about having his family near two unstable creatures? Between Sammy's scary mood swings and Bendy clearly still killing when the opportunity presents itself, the ink creatures are not exactly safe to be around. To say nothing of their terrible habit of mating wherever the mood happens to hit Bendy. They have cleared a room with their rutting more than once. Honestly, the two just make terrible house guests. And Henry doesn't see that changing any time soon, so he tries to content himself with phone calls home.

The problem is solved for him while walking the yard with Bendy one afternoon. The two are talking about the possibility of snow, then Henry trying to describe to Bendy what snow is like. Thanks to the dry weather, the devil has yet to even see rain in person, so snow is a little hard for him to imagine.

“Henry! Henry, there you are!” He turns to see his wife, Linda, rush up towards them, arms outstretched. Henry can't help himself. He breaks into a huge grin and sweeps her up into his arms. “Oh, honey, you're a sight for sore eyes!” Henry mumbles into her hair as he squeezes her tight. He hadn't realized just how much he'd missed her until her smell fills his nose and he wraps her in a bear hug.

Linda gives him one last squeeze, then pulls back to look at his face. “Oh, Henry, dear, you look exhausted!” She starts to fuss at him, patting his cheek then trying to smooth his hair flat. Henry grins back at her. In truth, he is quite tired. Having to tend to the ink creatures as well as struggling to plan a life for them takes all of his energy. Plus, when they stay over at the house, he still has to share a bed with a devil. A clingy devil who has a nasty habit of kicking out with his left leg as hard as he can while sleeping. Henry figures he probably should have gotten stitches after that one time, but his leg seems to be healing well enough.

It's due to Henry's sleepiness and distraction that he fails to notice the thunderstorm that is Bendy brewing next to him. Henry pats Linda's hair one last time, then turns to introduce her to Bendy. “Bendy, this is my wife, Linda. Linda, this is Bendy.”

“It looks so different from what you used to draw!” She looks at Bendy like he's an interesting robot to study, or perhaps an animal at the zoo.

It.

“Why, Henry,” Bendy starts, his tone sugar sweet as his grin widens impossibly, almost like it's about to wrap all the way around his head. “You never told me you went and got married after you left me to rot chained in some godforsaken vault. Have some kids, too, I bet? A dog, a house with a white picket fence? Isn't that just wonderful. You had yourself a nice, fulfilling life, huh?” Henry is confused, but still somehow oblivious to what's about to happen. Some instinct clicks in his lizard brain, and he gently pushes Linda behind him. Otherwise, though, he just looks at Bendy with confusion. “I suppose you could say that...” Bendy's voice changes with his body. “While I was wasting away, starving to death,” spines erupt from his back, ink starts dripping off him in globs, and fangs and claws elongate. “You were off having the time of your life,” Bendy's voice is now a deep, craggy roar, unlike any other voice that has ever spoken on earth. Henry starts desperately shoving Linda back, then holds his hands up to Bendy, stumbling a few steps back, himself.

“Easy, there, Bendy, hold on. Let's talk about this.” Swamped in running ink, Bendy grows even taller, looming over Henry. Black spittle drips off his teeth as his tail lashes and snaps. “While I was stuck with crazy Sammy and zombie Boris, you had this nice little tart to fuck every night. I bet you love each other, too. What's that like, Henry, to have a family that loves you?”
“Bendy, wait-!” Henry is cut off as Bendy attacks. He lashes out with claws and teeth at the same time, his fangs sinking deep into Henry's shoulder while the claws of one hand dig deep furrows down his chest. Bendy uses his other hand to grab Henry's left arm, squeezing it until it makes satisfying crunches and pops under his fingers.

Henry howls in pain, his legs buckling in shock. This is how I die, Henry thinks. But he doesn't give up yet. Through his cries of pain Henry starts to plead. “Bendy, Bendy, please I'm so sorry. I was wrong, I shouldn't have left. It's my fault, it's all my fault. Please, Bendy, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, let me make it up to you, please.”

Impossibly, Bendy pauses in his attack, though his teeth and claws are still inside Henry's flesh, and he doesn't release the ruined arm.

“Please, Bendy,” Henry sobs out. “Let me make it up to you. Let me work for you. I can do what you need done.” He needs to mention the machine, but dares not, at least not in public. He hears a faint roaring in his ears, and realizes the nearby people crowding the fence are crying out in horror.

“Remember, Bendy, we're gonna work something out for you and Sammy. Please, I can't help you if I'm dead.”

With a grudging growl, Bendy releases Henry, who crumples to the ground. Tail swishing with anger, he turns to the closest humans, who happen to be the pale Linda pressing fingers to her mouth and Agent Eleven striding quickly across the lawn towards them. Bendy's mouth still hangs open as he slowly licks the blood off his teeth. Agent Eleven reaches Linda and quickly sends her away. She stumbles back a few steps, glances back once at the demon standing over her husband, then turns and runs.

“Bendy,” Eleven keeps his voice steady. “Alright, you've made your point. Now Henry needs to go to the hospital. You don't want your friend to die, do you?”

Bendy glances down at Henry. He's pale and bleeding a lot. Bendy's tongue twists at the sight, wanting to taste, wanting to lap at the gushing blood while his teeth tear into meat and crunch through bone. But this is Henry, not some useless sheep. Bendy takes a slow step backwards, then another, backing away from Henry before he loses control. Watching Agent Eleven kneel down and check Henry's wounds, Bendy lifts up his bloody claws and contents himself with licking them clean.

Since they are close to town, it doesn't take long for the ambulance to show up. By this time, Bendy has calmed himself and resumed his usual shape. Watching the frantic humans and remembering his own butchering of sheep, Bendy realizes that maybe he'd hurt Henry more than he had meant to. He had wanted Henry to hurt, yes, to inflect pain and share at least a little of the torment he feels, but he hadn't meant to endanger the man's life. Humans are so fragile. He tail starts to tap nervously as he watches more humans from the ambulance kneel around Henry, pushing gaze onto his wounds and asking silly questions like “What's your name?” and “Do you know where you are?” When they load Henry up into the vehicle, Bendy hops in with them. This makes all the humans around him stiffen with fear and uncertainty, but no one wants to tell the demon with the bloody chin no. Not even Agent Eleven.

Bendy saw a couple of medical dramas on television before, but finds the tiny town hospital not nearly as interesting. There's more strange humans around him than he's ever experienced before, but they mostly ignore him, bustling around to tend to Henry. But more importantly, there's buttons to push. Lots of buttons to push.

Agent Eleven, who followed the ambulance with Linda in his own car, swats at Bendy's hand as he reaches for a particularly bright button. Bendy ignores Eleven and pushes it anyway, grinning when some alarm starts to squawk. There's already a nurse in the room from the last thirteen times Bendy pushed a button, though, and is able to quickly silence the alarm.

“Please,” Linda says from where she holds Henry's hand. “Can't you get that thing out of here?” she asks Agent Eleven.

Bendy turns to her with a dangerous grin. “Ya know, it's language like that what got your husband mauled in the first place.”

“Bendy-” Eleven starts.
“Listen lady,” Bendy stands up straight and points a claw at her. “I ain't a thing, I ain't an it, and you can stop lookin' at me like I pissed in your corn flakes.”

“Oh, really?” she says, batting her eyelids at Bendy. “If you're a man, what happened to your balls?”

Bendy starts to scramble right over Henry's bed. “Oh, yeah, lady? You wanna see 'em? Cause I'll shove them down your shit talking throat, you whore.”

Agent Eleven moves quickly. Snagging the hissing demon around his ribs, he yanks Bendy back, somehow managing to stop his advance on the woman. “Would both of you shut up? Linda, you're only making things worse. Do you really want to make him mad right after you've seen what he can do? Bendy, you almost killed Linda's husband. Show some shame for your actions.”

Both of them look away, mouths twisted in almost the exact same expression. If Eleven wasn't so highly trained, he might have laughed.

To his relief, help comes in the unexpected form of Sammy. Having hitched a ride to the hospital with another agent, he sticks his masked head in the door now. Linda squeaks in surprise, clutching her heart. She hasn't met Sammy yet, and wasn't expecting a large grinning Bendy face to pop around the corner.

“Hi Bendy. I heard you almost killed Henry. I should really start going on those walks with you, they sound like fun.”

“Sammy,” Agent Eleven digs for his wallet and pulls out a 20. “Why don't you take Bendy and go get something to eat. I'm sure Henry could use some peace and quiet. Just stay inside the hospital, ok?”

Sammy takes the bill with a nod. Happy to explore, Bendy trots after Sammy. While small, the hospital still has several floors, all of which Bendy demands to walk before going to eat. He finds walking the hallways oddly soothing, the bright white tones, strong lighting, and constant flow of humans a sharp contrast to the studio. Thanks in part to their missing neighbor, the local humans know to leave Bendy alone, and manage to mostly ignore him.

At the small cafeteria, Bendy grabs well over $20 worth of food, piling pizza, cakes, candy, and snacks on his tray. When Sammy offers the bill to the lady behind the register, she just takes it with an eyeroll and doesn't say anything.

Bendy is still getting used to sitting at a table while he eats. Though he can manage that part alright, he still only uses his claws to eat. Sammy chooses to use the plastic fork provided, enjoying the ability to eat like the man he once was. The people seated near them quickly clear out, understandably nervous around a literal demon and the sole member of his cult.

While Sammy is off entertaining Bendy, Agent Eleven speaks to Henry about the two monsters.

“Henry, this is bad. We know Bendy has a history of violence. And now he's attacked you in front of everyone.”

“Bendy very much lives in the moment. You know that. He doesn't think about the future. In that way, he's a very honest creature.”

“Yeah, well, I hate to say it, but it looks like he was holding back. He managed to do all this in one hit.”

“If he wanted to kill me, I would be dead,” Henry confirms.

“You seem awfully calm and accepting of what happened.”

“The drugs help.”

“Ah. The question remains, though. What are we going to do with Bendy?”

“We're going to give him another chance. He's allowed to act out now and then.”

“He's not just 'acting out,' Henry! He's dangerous.”

“Yeah, but we knew that from the beginning. I'm not going to let a broken bone ruin everything we've worked for. We're close, Eleven. Bendy can have a happy, productive life, I just know it.”

“It's actually three bones, five breaks in total. He didn't just snap your arm, he ground it into pieces.”

“Yes,” Henry says with a pain expression, “Keep painting those graphic pictures for me.”

“Sorry. In any case, I thought you should know, we're working on a backup plan.”

Henry doesn't like the sound of that. “What do you mean, locking them back up into the studio?”
“No, that's not a good long term solution. People will find their way in, or he will find his way back out. No, we're working on a secure room. One that should be able to hold any creature, no matter how big or small he can make himself.”

Henry's gut clenches. “I understand your concerns, I really do. But locking Bendy up in a room is a really bad idea. If I heard him correctly, that's happened to him before. He hates being locked up, and the smaller the space the worse it is.”

“That's not really my problem. My main concern is the safety of the public.”

“You don't understand. You'll break him. He'll be so angry, so betrayed, that he will never be able to trust anyone again. And we have to assume that an immortal creature like Bendy will, eventually, break out. Once he does, you'll really have a problem on your hands.” Henry is lying, of course. He knows that if Bendy is locked in a room, he will die within the week.

But Eleven seems to buy his bluff. He taps his chin and considers. “I hear what you're saying, Henry, and you've made some good points. But I'm going to need to see real improvement, and soon.”

“Please, try to be patient with him. Everything is so new, and he's been through a lot of trauma. I know it's not easy, but what he really needs right now is patience and care. He needs to act out, to test boundaries. But he'll figure things out. I really believe that.”

“I'll do what I can, but ultimately it's not my decision. I really hope you're right, Henry. I know you've become a bit attached to those two. I'd like to see things work out the way you say it will.” Henry chuckles. “Well that would be a first. Thank you.”

The rest of the evening passes uneventfully, and with his arm set and his chest stitched back together, Henry is released. Henry is a little surprised he's not kept overnight, but figures they really just want Bendy and Sammy out of there ASAP.

Back at the house, Henry faces another problem. Linda is here, and she would like to spend the night with her injured husband. But Bendy is also here, and Henry doesn't want to push the demon away. He feels, deep in his gut, that he needs to show Bendy some love and compassion. And, at all costs, he needs to be sure Bendy doesn't feel abandoned.

So it's with a heavy heart that Henry sends Linda away, telling her where the nearest hotel is. Afterwards, he lies in bed wondering why he's doing so much for Bendy. He's tempted to run back home, return to his life. Hasn't he done enough for them? The creature in question shows up, gazing down at Henry for a moment before stalking over and slipping into the covers next to him. A few minutes pass.

“Are you ok?” Henry asks Bendy.

Bendy snorts. “Shouldn't I be askin' you that?”

Henry rolls onto his side to look at Bendy. As usual, Bendy is tucked deep in the blankets, lying on his side, facing Henry. He can just make out one large dark eye peering at him from under the covers.

“What?” Bendy asks.

“Aren't... Aren't you going to say something? About what happened today?”

“If you're lookin’ for an apology, look elsewhere. As far as I'm concerned, you got what you deserved. In fact, you got off easy.”

“I know you could have killed me easily.”

“Mhmm.”

“But you didn't. Which means you must care, on some level. Or am I just another sheep to you?”

Bendy blinks up at Henry, a little spooked as his question echos Bendy's earlier thoughts. (This is Henry, not a useless sheep.)

“I'm not angry with you, Bendy. I understand you're in pain, and you feel the need to express it. But, please... Try not to do it again?”

“No promises,” he grumbles back.

Moving awkwardly thanks to his cast, Henry hooks Bendy into a hug, squeezing him as best as he can. Bendy squawks in protest, but only pretends to fight back. Afterwards Henry pets around Bendy's horns. The same gesture Bendy had shrugged off the first day he went outside he now
accepts from Henry, sighing softly at the gentle fingers. It's a small thing, but Henry understands the meaning behind it. Bendy is lowering his walls a little, letting Henry in. After the petting ends, Bendy starts to roll over to face away from Henry, but he catches the demon by the shoulder. "Oh, no, you don't. Every time you sleep on that side, you kick the shit out of me with your hooves. Aim those cannons in the other direction, please."
Bendy grins, "You just wanna cuddle more, don't ya? Do some heavy pettin'? Don't lie, silly human, you can tell Bendy the truth." He starts purring in a ridiculous, over the top way. "And don't be weird! Save that mess for Sammy, or I'll kick you out."
“I thought I was the one doin' the kickin',” Bendy pouts. But he settles back down and is soon dozing.
Feeling better about the whole situation, Henry lets the drugs lull him into sleep, as well.

Chapter End Notes

Henry is a cinnamon roll who believes love can solve any problem. Let's hope he's right about this one.

And Bendy totally meant to do that. Right, guys? Not a mistake, nope, Bendy doesn't make mistakes.
Blood and Sex

Chapter Summary

There's something that's been bothering me about this AU for weeks. First of all, even though Bendy can make all ink, including his body, do whatever he wants it to do, he can still get hurt. He has to consciously move the ink to shift. So if something happens that he doesn't intend – even something as simple as accidentally jamming a finger – it will hurt him.

So if he can move all the ink, and even revive Sammy after he gets too annoying, why can't Bendy remake Boris's guts? If they have super healing abilities, why doesn't Boris heal? The answer, of course, is I don't think it be like it is, but it do.

I also get into extended thoughts about whether they poo or not. Sometimes I think, they're ink critters, they don't do that. Other times I think, they eat, of course they poo. Then it devolves into really stupid thoughts, like wondering if Bendy creates a new butthole every time he has to go. Or if the bathrooms still work in abandoned buildings.

In my defense, my job is ridiculously boring, and I've got nothing else to occupy my brain at the moment.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Very early the next morning finds Henry in much worse humor. The powerful drugs the doctor put him on have faded during the night. Hurt and grumpy, Henry pushes away the warm creature pressed against his side, struggles into his sling, and shuffles to the kitchen. He finds an orange bottle of painkillers on the counter with his name on it, and turns to get some water.

A sobbing Sammy stands before him, back turned and hunched over oddly. Henry suppresses a sigh; he really doesn't want to deal with one of Sammy's moods right now. He's too sore and tired. In any case, why does Henry always have to be the one to calm Sammy down? But his soft heart can't bear the sound of his sobs. He fumbles around to take his medication, speaking as he does so.


“I've done so much, but it's never enough. I can't do any more. I tried, I really did.”

“Easy, there,” Henry mumbles around his glass of water. This sounds like a pretty standard anxiety attack.

“More sacrifice. That's all I can offer. That's all I have left. I must give him more sacrifices.” With that, Sammy makes an odd pumping motion against his stomach and cries out. Ink spatters to the tile floor.

Skin crawling, Henry quickly puts down his glass and grabs the man's shoulder, spinning him around. There's a large kitchen knife embedded in his belly. As Henry watches, Sammy grabs the handle, yanks it out, and drives it back in.

“Sammy! Oh my God, stop it!” This is definitely not a standard anxiety attack. Henry knows that when a human has something like a knife in their guts, one don't just yank it out. But Sammy has already done so several times, and Henry feels leaving the knife in his possession will be more dangerous than removing it. So he grabs the handle of the knife, slick with ink, and pulls it from the creature, his own stomach lurching as he does so.

Sammy just cries softly, fingers pressed against his torn and leaking belly. Henry tosses the knife into
the sink with a clatter and grabs at Sammy's wrist, trying to move the hand so he can see how bad it is. The ink creature pulls away, though.

"You don't understand," he wails. "I need to do it. In his name. Then maybe he will see me, he will see my pain. Maybe then he will look away from you!"

Henry knows Sammy can take serious damage and recover. He'd been shot several times, after all, and never got medical attention. Even so, his natural instinct is to call an ambulance, get him some help. He settles for grabbing a clean hand towel and pressing it against Sammy's belly.

"Ok, Sammy, you did it. You did your sacrifice, shown your pain. Now it's over, and you can stop, rest, and heal."

Sammy sniffles. "Did he notice?"

Henry thinks about Bendy, tucked into bed and oblivious to the world, and isn't sure how to answer that question. "I don't know. It... It might help if he were awake..." Henry mumbles.

"My lord sleeps with the enemy," Sammy saysdarkly. "I know he has his reasons, and I shouldn't question him. But-" he pauses to dig his fingers into an open wound, "-why does he ignore me?"

Unwittingly caught in the middle of some twisted love triangle, feeling tired and a little dizzy, Henry doesn't know what to do. "Why don't you go to him now? Take my spot, it's fine. Just be quiet and don't wake him up. Then you can lie next to him."

"...Really?"

"Sure! To be honest, Sammy, I would prefer not to sleep next to Bendy at all. You can have him. Really."

Sammy's nervous fingers twist the inky towel, then shoves it at Henry as he turns and quickly goes for Bendy's room. Henry sighs, crises averted for the time being. At least until Bendy wakes up and starts hollering at Sammy. Whatever, someone else can deal with that problem. Henry drags himself to the couch and settles there, wrapping a convenient blanket around himself as he waits for the painkillers to kick in. "Those two really need therapy," he mumbles.

Henry is happy to have Linda around, he really is. She's attentive to his needs, watching the clock to make sure he takes his painkillers, getting him coffee, and most importantly, sitting and talking with him like nothing's out of the ordinary. His youngest daughter, Melissa, is currently staying with Linda's mother. He misses her, but is glad she is somewhere safe.

Linda and Bendy both have strong personalities, and they tend to clash whenever they're together in a room longer than a few minutes. It stresses Henry, makes him worry for Linda's health. Bendy doesn't typically lash out just from annoyance; he has to be truly angry for that. But when it does happen, Henry knows from experience that it can be deadly.

"Why are there ink stains everywhere?" Linda asks, glaring at a dripping mark dried to the side of the couch. "Do you really have to make such a mess?" She scrubs at it with her fingers to see how set it is.

Happening to walk by, Agent Eleven mumbles, "Yeah, we're not getting that deposit back."

Bendy chuckles, "Ooh, yeah, that'll work. Rub it real hard, baby. Try givin' it a lil lick, too."

"Linda, stop!" Henry says, alarmed. "That's not... normal ink."

"What?" she asks, confused.

"That's my cum!" Bendy crows proudly.

"Oh my Lord, you are the most disgusting creature I've ever met!" Linda stomps off to scrub her hands in hot water while Bendy cackles at her.

"So I'm your lord, now?" he calls after her. "I think Sammy's got an open spot for ya in his cult."

The longer this goes on, the more Henry is convinced that he cannot move the ink machine into his own house. Not that he has room for the giant, messy machine, anyway. But if those two lived under the same roof, blood would be shed.

The day is over cast with dark gray clouds hanging heavily above. When the storm breaks around noon, Bendy watches from a window, interested. It's odd to him that the world can change so much. He's used to an environment that says consistent. After a few minutes, he clops to the door and peers outside, reaching out a paw to feel the water. He considers going outside, but the water on his hand
feels icy. Winter is truly upon them now. Bendy withdraws back into the house, deciding that rain is boring.

Back at the studio, Bendy was so starved that he couldn't be bothered to do much but sit and slowly walk about. If anything, Bendy eats a little too well these days. That means he has energy to burn. He normally does so by walking and romping in the yard, or taking his renewed energy out on Sammy's behind. But the yard is not an option, and at the moment Bendy would rather move his legs than copulate.

In other words, Bendy gets the zoomies.

Like an out of work border collie, Bendy races back and forth through the house, hoof falls muffled by the carpet to dull but loud cantering thumps. Then he spies Sammy walking in front of him in the hallway, and without shifting form, drops to all fours for two strides, hooks Sammy's legs with his horns and flips him ass over teakettle over Bendy's back. Then the demon is on two legs again, bouncing off the wall at the end of the hallway and jumping over Sammy, who's trying to figure out why he's heaped on the floor now.

Bendy manages to tip Sammy twice more before he wises up and stays down. Annoyed that his playmate is out for the count, Bendy hops over him once again, this time "accidentally" clipping him with a hoof. He takes yet another lap around the living room, but his hoof gets caught on the edge of the area rug and he crashes into the couch.

To a fault, Henry is a very patient man. To draw all those cartoons by hand, a huge amount of patience is required. He always thinks of other people's well-being above his own, and like a true gentleman, he is careful and polite with everything he says and does. He is known as a kind person to work with, and often gives extensions and excuses to his fellow employees. A few times, he's even covered for a co-worker by working overtime with no pay. At home, when his oldest daughter and Linda would lock horns, he would calmly approach the problem and help talk it out, careful not to take either side. Living in a house with three women can be difficult for any man, but Henry never finds it troublesome. He likes to think his calm demeanor helped raise his daughters into the well adjusted people they are.

He ignores the crashing throughout the house, the yells as Bendy pushes people aside to run by them, and of course, Sammy's unfortunate role as Bendy's plaything. But it's definitely getting on his nerves. He feels his jaw clench and a headache growing, and his arm and chest burn terribly though his painkillers. So when Bendy falls into the couch, Henry snaps.

"Dammit, Bendy, can't you calm down?! For God's sake, why can't we have five minutes without some disaster! You pull me limb from limb, then run around like an idiot. If you don't behave this instant, I'm sending you back to the studio!"

The snarl and pain in his voice makes Bendy pause. He's not used to Henry snapping at him, and has the sense to look just a little bit chastised. His tail lowers to the floor and he averts his eyes, grin drooping into a slight frown. Then he lies down on the couch, settling his head against Henry's thigh. He's too long to really fit, so his legs poke awkwardly over the edge. With another annoyed sigh, Henry rests his good hand between Bendy's horns. It's not ideal, but at least he's calm now.

Linda walks into the room, her face turning into a glare when she finds the demon has taken her spot. She hands Henry a beer.

"I don't think I should have that with my medicine."

"It's one 6% beer, you'll be fine. Besides, it looks like you need it."

Acknowledging the truth to this, Henry accepts the beer.

Pulling up a chair, Linda asks, "Why do you care so much about them?"

"Hm?"

"The ink creatures. Haven't you done enough? You got them out of the studio. The FBI can take it from here. Come home, Henry."

Henry looks down at the demon. One eye is curiously cracked as Bendy looks back up at Henry. Apparently he would like to know the answer, too. Or perhaps he's just concerned that Henry will agree with Linda and leave.

"I don't know. I guess I feel responsible."

"I don't think I should have that with my medicine."

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"I don't know. I guess I feel responsible."
“But you didn't have anything to do with this.”
“No, Joey was the one who brought them to life. But I was the one who joined him in a partnership to make the studio. I was the one who originally created Bendy. In some way, he's still mine. My creation.” He pauses here to rub the round head, fingers trailing against the base of Bendy's horns.
“If I drew a mouse or a cat instead of a devil, would we still be here? I don't know. But I do know that if I never drew in the first place, this wouldn't have happened. I can't just leave them now. I have to do right by them.”
“What about Sammy? He's not yours.”
Henry chuckles, “No, and thank God for that. But I knew Sammy when he was normal, or at least more normal than he is now. He was a pain, the grumpiest man I'd ever met. But he didn't deserve what happened to him.” Henry shakes his head. “He's so different from who he used to be, sometimes I wonder if he's even the same person.”
Henry thinks of the calm and cool Sammy, always clean and collected, with his hair brushed back and dressed neatly in dark tones. He almost always had a folder with sheets of music he had handwritten himself tucked under his arm. The moment he walked into the studio, he was in complete control, with musicians scrambling to follow his directions. He pressured them to play their best, as one misplaced note would cause Sammy to force the entire band to replay the whole song. The recording process of one simple song often took them hours. Henry suggested once to him that maybe the music for a children's cartoon doesn't have to be so perfect, and Sammy acted like he had insulted his mother. While a giant pain, Henry always considered the man a musical genius, and figured Joey Drew Studios was just a stepping stone to bigger and better things. Perhaps Sammy could have scored the soundtracks to movies, or worked on Broadway.
Henry shakes the thoughts from his head. There's no point in lingering in the past, of what was and what might have been. Sammy's great potential is now wasted, his creativity rotting in his broken mind, and there's nothing Henry can do about it. What he can do is focus on the future, on getting those two set up somewhere with their ink machine. Hopefully they'll be able to manage their own lives, perhaps with the help of someone who isn't Henry. If he can get them there, maybe he can stop feeling so guilty.
Tired, he watches television, devoid of ideas. He blankly stares at a small news piece about Bendy and the attack yesterday. The footage shown is shaky and out of focus. Nothing new is reported, but the station mentions that an interview with Bendy was declined. Then the show moves on some famous YouTuber who's gotten themselves into hot water. Henry's mind wanders. People are so curious about Bendy and Sammy, which is justified. Bendy hasn't been allowed to talk to the reporters because the FBI are worried about what might go spilling out of his mouth. For the moment, they are trying to keep the public more or less in the dark and their opinions neutral. But it's a shame Bendy has to be so shut off from the world. If people were able to see him better, maybe their curiosity would be satisfied, and the media would back off a little.
If only there was an open video platform where Henry could completely control the posted content... Henry actually stares at the YouTube logo on the television screen for a moment before his foggy mind makes the connection. Oh, yeah, that might just work. In any case, it would give him something silly to keep the two busy with while he figures something out. Henry starts shifting his legs, thinking to get started right away, but finds he lacks the energy to move. After all, he knows nothing about those internet platforms, and he doesn't even have a camera. Hopefully it can keep for a few days; Bendy is so antsy lately he fears the ink demon will pull the walls down around them. Bendy needs something to do, something to hold his attention. Maybe seeing himself on the internet would soothe his ego a bit, make him feel better about his situation.

Linda insists on cooking real food that evening. There is a revolving door of people coming and going from the house, so she only cooks for Henry, herself, and, grudgingly, the ink creatures.
Seated at the table with his odd little family, Henry enjoys the home cooked meal. Bendy chews on a fork he doesn't know how to use, then spits it out and starts licking his meatloaf, ignoring the greens. Sammy, fortunately, has better table manners.
Eleven approaches the group and pulls up a spare chair next to Bendy. “I'm sorry to interrupt, but we need a blood sample from you.”

Bendy's head snaps up, and he crosses his arms tightly over his belly. He growls as ink starts to trickle down his forehead. “No.”

“It's really not a big deal. Just a little prick and you'll be done.”

“The only little prick I see is talkin' to me. What's with you human's fascination with innards?”

Henry lowers his fork thoughtfully. “What happened to Boris?” he asks quietly, almost dreading the answer.

Bendy shifts uncomfortably. “Joey wanted to see what's inside an ink critter. Boris was unlucky enough to be his test subject. Surprise, surprise, we've got guts, just like everything else does. Anyway, I think Joey thought Boris would heal, but for some reason he couldn't.” Bendy remembers Boris getting strapped down to the table. He was cooperative, not understanding what was about to happen to him. Once they started cutting into him, though, and he started screaming, it was too late to pull free. All tiny Bendy could do is hold his friend's hand and beg to deaf ears over Boris's yells. Eventually, it became too much for Bendy to bear, and he ran away sobbing, leaving his pal to face the horror alone.

Bendy shakes his horns. “Now Boris can't eat anymore, cause his guts are gone. So he doesn't have much energy.”

“Is Boris still alive?” Eleven asks.

“Yes.”

“Bendy,” Henry starts. “No one's going to gut you.” He turns in his chair and scoots forward, slowly reaching his good hand over to press it against the demon's lean stomach. “Those are yours, and they'll stay right where they are.”

Bendy looks down at Henry's hand, and rests his own on top for a moment. Sammy watches with hawk eyes, tensing up so much that his fingers start to shake. A soft growl rumbles from him. Henry hears the warning and quickly pulls away from Bendy.

“But drawing blood is not a big deal,” Henry continues as if nothing happened. “You saw them do it to me at the hospital.”

“Yeah, but that was your stupid human blood. You can't have my ink. It's mine. Why do you need it, anyway?”

“We're just trying to understand you a little better. Your bodily fluids all looks like ink, but from the samples we've collected, it seems to vary in some way. Besides, knowledge is always valuable.”

Bendy's tail raps against the legs of his chair. Sure, valuable for you, he thinks. Like knowledge of his dependence on the ink. “You've collected samples?!” Bendy snarls, uneasy.

“Yes. Saliva, some of Sammy's blood, and your... various other leavings.” Agent Eleven has too much class to use a word like jizz. “It would be very helpful to us if you provided a larger sample.”

“No.” The discussion over for Bendy, his tongue shoots out and wraps around the meatloaf, pulling the whole thing into his mouth at once like a lizard.

Agent Eleven sits back with a sigh. “Are you sure you won't reconsider? Your cooperation is appreciated. And perhaps we can do something for you in return.”

“Yeah? Like what?”

“I don't know. Name your price.”

It's a dirty trick, Henry thinks. Bendy's demands are notoriously pitiful. He knows Eleven is hoping to trade the blood for something small. He wonders if the creature will catch on.

Bendy only pauses for a moment, throwing a handful of green beans at Sammy in an attempt to hide how uncomfortable he is. “Nope, no deal.”

“Why? What are you trying to hide?”

The ink trickles a little heavier, and Bendy swipes at it, wondering if the creepy agent also collected some of that ink, too. For the first time, Bendy does not feel comfortable in the house. For once, Bendy remains silent, his teeth bared in stress and hissing softly.

“I think you have your answer, Agent, at least for now,” Henry steps in. He sees disaster coming and wants to stop it if possible.
“Did you draw blood from Sammy?” Bendy asks.
“Yes, he consented.”

Bendy stands quickly, stomping his hooves with a loud crack on the tile floor. He slams one hand over Eleven's, claws sinking in and pinning it to the table. The man hisses softly in pain and tugs back reflexively, but otherwise does not acknowledge the claws digging deep into his hand. Bendy leans over Eleven, baring his teeth and spraying spit on his face as he snarls, tail raised and arched like a scorpion's so it's visible over Bendy's shoulder. “Don't you ever touch my Sammy again. Ya hear?! Don’t lay a single fucking finger on him. You're disgusting, takin' advantage of an idiot like Sammy. He's too stupid to know any better, but I know. I know what you're up to, ya scheming asshole. You're only tryin' ta get rid of us. I see it in your eyes, the way you look at us. You keep away from Sammy, and I mean it. You won't get another warning. I will kill you.” Tail popping repeatedly on the floor so hard it must hurt, Bendy releases the bleeding hand, stomps around the table, grabs Sammy by the arm, and drags him away.

Bendy yanks Sammy into his bedroom and slams the door behind them. Then he turns to his follower and carefully starts rubbing his fingertips over him, as if checking him over for damage or a “kick me” sign tapped to his back. The humans had touched Sammy, violated him, and Bendy's fingers shake with anger as he works Sammy over. “Sammy, you idiot, don't let those humans touch you. You don't know what they're capable of.”

Sammy isn't sure why Bendy is so upset, but he enjoys the attention. It's not lost on him that Bendy is acting possessive, or arguably, protective. Warmth floods his chest as he feels honored that Bendy cares for him. He called me HIS Sammy, he thinks to himself, almost dazed. I must be dreaming; Bendy would never be so kind to me.

During his inspection, Bendy slides the suspenders off his shoulders, running his hands down Sammy's back. Then with a gentle push, he seats Sammy on the edge of the bed. Folding his goat legs underneath him, Bendy lowers himself, perching on the floor. His fingers pluck at the button of Sammy's pants, undoing them and tugging them down. Breath catching in his throat, Sammy wiggles his hips to help. Bendy pushes Sammy's legs apart and stats to cup him, massaging him in his hand. Sammy quickly rises to the occasion, and Bendy gives him a few licks before taking him into his mouth. Though it doesn't happen often, receiving oral from the demon is always an exhilarating experience. With those sharp claws and fangs so close, pressing against sensitive flesh, Sammy always has to fight back visions of those same weapons tearing into sheep so easily. For all his wickedness, though, Bendy has never attacked Sammy's genitals. Well, not unless one counts his typical mating habits.

Heart pounding, Sammy watches as Bendy bobs up and down on his length, slick gray tongue working as it wraps around him, then unwinds, then imperiously stretches and dips down to tease his balls. He pushes Sammy back a little, tilts his hips for better access, then uses one finger to tease his back entrance, tongue focused on the tip of his penis, pleasing both holes at once. He pauses to lick his finger, then puts it back where it was, pushing inside of Sammy and looking for that sweet spot. Sammy shudders as the arms propping himself up threaten to buckle. He wants to lie back and relax into the feeling, but also wants to watch. His hips start to twitch and he whines as Bendy's finger finds what it was looking for. Sammy reaches down to rest a hand on one of Bendy's horns, rubbing his thumb against it, wanting to push Bendy's face closer but careful not to act on that impulse. He won't do anything that might cause Bendy to stop.

After an oh so light, teasing scrape of his fangs along Sammy's shaft and a final flick of his tongue, Bendy pulls back. He looks at Sammy's mask and sighs. “Ya know, as much as I like lookin' at my own face, it's always weird fuckin' ya with that thing on.”

Sammy reaches up and pulls it off. “I don't know how you can fuck anyone without a face.” He tries to contain his disappointment at Bendy ending the blow job before completion.

“You gotta face, Sammy. It's right there, on your face.” Bendy crawls up, pushing Sammy flat on his back. Straddling his hips, Bendy pushes his freshly formed cunt against Sammy, grinding against his needy member. Sammy pants and watches as Bendy lifts himself up, grabs the base of Sammy's cock, and eases down onto it. The ink helps him slide smoothly into place. For a moment, Bendy just
rocks his hips against Sammy. Sammy is a respectable size, and Bendy enjoys the feeling of being filled, of being touched deep within his body.

Sammy is in awe. Getting oral or getting buried into Bendy are both rare events. But they never happen one right after the other. He runs his hands up Bendy's legs and onto his hips, pulling them down as if trying to push deeper inside. He reaches around to Bendy's rump, squeezing the lean muscles there, then up to the base of his flicking tail, teasing the underside, lightly brushing his fingers against Bendy's hole, then gently squeezing the base of the tail. Bendy's tail is largely off limits, and he kicks anyone who tries to touch it. Bendy likes his tail free to move as it wants, and doesn't like the sensitive limb pulled or manipulated. Of course, this makes the tail a terribly tempting forbidden fruit, and Sammy sneaks in his touches when he can. He'd masturbated to that tail before, the way it sways sexily back and forth, and how it hides a hole underneath that he's rarely seen, much less played with. He'd cum while thinking about thrusting into that hole while yanking hard on the tail, thinking about how good it would feel to have Bendy so completely. That's just a private fantasy, though, and whenever he thinks about it, he hopes Bendy won't open their mental connection and see it.

Currently he doesn't want to upset Bendy, so after one last feel, Sammy quickly moves on, leaving the tail behind to run his hands up over Bendy's ribs. The demon leans over him, starting to move and buck up and down Sammy's cock. Sammy finds the rhythm and moves with Bendy, gasping and groaning at the treat. After a bit, Bendy sits back up and resumes rocking their bodies together, taking a breather.

Sammy knows it's a risk, but he grabs Bendy and tries to roll them over. He goes with it, allowing Sammy to lie on top of him, even hooking a hock around Sammy's leg. Surprised at Bendy's generosity, Sammy begins to thrust desperately into Bendy's body, and praises spill from him. “Aah, my lord, you're so good to me. You take such good care of me. So generous and kind to an unworthy creature like me. Bendy. Bendy, aah, I love you so much, you're the most perfect being I've ever seen- so powerful and- great and-” Sammy loses his ability to speak clearly. Bendy grins, tongue barely peeking out from behind his teeth, both pleased and amused by Sammy's praises. He runs his claws up and down Sammy's back, then over his arms, feeling Sammy's cock rub him in all the right places. Bendy arches his back, pushing into the thrusts. Sammy presses kisses against Bendy's jaw, starting to lose his rhythm. He presses his forehead against Bendy's shoulder as his back hunches and he comes, releasing his inky seed deep into Bendy's body. Spent, he flops down, not even bothering to pull out.

Bendy tsks in annoyance, as he hasn't come yet. “Sammy, you're so worthless,” he mumbles to the man, who grunts his agreement. Bendy rolls Sammy off of him, closing up his hole and sealing the cum deep inside his body. He considers using the man until he reaches his own release, but decides against it. Sammy can pay for this later. Dearly. Probably involving spikes. For now, he presses Sammy to his chest and relaxes with him. “You're my follower, right? My disciple?” Bendy growls into his ear.

“Yes, my lord.”

“That means you belong to me, Sammy. You're my property. I own you and the ink you're made of. And you can't let other people touch my property. That's part of your job, like driving the humans from the studio or catching sheep. Think you can manage that?”

“Yes, my lord.”

“Good,” Bendy purrs. “Be a good little disciple, please your lord.” Bendy doesn't actually buy into the whole cult thing. He doesn't believe himself to be a god, and thinks Sammy is ridiculous with his obsession, shrines, and rituals. But Bendy feels comfortable using Sammy's religion as a tool to keep the clueless man safe. Bendy starts licking Sammy's head. Bendy doesn't kiss, he bites or licks. Sammy knows this and assumes that this licking is Bendy's way of showing affection.

Sammy groans softly, physically spent and overwhelmed with emotion. Not only does Bendy care for him, he claims ownership over him. Feelings roll in Sammy's gut as he clings to Bendy. This is what he had wanted, what he had craved. Some sign from Bendy that he's more than just a fuck toy, more than a means of physical release. Perhaps Bendy even loves Sammy, at least in the way that
someone can love a valued possession or prized livestock. Bendy only has one Sammy, after all. Scared, but realizing this is his best chance, Sammy timidly asks, “Do you think you could stay here tonight? With me?”
“Sure, Sammy,” Bendy answers groggily, like this isn't a big deal that's stressed Sammy out for ages. Sammy renews his grip, tightening his hold on Bendy. Finally, he thinks to himself. Finally Bendy sees me.

Chapter End Notes

Being sent out to be shot over and over? Yeah that's fine. A blood draw? AW HELL NO!!
Clashing Horns

Chapter Summary

Deep in the pages of history
Lies a shadow hiding in a mystery
A late night story buried far away
Until it once again sees the light of day

Phantom screams echo through the ruined facility
A horrible silence builds an eerie tranquility
The souls of many innocent fill the air
And the hope they all died with scattered here and there

A mighty machine built within the wake
Of a long dead dream, little demon awake
The citizens sleep, never quite knowing when
The device will reawaken, hungry again

Pegasus Device by SlyphStorm

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bendy wakes up feeling warm. Sammy, it turns out, clings just as much as Bendy does in his sleep. The two lie snugly together, blankets twisted around them and legs tangled together. Sammy has his blank face pressed into Bendy's chest.

Bendy decides he could get used to this. He likes the warmth, and though he would never admit it, he likes the feeling of being held so tightly. Plus, if he wakes up aroused, he wouldn't even have to get out of bed to find release.

Bendy shifts, ready to get up and start another day of harassing humans, but pauses, looking down at the top of Sammy's head. He doesn't sleep that much. Maybe if Sammy got a little sleep now, he'd be less of a pain during the day. Bendy decides to stay, just for another hour or so. But not for Sammy's benefit, of course. Besides, it's comfortable here. Cradling the back of Sammy's head with his palm, Bendy closes his eyes again.

The house beats the studio in every way, except maybe it's small size and infestation of FBI agents. As such, Bendy and Sammy end up staying there longer and longer. That morning, though, Bendy knows it's past time to get back. His mouth is dry and he's thirsty, his eyes feel gummy, and his skin feels stiff and dry with small bits flaking off. He lacks his usual energy, and just feels bad in general. He needs ink.

Due to Henry's arm, he sits in the back seat with Sammy while Agent Eleven drives them back to the studio. “So when are you going to let us in and have a look around?” Eleven starts.

“What do you mean?” Bendy asks.

“The studio. I let you into my house, it's only fair you return the favor.”

Bendy scoffs. “That's not your house, not really. Tell you what, Agent Whoever, you let me in your real house – ya know, the one with all your stuff and pictures of your family – then maybe I'll think about letting you into mine. Maybe.”

“I'm being nice by asking. We could just barge in.”
“Mhmm, that worked so well for you last time. Don't think my searchers and ink will be any more welcoming to you.”

“What are the searchers?”

“Can't you shut up for 5 minutes?” Bendy sighs, rubbing his eyes. His thirst is making him grumpy.

“They're people who died in the studio and got absorbed into the ink. Some used to work there.
Before I learned to control the ink, it used to randomly envelope people on it's own. Turns out I was commanding it to kill people without knowing it or meaning to. When I got unhappy, it lashed out.
As a side note, I'd avoid getting too much ink on ya. It can still do that. The rest of the searchers were other humans who wandered in and, uh, died of natural causes.” It's only natural for a human to die once it's heart is eaten.

“Is that what happened to Sammy?”

Bendy peeks at Sammy from the corner of his eye. “No,” is all Bendy would say.

Once they return to the studio, Bendy immediately goes to the nearest flooded staircase. On the way he purposefully passes under any ink dripping from the ceiling, letting it fall over his head and drip down his horns. Once at the flooded stairs, he wades right into the ink, lowering his body into the thick fluid, letting his dry flesh absorb what it needs so badly. Once in the deepest part, he ducks underneath the surface. Fully in the ink, Bendy opens his mouth and drinks deeply, filling his belly with the life saving substance. Meanwhile, Sammy finds his own ink puddle to replenish himself, not wanting to compete with the ink demon.

Bendy spends the day checking on the studio, making sure everything is as he left it. With the new security outside, it's unlikely a sheep will ever wander in again. Bendy finds it unfortunate that he and Sammy won't be able to easily share their kills like they used to, but it means the studio remains silent and untouched. Bendy also makes sure to tend to Boris, giving the wolf his own ink. It's odd to Bendy to return to the habits he kept for 30 years, patrolling his home by himself. But after the excitement of Henry's injuries, he finds the old space calming. Calming, but boring. Bendy tries to change things up a little by running in the halls instead of walking. But he's no longer used to seeing in the blackness of the sub basement, and soon trips over a fallen plank. Bendy lands hard, cracking a horn against the floor. He snarls in pain and reaches up to carefully cradle the horn. In nature, horns can snap off, and when they do they don't ever grow back. Bendy isn't sure if he could make a lost horn regrow, but thinks he would look pretty silly with only one horn. He stops his rough housing.

That night Bendy lies in his cot next to Boris. He huddles shivering under his thin blankets and tries not to think about how warm he was that morning. So much has changed recently; while before he prized his solitude, especially from Sammy, now he feels the silence of the walls close around him. There is no white noise, no footsteps in the hallway, human voices speaking softly, water flowing in the pipes, or heat humming through the vents. Light doesn't glow under the door, and there is no moon reflecting light through a window onto his bed. It's so oppressively quiet and dark that he has trouble falling asleep. He keeps poking himself, convinced that he's fallen into some strange limbo or coma, the sharp prick of his claws comforting him, informing him that he's still here, still alive.

In the hallways above, Sammy also suffers insomnia, but for a different reason. He experienced his life goals last night. Now, quite suddenly, he's back where he was before. Like nothing had ever changed, this night could be the same as an evening ten years ago. Except instead of feeling somewhat content in his worship and rituals, now Sammy feels empty. His normal activities can't compare to being with the real Bendy. In the decades spent here, Sammy would go months or even years without seeing Bendy. Sometimes all that would work is catching a sheep; then, finally, Bendy would come up to visit.

In recent weeks, Bendy gave Sammy daily attention. At the very least they saw and spoke to each other, but lately Bendy would fuck Sammy almost daily. Then last night... Sammy had felt loved, and he wants more. He spends the night lost in daydreams about living with Bendy permanently. Sharing a house, or even a room, seeing each other many times throughout the day, and spending their nights together. As far as life goals go, it's not a huge ambition. A distant cry from the forgotten dreams in his past life of fame, becoming a household name, and being considered a great composer. He realizes that he keeps wanting more from Bendy; what would satisfy him completely a year ago?
now leaves him yearning for more. He can't seem to help that, though, and from the looks of things his dreams may come true. But, he quickly calms himself, Bendy may grow tired of him, or even choose someone else.

That thought makes Sammy's breath catch. Bendy has fucked humans before, quite often, in fact. What if he finds someone better than Sammy? That wouldn't be too hard to do, he thinks to himself, working his way into a panic attack. There are so many humans out in the world, it would only take one to steal Bendy away from him. He slips his hands under his mask and starts to sob, wishing Bendy were here to reassure him by calling him useless and kicking him.

The next day Bendy feels the distinct tickle through the ink that marks a human invasion. Annoyed, he goes up through the floors to the top level to see who's there. Always alert to possible sheep, he finds Sammy already there. Standing with him, gazing down at an abandoned sketch on an animator's desk, is Agent Eleven and a serious looking young woman clutching a file to her chest. Bendy bares his teeth and growls a warning.

"Before you get too angry, I brought pizza.” Eleven points to a large pizza box topped with a large bag of fruit chew candy.

"Well that's more like it,” Bendy mumbles, and Sammy joins him as he tears into the warm food. Agent Eleven waits for the feeding frenzy to pass. When Bendy is happily chewing his way through the bag of candy, he motions towards the file.

“I have a list here of the people who worked at the studio. I was wondering if you could help us out and tell us who made it out, and who is still here.”

"Nah, there's no way. I'm bad with names, and you humans each have two of 'em. Sometimes even three. I can't remember, it was too long ago.”

"Well, maybe you can remember some of them. And at this point, any help would be great.”

"Why do you care so much?”

"Humans have a habit of keeping track of each other. It'll help close missing persons cases and other paperwork.”

"Mhmm. But what happens to me if I admit to any, um, perceived wrongdoings?”

"I thought you might ask that. It's natural to worry about consequences. But we have something for you.” The woman standing next to Agent Eleven places a document on a table. “This is a contract between you and the United States government. Basically it says that anyone hurt by you, starting with the day you were created and lasting up until you broke Henry's arm, was hurt by an uncontrollable force. In the same way we wouldn't hurt a hungry lion for attacking someone, we're not going to go after you. This does not count towards future attacks.”

"Well, you say that, but I saw on the news the other day that a lion at a zoo was kill-”

"It's just a metaphor.”

Bendy squints at the human, then looks down at the document. “Pretty bad metaphor, if you ask me,” he mumbles. “You humans have such a talent for revenge. I wish Henry were here, he'd know what to do.” Bendy tries to read the thing, but the language is so dense he doesn't understand any of the sentences he reads. After a few minutes he looks back up at Eleven with a scowl.

“Please, Bendy. I know you don't trust me, but I'm not out to get you. I just need to know who's here, I'm not interested in hurting you.”

No, Bendy doesn't trust the FBI agent. While signing this and doing what he wants is a risk, Bendy also knows that Eleven is not likely to back down from this. With a sigh, Bendy ignores the offered pen and simply summons a bit of the ink he's made of to stain the page with his name.

“Thank you, Bendy. I'll remember your help in the future.” The woman tucks the pages back into a folder and sets another one down. “Here are the names.”

Bendy leans over the page and starts going down the list. “Well you know Joey got out, and so did Henry. Susie Campbell is here, so is Shawn Flynn and, obviously, Sammy Lawrence. Wally Franks didn't get out. Allison Pendle did, though. Thomas Connor got out, but not Grant Cohen. Jack Fain's here, so is Lacie Benton. Oh, yeah, remember Norman Polk, Sammy? He was weird. Even compared to you. I tore his head off awhile ago, but he never came back out of the ink.” Bendy then
lists several animators and other employees, noting which got out who didn't. He doesn't recognize many of the names on the list, though, and eventually leans back from the page, popping another piece of candy into his mouth.

Agent Eleven is silent through the whole list, then pauses at the end to tally up the names. “Are you certain about everything you just said?”

“Yeah, I told ya the ones I'm not sure about.”

“How many people are here, Bendy?”

“I dunno. Not all of 'em are out walking around. Most of them stay in the ink, either because they're stuck or they like it better there.”

“Adding the names you gave me to the missing persons list, it looks like there are over 40 people here who worked at the studio. Does that sound like a lot to you?”

“Oh, there's at least 70 here, maybe 75. I guess around 40 from the studio sounds right, I don't know.”

Agent Eleven is quiet for a heartbeat, then asks, “That leaves about one 'sheep' a year. Have 30 people wandered into this building?”

“Wandering is a terrible sin.”

It's a non-answer, and Agent Eleven realizes that Bendy is reading his serious mood and closing up. Eleven is shocked by the huge number, and is trying to hide his feelings, but it's hard. He is very well trained and experienced in the field, but watching this beast eat candy and talk about human beings trapped in some kind of inky hell like it's not a big deal is testing him. Eleven supposes that, to Bendy, it's not a big deal.

“Could I talk to a searcher?” he asks.

“I guess. You wouldn't get very far, though. They pretty much only say one thing each.”

“Still, I'd like to try.”

Bendy shrugs, then tilts his head to open his mind to the ink. He finds a familiar soul lurking nearby, one still confused and not used to his new body. With Bendy's summon, the creature turns away from the brown stain on the floor that is all that's left of his body, the place where he was raped to death and then eaten, and heads upstairs. A moment later he shuffles into the animator's room, unsteady on his legs.

For whatever reason, it seems that in general the sad searchers kept their legs, while the more aggressive ones didn't. The lack of legs doesn't seem to slow them down any; if anything, they move faster without them. But this one, so freshly converted, still has his legs, knobby as they are. He stands in the room, yellow pinpoint eyes pointed at the floor, feet close together, and one hand grasping the elbow of his opposite arm. He looks droopy, skeletal, and sad, eyes puppy-dog in shape and ink dripping down his face to form an odd beard.

Agent Eleven carefully approaches the creature, but keeps his distance. “Hello. My name is Agent Eleven; what's yours?”

“I didn't mean it. I made a mistake. I want to go home now.”

“What do you mean? What happened?”

“I didn't mean it. I made a mistake. I want to go home now.”

“Where's home?”

“I didn't mean it. I made a mistake. I want to go home now.”

“If you talk to me, maybe I can help you.”

“I didn't mean it. I made a mistake. I want to go home now.”

Helpless, Eleven turns to Bendy. “What's he talking about?”

“He broke in here wantin' to be an ink creature. I mean, if anything, I did what he asked.”

Eleven gives Bendy a slight glower at his flippant attitude. A human is suffering, yet Bendy doesn't seem to care. “Can you help him?”

“He belongs to the ink now. Don't worry, with time he'll settle in a little. Even make friends; some of them seem to hang out with each other. Or he'll decide to fade into the ink. It doesn't much matter now.” Bendy shrugs again. “But, I told you, they're pretty boring creatures. They just stand around, lookin' all sad.”
“Of course they're sad!” Agent Eleven can't help but to snap. “They're stuck here!”
“Aah, gee whiz, mister. I sure wouldn't know what that's like. Bein' made of ink and stuck in a
studio for countless years, nope, I never dun nothin' like that a'fore.” Bendy is getting that manic look
on his face, with his grin stretching a bit too wide, fingers lengthening their claws, and his tail
snapping in warning at his hooves. Unlike Henry, Agent Eleven notices right away and backs off,
both verbally and physically.
“I'm sorry, Bendy, I didn't mean it that way,” he says, raising his hands a bit in a disarming manner.
At least slightly appeased, Bendy pops his tail a final time and turns back to the candy. Although
Sammy only had a few pieces himself, the bag is now reduced to a large pile of colorful little wax
paper wrappers. Still, there's some left, and Bendy grabs a few, using his longer claws to delicately
unwrap one while glaring at Eleven. “Ya better be,” he mumbles darkly, entertaining a
dismembering fantasy.
A tense moment passes, then Sammy once again comes unwittingly to the rescue. With his usual
habit of snapping randomly back into the present, he asks “What's going on? Bendy, what's wrong?
Are you hurt?”
Bendy looks over at his friend. “Sammy, can you try to focus for once?”
Sammy ducks his head. “I'm sorry, my lord. You know I have trouble keeping track of things. I'll try
to do better for you.”
Bendy shakes his horns and sighs. It seems the corruption of the ink had ruined the man's mind. Half
the time he doesn't have any idea what's going on around him. The other half he follows along, but
doesn't seem to understand much. It's not that Sammy is stupid, far from it. He's just... Forgetful. Or,
as Bendy tells himself yet again, worthless.
Shaking his horns again, Bendy focuses back on Eleven. “In any case, I think you have what you
came for. Can you kindly fuck off now?”
Agent Eleven tisks. “Is that any way to treat someone who brought you pizza?”
“I paid for that pizza fair and square! You have your names.”
“Yes, but it seems I have more unnamned people than ever before,” he mumbles, tapping his papers
together and handing them back to the woman. Bendy realizes she is only there as back up, or
perhaps a witness to what just happened. In any case, he follows the pair to make sure they go out
the door, then grabs Sammy by the wrist and leads him back downstairs. Sammy trails along with a
content sound, just happy to be close to, and even touched by, Bendy. Something about those
troublesome humans seems to bring the two of them closer together, and for that, Sammy can't help
but to be grateful.

More time passes. Bendy is gifted a small, cheap camera, and he starts shooting videos with it. Henry
made him an account online, and checks the videos before they're uploaded. They're mostly harmless
clips about his daily life, often harassing Sammy or pulling pranks on FBI agents. But it keeps him
busy, and Sammy is slowly learning how to edit the videos. The weather turns steadily colder,
chasing away most of the media. Briefly, things seem calm. Like maybe everything will work out.
Henry keeps longing for home, and wondering if he may return soon. The ink creatures seem to have
their lives more or less under control; perhaps they don't need him anymore.
One afternoon he passes the two as they hunch over a computer. “No, Sammy, you idiot. There's
only a million people in the world. That means every person alive has seen it twice.”
“I'm sorry, my lord. I remembered there being more people, but I must have been mistaken.”
Henry pauses and glances over. “What are you two talking about?”
“Look, Henry! Every human alive has seen this video, TWICE!” Bendy points to the computer
proudly.
Henry blinks. Two million views. He glances at the title and remembers the recently made video of
Bendy attempting, and mostly failing, to make hot chocolate, berating Sammy's helpful advise the
whole time. Really, Bendy shows a surprising knack for filming; the angles are good, the video isn't
blurry, and the action has good pacing. Henry supposes his natural ability has to do with Bendy's
cartoon origin. He was literally made for the screen. And, really, for someone who hasn't touched
technology in 30 years, Sammy is doing a decent job with catching up. Especially considering his
talent lies in music, not editing.
“And that's not even our most popular video,” Bendy continues to brag. He clicks over to a video
compilation of jumping out and scaring people, often hiding in impossible places. Henry watches as
Bendy pops out behind an impossibly small space behind the refrigerator, teeth and claws bared with
a horrible snarl straight from a horror movie, causing a man carrying some files to throw the papers in
the air with a girly shriek and fall backwards on his butt. The humor is very slapstick, and almost...
well... cartoonish. And it has over 11 million views. Henry shakes his head, stupefied. He guesses
that the public's curiosity about the demon combined with the decent quality of videos makes Bendy
a hit.
“Congratulations, Bendy,” he tells the proudly purring demon. “You're a star.”
“Was there any doubt?” He straightens his bow tie and smugly polishes his claws on his chest.
Henry sighs and gives a tolerant roll of his eyes. He's happy Bendy is doing well with his new
hobby, but it's not helping the size of his head.
Bendy's fame attracts the wrong kind of attention. First a few fanatics show up at the fence. Taking a
page from Sammy's book, they praise Bendy and shout weird things, calling Bendy a “dark prince”
and “evil underlord,” among other things. Henry is careful to keep the two away from that mess; the
last thing he needs is for Bendy or Sammy to get some twisted idea in their heads. Well, any more
twisted ideas. But the devil worshipers are soon chased off by a much larger, more forceful group.
Honestly, with this being in the United States Bible belt, Henry is surprised they've only now shown
up. The locals have kept their distance, not wanting anything to do with the otherworldly creatures.
But now a large religious group assembles, ignoring the bad weather, and protests Bendy's existence.
They have signs and loud speakers, and they preach the end of the world and demons walking
among them. They protest that the US government is keeping Bendy instead of destroying him. They
lament Bendy's popularity with the general public; instead of fearing him or being disgusted by him,
they are curious and enjoy his videos. They find him funny, even charming. The protesters blame the
FBI for this, yelling towards the house that they are fostering evil and bringing about the end of
times.
While the devil worshipers were annoying and slightly concerning, Henry was really more worried
about one wandering into the property and getting killed. But these new people are scary. They're
not just unhappy, they're throwing their energy behind their protests, truly believing that they're
doing what they can to save souls and prevent the coming of the Antichrist. And they have a very
large backing. News reports say that churches from around the country are donating, fundraising,
and petitioning to somehow get rid of Bendy. From little old ladies stuffing crumpled ones into the
jar at their local churches to massive websites and crowdfunding efforts, a large part of the
population fears Bendy and does not accept him.
The protesters outside are organized. They have tents and food trucks and generators. Their
megaphones screech well into the night, long after Bendy is tucked into bed and has nothing better to
do but listen to the many ways that he's bad for the world. He tries to shrug them off, pretend that it
doesn't bother him. But his fear of humans is still very strong, and seeing the teeming, angry masses
grip the chain link fence and rattle it with all their strength every time he tries to take a romp outside
works on his nerves. He tries to wave and grin at them, but that only seems to anger them more. So
he keeps his distance and spends more time inside.
That only lasts a few days. Feeling cooped up and angry, Bendy paces and snaps his tail against the
ground. Stupid humans, keeping him closed up. Bein' all mad at him, when he didn't ask to be made.
If he didn't have horns, would they still hate him? If he were designed as anything other than a devil,
would they even care? They probably watched his cartoons as kids, he thinks to himself, brewing
and stewing. Finally he stomps outside. Henry, who is very attuned to Bendy's foul moods after
breaking his arm, sees the thunderstorm and scrambles after him. Sure enough, when Henry steps
outside he can see Bendy walk straight to the fence, fists clenched, hooves stomping, and
determination in his spine. Trying to stop the disaster before it starts, Henry sprints after Bendy, but
fails to reach the long legged, fast moving demon before he reaches the fence.

“Would you idiots shut up?! Don't you have anything better to do than giving everyone here a headache?”

The humans at the fence shift; the more timid ones step back, putting space between themselves and their literal demon. The more bold ones step forward, cursing Bendy back to Hell.

“Begone, demon! Leave us in peace! Go back to Hell where you belong!”

“Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name...”

“Get thee behind me, Satan!”

The humans yell over each other, waving their signs and crosses at Bendy. The two parties stare at each other's greatest fears, perhaps more alike than they know. News cameras push forward, trying to get in on the action.

He had thought to talk to them, maybe calm them down a little. If only they understand him a little better, maybe they'll stop being so loud. But now the humans are louder than ever, and he knows there's no way he could hope to speak over them now. Frustrated, Bendy's fists clench tighter and he snarls his teeth at them. His tail dances dangerously at his hooves, and spines start to raise from his back as his ink starts to drip. These clues are fairly subtle in the frantic energy of the humans, though. Henry carefully reaches up and touches Bendy's elbow, gently tugging him, trying to get him to turn back to the house; he doesn't even try to speak over the excited mob. The crowd includes Henry in their vocal attack, calling him a devil lover and an instrument of evil.

Then a water balloon sails over the fence and smacks Bendy right on his head. Startled but unhurt, he takes a step backwards, shaking the rubber and water off his horns. The people in front of him pause, suddenly quiet. He blinks at the humans, confused. Do they think to wash him away with water, he wonders? As he gazes at them, several more fly over the fence, most of them hitting him. He raises his arms to deflect them, but they only pop over his wrists and pour more water over his body. He shakes his horns again with a growl, lowering them and pointing them at the humans like an angry bull ready to charge.

“Don't worry, friends! That's holy water! Soon the evil demon will begin to burn with the glory of Christ!” a voice calls above the rest.

Bendy's grin widens at the people standing in awe before him, holding their breath and waiting for Bendy to shriek in pain and burn like a vampire touching sunlight. “Ooh, you want me to hurt? You wanna make me suffer, be in pain, burn me right up? You're a little late for that party, my friends. You're just as bad as Joey's crew, cutting me up and sinking chains into my flesh. Well, I got some bad news for you.” Bendy starts to transform, becoming much larger and skeletal. His voice dips into something more demonic as he changes. “I'm much stronger now.”

Henry, desperate, leaps in front of Bendy, both hands up, heedless of the broken arm still in its cast. As Bendy shifts, ink absolutely pours from his body, so when he grabs Henry by his left arm, simply because Bendy's dominate hand is his right, the ink soaks the cast immediately. Bendy, still shifting, lifts Henry by the arm, feeling the cast squish between his fingers, and throws the man out of the way. Spikes and horn-like protrusions bristle over his body, which seems to be made of bone now instead of flesh. Ink drips over his eyes and down his pointed teeth, his horns become huge ridged things that point backwards, his tail now huge enough to crack louder than a bullwhip, and a bony frame of demonic bat wings sprout from his shoulders.

Thinking to teach these humans once and for all to never ever mess with him again, the now 15 foot tall demon lifts a hoof and smashes the fence under it like it's made of cardboard. Humans are scattering in all directions, except for the stupid ones, who are still waving crosses and throwing holy water at him. Too tall to easily grab humans while standing upright, Bendy crouches on his scaly legs, the claws of his left hand digging deep gouges in the earth while he uses his right hand to swipe at the humans. Blood sprays, bones snap, and people go flying in all directions. He spies one with a pile of water balloons at it's feet, huddling down and screaming in terror. His freakishly long, almost serpentine neck lashes forward and his teeth snap down around the human, neatly biting it in half and swallowing without chewing. He snatches up what's left of the human, tossing the legs into the back of his throat with a satisfied purr. The humans thoroughly scattered, he sits back on his haunches as
his body slowly melts back into his normal form. He watches the chaos smugly, happy to feel in control once again. Happy to remind the humans just who it is they’re messing with. They will think twice before trying to hurt me, Bendy thinks to himself.

Back to his normal shape and still sitting on his haunches, Bendy looks over his shoulder. Sammy is there, rubbing himself through his pants and singing praises at the top of his voice. Henry lies crumpled in the yellow grass, his face pale and his arm all twisted wrongly again. Linda kneels over him, carefully cradling his head in her arms as she speaks softly to him. And Agent Eleven looks Bendy right in the eyes, arms crossed.

“Oh, Bendy,” Eleven says. “What have you done?”

Chapter End Notes

And for Sammy's part of the song:
I don't even remember my past
I don't remember who I used to be
I don't remember my friends of old
I don't remember my destiny

What I've become? I have no idea

Pegasus Device by SlyphStorm

Note: to keep things simple in this fic, lost ones and searchers are the same creatures.

Please be respectful of all religions in the comment section. I'm actually a Christian, myself, and tried to handle the situation... delicately. Wait, if I'm a Christian, why am I writing gay demon porn? Well I never said I was a GOOD Christian. Hush.
Chapter Summary

This was always going to happen, but Hope Holloway helped make it sadder. Thanks, Hope!!

Also I made myself cry writing this.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Henry needs surgery. His arm is completely destroyed, and the humans mumble softly about whether or not Henry will regain normal function again.

Bendy's form is small. Tiny, even, barely topping four feet. He looks more like his old cartoon self than he ever had since so long ago. His horns curve inwards again, and his head is rounder, larger, as are his hands. He sits in a large armchair in Henry's hospital room, arms wrapped around his knees as the chair looks ready to swallow him. He keeps uncharacteristically quiet, his eyes downcast, and his tail reduced to a nervous tap.

He didn't mean to. He didn't mean to hurt Henry so badly the first time, but this time he really didn't mean to hurt him at all. Henry put himself in the line of fire, and Bendy reacted without thinking of how fragile the old man is. He simply wanted him out of the way, and tossed him aside. Not only did Bendy dislocate the elbow when he lifted Henry, the old man managed to land badly on the arm when he was thrown. Now the arm is almost beyond repair, and Bendy doesn't know how to apologize. How does one apologize for ruining someone else's body?

The demon steals a glance at Henry. He's back on the strong medication, and his arm is carefully splinted to prevent it from moving. He's going to get transferred to a larger hospital in the nearby city and have his surgery there. Bendy wants to go with him, but he's afraid that Henry doesn't want him there at all. He hadn't said anything except sounds of agony since the incident.

Dear Sammy is in outer space again, playing with the sounds three cups with different levels of water make. When he does speak up, he acts like nothing is wrong. Still, at least he's in a calm mood instead of screaming about the lights flickering bad words at him.

Linda sits at Henry's injured side. She also has not said a word since that afternoon, at least not in front of Bendy. Even worse, Eleven is here. He keeps his expression cool and calm, but his eyes never leave Bendy. Bendy shivers a bit, feeling his ink crawl under the man's icy gaze even though the demon is not looking towards him. He rubs his arms, feeling the places where the chains used to be. He feels vulnerable and scared and confused, and he's not sure what's going to happen next.

Transforming takes a lot of ink, especially with large shifts like he just preformed. Bendy had gotten into the habit of smuggling two liters of ink with him to the house – one for him, one for Sammy. In all the excitement, he managed to down the bottles of ink, stealing from Sammy as he did so, but his mouth still feels a little dry. He doesn't dare ask to be taken to the studio, however. He's not sure if or when anyone would ever come pick him up again. And, sure, he knows the way back to the FBI house, but making the journey on hoof, alone and without any handlers, makes him nervous. Plus, even if he gets back to the FBI house, there's no promising he could get a ride to Henry's hospital.

And, really, that's where he wants to be right now.

When the time comes for Henry's medical transfer, Bendy slips up onto his bed and curls up against Henry's right thigh, tucking his limbs in until he looks like an innocent, though oversized, black cat. Henry's fingertips can easily reach Bendy's horns, but to his dismay, Henry does not reach out like
he normally does to pet them. Bendy rides there in the ambulance for the one hour trip to the nearest city. Everyone else has to get their own rides or return to the house.

A few minutes into the ride, Bendy nudges Henry's leg with his nubby horns and makes a soft mewl, trying to get his attention. When nothing happens, he glances up at the man. Oh, he's asleep. With a soft sigh, Bendy presses his spine against Henry's leg and kicks his own hooves out, flicking his tail free to wag as it wants to again. Being curled up that tightly isn't very comfortable. He doesn't fit on the small bed like this, lower legs and tail hanging over the edge, but he's comfortable enough now, and lets the rocking of the vehicle ease him to sleep.

The new hospital looks much like the old one did. Still settled on Henry's bed, Bendy grabs the remote to the TV and clicks through the channels. He actually has to stop and go back a few when something catches his eye.


“It is me. Look, Henry, I'm on TV!” Bendy excitedly points to his cartoon version happily bouncing around on the screen.

Henry has to smile a bit. Bendy almost always has a news segment on him with his picture or a clip off of YouTube, but that doesn't seem to matter to the demon. He doesn't get excited until the old cartoon finally pops up. Henry watches it, recognizing which clips he himself had spent hours hunched over his desk animating. Now the real thing happily wags his tail next to Henry, head propped up on his leg as he watches the screen. Henry can't help but to feel charmed at seeing the beast so happy over an old animation, and he stretches his good hand down to rest his fingers on Bendy's horns. Bendy chirrups in response, pleased to finally be pet, even just a little bit. The pair watch the black and white cartoons together; to Henry's amazement, they play several back to back. He doesn't remember re-runs being on TV at all, let alone so many of them.

They get interrupted when the nurse walks into the room. She takes Henry's chart and looks it over, checks the ID band on his wrist, then glances at the little devil. “It's time to prep for surgery,” she says.

Henry blinks down at Bendy, who responds by wrapping an arm around his thigh. Bendy knows from daytime television dramas that surgery is a thing humans do to each other to help them heal, though he's a little surprised they're taking him back so soon. Linda's not here to give a TV worthy teary goodbye, and that doesn't seem right to Bendy. He also knows surgery means Henry's going to get his arm sliced open to the bone, and this turns Bendy's stomach and makes his ink run cold. He clings to Henry, pressing his check against his leg. Henry mumbles softly to the little devil, running his fingers over the top of his head.

“C'mon, Bendy, I need to go. Stay here, watch TV, take a nap. Before you know it I'll be back.”

Being a father of two girls, comforting another when he's about to go through something stressful comes naturally to him.

Bendy doesn't want to let go, doesn't want Henry to stop petting him. “You'll be asleep, right?”

“That's right. I won't feel a thing.” Henry pinches a horn in his fingers, hardly able to grasp the tiny sloping thing, and gives it a gentle shake and tug.

With a reserved sigh, Bendy slips off the bed. As much as he doesn't want to leave, he also doesn't want to be any more of a bother than he already is. He watches as they finish unhooking his bed from the different machines and wheels Henry away. “Be right back,” he says as they roll him out the door.

Uncomfortable, Bendy glances around the empty room before curling up in the armchair. He's not used to being alone like this, at least not outside in the real world. He wishes Sammy were here. Sammy would hold and pet him. Some modern cartoon is on TV now, so he curls up and tries to sleep. A couple of hours later someone brings him a blanket and a tray of food. He opens the lid to find a ham sandwich, chips, some slices of pickles, and a fruit cup, all of which he eats before using the blanket to ball back up in the chair. A benefit of being small is just one decent sized blanket makes a good retreat from the world. There, Bendy is finally able to fall asleep.

Some time later Agent Eleven shows up at the room. He glances around before his gaze falls on the bundle of blanket with two hooves and a slowly waving tail tip sticking out of it. He walks over and
prods the blanket gently. He doesn't get a response, so he carefully starts peeling back layers. “Bendy?” he says softly, not wanting to startle the creature. “Go away.” Bendy blinks up as Eleven pulls the blanket back from his face. “Leave me alone.” Bendy curls up tighter, turning his back to Eleven.

Agent Eleven sighs, then pulls a page from Henry's book and starts rubbing Bendy between his shoulder blades. The motion does seem to soothe the creature, who relaxes a bit at the touch. “I need your help,” the man says. He only gets a grunt in return. “Sammy's... having a bit of a breakdown. I was hoping you could talk to him.”

“Sammy?” Bendy perks up a little. He was wondering where everyone was; Sammy and Linda should have been here hours ago. “Yeah. He's not far, just a short car ride away. You'll be back before Henry's out of surgery.” Bendy's not so sure about that. Henry's already been gone a long time; how long does it take to screw an arm back together? Then again, Sammy having a meltdown sounds about right to Bendy, so he drops his hooves to the floor and follows Agent Eleven outside and to his car.

Distracted, rubbing his arms and trying (but failing) to not remember how it feels to have them flayed open, Bendy doesn't pay much attention to where they drive to. He doesn't ask when they arrive at a nondescript building, though something in the back of his mind tickles a warning at him. What is Sammy doing here? Bendy opens their one-way mental connection and, sure enough, Sammy's right inside, having some sort of panic attack. Bendy can't pick his way through the mental screaming to figure out what's wrong, though. The loud anxiety so thick and heavy that it's dripping over Sammy's entire brain makes Bendy uncomfortable, so he breaks the connection and pushes inside the building.

Don't worry, Sammy, Bendy thinks to himself. I'm right here.

Bendy is shooed down a hallway and pointed into a room, in which he steps without question, looking around for his Sammy. He sees him and starts towards him, only to be stopped by a thick pane of glass. Confused, he glances around as the door shuts behind him and a lock clicks. The two rooms are identical; both are largely made of thick clear glass, with metal fixtures and a metal floor and roof. It's designed so someone can open an outer door and look through at the glass cage. Cage. Door closed and locked. Cage. Vault.

Breathing hard and trying not to panic, Bendy quickly goes back to the door, only to find there's no handle on this side. He runs his claws over it, trying to find a way to open it. He looks across the barrier to Sammy, who's pacing and sobbing, sometimes pushing his fingers under his mask and sometimes scratching his arms open. Bendy rushes to the glass separating them and bangs his fist on it.

“Sammy? Sammy! What's going on? What's happening?”

“It's all my fault, I've failed. I trusted a human when you told me not to. I disobeyed. I'm so sorry, my lord, I truly am useless. I'm worse than useless, I cause problems. Oh, Bendy, please save me. Please set me free. I know I'm worthless, but please don't leave me here. Please? I'll do anything.” He breaks down to heavier sobbing, standing still and hunching his shoulders over his bowed head. He's so lost in his pain that he doesn't seem to notice Bendy at all.

Ok, that's fine. This is fine, I'll just have to break myself out, Bendy steels himself. Of course, if he had access to more ink, it wouldn't be a problem at all. But if a vault couldn't hold him in, this should be cake. He's not even chained up this time. Unfortunately, he's still a little short on ink, but he doesn't think about that. Instead, he shifts, first going back to his standard, tall form, then pushing himself a little more.

Standing about half a head taller than he normally does, horns almost brushing the ceiling, he gathers ink in his paws, making a large ball of it that floats between his palms. This he launches at the door as hard as he can. The walls make a dull thud as the ink splatters across it, but does not crack. Bendy pulls what ink he can back from this attack, having to preserve as much as he can, and tries again, this time using smaller bullet-like projectiles. As he tries different things, and all fail to do anything but smear ink everywhere, Bendy gets more frantic. Soon he can't contain his own panic attack. Heart pounding, ink pouring down his body, he wildly attacks the walls like an animal, screaming and snarling, throwing his body against it and clawing desperately at the smooth surface, kicking it as
hard as he can, and even bashing his sensitive horns against the unyielding surface. He's hurting himself, but in his frantic attack he doesn't even notice.

Finally, Bendy collapses in a corner of the room, shaking, struggling to get his fear under control. Ink, he needs to preserve his ink. He stretches his hands out and pulls all the ink he can back into his body. He tries to stop it from dripping down his skin, but that's a stress response he can't seem to control. He wraps his arms tightly around himself, then frees a hand to rub at the base of a painful horn. He hurts everywhere, he realizes, still shivering and breath coming in short, harsh gasps. He can't breathe. The air is stale and bad. Why'd they have to make the room so small, he wonders.

Because humans are cruel, and I never should have trusted a single one. I never should have left the studio. Underneath the ink dripping down his face, Bendy begins to cry.

Henry wakes from surgery to see Linda at his side. He's groggy and in pain, but happy to see her. He glances at his arm to see it very carefully wrapped to prevent it from moving. His fingers poking out the end of the cast look pink and swollen to him, almost unfamiliar. But they wiggle when he asks them to, which he takes comfort in. He blinks around the room to find he and Linda are alone. She's petting his hair and speaking softly to him, and he tries to tune in.

"The doctor said the surgery went well. You're to rest that arm, now, and not keep hurting it. I'm going to take you home and take good care of you. I can make that soup you like so much, and anything else you like. You're not to go back to work right away, either. I won't allow it."

Henry is confused. "I don't understand. Go home? Where's Bendy?"

"Don't worry about Bendy. The FBI have it under control now. You can come home, heal up, and get back to your life. Think about how good that will be."

"But... Where is he? He should be here."

"You give that thing too much credit," Linda replies darkly. "Bendy is only interested in himself."

"That's not true..." Is it? Bendy seemed so sad, almost scared. It doesn't make sense that he wouldn't be here now. Maybe he's off screwing Sammy or eating half the cafeteria. Maybe he really doesn't care. But these thoughts ring untrue in Henry's head. He's just too sleepy and well drugged to focus. Doubts still flickering in his mind, Henry falls back asleep.

The next day Henry's head feels clearer, though his arm hurts more now. Linda still won't answer his questions regarding the ink creatures, and instead keeps talking about home. Yes, he would like to go back, very much so. But he can't until he has some answers. They finally come in the form of a news report on TV. Following the events of a violent attack on protesters, the two ink creatures have been locked up in a FBI controlled facility. They are reported to be alive and well. A brief clip of the interior is shown. Two ink smeared glass cages house the monsters; they sit as close as they can to each other, but thick glass keeps the pair apart. The rooms are tiny, not even 8 by 8. And there's nothing in them. Not a bed, not a chair, not a tray of food, and definitely no access to ink. The news moves on, but Henry doesn't see it. He's horrified. He thinks about how antsy Bendy gets even within the boundary of the rented house. If he can't go outside and doesn't have a large studio to roam in, he gets stressed. He remembers the hand prints of ink smeared on the glass, and it doesn't take much imagination to tell how they got there.

He turns to Linda, tears in his eyes. "How did this happen?"

She sighs. "I helped them. I got Sammy there, telling him I was bringing him to you. Then Eleven used Sammy as bait for Bendy."

"You lied," Henry says softly.

"To Sammy, yes, I did. And Eleven lied to Bendy. But we had to, to get those monsters locked up. And now we're done, Henry. It's over."

"You don't understand. They'll die. Without ink, they can't survive."

"Maybe that's for the best. What kind of life is there for them, anyway? Can two mentally disturbed monsters really survive in this world? If they die, they'll finally be at peace."

Henry shakes his head angrily. "How can you even say that?" He ignores the fact that he had entertained similar thoughts, that poor Bendy and Sammy are too broken and strange for this world. But all he has to do to banish those thoughts is think of the simple joys they experience in everyday
Something as silly as the sound a coin makes when dropped on different surfaces will captivate Sammy for hours, and Bendy has such childlike wonder for everything from the way different foods feel in his mouth to how the moon looks when it's partially covered by clouds. If only they could adjust a little more, if only Bendy could get his anger under control, if only people would let the killings slide, if only, if only....

Linda sighs, gently brushing the tears from Henry's check. “You always were too softhearted. Henry, dear, let me ask you a very serious question, one you need to think about before answering. What's more important, those two monsters or your family? Because that's what it's boiling down to. I love you, Henry. And I won't stand by and watch you get torn apart by that thing.”

Henry blinks at Linda. “You're asking me to choose between you and them?”

“I'll stand by and watch you get torn apart, if that's what you want.”

Bendy is dying. He's not sure how long he's been here, but he knows his ink is drying out. Back in his normal shape, Bendy sprawls on the floor of his cell and thinks. Bendy doesn't want to die. He thinks of all the things he'll miss out on. Of all the food he will never eat, of the beach and the mountains and all the other places he will never see. All the pets he won't get, all the sex he won't enjoy, all the evenings cuddled up with Sammy he'll miss out on. He will never go outside and feel the dirt under his hooves or the sun on his skin again, or experience the warmer seasons. He was supposed to live forever, or at least a very long time. His life wasn't supposed to be cut so short, at barely 30 years. And most of those years were spent in misery. Bendy was teased with what life could be, then had it taken from him.

And then there's Sammy, who's dying as well. Bendy slowly rolls his sticky eyes over to the other cage. Sammy is pressed against the barrier, wanting to be as close to his god as he can get. I've failed him, Bendy thinks to himself. Because I was stupid and lost control, Sammy is dying. Sammy didn't do anything, he shouldn't be here. I got him killed.

Determined to provide Sammy with as much comfort as he can, Bendy drags himself across the tiny space and presses his body as close to him as possible. Sammy responds by lifting a shaky hand and pressing the palm against the glass. Bendy returns the gesture, then exhausted, both their hands fall away. Bendy opens his mind to Sammy, only to find sluggish, random thoughts flickering around his head like dying fireflies. Sammy mostly thinks of music and sounds, vague memories of playing instruments and experimenting around the studio. A memory flashes in Sammy's head of the time a door in the studio made a creaking sound that was pleasing to him, so he kept creaking the door until the sound shifted and changed into something less pleasant.

Memories of time spent with Bendy also flutter across his mind, mostly events that happened during the past few weeks. Bendy blushes a bit at the rush of love Sammy feels when remembering the nights they spent wrapped around each other. Even after I've gotten him killed, he still loves me, Bendy realizes. It's not much to comfort him, but Bendy opens his own emotions to Sammy, sharing his affection, sorrow, and regret. Sammy responds with another flush of emotion, pushing himself harder against the glass. Sammy only sends love in return. Never ending, undying love.

If Bendy had the ink, he would cry. He wishes he has more time to spend with Sammy, wishes he had spared the man more attention over the years. Of everyone Bendy has ever known, only Sammy proved himself to be loyal to the bitter end. Only this time, Bendy won't be here to revive Sammy. And cut off from the ink machine, Sammy's soul won't be reabsorbed into the ink. His story ends here, just as Bendy's does.

Bendy drifts in and out, falling asleep then jerking awake. Each time he looks over to check on Sammy, and each time his chest still slowly rises and falls. Good, Bendy thinks selfishly. Don't die without me, I don't want to be alone. Wait for me, I'll be there soon. But, oh, Bendy wants to live. A jolt of energy races down his spine, and he kicks his hooves out with a strangled cry of protest. He doesn't want to die, especially not like this, curled up and dried out like a raisin at the hands of the humans. He hurts, his major muscle groups cramping, and his breath crackling in his chest. Even his nasal passages feel withered and struggle to allow him to breathe. For the first time in his life, his tail lies limp and lifeless on the floor. A glance over confirms Sammy's chest still flutters weakly.
Bendy closes his eyes again, and each time he does so he wonders if he'll ever open them again. He hears sounds, doors rattling and a muffle of quick footsteps. Then someone's petting his horns. He forces his eyes open to see Henry kneeling over him, his face drawn tight with stress, a cup in his hand that Bendy immediately knows is ink. Henry's not sure what to do with the ink, but Bendy solves the problem by reaching over and dragging the cup to his mouth, somehow managing to sit up a bit as he does so. He spills ink down his chin and onto his chest in his eagerness to down the ink. It doesn't matter, as his body is able to absorb it, though at a slower rate than drinking. When the cup is empty and Henry pulls away, Bendy whimpers a protest.

"Hang on, Bendy. I know, but I need to help Sammy. I'll be right back." Then Henry's gone, and Bendy turns to watch him help his friend. Sammy is further gone than Bendy is, and Henry has to drag him into a sitting position first. Struggling to work with his one functional arm, Henry carefully slides Sammy's mask up just enough to bare his mouth, then tips the cup against his lips. Once Sammy tastes the ink in his mouth, he perks up and starts drinking it as best as he can.

Unable to stand being alone a moment longer, Bendy slowly sits up, and shakily gets to his hooves. Holding onto the wall, he drags himself out of his cell and to the door of the neighboring one. There, he hesitates, not wanting to go into the enclosed space. But his legs are shaking and he doesn't want to be alone, so he stumbles inside before he collapses, managing to plop down next to Sammy.

Henry has a large 5 gallon bucket full of ink with him. While he dips the cup into it to feed more to Sammy, Bendy helps himself. He doesn't have the power to move the ink like usual, but there is a second cup at Henry's side. Bendy doesn't have the strength to feed himself more than two cupfuls. Then he rests his head back against the glass wall and starts to shake uncontrollably. He presses his fingers into his thighs, trying to still himself, but can't. Instead, he starts to beg.

"I'm so sorry, Henry. Please don't leave me again. I promise I won't be bad. I didn't mean to, I just got so mad. Please, Henry, I'll be good, I'll behave, I'll do anything, just don't leave me here. I'm scared, I don't want to be locked up anymore, I don't want to die." He starts to sob with dry, hiccuping heaves that shake his entire body.

Henry puts his cup down and hooks Bendy into an awkward hug. Bendy just slumps forward into the embrace and cries harder. "I didn't mean it. Please, please, I didn't mean it. Don't let me die, please."

"Easy, Bendy, easy," Henry mumbles to the shivering, miserable creature, squeezing him as tightly as he's able. "I got you now. I came as soon as I could." Bendy hiccups and vomits just a little, expelling a mouthful of ink due to drinking too fast and crying too hard. Some of it splatters on Henry's shoulder, but he doesn't seem to notice or care. Sammy leans his head over onto Bendy's back, including himself in the hug.

For a while, the three sit there, alternating between drinking ink, crying, and being comforted. Finally Henry sits back, exhausted. "Are you two ready to get out of here, or did you want to stay longer?" he asks a bit dryly.

Bendy blinks at Henry. "We're allowed to leave?"

"Yes. But Bendy, I promise you, if you so much as sneeze in the wrong direction, you'll wind up back here, and there will be nothing I can do to save you."

Bendy lets out a choked cry, "No, I'll do right Henry, I promise. Just, please, let's go, I need to leave." He awkwardly climbs up on unstable hooves while Henry helps Sammy pull himself up. The three make a sad group of staggering creatures outside and to a waiting car. Henry deposits Sammy and Bendy into the back seat, then takes shotgun for himself. At first, Bendy is too busy taking deep breaths of the fresh outdoor air and feeling the sun on his skin to notice Eleven is behind the wheel. Once he does, though, he lets out a pained squawk.

"Eleven, you bastard!" he croaks out. "You lying, deceiving, horrible excuse of a human being. How can people call me a monster and you a person?!"

"Easy, there, Bendy, remember your promise," Henry says softly.

"Henry, you don't understand! He lied to me, tricked me into coming here. He's supposed to help look out for me, but he betrayed me instead!"

"Eleven was never here to look out for you, Bendy. He's here to make sure you don't hurt people,"
Henry explains tiredly. “He only let you out due to public outcry and pressure from me. I had to tell the world your secret, Bendy, and I am truly sorry for that. But people needed to know that if you didn't get out, you would die. But, really, thank your YouTube viewers. With their numbers, the government had to give you another chance or face riots.”

Bendy falls silent, hugging himself tightly. The world knows he needs the ink machine to live. That's scary and bad. But if Henry didn't tell them, Bendy would be dead now. He understands this logically. But he can't help but feel angry and betrayed by Henry, too. He covers his face with his palms, overwhelmed. Then he scoots over and presses himself to Sammy, who immediately loops his arm around Bendy. He can trust Sammy. Even if he can't trust anyone else, Sammy is always there.

“Where to?” Eleven asks.

“The studio,” Bendy says. He doesn't want to be around humans of any sort right now. He wants the comfort and security of his walls, his searchers, his ink machine. He wonders if Boris is still alive as he lies down across the back seat, legs folded up tightly in the close space and head on Sammy's lap. After a moment, Sammy carefully settles his body on top of Bendy's, resting his own head on the demon's hip. It's not physically comfortable, but the two are too tired and emotionally needy to care about that. Bendy's happy to feel the weight on him, and Sammy's happy to have contact with Bendy.

Henry looks over his shoulder at the pair, feeling conflicted. The world is probably better off without them, to be blunt. But he couldn't let them suffer and die. Seeing them take comfort from each other soothes Henry's doubts, and reminds him why he chose this path, forsaking his family. Too tired to think anymore, Henry rests his head on the window and follows the ink creatures to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

You have no idea how tempting it was to leave this on a cliffhanger. Right about where it says "Their story ends here." But I just couldn't do it to ya!

Poor Henry. =( 
Aftermath

Chapter Summary

Holy crap, you'll never believe what happened. Right after I wrote about Henry's left arm getting wrecked, my grandma went and broke her left shoulder and elbow. She needs surgery to fix it. Then I pulled my own left shoulder at work two days ago. I'M SORRY HENRY I'LL STOP PICKING ON YOU, JUST LEAVE ME ALONE! Good grief.

Also I'm moving across the country in about two weeks. And, of course, I'll be starting a new job once I get there. So I'll either avoid the stuff I really need to be doing by writing more, or vanish for a while. Time will tell.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Back within his underground lair, Bendy should feel better. Instead, he's antsy. He paces the hallways, checking for any changes since he'd left. Of course, he checks on Boris, and is relieved to find the wolf in his usual state, though the cup of ink at his bedside is empty.

Bendy pets the wolf's ears, wishing he would wake up, even for a little while. Bendy could use the distraction, the company. Nothing happens, though, and Bendy is too nervous to stay still by Boris's bedside.

During Bendy's patrol, he pauses at the broken vault door. It may just be his imagination, but from where he stands the room looks even darker than the rest of the sub basement. He hasn't set hoof inside since the moment he broke free all those years ago, but something is calling him back. Bendy shuffles his hooves closer, leaning forward a bit to peer into the metal room. After another pause, he steps inside.

The room immediately feels closed off from the rest of the studio, and Bendy quickly glances over his shoulder to confirm the broken door still hangs open. Of course, it does, so Bendy tries to ignore the feeling. He steps forward slowly, staring at the chair looming in the center of the room. Ink stained chains still drape over the back of the throne. Bendy makes a slow circle around it, lightly trailing a single claw against the old chair but not touching the chains. The ink that kept him alive during his imprisonment still drips from the ceiling, though maybe a little faster than it used to. Of course, with the brunt of winter, it's freezing cold here. Somehow the metal walls make the room seem even colder than the rest of the building.

Bendy stops and traces his fingers over his arms, shivering not only from the freezing air. Ink flesh will never scar, but the pain is so vivid in his memory that he can trace the lines perfectly, even without the guidance of scar tissue. Still standing behind the chair, he looks to the gaping yawn that is the vault door. More than the physical pain of the betrayal, he will never forget the horror of being trapped here for years. Alone, kept company only by his own cries echoing off the walls, never to be answered. Bendy had to rescue himself; no one ever came for him. Not Sammy, not Boris, and definitely not Henry. Easily forgotten, easily thrown away.

Bendy doesn't want to be forgotten. He likes attention, even from the same humans he fears. He loves reading the comments on his videos, with people telling him how funny he is, and how great his acting is. He likes reading comments about how cute he is, and how the poster would love to hug/pet/fuck/hang out with him. They give him warm feelings in his gut and make him grin. Not like this place. This place, where he was thrown away and left and forgotten. Where no one mourned
him, where no one even noticed he was gone.

Bendy feels panic bubbling up in his chest. He doesn't want to be in the vault anymore, but the door looks so far away. Fear grips him, makes his legs freeze. In his panic, he struggles towards the door, but his legs are stiff with fear and scramble awkwardly over the floor. The harder it is to move, the harder his heart beats, the more his body freezes...

Bendy finally makes his way through the door and collapses against the far wall. That was then, this is now, Bendy reminds himself, panting and clutching his chest. No one's forgotten him. He's still here, he's still alive, and there are lots of humans out there waiting for his next video. Lots of humans ready to tell him how great he is.

Slowly, his heart calms down, but a sad keening sound makes its way from his throat. There may be humans out there, but here he is alone. So alone. Except for dead Boris... And Sammy. Yes, Sammy. Bendy turns towards the stairs, and almost in a daze, clumps down the hallway. Once he reaches the stairs, though, and puts his hoof on the first one, he pauses. He's not really ready to leave the comfort of his underground lair. Yes, he wants company. But he wants that comfort here, not up two floors. There's a solution, of course, but that involves allowing Sammy down to visit him. After only a moment's hesitation, Bendy opens his mind to Sammy and summons him.

Sammy, as always, answers the call immediately. Within two minutes, his bare inky feet are patterning down the stairs. “My lord,” he says softly in greeting, his pleasant voice already making Bendy feel better.

Bendy takes Sammy by the wrist and leads him to the room he shares with Boris. Once there he pauses, shuffling his hooves almost shyly, then pushes the blankets aside and lies down on his cot. Sammy doesn't hesitate, but takes the blankets and lies on top of Bendy, settling the covers over the both of them. The ink demon reaches up and pulls the awkward mask off Sammy's face, then wraps his arms around the man, holding him close. Sammy snuggles down, settling his body comfortably onto Bendy's. For a while, they simply pet and hug each other, taking comfort in each other's heartbeats and warmth.

Bendy can't help himself; he starts to shiver and cry. He's alive, and at the moment he's physically ok, but feeling Sammy on top of him, buried underground in the dark, familiar sub basement of the studio, Bendy finally starts to feel safe. Safe and warm. Sammy makes a soft, concerned sound, and reaches up to brush the black tears off Bendy's face. If anything, his tenderness only makes the tears worse. With a quiet wail, Bendy clings to Sammy, pushing his face against the man. Sammy does what he can, holding his master close, running his fingers up and down Bendy's horns and humming a melody he himself wrote a lifetime ago.

The devil eventually cries himself out, and with a final shudder, relaxes in Sammy's arms. Sammy presses kisses to Bendy's forehead and lets his hands wander lower, over Bendy's ribs and stomach, and finally to the sensitive spot between his legs. Bendy shifts his hips a little, not exactly in the mood but also not wanting to deny Sammy. Besides, he knows it will feel nice, if he can get in the right head space for it. So Bendy opens his legs a little more and lets Sammy touch him. Encouraged, Sammy pushes a bit harder with his fingers, then with a final kiss almost directly between the demon's eyes, he slips down to use his mouth on him. Bendy closes his eyes as Sammy runs his hands up and down his thighs, warm wet tongue lapping and pushing against his flesh. After only a few minutes of attention, Bendy feels his body's interest and lets it form female anatomy.

Sammy hums with pleasure, kissing Bendy's clit and teasing his entrance with a finger. He uses his other hand to spread Bendy a little more open, gaining better access to the sensitive little button that he wraps his lips around and flicks with his tongue.

“Yes, Sammy, more,” Bendy moans. He hadn't realized how much he needs this until he feels Sammy work. Sammy complies by slipping a finger inside, gently working the thick digit in to slick it with ink and not cause Bendy discomfort. Sammy feels the hot walls clench around his finger and moans against the clit in his mouth, causing Bendy to gasp and buck his hips slightly.

“More,” Bendy almost growls. Sammy uses the hand currently spreading Bendy open to rub against the base of the clit, starting soft but quickly increasing pressure. Sammy feels Bendy's tail lash underneath him, and he shifts his weight to make sure he's not lying on it. The tail flicks up between
Sammy's legs, and the light touch is enough to set him on fire.
Sammy increases pressure and speed of his fingers and tongue until Bendy's back is rolling and bucking, the fingers of one hand digging into Sammy's upper arm while the other twists into the blankets. “Aah, yes, Sammy, right there. Just like that. Don't stop, don't stop. Nnh.”
Sammy's tongue is sore to it's core, but he does his best to keep going. Bendy's ink is running thick, now, his breathing hard. Sammy adds a second finger, which sinks easily into Bendy's excited hole, making him groan and buck harder. “Sammy. Don't stop. Don't stop. Don't st-” Bendy's voice cuts off as he comes hard, his orgasm making his back spasm and his hips curl up against Sammy's face. Sammy keeps the beat until Bendy finally relaxes, then eases his fingers out while giving him a few more tender kisses and licks, as if trying to soothe and calm the hot flesh.
Trembling slightly, Bendy watches as Sammy wiggles out of his pants and wraps his fingers around himself, giving his neglected member a bit of attention as he shifts into position on top of his mate. Bendy lifts his head and watches as Sammy rubs the head of his cock against Bendy's overly sensitive clit, then pushes inside. Bendy watches Sammy's body work, liking the smooth way his back rolls, then leans back again and relaxes, closing his eyes and sighing as Sammy penetrates deeply inside his body. He enjoys the feeling of Sammy pumping into him, the sensation familiar, pleasant, and comforting. After only a minute, though, Sammy stops. Bendy blinks up at the man's face, blank except for his empty eye sockets and open, panting, lipless mouth. It's probably not a face most people would enjoy looking into during sex, but Bendy doesn't mind. He reaches up and runs a claw down Sammy's cheek, then along his jaw.
“My lord,” he mumbles. “Do you think we could try it... The other way?”
Bendy tilts his head, not sure what Sammy is asking. “Meaning...?”
Sammy averts his face shyly. “…From behind?”
Bendy responds by gently pushing Sammy back, then positioning himself bent over the side of the cot, hooves on the ground. The bed's a little low for the position, but Bendy makes it work by sticking his rump up in the air. Sammy approaches reverently, placing his hands on Bendy's rear, then wrapping his fingers around his hips. Bendy lifts his tail up, curling it over his own back in a beautiful arch, then swaying it back and forth a bit. Sammy thinks it's a better view in real life than even his most vivid imagination. He buries himself back into Bendy, already moaning his excitement.
Bendy leans back into Sammy, tilting his hips to tighten his passage and lowering his chest down to the bed. Gasping, Sammy bucks sharply into Bendy, hunching over the demon. He can't help but to wrap his fingers around the base of that sexy tail, using it to help rock Bendy back onto his cock with every thrust. Then, indulging in a fantasy Sammy's harbored for as long as he can remember, he slides his hand down the tail a bit and starts pulling it firmly with every push forward, careful not to yank it too hard.
Bendy's back stiffens in surprise for a few moments, then a warning snarl rips from his throat as the tail thrashes in Sammy's grip. Lost in pleasure, Sammy pays it no mind. At least, not until Bendy kicks him solidly in the shin. Pain explodes in his leg and Sammy releases the tail right away, which lashes in annoyance. But Bendy doesn't pull away or knock Sammy off. After taking a moment to shake the agony away, Sammy resumes his mating. Sammy is used to pain, after all; it would be stranger to him if sex with Bendy happened with no pain at all.
But after only a few moments, something else catches Sammy's eye. Bendy's tail hole, seemingly hidden until Bendy makes a set of genitals, is tucked against the base of his tail, small and tight and alluring. Sammy brushes his thumb against it, then rubs a little harder. He wonders if Bendy has that special spot inside even though he currently has a female form. Slicking a finger in his mouth, Sammy decides to find out.
He gently works at the hole, making Bendy moan again as it stretches to let the fat finger in. Once it's seated well inside, Sammy curls the finger, checking the usual place. When Bendy's spine jerks and he gasps, Sammy grins. His intuition is correct. Just to really drive Bendy wild, he reaches around with his other hand and starts rubbing Bendy's clit at the same time. His musician's fingers, once trained to strum and pluck strings and keys, now plays a new instrument as interesting noises come
from Bendy. Fascinated as always by sound, Sammy does his best to please Bendy as much as he can, to work more noises from him. With only a few more moments, though, it's clear Bendy won't last long.

"Sammy! Hng, aah. Yes, Sammy. Sam--" Bendy comes violently, almost knocking Sammy away with the intensity of his tremors. Feeling Bendy's walls clench around his cock so tightly sends Sammy right after, bent double over Bendy as his own body shivers its delight.

They both need a moment to ride their highs and come down slowly. Then Bendy crawls forward onto the bed, rolling over onto his back. Sammy follows, resuming his previous position on top of Bendy, pulling the blankets back around them as they both pant. The man pauses as his hand drifts over the now empty spot between Bendy's legs, wishing he had kept his hole a little longer as Sammy likes to touch it after sex. Even so, he pets the area, the skin still feeling hot and slick. He then cups his own equipment, gently holding it for a moment and feeling the warmth in his lower stomach. Unlike Bendy, Sammy's body keeps his manhood around all the time, much to his relief. Bendy feels like he's more made of liquid ink than anything solid. It's been a while since he'd come that hard twice in a row, if in fact, he ever had. But he doesn't feel like crying anymore. The pain in his chest is replaced with a comforting warmth. Maybe Sammy's not quite so useless, Bendy muses with a smile, closing his eyes and settling for sleep.

"Well, it's nice ta see you two finally gettin' along," a deep voice rumbles. Bendy almost jumps out of his ink until he remembers. "Boris! You're awake!"

"Sorry, I didn't want ta interrupt," he chuckles. "Looks like I missed a lot while I was out."

Sammy turns his face away, covering it with his hands with a strained cry. He only allows Bendy to see his face, and only then while they are coupling. The demon gropes around the ground until he finds Sammy's mask and returns it to him. With his face covered, Sammy settles again, and Bendy wraps a hand around the back of his neck to hold him close.

"You have no idea, Boris," Bendy replies.

"Yeah, I never thought I'd see you in love with Sammy."

"Wait... What?" Bendy blinks. That wasn't what he was talking about. And it's not true, anyway. "Seein' you look at someone like that is real nice, Bendy. I'm glad you finally found someone."

"That's not... What are you-" Bendy stutters, finding it hard to talk over the pleased sounds Sammy is making. He squeezes the back of Sammy's neck a little too hard and gives him a slight shake, trying to shut him up. "I was talkin' about the humans!"

"Humans?"

"Yes, the humans! Let me tell ya what happened!" Bendy tells a shortened version of recent events while Sammy nuzzles into his chest and falls asleep.

"Wow, Bendy, that sure is a lot to take in. Are you ok now?"

"I guess," he mumbles, his evening activities catching up to him as his eyelids droop. "I sure would like to go outside. It sounds real nice... Bendy?" Boris looks over to see Bendy fast asleep underneath Sammy. He grins. Bendy never could stay awake after a good plowing, and from what Boris saw, Bendy just got a really good one. Sadly, Boris's own time with the demon ended back when he was still a little devil, but Bendy had enjoyed sex just as much then as he does now. At least, when he had consented. Boris shakes the thought from his head; there's no point in thinking about past abuses. Obviously no one's about to hurt Bendy now; the ink demon will make sure of that.

The next day Bendy helps Boris outside, giving the lanky wolf a piggyback ride all the way up the stairs and out the front door. Bendy lowers Boris's paws to the frosty ground and shivers against the strong wind. Frozen grass crunches under his hooves, the sky looms grayly above them, and the wind is sharp enough to cut to the bone. No wonder he was freezing his tail off even within the shelter of the studio.

Bendy's tail tucks between his legs, curling up to try to steal warmth from his core. Bendy doesn't like the timid stance and tries to shake the tail back down, but it refuses to cooperate. As always, his tail does exactly what it wants to do with little input from Bendy. He looks over at Boris. The cold doesn't seem to bother the wolf at all as he slowly pads around, taking everything in. Then again, Boris
lacks body heat; he can't feel cold as he already is cold.

Bendy can't help but to think of the house, and how much he doesn't want to go back inside the icy tomb of the studio. After all, the only thing he can do inside is curl up under Sammy and shiver. Maybe he can go back to the house and just avoid humans. Hide away in his room, or fuck Sammy on the couch to chase them away from the TV. His radio is dead, though, and he has no way to contact them and ask for a pick up.

He glances over at the new fence around the property. There's a guard posted there under her little shelter, as always, watching them poke around outside because she's got nothing better to stare at. At least, that's what Bendy assumes. Maybe she's also there to keep the creatures in. After what Bendy's been through, nothing would surprise him. In any case, he bets she has a radio. Arms tucked around his ribs, Bendy stumps over to her, still kicking at his own tail with no success of dislodging it.

“Hello,” she greets him, trying to hide the slight quiver in her voice. Bendy spies a radio on her table and snatches it without asking. Startled, she takes a step back, but doesn't protest. Bendy fiddles with the knobs until he finds the right channel.

“Henry? Agent Asshole? Humans?”

“Yes, Bendy?”

“Come get. ‘S cold.”

“We were wondering when you'd ask.”

The five minutes waiting for the car seems to take forever, but finally one pulls up. An agent Bendy recognizes but never bothered to learn the name of steps out, takes off his glasses, and blinks at Boris.

“New friend?” he asks as the three pile into the warm car. Taking shotgun, Bendy ignores the question, instead focusing on getting as much of his body in front of the heat vents as possible. Back at the house, Bendy leads Boris to a comfortable chair next to the couch. Already running out of energy, Boris sinks into it with a happy sigh. Agent Eleven is soon looming over him.

“Boris, I assume? It's a pleasure to finally meet you.” His words are nice, but his eyes are peering down into Boris's gaping chest cavity.

Annoyed, Bendy tucks a blanket around Boris, hiding the exposed ribs. “Don't touch him. Don't even look at him. I don't care what they do to me, if you hurt Boris, I will kill you.”

Eleven takes a step back. “I have no reason to hurt your friend, Bendy. There's no need for threats.”

“’S not like you humans need a reason to do anything mean,” Bendy snaps back.

Boris shifts his X shaped eyes to the demon. “It's alright, Bendy, I'm quite happy here. If something happens, I'll be sure to holler for ya.”

Appeased, Bendy glances around for Sammy. Not seeing him nearby, he turns and heads to the kitchen. It's been about a week since he's eaten anything, and he's ready to fix the ache in his belly.
“Linda's gone.”
“Oh. Well, um-”
“Forever. She left me.”
“Oh.” Bendy has the decency to stop waving his tail for a moment, curling it close to his legs for a full 20 seconds before it flicks free again. “Um. What happened?”
“Linda wanted-”
“No, I mean with the protesters.”
Rage fills Henry's chest at Bendy's callousness. Henry just told him major news, and all the demon cares about is himself. Furious, he shoves the creature away. Bendy sits up and shuffles backwards, looking confused.
“Bendy, you heartless bastard,” Henry snarls.
“Oh. Henry, um, I didn't mean-”
“I should have left you to die. We all would have been better off without you.” Henry knows he doesn't mean the words before they even leave his mouth, but he can't help it. His patience is finally gone.
Bendy looks away and tucks his tail under his legs, eyes lowered.
After a moment, Henry sighs. He had hoped the monster would apologize, but now he just feels even worse for saying something so mean. This is what you get for losing your temper, he silently tells himself. It never helps anything; it only makes things worse. Determined to not apologize to the creature, at least not with words, he grudgingly opens his good arm back to Bendy. “Come here, you jerk.”
Bendy hesitates, then slowly crawls back to where he was before, tail still tucked underneath him. Bendy settles back on Henry's chest, unsure of what just happened and what to do next. He does know that human emotion can be wild and irrational, and tries to chalk the whole experience up to that. The concept of apologizing to Henry doesn't even wander between his clueless horns.
A tense moment passes, then Henry finally answers Bendy's original question. “You sent a lot of people to the hospital, but only two died. Including the one you ate. At first the government was just going to lock you away forever, wash their hands of you. But I got the word out to the public that, not only would you die if that happened, but that you were only acting in self defense. The protesters technically attacked you first. I argued that they intended to kill you by attacking you with holy water, and that you were only trying to protect yourself.”
“I didn't-”
“Shut up, I don't care or want to hear it. As far as I'm concerned, you were in fear of your life. I got a hold of a news clip of the attack to back up my story, and sent it out to your YouTube followers. With their numbers, we were able to generate enough outrage to spring you. But, Bendy. I promise you, I can't do this again. This is your one shot, your one second chance. It was a miracle it worked this time; it won't a second time. Please, Bendy. Please. You must learn to behave. You need to get your anger under control and manage your emotions, just like everyone else has to. No more killing!” To punctuate this point, Henry gives a horn a fairly harsh yank, enough to jerk Bendy's head to the side a little. He's not trying to hurt the demon, just get the fool's attention. They've had this conversation before, and Henry's running out of ways to get the message into Bendy's thick skull.
“But Henry-” Bendy whines a protest.
“No buts!”
“Wait, listen. You don't understand.” Bendy pauses a moment, eyes focusing on his claws as he tries to form the words. “I- I got left there, by the humans. They tortured me and chained me up, then left me to rot. I finally broke out, tore myself free, with only the goal of getting revenge. Blood for blood, payback, ya know. But they were all gone. I had one reason to live, one thing I really wanted, but I couldn't act on it. So when one would wander in – some hobo or 'urban explorer' or whatever they called themselves – I would take my anger out on them. Sure, I knew they didn't actually hurt me, that they weren't the ones who cut me open. But it was close enough. And, Henry, it feels soo goood.”
Henry doesn't miss the sudden transition from past to present tense.

“It's better than sex, Henry. Their screams, their pain, their blood.” Bendy shivers and runs a pair of his claws down his own chest. Bendy is getting visibly excited, and it makes Henry uncomfortable. “Then, of course, I somehow always end up raping them and eating them and having fun with Sammy, sometimes all at the same time.” Henry doesn't want to know these details; his discomfort steadily grows. This is the creature he choose over his family? An animal who admits to the most horrible activities while he drools and shivers with excitement? He prefers his old view of Bendy, the abandoned orphan creature who explores his new found world with childlike curiosity.

“Um. Bendy. I'm, uh, sorry, I suppose. But you just can't do it anymore. It's the price you have to pay to leave the studio and have a life. Perhaps you can take up hunting animals? Get your blood lust out that way?”

“Eh. What good would that do? I never got hurt by wildlife. It's not just blood lust, Henry, it's revenge. Beautiful, sweet revenge. Giving back some of the pain they gave me. Plus, with every soul the ink absorbs, I get stronger.”

This is news. Henry likes to think of the ink as a lifeless art supply; he really doesn't want to think of it as a literal pool of souls. It makes his skin crawl. “You already seem pretty strong, especially when you're around ink. Eleven told me you killed 70-odd people. Don't you think that's enough?”

“I almost died.”

“That won't happen again, Bendy. Especially if you behave yourself. It's in your control.”

Bendy huffs, turning to press his face into Henry's chest. His tail had wiggled itself free at some point, and it pops against the bedspread.

“At least think about it,” Henry mumbles, reaching back to rub between Bendy's shoulder blades.

“I'm only trying to help. I hope you know that.”

“I know,” Bendy muffles into Henry's chest.

“You might be a jerk at best, and an impossible little shit at worst, but I do love you.”

Bendy's tail pops again. “I'd only tolerate those insults from you, Henry.”

Henry grabs a horn again and adopts a higher pitched voice, shaking the horn lightly back and forth as he speaks for the demon: “Oh, thank you, Henry, I love you too. You're the best father a demon could ever have. I'm sorry I'm such a little shit!”

Bendy can't help but laugh as he swats Henry's hand away from his horn, pulling free from his grip.

“Yeah, well, I may be a little shit, but if you're the father of a demon, what does that make you?”

“A bad judge of character and terrible at making life choices.”

“That does sound about right.” Bendy agrees. He's just glad Henry's perking up a little, even if it is at his expense. Maybe they would all get through this crisis in one piece, after all.

Chapter End Notes

Bendy: I'm not really in the mood.
Sammy: *gentle touch*
Bendy: Why aren't you fucking me yet?

Talk about a hair trigger.

I'm trying to get more, uh, detailed with my sex scenes. Like I've said before, I'm new to writing them. I'm sorry if they bore some people (or if I'm writing too many of them), but I'm trying to hone a skill, here! Art takes practice! Also I'm lonely and horny and those two ink bois going at it gives me life.
Sammy's Transformation

Chapter Summary

30 years ago, Sammy's life changed forever.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

30-odd Years Ago..

“Sammy, I think you know why I've called you here.” Joey Drew does his best to look imposing, steeping his fingers in front of him, elbows propped on his desk. Sammy does not look impressed or concerned. He looks bored. After a beat, Joey continues, trying to hide his annoyance. “I keep getting complaints about your attitude. Apparently you spend a lot of time snapping at people and being unfriendly.”

“My job is to write songs, not be friendly. And I wouldn't have to snap at people if they'd just leave me alone.”

“You're the director of a department. Part of that includes managing people. When they have a problem or a question, people need to be able to approach you.”

“But their problems are stupid, and could be easily solved if they just used their brains for once. I'm not here to wipe their asses for them. If Wally loses his damn keys one more time...”

Joey sighs and leans back in his chair. “It's this kind of bad attitude and grumpiness that's the problem, Sammy. I can't have a hostile work environment. If you don't shape up soon-”

“Oh, what, you'll fire me?” Sammy scoffs. “This place isn't going to last two more months. Everyone knows you're facing bankruptcy.”

Joey stiffens, his face turning grim. He can keep a friendly front at almost all times, but when people mention his crashing business, all bets are off. “'Everyone' doesn't know shit! We have Bendy now, and he'll help us make more characters. Characters to populate Bendy Land. With real, living cartoons, there's no way I can fail! I'll be world famous!”

Indeed, Sammy thinks to himself, Bendy is quite the creature. The two like to hang out together during the quieter hours of the work day, which have been more frequent as the animations fail to finish on time. Sammy finds himself with hours, even days, with nothing to do. He can't write songs for an episode that doesn't exist.

Almost as if reading Sammy's mind, Joey continues. “As for you, Sammy Lawrence, don't think I haven't noticed your slacking off! You simply aren't composing songs anymore! Give me a reason why I shouldn't fire you!”

Sammy snorts. “I've written enough songs for the next five episodes. Too bad they're not even close to being finished. You know what, Joey? I'm sick of this place. I'm tired of my talent going unrecognized. I could get a better job at dozens of other companies. Why would I fight to stay at a place like Joey Drew Studios? Like I said, I'm going to be out of a job in a few months, anyway, when this place goes belly up. Good luck finding another music director.” Sammy turns towards the door, but pauses on his way out. “Oh, and by the way, you still owe me 3 weeks of back pay.” With that, Sammy slams Joey's office door shut and stomps back to the music department to gather his things and leave this sorry place for good. His only regret is leaving his buddy, Bendy. They've burned a lot of hours together. Sammy hopes Bendy will be ok once the studio goes under. He will keep an eye on the place, and when it finally closes for good, he will check in to make sure Bendy has a place to go to.

Reassured, Sammy steps into his office. He's always disliked the space, finding it too open and
making him too available for people to pester him. He started to downright hate it when the ink machine pump was put in. The space became unbearable after that. He kneels down to pick up a box, but when he stands up again, his head explodes in pain and the world around him spins and blacks out.

Sammy wakes with a groan. His head is killing him. He stirs, blinking and trying to see in the dim room. He recognizes the looming shape of the ink machine, and realizes he is lying on the ground. Joey and Bendy stand over him. Sammy twists to put his hands against the floor and stand, but pauses when he realizes he's lying in the middle of a pentagram.

“Bendy? Joey? What's going on?”

Bendy kneels over Sammy, gently taking his shoulders and pushing him back to the ground. Still dizzy, Sammy lets it happen.

“Shh, Sammy, it's ok,” the tiny cartoon demon speaks, soothing the human while petting his hair. Sammy winces when the fat, stubby fingers brush too close to the bump on his head. “Easy, Sammy. It's better this way. Now you don't have to leave, and we can be friends forever!”

Sammy's not sure he likes the sound of that. He opens his mouth to protest, but his voice gets stuck in his throat when he realizes that Joey is swinging something from over his head down to Sammy's prone form. Sammy's protest twists into a strained scream as he reflexively tries to yank his body away to safety. His world darkens a second time.

Sammy is cold. The room he's in is dim. He's lying on the floor, flat on his back in some sort of storage room. He slowly sits up and realizes he's naked. Naked and covered in ink. Surprised, he jerks himself up straighter, pulling his legs in. Who would do this to him? Maybe someone decided to pull a sick prank. Sammy brushes his fingers against his leg, trying to wipe the ink off. Oddly enough, the ink seems completely dry on his skin.

Something's wrong. Something's off about his body. He only has three fingers and a thumb on each hand, but he pushes that thought away for now. It takes him a minute, then he realizes that he has no hair. Even covered in ink, he should be able to see the fine, soft hairs on his arms. Even his legs, lower belly, and- he cups himself, running his fingers around his manhood to check – yes, all the hair there is gone as well. What sort of sick fuck would take the time to pluck every hair from a man's body? Wait. EVERY hair?

Suddenly scared, Sammy lifts his shaking hands, choosing again to ignore their wrongness, and brushes them over the top of his head. Smooth, sensitive skin prickles under his hands, with not a hair to be found. Sammy shrieks, his legs kicking under him as he scuttles backwards on his butt until his back hits a wall.

His hair. His hair is gone. Sammy is, admittedly, a bit vain. He takes extra time to make sure he is well groomed and his clothing neat. But his hair was always his great indulgence. The soft, dirty blond hair he kept unstylishly long was always tied back at work. But at home he took joy in tending to it, washing it, brushing it, admiring it in the mirror. And some asshole shaved it all away, not even leaving a bit of fuzz behind.

His chest heaving, Sammy clenches his fists in fury. He struggles to calm down, reminding himself that hair grows back and ink washes off. And whoever did this to him would pay dearly. After taking a few minutes, he decides to find a bathroom and get some of this shit washed off. Shivering from the cold, he shuffles to the door and peers into the hallway. He's in the sub basement, he realizes. He's only been here once before, when some instruments went missing and Joey refused to replace them until Sammy looked everywhere for them. Including here. Sammy didn't like the dim space then, and he doesn't like it now. The pranksters probably dumped him here so no one would stumble across Sammy and help him. Growling softly to himself, he turns down the hallways towards the bathroom.

Once there, with the door securely closed behind him, he turns on the sink and starts scrubbing his fingers. The water's cold, even though he has the hot side turned up all the way. His anger turns to a sick, uncomfortable feeling in his gut. He watches the odd hands he doesn't recognize. He's moving them, and they feel the water and each other scrubbing soap over them. But they're not the long,
talented musician's fingers he knows. They should be almost delicate, with nails that are healthy but clipped short to allow playing stringed instruments. These fingers are fat, stubby. Almost like... Well, almost like Bendy's fingers. Almost exactly like Bendy's fingers, but without the gloves.

He turns off the water and leans his forehead against the mirror. The mirror, he realizes, that he's avoiding looking into, not wanting to see the bald, shining dome of his head, probably also covered in ink. Oh, God, did they get his face, too? Is he going to have to hide in his apartment for weeks while waiting for his skin to shed the ink off? As much as he doesn't want to, he needs to check the damage. He lifts his head to look into the mirror. The face that looks back almost resembles an ink covered skeleton.

Sammy screams, stumbling back away from the image. His back pressed against the wall, he stares at the mirror. His eyes are gone. In their place is wet, pitch black ink deep within his sunken eye sockets. He doesn't have eyelids, and realizes he can't close his eyes. His nose is now just a tiny bump in the middle of his face with two holes for nostrils. His mouth is a gash across his face, almost like someone took a knife and cut a mouth there. He has no lips, at least not what a person would consider lips. Even his ears look withered and twisted, unfamiliar. Scared, he runs his tongue around his mouth, but finds his teeth still in place. He then runs his fingers around his face, looking for the edges of a mask. He knows people can do some crazy things with makeup. But, no, his skin is responsive to his touch, and doesn't feel like it's covered in a mask or makeup.

Ink drips spill over the bottom edges of his eye sockets. He's crying, he realizes. Sammy doesn't know what's going on, but he's desperate for it to end. Feeling less certain that this is all a prank, he folds his legs under himself, wraps his arms around his knees, and shivers. He hopes his dripping eyes don't dry out and blind him.

Some time passes. A bang on the bathroom door makes Sammy rip his head up from where it was nested in his arms.

“I know yer busy freakin' out in there, but how long ya plannin' on tying up the bathroom?” Sammy stares at the closed door, wondering if this is the person who did this to him. He does not answer.

“I can jimmy this door open, ya know. It's not exactly Fort Knox.” A few moments later, the knob starts to jiggle, and the lock starts to turn. Panicking, Sammy scrambles to his feet and quickly slaps his hands over his shame. He leaves his manhood exposed, and elects to cover his face instead. The door opens and someone makes a grumpy sound at him. Sammy carefully parts his fingers, then starts a bit in surprise. A mutilated version of Charlie from the butcher gang stands before him, hands on his hips and foot tapping. Odd, and wrong, but very much alive. The creature scowls at Sammy a minute, then sighs.

“Did'ya want some clothes?” Yes, Sammy would like that very much. He nods.

“Follow me.” Sammy follows the odd little creature down the hallway, fingers still covering his face. The living Charlie cartoon leads Sammy to one of dozens of storerooms, throws open the door, and gestures inside. Sammy slips inside to find some clothes. He rummages around, but most of what's there is too small for him. He settles for a pair of trousers with suspenders, but can't find a shirt to go with them. There's nothing here that can cover his face, either, or his bald head.

Deeper in the store room he finds a pile of forgotten Bendy promotional items, including a large cutout of Bendy's face. He feels a little odd doing this, but decides it's better than having his gross face out where anyone can see it. He riggs a strap from the nearby clothing and manages to create a makeshift mask. He holds it up to his face to judge where he should put the eye holes, but to his surprise, finds he can see right through the stiff mask. The mouth, however, needs work. He feels like he can't breathe properly through it, so he punches a rough hole right in Bendy's teeth. It's not even, but it doesn't matter. He doesn't plan on wearing it for the rest of his life.

His body somewhat covered, he turns to face the Charlie creature again, only to find him gone. Sammy realizes he may have helped him out just to free up the bathroom. It doesn't matter. Now he
Sammy stalks the hallways and sees many strange creatures. Most are blob-like, and many don't even have legs. Some of the skeletal creatures drip constantly, and have even fewer features than Sammy has. He turns away from one such creature, feeling relief that he himself managed to keep his manhood. The more creatures he sees, the more confused he gets. He is not like any of them, not exactly, and doesn't know what that means for him. They also don't have much to say, if in fact, they speak to him at all. They only voice mournful complaints about wanting to go home and other regrets. There are no answers here for Sammy to find.

Some time later, Sammy leans in the corner of one of countless storage rooms, alone again. He hugs himself, scared. He wonders how long some of these beings have been down here, and why they can't leave. He wonders if he is also trapped here. The stairs up to the basement is blocked off with a locked metal door. He wonders how often it's opened, and if he can force his way through the next time it is.

A wave of homesickness sweeps over him. He wants his old body back, the hairy one with pale flesh and actual eyeballs. But he also wants to go back to his apartment. His home isn't much to brag about, but it belongs to him. It's familiar, it smells like home, it houses his personal instruments and his radio and his nice sound system. It has everything he needs, and is comfortable. He's exhausted, and pines for his own bed. With a shiver and a feeling of dread, he wonders if he will ever sleep in it again. He adjusts the hard mask on his face, feeling uncomfortable and cold.

Heavy, plodding footsteps approach the room. He looks up, miserable, to see yet another odd creature. This one isn't like the rest, though. It's not a half-shaped blob, or a misshapen cartoon character. It's a tall humanoid with a large projector where its head should be. A film reel is sunken into its shoulder, a speaker in its belly, and wires sink into the creature's body. The creature dims the light of its projector and points it at Sammy's face. The speaker crackles and a voice scratches through.

"Are you new? I hadn't seen you before."

The voice is rough, even for the old speaker. It's familiar to Sammy, but it takes him a moment to place it. "Norman?"

"Ah, they got you, too, Sammy? That's too bad. You always were a little weird-" Norman pauses here, and the light of his projector pans up and down Sammy's body before refocusing on the Bendy mask. "Still are a little weird. But you didn't deserve this. None of us deserved this."

"What happened? Why am I down here? What happened to me?"

"You 'n me, we're failed experiments, I'm afraid. Most e'ryone down here are, at least the cartoon characters. Joey's trin' ta make more like Bendy. Trouble is, he don't have it down right. So he throws the rejects down here."

"He's making living cartoon characters... Out of people? Am I... Am I stuck like this?"

"Who knows? Honestly I'm trying not ta think bout it too much. Here, come with me. I gotta little spot carved out. You kin stay there, until you decide what to do."

Sammy's not sure what there is to decide. Still, he follows the odd creature to yet another room. Sure enough, Norman's collected odds and ends to make a little place for himself. A little rearranging later, and the two of them make a pallet for Sammy to nap on. He collapses on it, curling up and facing the wall, pulling a threadbare blanket over his head. It's not much, but it's better than shivering naked in a bathroom.

Life in the sub basement is strange. With no windows and few lights, time passes oddly. He finds several band members and co-workers whom he was told had quit. Other people he never knew, or can't identify. He ends up spending most of his time with Norman, though the inky blobs seem to like to hang around Sammy for some reason. He doesn't mind them too much. They're quiet, and unlike humans, he finds their company pleasant. He copes with his new life by not thinking about his old one. Like Norman, he quietly hopes that there is some way back to his old body, wherever it may be. He hopes it's not rotting away in some pit. That thought is simply too upsetting.

Sammy's prediction proves true when the company dies not long after his transformation. The building is abandoned, and with no humans around to stop them, the ink creatures finally break...
down the metal door. Sammy wanders around his old work place, feeling just as lost as before. He looks for his old pal Bendy, but can't find him. Maybe the humans took Bendy with them, Sammy reasons. The realizes he called normal people “the humans.” He's human, too, damn it! He just doesn't look like it at the moment.

More time passes, and he winds up spending most of his hours back in the music department. As before, there always seems to be a few of the blob creatures around. But Norman decides he's more comfortable in the darkest level, and mostly stays in the sub basement. Sammy tries not to feel too sad about that, but loneliness creeps in.

More time passes. Sammy tries to keep memories of his past life alive by thinking of specific instances and people. But no matter how hard he tries, memories seem to slip away from him. Sometimes he even forgets where he is, or what he was doing just a moment ago. His mind fogs over a little more each day, and there's nothing he can do but watch it happen. Of course, Sammy is greatly upset by this. Not only is his body and home taken from him, but his mind as well.

One day Sammy finds himself staring at a pile of Bendy cutouts. He's trying to remember why he feels homesick. What is he homesick for? What is this longing deep in his chest? He's never had a home, other than here in the music department. Right? He does remember his former body, though. That must be what he's pining after, he decides. But that body is gone, vanished around the same time that Bendy had. His broken mind recalls a fragmented memory. Bendy leaning over him, petting his hair. Shh, shh, it's better this way. Friends forever, except that Bendy is gone now. Did I do something wrong? Have I upset Bendy? Is that why Bendy took my body away? Sammy starts a bit at this thought. Was it Bendy? Did he do this to Sammy? Can he undo it, make it all better again?

More time passes. Sammy is in the music hall when a new creature stomps through it angrily. This is a tall, thin creature, a bit taller than Sammy, and has horns and hooves and a long, popping tail. The creature spares Sammy a glance, then continues by. That face, Sammy realizes. Bendy is back, though much different from the short, round cartoon character he used to be. Sammy scrambles after Bendy quickly enough to see the demon part the ink flooding a hallway with an annoyed swipe of his hand. Sammy feels the ink respond to the demon, deep down in his chest. Like the ink is drawn to him. Sammy is in awe. The ink is everywhere, is everything. And here is Bendy, controlling it.

For the next week or so, Bendy prowls through the studio, passing Sammy's music department as he does so. Though Sammy calls out to Bendy, trying to get him to acknowledge his old friend, Bendy ignores him. Still, each time Bendy passes through, Sammy watches, becoming deeply impressed by Bendy's capabilities. Bendy can move the ink at will, even the ink that forms bodies of other creatures. When Sammy witnesses Bendy explode a living ink blob without a second glance, a thought comes to Sammy's mind. Bendy is truly a god. The god of ink. If Bendy can control the ink, and took away Sammy's body, he must be able to restore it. Sammy only needs to get his lord's attention.

Suddenly fueled with a purpose, Sammy gets to work. Shrines are built, rituals created. And something warps in his mind. The more Sammy worships Bendy, the less he remembers why he is doing so to begin with. Though his efforts start small, his obsession quickly snowballs to greater and greater heights, until Bendy is all he can think about. He wants – no – he needs Bendy's attention, Bendy's grace. Over time, the demon stops patrolling the entire studio, but every time Sammy spots Bendy, he drops to his knees and sings praises to the demon. Bendy hardly spares him a glance. That's ok, Sammy tells himself. Soon he will notice me. And when he does... Well, Sammy can't quite remember, but he knows it's important. The most important thing in his life. The only thing in his life.

When Bendy breaks out of the vault, everything is different. The studio is abandoned of humans, leaving the various ink creatures to their own devices. Mostly, for the angry and confused creatures, that means killing one another, coming back to life, and killing again. Killing and dying in an endless cycle, an endless loop. Except for Bendy. No one can hurt Bendy. He never dies, but he does more than his fair share of killing. Filled with a horrible rage, Bendy stalks the studio, destroying anyone stupid enough to get in his way. It's so easy, too. He barely has to think about it, and the creatures
explode into nothing. Having this power is nice, yes, but the deaths are not very satisfying. So he begins pulling ink creatures apart with his claws and teeth. This is a little better, but still something is missing. These are ink creatures, not who he has a grudge against. Not humans. He wants to taste blood, not ink.

Bendy has another problem. His former mate, Boris, is now unable to participate. And, while there is that bitch Alice, the two of them have a bitter feud. After that first time he caught her and raped her, she wised up and became incredibly hard to catch. And, yes, while Bendy does enjoy a good chase, sometimes he just wants to fuck someone without having to work too hard for it. Besides, there’s nothing worse than going on a long, extended chase only to have Alice slip away and blue ball Bendy. Sitting in the sub basement, Bendy contemplates his horniness. The poorly formed, misshapen butcher gang won’t work; they are too repulsive for Bendy to want to screw. There are some Borises around, but fucking one of them would be too much like his old buddy. He doesn’t feel comfortable with replacing his pal like that. The Projectionist lurks nearby, always pacing the hallways and shining his light. But Bendy would prefer to keep watchful Norman on his side. All it takes is a quick mental link with the strange creature to know exactly what’s going on and where. Somehow, the Projectionist always seems to see everything. Bendy doubts Norman would be willing to have sex with him, and raping him would be a bad idea in the long run.

Bendy idly strokes the blank space between his legs, considering his options. Suddenly he remembers someone he hasn’t thought much about lately. Sammy Lawrence, or what’s left of him, skulks in the music department. Whenever Bendy sees the man in passing, he’s either staring at Bendy with that weird mask or on his knees babbling nonsense. Of course, Bendy remembers the fun the two of them used to have, passing the time, hanging out in the music department while Sammy wrote little jingles for Bendy to make the little demon laugh, or watching cartoons without the sounds and making new, absurd lines for the characters on the screen. But both Bendy and Sammy were different people then. Now Bendy is a bitter and angry person, and Sammy is simply insane. Still, it’s not like Bendy has any other option. He could try to chase down Alice, he could turn an ally into an enemy, or he could pay his old buddy a visit.

A new shrine, Sammy decides. That’s what’s needed. A new shrine, right over there by that wall. He has plenty of cutouts to set one up. Sammy kneels by the blank wall and starts to carefully chart what should go where. It has to be right. It has to be perfect. Bendy would accept nothing less than perfect. He bites a fingertip to get some ink flowing, and carefully starts making neat little dots to indicate where things should go. A candle here. An offering bowl there. A symbol there- no, wait. Up there. Yes, that’s better.

Sammy sits back on his heels to study his work. This is something that will take the man weeks to think about, consider, and arrange and rearrange before he’s finally satisfied. It’s one of the few things that he can focus his faded thoughts on. All other thoughts seem to flicker about in his head like flashes of light: difficult to look directly at, and impossible to catch. It’s with this task that Bendy finds Sammy.

Bendy tilts his head, watching the former man as he carefully places a dot of ink on the ground, sits back and stares at it, then shakes his head and wipes it away, only to place another dot of ink right where it was. Bendy has no idea what Sammy is doing, but he seems to be completely consumed by it. Bendy clears his throat. Sammy doesn’t notice. Bendy taps his hoof, pops his tail. Still nothing. Finally, with a growl, he raises a hoof and gives Sammy a strong nudge right between the shoulder blades, knocking the man forward and forcing him to catch himself on his hands. Sammy spins around and gasps.

“My lord,” he voice trembles. “My lord, you have finally come to see me. Are you here to set me free?”

Bendy has no idea what Sammy means by this. But he’s willing to play along, if it’ll get him what he wants. “I’m more interested in what you can do for me,” he replies.

“Of course, my lord. I am your disciple, your loyal follower. I spend all my waking moments honoring your glory. I would do anything for you.”
“I'm glad ta hear that, Sammy. Real glad. Since you're already on your knees, I gotta little job for ya.”

“Please, Bendy, I live to be useful to you.”

Bendy steps closer to Sammy. Uncomfortably close. He tilts his hips forward a bit towards Sammy's face. “Lick me.”

Sammy hesitates, not completely sure what Bendy wants from him. He raises a shaking hand and his fingers hover above Bendy's crotch, not quite touching. “...Here?”

“You got it. But you'll have to take that thing off your face. I want you to do a real good job here.” Horrified, Sammy leans back. “My lord, please! My face is hideous. I don't want to inflict it on your blessed eyes.”

“Sammy, Sammy, Sammy. Don't you remember? I was there when you transformed. I've seen your ugly face.”

“You've... seen it? So you won't mind?” Sammy's fingers lightly trace the edge of the mask, still hesitant.

“What I'm gonna mind is if you don't get ta lickin'.”

Still scared, but wanting to do as Bendy asks, Sammy slips the mask off his face. He doesn't look up at Bendy, though, and instead starts lapping at Bendy's flesh.

Bendy hums softly, liking the feel of Sammy's soft warm tongue. This is exactly what he wants in a sexual partner. No fuss, no complaints, just doing exactly what Bendy asks when he asks. After only a few licks, Bendy's body starts to form a penis. Sammy keeps licking at Bendy, then suddenly flinches back when he realizes what's happening.

“Did I tell you to stop? Com'on, keep goin’.”

Sammy eyes what is now an impressive length. This is new to him. He doesn't remember much of his past, but he does know a few key things. He's never been overseas, he's never played an accordion, he's never enjoyed the color green, and he's never performed sexual acts with a man. Actually, those are about the only things he does remember. Still, when face to face with his god's twitching cock, how can he say no?

Sammy carefully takes the member in his hand and lightly licks the tip. He explores Bendy's body shyly, lightly brushing the tip of his tongue over it. Bendy tolerates a few moments of the teasing touches, then growls impatiently.

“Come on, Sammy, stop screwing around and use your mouth.”

“I'm sorry, my lord. I've never done this before.” Sammy tries again, this time taking Bendy's tip inside his mouth. He manages to slide it partway in before hitting his gag reflex. He awkwardly licks and works at the tip in his mouth.

“Use your hands, stupid.”

Right, of course, that makes sense. He clumsily moves his hands along Bendy's length as he bobs his head over the tip, trying his best but not doing very well.

Bendy watches Sammy struggle, deciding to let the man figure it out more or less on his own. Besides, the fumbling of his hands and mouth still feels good, even if it's not going to get the job done. Sammy pulls Bendy out of his mouth and licks at the underside of the cock to rest his jaw, still stroking with his hands. Bendy decides he's done fooling around, though, and grabs Sammy by the suspenders and tugs the man to his feet.

“I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm really trying. Please, my lord, let me keep working, I know I can get it right.”

Bendy smirks, amused. He's never had someone beg to suck his cock before. He ignores the musician's pleas and tugs him over to a nearby desk, pushing him down tummy first onto it, then grasping the back of his neck to keep him pinned. “I'm guessin' if you've never sucked a dick before, you've never done this, either.”

“D-done what?”

Bendy slips his hand down inside Sammy's pants, his probing fingers nudging between his cheeks and finding their mark. Sammy gasps and tries to twist his hips away. “M-my lord! What-?”

“Aw, come on, Sammy. We both know that sorry excuse of a blow job wasn't getting the job done.”
Bendy removes his hand from Sammy's behind to slip the suspenders off his shoulders, then reaches around to undo the front and let the clothes fall to the floor. Bendy takes a moment to enjoy Sammy's rump, firm and perfectly fitting in his squeezing palm. Sammy whimpers, not sure he's ready to go through with this.

“P-please, I don't think I'm ready for this.”
Bendy pauses, head tilting. “Are you telling me no?”
“I'm telling you... Maybe not so fast?”

Bendy's tail whips back and forth. “You don't sound so sure. Why don't I help you along.” Bendy reaches for Sammy's mouth and slips his fingers inside. Sammy grunts and reflexively tries to spit the fingers out. “Come on, Sammy, suck on them.”

Sammy figures this is at least a step back from where Bendy was heading, so he obeys and sucks on the fingers. His mouth is dry with anxiety, though, and he doesn't produce much spit.

“You are so worthless,” Bendy sighs with annoyance. He pulls his fingers out and reaches for his own mouth instead, slicking the digits well. He then releases the back of Sammy's neck to part his checks, rubbing a spit slicked finger against Sammy's hole. He gently pushes against it, and Sammy whines as he feels Bendy's claw scrape all the way inside his body.

“You're tight,” Bendy growls. He was planning on going slowly for Sammy's benefit, but he decides he doesn't have the patience for that. Especially with such a pleasing rear on display before him: defenseless, vulnerable, and ready for taking.

Now free of Bendy's grasp, Sammy pushes his palms against the desk and tries to slip away from the demon. He just needs a moment to wrap his head around this, that's all. Bendy grabs his neck and quickly pins him back where he was. “Please, my lord, wait. Slow down!”

“You want slow? I'll give you slow.” Bendy slicks his fingers along his length, then with one hand pinning Sammy down and the other to act as a guide, he bucks his hips as hard as he can, stabbing against Sammy's virgin hole but failing to penetrate.

Sammy yelps and his hands scrabble against the surface of the desk, trying desperately to climb away from Bendy. The punch to his pucker is extremely painful, and his body acts on instinct to try to get away. Bendy snarls, having to actually pull Sammy down off the desk and position him yet again. This time he hunches down over Sammy's body, leaning his weight down onto the man, and gets back into position.

“Wait, wait! No, Bendy, please, wait, it really hurts and I'm not ready--!”
Bendy ignores the man and starts snapping his hips forward, pounding against Sammy twice more before he finally breaks through, plunging half of his cock into Sammy all at once. The two react strongly to the sensation, but for very different reasons. Bendy tips his head back and groans at how Sammy's tight body grips him so well, his mouth opening in a pant. Meanwhile, Sammy shrieks in agony, his hands once again pawing at the desk, needing to get away from the feeling of being split open. Bendy focuses again and has to pull Sammy back down to the edge of the desk. Sammy reaches back and pushes against Bendy, trying to shove him back and off, but the demon knocks Sammy's hands away. Throughout the struggle Bendy is able to maintain their connection, though Sammy tries his best to worm away.

The man once more firmly held down against the table, Bendy leans against Sammy, wiggling his hips a bit as he does so, sliding the rest of the way in until his body presses against that welcoming rump. Sammy sobs as he feels his guts pull and shift in his stomach, waves of nausea rippling through him. Bendy is incredibly deep inside. Too deep, in Sammy's opinion. Ignoring the sounds of distress, Bendy starts pumping, pausing every few moments to breathe and push as deeply inside as he can, rocking his hips against Sammy's body. He's making it last longer, Sammy realizes.

“Please, Bendy, please cum quickly,” Sammy gasps through his sobs, his tummy turning with pain.
“But, Sammy, you only have one first time,” Bendy grunts, pausing to jackhammer his body into Sammy's for a few moments, then speaking again. “We gotta make it nice ‘n memorable.” He attacks Sammy again, fucking him as hard as he can, then pausing. “You're makin' it kinda hard, though. You feel so damn good.” Bendy grunts animalistically, his bared teeth parting and saliva dripping
through and onto Sammy's overly warm body. He runs his palms down the shivering man's sweaty back, petting him. Then does the same motion with his claws, parting Sammy's ink and watching it dribble down his flesh. Sammy, already overstimulated, can do nothing but cry and shake, feeling the ink drip down his back and down his thighs.

Bendy fucks into him yet again, viciously attacking the unfortunate creature. He pauses, then pulls all the way out, giving Sammy a moment to breathe and, perhaps, believe it's finally over. Then Bendy pushes right back inside, enjoying the feeling of penetration and Sammy's raw hole clenching around him.

Finally, finally, Bendy hooks his claws into Sammy's hips, piercing the flesh, and leans over him, huffing and drooling as he cums. Sammy feels the pressure inside him increase with Bendy's release. The monster pauses to catch his breath, then slowly pumps in and out a few more times to milk the sensation. Then he dissolves his cock inside Sammy ass. Normally Bendy would absorb some of it back to preserve ink, but he wants to fill Sammy to the brim. Sammy trembles against the desk, feeling even more ink drip down his legs. Bendy leans over him, mouth against his ear.

“Make sure you're capable of worshiping me, of receiving my attention, Sammy Lawrence. I won't accept a weak follower. And, remember, love requires sacrifice.” With that, Bendy is gone, leaving the man plastered against the desk.

Time passes, and Sammy is left in a confused state. Bendy noticed him, but the results were horrifying. He supposes he should expect as much from a demon. Still, he finds himself missing Bendy, craving him. Bendy's visits are painful, but they bring meaning to Sammy's life. The visits confirm the purpose of his shrines and rituals. The more Bendy comes around, the more taken Sammy is by the demon. He even starts to enjoy the pain, sometimes inflicting pain on himself in his lord's name when Bendy isn't around to do so for him. His worship, his pain, his longing, all mix together with the corruption of the ink to pervert Sammy into an inky shadow of the man he once was. He will do anything for his lord. He will sacrifice his body's comfort and well being, and he will sacrifice any poor wandering sheep to earn Bendy's attention. In the end, that's all that matters.

Chapter End Notes

Damn, Bendy, you didn't have to be so rough with poor Sammikins. You had 30-odd years to break him in.

I almost made this a separate work/one shot, but decided it fits just fine right here. There's enough backstory to make it relevant for the continuation of the story. Anyway, this is mostly a little writing exercise to get myself back into the swing.

Also, hey, I'm back! And I live 2,500 miles away from before!
Chapter Summary

Happy birthday, Bendy!!
This isn't a very long or polished chapter, but I really wanted to post something on Bendy's birthday.

Chapter Notes

This is a collection of little ideas and situations that have been floating around in my head, mostly the ink bois being impossible and Henry feeling about two seconds from losing his mind. I promise, plot will happen next chapter.

These days Bendy and his crew spend all their time at the house, only returning to the studio to refill buckets of ink. Bendy spends a great deal of time with Sammy, spending every night with the man and involving him more in his life. Boris spends his days in a nice recliner. He takes some getting used to; he won't move for days, then suddenly join a random conversation out of the blue. Right when people forget he's not an elaborate piece of furniture, he speaks up and makes everyone jump out of their skins. Bendy has a theory that Boris does this on purpose, but whenever he tries to ask the wolf, he suddenly lacks the energy to reply.

Henry responds to his own life turning upside down by trying to solve other problems. Once again, Bendy's video making proves to be a huge help when a check shows up in the mail. His videos got monetized, and with people eagerly watching every new video and new subscribers piling in every day, Bendy manages to rake in an impressive amount of cash. Enough that Henry starts to wonder if, maybe, their money problem might be solved. He starts house hunting, spending hours at a time pouring over real estate listings. Moving the ink machine is going to be a massive project, and he wants to pick the correct house so they don't have to do it again any time soon.

One morning Bendy stirs slightly, something pulling him out of deep sleep. He's sprawled on his side, and blinks sleepily at the morning shining outside his window. Someone's playing with his tail. No matter how often Bendy discourages tail interaction, Sammy can't seem to keep his hands off of it. Now he's trying to get sneaky with it, lightly running his fingers down the tail, encircling it briefly, then letting it flick out of his grasp again. Right when Bendy decides to put an end to the molestation, Sammy lets go of the tail and starts stroking down Bendy's back instead. After a moment, Bendy relaxes again. Yes, this is more like it. Across the shoulders, down the spine, over the hip, up the ribs, Bendy enjoys the attention, eyes starting to slide shut again.

Then his eyes pop right back open when Sammy catches the swishing tail again. Beyond annoyed, Bendy cranks his left leg up and snaps his hoof back as hard as he can, feeling satisfied when he makes good, solid contact right into the bone of Sammy's leg. Sammy drops the tail and grasps his leg, rolling back and forth in agony as he shrieks. Bendy rolls over to watch the show. When Sammy doesn't shake off the pain in a few moments, Bendy gets curious. He reaches over and shoves Sammy's hands away, running his own fingers over the leg and purring when he feels some sort of damage to the bone. Sammy screams a second time as Bendy pushes his fingers into the bone, feeling the way the surface gives slightly and wondering if it's bruised, cracked, or broken.
Bendy withdraws his hand and keeps watching Sammy, who quiets down to whimpers as he clutches his leg. Feeling aroused now, Bendy licks his teeth as he slides over to Sammy, ready to work the man over with his claws and fangs to see what else he can do to him.

Sammy's not sure how much time had passed since his ill advised attempt to play with Bendy's tail. The ink demon had cum some time ago, but he isn't yet finished with his sex slave. Bendy chews on the top of Sammy's shoulder near the neck, growling softly as he keeps his prophet pinned securely underneath him. Sammy's body leaks ink from a dozen places. He feels well used and completely owned, as is only right and proper. Bendy's fang catches on Sammy's collarbone, tooth grating against bone, and Sammy yelps with a voice hoarse from earlier shouts. He weakly pushes a palm against Bendy's ribs, more out of reflex than really trying to push him away. Bendy keeps right on chewing, that trouble making tail flicking contentedly.

Sammy shifts his legs, shivering when he feels how slick he still is between his thighs. The sounds of teeth grinding wetly into torn flesh echo in Sammy's ear. Another nerve is hit and Sammy's body jerks, muscles reacting without his input. Bendy purrs and finally pulls his teeth away, deciding instead to lick the ruined ink. Sammy draws a shaky breath at the feel of a gentle tongue passing over tortured flesh, pleasure and pain merging hopelessly in his mind. He tips his head back, offering more skin to his god. Bendy sniffs at the skin, running his mouth across it in a way that almost feels like a kiss. His tongue dips out to sample Sammy's offering, and the man can't help but to brace himself for another bite, tipping his head back even farther for Bendy and lightly pressing his fingertips into Bendy's side. But the bite doesn't come. Instead, Bendy gives the man a final nuzzle, then rolls off of him, padding from the room without a look back.

Sammy is slightly relieved that Bendy is off his throbbing shoulder, but mostly he already misses Bendy's attention. He wants more, even in the form of bites and pain. To Sammy, there is no such thing as bad attention from Bendy. He rolls onto his side, curling his legs up a bit as he feels his body heal. Wounds start to itch madly, but the only place that really bothers him after all these years is the feeling of his backside and lower guts repairing themselves. He slips a hand down between his thighs, but he knows there's no soothing it. He'll have to wait it out, and everything will be back to normal soon.

Feeling the mess between his legs, Sammy realizes he hasn't had a shower in decades. Nor has he brushed his teeth. He feels somewhat grossed out by this, then wonders if this something ink creatures even need to worry about, or just his old human sensibilities creeping back up. Either way, Sammy resolves that he will do these things again, if only for the pleasure of doing so. He rolls out of bed, pausing to peel off the sheet sticking to his flesh from all the ink he's spilled. Yes, he thinks, he will also have to drink soon. Sammy is always thirsty after Bendy's done playing with him.

Bendy clops into the kitchen to find Henry once again struggling with everyday life. He's trying to measure out some cream one-armed to pour into a mug, and failing horribly. Bendy softens his hooves to sneak up behind the grumbling human.

"MORNIN' HENRY," Bendy says much louder than needed, right into Henry's ear, then chuckles as Henry yelps. Henry grumbles even more about the mess he's made, and answers sourly. "Yes, good morning, Bendy. You're chipper today. Is Sammy still alive?"

"Sammy's fine. Hey, I gotta question, though. Once the sheets get all crusty and inky, is there any way to fix it?"

"Sammy's fine. Hey, I gotta question, though. Once the sheets get all crusty and inky, is there any way to fix it?"

Henry's stomach churns. It's too early for him to think about what orifices or wounds are leaking enough ink to make sheets crusty. He clears his throat. "Um, yeah. Let me show you how to run the washing machine."

"Uuh, maybe you should show Sammy instead. Sounds like a wonderful job for him."

"I don't know if I trust him enough to run large machinery. Just buck up and deal with it. You make a mess, you need to clean it. It's not that much work, anyway."

"Great! Then I'm sure you've got it under control."

"BENDY I am NOT cleaning up your disgusting sex sheets!!"
“...Fine,” Bendy mopes, and drags his hooves after Henry to grudgingly learn a new life skill.

Sammy isn't exactly sure how to run a shower, but manages by not actually thinking about it and letting his body work without being slowed down by his foggy mind. He sticks his hand under the hot water and grins. He starts to step in, then pauses. Wait. One is supposed to undress first, right? He double checks that the door is locked, then strips. Once under the water, he makes an almost embarrassing moan of pleasure. The hot water hits his sore self in all the right ways. Ink is flushed from the open wound near his neck, and he watches the interesting pattern it makes as it swirls down the drain.
Shampoo bottles catch his eye. Some ancient need stirs in his chest. He doesn't have hair, but that doesn't mean he can't wash his scalp. With a smile, he grabs one and dumps half the bottle over his head. It smells absolutely lovely.

“I don't get it, Henry. Why do I need fabric softener? Shouldn't that already be in the soap? Or does it come out all scratchy if you don't use it?”
Bendy is unusually whiny at the moment, and Henry slips his hand under his glasses and rubs the bridge of his nose. He reminds himself of the patience he's always taken such pride in. The patience that Bendy can tear down in record time.
“You're not that complicated. If you don't want to use fabric softener, you don't have to. Look, just—”
“But, Henry, my bed should be soft.”
“Then use the softener!” Deep breaths, Henry. “And – I want to say this again – measure everything out, or you'll use too much and break the machine.”
“Yeah, yeah, measure, push the buttons, whatever. You still haven't said what we're doing with the sheets.”
Henry blinks at Bendy. “You pull them off the bed and stuff them into the machine. What, you really don't understand—”
“Not everyone's seen washing machines before, Henry. Geeze, the nerve of some people...”
“Ughh. Fine, I'll show you. But you're carrying it here. I've only got one arm, you can't keep making me do things for you—”
“Good grief, Henry, are you still on about that arm? You're so whiny!”
DEEP BREATHS, HENRY!!

Sammy stands in front of the mirror. He's more or less used to the way his face looks, but he still doesn't like it. He touches the cool surface of the mirror, trying to grab at some faded memory. He used to like looking at himself. What changed? The memory slips away like a fish, and he snaps back to the present. Sammy realizes that his memories are best accessed by not thinking directly at them. Like operating the shower, if he relaxes and lets the memory approach him like a timid animal, rather than grasping wildly for it, he has better luck. But knowing that and practicing that are separate things. Sammy is so frantic to recover any hints of his past life that when one comes sniffing around, he tries to pounce on it.
Wait. He's here to do something. Right, brush his teeth. He bares his teeth in the mirror to inspect them. They look like they always do, straight and white. He's not sure if this is necessary, but he wants to do it anyway. There's a toothbrush in a cup, and he grabs it without a thought to who it belongs to. He squeezes too much paste on it and starts brushing. Yes, this seems about right, though he's forgotten how strongly toothpaste tastes. Thanks to Bendy, his gag reflex is long gone, and he spends a good 15 minutes brushing every surface in his mouth the brush can reach. He remembers to spit out the paste instead of swallowing it, but forgets the common courtesy of washing the foam down the drain. He grins at himself in the mirror. There. All clean!

Henry finally settles down with his cup of coffee and the newspaper, trying to forget the horror that is Bendy's bedding. If their blood was red- No, no, he's not thinking about it.
Bendy helps himself to a metal thermos of ink, pops the top, and downs it in two gulps. There's now a whole cabinet full of ink thermoses, and one of Bendy's jobs is to refill them as needed from the
lidded 5 gallon buckets stacked in the garage. It's one of the jobs that he passes right on to Sammy. Agent Eleven steps in the kitchen and greets everyone coolly.

“Heyo, Agent Ten, where is everyone? Seems like there were a lot more agents here before.”

“There were. When a new, non-mammalian, sentient race of creatures was discovered, we weren't sure what we were dealing with. Now, it's been decided that we don't need nearly as many people here.”

“What, am I not a big enough threat for ya?”

“Oh, no, you're a threat. But if you act out again, you're just going back into your cell.” Eleven pauses here to sip from a freshly poured mug of black coffee. “So you're basically a solved problem.”

“A solved problem?” Bendy looks offended. “Is that all I am?”

“Don't listen to him, Bendy,” Henry looks up from his paper. “He's grumpy because he's been tied up here for so long. I'm sure he just wants to go back to, uh, D.C. Or Langley or wherever his home is.”

“And now you're projecting, Henry,” Eleven says a bit cruelly. Henry wrinkles his brow at the FBI agent, who fumbles for an apology. “Sorry, sorry. I've had a long night reassigning people, but that's no excuse.” Eleven ducks out of the kitchen before he can put his foot in his mouth again.

Henry puts down his paper and goes to use the restroom. When he arrives, though, he freezes and feels his blood pressure rise. His now frayed toothbrush is lying in the sink in a puddle of gray foam. A glance in the shower shows a similar mess of shampoo and soap and gray inky splatters. It doesn't pay to get mad at Sammy, Henry reminds himself. Yelling at Sammy would be like yelling at a puppy with amnesia. Henry tells himself he will let Sammy get away with it this time, but if it becomes a habit, they'll need to have a little talk.

Henry is in the middle of cleaning up the mess when he hears the washing machine down the hall make straining, laboring sounds. He drops what he's doing and strides down the hallway to check on it. Henry yelps at the sight of the machine, which is obviously overloaded with soap as it struggles to run the laundry. Henry slaps the cancel and drain button on the washer and leans against it for a moment.

He would really like to pee, then finish his coffee, then brush his teeth. As long as he's dreaming of fantasy goals, he would also like an hour without people whining, demanding, mocking, or otherwise bothering him.

After finally finishing with other people's messes, Henry finds his coffee long cold. Instead of struggling with making a new cup, he pops his into the microwave. After the morning's troubles, the lack of monsters nearby makes Henry nervous, so he goes into the living room. He finds the two piled on the couch, Sammy definitely asleep on top of the demon and Bendy at least dozing, idly running his fingers slowly up and down Sammy's back. Henry tries not to look at the huge mess near Sammy's neck; it looks like Bendy took a large bite from the man, then went back to chew on what is left. Softhearted Henry has trouble understanding the two's strange relationship, but tries to stay out of it for the most part. They seem to make it work, though sometimes Henry wonders if Sammy needs more protection than he currently gets.

Staring at the two, Henry's anger slowly melts. He had half a mind to chew them out for causing such problems, but after seeing them lying there, Henry changes his mind. Now that they're down, Henry can have some peace and quiet. Perhaps it's best to let sleeping demons lie.

Sammy makes people around him uncomfortable. He knows this, but doesn't care that much. He has other things to think about. Still, he notices that people tend to clear the room after he wanders in, though normally not in a rude way. They just kind of migrate to another area of the house. Bendy is much more talkative and interactive. He manages to put people at ease, and can hold a normal back and forth conversation. Talking to Sammy tends to go something like this:

“Oh, hey, Sammy. Didn't hear you come in. How are you today?”

“Bendy has graced me with his presence. Today is a good day.”

“Oh, yeah, that's good to hear. Did you want some coffee?”
“Bendy has forbidden me to drink caffeine. He says it makes me too anxious. Bendy knows what's best for me.”

“Um. Ok. Well. Did you sleep well last night?”

“Not at all. Bendy kept me awake most of the night with vigorous-”

“Oh wait I think someone's calling me. Good talking to you, Sammy.”

Even when Sammy is simply in the same room as others, his tendency to stand still for incredibly long periods of time, seemingly staring at the wall or out the window, only to randomly come back into the present with a snarl of frustration, or suddenly yelling about not understanding why the color blue is so important, tends to make people uneasy around him. He's more stable now than he was at first, partly due to getting Bendy's attention and partly due to actually sleeping at night. But he's still insane enough to make social interactions impossible.

Another social block comes from his habit of always wearing his mask. It's surprisingly difficult to talk to someone when their expression is always a blank, creepy, unblinking grin. It's impossible to tell exactly what he's looking at, or if he's even paying attention. When offered a new or different mask, Sammy always turns people down politely. His mask looks like Bendy: therefore, it is perfect. He doesn't need or want anything that looks different.

His mask has another benefit. Sammy can't close his eyes, not even briefly. The world can be overwhelming when there's no escape from it, especially when the world is full of people and colors and objects. Sammy gets overstimulated easily. But he has a solution. Sammy often retreats to a back room, anywhere quiet, and sits in the dark. There, he refocuses his eyes so he's no longer looking through the mask, but at the back of it. Years of wear left the part touching his face black with ink. By refocusing his eyes on the back of the mask, he can effectively “close” his eyes. There, in a dark and quiet place, he can decompress and calm his senses. This activity is yet another thing that humans find unnerving about Sammy, but he doesn't care enough to explain it to them. They probably wouldn't understand, anyway. Still, the ability to use the mask to open and close his eyes is something no other mask could provide. A standard mask with eye holes would leave him exposed to the world at all times. That thought is scary to Sammy.

Of course, when he's in bed with Bendy, he “closes” his eyes by burying his face into the inky blackness of Bendy's chest or back. When Bendy is feeling uncooperative of this, he must settle for hiding his face in the covers, instead. Still, it's more comfortable than trying to sleep with the large, stiff mask on his face.

“Hey, Henry, what's this Christmas thing, and why do people care so much about it?” Bendy asks Henry one afternoon.

“Christmas is a holiday people celebrate. It's often based on religion. Others just use the time off to visit family.”

“Oh. Do you do Christmas?”

Henry sighs. His little girl loves Christmas. Linda always makes a big deal about it, and decorates the house well. He normally gets to see his extended family around this time of year, and his older daughter would be returning from school to visit her family. Henry wants to go dearly, but knows he can't. “I don't know, Bendy. I used to. But... I've been a little busy lately. I don't suppose you would let me take a few days away-”

Bendy's eyes get huge. “You want to leave us? But, Henry, what would we do? Go back to the cold studio? Trust the FBI to not lock us up? Just cause you'd rather hang out with other stupid humans than me 'n Boris 'n Sammy?” Bendy's ink starts to drip in anxiety.

“This is why I haven't brought it up, Bendy. I know you're not ready to be on your own yet. It's ok. Maybe next year. Or, Hell, maybe next year you'll be well enough behaved that you can come with me,” Henry snorts at that dumb idea.

“What? I'm perfectly well behaved! You don't gotta worry bout me, Henry!”

“Just this morning you were chasing a bare-butt, yet still masked, Sammy around the house, screaming about proper sexual positions.”

“Yeah, so?”
“Exactly.”

Bendy is trying his best to manage his anger. Agent Eleven strongly suggests some sort of therapy or anger management, but Henry isn't so sure. Just finding someone able to take a case like Bendy's would be difficult, especially considering the isolation of their small town. And Henry isn't sure bringing the demon into the city on a regular basis is a good idea. The more people are around him, the more chance there is of an incident. Still, Henry knows Bendy can't be isolated forever. They need to find a solution that's good for Bendy and safe for other people.

Henry brings home some self help books, but Bendy reads a few pages and gets bored. He needs outside guidance to stay on task. Ultimately, after hours of countless phone calls, Henry manages to find someone from the nearby city to drive in every week and give Bendy one on one counseling in the safety of the FBI house. This gives Bendy the guidance he needs without endangering other people.

The young lady who shows up at the door looks eager but untested. Henry understands that the more experienced people with a large client base don't have the time to drive an hour out just to visit one patient, no matter how exotic. Still, shaking the hand of the chipper young woman, Henry is nervous that Bendy won't take her seriously or cooperate. He leads her inside the house, to where Bendy is draped over the couch in his normal spot. Sammy is there, trying to edge closer to Bendy, but he has a hoof pressed against the man, keeping him shoved back. This is a game Henry has witnessed before. Eventually Bendy will get irritated and start snarling at or hurting Sammy, which Henry supposes is the former man's goal. Anything for Bendy's attention.

“Bendy, this is your counselor, Miss Maggie. Maggie, this is Bendy, and his boyfriend, Sammy.”

“What?” Bendy scoffs. “Boyfriend? That makes it sound like we're dating. He's just my incredibly loyal disciple, who I happen to sleep with at night, and often fuck.”

Bendy and Maggie gaze at each other, Maggie with a look of fascination and Bendy looking bored. Henry sighs. “Yeah, that seems like a good introduction. Maggie, would you prefer meeting in the kitchen, where it's not very private, or in a back room? I want you to be comfortable, but I don't think he'll hurt you. Probably.”

“A back room would be perfect, if there's a place to sit.”

“Of course. Follow me, please. And Bendy... Try to behave. Please.”

Their first session runs longer than usual as they two get to know each other a little. Maggie has an uphill battle, trying to get through Bendy's sarcastic and snarky replies to her questions. She quickly figures out how to appeal to his ego, though, and slowly over the weeks they get on the right track. One of the main things Bendy must do is keep a journal. The goal is to track what made him angry, and how he responded to that anger. He can then discuss with Maggie how the week went. Bendy, as it turns out, quite enjoys keeping a journal. But he clutters it up so much with non-therapy related things that he has to keep a separate anger journal. Still, Maggie reads everything Bendy writes, interested to see how his mind works and what the demon finds noteworthy about his day. And Bendy is pleased to have an audience.

Every week Maggie updates Henry on their progress, though she's always careful to protect Bendy's privacy. To Henry's amazement, Bendy seems to be responding well. Maggie's upbeat personality is helping, as is the way she treats their sessions more like sitting down with a sympathetic friend rather than simply telling Bendy what he should or shouldn't do. She nods and gives gentle sounds when Bendy complains about Henry's demands or Sammy's often difficult behavior. She takes every opportunity to tell Bendy when he is right or has acted well, and tries to gently guide him with suggestions when he makes a mistake or acts poorly. A stubborn person like Bendy requires a gentle, subtle hand. And Maggie is up to the challenge.

It's only due to Bendy's improvement that Henry doesn't immediately throw away an interesting letter he receives. A letter that may help change their lives for the better.
Change of Scenery

Chapter Summary

Warning: Fluff, good communication, and emotional maturity. I know, it's gross. Try to get past it, they don't last a single day with these newfound relationship skills.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Sammy is in heaven. Tucked into bed, snug against Bendy's chest, feeling the ink demon stroke the top of his head, he feels relaxed. If Sammy is completely honest with himself, this is the type of attention he prefers. Of course, he's happy to serve his lord in any way, and doesn't complain when Bendy wants sex or blood. But if Sammy could choose the activity, it would be this. His head feels clear for once, calm and peaceful like the surface of a frozen lake. Random thoughts do not drift in and out of his head, and he doesn't feel tempted to chase after faded memories. Instead, he lies still and listens to the quiet sounds his and Bendy's bodies make. Breathing, heartbeats, stomach gurgles, swallows, it all sounds like music to him. He tries his best not to drift to sleep, but it's hard to fight off a doze in this state of mind.

Bendy is thinking about something else entirely. He pets Sammy the way one might mindlessly stroke a needy dog. For all his bravado, Bendy is anxious. Tomorrow he, Sammy, Henry, and Eleven are going to leave the small town, drive to the city, and take an airplane to another part of the country. Leaving behind the ink machine, and Boris, and his studio. Yes, Bendy wants to travel and see more of the world. But now that it's actually happening, he's nervous. Hell, he's downright terrified, but he won't admit that to anyone, much less himself.

Bendy's fingers tighten on Sammy's skull. They will be so far away from everything he's ever known. He's used to his old life being 5 minutes down the road. Even though he rarely goes there, it exists nearby, like a safety net. A familiar retreat just in case the humans get on his nerves. His home? He's not sure anymore. In any case, leaving it is nerve wracking, even if it's only for a week. He supposes he could back out, humiliating as that would be. Just inform Henry he changed his mind. Then he could stay right where he is. But then Henry would have to tell Eleven, and the thought of that asshole sensing weakness in Bendy is unbearable. Then, of course, Henry would also have to inform the entire production that Bendy is actually a yellow bellied chicken. And he's not sure what would happen with all the money the production spent making arrangements for him. Bendy doesn't know a lot about money, but he knows humans get real stressed over it. And he's supposed to be making money, somehow, instead of costing it.

Bendy also feels performance anxiety. It's one thing to perform in the comfort of familiar surroundings, on his own time, with his own script, and absolutely no pressure to finish it at all, much less within a certain time limit. The short little movies he makes are fun and stress free. This is a whole new level, though. Bendy has gone from playing around with an $80 camera to the big league.

Henry got a letter with a job offer for Bendy: a short part in a monster movie. Since most of the movie is about silly things, like the human character's backstories and building suspense, filming for Bendy will only take a few days. Just long enough to make a big, scary monster reveal, then chase some humans around in a forest. Bendy had agreed immediately; that sounds like his kind of fun, even if he wasn't getting paid. But the enormity of what's about to happen now makes Bendy want to hide in his bed underneath Sammy and never come back out.

Sammy, Bendy realizes, is feeling the opposite. The man is so relaxed that his mouth droops open
and a bit of ink gathers at the corner of his lip. Bendy squeezes the back of his neck, feeling zero resistance in the limp muscles. It's not fair, Bendy decides. If anyone should be anxious, it's Sammy. That's practically his pastime. Or, at least, it used to be. Bendy lightly brushes a claw against the shell of Sammy's ear, wicked ideas sprouting in his mind. Careful not to let Sammy notice, Bendy slicks his fingers in his mouth, reaches down, and stimulates himself, getting ready.

In one motion, Bendy grabs Sammy by the shoulder harshly, claws digging in, and slams the man face first into his pillow, pressing his palm to the back of the man's head to make sure it stays there. Then, as quickly as Bendy can, he slides on top of Sammy's back, forces his legs open, and stabs down into the helpless creature, trying to take Sammy by complete surprise.

It works. Sammy goes from peaceful bliss to screaming in pain, muffled by the pillow. Sammy struggles to take a breath, but Bendy has him pushed down so hard that Sammy has trouble breathing around the pillow. His lungs lock and his chest burns as the need to keep yelling in pain battles with his need to gasp down some air.

Bendy pounds into Sammy as hard as he can, cracking the bed's headboard against the wall as he works. He feels Sammy's body clench and seize around his cock and underneath his belly, and figures he should probably let Sammy breathe soon. Eventually.

After another minute, Bendy sits back to study his work, taking his weight off Sammy's head as he does so. Sammy rears up off the pillow and takes huge, raspy gasps of air. While Sammy is busy with staying alive, Bendy grabs his rear and parts it, admiring the way the hole is stretched and splitting around him. He runs a claw against the strained flesh, making Sammy arch his back like a spooked cat and try to tuck his hips in a hopeless attempt to get away.

After the shock of Bendy's attack and choking against the pillow until his lungs burn, Sammy's not even thinking about his movements anymore, but is simply acting on instinct. His fingers hook the edge of the mattress and he struggles to pull away. Bendy is stronger than him, though, and rewards Sammy's efforts by forcing his face back into the bed.

Bendy grunts in pleasure, his fears no longer consuming him. Much better, he thinks to himself, watching Sammy's hands flail. Unfortunately, with the way his mate's body keeps clenching and heaving as it struggles to breathe, Bendy's not going to last long. He was hoping for a longer distraction, but Sammy simply feels too good. He bites his lip and tries to slow his hips down, but after a second he gives up and loses himself in the moment. As he gets close, he leans back, letting Sammy back up, and instead digs his claws into his partner's ass. Sammy, once again, tries to pull away, but with Bendy's hooked claws deep in his flesh, every inch he gains is bought with blood. Bendy snarls and readjusts, catching the hip bones in his claws this time. He yanks Sammy back onto his cock, then holds him still while he desperately fucks into the man, their joined bodies making loud slapping sounds. Bendy tips his head back with a moan as he pushes deep into Sammy, finally reaching release.

The two pause like that for a while, both panting, but for very different reasons. Bendy eases off of Sammy and rolls onto his side with a soft moan. He's tired now, but still needy. Sammy lies where Bendy left him, a rather shellshocked, blank look on his face. Bendy pokes him harshly in the side with a claw.

“Lie on top of me,” he commands.

“Yes, my lord,” Sammy murmurs, and obediently climbs on top of Bendy. Bendy nudges Sammy's hips where the sharp point of his bone is poking him uncomfortably, adjusting to man to his liking. Then settles back and tries to go to sleep again.

Bendy wakes early the next day. He stretches, tail curling up over his back, then looks to Sammy. He's curled on his side, facing away from Bendy. The demon reaches over to snare the man in his claws, but instead of finding a relaxed Sammy willing to melt into his arms, the musician flinches away. Annoyed, Bendy grabs him anyway, pulling him close. Sammy's back is stiff, and instead of muttering his normal morning greetings, he remains silent. Bendy shoves the man onto his back and climbs on top of him, clasping his chin in his fingers and forcing whatever passes as eye contact.

“W'as wrong, Sammy? Ya worried about the flight?”
“What flight? Are we going somewhere?”
“Ugh. What is it, then?”
Sammy tries to look away, but Bendy tightens his fingers.
“You know I live to serve you, my lord. My very existence--”
“Yes, yes, Sammy. Talk to me.”
“I, uh. I didn't really like what happened last night that much. But it's fine, I--”
“What, the smotherin’?”
“No, that was fine. But... When I'm near you, my head doesn't hurt so much, and things seem clearer. You make me feel better. I need to be able to relax with you, Bendy. I can't if I never know what you're going to do. Maybe, next time, just give me a 5 second notice, even just a mental nudge. I know I ask too much of you--”
“Shut up, Sammy. You talk too much.” In reality, this is the most he's said in years that wasn't rambling worship. Bendy starts licking Sammy's face, trailing his tongue up, around the eye sockets, and over the sensitive scalp. Sammy lets out a shuddering sigh as Bendy keeps gently licking him. Bendy remembers that Sammy is very mentally fragile. He likes it when Sammy is more relaxed. He's less annoying when he's not twisted up and screaming about everything. Bendy supposes he shouldn't expect a relaxed Sammy while keeping the man stressed and on edge.
“Alright, Sammy, you win. I'll give you at least 2 seconds of notice before ripping you apart. But don't think I won't remember you talkin' back to me. You're going to pay for this with blood.”
“My lord is so generous and kind to me,” Sammy's voice wavers with emotion. “You look after me so well. I love it when you take care of me, my lord.”
Bendy grunts in reply. “Then why don't you take care of me, in return.” He lifts Sammy's leg, opening him up, and decides to take out some nervous energy on him.

Henry's ready to go. He looks at the clock again and shifts his weight nervously. It's getting late and they need to go. He glances at Eleven, who returns with a one-shoulder shrug.
“Thank you, by the way. We couldn't have done this without your help. The IDs, the clearance...”
Henry doesn't know exactly what strings Eleven managed to pull, but he was on the phone almost constantly for days.
“No problem. Oh, hey, wait. Your sling--” Eleven reaches down and tugs Henry's shirt out from where it was balled up under his sling. Henry feels Eleven's fingers brush against his bare side and suddenly feels uncomfortable.
“Thanks,” he mumbles, hoping Eleven doesn't pick up on his awkwardness. Henry's not sure where this came from. Sure, he's used to having his lovely wife by his side. The two made sweet, gentle love a few times a week. And, sure, he's constantly exposed to the ink creature's sexual deviancy. But that's no excuse to get all weird the moment someone touches him.
To break his internal tension, Henry decides to use the bathroom one last time, and heads down the hall. On the way, he pauses outside of Bendy's closed door. He knows better than to let himself in, of course. Unspeakable things happen in that room. He listens at the door, though, and hears the all too familiar sounds of grunts, yelps, and the unmistakable noise of breeding bodies. Annoyed, Henry continues on his way. Just as he suspected. They're going to miss their flight because those two are busy. Honestly, he doesn't know where they find the energy.
A few minutes later, having composed himself again, Henry passes their door a second time. Things are quiet now, so he knocks. “Two minutes, guys, we really need to go!”
Thankfully Bendy's not one to spend half an hour getting ready for his day. A moment later he appears in the living room, tail twitching at his heels.
“Where's Sammy?” Henry asks.
“Puttin’ his face on.”
“He needs to hurry, we don't have time--”
“Keep yer pants on, Henry. Or don't, I actually don't care.”
On cue, Sammy shows up, still adjusting his suspenders. Henry pauses, glancing at the half naked man.
“Are you sure you don’t want a shirt? Maybe some shoes?”
Sammy looks down at himself, wiggles his toes, then looks back up at Henry. “No thanks. Shirts feel too tight now.”
Bendy grabs Sammy by the wrist. “Leave him alone, he’s fine. I thought you said we need to go.”
In the car, Bendy does his best not to fidget. He really doesn’t want his fear to be noticed, but nervous energy keeps spiking down his limbs. He twists his fingers together and tries to focus on what's outside the window. Winter is starting to melt into spring, and the world outside is changing. Bendy still has trouble understanding how constant change is normal. To his mind, things should look much the same day to day. The thawing ground and green shoots peppering the world is much different from the yellow grass he's used to. Still, even with this distraction, the hour long drive drags on impossibly long.
After parking at the airport, Eleven grabs the two duffle bags from the trunk and tosses one to Bendy, who sputters in response.
“Why do I have to carry Henry’s crap? I didn’t bring anything, I shouldn’t have to carry anything.”
“Because you were the one who broke his arm.” Eleven ignores Bendy's replying snarl.
Henry turns to Eleven. “It’s probably best if we each take one. Which do you want?”
“I’ll take Sammy. Bendy likes you better than me.”
“Bendy doesn’t like you at all,” the demon mutters in response.
Their buddy system worked out, the four turn to brave the airport.
“Just this once, I got us fast tracked through the ticket lines and security,” says Eleven.
“Wow, you really did do a lot for us.”
“Eh. I figure his first time out should be as quick and painless as possible. Less chance of something going wrong.”
Bendy stands tall as he strides next to Henry. His head keeps turning as he tries to take in everything. Humans bustle around like ants, often stopping to stare at him and Sammy as they walk by. There are so many of them, just massive teeming amounts of humans endlessly pouring by. His tail flicks as fear spikes in his throat. So many humans. Impossible to fight them all off. He wipes at the ink starting to drip down his forehead, and glares at the closest batch of gaping idiots, their phones raised to snap pictures of him.
As promised, they don't have to wait in any lines, and they arrive at their terminal in record time. Bendy's already getting grumpy.
“Henry, we missed breakfast!”
“That's because you decided to stay in bed instead of getting up and eating.”
“What? That's not my fault. It's your fault for pickin' such an early flight.”
“I didn't schedule this, the movie company did!”
“Well, then, you shoulda known and brought me something to eat.”
“I will get food,” Eleven interjects, raising his hands slightly to stop the argument before Bendy starts shouting. “Watch Sammy for me.”
“See, Henry? Was that so hard?” Bendy mocks. Henry just grits his teeth and refuses to reply. Thankfully, they have first class seats, so the monsters don’t have to squish into coach. Henry watches with amusement as people step on the plane, see a demon sitting in first class, then clearly second guess if they really need to be on this flight after all. More importantly, Henry has to keep an eye on Bendy.
“Your tail's in the aisle again.”
Annoyed, Bendy flicks the tail back across his lap, where it stays for a few seconds before skittering off again. “Stupid humans can’t look where they’re going--”
“People aren’t used to watching for tails. And I don’t want to be dragged off the plane when you have a meltdown because it got stepped on. Why don’t you switch with Sammy and take the window seat.”
“Cause I want the leg room of the aisle seat.”
“Bendy, I swear to God--”
“Fine, fine, I'll take the stupid window seat. It'll give me something to look at, anyway.”
For Henry, the whole airport experience is a long, nightmarish event. He's exhausted and stressed, but feels like he can't relax or some terrible disaster will befall them. Sammy will start screaming, or someone will get eaten, or God will strike the plane out of the sky, or--

They arrive at the pacific northwest coast with no terrible mishaps, thanks largely in part to Eleven's resourcefulness. They pile out of the taxi at the filming location, where an enthusiastic assistant shows them to their trailer. As this is a rather low budget film, the 20 foot trailer is less than stellar accommodations for four people. Still, after their long day, Henry is glad to be there. There's already food and ink waiting for them, and though the trailer is ratty and small, it's comfortably furnished.

Eleven blinks at his surroundings. “We're going to be here for a week, correct?”

“About five days, four nights. Bendy's not due to film until tomorrow.”

“We're going to be here for four nights. And there's no walls between the beds.”

“Oh...-ooohhh.” Henry's stomach drops while Bendy cackles.

“We're gonna get real cozy, us four, eh? Maybe you'll wanna join in with Sammy n me next time?”

“I think I'm going to become really familiar with the outside of the trailer,” Henry responds dryly.

“Aww, don't worry, Henry. I'm not picky. I'll fuck Sammy anywhere. I'm sure not everyone minds as much as you do. Maybe I'll even find someone who wants to join in.”

“That's... That's not reassuring.” Henry turns to Eleven. “This was a mistake, he's not ready. Let's just--”

“Whoa, there. I thought Bendy did pretty well on the flight, all things considered. We made it all the way here, let's give it a day and see how it goes.”

The rest of the day is spent looking around the sets and meeting people. Folks are especially excited to meet Bendy, who of course hams it up. He poses for countless pictures. The location is beautiful. Huge, old growth trees in a foggy forest sets the perfect scene for a horror movie. Having only seen the plains of the Midwest, Bendy is eager to explore and take a closer look at absolutely everything. He's never seen a forest before, and new things excite him. The giant trees are fascinating, the birdsong isn't the same, and even the air smells different.

Sammy spends his time silently trailing after Bendy, ignoring most of the people who try to talk to him, and wondering where on earth he is and why he is there. Fear often spikes at his chest, but by staying close to Bendy he keeps himself reassured. If Bendy is here, everything has to be alright. Still, his state of confusion leaves him on edge. There are so many people running around, and the smell of the trees is strong, the wind brushes against him, and there's so many dang colors and sounds and...

Sammy stumbles forward and grabs at Bendy's wrist, trying to ground himself. Bendy yanks his hand away with a growl, though, not interested in coddling Sammy at the moment. Suddenly feeling adrift, lost in a sea of motion and colors, Sammy grabs the sides of his face, and screams. “Stop it, stop it, the colors are too loud! The shrines never told me this would happen! Why have the unholy symbols forsaken me?!!”

Everyone within a 20 foot radius around Sammy stops and stares. Sammy starts raking his nails down his face and over his arms, parting the ink. Then he bows forward and presses his face against the ground and screams as ink runs down.

Bendy blinks at his mate, then with a growl, stomps over to him and kicks him hard, knocking him over. “Sammy, what the hell are ya doin'? Get up and shut up!”

“My lord, I must have failed in some way. Something's gone wrong, and I don't understand-”

“You don't need to understand. You need to shut up and do as you're told!” Bendy grabs the back of Sammy's neck and yanks him up, claws rending flesh as he does so. Sammy whimpers and huddles with his head ducked and his arms up, shaking like a leaf as he struggles to do as his lord says and not say anything. It's almost impossible for him, though. Babbling and screaming is a part of his panic attacks. It's beyond his control.

Still implementing their buddy system, Eleven steps forward to try to rescue the distressed man. “Sammy, it's been a long day. Why don't I take you back to the trailer.”

“No, I can't be away from my lord. I would be truly lost then. Only lord Bendy knows what's best for me. Only lord Bendy can take care of me.”
“Ok, ok, quiet down. You're alright,” Eleven tries to soothe. Sammy responds with another pained yowl.

Henry steps forward, grabs Bendy by the wrist, and starts dragging him back towards the trailer.

“We're all going back,” he says curtly.

“What? Henry, no!” Bendy protests.

“You'll be here all day tomorrow. Right now you take care of Sammy,”

In front of half the crew, the two ink creatures get towed back to the relative safety of the trailer.

Bendy is furious. He wants to go out and see everything. Instead, he's stuck in some tiny, stinky trailer. He turns to Henry, fists clenched and teeth bared.

“What's the big idea, Henry?! Makin' a fool outta me in front of everyone like that!”

“You need to take better care of Sammy. Kicking and yelling at him when he's having a panic attack doesn't help anyone.”

“He needs to not have a panic attack over nothin'! And, anyway, Sammy's a big boy, he can take care of his own shit.”

“No, Bendy, he can't! If he were human, he'd probably be declared mentally incompetent and stuck in a facility somewhere.”

“Well that's a great idea, Henry! Let's stick him in a facility! Then I don't have to babysit him.”

Sammy slips his hands under his mask and starts to cry. “No, my lord, please. Don't send me away.”

“Dammit, Bendy, look what you've done now. My point is, he absolutely does need looking after, and it's your job. And this is one job you can't just give to someone else -- YOU have to do it. And don't pretend that you don't get any benefits from having Sammy around. You'd be lost without someone giving you endless attention, sex, and foot massages.” Henry puts a hand between Sammy's shoulders and shoves him towards Bendy. “So shut up and comfort him. And I know you think that means sex, so I'm outta here.”

“I am going to tell Maggie SO MANY bad things about you...” Bendy snarls as he grabs Sammy and drags him towards a bed and Henry and Eleven leave the trailer.

Henry doesn't bother staying nearby. Instead he walks around and spends the evening talking to people. Once he figures Bendy and Sammy have had enough time, he heads back. His clock is still two hours ahead of local time, and he's more than ready for sleep. He tries not to hold it against Bendy. He noticed Bendy's tension all day, which is perfectly understandable. Henry just wishes the demon wouldn't take his stress out on hapless Sammy.

When Henry steps inside the trailer, he finds Eleven already there, sitting at the tiny table and speaking softly on a cell phone. Bendy lies on top of Sammy in one of the beds; they appear to be asleep. Happy to find things nice and calm, Henry steps around the occupied bed to reach his duffle bag. As he does so, he glances at the two. And stops cold.

Sammy's back is shredded to the bone. White, gray stained ribs move slightly as he breathes. Ink stains the demon's hands, bowtie, and face. This is Bendy's idea of comforting, Henry thinks numbly. More likely, Bendy took his anger out on the poor creature, who was already suffering from a panic attack. Henry can't begin to understand the amount of fear and suffering Sammy just experienced.

Feeling Henry's horror, Sammy stiffly turns his head to face him, awkward due to his mask. Henry can't bare to have those blank cartoon eyes bore into his soul while ink slowly oozes over Sammy's bones. He scrambles for his duffle bag and stumbles away, not sure what to do or think.

The next day, no one mentions the fight. By the time morning rolls around, Sammy's bones are healed over. However, Henry isn't fooled; he sees Sammy's back every day. It's normally smooth, well muscled, and healthy looking. Today it looks ragged and thin, the ink still healing over. Sammy drinks cup after cup of ink. Henry feels horrible guilt every time he sees the man. He never should have left Sammy alone with Bendy when he was that angry.

Bendy is preoccupied with his role. He speaks to the director about what the monster should look
like. As he is supposed to be an angered forest spirit, they settle on a tall, thin, deer legged creature with antlers instead of horns. Bendy changes his tail to end with a tuft of fuzz instead of its normal spade shape. His hands change from their rounder cartoonish shape to long, thin claw-like fingers. He inks over most of the white parts, just leaving a bit of white on his chin. Makeup and costume adds accents of fur, feathers, and other odds and ends to complete the forest spirit look. It's a subtle shift, compared to what Bendy can transform to, but an effective one. Fog is important to the film, so morning is the most busy time for Bendy. When early afternoon rolls around, he finds Sammy lurking nearby and beacons to him. “Hey, so Sammy. We're in a different state. With tons of new people comin' n goin'. N lots of woods n hiding places. You know what I'm thinkin’?” “My lord?” “Sheep, Sammy! Sheep!” He grabs Sammy by his suspenders and yanks him closer to whisper in his ear. “Listen closely. Don't grab anyone important. If they're gettin' coffee, they're probably ok to grab. And whatever you do, don't be seen. By no one. Got it?” “Y-yes, my lord!” Excited to do something he's actually good at, Sammy scrambles away to watch carefully and bide his time. Satisfied, Bendy returns to his work. That evening, after dark, Bendy pulls his prophet aside. “Did you get one?” “Yes, my lord,” he mumbles back. “I've got a tender little sheep hidden away for you.” “Yes, good, Sammy.” Bendy pauses to lick at the ink threatening to drip from his mouth. He main concern is slipping away unnoticed, but it turns out to not be difficult at all. With the dark, looming woods nearby, the two melt into the evening with no trace. Sammy leads the way, slipping through the trees until he stops at a particularly large one. A human is bound and gagged snugly between two raised roots, carefully hidden away from the world. “I'm sorry, my lord.” “What for?” “The ritual. I couldn't do it properly. The ground's covered with... Tree hats--” “I'm pretty sure those are called leaves.” “--and I don't have any candles.” “Don't worry, Sam-o, you did a great job.” Bendy kneels over the catch to examine it. It's a small female, short and lean. She's awake, and looks like she has been for some time. She's dug gouges into the earth with her heels, and Bendy can smell blood oozing from her wrists. She looks back at him with wild, confused eyes. Bendy sits up and shivers, giddy with excitement. He runs his palms over his arms and grins. “Ah, geez, it's been so long since I've had a sheep. I'm so excited, I can't decide what I wanna do to her. Normally I don't think much about it, but... You got such a pretty one, too, Sammy.” Bendy kneels down again. “Imma take the gag out, but if you scream, I'll start by biting your tongue off. Actually, that's not a bad idea. I may do that, anyway,” he chuckles. The moment the gag is gone, the sheep sputters, “Please, wait, I'm only 17 years old.” Bendy shrugs. “I'm sure you've had a long enough life.” “Anything you do to me will be done to a minor. You'll get in bigger trouble.” “Here's the thing, though.” Bendy drops his voice to a whisper and leans forward. “I don't plan on gettin' caught.” “What are you going to do?” she whimpers. “I don't wanna die.” “I actually haven't decided what I'm going to do yet. You'll know when I do. And, well, you shoulda thought about THAT before you decided to work where there's a literal demon running loose.” With that, Bendy shoves the gag back in. As much as he loves to hear sheep bleat, they're close enough to other humans that he doesn't want to attract attention. Bendy decides to start with the most basic pleasure, a good old fashioned rape. He severs the rope binding the sheep to the tree and drags her down onto her back. She proves to be strong, kicking and twisting and struggling, even though her hands are still bound behind her back. “Sammy,” Bendy grunts. “I'm tired from filming all day. Hold her down.” The man does as he's told, drops to his knees, and pins her shoulders to the forest floor. Bendy forces
her legs apart and settles between them. Panic renews the sheep's energy as she realizes what Bendy intends, but Sammy is bigger and heavier than she is.

Bendy's claws make short work of her clothes. The demon licks his teeth as he gets more and more excited, and his body produces an oversized penis without any stimulation. The sheep makes a muffled shriek as she sees the dripping, twitching member threaten her. With no more ceremony, Bendy stabs inside.

He grunts as he struggles to push as much as he can into the small woman. Her teen body is tight, and she clenches to fight the invasion. The sheep tries to cry and scream, but the gag reduces her to pained groans and sobs. Her efforts only make it feel better to the monster raping her. She buckles her back and kicks her legs, trying to knock the demon off. Bendy grins down at her and starts snapping his hips forward brutally. She's so small that Sammy has to lean backwards to avoid getting hit in the face by Bendy's horns, adjusting his grip on her to help keep her down. Bendy is amused at the thought of two adult men having to work to keep one tiny girl in place. Her body is almost lost between the two of them.

“Hrm, Sammy, she's good. Not a virgin, I don't think, but still- ughh. You sure you don't want a turn?”

“I only have eyes for you, my lord. Please enjoy the soft sheep. I just want to watch.”

Bendy chuckles breathily, starting to pant. “That might make you even creepier than I am.”

Though the girl is lean, she still has decent breasts. Bendy eyes them as they bounce in time with his hips. Then he dips his head down, opens his mouth horribly wide, wraps it around one whole breast, and nips it right off.

For a moment, the sheep doesn't realize what happened. She looks down at the large area of exposed muscle and flesh on her chest. She looks up at Bendy to see him chewing and swallowing, blood dribbling down between his teeth as he does so. Then she panics.

Bendy laughs as she writhes around underneath him, body seizing in agony. The way it makes her cunt clench around him brings him close. He lowers his head to go for the second one, and during her desperate response to avoid his teeth, he peaks. He pauses his attack as he shivers and his tail pumps, moaning softly.

After a moment he looks down at the sheep's blotchy, tear stained face. Fear is written on every inch of her. Nothing feels more deeply satisfying to Bendy. Human suffering is the single best thing in his life. With no further hesitation, he bites off her other breast, then her nose. Then some of her thigh. Human blood coats his face, floods his throat, slicks his claws. He continues to eat her, slowly, keeping her alive as long as possible. She stops struggling or trying to scream, and falls limp as she goes into shock. Bendy doesn't mind. When she seems near death, he cracks open her rib cage and bites into her weakly beating heart.

Bendy had purposely eaten very little that day, and the girl is small. By the time he's done, there's nothing left but churned leaves and blood soaking into the dirt. He even ate her clothing; once soaked in blood, it all went down his throat easily.

Sammy is using a handful of the sheep's blood to stroke himself, pants undone and suspenders drooping low on his arms. He moans in awe at the power of his lord. Nothing turns on Sammy like seeing the ink demon take what he wants. The more brutal, the better. Bendy using his power and strength to do his will is beautiful to Sammy.

Bendy pins him down roughly and laps at his hand and cock, taking back the blood that is rightfully his. Sammy comes almost immediately when he feels his god's tongue on his cock, and Bendy goes ahead and licks that up, too.

Both satisfied beyond words, they lie together in a heap for a few minutes. Then, with a disgruntled sigh, Bendy pushes himself up. They need to get back, or someone will notice. The fewer questions asked, the better.

“Remember, Sammy. Take this with you to the grave. We never saw her, we don't know anything.”

“Yes, my lord,” the exhausted man replies.

“If anyone asks, we were fuckin'.”

“But we were fucking.”
“Exactly.”

The next day, Bendy returns to filming. And Sammy finds himself feeling alone. As always, he seems to repel humans. Even in this situation, whenever he steps into an area, everyone else finds a reason to leave. He tries to keep close to Bendy, but the demon's busy running around in the woods, switching filming locations often. After accidentally getting in the shot, Sammy gets kicked out of the area, and is forced to return to the main camp. Feeling a bit sad, Sammy decides to sit by the ink barrels. He knows Bendy will show up there sooner or later.

Since transformations take a lot of ink out of Bendy, they went ahead and shipped several barrels of ink to the movie site. With over 150 gallons of the stuff, they're not about to run out. Sammy sits on the ground with his back pressed to one. He's happy that Bendy is happy. But he wishes he could be a part of that happiness, instead of sitting here by himself.

When Bendy returns, he sees the man slumped over, looking miserable. He pops open a barrel and dunks his forearms in, letting ink absorb into his flesh without ruining his makeup.

“W'as wrong, Sammy?”

“Nothing, now that you're here.”

“Hmm.”

“He misses you when you're busy,” Henry offers as he steps up. “But I'm glad you're taking so well to this job.”

“Yeah, the job's real fun. The more monstrous I act, the more the humans like it. Normally it's the other way around.” Bendy pulls his arms out. “But after last night, Sammy, you deserve somethin' fun, too.”

“Why, what happen--”

“Sex, Henry. Wild, uncontrolled, violent--”

“Ok, ok, shut up!”

Bendy grins at Henry's discomfort. Then he tilts his head and taps the barrel with his claws, connecting to the ink within. “Hm. No, not you.” He wants to the second barrel, runs his claws over the outside of it. “Definitely not you.” The third barrel is also rejected. The fourth and last barrel gives Bendy pause. “Yeah, I guess you'll do. Henry, why'd Joey have to employ so many jackasses?”

“What in the world are you talking about?”

“I mean-” he pops open the barrel and reaches inside. “I hate most of the people who worked at the studio. Though, funny thing is, I can't remember if I hated them before or after it all went to shit-”

Bendy appears to be grabbing something. He strains against the barrel, grunting as he yanks up. A single foot appears, Bendy's hand wrapped around the ankle, and drapes limply over the edge of the barrel.

“I don't give a shit if you don't wanna come out! You're coming out!!” Bendy walks around the barrel and looks over his shoulder, lining up a kick. Henry scrambles out of the way as Bendy kicks the barrel, hard.

Ink spills everywhere, of course. And right in the middle curls a projector headed creature. The beast lifts his mechanical head and a blood curdling scream rips out of the monster.

Bendy is there to kick him near the speaker embedded in his stomach. The creature doubles over and slumps back towards the ground.

“Aw, shut up. Don't be so dramatic, it's not that bad. And, look, you're not in the studio.”

The Projectionist lifts his head and his light flickers softly as he pans around his surroundings. Henry is stunned. At this point he finally comes out of his frozen state. “There's another one. Oh my God, there's another ink creature now. As if three wasn't bad enough--”

“What, you want me to put 'em back? I could kill him, ya know, and stick him back in the ink.”

“Bendy, no!” As much as Henry doesn't want more responsibility, he can't see killing the creature just because he's inconvenient. He takes a steadying sigh. “Who is this, anyway?”

“There ya go, Sammy! Now you have another freak to hang out with while I'm busy. Have fun, have sex, have murders, I don't care. I've gotta get back to work.” With that, Bendy is gone, leaving the shellshocked Norman to Henry and Sammy.

Chapter End Notes

When the buddy system fails, PEOPLE DIE!!
Norman is in shock. He'd been in the ink for over two decades. Living in the ink is better. Drifting aimlessly through muttering voices, with no body to take care of or get hurt. No hunger, no pain, no worries. After a few years, he lost track of any time whatsoever, and simply existed. He expected that floating nothingness to be his life until, perhaps, one day he simply stopped being. Until he felt Bendy's mind brush against his. The direct interest from the ink demon was worrisome, and he tried to shy away. Bendy responded by reaching into the ink and snaring his soul, forcing it to bind with the ink and recreate his old form. Kicking and screaming, Norman was forced back into the physical world. Then was promptly kicked in the ribs by a sharp hoof. Such is life with a physical body.

Now cowering and gasping on the ground in a body that feels far too large and heavy, Norman flicks his projector light in distress as unhappy screeching sounds rip from him and split the air. He reaches a shaky hand up and brushes it against his lens, clearing it of ink drips. Then he runs his hands over his head. He had forgotten just how heavy it is. Fingers find the familiar wires and trace them as far back as he can reach. Even after all the times he has died and come back, he feels the distinct disappointment that he reformed like this instead of human. No matter how many years tick by, he can't seem to kill the hope that one day this nightmare will end.

Satisfied that his ink form is unchanged from the last time he lived, Norman starts to take in his surroundings. His light flickers and brightens in surprise. There is no ceiling over his head. A breeze brushes through his wires. Gritty, inky mud made from real dirt is squishing underneath him. Most amazing of all, sunlight peeks through the gently waving branches of trees and falls on his mechanical face. He reaches towards that sunlight, feeling the warmth of it. Is he dead? But that's not fair, if he is to have a physical form in death, he feels he should have his original body in the afterlife. He then realizes there are people around him. A ring of flesh and blood humans has gathered at a safe distance. Surprised, Norman yanks his legs closer to his body. He should stand up, he thinks, and defend himself. He just got jerked out of the ink; the last thing he wants is to get picked apart by humans.

But then a familiar person appears. Sammy kneels in front of him, same old mask strapped to his face, though quite battered now. Sammy looks so close to the way he did decades ago that Norman can't help but relax a little. Sammy is his friend. Well, post-ink Sammy is his friend. Pre-ink Sammy was a pain in the ass.

Sammy’s speaking to him, but Norman has trouble focusing on the words. When he holds a hand to the Projectionist, though, Norman takes it without hesitation, and lets Sammy pull him to his feet. He staggers a bit, unsteady as he tries to remember how to balance his heavy, oversized head. Sammy grabs him with both hands until Norman grounds himself, then steps back to give him some space. Still feeling lost, Norman can't help the soft whining of his gears. Who are these people? He takes a few steps backwards, but bumps into a barrel full of ink. He glances down at it, at least one of his questions answered. He got here through the ink. Shifting his head downwards like that makes him feel unbalanced again, and he grabs the edge of the barrel to steady himself.

Two humans are standing closer to him than the others, and he recognizes one of them. Henry, the animator who used to do the lion's share of the work. Much older than the face in his memory, but
there's no mistaking him. The man standing next to Henry looks rather angry with his arms crossed and mouth pressed into a firm line. Norman decides he doesn't want the angry man so near him, and points his light at his face, turning up the brightness as high as he can and threatening him with a harsh screech and a slight lunge forward, swiping a hand forward. His blinding attack isn't as effective in the daylight as it is in the dark studio, but the man uncrosses his arms and takes a few quick steps backwards. The angry man then turns and shoos away the other gathered humans, much to Norman's relief. He doesn't like being stared at.

Sammy takes Norman by the elbow and tries to direct him a certain way. The Projectionist isn't sure where they're going, but he has no reason to not trust Sammy, so he shuffles along with him. Sammy leads him to a trailer, and as pleasant as the outside world is, Norman is happy to step back into darkness. Even though he has to duck his head to fit through the door. Humming a tune Norman recognizes, the masked man shows him to a chair and starts rattling around the cabinets in the tiny kitchen. Norman glances at the small chair and decides he would rather stand. Entangling his wires is unpleasant, and since one wire goes all the way down a leg, sitting on individual chairs almost always ends in disaster. Sofas are much easier to fit on and manage wires around, but there isn't one here.

After a moment, Sammy pushes an open soup can into Norman's hands. Yes, that's right, bodies need to eat. He's not used to thinking about these things. Sammy also produces a thermos of ink and sets it on the table. Norman has no teeth or mouth. As far as he can tell, the core of his projector head is made of ink flesh, while the exterior is formed out of hardened ink that imitates metal. To eat, Norman reaches around to the side of his head, grabs the needed wire, and yanks it firmly, unplugging it from his head. He then tilts his head to one side and carefully pours his food into the hole. The ink follows, then Norman carefully plugs the feeding wire back where it belongs. The discomfort in his gut that he didn't realize was there eases. He flicks his gaze over to the nearby beds. There are four, and one looks like it hasn't been slept in. He makes his way to it, thinking he should lie down for a few minutes to get used to the physical world again. Sammy scurries ahead and pulls the blankets back for him, then tucks Norman in after he's settled. Sleep claims the creature almost before he realizes how tired he is.

Later, after filming is done for the day, Henry tracks down Bendy and pulls him to the side. “Hey, you wouldn't know anything about a missing intern, would you?” he asks softly.

“What's in intern?”

“Sort of like a student. Young girl, she was here yesterday, running around and getting coffee...?”

“Aah, Henry, you know humans all look alike to me.”

“So you haven't seen her?” Henry pushes.

Bendy hates lying. It's a dirty human habit. However, he's not about to admit to this, so he's not against bending the truth a little. Especially with his life on the line. In any case, humans have lied to him often enough. It's only fair he return the favor. “How could I have anything to do with it? I was on set all day yesterday. It's even on film,” he adds with a smirk.

“That's good. I'm glad to hear that. No one's seen her since yesterday afternoon. The police are on their way, and they're going to look around a little. I heard they're about to run a trace on her phone, too, now that it's an official missing persons case.”

“A what on her what, now?”

“You know how everyone's got those smart phones? The police can track them and locate them.”

“And what good would that do?”

“Oftentimes there's evidence left on the phone. If nothing else, they can see where she's been.”

“I see.... Henry?”

“Hm?”

“Are you... Helping me out?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Nothing, nothing, forget I said anything, I need to find Sammy.”
“Last I saw he was in the trailer with Norman.”
Bendy quickly heads into the trailer. Inside he finds Sammy quietly sitting and staring, decompressing in that strange way of his. Bendy knows why Sammy appears to stare into space, but it's no less unsettling to see it. Nearby Norman sprawls in the spare bed, light off and wheezing slightly as his breath is forced in and out of the cracks and tiny openings of his projector head. Bendy pauses, then carefully nudges Sammy's arm. He needs the man functional right now, and so tries to bring him around gently. Sammy shakes his head lightly, then turns and focuses on Bendy.

“My lord! Is something wrong?”

“Yeah, Sammy, I've got a job for you.”

“Anything, Bendy.”

“You know those little rectangle phones humans carry around everywhere? Sammy tilts his head, puzzled. Bendy sighs.

“Listen closely. Pay attention. Think. I know you've got a brain rattling around in that head, so turn it on and use it.”

“Yes, my lord.”

“Go to where you hid the sheep. Do you remember the tree? With the – what was it – 'tree hats'?" Sammy pauses for a moment, clearly thinking hard. “The ritual wasn't completed.”

“Yes, that's right. Go to where the ritual was not completed. Find a small flat rectangle thingy about this big.” Bendy raises his hands to estimate the size. “Stomp on it until it breaks. Break it really well. Then throw the whole thing into the big river down the hill. Do you understand?”

Sammy perks up a little. “Is this to complete the ritual? To fix it?”

“Yes, Sammy. If you find the rectangle, break it, and throw it into the river, you will complete the ritual. Repeat that back to me.”

“Find the rectangle. Stomp it until it breaks really well. Then throw it into the river. That way the tree hats can't work against us and break the ritual.”

“Is it the tree hats' fault?” Bendy asks, truly curious at the way Sammy's mind works.

“Of course, my lord! They kept me from making the right symbols. And they were difficult to move. Their dark forces work against us! But the river is stronger than the tree hats. It carries them away. I will steal their evil rectangle from them and destroy it. You're so smart, my lord. You figure everything out!”

“Go fix the ritual now, Sammy.”

“Right away!” Sammy scrambles out the door to do as he's told.

Bendy has to laugh to himself. If nothing else, he figures if Sammy is questioned his answers will be so confusing that the cops won't know what the hell he's actually saying. Satisfied, Bendy quickly gets back on set before he's missed.

Just in the nick of time, too. Not ten minutes later, the police show up and start asking questions. He continues to relax by the snack table, eating more than his share of what's provided and ignoring the new arrivals. He's tired from filming, after all, and is now completely unconcerned that they will find anything. All the evidence is long gone.

Sine he is finally done for the day, Bendy is peeling fake fur off himself when he's approached by a pair of cops and Eleven. He idly picks at the annoying glue, trying to roll it off his skin.

“Bendy, have you heard about the missing girl?” Eleven asks.

“Oh, the internal? Yeah, I heard some folks talkin' bout it. Why?”

“Speaking of, where is he? They'll want to talk to him next.”

Bendy chuckles. “Good luck with that. I saw him hanging out with Norman.”

The two officers ask basic questions, and Bendy gives them similar answers to the ones he gave Henry. As he wipes at the makeup still coating him, he glares at the way they scribble down everything he says.
“You're not thinkin' I did it just cause I'm a demon, are you? Ask my counselor, I've made big progress.”
“No, of course not. We're questioning lots of people, not just you. At this point we're just trying to figure out the timeline and what happened to her. She could just be lost in the woods. Don't worry, Agent Eleven has explained your situation well. We won't jump to conclusions.”
“Uh huh,” Bendy replies, not convinced. Humans will always side with other humans. It's just the way they are.
“Where did you say Sammy was?”
“Check the trailer,” Bendy answers. “But don't bother Norman. I don't think he's stable yet.”
“Who's Norman?”
“An ink creature.”
“We should probably ask him some questions, then.”
“Nah, he couldn'ta done it. He was dead all day yesterday.”
The police pause, then glance at Eleven for confirmation.
“It's true. He was dead until this morning. And all he'd done since being alive is scream and swipe at people who get too close. So it's probably best to leave him alone.”
Bendy watches them leave, torn between amusement and annoyance. It's fun to toy with people, but why do they have to be such a pain? They should mind their own business and leave him alone.
He blinks and turns his attention to the actress edging closer and closer to him. She's one of the main characters in the film. “Hey, there, handsome. So I heard you and that masked... person... are a couple. What's his name again?”
“Sammy. But I wouldn't call us a couple.”
“Are you gay?”
“Gay? What do you mean? Am I happy?”
She giggles. “I mean, do you only like to sleep with men?”
“Oh, no. If someone's halfway decent looking and has a warm hole, I'll use it.”
“Oh, really?” She bats her eyelashes at him, and Bendy wonders what in the world she's doing.
“See, I've never been with a shapeshifter before. That sounds kinda fun.”
“Oh. Ooh, you wanna fuck. Why didn't you just say so?”
“Mm. Do you screw humans, too?”
“Of course. I've fucked many humans. Though, I have to tell you, they don't tend to survive the experience.”
She stumbles back a step, slightly alarmed. “What, like, it's too big, or--?”
Bendy chuckles. “It can be as big as I want it to be. But mostly it's cause I have this terrible habit of eating humans after I fuck 'em.”
“Oh. But, like. You don't have to? You're not like a praying mantis or--”
“I don't know what that is. But, no, I don't have to eat humans. I gotta say, though, I get pretty rough. You sure you wanna do this?”
“Oh, I can handle it, big boy. I'll moan real pretty for you.”
Bendy shrugs. “Well, I tried to warn you. Let's do it.”
The actress leads Bendy to her trailer. When they step inside, Bendy notices with a growl that hers is bigger and nicer than his, even though it's only housing one person. She's probably being paid more than I am, he thinks grumpily. Well. She can make up for the difference in pay now. Bendy decides he won't go easy on her just because she's human. Though he will have to go lighter than he would a sheep. Sheep never live long after mating with Bendy, so he doesn't have to be careful with them. She leads him to a plush bed and sprawls out on it, shrugging the skimpy costume top off and spreading her legs suggestively. Bendy kneels down on the bed and helps her strip naked, then lies down next to her.
“So, what do we do next?” she asks, eyeing Bendy's blank crotch.
“Lick me.”
“Ooh, lick you here?” She starts massaging between Bendy's legs. She pouts her lips out in a way he supposes she thinks is attractive.
“That's right, toots. Use your fingers, too.”
She wiggles down between Bendy's goat shaped legs and starts to lick at his flesh, rubbing with her fingers as well. Bendy lies back on the soft pillows and sighs, relaxing into the sensation. She's pushing too firmly with her fingers, though, in a way that reminds Bendy of Sammy trying to get him to form a cunt. He grunts and nudges her with his knee.

“More tongue, less fingers. And mind those nails.” She tries again, and this time Bendy can feel his arousal stir. This isn't as exciting as it would be with a sheep or even with Sammy. In fact, this whole human mating thing is actually rather new to him. He's never had a willing human partner before. The woman gasps softly when Bendy produces a penis. “It's big,” she croons, and starts to suck on it. Bendy grunts and lets her. It's clear she's had a lot of practice with this sort of thing. He likes that trick she's doing with her hands, and makes a mental note to teach it to Sammy. After a minute, though, he gets bored. He wants to get rough.

Bendy pulls her up. She starts to kiss Bendy on his mouth. Much like Sammy, Bendy lacks sensitive human lips. He can stretch them closed over his teeth if he tries, but most of the time at least some tooth is visible, even while he's sleeping. He can't pucker his lips, and finds no pleasure from kissing. Annoyed at her smashing her wet mouth against his teeth, with her lips open and working and making smacking sounds, Bendy pulls his head back. It just feels slimy and weird to him. Sammy knows better; when his human urge to kiss overwhelms him, he simply presses dry kisses to Bendy's jawline or forehead.

Undeterred by Bendy's resistance, she grabs his hand and tugs at his glove.

“That's attached,” Bendy grumbles.

“What? You can't take these off?” She inspects him closer and realizes the ring around his wrist that she took to be the edge of his glove is actually just a ridge of flesh. She runs her fingers over it.

“That's really weird. Well what about this?” She tugs on his bowtie.

Bendy snarls, “That's attached, too! Stop yanking on my body parts!”

“Really? This is a part of you? Your skin?” She lightly pets the bowtie, smoothing it down.

“Yes! I can feel that. In case you didn't notice, I'm naked. And don't be rude. I don't make fun of your weird flappy ears. Or that giant nose in the middle of your face.”

She huffs in reply, pulling her hands away.

Deciding to get to the point, Bendy climbs on top of her, pinning her down on her back. She blinks up at him and doubt flickers across her face as she realizes she's about to have sex with something that's not human. Or even a mammal, for that matter. She peers into Bendy's solid black pie cut eyes and eerie grin, and opens her mouth to protest. It's far too late for her to change her mind, though. Bendy's already got her legs apart and he's pushing inside, dark gray tongue poking out slightly between his teeth.

She's not exactly the tightest Bendy has ever had. Far from it, as he slips right in without resistance. The main reason he makes his cock oversized to begin with is to make mating more of a painful struggle for whoever he's topping. He likes his mate to be so tight they're splitting. To solve this problem, he simply makes himself bigger.

The woman underneath him yelps and pushes against him as she feels herself stretch open, trying to get him off of her. Finally starting to really enjoy himself, Bendy ignores her and starts pounding. She starts making odd yelping sound with every push, and she keeps slapping her hands at Bendy's face and shoulders. He grabs both her wrists in one hand and holds them down and out of the way. His other hand curls into her waist, claws starting to dig in and draw pinpricks of blood as he finds a brutal rhythm.

“Stop, wait! You're too rough! I don't like this!” she whines.

Bendy snarls in response. “I warned you. You wanted to fuck a demon. What did you expect? Now shut up, I hate being interrupted.” He lets go of her waist to grab a leg and hitch it up higher, changing his angle a bit to get deeper. He bottoms out and starts slamming into her cervix, making her yelping sounds go up an octave. He grins wickedly. It's not as rough as he would prefer, but the expression on her blotchy, tear stained face lets him know that it's much rougher than what she likes. But maybe there's one other thing he can get away with. One little stab to really get him going.
Bendy pulls all the way out and changes angles again, pausing to pull a glob of ink from his mouth and slick himself with. Then he bucks against her other hole. She screams in surprise as he knocks on her back door, and tries to kick him off. Bendy, and by extension his cock, is not a normal biological creature. And he spends his free time forcing himself into Sammy's tight body. So while a normal man may or may not be able to stab his way into an unprepared ass, Bendy has no trouble spearing her open. By the second push, he's inside, forgetting that he made himself even larger than usual beforehand. He moans in pleasure at the sudden change in tightness while the woman shrieks. He has to work his hips a little to get all the way in, and once there he pauses a moment to catch his breath. Then resumes his brutal pace with no care to her comfort or pain.

He glances down and sees a good amount of blood leaking out. Her hands are still pinned, so the only thing she can do is kick her legs uselessly and cry. A few more bucks and he's there, digging his free hand into her ass until his claws puncture skin. He arches his back, tail curling upwards, and drools as he cums. Finally he dissolves some of his cock and eases out of her, grinning again at the mess he's made of her body.

They lie next to each other, both recovering but for very different reasons. She scrambles up and shuffles to the bathroom, clutching at her crotch as she goes. A few minutes later she returns and lies back down next to Bendy.

“You like that, sweetheart?” Bendy asks with a cruel grin.

“That was... A little rough.”

“Mm, just a little? I may have to go harder with the next human.”

“So, um...” she starts, lightly running her hand across Bendy’s chest. “That girl who went missing. Are you sure you haven't heard anything about it? I figured if anyone has any information, it'd be someone as smart and alert and talented as you.”

“Hm? Oh, her. I probably know as much as you do.” Bendy's getting really good at these indirect lies.

“Well it would mean a lot to me if you could come up with something. You know, I don't really care if she's alive or dead, I just want to know what happened to her. I think it might be a little sexy, if something really naughty happened to her.”

“Why do you care, anyway?”

“Can't you tell? I'm kinky. I like hearing about these things. So if you have a good story to tell, maybe you'll get me all hot and we can go a second round.”

“Um, well. I heard the cops say she might have gotten lost in the woods.”

She sighs and sits up. “Look, she's my little sister, and she means a lot to me.”

Bendy stiffens. Did that idiot Sammy really snag the sister of the lead actress?

She continues, “You know, I got her this job. And I'd feel so awful if I somehow got her into trouble.”

“Is that why you wanted to fuck me? You think I'd tell you something?”

She frowns. “Why the fuck else would I sleep with a monster like you?! Everyone knows you did it. You killed over 70 people, show up on set, then all the sudden my sister – MY BABY SISTER – goes missing?! Yeah, I was willing to fuck her murderer if I could at least get her body back. She deserves a proper funeral! Oh, and by the way, you NEVER go for a woman's ass without asking her first!!”

Bendy starts chuckling. Humans are ridiculous. She expects him to throw his life away just because they had sex. Then gets all worked up because she can't plant her sister into the ground. The longer he laughs, the angrier she gets.

“You're an asshole! A real heartless bastard!! Get out of my bed! And by the way, you're terrible at sex. A horrid monster!”

“Oh, yeah? Well your cunt is so big I had to double my size just to get a snug fit. I had to use your ass just to get off.”

She replies with an angry screech and starts pummeling him with her fists. Still laughing, Bendy rolls off her bed and lands on all fours, ducking under her fists. She isn't actually hurting him, though, and
only ends up hurting herself when she catches a hand on the tip of his horn.

Cackling, Bendy springs to his hooves and runs towards the door, “accidentally on purpose”
knocking over a folding table laden with make up and other beauty products with a crash and a cloud of powder.

That evening, after dinner, Bendy relaxes with Sammy in bed as the big spoon. He needs to talk to
Sammy about the information he gathered, but can't exactly do so in the crowded trailer. He slowly
strokes Sammy, then grabs his hip and squeezes, relishing that the man is completely his, and that
Bendy can have him whenever and however he chooses. As erotic as that thought is, Bendy just
can't summon the energy to do anything about it. He tugs Sammy's hips back so his rump is snug
against him. The pressure feels nice, even if he's not about to do anything about it.

It's been a long day of filming and, he has to admit, the drama of the missing intern had stressed him
out a little bit. He hopes that mess is done and over with, but knows humans can be persistent when
it comes to such things.

Sammy grunts softly and wiggles his hips against Bendy. Bendy tightens his grip on Sammy, but
otherwise does not respond. Sammy rolls over and nudes his body again into Bendy. When that
also fails to get a response, he gets bold and rolls right on top of his god. Bendy blinks at Sammy,
mildly surprised at his forwardness. The man nudges Bendy's legs apart and starts gently prodding
him with his fingers. Bendy hums softly in response. Well, he was just thinking that it would be nice
to have sex, if only he had the energy. He decides to let Sammy get away with his brashness, and
forms female anatomy for him to enjoy. Besides, it does feel really good to get fucked now and then,
and Sammy is the only person he allows the honor.

Not five feet away, Eleven and Henry sit at the small table, quietly discussing the day's events. A
moan makes Eleven glance over his shoulder at the two mating ink creatures, who don't even have
the decency to be under the covers. “Huh. I didn't know Bendy lets Sammy top sometimes. Good for
him.”

“Oh, God. Are they at it again? I was hoping they'd go off into the woods like last night.”
Eleven chuckles, “Why does it bother you so much? I mean, I know it's not socially polite, but you
should be used to it by now.”

“It's not the sex that bothers me. If they just had normal sex, I'd be fine. It's when they're violently
going at it like two rabid wildcats, yowling and bleeding and.. Ugh. It disturbs me.”
Eleven glances back over his shoulder. “Well they seem to be having quiet, normal sex now.”

“Probably because Bendy's too tired for anything else.”

“Hey, don't look a gift horse in the mouth.”

Norman wakes slowly. His light flickers on weakly as he takes in his surroundings. He needs a
moment to remember he's no longer in the ink. He lifts a hand and lightly brushes his fingertips
against his arm, just to remind himself what it's like to feel. The touch is nice. It's easy to remember
the countless moments of agony that plague his existence. But Norman remembers that bodies can
feel nice, too. In fact, he feels warm now, and comfortable. The pillow under his head is firm enough
to support the giant thing well, and the blankets weigh nicely on him. Yes, being a physical creature
does have good aspects. As long as no one rips his head off again. That sucked.

Norman's light brightens as he looks around. In the neighboring bed, Sammy and Bendy are mating.
That's nice for Sammy, though being close to Bendy makes Norman nervous. He had been at the
cruelty of those claws more times than he can count, yet every pain is still somehow vividly branded
in his mind. He shivers in uneasy fear, and looks beyond the screwing creatures. Henry and the
angry man are also here, sitting not far away. There are an awful lot of people around.

A pain in his stomach reminds him he probably needs to eat. He levers himself out of bed, careful to
make sure his wires aren't caught in the covers. He finds his balance and heads to the kitchen where
Sammy had soup for him earlier. He starts ransacking the place, opening cabinets and rattling around
for something he can eat. Fruit, candy, and bread sit on the counter, and the cabinets are stocked with
Henry approaches him slowly, trying to keep his distance though the tiny trailer doesn't allow them much room. “Norman? What's wrong? Are you hungry?”

He is not happy with Henry standing so close to him. Norman screeches at Henry and flashes his light brightly into Henry's face. Blinded, Henry can't see as Norman swipes his hand forward, catching Henry on his injured shoulder. Henry gasps and staggers backwards, clutching the shoulder. Eleven lunges to his feet and grabs Henry, pulling him away from the monster.

“Did he hurt you? Is it bad?”

Henry blinks back tears and gently shrugs Eleven off. “I'm fine, it just hurt.” He smiles shakily. “Why do they always go after my arm, anyway?”

The Projectionist glances at the drama, then slams a cabinet shut in frustration. He rips open the refrigerator (when was the last time he's seen a working refrigerator?) and finally spies a yogurt smoothie. Thick liquid: perfect. He snags it and takes a few steps back. Eating is slow and requires concentration, so he feels vulnerable while doing so. Henry watches as the former man pulls the wire out of the side of his head and carefully pours the smoothie down the chute.

“Oh. Of course. You can't eat solid food,” Henry realizes. “Oh, no. What else can you eat?”

Ignoring the danger, Henry starts digging around as well, but nothing presents itself.

“What are you doing?” asks Eleven. “Get away from him!”

“He's hungry. He needs food. If I had a blender I could make you more smoothies. I can make a really nice peanut butter banana one.”

Norman finishes the yogurt smoothie, but is still hungry. He pauses and his light brightens in interest as across the room, Bendy cries out in pleasure. Sammy follows a moment later, then collapses on top of the demon. Mating looks nice, Norman thinks. Perhaps Sammy will let him try it some time. He hasn't done that since he was human. Though he'd only slept with women before. But it's not like he has a lot of choice now. As far as he knows, the only ink creatures still around are male, and it's not like a human woman would ever want to touch him.

His light dims slightly as he pulls himself back to the problem at hand. He needs food. He watches as Henry pulls a red can of Chef Boyardee out of the cabinet. He holds it out to Eleven.

“What do you think? It's soft and processed, anyway. Maybe he can break it down with his fingers a little, if needed.”

“Try it. I'm sure he'll know if he can eat it or not.”

“Ok... I don't want him to choke...” Henry dumps it in a paper bowl and warms it in the microwave for Norman. When he holds the offering out to the Projectionist, he starts to reach out to take the food from Henry, then shies back, pulling his hands back close to his chest. Norman is not ready to trust anyone yet, even in this minor way. Henry places the bowl on the counter and retreats back to the table. Norman grabs the food and quickly strides out the door, accidentally catching a pair of the reel holders on the top of his head in the door way in his haste. He makes another sharp unhappy shriek and stumbles outside into the dark.

“Should, uh. Should I get him back inside?” Henry asks.

“He doesn't seem to like a lot of people near him. Most of the crew has gone to bed, and he won't wander far away from the ink. I think it'll be fine. I hope it'll be fine, anyway.”

“Good. I don't think I could get him back inside, anyway.”

“There's that, too.” Eleven agrees. The two watch as Norman's light bobs by the window and vanishes into the darkness.

Henry decides it's time for him to sleep. He heads to his bed, pausing along the way to yank a blanket out from under the entangled ink creatures and cover Sammy's bare ass. The ink man's pants are low around his thighs, as he hadn't bothered to pull them back up after finishing with Bendy, and Henry's tired of seeing it.

As always, the mornings start early. Bendy has to be in makeup by 5 at the latest, and he is not an easy creature to lure out of bed. At 4:15 Henry's alarm goes off and he stiffly stands, cradling his hurt arm. He can feel where Norman hit him, and is sure a nasty bruise formed in the night. He struggles
into his sling and shuffles down to join Eleven in the kitchen. On the way he pauses at Bendy's bed. Sammy's mask is askew, showing the side of his face. In the dark Henry can't make out any details of Sammy's face, but decides he would rather not deal with a meltdown before 5 in the morning. Carefully, carefully, he reaches over and tugs the mask back in place. Crisis averted. The FBI agent is already at the tiny stove, cooking up pancakes and bacon. Henry gets some toast going and digs out a box of doughnuts.

“Where's Norman?” Henry asks.
“I see his light go by now and then. I guess he's just walking around out there.”
“As long as he's safe and not hurting anyone. Do you think he can eat eggs?”
“If they're chopped small enough, probably. I'll make some after this.”

Fully armed with good breakfast foods, Henry approaches the sleeping demon. He and Sammy are wrapped around each other, blankets in a tangle. Henry starts petting Bendy's horns. The demon is warm and sleepy and comfortable as he stirs groggily.

“H'ny. No. 'S too e'ry.”
“I know, Bendy. It's really early, huh,” Henry says softly, petting all of his favorite spots. “And it's cold and dark, too.”

“Mmm.”
“But I've got hot pancakes here. And you know they're best when they're fresh.”
“P'ncakes?”
“Yeah, with warm syrup. And toast. And bacon. And doughnuts.”
Bendy stirs, lifting his head to eye the tempting food. “But it's cold.”
“I have a blanket here. The fuzzy one you like. You won't get cold, I promise.”

Convinced, Bendy drags himself up, wraps the blanket around his shoulders, and goes to the table to tuck into the hot food. Sammy joins him a moment later, thankfully with his pants pulled up now, though his suspenders hang down off them. Eleven puts a plate full of food in front of him. Henry watches the window, and a few minutes later when he spies Norman's light bobbing nearby, he sticks his head out the door and calls to him. “Norman? Are you hungry?” After a moment, the light approaches, so Henry backs away to give the creature space. Once the monster ducks inside, Henry tries to hand him a plate of finely chopped eggs. Norman's lens lights the plate suspiciously. With a sigh, Henry puts it on the floor, and Norman stoops down, grabs it, and starts delicately dropping small bits of egg down his feeding pipe.

Henry makes sure everyone has thermoses of ink nearby, and with everyone finally fed, he takes his own plate from Eleven and retreats to sit on his bed and eat. After breakfast Henry walks Bendy to the makeup trailer to make sure he gets there, and to try to damage control if the demon proves too grumpy for the poor makeup artist to handle. Left alone with the other creatures, Eleven watches as Sammy crawls back into bed. He can't blame him; it is still really early. Eleven sits at the table with his laptop and decides to get some work done.

It takes Norman almost an hour to finish eating. He pauses often and pours ink after the eggs to keep his pipe from getting clogged. When he's done, every last bit of egg is off the plate. The creature leaves it on the counter, then tilts his head as his light lands on the sleeping Sammy. After a moment of hesitation, Norman heads over and lies down with Sammy, who responds by hooking an arm over Norman's waist and snuggling in close under what passes as the chin of the projector head, not at all minding the hard, cold, metal bits or wires.

Curious, Eleven watches them as Norman's light dulls, then blinks off. Sammy really seems to be the only one Norman likes to be around. Which, he supposes, works out alright, since Bendy brought him back to be a companion to Sammy. He just hopes Norman will stop attacking people just for existing.

Eleven blinks. What they have here is a seven foot tall, awkward, feral creature who only seems to speak in screams and lashes out any time anyone other than Sammy gets within arm's length of him. How in the world are they going to get this thing home? There's no way he can get on an airplane, if in fact, he can even physically fit in a small airplane seat. With a soft groan, Eleven turns to his
laptop. Maybe he can find a large shipping crate or something...

Chapter End Notes

Beware the leaf hats.
Sammy had gotten used to receiving Bendy's attention multiple times a day. Now they're in this new, strange place, and suddenly everyone else needs Bendy's attention. Bendy is always tired now, and never seems to have time for him. Sammy knows this is only going to last for “a few days,” but when one has memory problems and often gets lost in time, a few days can feel like years. All Sammy knows is that he doesn't hurt, and that's wrong. He should ache for his lord. When he's sore, he has a constant reminder that his god has gotten good use out of him.

So when Sammy wakes that morning and finds himself curled against Norman instead of Bendy, he can't help but feel a little upset. He likes Norman, sure, but he isn't Bendy. The projector headed creature is still sleeping, so Sammy gives him an affectionate pat on the hip and carefully slips out of bed. He wants to find Bendy.

The outside world is, as always, overstimulating and confusing. The sun is bright, the colors of the forest vibrant, and the slight breeze bothers him. People bustle around and seem to have important places to go. Bendy could be anywhere, and the simple solution is to just ask someone where he is. So Sammy wanders about for a few minutes, looking for someone who's standing still.

He aproaches a trio of people standing near a large coffee pot. They're talking to each other, but quickly fall silent when Sammy joins their little group. Two people even take an uneasy step backwards.

“Can, uh. Can we help you?” the one person who did not retreat asks.

“Do you know where lord Bendy is?”

“They're filming that way,” a second person says, pointing in the correct direction. Sammy simply nods in reply and heads off. He's used to humans being uneasy around him, and doesn't mind. It's only natural for sheep to be nervous around a predator.

Sammy follows the flow of people until he finds the film set. They're doing death scenes in a controlled setting. Sammy watches Bendy work. In makeup and transformed to look like a deer-like forest spirit, Bendy has to pretend to kill humans while following stage cues closely. When Bendy takes a break, Sammy walks up to his lord. He and Henry are having a heated discussion over the cues.

“It'd look so much better, though!” Bendy protests.

“I know. But if you don't follow directions exactly, you'll scare the actors.”

“I'm not gonna kill them... On film, and with dozens of witnesses...”

“I know that. But they don't. I know you have a good eye for this sort of thing, and you're right.
Doing it your way would look better. But this time, it's better to follow the director."

“The director's dumb. And I could go much further with this. Could grab 'em, put my teeth on 'em. It'll look more real, and then they don't have to do so much work with computer graphics.”

“Don't – don't put your teeth on them, Bendy. You made them nervous enough just by changing course and overstepping your mark. Remember, you have a... reputation, and everyone's still on edge over that lost intern.”

“It's just cause that actress keeps bad talkin' me. Geez, give a human one sorta rough fuck and they spread all kinds of gossip.”

“Stay away from her, Bendy. I mean it. It'll only lead to trouble.”

“Yeah, yeah... Hey, Sammy. Here to see me get cock blocked? It's not exactly easy, pretending to kill humans, but not going through with it.”

“My lord may kill me, if you want to,” Sammy replies.

“See, this is the level of devotion I need. Good job, Sammy.” Bendy pets the back of Sammy's head, who leans into the touch.

“My lord... I've missed you,” Sammy says softly.

“I know,” Bendy purrs. “Is Norman not enough for you?”

“Norman is nice. But he's not you.”

Bendy growls softly and grabs Sammy, pulling him into a hug and dropping one hand to the man's ass. Sammy moans when Bendy squeezes it to the point of pain, claws digging in.

“Oh, dear and glorious ink demon. My lord and savior, I beseech you, please fuck me!” Sammy begs with his honey smooth voice.

Bendy's soft growls turn into a snarl and he latches his fangs into Sammy's throat. A few stumbling steps to the side and Bendy has Sammy pushed down on a nearby table, scattering papers, props, and cups of coffee.

“Bendy, what are you doing? Stop!” Henry protests, glancing around at the very crowded and active set. The demon ignores Henry and starts pawing at Sammy's clothes, teeth still clamped on Sammy's neck. The violent motion, the crash onto the table, and Sammy choking around Bendy's fangs catches the attention of everyone around them, especially when it becomes clear exactly what Bendy is doing. Flustered, the director runs forward, waving her hands.

“We don't have time for this! These distractions are going to put us behind schedule!”

When the director gets too close to Bendy, a hoof shoots out at lightening speed, only missing the woman because the demon is distracted. Henry quickly grabs the director and pulls her back.

“It's too late. Don't try to stop him,” Henry explains. “Once he gets started, he'll get violent if he's interrupted. It's best to clear the area as much as possible and give him five minutes.”

It's a little late for clearing the area. Sammy's already making choked yowls as Bendy mates with him. Though the demon has Sammy pinned down on the table, his yanks up with his fangs. Something tears in Sammy's neck and ink starts pouring down. Getting roughly fucked, choked, and
bled all at once, all Sammy can do is cling to his lord and struggle for air.

Henry has his hands full calming people down and keeping them back. Understandably, folks are concerned about Sammy's safety. And while Henry agrees with their concerns, his main goal is to keep everyone else safe.

Sammy is feeling dizzy. Still, he manages to reach down and pump himself. Stimulated with Bendy's attention and on the verge of fainting, he cums, his body jerking with the intensity of it right as he passes out. Though his mate is no longer responsive, Bendy keeps going, still not releasing Sammy's throat. A few moments later, Bendy finishes, giving Sammy one last wrenching yank as he peaks, wet sounding growls bubbling out from around Sammy's ink. The demon finally lets go, allowing Sammy to fall limply back onto the table, and takes a few steps back, panting and tail lashing happily.

Henry cranes his neck and looks worriedly at Sammy. After a tentative moment, Sammy takes a shuddering breath and starts to breathe again. With Bendy stepping back and the danger of having a rutting demon on set passed, Henry rushes over to Sammy to help the coughing man wake up and recover, grabbing a thermos of ink along the way. Henry's fingers carefully probe at the gaping wound on Sammy's throat, but to his relief, the flow of ink already seems to be slowing. He helps Sammy sit up and pushes the thermos against the hole in his mask. The ink man, still coughing, downs what he can.

“Henry, fuck off. He's fine. You don't have to be such a mother hen,” Bendy grumps. The demon grabs Sammy, who's trying to pull his pants up, and yanks him to his feet, dragging him away from the others. Still dizzy, Sammy has no choice but to stagger along with Bendy. Once they're apart from the humans, Bendy wraps his arm around Sammy's shoulders and draws him close.

“Sammy. Sammy, listen.”

“Yes, Bendy,” he croaks through his ruined throat.

“Do you remember the sheep from a few days back? Remember what sheep I told you to get?”

“Um,” he pauses to try to clear his throat, but only ends up hurting himself. He presses a hand to his still bleeding flesh. “Coffee. Get a sheep who's fetching coffee. And make sure no one sees.”

“I told you to get someone unimportant! Not the lead actress's sister!”

Sammy stills, shoulders drooping and head ducking. “Did – did I do something wrong? Was I bad?”

“You should have picked someone else. Can't you think for once in your life?” Bendy gives Sammy a slight shake at this.

“I'm so sorry, my lord. I've failed you. I can't do anything right. I don't know why you tolerate me.” Sammy slips his hands under his mask, and Bendy knows he's about to start crying.

Bendy sighs, annoyed. It doesn't pay to get angry at Sammy. In five minutes he'll forget why he's unhappy, and stay in a moody, needy mood all day without even understanding why. The demon wraps his other arm around Sammy, pulling him into a full hug.

“Shh, shh. I'm not mad at you. You did get a very pretty sheep.”

“I – I did well?” He pulls his hands down from his face and returns the hug.

“Yes, Sammy, you did well. Next time, pick someone really unimportant, ok?”
“Yes, my lord,” he mumbles, already comforted.

Bendy gives him a few more pats, then glances back and sees they have an audience. Though many feet away, the humans at the set are still glancing at them curiously. That's fine. Let them think he's comforting Sammy after rough sex, not having a private conversation about a murder.

“I need to get back to work,” Bendy says, squeezing Sammy one last time before releasing him and returning to the set.

Sammy blinks after Bendy, still a little uneasy but already not sure why. He glances down, realizes his suspenders aren't up, and finishes righting his clothing. He hurts. His throat throbs and his lower stomach and ass feel freshly used. This is good, he tells himself. If Bendy fucked Sammy, he must not be unhappy with him. Sammy needs more ink, though. He's still bleeding enough for it to roll down his chest. He heads to the ink barrels.

By the time he's gotten a cup of ink down, Sammy is feeling calm and happy. He's standing there, considering going to decompress for a while, when a hassled looking human approaches Sammy, looking uncertain.

“You're Sammy, right?”

“Yes?”

“Your friend. The one with the--” here, the human holds up her hands to indicate a large head, “--camera for a head.”

“Projector.”

“He's all over the cameras and won't let anyone near. And we need those cameras for the next scene. Can you come get him?”

Sammy nods and follows her to where the cameras are set up. Sure enough, Norman is there, gently petting one. When Sammy approaches him, the Projectionist turns towards him. A soft whine sounds from his projector and Norman lightly touches the side of Sammy's hurt neck.

“Hello, Norman. It's fine, just something left by my lord. How are you? Enjoying the outdoors?”

Norman turns back to the camera and resumes petting it, running his thin delicate fingers over buttons, switches, and wires. Sammy supposes it makes since that Norman feels comfortable around the large cameras balanced on tripods. They almost look like him. Almost.

Sammy glances over at the nearby humans, who watch him while wringing their hands. They want him to do something, but Sammy has forgotten what that is. Oh, well, it probably wasn't very important. He returns his focus back to Norman. He reaches out and gently pokes him in his speaker.

“Didn't you used to speak out of this? We used to talk, I think...”

Norman swings his head back and focuses his light on his friend. Yes, he can talk out of his speaker, he just hasn't felt up to doing so again. Not just yet, anyway. He and Sammy used to have conversations decades ago. They used to talk about their old lives, and what it was like to be human. He's sad to see Sammy this way. A drifting, forgetful shell of his former self, and allowing that demon to hurt him so badly. He'd almost rather Sammy be his old grumpy human self. Almost.

“Sammy-” a nearby human whines. “We really need those cameras!”
Oh, right. He's supposed to move Norman. Sammy hesitates, though. Norman is happy here, and he cares more about the Projectionist than he does some random humans. Unfortunately, the humans don't know Sammy well enough to talk to him in a way that would convince him to help. Instead, Sammy shrugs at the people gathered just out of Norman's aggro range. The humans turn to each other.

“Get the other one!”

“What, the demon?”

“No, he's filming. Get the FBI agent! And hurry! We needed to be there an hour ago!”

As a man goes sprinting off again, Norman turns his attention to a different camera. Soft mechanic sounds come from his projector as he carefully arranges it, adjusting it so the lens is no longer pointed at the ground, then moving the whole thing closer to the other camera.

“Oh my God, if he breaks one, we are so fucked... Do you know how much those things cost?!”

How ridiculous, Sammy thinks to himself. It's obvious Norman doesn't want to hurt the cameras. If anything, he's taking care of them. Sammy watches as Norman carefully shifts the wires trailing behind one camera so they lie in a better, more relaxed position.

A moment later Agent Eleven shows up, trying to calm down the man who fetched him.

“Hello, Sammy,” Eleven says, stepping close to him, but not close enough to anger Norman.

“Hello, Eleven. Have you seen Bendy today?”

“Yes, he's very busy trying to get these final scenes done. But Bendy really needs these cameras. Do you think you could move Norman for him?”

“Bendy needs the cameras? Oh. Why didn't you say so earlier? Norman, would you like to get something to eat?”

The Projectionist hesitates, glancing at Sammy for a moment. He turns back to the cameras, gives them each a last pet, then nods at Sammy. The two move off towards their trailer, followed by Eleven, who wants to make sure they don't cause any more trouble.

Apparently Henry got Norman some food he can eat, as back at the trailer the two find a jug of applesauce, tomato juice, and a few cans of soup piled on the table. Norman happily digs in. Eleven opens his laptop to attack the endless paperwork that seems to happen around the ink demon. Sammy finds a bagel to munch on. For a while, all is calm and quiet. Norman keeps his lens on Eleven, though, still not trusting the man. The agent seems neutral, but Norman is still feeling him out.

Once the two ink creatures are finished eating, Norman cautiously approaches Sammy. The man looks up at the tall creature, having to crane his neck to look into his lens. Norman lightly runs his fingers along the edge of Sammy's mask, then steps closer and reaches down to squeeze the man's ass.

Reminded of Bendy's touch, Sammy shivers. Encouraged, Norman puts his other hand on Sammy's hip and draws him against the Projectionist's body, pushing firmly against his friend. Sammy wraps his arms around Norman and trails his fingers down Norman's wires.

“I didn't know you were interested in such things,” Sammy mumbles. “Would you like to try it?”

The mute creature responds by taking Sammy's wrist and pulling him towards Norman's bed. Sammy slips out of his clothes and lies down on his back, opening his legs for Norman while
slipping a hand down to check on himself. He's still sore from Bendy, but seems to be healed well enough to have another go. Norman is hesitant as he crawls on top of Sammy. He's never been with a man before, and while he really wants to have sex, he's not exactly sure how this experience will go.

Sammy is far more experienced with these things. He knows Norman is composed of an odd mesh of flesh and metal, and much like Bendy, lacks clothing. It's hard to wear clothes when wires connect his projector head to points all over his body. Sammy sees Norman’s blank crotch and starts to massage him there, suspecting that his anatomy is similar to Bendy's. Sure enough, after just a little bit of stimulation, Norman starts to breathe harder and produces a penis.

Since Norman lacks a mouth, and therefore saliva, Sammy takes an ink glob from his own mouth and slicks it over Norman's member, stroking him firmly as he does so. Norman keens softly at the stimulation, his hips jolting slightly with need. Sammy adjusts his legs and gently guides Norman to where he needs to go. The angle is awkward for Sammy, so Norman takes over, taking himself in his hand and pushing into Sammy's body.

With just the head of his cock inside, Norman stills, soft mechanical sounds humming from his head. Sammy is warm and clenches tightly around him. It's an intensely good feeling, almost overwhelming. Norman's newly minted body is still sensitive, and even a simple touch is very stimulating to him. Feeling this... Norman is already overstimulated, but he wants more. Yes, he very much wants more. He pushes deeper, pausing every few moments when it becomes too much sensation.

Sammy relaxes under Norman as he eases inside. After mating with only Bendy for decades, the Projectionist is very gentle in comparison. No claws or fangs, no rough thrusting, no spines or barbs. Sammy's almost not sure this even counts as sex. The only pain he feels is from Norman pushing against where Bendy hurt him earlier.

Norman bottoms out and pauses again. Then starts to pump his hips. Or, at least, he tries to. With his awkward, uncoordinated body, it's hard for him to find a rhythm. After a few moments of studdering thrusts, he stops and plops his head down, lens first, into the mattress. Being horizontal and holding that massive head up is killing his neck and back.

Sammy strokes his shoulders underneath the mass of wires, mumbling encouragements to him. “Take your time... It's ok... You're doing well... Just relax...”

Norman goes between his awkward coupling and resting his neck, often shifting his arms to try to support himself better. But he's wearing out quickly and is nowhere near finishing.

Agent Eleven blinks up from his laptop. Sure, he heard the soft moans and fumblings around the bed. But he spends most of his time around Sammy and Bendy, and those two are so often being physical with each other that it became background noise to the man. But this jumble of ink and mechanics and faceless monsters mating with each other has to be one of the strangest things he's ever seen. Eleven wonders if he should leave and give them some space, then shrugs to himself and turns back to his laptop. If they don't care, he certainly doesn't.

Seeing Norman's difficulty, Sammy pushes his palms against his chest and slips out from underneath the creature. Norman lets Sammy up, but tracks him with his light, whining softly.

“Come here. Try this,” Sammy leans against the wall and beacons to him. Norman approaches and tries to get close enough to Sammy to resume, but his head is too long and his lens threatens to bump against the wall. Sammy turns and braces his arms against the wall, sticking his ass out for Norman. Finally he's able to hunch over Sammy's body and push back inside with a happy whirr of his gears,
hands gripping Sammy's hips firmly. He even props the chin of his projector head on Sammy's shoulder. Finally balanced and no longer fighting gravity, Norman is able to set a quick, steady pace, letting ancient mammalian instinct take over.

Sammy takes Norman's weight without complaint and enjoys the unusual experience of being fucked without being hurt. Still bracing against the wall with one hand, he uses the other to pump himself, matching with Norman's pace. He shifts his hips a little, trying to get his mate to hit that special spot. Norman responds by adjusting his grip on Sammy's hips, encouraging him to angle them out farther. Sammy does, then shudders when Norman starts brushing against the right spot, gasping softly in pleasure.

“Oh, my lord Bendy, yes, please more. Bendy Bendy BendyBENDY!” A few more pumps and Sammy's there, cumming on the floor as he moans.

Norman is wheezing, having trouble getting enough air through his projector. He can't stop, though, or even slow down. It just feels too good. And he feels a pressure starting to build that he needs to release. He hears Sammy call to Bendy and tries not to mind too much. He knows Sammy prefers Bendy's company, but he's just happy Sammy is letting him fuck him. When Sammy cums, his body tightens around Norman in just the right way, and his long fingers clench around Sammy's hips as he follows.

It's intense. And, God, it feels good. Norman had forgotten that anything except pain can feel this intense. An uncontrollable keening screech rips from him as his body takes control and his orgasm crashes over him. Afterwards, Norman slumps over Sammy, letting the man take even more of his weight. Sammy grunts in response, the projector starting to dig into his shoulder uncomfortably. Sammy lets him stay for a moment, then starts to wiggle out from underneath the creature. He doesn't want Norman to fall, but also can't take anymore of his weight. After all, Norman is over a foot taller than Sammy.

Sammy steadies Norman, then starts to step around him to retrieve his clothes. But Norman stops him, grabbing at Sammy's arms and keening softly. Sammy gazes up at Norman, then down at his still hard cock.

“What's wrong, Norman? Still not satisfied?” Sammy grips his cock and gives it a squeeze, pulling another sound from Norman.

Unsatisfied may not be the right word. But Norman does want more. Desperately. There's still a tense knot in his belly, and he wants nothing more than to take Sammy again. But he was nice to let Norman do it once; perhaps he won't want to do it again. The monster juts his hips forward, seeking friction against Sammy's body. Sammy lets the Projectionist rut against him for a moment, then pulls away. Norman follows like a lost dog, still grabbing for Sammy.

The music director lies on his back with his hips on the edge of the bed and lifts his legs back up. Norman doesn't need any more of an invitation, and quickly pushes back inside, hooking Sammy's legs over his shoulders. This time Norman is more confident and moves faster, snapping his hips against Sammy. The man relaxes on the bed and lets Norman use his body. He's not about to cum again for a while, but the feeling of getting plowed is still pleasant. And Sammy wants his friend to be satisfied.

Norman finishes a second time after only a few minutes of fucking. His second orgasm leaves him dizzy and lightheaded, and he clings to Sammy's legs to try to keep his balance. He can't seem to get enough air, no matter how hard he tries to suck it through his projector. Sammy glances up and realizes Norman is wobbling on his feet, and quickly sits up and pulls him down onto the bed. Norman wiggles until he's comfortable, with a pillow under his heavy head. Well fucked and
exhausted, he almost immediately falls asleep. Sammy curls against the creature, deciding to take a nap of his own. His morning was busy, after all, and some rest will help his neck heal faster.

Later that evening everyone is gathered for dinner. As this is the last evening on set, Eleven got takeout for everyone, including two large milkshakes for Norman.

Bendy is complaining about having to get into makeup one more time to finish a final scene in the morning when someone knocks on the door. Henry opens it to find a pair of police officers on the other side.

“Good evening. Can I help you?” he asks.

“Yeah, we're looking for a—” the cop glances at his notebook “-Sammy Lawrence. We just have a few more questions for him.”

Henry blinks in surprise. “Oh, Sammy? Yeah, he's just finishing up dinner. Would you like to come in?”

The two cops step into the small trailer. Norman makes an unhappy screech at the intruders and shifts his weight anxiously. He clutches his food and makes a bull rush for the door.

“Make way, let him through!” Henry alerts the cops, who quickly shuffle aside to let Norman duck through the door. “Sorry, he doesn't like crowds,” Henry apologizes. “He's just getting used to Eleven and I being around. Sammy, are you finished eating? These officers have some questions for you.”

“Yes.” Sammy sits at the table still, but his food is gone.

“If you'd please come with us to somewhere more private.”

“Am I under arrest?” Sammy asks.

“No.”

Bendy growls softly as Sammy stands and starts to leave with the police. “Henry, are we ok with this? You know Sammy's an idiot. Doesn't he need supervision?”

“Sammy is innocent, right?” Henry answers. "We have nothing to worry about."

Eleven speaks up at this. "Sammy, if you feel uncomfortable with any of the questions, you don't have to answer them. I'm not completely sure what your rights are, but we can get a lawyer for you if needed.”

“I don't trust humans.” Bendy complains. “And Sammy's too dumb to realize when he's being tricked. He may say something stupid and get himself in trouble. Or forget and start talking about a sheep from 15 years ago and admit to something he didn't actually do. He has memory problems! What the hell are these people hope to get from him?”

“Don't worry, we're well aware of Sammy's... Mental state,” the cop says. “We just need to clarify a few things with him.”

“I don't like this,” Bendy growls. “You'd better not take my Sammy away.”

“We'll bring him right back.” And with that, they leave the trailer.
The police bring Sammy to a deserted table set up near that day's set. This late in the evening, no one else is around. They place a tape recorder down on the table.

“Have a seat. Could you state your name and occupation for the record?”

“Sammy Lawrence. Former music director for Joey Drew Studios.”

“Sammy, you have a history of kidnapping people for a ritual. Is that correct?”

“I capture sheep for lord Bendy, yes.”

“For the record, in this situation 'sheep' are humans, right?”

“That's correct.”

“When's the last time you caught a sheep?”

Sammy pauses and tilts his head to the side. “I'm... Not sure. My memory's not what it used to be.”

The officer sets a picture of the missing intern on the table. “Was this one of your sheep?”

Sammy takes the picture and studies it. “I'm sorry, humans look alike to me. She doesn't look familiar, but few people do.”

“Did you take a sheep here, on this movie set?”

“My lord and I tried to have a ritual. But the tree hats got in the way. I had to do extra steps to complete the ritual. I had to steal the tree hat's shiny rectangle, break it, and throw it into the river. Then the ritual was complete.”

The cops glance at each other. “Did, uh, did you understand any of that?”

“Not really...” the other replies.

The cop turns back to Sammy. “In this ritual, did you have a sheep?”

“My lord and I had sex in the woods. Under a tree. In the tree hats. It was... strange.”

“It certainly sounds strange. The thing is, Sammy, we have a witness saying they saw you and this young lady talking to each other. Does that sound right?”

“I've talked to many humans here. They mostly leave when I try to be close to them.”

“So you have no memory of talking to her?”

Sammy shrugs. “I'm sorry, but no.”

“What sort of things do you talk to people about?”

“I am probably asking them where Bendy is. Or Norman. We have Norman now, and that's nice. I'm glad he's not dead anymore.”

“What do you do all day while Bendy is filming?”

Sammy has to think again. “It's hard for me to answer that. Time passes strangely for me. I'm not always sure what's going on. To be honest, I'm not really sure what's going on right now. Where's Bendy?”
“Bendy's right inside the trailer. We're just asking you some questions about the intern.”

“Oh, right. You know, you should talk to the tree hats. They're hiding something, I know it. Dig just a little bit underneath them, and you'll find the answers. Sneaky bastards.”

“I don't think we're going to get anything out of him,” one cop mumbles to the other. “And anything he says won't be admissible in court. He's not exactly a reliable witness.”

“I'm afraid you're right,” the other cop sighs and shuts off the tape recorder. “Thank you for your time.”

“Of course. May I go back to Bendy now?” At their nod, Sammy stands and walks back to the trailer.

Once Sammy returns, though, Bendy grabs him and takes him right back outside. “Be back later, Henry, we're just gonna have violent sex!” Bendy calls back into the trailer as he drags Sammy outside.

“Sammy. I have a job for you,” the demon mumbles into Sammy's ear as he drags him into the cover of the trees.

“Yes, my lord. Anything.”

“There's a woman who's been spreading shit about me. She leaves really early tomorrow morning. We're going to take her as a sheep before she can escape.”

Sammy gasps with excitement. “Yes, Bendy! I will take the tender sheep for you.”

“Good, Sammy.” Bendy keeps towing Sammy in the direction of the lead actress's trailer. “I knew I could count on you.”

Once outside of her trailer, Bendy pulls Sammy close to speak softly in his ear. “I'll talk to her. You sneak behind her and knock her out. Got it?”

“Yes, my lord.”

Bendy knocks on the door. A moment later, it opens.

“Oh,” the actress sneers. “It's just you. What do you want?”

“I want to tell you what happened to your sister. May we come in?” Bendy asks.

She quickly steps aside and allows the monsters entrance. “You're finally going to admit what you did?”

“In a way, I suppose I am.” Bendy nods to Sammy, who starts roaming around the trailer looking for something heavy enough to use as a weapon.

“Well. Spit it out!” the actress snaps.

Sammy finds a small award and hefts it a few times to check its weight. Then he slips behind her, cranking his arm behind him and getting ready to swing it down onto her head.

“Honestly, I'd rather show you,” Bendy smirks.

CRACK!
Not long afterwards the actress wakes. She shivers on the cool, damp ground and glances around in the darkness. She's outside, she realizes, lying in the leaves. And she's gagged with her wrists are tied behind her back.

She starts to struggle and attempts to cry out from behind her gag as Bendy and Sammy look down at her curiously.

“Well, you wanted to know what happened to your sister,” Bendy grins. “This is where it happened, too. Right under this tree. I raped her, then bit off parts of her until she died. Then I ate the rest of her and had fun with Sammy while still covered in her blood. And now it's your turn.”

As she listens to Bendy's callous retelling of her sister's brutal murder, the actress's muffled screams get higher and higher pitched.

“Though it's a little different this time. Not a standard ritual. And, no, Sammy, not just because of the damn 'tree hats.' I normally have a sheep I've never met before. There's no anger or irritation towards the sheep, and the whole thing is just enjoyable. But this... Consider this revenge for being such a pain in my tail. I think I will find this extra satisfying.” Bendy chuckles and starts to transform.

Bendy picks are large demonic shape, almost doubling in size. His fangs turn huge and drip ink saliva as his body turns almost serpentine, including a long thin neck. Extra horns and spines sprout from his head and along his back, and his whip-like tail thickens to something much heavier and thicker to match his body. The end result looks something like a Chinese dragon, only demonically corrupted.

Still in this beast shape, Bendy also sprouts a penis and sits on his haunches. He lifts the woman completely off the ground and holds her up in the air.

“You thought I was rough before. Let's see how you like this,” the demon rumbles in a deep voice. He positions the woman above him and forces her down onto his cock. And down. And down. His dick is far too large for actual mating, and instead he simply impales her on it. Her muffled screams twist and pitch higher and higher until she lacks the wind to scream anymore. When she goes limp, Bendy ducks his head down on its serpentine neck and neatly nips her in half, being careful to not bite his own dick in the process. After swallowing the first part, he pulls the rest of her off his dick and eats that, too, gulping her down, clothing and all.

His eyes settle on Sammy, cowering nearby and singing praises to the Ink Demon. After all, he still has this hard cock to deal with...

After the ritual and fun with Sammy is over, Bendy and his prophet return to the actress's trailer to tie up loose ends. The small trophy used as a weapon, as well as her already packed bags, are taken and disposed of. The trailer is neatened and made to look like she left to catch her plane as planned. Her phone is found and destroyed. Finally satisfied, Bendy and Sammy return to their own trailer for some much needed rest. After all, tomorrow they have their own plane to catch.
I got a pet lamb just over a week ago. While I had taken care of dehorned goats before, this is the first horned creature I've really interacted with. And let me just confirm that horns are warm, living, feeling body parts. And rams, at least, really really like them to be pet. The best spot, according to Hank, is the base of the back of the horn. He follows me around and nods his head, begging for horn pets.

So, all that to confirm that horn pets feel amazing. Bendy knows what he's talking about.

“How do we get close enough to him?” Eleven asks, eyeing Norman wearily. He turns the syringe around in his hands carefully.

“I'm not sure,” Henry replies. “Maybe bribe him with some food?”

“He barely takes food from your hand. Do you really want to betray his trust like that?”

“Of course not. But we need to get him home.”

The two men stare at the creature. Norman stands with Sammy a short distance away, lowering his head so Sammy can pet the reel holders on the top of his head. Soft mechanical sounds come from Norman's projector as he's pet.

“Why the long faces?” Bendy pops up, causing Henry to flinch in surprise.

“We need Norman to stand still so I can inject this in him,” Eleven says, holding the syringe up for Bendy to see.

Bendy takes a half step back, eyeing the needle suspiciously. “You're not going to stick me next, are ya?”

“No, this is just to get Norman home. You don't need it.”

“Well if you need Norman to stand still so you can stab him, I'll help with that.”

“You can make him hold still?” Eleven asks.

“Sure. I control the ink, and what do you think Norman is made of?”

Bendy holds his hand up towards the monster, then clenches his fist. Norman stiffens, and an alarmed whining sound grinds out of his projector.

Sammy looks up at Norman and pats his shoulder as Eleven slowly approaches, needle in hand. The creature's whining grows louder and higher the closer Eleven gets.

Eleven glances over his shoulder at Bendy when he reaches Norman's side. The demon's crooked grin doesn't inspire confidence in the man. Letting Norman loose right now seems like something
Bendy would do. It seems like a prank the demon would find hilarious, but could easily deny doing so on purpose.

Bendy's grin widens, showing Eleven that, yes, the monster knows exactly what's going through the agent's mind. Eleven decides to get this done before Bendy decides to cause trouble.

Agent Eleven grabs Norman's thin arm and pulls it forward, twisting him slightly. He leans down and sticks the needle into the fattest part of Norman's upper thigh, quickly pushing the plunger down and dosing him up. Eleven takes quick steps backwards, and Bendy relaxes his fist, releasing Norman.

The monster makes a distressed screech as he staggers forward a bit. Sammy grabs at his arm, trying to steady him, but Norman is already wobbling badly.

“How much did you give him?” Henry asks, concern in his voice.

“He's a seven foot tall monster who weighs well over 200 pounds. I gave him enough,” Eleven replies dryly.

“He's going to fall over! He's not very stable.”

Indeed, Norman is listing heavily to one side, even though Sammy is doing his best to keep him upright.

“Well,” Eleven says. “Let's get the wheelchair over there. He looks pretty drunk now, I don't think he'll hurt anyone.”

Eleven pushes the wheelchair over while Henry and Sammy guide the drowsy creature down and into the chair. He is massively oversized for the wheelchair, and his giant head flops over at an angle that looks like it's about to snap his neck. Henry scrambles over and grabs Norman's head, trying to support it and straighten his neck a bit.

“Aak! Sammy, help me. I need to get a pillow or something to support his head.”

Eleven watches with amusement as Henry fusses over the monster and tries to get the creature comfortable. Only Henry would care so much about a projector headed beast like Norman. In Eleven's opinion, the creature can more or less take care of himself and doesn't need all this nonsense. But Henry wouldn't be Henry without caring as much as he does. So Agent Eleven says nothing and does not try to stop Henry.

Not long afterwards, the gang all load up into a transport van to take them to the airport. Bendy, for one, is happy to be going home. While this week was different and fun, it was also exhausting. Bendy is used to doing whatever he wants, not sticking to someone else's schedule and doing what other people tell him to do. It will be nice to be home.

When they arrive at the airport, Agent Eleven and Henry keep mumbling to each other about this and that. Eleven has Sammy push Norman in the wheelchair, while Bendy carries Henry's stuff. The humans keep complaining to each other about being outnumbered now, with three ink creatures. The group also attracts quite a lot of people, to the point where gawkers stop mid-step and cause traffic jams everywhere they go.

The only good thing about their second trip through the airport is that Bendy is a little more confident about it, and knows how the whole process goes. He's able to flick his tail in annoyance at the gape mawed humans and shoulder past them without much problem.
Henry is proud of Bendy. The demon is coping with the real world so much better than he had before. And although ink drips down his face with stress and his tail pops against the floor constantly, he's dealing with it and not lashing out and killing people. That's a pretty big improvement. Any time someone isn't paying attention or stands too close to Bendy, he simply lowers and shakes his horns at them, occasionally using them to nudge people out of the way. Those threatening horns in combination with his soft growls and bared teeth is more than enough to move people along.

Henry realizes the main trick is to be sure no one gets close to Sammy. Sammy is not as threatening as Bendy is. But if the demon feels someone is getting to close to his mate, there is a very good chance he will not bother to ask questions, but lash out with hooves or teeth immediately.

“Make sure you keep Sammy close,” Henry advises Eleven. “I don't want Bendy to get unhappy about people getting close to him.”

Agent Eleven nods and drops back to walk next to Sammy and keep close watch over him.

The morning is long, but event free. Bendy and Sammy end up sleeping through most of the flight, and Norman doesn't wake up from his drugged stupor. By late afternoon everyone is safely home again.

“BORIS!!” Bendy hollers and plops right into the wolf's lap, arms around his neck.

“Hi Bendy,” comes the muffled response. “How was it?”

“It was pretty fun, Boris. I wish you were there, though.”

“Maybe next time,” Boris responds. “Is that Norman? Is he ok?”

“Oh, yeah, he's fine. The humans knocked him out for the trip home. He should be waking up any time now.”

Norman's wheelchair is parked next to Boris as people shuffle off to their rooms to drop off bags and relax a little. Bendy stays exactly where he is, nuzzling Boris and purring, tail thwapping, happy to see his buddy again.

“Bendy. You're drooling on me.”

“Oh, sorry. You don't mind, right?”

“Uuh...”

“Bendy?” Henry calls from the other room. “Could you come here a moment?”

Grudgingly, Bendy stands and goes to Henry's room. When he enters, Henry pulls him into a hug.

“I just wanted to tell you that I'm very proud of you. I know that trip was very difficult. You did a lot of new things, and behaved better than I could have hoped. There was a lot of drama with that missing intern, but you handled it perfectly. So. Good job, Bendy. You're doing so well.” Henry gives Bendy an extra firm squeeze, then lets the demon go, looking up at his creation's eyes. “I love you, Bendy. You're being so good.”

Bendy has the decency to feel uneasy about this. His tail flicks at his heels with quiet nervousness. Of course, he wasn't nearly as good as Henry claims he was. But he's not about to admit this. Not in a million years. Instead he gives Henry a crooked grin and shrugs.
“What can I say? I've had good guidance.” Good guidance on how to cover his tracks better, anyway, Bendy muses to himself.

Henry gives the demon a horn rub, then shoos him out of the room. “I need to take a shower after being on the airplane. You probably need one, too, you know. It wouldn't kill you.”

Maybe half an hour later, Norman stirs. He's been aware for a while now, but only distantly. He knows he's sitting in a quiet room, one he's never been in before. It's too bright for his liking. He also knows his back, rump, and neck ache. But as much as he wants to, he can't seem to move well just yet. Slowly, slowly, he stretches out his arms and legs. He's too confined in this chair. His wires are being pulled uncomfortably, and are smashed into his back.

No. Able to move well or not, he must stand up. Now. Mechanical grinding sounds come from his projector as Norman kicks his legs out and struggles forward, throwing his weight up with little caution.

Wheelchairs have lots of little knobs and handles and leg supports, all of which are very good at catching and holding wires. Instantly entangled, Norman screeches as his wires are yanked and the wheelchair lurches forward with him. Hopelessly off balance, Norman falls forward, dragging the whole thing with him in a loud thudding crash. He desperately turns his head to save his lens from cracking on the ground.

“Oh. Oh, no,” Boris says. “Norman, you ok, there?” His only answer is more screaming and thrashing. “Bendy? Henry?” Boris tries.

A moment later Bendy and Eleven show up.

“Oh,” Eleven says, not sure what to do. He doesn't exactly want to get close to the flailing monster. “Where's Henry?” he asks.

“In the shower,” Bendy answers.

“Can you make him freeze, like you did before?”

“Geez, I gotta do everything around here,” Bendy grumbles. But he squeezes his fist and with a miserable moan, Norman stills.

Eleven and Bendy have to work together to get the poor creature free from the grabbing wheelchair. Even so, wires are wrenched and limbs are twisted. Eventually, though, Eleven tugs the wheelchair free and takes quick steps backwards. Bendy releases Norman, who struggles to his feet and limps away, ducking through the door that leads outside.

“Let's, um. Let's not do that again,” Eleven said in a deadpan tone.

“Why?” Bendy laughs. “That was funny as Hell!”

The next day Bendy wants to go to the studio. Eleven offers to take him on the condition that he, too, can look around the studio for break-ins. Bendy agrees, but only because he doesn't want to make the journey on hoof. Leaving everyone else behind, the two drive alone to the studio.

“Be careful,” Bendy mutters to Eleven when the two step inside. “Without Sammy here, the Searchers will be a little more restless. For some reason him being around seems to keep them calmer.”
“Doesn't that mean we should have brought him with us?”

“Maybe that would be easier for you. But then I'd have to deal with his mopey ass all day. He gets all sad every time he comes back here. I think he forgets what time he's livin' in, and thinks he's all by himself in the music department again. Or something. I dun really know what goes on in his head. Look, if one gives you a problem, just hit it on the head and it'll go away.”

“Yeah, great, perfect. Thank you,” Agent Eleven mumbles as he pulls away to check the perimeter and Bendy goes down below, deeper into the studio.

Bendy stalks his hallways, but they don't feel as friendly as they did before. Though it's warm outside, underground in the dark depths of the studio, the winter chill still rules. Tail flicking in the darkness behind him, he checks the rooms he lived in for 30 years for any signs of change. As he does, he can't help but to notice what terrible shape the building is in. Was it always this way? Or did he simply not notice before? Even the air smells musty and bad. He doesn't bother spending a lot of time looking around. It's pretty obvious there's no one here except the damned souls of the Searchers. Bendy meets up with Eleven again on the upper levels.

“Hey, Bendy?” Eleven asks. “There's something you never told me...”

“Hm?”

“If the ink creatures were once people. You know, the Searchers, Sammy and Norman. Where did Boris come from?”

“He was human, once too. But neither one of us is sure who he was. He's just Boris now, with no memories of his past life.”

“Ok. And who were you?”

“Oh, I'm not human. Never was.”

“Then where did you come from?”

Bendy hesitates. He's not sure he wants to answer this question. It would probably make Eleven unhappy, and may even change the man's opinion of the demon. After a moment, Bendy pulls a black bound book out of his inky stomach. The Illusion of Living in written in white on the cover.

“I'm not entirely sure. All I have to go off of is this book, here. Joey left it behind.” Bendy thumbs through it, showing Eleven briefly the inside pages. “It's all in code, but I had a lotta of time to stare at it n figure it out. From what I can tell, I was made with a demonic ritual involving the ink machine and, um. A sacrifice.”

“A sacrifice?” Eleven asks, eyeing Bendy.

“I think so? Again, it's kinda guesswork...”

“What sort of sacrifice?”

“Two young children.”

Eleven blinks up at Bendy. “So Joey Drew murdered two young children. To make you.” He is silent for a moment, processing this information. “That means you are the product of two souls?”

“Again, I don't know!” Bendy shrugs in an exaggerated manner. “Some of the employees liked to
call me 'soulless.' I think there also might be a bit of real, actual demon in me, too? Or some sort of combination of human and demon? Joey wasn't exactly clear in all this... In any case, the ink machine was at the center of it all."

“Is the ink machine a demonic device?”

“It traps and contains souls. So I dunno. Maybe?”

“Do you know how Joey made it?”

“Joey didn't make shit. He ain't that smart.”

“Who did, then?”

“A company called Gent.”

“Gent? Never heard of it...”

“They followed Joey's instructions and made the ink machine. As well as put in all the pipes. But that's about all I know about it. Henry found some old blueprints a while ago. If you really wanna know more, maybe he still has them. “Oh, but Eleven?” Bendy adds.

“Yes, Bendy?”

“There's a reason why I don't go around tellin' everyone this stuff. People treat me oddly enough, just from me bein' an ink creature. If they knew two kids died to make me, and there might be a bit of real demon floating around in here... Well...”

“I understand.”

“That means Henry, too.”

“Of course, Bendy.”

“But also, I don't want people trin' to do this again. Makin' more of me, or whatever. This is a big enough clusterfuck as it is.”

“Well, I have to agree with you on that one. The last thing we need is more Bendies running around.”

Bendy squints at Eleven. “I'm not sure if I should be offended or not...”

“Don't worry about it,” Eleven pats Bendy's arm. “Thank you for telling me, though. I don't suppose you would let me take a look at that book--”

“Nope!” Bendy quickly pushes the book back inside his stomach. “This is information that doesn't need to get out. You humans are just not trustworthy!”

Eleven sighs, but nods. “Alright. Thank you for telling me as much as you have. I know it's not something that's easy to share.”

“I'm trusting you, Eleven! You've lied to me before. Don't fucking do it again!” Bendy snarls, tail snapping as he points a finger up at Eleven's face.

“I've only lied to you once,” the man says softly, looking Bendy in the eye. “And you know why
that happened. If you behave, I won't have to lie to you ever again. If, perhaps, you are not being 100% honest about some things, like what happened to the intern back at the film set, there may come a time when I must lie to you again. It's not something I look forward to."

The two share a tense moment, neither one willing to back down. After a moment, Bendy speaks again.

“What makes ya think I’m lyin' about the intern?”

“I didn't say that. I don't know that you had anything to do with it. But I'm not naive, either.”

Bendy's tail pops against his heels as he glares at the FBI agent. He may have Henry fooled, but Eleven is a bit more difficult. Hopefully this will all blow over soon... And hopefully Eleven doesn't hear about the actress's disappearance...

Back home again, Bendy pads up to Henry to see what he's up to. More houses are on his laptop screen as he sits on the couch, browsing future homes. The demon flops down next to him.

“Hiya Henry.”

“Hello, Bendy. Is the studio still standing?”

“You could say that. Hey, why do we need more than two bedrooms?”

“We need a room for Agent Eleven. Also, I wouldn't mind having a guest bedroom. Maybe sometimes I can have my daughters over to visit.”

“Ugh, Agent Asshole is coming with us? Why do we need him around?”

“He's still assigned to you, and probably will be for the foreseeable future.”

Bendy slumps back over the couch with a grumble, letting his long limbs drape over it. “Can't we get a new one? Or, better yet, just get rid of the dumb FBI altogether?”

Henry gives Bendy a lopsided grin. “Probably not, buddy. Not for a while, anyway. Getting a new agent wouldn't make much sense, anyway. Eleven knows the situation and knows how to handle things.”

Bendy growls softly in response.

“There are a few houses I'd like to see, though. With the money you made filming that movie, we have more than enough for a down payment for a nice home,”

“It'll be my house, then, right? Since it's my money?”

“Technically it's not your money, because you're not a human actor. You don't have a social security number, or citizenship. And, technically, you can't own property, because you don't have human rights.”

Bendy stiffens and starts to snarl.

“But, but! Yes, Bendy, it'll be your house. You worked hard for it.”

“I'm getting real sick of these games, Henry... I have a passport, anyway. That should be good
“I’m sorry, Bendy. I know it’s not really fair. But don’t worry. You know I will always treat you well.”

“I suppose...”

“Don’t be so glum! Look on the bright side. Won’t it be nice to finally have a house of your own?”

“With the ink machine there.”

“Of course.”

“Yes, I don’t like being apart from it so often.”

Bendy hesitates for a moment, then asks, “So does Sammy have human rights?”

“You know, I’m not really sure. He was human at one point, and I don’t know if he was ever legally declared dead. He’s not human now... It’s a complicated question.”

“No it’s not. Humans just make it complicated.”

Shuffling awkwardly, Henry twists around so he can pet between Bendy’s horns. The demon lowers his head and pushes into the touch with another soft grumble. Humans may be a pain, but at least they know what their hands are good for.

“Would you like to come with me to look at some houses? After all, it will be yours. You should have some say in this.”

Bendy is smart enough to know that Henry is trying to soothe him and appease his ego. He decides to allow it. “Sure, Henry. Why not?”

The two go out together and spend the rest of the day driving around and looking at houses. While in the car heading to another house, Bendy asks Henry a question.

“Hey, Henry. Why are we stayin’ around here, anyway? The world’s a pretty big place, why do we need to stay here?”

“To be honest, because property is very cheap here, and so we don’t have to move the ink machine very far. We can afford a very nice house in this area; in other parts of the country, the same amount of money would buy a much smaller property. Also, the local people here are used to seeing you around now. It would be difficult to reestablish you in a new place. Just remember those protesters.”

Bendy hums in response, looking out the window. “That’s fine, I guess. I’m not really used to change, anyway...”

“We can always go visit new places. Then after you've seen new things, you can come home where everything is familiar again. Plus if you really need to, you can go see the studio again.”

“Do, uh. Do you think we could fix the studio?”

“Um, I don’t know. That would be a very big project. I'm hoping to find a house large enough to sort of relocate the studio. With plenty of room for everyone, and all our projects.”

“Oh? Are you saying you may want to animate again?”

“Maybe. I’ve been thinking about it. My old job is long gone, anyway, and I kinda got the bug to
start drawing again. I almost didn't want to tell you this, but since your return, interest in your old
cartoon is spiking. They're playing reruns all the time, now, and people are clamoring for more.”

Bendy's tail flicks up, cracking against the dashboard before bouncing off it and threatening Henry's
head. “Oh really? I noticed it was on TV more often, but I didn't know people want new ones. That's
awesome, Henry!”

Henry flinches back from the flailing tail.
“Be careful with that, I'm driving. Yeah, but of course, Joey Drew Studios is no more, and there's
some issues about copyright and things like that. So we're working on it, but it's a process.”

“Copyright? Didn't you make me?”

“Yes, but Joey owns the rights to you. Err, sorry. To your cartoon.”

Bendy hums and looks back out the window.

“Bendy? Do you know where Joey is?”

“No. He left after he locked me into the vault. I don't know where he went.”

“I'm sorry,” Henry says softly. “I know it must be hard on you...”

“You're a better dad than he ever was, anyway,” Bendy says, still staring out the window.

Henry blinks and focuses his eyes on the road, trying to contain his own emotions. “Thanks, Bendy.
That means a lot to me.”

“It's, uh. Not a very high bar to jump, there, Henry,” Bendy chuckles in response.

Henry grins but says nothing.

The next house they view is downright massive. It has many acres of land, is already nicely fenced
in, and has a large attached garage. As the two are shown the house by a realtor, they mumble softly
to each other about the pros and cons. They point out where the ink machine could go, and how
there is plenty of room for even the Searchers to spread out.

“It's good, Henry, but can we really buy this?” Bendy asks.

“Not out of pocket. You may have to do another movie, if you're up to it.”

“Are there other movies to do?”

“Oh, Bendy, lots of offers come in all the time. I showed you that one because it was a fairly small
set on a remote location. Now that you've proven yourself, you could do a larger production and get
even more money. But I don't want you to feel forced into doing it, if you don't want to.”

“Well... You need all this space for a new animation studio, right?”

“Maybe. Like I said, we're still working on--”

“Yeah, yeah, but once that's done.”

“Yes.”

“Then let's do it.”
“Are you sure? We should think about it—"

“A house this size, I could go days without seeing Agent Asshole,” Bendy winks.

“Alright, well... If you're sure... Let's talk to the realtor.”

“But I get that giant master bedroom! My house, my rules.”

“You're going to be real difficult about that, aren't you...” Henry groans.

The wheels are in motion, but it takes a long time to close on a house. Though impatient, Bendy has to return to the small rented FBI house and wait while Henry works out the details, and deals with strange things like “mortgages” and “loans” and “inspections” and other things Bendy has no idea about. In the meantime, his life returns to normal.

One day he and Sammy are relaxing in their room when a knock sounds on their door. Bendy grunts and grants entrance. Eleven cautiously opens the door, not sure what to expect on the other side.

Bendy is sprawled on the bed, with his hooves hanging over the edge. Sammy kneels in front of the hooves and massages them. Now and then an impossibly long tongue dips out from the slot in his mask and licks a hoof, or he simply presses his mouth against Bendy's flesh.

“I'm sorry to interrupt,” Eleven says.

“What'd'ya need?” Bendy slurs, obviously quite relaxed.

“Do either of you know, or remember, what a niece is?”

“Did ya really come in here to quiz me on human strangeness?”

“No, there's a reason for this. Sammy, do you remember?”

The man doesn't stop giving Bendy his full attention, but tilts his head slightly. “Family,” is all he says.

“Yes,” Eleven confirms. “If your brother or sister has a daughter, she would be your niece.”

“Seriously, Asshole, what are you going on about? You're throwing off my good vibes, here,” Bendy grumps.

“The Lawrences have a rather large farm in the area. They raise sheep for meat. Apparently many generations of Lawrences live on this farm. Someone claiming to be Sammy’s niece has been trying to contact him for months now. According to her, Sammy used to live on this farm until he got his job at Joey Drew Studios. Even afterwards he would still stop by now and then, but less and less over time. After a several years of working at the studio, he simply stopped contacting them. His family assumed he had moved on or cut contact, and didn't try tracking him down. Until word got out that a creature named Sammy Lawrence has shown up.”

“Ok, and why do we care?” Bendy mumbles.

“Sammy, do you remember your niece? She says you two were pretty close, a long time ago.”

Sammy hesitates, his hands pausing on Bendy's hoof. “I... remember something. But... I'm not sure what?” As always, the more Sammy tries to focus on a lingering memory, the harder it is for him to
remember it.

Bendy uses his other hoof to nudge Sammy. He obediently switches hooves and continues work.

“Would you like to see her?” Eleven asks.

“I don't care,” Sammy replies.

“Bendy, would you mind if they visit? She's been a bit of a nuisance for a while now. She's expressed interest in meeting you, too.”

“It's good of you to ask me. Sammy is my property, after all,” Bendy purrs. “Is she aware of his... Situation?”

“She knows that Sammy suffers from memory loss and that you two are a...” The proper word here would be “couple,” but Eleven knows Bendy doesn't like that word. So he pauses a moment to pick a different one. “Uh. Mated. Obviously, she also knows he is an ink creature now.”

Bendy doesn't protest Eleven's word choice. Instead he slowly stretches his legs, shifting his weight so his tail can curl over and up while he stretches. “You caught me in a good mood, Asshole. So I guess I don't care, either. Just make sure she's not too annoying. And make sure she doesn't make Sammy all weird. Sometimes when he's confronted with the past he gets crazy.”

“Thank you, Bendy. I've been trying to hold her off, but she won't give up. I know it's probably not a great idea, but they're family.”

“Yeah, sure, whatever. Sammy, get up here and lick me.”

Sammy crawls up and settles between Bendy's legs, carefully moving his mask to the side and dipping his long tongue out to service Bendy.

Eleven starts to leave, but pauses. “She's local, like I said before. So she'll want to come over soon. Is that alright?”

“Sure, Eleven,” Bendy breathes. The demon is starting to move his hips against Sammy as he runs his claws over Sammy's smooth head and around his twisted ears. Eleven quietly leaves, closing the door behind him.

Not much later that day, Sammy's niece knocks on the door. Henry opens it and greets her warmly.

“Hello! You must be Ruth. I'm Henry; it's nice to meet you. Come on in!” They shake hands and Henry lets her inside.

“Hello, Henry. You are a friend of Sammy's?”

“We used to work together, ages ago. We are friends now, yes.”

“You were at the Studio?”

“I was an animator. Please, have a seat.” Henry shows her to the kitchen table. “Let me go find him.”

“Hello, my name is Agent Eleven,” the man introduces himself with a handshake of his own. “I'm sorry this took so long to put together.”
“It's fine, I understand,” she replies. “I imagine this has all been pretty crazy. I still can't believe it, myself. I mean, I've seen him on some of those YouTube videos. But I'm having trouble believing it's really him, you know? He looks and acts so different now. But it's the same voice, I'm sure of it.”

“You two were pretty close, then?” Eleven asks.

“As close as anyone could really get to Sammy. He was always really standoffish, and honestly downright rude to most people. But he was always kind to me. Well, in that he never snapped at me or told me off,” she amends with a chuckle. “Poor Sammy was always a strange one. Let's just say there was a reason why no one really thought to look for him after he vanished. We just figured he cut all contact and left the area. Maybe got a better job somewhere else.”

“Did Sammy not like his job?” Eleven asks.

“Well, not really. He loved writing and playing music, of course. That was always his calling. But he complained a lot, you know? Joey was really bad at scheduling things. So sometimes he would have days without anything to do, then have an impossible number of songs due all at once. Other times Joey would work him overtime, often for no real reason. The cartoons weren't done, but Joey figured he was paying Sammy for songs. So he wanted songs. But then those songs wouldn't match the movements of the cartoons right, so he couldn't even use them. And when the ink machine was put in, the sound it made drove him up the wall. Then there was the time Joey claimed the reward that Sammy won from his music... Honestly, from what Sammy told me, it sounded like a nightmare. I have no idea how he stayed for as many years as he did.”

“Hmm. Sounds like that would drive anyone insane.”

“Is, um. Is he really that, uh. That crazy?”

“You might want to brace yourself for the worst. I didn't know Sammy when he was human, so I have nothing to compare current Sammy to. But he's... Well, here he is now.”

“Sorry it took us so long,” Henry says, leading Sammy along by his wrist. “He was taking a little nap.” Henry doesn't mention that it was obviously a post-sex nap, and it took some doing to get Bendy to let him go. “Bendy will be out in a few minutes.”

Ruth stands and nervously wipes her palms on her skirt. “Hello, Sammy. My name is Ruth. Do you remember me?”

As is often the case, Sammy isn't paying attention. His mask is pointed at the nearby window.


A long moment passes, and he finally pulls his gaze from the window. “Hmm? Did you need something, Henry?”

“Hi, I'm Ruth,” she tries again, and holds out her hand. “Do you remember me?”

Sammy looks down at her hand for a moment like he's not sure what to do with it. Then he looks back up at her face. “I'm sorry. My memory's not what it used to be...”

Ruth pulls her hand back. “It's fine, Sammy. It was a long time ago; I was just a child when we last saw each other. It is really good to see you again, though. How have you been doing?”

“My lord Bendy blesses me with his presence every day and every night. So I am doing quite well.”
Ruth hesitates, her eyes flicking from Sammy to the other gentlemen and then back again.

“Would you like some coffee, Ruth?” Henry asks.

“Um. Yes, please, that would be nice.” She sinks back down into the chair, and Eleven nudges Sammy’s shoulder and pulls out a chair for the man. He obediently sits.

“Sammy, would you like anything?” Henry asks from the nearby coffee machine.

“Ink, please.”

Henry returns a moment later and sets the drinks out, only struggling slightly with his sling.

“Oh, you poor thing,” Ruth says. “I should have helped you.”

“It’s fine, I’m used to it,” Henry replies. “I get clearance to take it off tomorrow, actually.”

“Oh! I’m glad to hear it.” Ruth looks back to Sammy, who is looking out the window again. “Sammy dear?” She asks, then reaches forward and carefully touches his hand. When he’s facing her again, she questions, “May I ask why you wear that mask? Can you see ok, love?”

He lifts his free hand and runs his fingers along the edge of the mask. “I can see just fine. I lack a face. So I borrow my lord’s. It is the most perfect face I know.”

Ruth pulls her hand back, a concerned look on her face. “Is he always this way?”

“He takes some getting used to,” Eleven says.

At that moment Bendy strides in, back and tail arched mid-stretch, and grabs a thermos of ink from the cabinet. He takes it to the table and plops down in the chair next to Sammy.

“Hiya. Bendy,” he says shortly, jabbing a clawed hand across the table towards the woman.

“Good afternoon,” she says and takes his hand to shake it. “Ruth.”

Bendy leans back in his chair and pops open his thermos, tossing back a long pull.

“So you are Sammy's boyfriend? I honestly never knew he's gay.”

“Boyfriend?” Bendy chuckles. “I wouldn't call him that.”

“Bendy is picky about those... labels,” Henry cuts in before Bendy can say anything crude. “Their relationship is a little more complicated than that, anyway.”

Bendy glances at Henry with annoyance. “As for Sammy's sexuality...” He pauses and looks at the ink creature. “I think he used to be more or less uninterested in sex. What's the word?”

“Asexual,” Eleven provides.

“Yeah, that. But I needed someone to fuck. So I guess I broke him a little.”

Ruth's eyes get big. “What? What do you mean, 'broke him’?”

Bendy chuckles. “Well he wasn't completely onboard with sex at first. But he got used to it. Even likes it, now.”

“Did you hurt him?! Did you do this to him?! Did you make him this way?”
“Whoa, whoa, hang on, let's calm down,” Henry quickly steps in. “To clarify, what Bendy is talking about happened decades ago. Right, Bendy?”

“Yeah, of course.”

“Ok, Bendy, let's try to be a little sensitive to Ruth. She doesn't know the nature of your relationship with Sammy. Ruth, I'm sorry, Bendy's not so great at knowing what's socially acceptable. He just kinda blurts out whatever comes to mind. He grew up under a rock.”

“Who's fault is that, Henry?” Bendy asks with a crooked grin.

“Hush,” he mumbles back to the demon.

Ruth huffs a bit. “I want to hear the whole story, preferably from you, Henry, or Mr. Eleven. From what I just heard, this... thing... admitted he raped Sammy repeatedly until he 'liked' it? And you let them stay together?”

Bendy growls at being called a thing, tail lashing. Henry hesitates a moment before answering her question. “Well, that's the first time I heard about that. But, also, it's not quite so simple. It's definitely a... co-dependent relationship.”

“Henry, you seem like a decent man. You know this is a problem.”

Henry stammers a moment. He would be lying if he said he never worried about Sammy, or thought the man would be better off safely away from Bendy's clutches. But the current situation seems to be the best one, at least for now. “Just ask Sammy. He wants to be with Bendy,” he finally says, a little helplessly.

“Yes, Sammy is obviously in a clear mental state, and can make safe, logical decisions for himself.”

“What the Hell are you talking about?” Bendy growls at Ruth. “You haven't been here two minutes and you want to take Sammy away? You better back off, lady.”

“Shh, shh, calm down.” Henry places his good hand between Bendy's horns. The demon tosses his head slightly in agitation, but does not shake Henry's hand off.

“Why don't we all take a breath, relax a moment, drink up, change the subject, and not jump to conclusions? Alright?”

There's a soft grumble as the two arguing people shift in their chairs and stare at their respective drinks. This whole time Sammy stares out the window, oblivious to what's going on around him.

“Sammy?” Ruth asks. When she doesn't get a response, she reaches back across the table and touches Sammy where his fingers rest on his thermos.

“I'm sorry, what were we talking about?” Sammy asks.

“Don't worry about it, dear,” Ruth smiles, patting his hand. “How's the music playing going?”

Sammy holds up his hands, showing off that his long, slender, delicate musician's hands now sport three blunt fingers and one thumb on each hand. “I can't anymore. My hands are wrong.”

“Oh, no! I didn't even notice. Can you not play like that?”

“No. I tried, but it's all wrong.” He looks down at them and gives them a flex. “They just can't hit the notes right.”
“Oh, Sammy, but you loved to play so much. Even when you visited, you always took the time to
play an instrument. It's one of my favorite childhood memories.”

Sammy just shrugs, not sure how to reply to that. It's not like he can do anything to fix his situation.
After decades of being unable to do his passion, the pain of it has faded into background noise. It
only bothers him when he thinks about it.

“What happened to you?” she asks softly.

Bendy's tail pops. “He got relative immortality, the ability to heal broken bones within two hours, a
complete immunity to illness, and a whole new religion.”

“Yes,” she says quietly. “And it only cost him his humanity.”
Ruth comes over to visit Sammy almost every day. With the man's memory loss, it takes time for him to get used to new people and remember who they are. Otherwise they fade from his mind a few minutes after they leave. But, slowly, Ruth works her way into his memory.

Most of their visits are quiet and uneventful. Ruth tells Sammy little stories about the past, and updates him on what's happening on the farm. He forgets almost everything she tells him, but Ruth doesn't mind. It just means she never runs out of stories to tell.

Ruth watches one morning as Sammy and Norman pal around in the kitchen. She always keeps her distance from the giant monster, but honestly, she prefers Norman to Bendy.

Sammy is making Norman some tomato soup, adding some milk to make it thicker and warming it up. Norman keeps patting Sammy on the head like he's a dog, while the shorter man playfully swats Norman's hands away as he's trying to cook. The two don't speak much to each other, if at all, but their dynamic is clearly one of friendship. They truly seem to enjoy being in each other's company.

Sammy tests the soup to make sure it's not too hot, then pours it into a large measuring cup for his friend. Norman takes it and retreats to the back of the house to eat in peace.

"You're so nice poor Norman, cooking for him all the time."

"He's a little clumsy, so I help him when he wants warm food. There are smoothies in the refrigerator, too."

"You're a good friend," she compliments him. "I had a good friend like you when I was growing up. She lived right down the street from me. We used to ride our ponies together..."

Once Sammy recognizes her and starts to greet Ruth by name, she decides to try to take this a step farther. Henry lets her inside the house one day. She comes across Bendy and Sammy asleep together on the couch. Bendy is the big spoon and has his arms wrapped around Sammy. Which would be nice, except one of the demon's hands is firmly planted inside the front of Sammy's trousers.

"Oops, sorry about that..." Henry shuffles over and throws a blanket over them. His arm is out of the sling, but he can't move it well at all, so he ends up fumbling with it quite a bit. "They've been there for a while, so they should be waking up soon. Would you like some coffee or tea...?"

"Yes, please." Ruth follows Henry into the kitchen and helps Henry make some tea. "You're always such a good host, Henry."

"Oh, well, I guess it's just the way I was raised."

"I'm the same way. Though you know I can't sit back and let you do all the work one-handed."

The two chat for a while, mostly about Henry's and the gang's looming move.

"How do you think Sammy will do with such a big change?" Ruth asks.

"He has breakdowns now and then. Not as many as he used to have. But as long as Bendy is around, he should be alright. He'll probably get used to it pretty quickly, actually."
“He leans awfully hard on that demon...”

“They make a good team, in a lot of ways. I know it's not a standard relationship-”

“There's no team there at all, no partnership. Bendy uses Sammy for his own benefit and with no care for what he needs.”

“Well, I don't know. Bendy acts like he doesn't care, but it's pretty clear he actually does care about Sammy...”

“I disagree. He cares in that he doesn't want his toy broken or taken away. He doesn't care about Sammy as a person.”

“I don't-” Henry is cut off by a sharp yelp followed by a pained groan coming from the living room. When Ruth jumps to her feet, Henry quickly stops her. “You don't, uh, want to go in there right now.”

“He's hurting Sammy!”

“He's... He's having sex with him, most likely.”

“He's HURTING Sammy! I need to help him.”

“Please. I don't want you to get hurt, too. If it helps at all, Sammy doesn't seem to mind getting hurt-”

“Only because he's been brainwashed,” Ruth replies darkly. “Why do you think I would get hurt?”

“Bendy kicks really hard and doesn't like to stop once he's started. Just give them a few minutes, please. It won't take too long.”

The two stand awkwardly in the kitchen while the ink creatures mate in the next room. Henry shifts his weight every time Sammy cries out, although it's often hard to tell if he's in pain or pleasure. Perhaps both at the same time. True to Henry's word, the sounds die down after about five minutes.

“They, uh. Do this several times a day,” Henry mumbles, not looking Ruth in the eye.

“Well, is it safe now?” she asks, her tone exasperated.

“Should be ok. But they might not be decent yet...” Henry trails off as Ruth strides into the other room, following after her with a sigh of dread.

Thankfully the ink monsters are both still underneath the blanket, though much more wrapped around each other. Bendy's tail is thudding against the side of the couch firmly.

“Sammy? Are you alright?” Ruth asks, perching carefully on the edge of the coffee table.

Still tight in Bendy's grasp, Sammy squirms a little on the couch so he can face his niece. “Oh, hello, Ruth. I'm well, how are you?”

“I'm fine. But you were crying out. Were you being hurt?”

“Yes, Bendy was making use of me, as he should.”

“If you're hurt, you're not alright.”

“I like when Bendy hurts me. It makes me feel useful.”
At this, Bendy lifts his head to peer around Sammy and glare at Ruth. “You gotta reason for disturbin' the peace?” he grumps at her.

“Be nice,” Henry says. “She was nice enough to wait for you.”

“Sammy, dear. Would you like to go out to eat with me?” Ruth asks.

“I normally eat with Bendy,” he replies.

“Oh, I know, sweetheart. But I was thinking just you and I could go out together.”

“I would prefer it if Bendy came with us.”

Bendy lifts his head to glare at Ruth once again. “Ya can't just take my property out without askin' me first, ya know.”

“Sammy is not your property,” Ruth replies icily.

“He belongs to me. He's made of my ink. He's my property.”

“Sammy, if you won't go out to eat with me, would you please come talk to me in private?”

“I suppose,” Sammy replies with a yawn, stretching his legs.

Once Ruth has Sammy alone, she leans close to him to speak privately. “Sammy, do you remember that you are moving soon?”

“Moving? Where to?”

“Another house. But I was wondering if you would like to move back to your family farm instead.”

“Move somewhere else? Would Bendy come?”

“Only you.”

“No thank you. I want to stay with Bendy. I like Norman, Henry, and Eleven, too.”

“Perhaps Norman could come as well.”

“No thank you.”

“Sammy, I worry about you. You should be home, with your family. People who love you.”

“I belong with my lord and savior, Bendy.”

Ruth looks into his mask with sad eyes and pats his shoulder. “You belong where you are safe. I'm afraid you won't get that with Bendy.”

“Then I won't be safe.”

“Hey, Henry?”

“Yes, Bendy?”

“How do humans mark their property?”
“What do you mean?”

“Like if their pet is tryin’a run off or somethin’.”

“Oh, uh. A collar with a tag on it, I suppose.”

“So a collar is proof of ownership?”

“What's all this about?”

“I need a collar, Henry. And a tag.”

“Did you get a pet?”

“I've had one all along.”

“Oh. Ooh. You want to... You want to collar Sammy?”

“He's off with Ruth all the time now! They both need a reminder of who he belongs to.”

“I wouldn't call Ruth talking to Sammy in a different room a few times a week 'off with her all the time'...”

“Where can I get a collar?”

Henry sighs and slips his hand under his glasses to rub at his eyes. “A pet store, I suppose.”

“They have stores just for pets? Well let's go!”

“Animal pets, yes. People don't normally collar other people.”

“Not my fault Sammy's wandering away. I mean, I try to keep him marked as mine with scratches and bites, but he heals too fast. Are you going to drive me or what?”

The three make an odd sight at the local pet store. Dogs aren't sure what to make of the ink creatures, and stand off to the side, staring at them with hackles raised. The local townspeople have seen Bendy and Sammy around, and for the most part, do not engage or cause trouble. Bendy is used to being stared at, anyway, and Sammy never seems to notice one way or the other.

“Hmm,” Bendy considers. “Black is timeless and classy, but might be lost on you, Sammy. Spikes look cool, but I don't trust you not to hurt yourself. Or get stuck somehow. And I know you're whiny and vain, so it's gotta be soft enough not to rub your skin.”

Henry stands nearby and watches this process, a bemused expression on his face. More out of habit than anything, he crosses his arms in a way that supports his bad arm. Sammy stands passively while Bendy selects his new accessory.

“What do you think, Henry?” Bendy holds up a tan leather collar in front of Sammy's throat.

“It matches,” Henry says with a shrug.

After Henry carefully not making eye contact with the cashier and getting a tag engraved with the words “Bendy's Property: Do Not Touch,” the demon struggles with his thick, claw tipped fingers to get the thing all put together and on Sammy's neck.

On the drive home, Sammy sits in the back seat and frequently hooks his fingers in the collar, not
used to it. Bendy turns in his seat and looks back at him as he plucks at the collar, making the tag jingle.

“Don't take that off, Sammy. Understand? You're not allowed. If you take it off, I'll just stick it shut with ink.”

“Yes, my lord.” After a moment of silence, he quietly asks, “Why did you go through all this trouble, just for me?”

“To make sure everyone, including you, knows who you belong to.”

“I... I didn't realize you cared that much, my lord.” Sammy wraps his arms around himself, glances out the window, then back towards the front seat where Bendy rides. “Would you... Would my lord be so kind and generous as to touch me?”

Bendy grins over his shoulder at the man, then quickly scrambles between the seats, causing Henry to protest when the demon bumps the wheel. The two immediately entangle, the tag jingling once again, but now for a different reason.

“Bendy, this is not appropriate! We're driving on public roads!”

“Shut up with that double standard, Henry,” Bendy's voice is muffled as his mouth is full of Sammy's flesh. “Either I'm my own person, and I have to follow people rules, or I'm a monster, and I can fuck where ever I want to. Now be quiet, I'm busy.”

Henry turns on the radio, then tightens his grip on the wheel and focuses his eyes on the road. A moment later the man tilts the rear view mirror up so he doesn't have to see Bendy's back bucking. “Can't believe I spent $30 on Bendy's insecurity... Honestly, the things I put up with...” he mumbles to himself, turning the volume up on the radio even more to try to drown out Sammy's cries.

The group is gathered around the table in the rented house to discuss their next move. The large house finally belongs to Bendy. Well, it's in Henry's name, but the man quickly reassures Bendy that it's his home.

“It's at least joint ownership, because it was my good credit that financed it,” Henry says, still on the topic of who owns what.

“I don't know what 'good credit' is, but it was my hard earned money that bought it,” Bendy grumbles.

“Don't worry, Bendy. It's your home.” Henry chooses to ignore his replying growl, and instead says “We need to make some renovations, though. Mostly for the Ink Machine.”

This gets Bendy's attention. “Yes, we need the Ink Machine to be comfortable, too.”

“I've tried to contact the Gent company,” Agent Eleven says. “Mostly because I was curious about their part in all this mess. Unfortunately, they are no longer in business.”

“Joey's like a curse. Every business he touches goes under,” Bendy says darkly.

Henry taps the roughly drawn blueprints he got from Joey Drew's office all those months ago. “The name on here says Thomas Connor. Any chance we could contact him?”
Eleven pulls out his phone and starts tapping his thumbs on it. “Give me a minute to look him up.”

“Why do we need Gent?” Bendy asks.

“We need someone who knows how the thing works so we can set it up properly. The last thing we need is to do it wrong and starve everyone of ink.”

Bendy wraps his arms around himself and shivers. He hate being even slightly thirsty now, ever since his time in the FBI cell. Just the thought of somehow breaking the Ink Machine sends chills down his spine.

“On the bright side,” Henry says, “it looks like actually moving the machine won't be very difficult. It's on chains, see here?” He points at the drawing. “I think it can just be lifted right to the top floor.”

“Yeah,” Bendy mumbles. “They hoisted it up and down a few times to work on it. I'm not really sure why they didn't just go to the bottom floor. Maybe to avoid the ink creatures.”

“Are you ok, Bendy?” Henry asks. “You seem a little off.”

Still hugging himself, Bendy rubs his hands up and down his arms. “It's nothing, Henry. You know I don't do well with change and thinkin' about the past.”

“That doesn't sound like nothing,” Henry wraps his own arms around Bendy to try to soothe him. The demon leans his weight on the much shorter man, hooking his chin over Henry's shoulder.

“Alright, I'm going to try to contact Thomas Connor. See if he can help, or at least direct us to someone who can help.” Still tapping at his phone, Eleven wanders away to a quieter room. Henry lets Bendy go and starts rolling the blueprints back up. He's interrupted when the demon starts rubbing his horns needily against the man. “Ow. Easy, Bendy. What's wrong?”

“Henry,” the creature whines.

“Oh, do you want couch time?”

“Yes, Henry.”

The two begin their ritual. Henry lies down on the couch, and Bendy settles on top of him. Henry tucks a blanket around the demon, who listens to Henry's heartbeat while he dozes and absorbs the man's attention. Bendy is too long to fit well on the couch, so his legs hang quite a bit off the edge. His tail taps the back of the couch lightly as he relaxes. Henry's hands alternate between patting Bendy's back and rubbing his horns. Henry's own eyes droop half closed as he holds his son and enjoys his company.

“Thomas.” A gruff voice answers the phone.

“Hello. Is this Mr. Connor?” Agent Eleven asks.

“Yes. Who is this?”

“My name is Agent Eleven. I'm with the FBI. I have a few-”

“Wait, the FBI? Is this one of those scam calls?”

“No, sir. I just have a few questions about your previous employer. Did you used to work for a
company called Gent?”

“Yup, sure did.”

“And did you work on a project for Joey Drew Studios?”

“Oh, God. Don't talk to me about that. Mr. Drew was the single worst client I've ever had to work for. It doesn't surprise me that the FBI is sniffing after him. He was up to some real shady business! But I want to say right off that I had nothin' to do with nothin'. Alls I did was build the damn machine and put the pipes in.”

“Do you know what Joey was trying to accomplish with the Ink Machine?”

“Joey wanted the impossible. I build a machine that makes ink. That's all.”

“So you were the one who actually built it?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, I have a job for you, if you're interested.”

“I'm retired.”

“We're talking about real money here, Mr. Connor. Not whatever peanuts Mr. Drew paid you.”

A sound of a lighter clicking comes over the phone. Then a deep breath. “What's the job?”

Bendy and Sammy arrive at their new house a few days later to find construction in full swing. Walls are being torn open, pipes installed, and the walls replaced. Bendy wanders around and watches curiously at the work being done.

“Oh, holy shit. He actually went n did it.”

Bendy looks over towards the gruff voice and sees an older man with an unlit cigarette in his teeth. A five o'clock shadow graces his face, and his short hair is uncombed.

“Huh?” is Bendy's reply.

The man approaches the demon, eyeing him horn to hoof. “You don't look much like the cartoon.”

Bendy crosses his arms. “I could if I wanted to. Who the Hell are you, anyway?”

The man sticks his hand out, which Bendy takes. “Thomas Connor. I built the Ink Machine, and am foreman of this operation. I gotta say, this is the way it shoulda been done in the first place. A whole crew workin', not just me. Quality pipes that can take the strain. Good materials, not the cheapest money can buy. Yes, sir, I'd bet dollars to doughnuts there won't be an ink leak sproutin' every half hour in this house.”

“Wait, you built the Ink Machine?” Bendy asks. “Do you know how it made me?”

“I just built a machine that makes ink. I don't know what the Hell Joey did to make you.” His eyes flick over to Sammy, standing behind Bendy and gazing off at nothing. “Who's he supposed to be?”

“Oh, that's just Sammy.”
“Sammy? Wait. Sammy, Sammy... He worked at the studio, right?”

“Music director.”

“Holy shit. What'd Joey do to him?!”

“He's better now,” Bendy mumbles, not liking Thomas's tone. “Don't you have something to be supervising? This is my house, ya know. Don't want you fuckin' it all up.” Bendy snaps his tail against the floor and stalks over to the large multi level, attached garage. Here is where the Ink Machine is going to live. A large platform is being built for it, and massive pipes poke up from beneath the ground.

Bendy steps outside and sees an excavator digging what will become an ink moat around the entire house and the yard surrounding it. Even more land lies between the moat and the tall fence that goes around the entire property. Henry is right, Bendy thinks to himself. There will be plenty of room for every last Searcher. But even Bendy realizes he might have to do more than one movie to pay for all of this. He slaps his arm around Sammy's shoulders.

“I'm not going to worry about it, Sammy.”

“My lord?”

“It's Henry's job to worry about the money.”

“Yes, my lord.”

Bendy chuckles and heads back inside. He goes upstairs to the room he has claimed as his own, Sammy following behind him. The room is large and nice. A picture window that overlooks the surrounding pastures and the small pond on the property lets in lots of natural light. The walls are freshly painted where pipes were recently put in. Bendy trods across the hardwood floor and inspects the new furniture that Henry had gotten them. A large, soft bed dressed with dark bedding is tucked into one corner. Some thick rugs cover the floor in strategic areas, such as next to the bed. A computer is against one wall for their video editing and uploading. But most odd to Bendy is a large... thing covered in switches and knobs. It seems to be some sort of computer, but not one Bendy can recognize. He snaps his tail, annoyed. It takes up a lot of space. He'll have to talk to Henry about this... But it has Sammy's attention. He approaches it slowly, and runs his fingers over a few of the switches.

“Bendy.” His voice is soft, almost in awe. “Oh, Bendy. It's a mixing board.”

“A what?”

“It makes music. I can write and make music without having to play instruments. Even these fingers can use it. Look, you can record live music here. Or have the computer generate the music without instruments. I've heard of these, but have never seen one before. It must have cost a fortune.”

As Sammy settles in front of it to turn it on and play with it, Bendy growls. “This is what Henry spent my money on? Some expensive toy for you?”

Sammy is lost in his new machine, carefully exploring it and trying to learn how to use it, and doesn't hear Bendy's complaint. “I mean. I still miss instruments. I used to polish and care for the ones still in the studio. Endlessly tending to them, sometimes plucking the strings a little just to hear something like music. Until they... Well they weren't the best quality to begin with. Eventually the strings rusted and snapped, and the wood started to break down...”
Bendy sighs, not interested in Sammy's obsession with music and instruments. Still, he hasn't seen Sammy this absorbed with anything in a long time. He watches as Sammy manages to enter a simple tune into the machine, and tilts his head as the computer plays it back in piano. Sammy clutches his hands together in excitement and joy. “I wrote something! I played music!” Bendy sighs yet again and rolls his eyes. Maybe he'll let Sammy keep it, after all. Maybe.

The gang decide to go ahead and move in, even though construction is ongoing. Henry and Eleven work on getting more furniture. Most importantly, they get an extra large couch for the living room, and a nice television. Boris is planted there by the large couch, but the wolf seems unaware of the change in his surroundings.

Norman is transported over to the new house, and is conflicted about the place. There is tons of room to roam, and roaming is his favorite activity. But also tons of people banging around, tearing down the house then putting it back together again. Thankfully the workers don't seem interested in crowding the creature, and both the house and grounds are big enough that he rarely feels cornered. Still, there are a few episodes where Norman feels too crowded and lashes out, punching a worker hard and screaming right in their face. It doesn't take many of those encounters to make people scatter when Norman is near.

With the move, it takes Ruth a few days to see Sammy again. When she does, she greets him with a hug.

“Oh, Sammy, I'm so happy to see you again. And what a nice house you have now! Not as cozy as the farm, of course... You really must visit your family home soon... Oh, what's this?” She reaches up and touches Sammy's collar, “Bendy's property? Ugh, Sammy, you really put up with too much from him. He doesn't actually own you, you know.”

“I do, though,” Bendy stalks from around the corner, tail lashing. “And you need to accept that.”

“No. You don't. You can't own a human being.”

“He ain't no human, toots. And he lives in my house, sleeps in my bed, and is made of my ink. Hell, his soul is embedded in my ink.”

“That doesn't matter. He still doesn't belong to you. He can make his own choices. Can't you, Sammy?” Ruth pats Sammy on the arm. The man looks between his niece and his master, confused. He doesn't want them to fight, but isn't sure how to keep them from doing so.


“Stop!” Ruth snaps. “Leave him alone! He's done nothing wrong.”

“Oh, but I feel like I have a point to prove.” Bendy's fingers tighten again, and this time Sammy cries out and falls to his knees, still grabbing at his heart. “See, Sammy's heart only beats by my mercy. Any ole time I can decide to end him. It's not even hard.” Bendy tightens his fingers a third time, and Sammy collapses on the ground.

“Please, my lord. My dear, generous savior. My glorious light and reason for living. My master, my world. Please. I don't want to die.” Sammy's voice is strained and clearly in pain. Panting, he reaches out and touches Bendy's shiny hoof, brushing his fingers lightly against the demon. “Allow me to live and continue to serve you in any way I can.”
“Gosh, I dunno, Sammy. You keep strayin’ from me. Maybe you need to be reminded what it’s like to not have a body. Go back into the ink for a while?”

Realizing that she’s only making things worse, Ruth steps back from the pair. “Bendy, he didn't do anything wrong. It was me saying those things. Please, let him up. I didn't want him to get hurt.”

Bendy locks eyes with her, a crooked smile on his face. “Remember who you're dealing with, lady. I know you're trying to take SamSam away. Plantin' ideas in his head. But I can send his sorry ass right back into the ink any ole time. Then you won't have a Sammy to take away. Don't cross me!” With that, Bendy turns and stomps away, leaving his mate sprawled on the ground.

Ruth drops to her knees next to Sammy, turning him over onto his back. “Sammy? Are you ok?”

“I... I think so. My chest just hurts.”

“I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to get you hurt.”

“It's ok. Bendy knows what's best for me. When he hurts me, it's because I needed to be hurt.”

“Oh, Sammy...” She helps him to sit up and hugs him again. “My poor, poor uncle.”

“Good morning, Bendy,” Henry greets. “How are you settling into your new home?”

It's quiet now, as the work crew has not yet arrived for the day. Bendy finds the box of doughnuts in the cabinet and raids it, as well as a thermos of ink, while Henry makes coffee.

“I like that bed,” Bendy replies. “It's real soft.”

“It's got a foam topper on it. I thought you'd like it.”

“I could lie on it all day, heh. Other n that, I'm really lookin' forward to this construction bein' done.”

“You and me, both. The noise gives me a headache. Oh, Bendy, I've been meaning to ask you something.”

“Hm.”

“We're having trouble dealing with the Bendy cartoon copyrite. We really need to get a hold of Joey.” Bendy stiffens, but doesn't say anything, so Henry continues. “If you absolutely had to find him, how would you go about it?”

The demon chews on a doughnut, but doesn't answer right away. “Are you sure we need him?”

“Without Joey Drew, we simply can't start making new Bendy cartoons.”

“Hmm. There are very few reasons why I'd ever consider doing this. That cartoon is one of them. There might be something...” Bendy pulls The Illusion of Living out of his stomach. Henry blinks; he had forgotten that Bendy could do that, let alone that he keeps a whole book inside his body. Bendy thumbs through it, then stops on a page near the very end of the book.

“Here,” Bendy says. “This is an address, right?”

“You're right. A P.O. Box. Huh, this must be 30 years old. I wonder if he still maintains it. Especially if he's low on funds.”
Bendy shrugs. “You asked. That's where I would start.”

“Let me copy that down real quick,” Henry knows better than to ask to borrow the book, so he grabs a pen and scribbles the address down. “I really, really hope he still checks this... Eleven wasn't able to find anything about where he might be.”

“Oh, Mr. Resources couldn't do it? Have to go to ole Bendy for help?”

Henry gives Bendy a small grin. “You can really hold a grudge, Bendy. Are you and Eleven ever going to get along?”

“He rubbed me wrong the moment I saw him. And, anyways, he's alive, isn't he? We get along well enough.”

“I guess that's all I can ask for,” Henry chuckles.

Thomas Connor is happy. He's making bank on this job, but isn't having to do any of the hard work himself. Just point and direct and command. He had managed to dig up old blueprints of the Ink Machine that are at least more complete than the ones Henry has. His memory refreshed, he watches them pour the concrete for the ink moat outside. Among other things, this was a major thing the studio was lacking. The Ink Machine needs an overflow; it simply produces too much ink for the pipes alone to contain. He had told Joey this, but the old penny pincher refused to do anything but the absolute cheapest route.

Thomas goes into the garage and checks on the completed platform. He nods, satisfied. The work is solid.

One of the strange things about this job is the demon demands that as much ink as possible is transported over along with the Machine. Some strange nonsense about it containing souls, Thomas doesn't know. He just figures the monster is as loony as Mr. Drew, himself. Bendy also insists that the Machine is not to be turned off during its transport. Because of this, the house must be 100% complete and ready for its new addition before they so much as unhook the thing. Construction is going quickly, though. Really, the job is simple enough, just time consuming.

As for the ink creatures themselves, Thomas just tries really hard to not think about it. His work was obviously used for some dark purpose, and that fact chews at him. If he hadn't made the Machine, Sammy and Norman would both still be alive. Or human. Or whatever. And that demon makes him uneasy, too. Something's off about that creature. Something that gives him the creeps. Not to mention that disemboweled monster in the living room, which sometimes turns its head or even somehow speaks. How that thing has any life left in it is a total mystery to Thomas.

He tries to shake these thoughts from his head. This Ink Machine project still haunts his dreams. He wakes up in cold sweat, thinking he's still endlessly installing pipes in the walls of some windowless hellhole filled with unhappy employees and a demanding client watching over his shoulder, tapping his watch. It's one reason he refuses to install a single pipe now, at this new house.

These anxieties are what he gets for getting even close to Joey Drew and his evil projects. Thomas wouldn't be surprised if his nightmares redouble now, especially once he lays eyes on the Ink Machine again. Perhaps he shouldn't have come back, no matter how much he needs the money...

Bendy stands with Sammy in the living room. The ink man is fussing with his collar, grumbling
about it. Bendy watches him a moment, then walks up and pulls Sammy's hand away from the collar.

“What's your problem, Sammy?”

“It bothers me, my lord.”

Bendy slips his finger under the collar and feels the rough flesh underneath. He tsks at Sammy. “I picked a soft collar, but it's still rubbing you. So tender. Soft. Delicate. Though it would help if you stopped yankin’ on it all the time.”

“May I take it off, master? Just for the day?”

“Of course not.”

The clamor of construction is as loud as ever, and at that moment Norman slinks into the room. He casts his light briefly at Sammy, Bendy, and Boris. Bendy still makes the creature uneasy, but he's slowly gotten used to seeing the demon around. For the most part, the two ignore each other. Then a particularly loud bang echoes through the house, and the 7 foot tall monster flinches, stumbling over his own feet. The airy house with its open floor plan and large windows are simply too bright for Norman's taste. So when startled, he heads towards the darkest corner of the room. Right behind the brand new TV.

The TV is large, and provides some cover for him. But the space is tight, and lots of cables connect it to the nice speakers, as well as the cable and power cords. Still, he settles in the snug space, feeling secure for the moment. He may be a large, lumbering monster with a light for a face, but he hates attention or being out in the bright world. Except for the sunlight; he likes going outside and feeling the sun on his skin for a few minutes every day.

Still, he tries to save some of his stalking about for the night hours, and naps safe in his dark room for part of the day. He doesn't want to be completely nocturnal because he likes to hang out with Sammy and see what's going on in the household. Plus it's just hard to sleep with all this banging around.

Henry's voice pipes up. “What's that light behind the TV?” There's a moment of silence, then he adds. “Is that Norman?”

“Oh, no. He's going to kill the TV!” Bendy yelps. “Norman, get your ass out from behind there!”

Norman sighs, his breath wheezing slightly through his projector. Though he likes it back here, it's best not to get Bendy angry with him. Or to get Bendy's attention at all, for that matter. Norman starts to move forward, but stops short. He's caught. And there's not enough room for him to turn his head and see what he's hooked on.

Norman whines. Great. Now someone will have to get close to him, maybe even touch him. He doesn't like that. The speaker in his chest crackles as he considers asking Sammy for help. He still hasn't spoken since his most recent revival, though, and he's stressed enough to not want to speak now.

Dammit, he just wanted to feel safe. He got scared, is all, and this space looked so inviting. But now someone is going to touch him, and he won't even be able to see what they're doing to him. He makes an unhappy screech and starts pulling forward. Maybe whatever he's caught on will give and he can just get out on his own.

Bendy starts hollering at him to stay the fuck still, though, so Norman stops moving again. He doesn't want Bendy to freeze him still. He doesn't like that one bit.
Footsteps fall behind him, and he feels someone tugging and arranging the wires behind him.

“It's just me, Norman,” Henry mumbles. “Hang on, I'll get you loose. Wait, is this your wire, or...?” Norman shrieks when Henry tugs on one of his wires. “I'm sorry!” Henry quickly apologizes, but the monster has had enough. He jerks his large self forward, and sure enough, something gives.

Bendy lets out a snarling howl of fury as the TV falls backwards and wires pop out of their plugs. Henry scrambles to catch the TV and try to keep it from breaking while Norman shakes free and quickly strides away, hoping to slip away before the demon takes his anger out on him. He'd much rather deal with human construction workers than an enraged ink demon out for his blood.

Thudding hoofbeats behind Norman has him flinching around, hands up in an attempt to protect himself. Norman knows he's no match for Bendy, but he'll be damned if he goes down without a fight.

“Bendy!” Henry says sharply. The demon pauses, hands up and claws out, ready to grab the Projectionist and rend him. “Come help me set this back up!” the man orders. Bendy pops his tail and gives Norman one last snarl, then turns to help Henry set the TV right again. With a shaky breath, the gangly creature turns and gets away as quickly as he can. That was way too close for comfort. He needs to get to his dark room and lie low for a while. And calm himself back down.

Norman has to be careful with everything he does. This includes getting into bed. It's still midday, but after that encounter with Bendy, Norman decides he should lie down, at least until he stops shaking. He now has a room to himself, but his room is empty except for a door that opens to the outside, some thickly draped windows to keep it nice and dark, and his new large bed. It's soft, though, and has a wide variety of pillows so he can prop his head up comfortably no matter how his neck and back feel at the moment.

Norman takes a moment to arrange the pillows exactly how he wants, then turns the covers down. He slips into bed carefully, making sure his wires trail behind him and don't get all tangled up in anything. He pulls the blankets up all the way to his chin and lies there, still shaking a little. He rests facing the interior door, just in case Bendy decides to come for him later. Norman has no illusion that he would be able to get out the exterior door in time to evade Bendy. He knows the demon can easily outrun him. But he'd like as much notice as possible before he's maimed.

It's some time later, after Norman was able to fall asleep, that his door cracks open. Sammy Lawrence slips inside the Projectionist's room, closing the door behind him. The man looks at the sleeping creature and hesitates a moment. Then he pulls off his mask, comfortable enough around Norman to reveal his face to him. After all, if anyone understands not having a face, it's the Projectionist. Sammy then slips into bed next to him, carefully pulling himself close to his friend.

Norman's light flickers on, and the creature makes a soft mechanical sound in greeting, raising an arm to hold the man close. When the Projectionist touches his friend’s side, though, Sammy cries out, and Norman yanks his hand back.

“I'm sorry,” Sammy gasps softly. “I think Bendy broke my ribs.”

Norman makes another sound, this one with a bit more whine to it, and places his arm low across Sammy's hip instead.

“I think he's mad at me,” Sammy continues. “He's been so rough with me lately. But I don't know why he's upset. Maybe if I wasn't so stupid, I'd be able to remember what I did, and what I could do to fix it.”
Norman tightens his grip, putting pressure on Sammy's lower back and snuggling the man closer. He hates what Bendy has done to Sammy. The musician needs and deserves love and affection, not pain and suffering.

“I'm sorry I woke you up,” Sammy mutters, nuzzling his face to Norman's chest. “I just need...” Here Sammy trails off. He's not sure what he needs. Comfort, maybe, or just the company of someone he knows won't hurt him. Norman has never once raised his hand to Sammy, and never will.

Norman carefully strokes up and down Sammy's spine, trying his best to soothe without causing pain. Sammy shifts his legs a little and relaxes. He's still in too much pain to sleep, but within the hour the agony eases enough for him to fall asleep.

Sammy wakes some time later, still cradled in Norman's arms. As one of the perks of being an ink creature, his ribs are healed now. He's tucked in close underneath his friend's large projector head, so he glances over his own shoulder at the wall behind him. Norman's light flickers against it, so Sammy knows he's awake.

Appreciating his friend's patience and support, Sammy starts to pet the creature, running his hands behind Norman's back and massaging around the wires that sink into his flesh. The monster groans at Sammy's talented fingers. Sammy lightly strokes down a few wires, then traces down Norman's chest and over, then around, his speaker. His hand drifts lower and starts to caress between the creature's legs.

Norman immediately shifts his legs slightly to give Sammy more room. He doesn't ask for sex often; he knows the musician has his hands full keeping the demon satisfied, and he doesn't want to be a bad or burdensome friend. But when offered, Norman never turns it down. It just feels too damn good.

After a moment, Sammy slips down under the covers to service Norman with his mouth. Due to the shape of his head and the mass of wires behind him, the monster can't lie on his back, so he turns his hips as best he can to give Sammy space. He runs his thin fingers over Sammy's head and down to his shoulders, massaging him there as Sammy licks him, then takes Norman's newly revealed cock into his mouth.

Norman sighs and his gears hum slightly. He wishes he has a mouth so he could return the favor. Alas, the only way he could return the favor is to offer his own behind to Sammy, but he's not ready to do that just yet. Sammy doesn't seem to mind, though.

After a few minutes of receiving premium service from Sammy, Norman lightly tugs on his friend's shoulders. He wants to give some attention back. When Sammy is next to him once more, Norman starts his own round of petting. He takes his time, wanting Sammy to be completely relaxed and aroused before continuing. Norman gives Sammy a bit of a back massage, pushing his fingertips in and rubbing out the tension. He slips Sammy's suspenders down, then undoes the button to his trousers. Sammy wiggles out of them, and Norman begins to cup and rub his friend's cock.

Sammy moans in pleasure, enjoying the gentle attention. Bendy is much more to the point. The demon's idea of foreplay is normally a few seconds of touching, then inflicting pain, then shoving in with little care. But sex with Norman is always a tender, quiet thing that starts slowly and takes time to build up to.

Norman continues to shift his attention between Sammy's cock and other parts of his body. Touching here, caressing there, then returning to pump him some more. When Sammy is completely melted and relaxed, his hips jolting from time to time with arousal, only then does Norman hold his hand to Sammy's mouth, requesting some saliva. Sammy provides a nice ink glob, which Norman uses to
slick his friend's behind. He plays with him at first, simply rubbing and teasing him, then finally slips a single finger inside.

Norman works Sammy open slowly, adding one finger at a time and being careful to not hurt his friend. Sammy presses against Norman's chest, relaxing into the sensation of being slowly stretched. Again, this is a treat he only gets with Norman. Bendy is far too impatient to take the time. Finally, Sammy has had enough. He wants to be filled. He rolls over and pops his hips out, pushing back against his friend. Norman holds Sammy's hip with one hand and uses the other to guide himself in, still moving slowly.

Sammy cries out when Norman's head pops inside, and Norman stops cold. It becomes clear that it was a sound of pleasure, not pain, when Sammy wiggles his hips back, trying to get him moving again. Norman complies, and pushes himself the rest of the way inside.

They pause a moment, breathing hard and enjoying the feeling of the connection. Sammy tightens around Norman and pushes against him again, and Norman responds by starting to move. As always, he starts slowly, but after a moment he can't hold back anymore.

Gripping Sammy's hip firmly, Norman thrusts quickly into him, his gears grinding and breath wheezing. Sammy grips the covers with one hand to keep himself in place, and reaches down and works himself with the other hand. Though Norman takes a few breaks, pausing to catch his breath, after the both of them getting so worked up during foreplay, the actual mating doesn't take long for either of them. Used to cumming fairly quickly, Sammy finishes first, shivering and groaning as his ink spurts onto Norman's bed. He goes limp and mewls softly as Norman continues, but his friend's rhythm is already starting to break down. Norman's long, thin fingers clutch Sammy tightly as pushes in one last time, shoving in as deeply as he can. His gears make a whining sound as he cums inside of Sammy.

Both finally satisfied, Sammy cuddles back against Norman to relax a while longer. He knows he should go find Bendy soon, but wants to enjoy his friend's company for a while longer. Besides, the way Norman is stroking his back feels so nice.

Chapter End Notes

For some reason, I really enjoy Norman just trying to live his life, but getting caught in everything and flailing around. It's just cute.
Bendy's Backstory: Part One

Chapter Summary

Warning: Newly created ink demon abuse.
This was a thin line, but since Bendy was created with a fully developed mind and was never really a "child", this isn't really abuse of a minor. Also, while there is a very strong father/son dynamic here, Bendy isn't exactly a biological creature born from parents. So there's incest tones, but not "real" incest. After talking with some friends, I decided to leave the Underage tag off the story. That said. An adorable, tiny, confused, newly made Bendy gets treated pretty badly here. If you strongly dislike any form of a youngling receiving physical, emotional, and mental abuse and rape, or any kind of incest, tread carefully.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Unlike a human child, Bendy is born with full awareness and with an adult mental capacity. Like a light switching on, one moment Bendy does not exist, then the next, he does.

Bendy comes into the world curled up on the floor. Though the room is dimly lit, it's still too bright for his newly made eyes. Cold and confused, he does what comes naturally to his new body, and cries out. Warm gentle hands pick him up and hold him close. Bendy closes his eyes and listens to the heart beating near his ear, the breath and quiet mumbling of the person holding him.

The man holding Bendy settles back in a comfortable chair and covers the small, newly created demon with a blanket. The two stay like that for a while, Bendy clinging to the human's shirt with hands he doesn't actually know how to use yet, and the man basking in wonder of the new life in his arms.

At first, Joey Drew is very understanding and gentle with Bendy. Made to look like his cartoon counterpart, Bendy lacks the hooves, long tail, and sweeping horns he chooses in his later life. Instead the tailless creature has shiny black shoes on his feet, and nubby rounded little horns top his head.

Bendy spends the first two weeks of his life learning how to use his new body. Of course, he learns how to walk and figures out all the things his large, clawless hands can do. But he also learns how to take care of his body, what it means when it hurts or feels bad, and all the other complications of living.

Joey spends this confusing time with Bendy, helping when he can, and instructing the creature on how to manage daily life. He even spends the nights with Bendy, sleeping with the small creature cradled on his chest, petting the demon's back and caressing his tiny horns. More than anything, Bendy enjoys these quiet, tender moments with his father. No matter what hurts, or how tired he is, or how frustrated he gets, when he can hear Joey's heartbeat, Bendy knows everything is alright.

After those first two weeks, though, things change. Joey becomes less patient with Bendy. When he falls and whimpers at Joey, arms lifted up in a request for comfort, the man just says, “That was stupid. Shouldn't you know how to walk by now? You need to get your act together.”
Even though the monster barely knows how to take basic care of himself, Joey puts pressure on Bendy to learn the habits and manners of humans, and how to behave properly around them. Everything from proper speech to correct body language is drilled into Bendy. Joey tells Bendy he has great plans for the demon that he wants in motion right now. Apparently the man spent a lot of things to make Bendy, things like “time” and “money” and Joey's “morality,” and other things the young creature doesn't understand. And Joey is tired of waiting for Bendy to mature in his own time. Joey wants results now.

Joey's new anger, mood swings, and neglect is a sudden change for Bendy. He goes from feeling safe and cared for to never knowing what Joey what will do next. This damages Bendy's developing emotions and confuses him. Almost overnight, Bendy goes from being calm and well adjusted to whiny and needy, with a tendency to burst into tears.

The other major change after those two weeks is Joey no longer spends all of his time with Bendy. He leaves the creature locked alone in the two rooms he has spent his entire life in with only the explanation that Joey must go to “work,” whatever that is. To make things worse, he also leaves Bendy by himself all night.

Bendy cries every evening when tucked into bed. “Please, Daddy, I don't want to be alone,” he whines. “It gets dark and cold, and I miss you. Please don't leave me, please, Daddy.”

“Hush, Bendy. You're a big boy now, you can sleep by yourself. I need to go home. I don't actually live here, you know.”

“Then take me with you? Please? I can sleep by myself, but I really don't want to be all alone here.”

“I said be quiet!” Joey snaps. “I hate it when you whine. You can be intolerable.”

Bendy covers his eyes with his large hands and tries not to cry. When Joey gets angry, crying often makes things worse.

“If you're going to complain and make a fuss every time I put you to bed, then from now on you can just put yourself into bed.” With that, Joey turns and leaves, slamming the door behind him and locking it.

“Dad, wait! Please, I'll be good!” Bendy leaps out of bed and runs to the door, slapping his palms against it and crying. Bendy hates being alone. He gets so bored and lonely, and sometimes he hears weird sounds he can't identify, and gets scared. He doesn't want to cause trouble, he just wants to be around his father. But Joey seems to have less and less time for Bendy, and less and less patience for him.

The fourth week ticks around. Bendy wishes things were like they used to be. Dressed in a costume Joey had brought him, Bendy struggles to get the dance moves Joey is trying to teach him down. They're simple enough, but Bendy keeps stumbling over his large feet. At not even a month old, Bendy still falls sometimes while walking normally, and dancing is really beyond him at this young age. Still, he tries. And falls. And gets back up. Until he falls badly, and in pain and frustration, he starts to cry.

Bendy covers his eyes and tries to stop. He knows Joey will get mad at him, but that knowledge just makes him cry harder. While sobbing, Bendy hears Joey stand up and walk over to him. Hoping for comfort rather than anger, Bendy lifts his arms up to his father, wanting to be held the way Joey used to.

Joey slaps Bendy hard across his face. Stunned, Bendy flinches backwards, eyes huge, hands
clutching his hurt cheek. What was that? That was a thing that could happen? People can hurt each other, just like that?

“You little shit,” Joey growls. “You're doing this on purpose. You just don't want to work. Well let me tell you, you belong to me. And I don't keep useless things. If you won't perform, I'll have to find another use for you. And you won't like that one bit.”

With that, Joey storms off, slamming the door and locking Bendy into the two small rooms once again. In shock, Bendy sits still, holding his aching face. He's felt pain before, of course. Sometimes he gets hurt or hungry. But he's never been hurt by another person before. He wasn't even aware such a thing is possible. Pain for punishment? How awful. Bendy slowly removes his costume, and leaving it in a ball on the floor, he crawls into his small bed to curl up and comfort himself. He's not enjoying his new lessons about life and the world.

The next day, Joey tries again to teach Bendy the dance. And the little demon tries his best, he really does. He doesn't want to be yelled at, or cursed at, or worse, hit. He really doesn't want to be hit. But the more stressed Bendy is, the worse he does. He just can't seem to get the damn steps right, and keeps falling over his own feet.

After what seems like forever, the exhausted Bendy collapses on the floor in a tangle, defeated. He can't do it. His body just won't do what his brain tells it to do. When Joey walks over to him, the small creature curls up as tightly as he can, waiting for Joey to hurt him. Instead, the man picks Bendy up and holds him like he used to, cradling the demon against his chest and carrying him over to his chair.

Bendy can't help it. He whimpers and clings to Joey's shirt, desperate for the positive attention. He presses his face into Joey's chest and listens to that reassuring heartbeat, that first sound he ever really heard. Joey mumbles to Bendy, petting his back and rubbing his horns the way Bendy loves.

“I'm sorry, Joey,” Bendy whines. “I'm really trying. Just give me a little more time, I'll get it, I promise.”

“Hush, Bendy,” Joey mumbles. The demon obeys and stays quiet, just enjoying the gentle contact with his father.

A few minutes go by and Joey pushes Bendy up into a sitting position. Fingers still twisted into Joey's shirt, Bendy looks up into the man's eyes, wondering if he should be worried. Joey is unpredictable, and Bendy has trouble figuring out what he will do next. Any moment with the man could bring pain.


Joey runs his hand over Bendy's chest and down his stomach. Assuming this is more positive attention, Bendy closes his eyes and relaxes into the touch. Joey's fingers dip even lower, tucking underneath Bendy's tutu, and stopping between his legs.

Bendy's eyes flick open. This is new. Joey has never touched him there before. Joey's fingers caress in small gentle circles between Bendy's legs. The demon shifts on Joey's lap and whimpers softly. It feels strange.

“Dad, stop. It tickles.”

“Shh, just relax. It'll feel nice if you let it,” Joey replies, and continues touching Bendy. The demon tightens his fingers on Joey's shirt and tries to obey. A strange tension is building in his lower
stomach, an aching need that feels similar to hunger, yet very different. Acting on instinct rather than thought, Bendy's hips start to move a little in time with Joey's fingers. It still feels more uncomfortable than good, and Bendy wonders why anyone would summon this strange tension and hunger. He felt better before Joey started touching him there.

“That's right, good boy,” Joey mumbles, encouraging him. Bendy wants to be good, so he tries to relax more into the strange feeling. It's getting more difficult, though, as his tender flesh is already starting to get sore under Joey's fingers.

“Do you like that?” Joey asks.

“N-no, it feels weird and it's starting to hurt. Can you touch my horns instead?”

Joey tsks, “You're so selfish, Bendy. I'm always giving you attention. Why don't you touch me instead? Then I'll pet your horns afterwards.”

Bendy leans forward and starts to pat the top of Joey's head, about where his horns would be if he had any. Joey chuckles, and gently takes Bendy's wrists, guiding the demon's hands downward.

“Not there. I don't have horns.” He pushes Bendy's hands against his zipper. “Rub here.”

Bendy does as he's told, rubbing in circles like Joey was just doing to him. He's not sure why Joey would want that strange feeling in his stomach, but he must like it, Bendy figures. He jerks his hands back when he feels slight movement in Joey's pants.

“I didn't tell you to stop. In fact...” Joey undoes his pants and pulls out a strange body part Bendy has never seen before. “Touch it.”

Bendy pets it like it's a timid animal. It twitches again, and Bendy pulls back again.

Joey growls softly, getting annoyed by the teasing touches and Bendy's unwillingness. He lifts Bendy underneath his armpits and sets the demon on his feet, standing on the ground between the sitting man's knees.

“Open your month,” Joey instructs. “Don't touch your teeth to me. If you do, I'll hit you again. Do you understand?”

Bendy's eyes get wide. In a manner that has become typical of Joey, this just went from a petting session to threats of violence. And what is Joey asking for? Why would Bendy put his teeth on him? Nonetheless, Bendy opens his mouth. He doesn't want to get hit.

Joey cups his hands around the back of Bendy's head and guides him forward, wiggling up in his chair to meet him partway. Joey gets the tip of his cock in Bendy's mouth before the creature twists away.

“Dad, what is this? What are you doing?”

“Shut up and stay still. And remember, no teeth.” Joey guides himself back into Bendy's mouth, humming when he makes contact with the creature's warm, soft tongue.

Bendy flinches back yet again. “It tastes weird. Almost salty.”

“Bendy, you bastard, if you pull away one more time, I'm going to make you sorry. Now do as you're told and stand still!” Ignoring Bendy's whines, Joey grips the creature's head roughly and forces him forward, once again putting his cock in Bendy's mouth. But this time he slides it halfway in. Bendy tries to cough and pull away yet again, but Joey has a firm hold on him, and starts moving the demon's head up and down on his cock.

Bendy's eyes water as he tries to cough and gag around Joey. He braces his hands on the man's
thighs and grunts, still trying to pull away. He's having trouble breathing, and he doesn't like the musky smell of Joey's skin and sweat. But the man is much stronger than the small cartoonish creature, and Bendy has no choice but to be used.

Bendy's stomach keeps spasming uncontrollably as he gags. It's painful. As Joey pumps into Bendy's mouth, he works his way deeper and deeper inside, until he manages to bottom out. The demon's stomach rebels when Joey starts to hit the back of his throat. For the first time in his life, Bendy throws up.

Joey growls again, pulls out of Bendy's mouth and waits for him to stop, then pushes right back inside. Bendy is crying, inky black tears rolling down his face as his mouth is raped. Joey humps a few more times, then pulls out again, and holding Bendy in place by one horn, he pumps himself in his hand until he cums on Bendy's face. The creature flinches and continues to sob as he squeezes his eyes closed. Joey finally lets Bendy go, and he stumbles backwards, wiping at his face with his hands and whimpering.

“There you go, Bendy,” Joey sighs, still touching himself. “I told you I would make you useful. You did well, for your first time.”

“Joey,” Bendy cries. “I don't want to do that again.”

“Why do you say that? You're so selfish. It doesn't hurt, and it's not like it costs you anything. It's a very important job, Bendy.”

“But it did hurt!”

“Nonsense. In any case, you'll get used to it. Maybe you'll dance better, now that you know what happens to lazy demons.”

The rest of that fourth week of Bendy's life is spent with Joey getting blowjobs from the demon at least once a day. At first he finds an excuse or reason to use him, but after a while he just declares that it's one of Bendy's duties to him. And he claims that, as Bendy's creator and father, it's Joey's right to use him in this way.

It's not until the fifth week that Bendy is allowed to meet other people. Joey picks his two closest employees for Bendy's first exposure. First they come into Bendy's rooms, and the demon shyly shakes their hands and tries to remember all of Joey's lessons about being polite and talking correctly. Bendy knew that other people are out there in the world, but actually meeting them is a little scary.

Then Bendy is sometimes allowed outside of his rooms and into the rest of the animation studio. At first, Joey leads him around by the hand, showing him the different rooms and how people are working to make his cartoon. Once Joey is sure the little demon won't get lost, he lets the creature loose into the studio, but always with strict instructions to be back in his rooms at a certain time.

Bendy meets a wide variety of people. Some greet him politely, then ignore him. Others play with him for a few minutes and give him toys. Most, however, simply pretend he isn't there. People seem uncomfortable around the little creature. He is not of this world, and is not made of natural flesh. Bendy hears them mumble bad things, calling him 'soulless' or 'monster', either not knowing or not caring that the demon can hear them.

Eventually, Bendy finds a reliable ally. The music director, Sammy Lawrence, first catches Bendy's attention because people also seem to treat him differently. They avoid him, and mumble bad things about him, just like they do with Bendy. So the tiny creature decides to hang around the music department more. Besides, he likes hearing the band play.
Sammy is short with others. The grumpy man tolerates very little; even valid questions or concerns are met with an annoyed tone and thinly veiled anger. However, the music director never directs this temper at Bendy. He always has time to give the demon a pat between the horns and a gentle greeting. And the more Bendy spends there, the more favor Sammy shows him.

Before long, when Joey lets Bendy loose, he always makes a beeline for the music department. He watches, giggling behind his hands, as Sammy tells people off and says the things Bendy wishes he himself could say. He listens as Sammy directs the band, often snapping at people for poor or sloppy playing. He lies on the floor and copies the notes he sees on the sheet music, even though he doesn't know how to read them or what they mean. He even sits in Sammy's lap as the man writes music. Sometimes when Sammy gets too stressed, he listens to the radio, leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed as he tries to decompress. Bendy then rests on his chest and listens to that comforting heartbeat. As Sammy tries to relax to the music and shake off his stress and unhappiness, he pets Bendy, calming himself. The music director finds Bendy's presence soothing. He's the one person Sammy can be around without getting horribly annoyed.

That the two oddballs of the studio have obviously bonded is not lost on the people there. Especially when people discover that when they get upset at Bendy, the creature has an odd habit of offering oral to them. Rumors fly that Sammy must be using the demon in a similar way, even though that can't be farther from the truth. While some men decide to take Bendy's offer, even though the tiny creature cries the whole time he sucks their dicks, the situation never even arises between Sammy and Bendy. Sammy never gets mad at the demon, so Bendy never feels pressured to offer sex to appease him. Bendy feels safe around Sammy for that reason.

One day, Bendy lies on the ground, coloring with the pencils and crayons that Sammy keeps just for him. The music director seems more stressed than usual, trying to write music but getting interrupted constantly. After Wally scurries out of the office after hitting the ink pump for the third time that day, running from Sammy's angry snarls, the musician leans back in his chair, pushing his fingers through his thick long hair, and sighs. “Every time I get into the right headspace, someone comes and distracts me. Then I have to calm down, refocus, and remember where I was!”

Bendy sits up and frowns at Sammy. As amusing as it is when Sammy gets all fired up, he can tell how stressed the musician is right now. “I'm sad, too, Sammy. Joey's going to come get me any minute now. I don't want to go back.”

Sammy pauses, giving the creature a half smile. “Would you like to hide with me?”

Bendy tilts his head, intrigued. “Hide from Joey? That sounds like misbehaving. He'd get mad.”

Sammy leans forward, elbows on his knees, and drops his honey smooth voice. “Don't worry, Bendy, I'll cover for you.”

With a grin, Bendy jumps to his feet and holds his hand out to Sammy. The man stands, takes his hand, and shows Bendy the ritual to get into his private sanctuary.

The two spend the afternoon hidden away from the world, Sammy working hard to finish his music, while Bendy entertains himself or sits in Sammy's lap to watch him work. Occasionally Sammy picks up an instrument to work through a tough spot, or just to take a break and play Bendy a little tune.

Bendy likes being hidden away, nice and secure with no one to bother him. But eventually it's time to leave, and the two return to Sammy's office. They barely step in the door when the phone on the music director's desk starts to ring.
“Yes?” Sammy grumps into the phone, already regretting leaving his sanctuary. “Yes, he’s here.” Sammy hangs up on the angry voice on the line, but Bendy knows who it is. Sammy glances at the demon and doesn't say anything.

A few short minutes later, Joey Drew slams the door open. “Bendy!” he snaps. The creature flinches from where he sits on the floor, waiting to get struck.

“Mr. Drew,” Sammy says, voice cool. “Why are you yelling in my office?”

“Bendy was supposed to be back hours ago! What have you two been doing?”

“He was helping me keep all these distractions away. I got the songs you demanded done, no thanks to your other employees.”

Joey and Sammy glare at each other for a while, tension thick in the room. Then, in a calmer tone, Joey says, “Come along, Bendy. It's time to go back.” The demon stands, and Joey takes his hand and leads him away.

Back in Bendy's small rooms, Joey locks the door behind them, turns, and hits the demon so hard the creature falls over. Bendy yelps and scrambles away, pressing his back against a wall to get as much space between them as possible.

“You little slut,” Joey snarls. “I've heard about you sucking everyone off. Even offering it to people! Then you go and run off with Sammy Lawrence, of all people. This is what I get for giving you any sort of freedom. Did you let him fuck you?”

“But... But you said it was my duty. A very important job! You said I was good at it.” Bendy is confused. When Joey gets mad at him, he wants Bendy to suck him off, no matter if the demon likes it or not. Isn't that how it works with other people, too?


“I don't know what that means!”

“You don't know what that means? I'll show you what it means!” Joey grabs the creature and picks him up, carrying him to the bed they used to share. “You're such a little whore, you'll probably like this, anyway.”

Bendy clutches Joey and squeezes his eyes shut, scared. He's still not sure why Joey is upset with him, but he knows he's not going to like what's about to happen to him. Whatever that may be.

Once on the bed, Joey starts to rub between Bendy's legs again. Joey does this often, and Bendy has gotten more used to it. At least he doesn't get so sore so quickly.

“You know what? I want you to put on your costume,” Joey purrs. Confused as always by Joey's mood changes, Bendy decides to keep this good mood going and hops down to obey, putting on the little pink tutu. At Joey's beckoning, he returns to the bed. Joey sits up and pins the small creature down, rubbing between his legs again.

Bendy shifts his legs, feeling the now familiar tension in his stomach. He can tell his body wants to do something, but isn't sure what it is. He bears down, trying to encourage whatever it is to happen. A moment later, Joey makes a soft noise of surprise. Bendy looks down to see he now has a body part like Joey's, already stiff and erect. Joey gently takes it in his hand, wrapping his fingers around it. Bendy gasps.
“It's sensitive!” he yelps, curling his legs up to try to protect it.

“I know it is, Bendy,” Joey mumbles. “Lie still.”

The pressure in Bendy's stomach is now unbearable. His body moves on its own, twisting and bucking. Then an incredible feeling rips over him, causing his body to jerk and relax, jerk and relax. His eyes screw shut as he cries out. It's good, but it's almost too intense. Too much. In a moment, it's over, and Bendy slumps down, feeling weak and spent.

Joey chuckles. “That was your first time, wasn't it? Now you know how good it feels.”

“What was that?” Bendy asks, feeling woozy.

“You came. It's perfectly normal.” Joey slips his hand behind Bendy, underneath the skirt, and rubs Bendy's hole. The small creature, still overwhelmed and weak from his first orgasm, remains limp and doesn't protest, although it does feel strange to him. Joey licks his finger well, and then slips it inside. Bendy mewls, his tight virgin hole not used to such treatment. Joey continues to play with Bendy, slowly working more fingers in.

Finally, Bendy comes out of his stupor enough to protest. “What are you doing? That hurts.”

“Don't be dramatic. I'm going slow. It doesn't hurt.”

“It does!” Still pinned down, Bendy starts to squirm.

“I got you off. Now it's your turn to work. Honestly, you're so lazy and selfish! You never want to do what you're supposed to! Why are you so difficult?”

Feeling guilty, Bendy tries to relax. But Joey keeps pushing more fingers inside, until Bendy is sure he can't stretch any more. Finally, Joey pulls his hand back. Bendy takes a deep, shaky breath. He's not sure what Joey is up to, but he doesn't like it.

Joey pulls his penis out, giving it a few pumps while Bendy eyes it wearily. Although Bendy now understands why Joey does these things to him, in his point of view, Joey's cock only means pain and trouble for Bendy. Joey pets Bendy's tutu, rearranging it and smoothing it down. Then, the tiny demon still pinned down, Joey lifts Bendy's legs and starts prodding his hole with his cock.

Suddenly things click into place for Bendy. He realizes exactly where Joey plans on putting himself next, and knows he's too small to take Joey. He starts to wiggle, trying to get away. He's much too small and weak to fight Joey. He can do nothing but scream when Joey forcefully takes Bendy's virginity, ripping inside of the defenseless creature.

It hurts. His flesh tears and his muscles cramp as his guts stretch.

“Aw, what's the matter, you little whore? I thought you liked this. Isn't this what you and Sammy do all the time?” Joey mocks.

“No,” Bendy gasps. “Never. Please stop. It really really hurts. It hurts so bad. I can't take it.” Bendy is beyond tears, his body shocked into stillness from the invasion. He's never felt pain this bad before. He didn't know it could get this bad.

“You're always so dramatic. Claiming that everything hurts all the time. I know you're just trying to get out of it. Worthless bastard. Why don't you shut up for once and just take it?”

Joey thrusts into the demon, aided by the ink leaking from Bendy's wounded body. A few seconds
later, Bendy vomits, coughing and hacking. Instead of working so hard at moving his hips, Joey simply rocks Bendy's whole body up and down his cock, using him like a sex toy. He toys with Bendy's tutu. Joey can tell Bendy has never done this before, and is getting massive sexual pleasure from taking the creature's innocence.

For Bendy, the pain seems endless. Even after he stops cramping, he feels like the tip of Joey's cock is driving hard into his belly, stabbing and bruising him. Though Bendy mewls in pain with every thrust, the man is merciless. He drives into Bendy until he reaches release, holding the demon still as he cums inside him.

When Joey finally pulls out, Bendy tries to clench closed to keep from making a mess. He's too torn, though, and feels fluid leak from him. Joey sits up with a sigh, smoothing that tutu down over Bendy's legs as he does so. Still stunned, Bendy lies still and watches as Joey tucks himself away, then stands.

“Good job, Bendy. You may not be good for anything else, but at this, you're a natural. In fact, this might just become another regular job for you.”

Bendy lets out a small helpless sob at that. He doesn't want to do this again, but he knows saying so will do no good. Joey, and anyone else for that matter, will do whatever they please with him, and there's nothing he can do about it.

Time passes. As promised, Joey uses Bendy regularly. As before, it doesn't take long for the morally corrupt employees to also realize that Bendy's behind is open for business. The first people to take Bendy are Joey's two closest employees, people who also have made use of Bendy's mouth in the past. A day rarely goes by without him being violated in some way. But the demon gets used to the pain and humiliation, and accepts it as a part of his life now.

Joey is far from done with the Ink Machine. With Bendy's help, another creature is made. Boris the wolf is created from a single human soul. Bendy and Boris become best friends immediately. No longer locked up by himself for hours on end, Boris brings a lot of comfort to Bendy's troubled life. Before long, they start sharing a bed together, much to Joey's dismay. But Bendy is used to the horrible things Joey calls him, as well as the physical abuse, and shrugs them off.

The problem arises when their next attempt with the Ink Machine fails. Instead of a cartoon character, a legless inky blob of a creature plops out. Confused, Joey goes through his book, trying to figure out where he went wrong. And he tries again. And again. And again. And takes his frustration out on Bendy, blaming him for the failures. Then tries again.

Even the Boris clones Joey makes are not as good as the original one. Mutated butcher gang members, skinny Lost Ones, messed up Borises, and Searchers are thrown into the bottom level, discarded. And still Joey keeps trying.

One of the more significant attempts was Norman Polk's transformation. The man is both nosy and good at lurking unnoticed, and ended up hearing too much. So Joey picks him as the next cartoon candidate. As always, Joey lures his victim into his office late after most employees have already gone home, then blindsides him by cracking him over the head with a heavy Gent pipe. With the help of his two henchmen, Joey gets the long legged Norman down to the bottom floor and onto the demonic symbol.

Joey and Bendy start the ritual as always, Joey reading from The Illusion of Living, and Bendy connecting to his demonic side, feeling the Ink Machine when he does so. But then Norman wakes
up mid-transformation. His body dissolving and morphing into ink, the man thrashes around in agony as he screams in a voice drowning in ink and blood. Somehow he manages to stagger onto his liquefying legs and stumbles towards the door. On the way, his legs collapse and he falls onto a small cart holding a projector and a few film reels. His body still melting, the unfortunate man gurgles out a final agonized broken scream as he instinctively grabs at the equipment on the cart, falling to the ground and dragging the projector with him. Man and projector melt into a puddle of ink onto the floor.

Joey steps over to the ink puddle and looks down at what was once Norman Polk. “That, uh. Won't effect his transforming, right, Bendy?”

Bendy just shrugs helplessly in reply. He honestly doesn't know what he's doing, or how he's doing it, let alone what happens when inorganic material is mixed in.

He and Joey continue the ritual as usual. When the new ink creature forms, a horrifying biomechanical mixture of flesh and metal sprawled on the floor, Joey stares at it blankly.

“That is the ugliest thing I've ever seen. Let's make sure it never leaves the sub basement, ever. And let's be sure not to store any equipment in this room anymore.”

Late one evening Joey stops by Bendy's rooms unexpectedly. He finds Boris and Bendy mid-coupling, with the larger wolf taking the much smaller demon. Joey knows that they do this, but has never seen it before. Enraged by the sight, and also by the way Bendy moans in pleasure instead of crying like he does when Joey is taking the demon, he grabs Boris and rips him away from Bendy.

Almost frothing at the mouth in fury, Joey stands over Bendy, who cowers on his bed, hands over his horns.

“Please don't, Joey. Please don't...”

“Oh, don't what? Don't hurt you? Why shouldn't I? You don't even call me 'Dad' anymore! You worthless slut. You don't dance. You don't perform. You don't even make good ink creatures anymore! Yet here you are, moaning like a whore. That's about the only thing you can do! You useless cunt.”

Bendy curls up and cries. There's nothing he can really say to that. Joey isn't exactly wrong; Bendy can't do any of those things, though not from a lack of trying. He has gotten better at dancing, but Joey gave up on him, so Bendy stopped trying. As for making creatures, Bendy doesn't know what he's doing wrong. They just don't come out like they should.

“Well since you're so worthless, and can't do anything right, and refuse to tell me why this is happening, I'll just have to get my answers another way.” Joey turns towards Boris, who is cowering against the far wall. The wolf flinches when Joey turns his attention to him. “Maybe your buddy Boris has the answers. He's the best one we've made. He must have the key to making ink cartoons somewhere.”

Bendy looks up from behind his hands, scared. He doesn't know what Joey is about to do, and that's always cause for concern. Joey stomps over to Boris and grabs him by the wrist. He turns and starts to tow Boris away. Bendy scrambles to his feet and follows them.

“Joey? Joey, what are you going to do? Joey?” Bendy tries, grabbing at Joey's other hand and tugging on it. Joey just pulls his hand away and continues to drag Boris along.
The building empty of most employees, Joey takes Boris to a room with a table in it. Bendy follows, confused by the ropes and knives already laid out. Joey's two closest employees stand there, which makes Bendy nervous. Those two are never up to any good. With their help, Joey lays the passive wolf down on the table, and ties him there. Boris cooperates, blinking up at them with confused eyes, but blindly trusting that he will be alright. After all, what reason would Joey have to hurt him?

Joey undoes the shoulder straps of Boris's overalls and pulls them down just far enough to expose his chest. He selects a knife, and runs his fingers down Boris's rib cage.

Bendy starts to cry and tugs on Joey's arm. “Joey, what are you doing? Why are you doing this?”

The man shrugs Bendy off him, easily knocking the small demon aside. And he starts to carve into Boris. The wolf tilts his head back and howls, a sound that raises in octaves by the moment. The poor creature starts to struggle and pull against the ropes, but with no luck. Bendy grabs his friend's hand and squeezes it tight, talking to him while tears run down his face.

“Hang in there, Boris. I'm so sorry, this is all my fault. Please, Boris, just hang on!”

The torment is endless. Joey cuts into the wolf with no pause or hesitation. At first Bendy tells himself that while this is terrible, it's nothing Boris can't heal from. Nothing permanent. Then Joey starts pulling organs out. Ink trickles down off the table. Panic rising higher by the moment, Bendy tries again, tugging at Joey's arm and begging him to stop. But nothing works. His best friend's screams grate on Bendy. The gory disemboweling burns into his eyes. Panic and horror make his heart pound so hard Bendy's eyes start to pulse with every beat. And, finally, the tiny helpless creature can't take any more. He runs crying from the room, stumbling over his feet as he goes.

Terrified, Bendy curls up in his bed, hugging his knees to his chest. How could this have happened? Boris is his friend, and how he's being killed or worse. Just when Bendy thinks life can't get any worse, Joey finds some new way to traumatize him. Bendy wonders if he, or Boris if he survives, will ever feel safe.

Chapter End Notes

I know this got a little rushed at the end. This was hard for me to write. I actually draw pretty hard on my own life experiences while writing this story. So while my own history is a bit different from what I wrote, I had to go back into the mindset of a child experiencing abuse. I didn't go into tons of details on things, especially with the verbal abuse (which is a strong personal trigger for me), but hopefully how Bendy spent his early life is still clear.
Bendy's Backstory: Part Two

Chapter Summary

Holy cow, this chapter is over 9k words long. I am so sorry, it wasn't supposed to be. But I decided to keep it as one chapter instead of splitting it further.

Bendy's backstory is intertwined with chapter 13, which is Sammy's transformation story. As such, a bit was copy and pasted here, but told from a different perspective. If it's been a while since you've read that chapter, it wouldn't hurt to glance at it again. But this works well without knowing chapter 13 front and back.

Finally, I realize that I make some seemingly random decisions about the IRL AU that I never think to explain. For example, why is Bendy locked in the vault? He never was in the game. To put it simply, I had to reduce the size of the studio massively to make it work in a "real life" scenario. And the deeper in the studio you get in the game, the more unreal it becomes. I couldn't put a giant amusement park warehouse in the AU, or a massive lake of ink.

Another thing that got cut was multiple ink machines. Here, there is only the one machine. Therefore, Bendy had to be trapped somewhere else. So the demon's liar in the giant ink machine kinda got merged with the vault to make it work for my story.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Joey Drew is beyond stressed. Ever since Henry left, things haven't been the same. Henry's level headed logic balanced Joey's ambition and grand ideas. Joey came up with ideas, Henry made them practical. But now Henry is gone. And Joey is in trouble.

Thanks in part to attempting to make Bendy Land, he dug a hole too deep. He's so far in the red he can't see a way out. Checking his mail and answering the phone causes him massive anxiety. He doesn't even look at bank statements anymore. He's desperate for things to work out, and will do anything to keep afloat. Including his attempted deal with the devil.

But he must have gotten something wrong somewhere. In Joey's point of view, his little devil darlin', his Hail Mary, his last chance at success, is a complete failure. The tiny creature is uncooperative, rude, and refuses to do anything asked of him. And he is only getting worse with time, not better! No matter what Joey tries, the lazy thing just won't work. Furthermore, the creature refuses to divulge the secret Joey was hoping to find all along: immortality. Joey is certain that there is a secret to turning into a functioning, non-gross ink creature, and thus live forever. But he's not willing to try it himself. No way he'll risk turning into a melting blob or a misshapen Edgar character.

As for Bendy, perhaps two innocent souls were not enough to counterbalance the demon inside of him. Joey knew that infusing the Ink Machine with demonic energy would have a cost; he had hoped two souls would be enough to pay. He was wrong.

When it comes down to it, the final price Joey paid for a failed experiment is too high. The cost of the Ink Machine, the time spent in research, the endless struggle with dealing with Gent, and worst of
all, the lives Joey took, all weigh on his soul. And for what? Backed into a corner, Joey gets more frantic and demanding by the day. He needs solutions, but all he has is more problems. Without really meaning to, Joey takes his frustrations out on Bendy. After all, in Joey's mind the creature is not a person with wants and needs. Bendy is a broken tool, a failed experiment, a malfunctioning robot, and largely worthless.

After what happened to Boris, Bendy has a noticeable shift in behavior. While before the creature was timid and honestly trying his best to be good, now the demon just doesn't care. Joey is impossible to please and does horrific things, so Bendy no longer tries.

One afternoon Joey barges into Sammy's office. As always, the two are hanging out together. Sammy is hunched over his desk, hard at work, while Bendy stands on his tip toes, clutching the edge of the desk to peer at the carefully drawn notes. Annoyed at the two's strange alliance, but lacking a real reason to keep them apart, Joey grumbles at the sight. He has considered firing Sammy, but couldn't justify it to himself. Between Sammy and Bendy, the music director is the one who is actually productive. Joey puts up with a lot from him simply because the man is good at his job. If anyone should leave, it should be Bendy. But Joey isn't quite ready to completely wash his hands of the creature. Close, but not yet.

Always grumpy, Sammy throws down his pen with an exaggerated sigh and sits up, glaring at the intruder. “What is it now, Mr. Drew? Another revision? I assure you, it's fine as it is--”

“No, I'm here for Bendy. It's time to go back upstairs.”

“Dun wanna,” Bendy slurs, taking steps backwards from Joey.

“What have I told you about talking that way?” Joey growls, taking a step forward. “It's not proper!”

“I don't wanna go back upstairs! Why do I hafta? Since you took Boris, it's dark n lonely up there n I hate it!” Bendy replies.

“You're just mad because you don't have anyone to fuck anymore,” Joey snarls, then pauses, glancing over at Sammy, who's watching the exchange with a wary eye.

“Mr. Drew--” the man starts.

“Don't you get involved in this, Sammy, I swear to God. It's none of your business!” Joey snaps.

Sammy frowns at Joey, but doesn't say anything else.

Bendy, meanwhile, is furious at Joey's callous words. Boris was not just a mate to him, he was a friend. And now the wolf is a dim, hollowed out shadow of himself, tossed into the sub basement with the rest of the failures.

Joey swings his anger back to the demon, who's snarling in fury while wiping at his eyes. Bendy doesn't want to give Joey the satisfaction of tears.

“I'm tired. I'm going home early. So you need to be put away,” Joey says. “In any case, I shouldn't have to explain myself to you. Just do what you're told, for once in your life. Or I'll make you.”

Bendy spends a moment standing still, glaring daggers at Joey with his fists clenched. Bendy knows he can't really resist, though. Joey is more than capable of picking up the demon and carrying him, kicking and screaming, back upstairs. Defeated but still angry, Bendy stomps past Joey, tossing a quick “See ya tomorrow,” to Sammy as he goes. Joey follows the demon upstairs.
Once alone in his rooms with Joey, Bendy hugs himself tightly and frowns up at the man. “What now?” the demon asks. “You want it up my ass, or in my mouth?”

“Check your attitude,” Joey grumbles. “I told you, you have to earn your keep. If you won’t behave or dance, then you’ll work in other ways.”

“You wanna dance? I’ll show you a dance.” Bendy performs some swing dance moves perfectly, even though no music is playing. He ends after several seconds with a pair of flourished middle fingers pointed directly at Joey’s face.

“I knew you were faking!” Joey snaps. “I knew you were just being lazy!”

“No, you idiot. Sammy n I worked on it a lil. Turns out it takes longer than a fuckin' week to learn how to dance.”

“Are you sleeping with Sammy?”

“I keep tellin' you I'm not! Why do ya think I like hangin' out with him so much? He keeps his dick in his pants. Unlike some assholes I know.”

Joey stomps forward and snatches the creature by the upper arms, picking him up and throwing him onto the bed. Bendy yelps, but doesn't resist. It still hurts him, of course, but with his small helpless form, he knows resisting will only make it hurt more. So he goes limp and lets Joey use him. Bendy has no choice.

Joey is not one to blame himself for anything, much less Bendy's behavior change. In Joey's mind, he correlates Bendy's misbehavior with the time the demon spends with Sammy. Sammy is clearly a bad influence, spreading his grumpiness to everyone around him. Of course, employees have been complaining about Sammy for years. If Joey can't fire Sammy, perhaps it's time to address the man's poor attitude.

“Sammy, I think you know why I've called you here.” Joey Drew does his best to look imposing, steeping his fingers in front of him, elbows propped on his desk. Sammy does not look impressed or concerned. He looks bored. After a beat, Joey continues, trying to hide his annoyance. “I keep getting complaints about your attitude. Apparently you spend a lot of time snapping at people and being unfriendly.”

“But their problems are stupid, and could be easily solved if they just used their brains for once. I'm not here to wipe their asses for them. If Wally loses his damn keys one more time...”

Joey sighs and leans back in his chair. “It's this kind of bad attitude and grumpiness that's the problem, Sammy. I can't have a hostile work environment. If you don't shape up soon-”

“Oh, what, you'll fire me?” Sammy scoffs. “This place isn't going to last two more months. Everyone knows you're facing bankruptcy.”

Joey stiffens, his face turning grim. He can keep a friendly front at almost all times, but when people
mention his crashing business, all bets are off. “Everyone' doesn't know shit! We have Bendy now, and he'll help us make more characters. Characters to populate Bendy Land. With real, living cartoons, there's no way I can fail! I'll be world famous!”

Indeed, Sammy thinks to himself, Bendy is quite the creature. The two like to hang out together during the quieter hours of the work day, which have been more frequent as the animations fail to finish on time. Sammy finds himself with hours, even days, with nothing to do. He can't write songs for an episode that doesn't exist.

Almost as if reading Sammy's mind, Joey continues. “As for you, Sammy Lawrence, don't think I haven't noticed your slacking off! You simply aren't composing songs anymore! Give me a reason why I shouldn't fire you!”

Sammy snorts. “I've written enough songs for the next five episodes. Too bad they're not even close to being finished. You know what, Joey? I'm sick of this place. I'm tired of my talent going unrecognized. I could get a better job at dozens of other companies. Why would I fight to stay at a place like Joey Drew Studios? Like I said, I'm going to be out of a job in a few months, anyway, when this place goes belly up. Good luck finding another music director.” Sammy turns towards the door, but pauses on his way out. “Oh, and by the way, you still owe me 3 weeks of back pay.” With that, Sammy slams Joey's office door shut and stumps back to the music department to gather his things and leave this sorry place for good.

His only regret is leaving his buddy, Bendy. They've burned a lot of hours together. Sammy hopes Bendy will be ok once the studio goes under. He will keep an eye on the place, and when it finally closes for good, he will check in to make sure Bendy has a place to go.

Joey is furious. No one quits on him like that, much less Sammy Lawrence. Especially after bad mouthing him like that! Of course, Sammy is right. At this rate, the studio will be closed in two months. But it's not Sammy's place to say so, dammit! No, Sammy won't get away with this. Besides, there's no way Joey can come up with Sammy's three weeks of missing pay. There's simply no money to pay him with. But that's ok. Joey knows just who to inform about Sammy's sudden departure.

Bendy is still closed up in his rooms. Joey hasn't bothered letting him out for the day just yet. So when the man unlocks the door and steps inside, Bendy springs up from his bed, the bored demon ready to run downstairs and listen to the band play and watch Sammy get all worked up over everything. Joey physically blocks his way out.

“Oh, Bendy, I'm afraid I have some bad news for you,” Joey starts. He can't help the grin creeping across his face. Joey feels that both Bendy and Sammy deserve what's coming to them.

Bendy hesitates, eyeing Joey. “What's happened?”

“Sammy quit. He's leaving and he's never coming back.”

Bendy is stunned. He stands stock still, staring up at Joey with wide eyes. “What? Why?”

“He feels like he can get a better job somewhere else. I guess he doesn't care about you as much as you thought.”

“What- No! You're lying! Sammy wouldn't leave me!” Bendy wraps his arms around himself in a tight hug.

“He's downstairs as we speak, packing up to leave forever. Funny, I don't think he's even going to
wait for you to say good-bye.”

“Let me through! I have to talk to him! Or... Or at least tell him good-bye!” Bendy can't help the black tears leaking from his eyes and the ink dripping down his forehead. Now that Boris is gone, Sammy is Bendy's only friend. The only person who seems to care about him. And now he's leaving and never coming back, and Joey is in the damn way...

“There is a way we can keep him here, you know,” Joey continues.

“What?” Bendy sniffles.

“Turn him into an ink creature. Do it right, do it well, unlike the others you've done. Then he'll be here all the time, just like all the other creatures. He'll never be able to leave you.”

Bendy hesitates, staring up at Joey and trying to gauge the situation. Yes, Joey's right, that is a way to keep Sammy here. “But, Joey, is that fair to Sammy? Can I do that to my only friend?”

“He must not be that good a friend, if he's leaving you. You're worried about fairness; how is his leaving fair to you?”

Bendy twists his fingers together with anxiety.

“You don't have long to decide. Any moment now, he'll walk out that door and be gone for good.”

“Fine! Let's do it!” Bendy is scared that Sammy is going to turn into an ink blob, but he's determined to do better this time. He can make Sammy perfect. And they'll be friends forever.

With the help of Joey's two henchmen, Sammy is overpowered and brought downstairs. After the episode with Norman, the Ink Machine room is now cleared of extra equipment. Joey and Bendy are left alone in the room with the knocked out Sammy on the floor, right on the carefully drawn pentagram. Joey and Bendy work to strip him naked. The demon tries to avert his eyes, but he can't help but notice Sammy's impressive asset. Even with it resting limply against the man's thigh, Sammy has a lot to be proud of.

“Damn, Bendy, I can see why you like him so much,” Joey chuckles.

“For the last time, you asshole, I've never seen him this way before!”

Alright, alright, don't get all worked up. Focus. We need a new Boris, so try for that.”

The last thing Bendy wants is to replace Boris with Sammy. No, he's going to try to make Sammy an exact ink copy of himself. He's never tried this before, and hopes that the more subtle transformation will mean an easier one.

The ritual starts, but Sammy begins to stir. The man groans and clutches at his head where he was hit. Sammy's fingers feel a little damp and sticky after touching his injury, but he tries not to worry about that. More concerning is his current situation. Dizzy and in pain, he tries to twist into position to climb to his feet, and largely fails.

“Bendy? Joey? What's going on?”

Bendy kneels down over Sammy, gently pushing the man back down to the ground. The music director has never had a reason to fear or distrust Bendy, so he allows it. Perhaps he hurt his head somehow and needs to stay still for a few minutes longer.

“Shh, Sammy, it's ok, Bendy says, attempting to soothe Sammy while petting his thick dirty blond
hair. Sammy winces when the fat, stubby fingers brush too close to the bump on his head.

“Easy, Sammy.” Bendy continues. “It's better this way. Now you don't have to leave, and we can be friends forever!”

Sammy's not sure he likes the sound of that. He opens his mouth to protest, but his voice gets stuck in his throat when he realizes that Joey is swinging something from over his head down to Sammy's prone form. His protest twists into a strained scream as he reflexively tries to yank his body away to safety. And fails horribly.

Joey swings the Gent pipe down and hits the man squarely on the head with a wet, sickening thud. Without so much as a squeak, Sammy collapses like a corpse. Bendy yells in fear and scrabbles at Sammy, grabbing his head and lifting it off the ground. There's a large wound on his head, and so much blood. Bendy can't tell if it's his terror making him see things or if that's a sizable dent in Sammy's skull.

“Joey, what the fuck!” his voice is strained and high pitched. “You weren't supposed to kill him!”

“He's not dead. You don't want him waking up like Norman did, right? Hurry up and finish. We should probably get this done quickly.”

Anxiety grips Bendy. Sammy's face doesn't look right. His crystal blue eyes are partly open and unfocused, and his jaw is hanging open oddly. There's so much blood. There's even some leaking from Sammy's ear. This wasn't supposed to happen. Sammy wasn't supposed to get this badly hurt. The music director's breath is uneven, and his limbs are starting to twitch and jerk in a way that doesn't look natural.

“Is he dying?” Bendy asks.

“Probably. You need to do the ritual now, or lose him.”

Bendy carefully lowers Sammy's head to the ground and stands. Trying to keep calm, he opens his connection to the Ink Machine. That dark, twisted little coal of evil deep inside Bendy's chest sparks to life, and the Ink Machine responds, starting to pound louder and faster. Bendy reaches out and touches Sammy's face, stroking his fingers down the man's cheek. Then, radiating out from Bendy's touch, Sammy's body melts into ink.

Watching his fingers melt his best friend right before his eyes rattles Bendy. He tries to shove the thought away and focuses on the form he wants Sammy to take. Him, but not him. Sammy, but not in the flesh. Tall, well muscled, handsome, with his smooth honey voice and talented fingers. Healthy and alive and ok, without a bashed in head or a face melting from Bendy's touch.

After a long moment, Sammy starts to reform. At first, Bendy is relieved at what he sees. Sammy has legs, which is a promising start. The body that forms on the ground looks much like the flesh and blood body that was there a moment ago. Right down to his impressive manhood.

Then Bendy's heart drops. Apparently he was still thinking too much about the way Sammy's face melted, because this Sammy doesn't have much of a face at all. Bendy's head drops and he covers his own face with his hands. So close, yet so wrong. Once again, Bendy failed. And he feels this failure deep within his soul. He hurt Sammy, broke him. Sammy will never be the same again.

Joey lets out a disappointed sigh. “Another ruined abomination. Not even close to Boris. Were you even trying?”

“Y-y-y-yesss...” With that drawn out, stammering word, Bendy starts to cry bitter tears.
“Well better toss him with the others. Won't do to have this wandering around. He's too recognizable as Sammy. People will figure this out.”

“N-n-n-nooo, Joey! You said we could be friends. But you keep the sub basement door locked. I need to be able to visit him!”

“Sorry, Bendy. If you wanted to keep him as a friend, you should have done a better job transforming him.”

With a broken howl, Bendy runs away. He's always running away, he tells himself angrily. First from Boris's butchering, now from Sammy's segregation. If only he were bigger, more powerful. Then he could be in control of others, instead of always being at the bottom of the barrel. Then he could have his Sammy back, with or without the man's old face.

If Bendy was a basket case after losing Boris, without Sammy he's now a walking emotional disaster. In a state of depression, Bendy no longer leaps to his feet when Joey unlocks the door. Instead, he stays in bed. This does not help Joey's opinion that the demon is lazy and good for nothing.

Eventually, out of pure boredom and antsiness, Bendy does leave his rooms and wanders about. He ends up in the animation room. For the most part, people ignore him, but some of the animators are friendly now and then. One or two even gave him toys before. Today they are hunched over their work, trying desperately to get a late animation done. Bendy pokes around, peering over the edge of a few desks.

One young woman greets Bendy warmly, and he approaches with caution. In his short life, people have been more cruel than kind to him. She pats him between the horns, though, and shows him what she's doing, talking through the process as she does so. The demon becomes involved in what she's telling him. He does enjoy the cartoons greatly, and seeing the process of making them is interesting. He can't believe the amount of work and patience that goes into making them. From hearing Joey grumble about how lazy and incompetent the animators are, Bendy had expected it to be much easier than it actually is. What a surprise, Bendy muses to himself. Joey has overly high expectations for everyone, not just him.

Think of the devil and he shall appear. None other than Joey Drew walks into the room. The tension among the animators spikes. Shoulders hunch, pens scribble faster, and any of the small amount of chatter immediately stops. Joey drifts through the room like a storm cloud, just looking for any reason to dress down someone. He finds it in the woman who dares to take some time out for Bendy.

“Excuse me,” he says, his voice somehow both acidic and overly sweet. “Are you aware that we are days past our deadline?”

“Yes, sir,” she replies, flustered. “I'm sorry. I was just-”

“Don't waste your time on that monster. It's a waste of resources. You have better things to be focusing on. That goes for everyone,” he clarifies. “I'm not paying you to entertain this lazy, incompetent thing. In fact, if anyone gets too involved with it, expect to find a new job. If Sammy Lawrence can get fired over Bendy, so can you.”

Bendy stiffens. “Don't call me an 'it.' And Sammy didn't get fired. He quit.”

“You need to shut your mouth,” Joey growls. “You're just a failed experiment on its way out. You
don't know what you're talking about.”

“‘On my way out?’ What does that mean?”

“It means shut up and do what you're told. Go back to your room and stop disrupting work.”

“No, I think I want to know what you're talking about.”

“You got Sammy in trouble, and now you're about to get this nice young animator in trouble, too. You need to back off and go to your room.”

“It... It wasn't my fault... I really tried...”

“It's completely your fault! It's your fault about what happened to Boris, too! You complain about not having friends, but you destroy everyone who gets close to you!”

That does it. Bendy feels awful enough about what happened to Boris and Sammy. And Joey isn't right. He can't be right. Can he? Is it really all Bendy's fault? Something deep inside Bendy snaps. That cold little demonic coil stretches out and expands, taking over his entire chest. Beyond even tears, Bendy claps his hands over his eyes and starts to scream. People startle at this response, but even more noticeable is a sudden groaning in the ink pipes threading through the walls.

All at once, multiple pipes break, sending a cascading flood of ink into the animation room. Ink geysers into the room, more than should be possible from a simple pipe break. The black wave sweeps through and catches multiple people in its depths. Others closer to the door manage to make it out.

After the chaos dies down, Joey stands panting in the hallway with a handful of panicked animators. Not all of them are here, but he saw some run right down the hall and presumably out the studio door. Wading through the ink, out of the room comes Bendy, still wiping at his face and moaning to himself.

“BENDY!” Joey screams. “What was that? What are you doing?!”

Bendy sniffs up at Joey. After his emotional breakdown, he feels spent and not ready to go another round with the man. “What are you talking about?” he mumbles. “I didn't do anything.”

“You broke the pipes! That wasn't a coincidence.”

“Pipes break all the time.” Bendy starts slogging through the remaining ink, heading towards his room. He just wants to lie down and try to comfort himself.

“Not like that, they don't! Did everyone make it out?”

“That's your problem, not mine. I'm going to go 'stop disrupting work' now.”

As it turns out, several animators are unaccounted for, including the woman Bendy was interacting with. As far as Joey can tell, the ink washing over them melted or consumed them in the way Bendy does while attempting to make cartoon characters. Only without Bendy's direction, the people simply melted away into nothing. Joey is getting questions about these disappearing workers, which he tries to divert and claim that they are all quitting or getting fired. This isn't good for his company image, though. A massive amount of employees bailing while rumors run about the looming bankruptcy is a bad combination. And the idea that Bendy can consume multiple people at will is very concerning, especially for such an unstable creature.
It all adds to Joey's stress. He needs to start thinking about the inevitable. His business is failing, his creature is both out of control and far more dangerous than he thought possible. Considering how at odds the monster is with Joey... It's painful to think about. He got so close to everything - a successful business, fame, and even immortality. But he knows it's time to cut his losses. He needs an emergency escape plan. Now.

Not another week passes before Bendy has another meltdown, this time in the toy department. Even more people are consumed by the ink tsunami. And, again, Joey is in close proximity of the disaster, only escaping by the skin of his teeth.

Joey Drew is done with Bendy. He has more important things to focus on. He is filing bankruptcy in a manner of weeks. He needs to liquidate what he can, and scramble to get whatever cash he can get a hold of. He doesn't need to worry about Bendy causing even more trouble, or worse, getting caught in a wave of ink bursting from the wall.

Down in the sub basement is a large, heavy duty vault. He's not sure what its original purpose was, but he used to use it to store film reels. Now he has the space emptied out and prepared for a new use. Joey doesn't want to take any chances with this. The monster needs to be contained so he can never get out. The last thing Joey wants is to watch over his shoulder for an ink demon the rest of his life. Chains are rigged from the walls, and a chair is set in the direct center of the circular room.

The trick is to keep Bendy under control until the demon is in place. However, one of the most important aspects of the vault is it's walls are not made of wood. Though ink pipes do weave around it, they are behind cement and steel, not more flimsy wooden walls. Joey hopes if they move fast enough, Bendy will not have time to manipulate the ink. Still, it's a life threatening risk. One he is more than willing to take. Joey needs to wash his hands of the animation studio and move on with his life. But he can't with a demon roaming about.

Joey plans with his two trusted employees about what needs to happen and when. On the appointed day, Joey and his buddies show up on a Saturday when the studio is otherwise empty. Alone in his rooms, Bendy expects to spend yet another day in lonely, boring isolation. When he hears the lock jiggle, he sits up in bed and eyes the door. Instead of feeling excited that company is here, he feels dread. He knows this can only mean something bad.

When Joey steps into the room, Bendy pulls the covers up to his chin, drawing his knees up as well. It's a feeble defense, but it's all he has.

“Hello Bendy. How are you?” Joey asks.

“Fine,” he replies shortly. Bendy doesn't believe for a second that Joey is here for his well being.

“Would you like to see Sammy and Boris?”

Bendy hesitates. “What's the catch?”

“No catch. I need to go down there and check on things, anyway. I thought you'd like to come with me. Besides, maybe the creatures will be more... docile with you around.”

Ah, that makes sense to Bendy. Joey wouldn't do anything just for the demon's sake. There's always a reason why Joey does something, and it's normally a selfish reason. Whatever, Bendy would really like to see Sammy and Boris again, see how they're doing. Maybe they can ease his loneliness, even for a minute.
Once in the sub basement, Joey takes Bendy's wrist and says, “Before you meet with your little friends, I need you to come with me for a moment.”

Bendy, as always, has little choice. So although he aches to see his friends, he lets himself get towed along by Joey. When they get to the vault, Bendy is a little confused. Why would Joey need to check on film reels?

The two righthand men of Joey Drew's evil work step out of the shadows. Bendy's skin starts to crawl. He hates those two. As Joey tugs Bendy to the center of the room, the demon notices the changes that have been made. Something's wrong.

“Joey? What's going on?”

The much larger man grabs Bendy and easily pushes him to the floor. The helpless creature starts to whimper in fear as Joey's two buddies kneel down next to Bendy, one on each arm. They each pull out wicked looking knives.

“Joey, wait, please. Don't gut me. I don't wanna be like Boris. I'm sorry about the ink, I don't know why it keeps happening. But don't gut me. Please, Joey, don't hurt me.”

“I'm sorry it didn't work out, Bendy. But we're done here. If you had tried harder, done what you were supposed to do, well, maybe things would have worked out.”

“No, please. I'll do better. Anything you want. Just let me go.”

“I'm afraid you're not going anywhere.” Joey nods at his two employees, and the men set their knives into Bendy's arms.

Bendy watches his mutilation with uncomprehending eyes. The knives dip into his flesh easily, and at first he can't even feel anything. Black ink blood wells up, then overflows the long wounds slicing down his arms. Then, suddenly, he does feel something. Bendy knows pain well. But the abuses he suffered is nothing like the searing white hot pain that lances through his arms.

His screams echo off the walls of the vault, making Joey wince. He understands that Bendy feels pain, but in Joey's mind, it's similar to pulling the wings off a fly. Or, perhaps a sophisticated machine that knows when it's encountered a bug. Bendy's pain is unfortunate, but nothing to get emotional about. So he ignores the agonized screams and watches as his men flay Bendy's tiny arms to the bone.

Once they're done, Joey steps forward and lifts the tiny, limp creature. He holds Bendy in place on the chair while his employees sink the chains into his arms and bind them there. His fast healing flesh will seal the iron deep inside his arms, right against the bone, and have Bendy well and truly stuck.

Bendy slowly lifts his head. He blinks at the three humans as they back away from him, their dirty work finished. His arms are stretched out to either side, but he's still too deep in shock to really process what's happening to him.

“Joey?” he asks weakly, “Why?”

“You won't be able to hurt anyone now. Good-bye.”

“Joey? Joey! Wait!” Bendy jerks forward against his chains, but stops cold and howls in agony when he feels them tug against his bones. “Joey! DADDY!”

Hoping this will hold Bendy until the creature dies of ink deprivation, Joey closes the vault door on
the demon's screams and leaves him behind. Without a second thought, Joey focuses on the next pressing task to finish before his dying business takes its last breath.

It's dark. It's cold. And his yells just echo right back at him, with no one else to hear or care. The iron links chill him literally to the bone, and every time the exhausted creature leans forward against his arms to try to rest, the links pull against his inner flesh and cause him more agony.

Bendy is only a few months old. And he's hungry, cold, scared, and very much alone. His back and rump hurt from being stuck in the same position, his arms cramp constantly, and his restless legs ache to move. He has no way to tell the passage of time, but he knows he's thirsty. He needs ink soon, or he will be in trouble.

Slumping forward against his tortured arms, Bendy lets out a pathetic mewl. He knows calling out does no good, but vocalizing is the only thing he can do to comfort himself. He can't even hug himself the way he likes to. But his throat and mouth are so dry that even crying out is becoming too difficult.

Then, like a lifeline sent from God, a muffled groan sounds from the pipe directly over Bendy's head. A few minutes later, a steady trickle of ink hits Bendy right on the head. He flinches away from it at first, then realizes what it is and quickly leans into it. At least now he's not in immediate danger of death.

Time passes, though the creature has no way of knowing how much. Bendy has nothing to do but think about the many betrayals in his life, and the many pains wracking his body. Desperate to focus on anything else, he casts his eyes around the pitch black room. He knows ink is pooling under his chair from the sound of it dripping down. As far as he can tell, the ink is the only other thing here besides himself and the chair he sits on. So he focuses on the ink.

For hours, weeks, months, Bendy links his mind to the ink. He can feel that demonic connection, but very faintly. Still, it's something to latch his mind onto, so he keeps at it. It's better than thinking about how hungry he is, or how the cold seems to stab through those horrid iron chains right into the core of his being. No, it's better to think about the ink. And, occasionally, entertain revenge fantasies.

Although Bendy has no way of knowing, two years pass like this. Unable to sleep, the exhausted creature stares with open, blank eyes at the darkness in front of him, not really thinking or doing much of anything other than existing. He blinks, and slowly becomes aware of his surroundings again. Not that it does him any good; his surroundings never change.

Much easier now, he mentally links to the ink. By the moment, the pool surrounding his throne grows, dripping down from the ceiling. He's not sure if it's insanity, but he swears he can “see” through the ink. Feel it pulse through the studio in time with the Ink Machine. The images he sees are not clear, though. He senses movement, and knows other beings are in the building with him.

Bendy decides to push harder. See just how far he can link to the ink. He sits there, mentally straining, struggling to meld further than he ever has before. And then something gives. A surge of power pulses through his body as the ink around him trembles in response to his thought.

Bendy doesn't consciously decide what happens next. As the demonic core within him joins completely with the ink, only one need screams through Bendy's entire being. He wants out.

Bendy's body starts to shift and change. From tiny and cute, to tall and powerful, Bendy more than doubles in height. His horns lengthen and curl, a long tail explodes from his lower back, and his feet
turn into sharp hooves. As he shifts, he lunges forward against the chains, and in one burst of
determination, he bodily rips his arms free, the chains pulling out of his flesh in an out-pour of ink.

He stands for a moment on shaky legs not used to being used. His long, thin, brand new tail flicks
and starts a serpentine movement that it will continue to always do. He glances over himself, trying
to ignore the exposed bone and tatters of flesh hanging from his arms. He's not sure where this form
came from exactly, only knowing the demon deep inside him influenced the shape. No matter, he
likes himself much better this way. No one's about to pick him up and physically force him to do
things. He grins, finally feeling less vulnerable and helpless.

Then his eyes settle on the vault door. It's time to see what the ink can really do, and finally take his
long dreamed revenge on the humans who so tormented, betrayed, and abandoned him to die.

Gesturing with his now clawed hands, he moves the ink, gathering it around him in a wall that
should be physically impossible. Then, with his ammunition gathered, he launches the ink at the
vault door, stepping forward and kicking it as he does so.

With a gushing, rolling wave of ink, the door gives and pops open with a metallic scream, finally
allowing Bendy to breathe new air after years of close confinement.

Bendy steps into the hallway, white hot fury burning in his chest. He'll kill every human he sees.
He'll pull them limb from limb, eat their flesh to fill his achingly empty belly, and pull their screams
from their twitching, dying bodies. But, mostly, he wants Joey and his two henchmen. Oh, for those
three, he will save something really special.

Bendy stalks through the familiar hallways of the sub basement, finding the stairs and heading
upwards. He would go faster, but he's feeling a little dizzy and unstable, so he settles for a steady
pace.

But there's a problem. Everywhere he looks, he sees empty rooms and cobwebs. Ink creatures
inhabit the building, but although Bendy goes all the way to the top floor, he sees no humans. More
importantly, he sees no sign that humans will ever return. A thick layer of dust covers everything,
and the air has a stale, musty quality to it.

Bendy trembles with rage. How dare they. How dare they do this to him, then not have the decency
to allow his revenge. Bendy clenches his jaw, teeth bared, hands fisted. Ink drips down his face, and
his tail writhes like a snake on hot coals. He tilts his head back and shrieks his helpless fury. There's
nothing more he can do.

The studio that Bendy returns to is very different from the one he once knew. The other ink creature
are just as malcontent as he is. With no humans keeping them in line, the studio turns into a lawless,
wild west battle royale. The angry creatures take their own frustrations out on other ink monsters,
killing them with abandon, only for the murdered to crawl back out of the ink angrier than before.
Friendships and alliances are made, reinforced, then broken as they inevitably betray each other.

There are a few notable characters. Of course, Bendy is only loyal to Boris, and then later Sammy
after he takes the man as his mate. Bendy kills with abandon, sometimes pulling creatures apart with
his fangs and claws, other times using his power over the ink to slay them.

Sammy doesn't participate in the endless killing. Instead, he focuses his energy on worship. Since no
one wants to cross Bendy and anger him by killing his mate, Sammy's music department becomes a
neutral zone. Any ink creatures who just want to exist without bloodshed hang out there.
As one of the most powerful creatures in the studio, the Projectionist is mostly left alone, though he is known to kill a lesser creature now and then. Norman falls prey to no creature except Bendy, when the demon becomes too bored and wants more interesting prey.

Then there's Alice Angel. Unstable since the moment she transformed, she lurks in the basement level, within the toy department. More clever than the rest, she hides from Bendy while slaying those weaker than her. When Bendy is bored, he makes a game of chasing after her. When she's caught, instead of killing her, he simply rapes her. It seems to bother her more than simple murder, and Bendy enjoys the sexual variety.

Bendy spends a lot of time patrolling the studio. He strides through, king of hell, seeing what creatures are up to. While stalking through the angel's basement level, he pauses. Before him are many gutted Boris clones and butcher gang members. The sight gives him goosebumps and chills him. No, he doesn't like this. He doesn't like the gutting of the wolves, not since what happened to his own Boris. He decides she deserves punishment to put an end to this. But this needs to be extra special. He needs backup.

Bendy goes to see Sammy. As always, the music director is in his department, tending to his odd quirks. Bendy likes to sneak up on him to see what strange thing Sammy is up to. This time he finds the man humming to himself while attempting to polish what's left of a violin. Joey Drew is not known for buying quality equipment, and that includes musical instruments. After several years of bad storage, all of the instruments are warped and in terrible repair. Even so, Sammy handles the instrument carefully, though the twisted thing's rusted strings have snapped and pieces are clearly missing.

Bendy takes a moment to watch the strange creature, head tilted to one side. Of course, Bendy remembers the friendship they used to have. But now Bendy's relationship with Sammy has shifted, mutated. Sammy doesn't act like his old self; this new, over enthusiastic Sammy annoys Bendy on some level. Almost like a perversion of the grumpy man he once new.

Bendy admits to himself that he is using Sammy much the same way Joey had used the demon. The man provides much needed sexual release without much fuss. But if this sort of behavior was ok for Joey, why isn't it ok for Bendy? After all, these days Sammy even seems to enjoy the sex. Like father, like son, an unwanted thought pops into his head. Bendy snaps his tail against the floor and shakes his horns, trying to dislodge the idea.

"Sammy," the demon says. The musician flinches, fumbles a bit with the fiddle in his hands, then quickly but gently sets it down on a nearby desk. A peg falls out when he does so, but Sammy is too distracted to notice.

"My lord!" Sammy's kneecaps crack when they hit the floor. His face soon follows, muffling his voice when he says "You've taken time from your busy day to visit me! I'm honored!"

Bendy chuckles, his tail curling around his ankles with pleasure as he eyes his fuck buddy. There's no denying the man is handsome, especially while in his current position. "As much as I'd enjoy taking you right now, with your face flat on the floor and your ass in the air, I have something a little more... adventurous in mind."

"Whatever my master desires, I will do my best to please you."

"Can you lure Alice Angel out of her hiding place?"

Sammy hesitates, slowly sitting up, legs folded underneath him. "Alice Angel..." Bendy's request is unusual, and Sammy has to take a moment to sort his thoughts and remember exactly who she is.
“Y-yes. I think so...”

“Then do it. I need to... Talk to her.”

“Yes, my lord.”

On the Heavenly Toys floor, Bendy mels into the shadows to hide and watch. The demon remembers Susie giving Sammy doe eyes way back when, though the man seemed oblivious to her affection. This is why he figures Sammy may still have some power over her.

Sure enough, Sammy only wanders around the toy factory for a few minutes before she shows up.

“Sammy Lawrence,” she says coldly, arms crossed. “If it's not the liar, here in the flesh.”

Sammy hesitates, peering at her but not answering. Alice looks at his blank mask. “Do you even remember? Or are all of your memories gone now?”

“I'm sorry, I don't know what you're talking about.”

She tisks in response. “It's a shame what the ink has done to you, Sammy. You were so handsome and talented. Now look at you. Such a waste.”

“I see the ink hasn't been kind to you, either.”

Alice stiffens, turning her head to hide the ruined side of her face, even for a moment. “No matter,” she says shortly. “I've discovered the cure. I will be perfect again soon.”

This whole time Bendy slinks around in the shadows, completely silent as he works his way around behind Alice.

“What are you doing here, anyway?” she continues. “It's not like you to leave your department. Away from the safety of your boyfriend.”

Aghast, Sammy presses a hand to his chest. “Boyfriend?! Oh, I wish that were so. Although I love my dear, precious lord with all of my being, I'm much to lowly a creature to expect such affection back. Bendy is a god, after all.”

“Right,” Alice snorts. “Some 'god'. So why are you here? Did he put you up to this?”

“As a matter of fact.” a smug voice sounds from behind Alice as a pair of arms snake out of the shadows, latching firmly onto her upper arms as Bendy steps forward. “I did.”

Alice shrieks in fear and rage, twisting and thrashing in an attempt to break free. “Sammy, you bastard! You snake! You absolute coward!”

Sammy just stands still and watches, head tilted to the side. “Why are you unhappy? My lord and savior is giving you attention, after all. What could you possibly be upset about? It's such an honor, you know.”

“Don't you dare touch me again, you asshole!” Alice screams at Bendy.

The demon grins. “Such fuss. You should listen to Sammy. He knows what he's talkin' about, when it comes to this sorta thing. In fact. Sammy, I want ya to help me. As a gift for your loyalty.”

“Yes, my lord!” Sammy's spine straightens as he awaits further orders. “Anything to be useful to you!”
“Good boy. Come here, behind her, and hold her tightly. Yes, good. Don't let her loose. I knew your strength would be handy.”

“There we go, nice and tight,” Sammy mutters with his soft, attractive voice. “We wouldn't want our little sheep wandering away, now, would we? No... We wouldn't...”

Indeed, no matter how Alice fights, Sammy's iron grip doesn't weaken. Tail swiping with excitement, Bendy steps in front of her, rubbing himself between his legs.

“It's a shame about your face. I'd like to fuck it, but with that gaping hole in your cheek, it just wouldn't be that good. Too drafty, ya know?” Bendy grabs Alice by the chin and inspects her closely. “Yuck. What a mess. Sammy, you look so much better than this witch.”

“My lord is too kind to me. My face is horrid.”

“Not as bad as this ugly bitch. I'll have to look at you, Sammy, while I'm fucking her.”

Alice lets out an indignant howl of rage at the verbal abuse. She knows her lumpy face is ugly. She hates it. But hearing people say such cruel things right in front of her is more than she can stand.

Finally aroused, Bendy steps close to her. Alice lifts a leg and kicks out, trying to keep the demon away from her. But Bendy only grabs the leg and holds it against his hip, stepping into the space she just inadvertently made for him. His other clawed hand gropes up between her thighs, prodding her tight, unaroused body. He forces a finger inside, his finger almost sticking to her flesh as he jabs it harshly and painfully in. She clenches down as if trying to keep him out.

“You're only gonna make me more excited,” Bendy purrs. “Clampin' down on me like that. It's gonna feel so damn good. A lil dry, though. Don't worry, Sammy's the same way. Only that's cause I use his asshole. Obviously he doesn't have a cunt.”

“Get your filthy hands off of me! I swear, if you touch me again—”

“But I'm already touching you,” Bendy laughs. He stretches a hand out and slips his fingers into the slot in Sammy's mask. Without being asked, Sammy takes Bendy's fingers into his mouth and provides a nice ink glob. This Bendy slicks over his member and onto Alice's body.

“See? Not a problem at all...” Bendy easily pushes inside of Alice, feeling her walls cramp down around him. She snarls in pain as her unprepared body is forced open by Bendy's oversized cock.

The demon hums in pleasure, reaching around to grab Sammy's shoulders as he starts snapping his hips sharply, trapping the woman between their bodies.

Alice knows fighting will do her no good at this point. If anything, the struggle would only give Bendy more perverse pleasure. So she bites down on the inside of her cheek and growls softly, taking the pain. She's gone through this before, she will survive it this time. And do better in the future to hide from the demon.

After a minute, Bendy speaks again. “Ya know, this is real nice. But I didn't just bring ya down here to hold her in place, SamSam. No, no. See, we're here to teach ya a lesson, Alice. No one cuts open Borises. Not on my watch. So we're here to give you an extra special treat. Sammy, fuck her asshole.”

Alice renews her struggle at this. “No! I don't do that sort of thing! That's foul! Gross! Only whores do anal!”

Bendy laughs at that. “That's kinda mean, to say that in fronta Sammy, here. But I guess that means
you're a whore now!.”

Sammy hesitates, though. “My lord, she's not interested. Maybe I shouldn't do it?”

“How do you want to please? Me, or this cunt?”

“Of course, you, my great, magnificent, fair, good, master and savior!”

“Then fuck her ass. Keep your eyes on me, if you need to. I know she's pretty disgusting, it may be hard for you to get it up.”

“Sammy! Don't you dare!” Alice protests. But she can feel him shift his grip on her to free himself from his trousers. Another donation of ink spit, and Sammy starts to prod at Alice's back door.

“Damn you, Sammy Lawrence! I can't believe I ever had feelings for you! What would your mother say?!”

Sammy pauses a moment, confused by the statement. “Mother? Do I have one of those?”

“Nah, don't worry bout it, SamSam,” Bendy says. “She's just trin'a throw ya off. Save her own asshole. Go ahead n give it to her. It'll feel real good, promise.”

With a shrug, Sammy starts working his way inside, grunting softly as he does so. It's a very rare treat for him to top; dominate Bendy almost always has Sammy bottom.

Alice Angel screams in agony. Taking Bendy is bad enough; the merciless demon always chooses a large size just to cause his mates more discomfort. But Sammy's natural length is only a bit smaller than Bendy. When the two of them thrust inside, both going as deep as they can, she feels like she's about to split in two.

Alice can't help herself. Although she never has before during a rape, she starts to sob. The double emotional injury of the man she once crushed on raping her, and even worse, in a way she never intended to have sex, breaks what's left of her heart.

Sammy and Bendy lock eyes with each other over Alice's shoulder. Now that Sammy is in the moment, experiencing how good it feels, all doubt is lost. Bendy wants this to happen, and is clearly enjoying himself, so Sammy figures it must be ok for him to do the same. Bendy can do no wrong, after all.

The two find a rhythm, Bendy pushing in as Sammy pulls out, and back and forth like that, working Alice hard. Occasionally Bendy skips a beat to push in with Sammy, just to get that extra little wail of agony from the abused angel.

Double teaming Alice with Bendy proves to be too much of a treat for Sammy. Much too quickly, and beyond his will, he loses his rhythm and his hips stutter. With a moan and a shudder, Sammy stills, his body releasing no matter if he wants to or not. Bendy chuckles at his mate. “Too much for ya, SamSam? That's ok, I can finish her off for ya.”

Sammy shifts his feet, wanting to stay inside as long as he can. From within her body, he feels Bendy change his cock. Spines break out over his length as he increases in size. Sammy flinches out of her as he feels some of the spikes pierce through and prick his own cock.

Alice starts screaming again as Bendy starts stabbing beyond what her body can handle. He breaks through and up into her abdominal cavity. And keeps going. Alice's screams turn into gurgles as her guts start to leak and fall downwards into the jagged hole Bendy is creating. She clutches onto
Bendy helplessly as she dies, slumping down onto him as her body liquefies and starts to return to the ink. Before long there's nothing left of her except a puddle on the floor.

“Aw, what a shame,” Bendy says, as he shrinks his cock down to a more manageable size. “Why don't you come down here and finish me off, Sammy?”

Sammy swallows and licks the inside of his mouth. Those spikes aren't going to feel good in his mouth, but he drops to his knees to do as he's told.

As the endless years tick by, more and more creatures vanish into the ink. Tired of killing each other and the constant betrayal, the monsters choose limbo over life. And, soon, the only inhabitants of the studio is Bendy, Sammy, what's left of Boris, and whatever Searcher or Lost One who feels like being in a physical form at the moment. And that's how they live their lives. All alone except for the occasional lost, wandering sheep. Until one day, a pair of construction workers dare to discuss tearing down the demon's house...

Chapter End Notes

And so, the long awaited question is finally answered. You know what happened to Alice Angel. She got screwed into oblivion. Whoops..

As always, the ending got cut short. I realized just how long this thing got, and decided to end it before it took over my typewriter.

If you're curious about any of my IRL AU adjustments to the game, feel free to ask. I really like talking about this kinda thing!
Bendy is so nervous and excited he can't eat breakfast. And he's never one to willingly miss a meal. He takes his energy out on Sammy, as always, chasing him around, mauling him, then letting him go to chase again. When Henry finally goes to get them, he finds Bendy pinning the yowling man down in a hallway and chewing on his forearm, ink spilling from the demon's razor sharp teeth.

“Bendy!” Henry snaps. “Don't be so rough with him!”

The monster pulls his teeth from Sammy's flesh and looks up at Henry, licking black blood off his face. “Is it finally time??”

“Yes... Try to calm down, Bendy. It'll be ok.”

Today is moving day for the Ink Machine. Henry, Agent Eleven, Bendy, and Sammy all make the short drive to the studio to meet the crew and Thomas Connor. Two large trucks are there, one flatbed and one tanker, ready to load up. While Thomas's job is to load the Ink Machine and the ink safely, it's everyone else's job to manage the Searchers and make sure the crew is safe.

Bendy and Sammy step into the studio. Bendy feels an air of finality about this visit; after today, he will never need to set hoof here again, if he doesn't want to. His life and everything he cares about will be somewhere else.

Almost as if reading Bendy's mind, Henry says “If there's anything you or Sammy want to grab from here, you should do so.”

“C'mon, SamSam,” Bendy mumbles, leading the man down below.

For the first time in months, Sammy finds himself alone in the music department. He freezes, suddenly scared. He can't remember how he got here, or how long he's been here. Is this a memory? Or did he do something bad, and was sent back here? Where's Bendy? Wait, he's supposed to be doing something. Isn't he? The shrines are dusty and in horrible shape, maybe that's the problem.

Sammy wrings his hands together, heart pounding. Panic rises from his chest, tightening his throat and choking him. He doesn't want to be here. Towards the end of their stay at the studio, years would pass with no contact from Bendy. No mental connection, no quick hello, no sex. Just radio silence. Sammy can't go back to that life. Not after he's had Bendy in his life around the clock for so long. Whatever it was he did wrong to get banished here, he doesn't mean to be bad. Bendy must know that... Right? Sammy never wants to be bad, at least in Bendy's eyes. Just then, the demon himself appears, the blankets Henry gave him all those months ago thrown over his shoulders.

“My Lord!!” Sammy throws himself to the ground violently, begging. “Please, forgive me!! Don't leave me here by myself! I want to go home with you.”

Bendy pauses, confused. He'd only been gone for ten minutes, and Sammy has already regressed the much. The demon sighs, glad that this will be the last time he has to deal with this. Keeping his calm, he steps to the babbling, sobbing man, and kneels down.

“Sammy... Sammy. Ssh...” Voice soft, Bendy pats the man, feeling him shake under his palm. “I didn't leave you, Sammy. I was here all along.”

“...You were?”
“Yes. I will never leave you.” Bendy encourages Sammy to stand up. “N ya don't hafta kneel. Unless you're suckin' me off, of course.”

Wiping his face, Sammy slowly stands. Then throws his arms around Bendy. The demon grunts and hugs him back tightly.

“Did you get your stuff, at least?”

“My lord?”

“We're leaving. Is there anything you want to take with you?”

After a moment, Sammy pulls back. “Yes. Will... Will you come with me? I don't want to get lost again.”

“Of course.”

From Sammy's sanctuary, he grabs an old plush Bendy off his desk. He gives it an affectionate hug. Bendy can tell it's gotten a lot of attention over the years. Next Sammy goes to his office.

Thirty years ago, Sammy was in the process of packing his stuff up to leave the studio for good when he was attacked and transformed. Now he finally finishes what he started, grabbing the box he meant to pack all those years ago and filling it with the items he basically lost his life over. A couple of awards for his music, some papers and books, a few records, and other odds and ends go into the box, along with his worn out plushie. It's a sad, dusty pile of personal items and relics from his past life. Still, he seems happy to have them as they head back upstairs.

After their things are stashed into Henry's car, it's time to finally move the Ink Machine. With Sammy's help, Bendy commands the Searchers to return to the ink, forcing them to melt and liquefy for transport. The Ink Machine is cranked up on its chains, and without turning it off, Thomas carefully unhooks the base from the pipes.

Thomas does not like being near the Ink Machine. Sure, he built the thing, but it feels different than it did before. And the way it runs with absolutely nothing to power it is very unnerving. It didn't used to do that. He works quickly to get this over with.

With Bendy twisting his hands and getting in the way, the Ink Machine is loaded onto the flatbed, leaving a dripping trail of ink as it goes. Meanwhile, a pump is working to suck up all the ink into the tanker truck. Henry attempts to keep the panicky Bendy out of everyone's way, and Eleven documents the move while keeping an eye out for rogue Searchers.

Then, before Bendy can process what's happening, they're driving back home behind the trucks, watching the Ink Machine still pump away, still somehow making ink from nothing.

“Hey Bendy?” Eleven asks.

“Hm?”

“If that thing's been making ink for 30 years, how is the studio not completely flooded?”

“It doesn't make ink very quickly. 'N ink gets used. We drink it, and when creatures crawl out of the ink, they use a bunch to form physical bodies. It dries out, too.”
“That makes sense.”

After the drama of the morning, the Ink Machine is quickly installed in its new home without a hitch. Connected to brand new pipes, which are quickly filled by the ink brought over in the tanker truck, the Ink Machine resumes its existence as usual.

Everyone steps inside the house, which now has a faint heartbeat to it as ink pumps through the walls. Thomas does a quick check to make sure nothing is leaking.

“Welp, that about does it,” Thomas states, stepping into the kitchen. “Everything seems to be working well. The ink is pumping, no leaks, n the moat's filled up.”

“Thank you very much for your help, Thomas,” Henry says. “We couldn't have done it without you.”

“Yeah, well, I'll jis be glad ta get outta here. Them things give me the creeps.” Thomas doesn't look at Bendy when he says it, but the demons still starts to growl.

Henry puts his hand on Bendy's shoulder. “We'll send the rest of your payment as agreed.”

With a curt nod, Thomas leaves, glad to shake the dust of the ink haunted place from his boots.

With the Ink Machine comes new adjustments. Searchers begin to pop up here and there, and they're not always happy to be around people. The Lost Ones are more docile, but also more annoying. They moan and cry and cause a general disturbance. All of them spread ink absolutely everywhere; Eleven thought Bendy and Sammy were messy enough, but these guys trail it like slime behind a slug.

It's not long before Henry turns to Bendy, a plead in his voice. “Isn't there something you can do to... Restrict their access to the house?”

“What, you wanna kick em all outside?”

“Just to the garage, outbuildings, and yard. That should be plenty of space for them. Besides, there's no easy access to ink inside the house.”

“Yeah, I guess I could keep em out. Never done it afore, but shouldn't be hard.”

“Thank you, Bendy. It's just a little much. I'd like to keep this house clean, you know?”

Bendy chuckles, “Ya might wanna hire help, then.”

“I just might!”

One afternoon only a couple of days after the Ink Machine was moved, Henry answers a knock on the door.

“Henry Stein! How ya been, old friend?!” Joey Drew steps forward into the house, arms outstretched.

Henry makes a confused, strangled sound, then quickly opens his arms to give his oldest friend a tight hug. Henry is 50 years old, and Joey only six years his elder. Still, Joey has aged poorly. His
face is badly wrinkled, his hair thin and rapidly turning snow white, his frame is too skinny, and he just has a look of someone who's been under extreme stress for an extended period of time. Henry almost doesn't recognize him.

“Joey! What are you doing here?”

“What, are you not glad to see me?”

“No, it's not that. It's just... Unexpected.”

“I got your letter! I decided to drop by and see how you're doing after all these years.”

Over Joey's shoulder, Henry can't help but notice a small, ancient looking RV parked in front of the house. The rust bucket looks like it's on its last legs. Joey notices Henry's gaze and quickly grabs his shoulder and guides him inside, closing the door behind him.

“Come, now, Henry! Where are your manners?” Joey leans hard on Henry as he walks, limping badly.

“Oh, uh. Right. Would you like some coffee?”

“Yes, please! It was quite a long drive to get here.” Joey sits down hard with a sigh, happy to get off his bad leg. He watches Henry make fresh coffee. After a moment, he asks “So... Where is he?”

“Hm? Oh, you mean Bendy? He's outside, sunning himself with Sammy.”

“You've got Sammy here, too? And you let them outside? By themselves?”

“They're not children...”

Just then Agent Eleven steps into the kitchen. “Hello. Who's this?”

“Eleven, this is Joey Drew. Joey, this is Agent Eleven,” Henry introduces.

“Mr. Drew! You're a difficult man to find.” Eleven offers his hand to the man.

“Agent...?” Joey hesitantly takes Eleven's hand and shakes it.

“Yes, FBI. I'm assigned to Bendy.”

“You still have the FBI here, Henry?!”

“...Yes?”

“Well why didn't you tell me!” Joey awkwardly scrambles to his feet, having trouble walking on his bad leg. He holds the wall for support. “I, uh, have an appointment I just remembered. Also I left the stove on. I may need to go to the hospital. We'll catch up later, Henry!”

“Well, hold on, now.” Eleven says, very easily cutting Joey off. Agent Eleven is in his 40s, fit as a fiddle, and is a picture of perfect health. Joey has no hope of escaping him. “Why don't you sit back down? You're not in danger.”

Joey shuffles his feet a bit, but knows he's caught. With a sigh, he sits back down. Eleven also sits at the table. Henry brings three mugs of coffee over and joins them.

“Look, I'm not admitting to anything, Agent,” Joey says stiffly.
“No one's accusing you of anything.” Eleven replies. “But I do have some questions for you. Questions I would very much like answers to.”

“It's been a long drive. Right, Joey?” Henry asks. At Joey's nod, he continues. “Before we interrogate him, let him settle in a little. Ok, Eleven? You'll get better answers if he's not spooked.”

“Fine. But I will have your keys, Mr. Drew. Just for now,” Eleven agrees.

Joey grudgingly hands over the keys to his RV. Henry quickly updates Joey on recent events. Joey admits he's been following the story on the news, but Henry is able to fill in the gaps.

“So you want to start animating again?” Joey asks. “That's funny. I never thought I'd see the day.”

“I know! It's a little weird, isn't it? I swore I was done, that I'd never so much as draw again. Here, let me show you around a little. That is, if you can walk alright...?”

“I can walk just fine!” Even so, Joey has to hold onto Henry or a wall to hobble around. Henry isn't sure why Joey doesn't at least have a cane, but keeps his mouth shut. He doesn't want to get into Joey's personal business, at least not just yet.

They're standing in what used to be a dining room when the back door slams shut and hooves trot into the kitchen.

“Oh, no! I should have warned him-” Henry starts, panic edging in his voice.


Henry quickly steps into the kitchen. “I, uh, moved them. To the top shelf. You're so much taller than I am, I figured it would make sense. Hey, Bendy, I need to talk to you-”

“What the fuck is that?” Joey's voice pipes up from behind Henry. Henry flinches.

Bendy stops cold, staring at Joey. After a long moment, Bendy starts to snarl.

“Bendy-” Henry tries.

Spines erupt from Bendy's shoulders and back. His tail snaps so hard on the floor that it has to hurt. His bared fangs drip ink and his fingers elongate. Bendy lunges forward, and in a selfless act that in the past had cost Henry most of the use of his left arm, Henry steps in front of the charging demon and catches him in his arms, squeezing him in as tight a hug as he can manage.

“Bendy, no.”

“Henry! Let me go! NOW!!”

“Bendy, no. Hush.”

“You don't understand! You don't know what he did!!”

“He hurt you badly. I know, baby, I know.”

Bendy lets out a strained whine, Henry's gentle sympathy deflecting his rage. “He... He... He hurt me and abandoned me and betrayed me and... And...”

“I know, Bendy. I love you. And you're better than to take your anger out on an old man. You're a better man now than Joey was 30 years ago. You don't hurt people. You're so good, and I'm so
proud of you, and I love you so much.” Henry somehow manages to tighten his arms around Bendy even more.

After a long, tense moment, Bendy drops his head to Henry's shoulder and starts to silently cry. He clings tightly to his dad, and shivers as he tries to express his emotions as privately as possible. Henry just pets Bendy's back, feeling the spines slowly sink back into his flesh.

“Good boy, good boy,” Henry mumbles to the demon. “I know this is hard. I'm sorry I didn't warn you in time. You're so good, and I'm so proud of you.” Henry kisses the side of Bendy's head near the base of his horn. “I love you.”

After a long moment, Bendy wipes his face on Henry's ink stained shirt and stands up straight, pulling away from the hug. He glares over at Joey, tail still popping against the ground in agitation.

Joey watches the scene silently, confused and having no idea just how close he got to being torn apart and eaten. The Bendy he knew was not physically violent, simply because he was so small and defenseless.

“What is this?” Joey asks the creature. “What did you do to Bendy?”

“I am Bendy, ya moron. I got bigger n stronger.”

“You're not supposed to look like that! That's not how the Ink Machine made you!”

“I can look how I wanna. I'm a shapeshifter.”

“Then turn back small this instant!”

Bendy starts to snarl with rage again, when Henry steps in. “Whoa, whoa, now. Bendy, you can look however you want. Joey, leave him be. He doesn't want to be small. He grew up, he's an adult. He can be big if he wants to be.”

Joey hums and turns to hobbles back to the kitchen table, needing to rest his leg. Bendy watches wearily.

“Remember, Bendy,” Henry says softly. “We need him onboard to get the cartoon going again. I didn't know he'd show up unannounced, and I am sorry about that. But there will never be new Bendy cartoons if you hurt him.”


“I know. Hang in there, buddy, you're doing well. Why don't you have one of the snacks you were wanting?”

Bendy turns to get his food, and Henry goes to talk quietly to Joey.

“Hey, Joey. Bendy's a little, um. Sensitive. He holds grudges really strongly, and is still upset about things that happened between you two 30 years ago. So try to leave him alone, ok? Just give him a bit of space, at least for now.”

Joey shrugs. “I don't understand why you want to coddle him, but ok.”

“It's less coddling, and more showing a little respect. Bendy's gone through a lot.”

Joey looks confused, but drops the subject. Instead, the two refocus on opening the studio again. A few minutes later Sammy comes inside, looking for his mate. He finds the group gathered in the
kitchen. Bendy offers a snack to Sammy, who takes it with a thanks. And, finally, Sammy notices Joey.

He pauses a moment, staring at him. His hand drifts up to his head, subconsciously touching the exact spot his old boss caved his skull in three decades ago. “...Mr. Drew?”

Joey gazes at him a moment before answering. The musician's voice makes the man instantly recognizable. And Sammy's head touch not lost on him. Joey still remembers that wet thunk the man's head made when his Gent pipe broke his skull. “Hello, Sammy. Still hanging out with the riff raff, I see.”

Bendy rolls his eyes with a soft growl. “Yeah, Joey. And, hey, we're finally fuckin. So you don't hafta ask me again.”

Joey gives a crooked grin. “I think I'm a little beyond caring who you're sleeping with. Though I can't say I'm surprised.”

“What... When did he get here? Did I forget something?” Sammy asks.

“No, SamSam. He got here just now. Stay away from him, ok? He's not your boss anymore, and he's bad news. Eat your food.”


“Yeah, I'm afraid it's on its last legs. Actually, seeing this nice big place you have, I was hoping I could stay here for a few days.”

“Well, yeah, sure. We'll need you around to get this business started, at least at first.”

“Good, good. And I don't need to tell you my credit is trashed...”

“Don't worry about that,” Henry says. “We basically just need your signature. You don't even have to hang around here.”

“Oh...” Joey looks saddened. “I thought you wanted to start the business with me. Like we did before. Old friends, old business partners...”

“Oh. Well, I mean. Maybe we could work something out...”

“Great! Then it's settled! What room am I staying in?”

“Wait...” Bendy deadpans. “What just happened?”

That night Bendy's in bed with Sammy, as always. Fast asleep, he doesn't hear his door open then close. Bendy feels safe here, warm and cozy in his own bed with his lifelong mate sleeping in his arms. So when Joey wakes him by pulling his covers back, Bendy jerks with a surprised yelp. Sammy also stirs, mumbling a concerned question.

“Psst. Hey, Bendy,” Joey whispers.

“What the fuck do ya want? It's the middle of the night!”

Sammy yelps when he realizes there's someone else in their room, and starts slapping his hands around, looking for his mask. Bendy catches his wrist. “It's ok, Sammy, he was there when you
transformed. He's seen your face before.”

Joey slips in beside Bendy, getting under his blankets. Baffled by this behavior, Bendy doesn't protest.

“Rumor has it that you can shift your body any way you want to,” Joey says.

“Yeah, I told ya that myself.”

“You can even make girl parts.”

“What?” Getting even more uncomfortable, Bendy squeezes his legs together. Not that it does him any good. Joey's probing fingers wiggle onto Bendy's bare crotch and starting that horribly familiar circular motion.

“Stop!” Bendy grabs Joey's wrist and yanks his hand away.

Joey responds by climbing on top of Bendy, wedging his knees between the demon's legs. “Come on, don't be that way. It's not it costs you anything. Doesn't even hurt. And I know you're not a prude.”

Bendy bites his tongue. Somewhere he logically knows he doesn't have to tolerate this. He's bigger and stronger than Joey now, and can't be physically forced to do anything. But as he feels Joey's fingers work him the way they used to, and hears that familiar voice – the first voice Bendy ever heard besides his own – say those same old lines... It takes Bendy back into the headspace of his younger, helpless self.

“Come on, Bendy. Open up for me,” the man croons. “Just like old times.”

Bendy doesn't like feeling vulnerable. And to the demon, bottoming makes him very vulnerable. He much prefers to top, and will only allow Sammy to top him on occasion. No one else has stuck their dick inside of Bendy, not since he broke free from the vault. He tries to cling to this resolve. But then, with a soft, defeated mewl, Bendy obeys and makes female anatomy. Joey makes a pleased sound and quickly undoes his drawers. The man dips a finger inside Bendy and feels the hot flesh wet with ink. Wasting no more time, he immediately starts to prod himself into Bendy's body.

He huffs with pleasure when he sinks all the way inside. “Aah, Bendy, I needed this so badly. It's been a while for me...”

Watching Joey hump him, Bendy blinks back tears. He won't give Joey the satisfaction of knowing how unhappy this makes him. But he can't hide his feelings from Sammy.

“My lord?” His voice concerned, he asks “Are you alright? Is this ok?”

Bendy reaches his hand out and Sammy grabs it tightly. The demon chooses to look at his mate instead of his rapist. “It's... It's fine, Sammy. Don't worry about it.” There's no point in upsetting Sammy. It's not like the musician can do anything about it, anyway. “It'll be over soon. Joey always was a minute man.”

“Shut up,” Joey snaps. “I cum fast with you because I'm not trying to get you off.”

“Why don't you just masturbate then? What's the point of using me?”

“You feel a lot better than my hand does. Now shut up. Unless you want me to take longer.”
Bendy does want this over with, so he locks eyes with Sammy and stays quiet.

Joey runs his palms over Bendy's narrow waist and lean tummy. While he still thinks Bendy should look like he's supposed to, he has to admit this long, slender form with the pronounced hips is quite nice to have sex with. The way Bendy's legs move confuse him a bit, though, when he tries to grab one and fold it up so he can push in deeper. He fumbles a bit before figuring out that Bendy's knee is higher than a human's knee, and gets the demon into the position he wants.

Hunching over Bendy all too closely, his hot breath hitting the demon in the face, Joey grunts as he gropes Bendy's body. His sweaty palms rubbing against Bendy's skin grosses the demon out. Joey's cock is much smaller than Sammy's, and he's not hitting the sweet spot that Bendy's mate can always find. Bendy can definitely feel him inside, but isn't getting any pleasure out of it. It just kind of turns his stomach. He lies still and takes it quietly.

But true to his word, Joey does not drag things out. Few more thrusts and Joey finishes, groaning as he cums inside his creation.

Bendy growls with annoyance. “No, don't... Why did ya cum inside me?”

“Ugh. Get off me. Now I gotta get up n deal with this.” Joey rolls off of Bendy, and the demon stumps off to his master bathroom to clean himself up as best he can. By the time he returns to his bed, Joey is gone. Still grumbling at the whole episode, Bendy grabs Sammys tightly and tries to go back to sleep. It takes him a long time to be able to relax enough. All the sudden he doesn't feel quite so safe anymore. Sammy seems to be disturbed as well. In a strange habit he has never done before, at least not that Bendy's seen, the man is sucking his right thumb, twisting the top of the sheet against his face as he does so. Concerned, Bendy squeezes him tighter. He doesn't want Sammy stressed. He gets bad mood swings when he's stressed.

The next day Henry and Joey spend compromising and even starting to draw up contracts and documents. Bendy just tries to stay away, although it does cross his mind that all the demon has to do to get rid of Joey forever is to tell Henry what happened last night. Henry knows Joey has done some evil things to Bendy, but knows nothing about their sexual history. All Bendy would have to do is mention the word rape...

But Henry looks happy and excited. Ever since Linda left, Henry's been content at best. Now he's downright animated, already cooking up big plans with Joey. Bendy is conflicted. Henry needs Joey to make this happen, but Bendy doesn't want the older man around.

While Bendy does his best to avoid Joey, his creator has no qualms with seeking the demon out. In fact, he tries to include Bendy in their budding business.

“Come on, what better way to advertise than using the real thing! Though it would help if he looked the part...” Once again, Joey tries to rope Bendy in. “Besides, it's not like he's doing anything else important. He just lazes around all day, watching TV and stuffing his face.'


“Bendy's got his own stuff going on,” Henry explains. “He's into film. In fact, he has a movie premier coming up soon. He'll need to go to interviews and other promotions, on top of keeping his YouTube subscribers happy. Besides, just having Bendy around helps generate interest. No one
would want more cartoons if he wasn't here."

“But he’s not doing anything right now. Why doesn't he-"

“Bendy is allowed to take it easy, Joey. It's hard for him to be out in the world. He needs to feel comfortable here. Relaxed. He doesn't always have to work, you know? And this is our project, not his.”

Joey just looks confused. “Why keep him around if he's not working?”

“Do you work all the time, Joey?” Henry asks. “Or do you tool around in that old RV?”

“That's different. I'm human. Bendy is-”

“A person who needs downtime like everyone else. Honestly, Joey, I don't know what gets into you sometimes. Your tunnel vision is intense.”

Joey knows when he's reaching Henry's limits, and the edge in the man's voice cues him in. Sometimes it's best to back off. “Sure, Henry, whatever you say.”

“Henry?” Bendy asks.

“Hm?”

“When is my first interview?”

“About a week from today. You'll be flying to New York City to do a few talk shows.”

“A week. That's...”

“Seven days, dear.”

“Shut up, I forget these things! SamSam is going, too?”

“I assumed you wouldn't go without him.”

“You assumed correctly.”

Sammy has a concerning habit of touching his head whenever he's around Joey, gently rubbing the spot as some faded memory he can't quite recall bothers him. Something about Joey puts Sammy off and stresses him, though it's impossible for him to say exactly what.

When Joey and Norman meet, things get worse. Joey is in the kitchen, leaning against the counter and helping himself to food he has not paid for. Norman strides in for a meal, but stops cold, one foot still in the air.

“Oh,” Joey says, his tone sounding like someone just shit in his cereal. “You're around, too? Bad enough that gutted wolf is here. You're just downright unnerving.”

Norman remembers everything. It's his curse. He remembers waking to his liquefying body, the pain and fear and horror. And he remembers Joey being there. Norman can't do anything about Bendy's involvement, but this old man...

With a shriek of pure fury, Norman lurches forward, arms stretched out, wanting to grab and rend
and destroy.

Unnoticed by the Projectionist in the side room, Eleven is alerted to Norman's scream. It's a sound he hasn't heard since the construction crew left, and it always means trouble. Realizing what's happening immediately, Agent Eleven does not hesitate. The crippled old man has no chance against the angry beast.

Springing into action, Eleven dives into the kitchen and catches Norman low across the hips, tackling him and taking the top heavy creature to the ground. There's a sharp crack when Norman's projector hits the tile floor, and another metallic scream as the monster starts to flail, trying to get Eleven off of him.

Agent Eleven is highly trained. Even against a 7 foot tall, extremely strong ink creature, he knows the proper holds to immobilize any humanoid. He twists Norman's arms painfully to subdue him. The Projectionist shrieks and kicks and struggles, but soon the threat of dislocating or breaking his arms causes him to still. After a few quiet moments in the hold, Norman's gears start to whine.

“Are you calm?” Eleven asks.

His heavy head plastered against the floor, Norman nods, making a scrapping sound against the tile as he does so. Eleven eases the pressure on his arms slowly, ready to grab him again if he acts out. Instead, the creature keeps whining as he pulls his arms away, curling his legs up defensively and tucking his arms between his chest and his knees.

“I'm sorry,” Eleven says as he stands. “I didn't want to hurt you, just stop you. Are you alright?”

Norman stays where he is and does not answer. He's upset. He never wanted to be back in this world, and although he has some happy moments with Sammy and simply living his life unmolested, it's times like these where he really wishes he just does not exist anymore. His arms hurt, and Joey's back, and when Eleven jumped him, he got real scared. He just doesn't want to be hurt anymore.

Comforting the creature through touch seems like a bad idea, so Eleven decides to give Norman some space, taking Joey and leaving the kitchen to allow him time to pull himself together.

Although Joey does not sneak into Bendy's room every night, he makes it enough of a habit that Bendy starts getting uneasy in the evenings. Night time used to be a happy thing for the demon. He often gets something to eat, then goes up to his comfortable room. Sammy is almost always in bed before him, already warming the blankets and waiting to drowsily greet the demon. Sliding into bed and snuggling down with Sammy is honestly one of the highlights of Bendy's day.

But Joey Drew has a way of ruining the good things in Bendy's life. Now Bendy spends his evenings wondering if Joey is going to show up tonight. Sometimes he gets so anxious that he skips his evening snack, and greets the sleepy Sammy with a bite instead of a nuzzle. Henry notices Bendy's change in mood, but figures the demon is just worried about his looming interviews.

Late one night Joey is using Bendy, this time with the demon's face down and ass up. Joey hums and grunts with pleasure as he runs his hands over Bendy's rump and thighs. The demon, as always, pulls comfort from Sammy, holding his hand tightly and gazing at his mate while letting himself get fucked.

Joey runs his hand down Bendy's spine, feeling the smooth skin stretched over bone. Then he draws his hand back and wraps it around the base of Bendy's tail, tickling the tender underside with his
fingertips as he does so. Already agitated, Bendy's sensitive tail lashes, but Joey doesn't take the hint. Bendy growls and tries to twist his hips away, which causes Joey to release the tail to hold onto his hips and keep him in place.


“Are you about done?” Bendy grumps.

“Hush.”

“Joey, I swear, if you cum inside me again-”

“I said hush!” Joey gives Bendy's rump an open palm smack, then grips the cheek tightly. Then he reaches around to rub Bendy's clit.

Surprised, Bendy's hips tuck and his back arches up. Joey pushes down on Bendy's back to get his hips to stick out again, then holding him there, continues to rub his clit.

Bendy is very sensitive, especially with female anatomy. With the smooth motion of Joey's hips and steady stimulation of his fingers, Bendy actually starts to feel aroused, and even like he may cum. He's not sure how he feels about this, though he's not one to shy away from climaxing.

The problem is solved for Bendy when Joey cums, dropping his hand away and stopping all stimulation. Bendy growls in frustration. Not only did Joey cum inside him again, he teased the demon without providing release. Joey is proving himself to be a very rude bedmate.

Joey sits back with a sigh, running a thumb down along the edge of Bendy's slit as he does so.

Without moving from his spot, Bendy tells Sammy, “Sam. Get up there and finish me off.”

Having gotten into the habit of sleeping nude, Sammy quickly takes the spot Joey vacates. Joey sits back to watch as Sammy strokes himself into half mast, then rubs himself against Bendy's rump to finish his arousal. Ready to rut, Sammy pushes inside Bendy's well lubed hole. Bendy huffs with pleasure as he's filled with Sammy's much more satisfying length. A few wiggles of Sammy's hips and he hits that sweet spot deep inside Bendy's tunnel. The demon mews and pushes back, flipping his tail up over his back invitingly. Turned on beyond words, Sammy grips the base of that tail and uses it to slam Bendy up and down on his cock. Sammy pulls out almost all the way before shoving back in, hitting Bendy's g spot repeatedly as hard as he can.

Bendy's fists twist into the blankets as he's fucked good and hard. “S-Sammy. Oh, Sammy. Fuck yes.” Drool escapes from behind Bendy's teeth. His horns start to brush against the headboard from Sammy mating him so hard. Then Sammy's hand wanders down to work Bendy's clit. He knows just the right about of pressure: not too rough, but not real light, either. Ironically, Sammy is doing the exact same thing Joey was doing a moment ago. Yet with Sammy, it feels fantastic instead of nauseating.

“Fuck, Sammy, don't stop. Right there. Fuck. Fuck! Aah, Sammy, more, please don't stop. S-samSAM!” Bendy cums, gasping as his back rolls and bucks on its own accord, his hips jerking repeatedly. Feeling Bendy tighten so nicely around him, Sammy cums as well, riding Bendy's spasming body as he finishes deep inside.

Sammy drops to all fours over Bendy's back, panting. Bendy starts meowing again when his mate gently touches his overstimulated and swollen clit.

“Wait,” Joey interrupts the post orgasm bliss. “He gets to cum inside you? Why's that?”
“Cause his cum is made of ink, stupid. I can adsorb it, no problem. Yours I have to push out.” Bendy's voice is muffled from where his head is still wedged into the bed. “Sammy, let me up.”

Sammy obeys, and Bendy slowly gets to his hooves and goes to the bathroom to expel Joey's seed from his body.

Joey stands with a stretch and a satisfied yawn. “Well, Bendy, I'm glad to be back. Looks like Henry and I are going to have a great business together. And I've got my very own cum dumpster. How convenient. Good night!”

With that, Joey leaves, shutting the door behind him.
Chapter Summary

This is late. This is so, so late. People started to ask if I was going to finish this fic. I AM! I promise.

Thanks to PhoenixFireAndSanelyInsane for helping me with the interview! I got so burnt out by taking so long to write this thing, and she really helped drag me through it.

....Also, by popular demand, Eleven x Henry is blooming. You're welcome.

There is concern about Bendy's trip to New York City, and not just due to releasing a demon into a crowded city of 7 million people. With Joey back, Agent Eleven and Henry are worried about leaving him alone with Norman.

“Well, both of us have to go,” Henry states.

“I can't imagine dealing with Bendy alone,” Eleven agrees.

“And I need you as backup,” Henry confirms. “So that means Norman has to be left alone with Joey.”

“Why doesn't Joey stay in his RV, just for the two days we're gone? He can plug it in.”

“That may be for the best,” Henry says. “I would trust Norman to behave, but he really seems to dislike Joey.”

“There's a story there we haven't heard,” Eleven says. The FBI agent keeps attempting to approach Joey to get answers out of him, but the man proves quite slippery. He avoids Eleven when possible, and when asked a direct question, he manages to side-step it.

“Unfortunately, Norman's not about to tell it,” Henry replies.

“Neither is Sammy. Bendy seems rather closed lipped about everything, too,” Eleven muses.

“We'll have to work on it when we return.”

With the details sorted, Bendy and Sammy, along with Henry and Eleven, hop a plane to New York City. The only problem they encounter happens during security. The TSA agent looks at Sammy's passport, then at the musician, then back again.

“Why is he wearing a mask?” she asks.

“What's it matter? He's got it on in his passport, too,” Bendy says.

“I can't confirm that this is really... 'Samuel Lawrence.'”

“Are ya dumb?”
“Are you resisting?” the TSA agent starts to get angry.

Bendy pops his tail against the floor and smirks.

At this point Agent Eleven must step forward, showing his own badge, and vouching for Sammy's identity. Throughout the whole airport, Bendy grips Sammy's wrist so tightly that his claws break skin and make ink drip down the man's hand. Henry notes this unusual behavior; Bendy is normally more independent than clingly. But, once again, he shrugs off Bendy's clear anxiety. Anyone would be nervous while traveling to a new city.

Once at the New York airport, they are met by a driver sent from the talk show Bendy is scheduled for tomorrow. They are shown into a nice car and driven to an upscale hotel deep within the city. Bendy spends the drive with his face against the window, staring at the massive skyscrapers and the overwhelming press of humanity. His fear of humans has abated slightly, but he still feels a tension in his limbs and a flutter in his chest at the sight of so many.

Bendy reaches over and snags Sammy's battered wrist yet again, squeezing it until the man grunts in pain. Sammy is a constant in the demon's life. Just his wrist in Bendy's fist, and him being there next to him, hips touching, is a comfort.

Their hotel room is a nice suite. Bendy immediately claims the room with a large picture window overlooking the bustling city far below, and a view of the city skyline. Henry and Eleven take the side room. The two demon handlers decide to eat dinner in the fancy hotel restaurant.

“In any case, it seems safer than taking them out into the city,” Eleven says dryly.

“I'd like to take them sight seeing, even just a little bit,” Henry suggests. “It seems like a shame, to go all the way to New York and not act like a tourist.”

“Is that a good idea?” Eleven asks, doubt coloring his voice.

“Let's see how he does for his interviews, and go from there.”

The restaurant is quite upscale. While Sammy has good table manners, Bendy still needs work. It doesn't help that the monster doesn't see the point in such strange human habits; food is for eating, what does it matter how one goes about it? Still, few people care enough to approach a literal demon about proper use of silverware, so they are left alone.

With buzz about the new movie, the demon's appearance in public is not unexpected. At this point, Bendy doesn't even notice the constant cell phone pictures and mutterings whenever he and Sammy enter a room.

Later that night, Henry knocks on Bendy's doorjamb and steps inside. The demon is looking out the window at the city lights, tail flicking as he watches headlights sweep across the streets and windows light up and go dark. It's very different from the quiet, moonlit pastures and pond that Bendy sees outside of his own bedroom window.

“Bendy?” Henry says softly.

“Hm?” is the distracted answer.

“Are you feeling alright? You seem a little... tense.”
Bendy pulls away from the window to gaze at Henry. He hesitates. He wants to tell Henry about what Joey is up to. He is distracted when Sammy slips out of his trousers and into bed.

“Ooh. Did ya see that ass?” the demon says lewdly, tail lashing. “I'm gonna hit that.”

Ignoring this, Henry steps closer, bringing his son into a tight hug. “You know you can talk to me about anything, right?”

“Yes, Henry...” Bendy mumbles into the hug, leaning down into it. He grunts when Henry starts to squeeze and pet the base of one horn. He huffs softly at the attention, and aches to let loose and spill everything. But then Bendy considers for a moment how Henry’s face would fall and how his gentle heart would break.

“I'm fine. Just a lot goin' on, ya know?”

“Sure, Bendy. Ok.” Henry gives Bendy one last squeeze, then releases him. “I know you want to, uh, copulate in this exciting new location, so I'll leave you alone.”

The side room only offers one queen sized bed. Henry offers to take the sleeper couch, but Eleven waves the offer away.

“Please, Henry. We've known each other for months. I'm not going to have you sleep on an uncomfortable bed when this one's big enough for both of us.”

The older man shrugs, not about to argue. The two settle in for the night, ignoring the mating sounds coming from the other room. Henry prefers to sleep in pajamas, while Eleven is more comfortable in boxers and a plain white undershirt.

A bit later, Henry lies awake in the still night. Other than the sounds of the hotel as their neighbors live their own lives, all is quiet. But Henry is anxious. There's something going on in his house, in his family. And he doesn't know what it is. Henry has the distinct feeling that Bendy is, somehow, in danger. The feeling is so strong he feels compelled to get up and check on him.

Bendy is exactly where he should be: tucked into bed with Sammy. Still, Henry slips into his room to adjust the demon’s covers, making sure he's warm. He pats his sleeping son's head right between the horns, just happy to see him breathe. After a moment, he decides to pat Sammy, too, just because he deserves it for dealing with Bendy all the time. When he does so, he pauses, surprised. Has Sammy always been a thumb sucker? Henry thinks he would have noticed such behavior earlier. Is this another sign that there is unseen stress in their lives?

Still overly concerned, yet reassured for the moment, Henry returns to his room. Eleven is curled on his side, sleeping without so much as a snore or a wheeze. He looks younger in his sleep, Henry notes. The agent's hair is rumpled, his lips lightly parted, his face relaxed.

Comforted that his odd little family is safe and secure, Henry lies back down, trying to move slowly. But he isn’t slow enough.

“Henry?” Eleven blinks up at him as he settles.

“Sorry. Go back to sleep.”

But even half asleep, Eleven is too perceptive to Henry’s mood. “What's going on?”

Henry sighs. “There's something going on with Bendy, and I don't know what. He won't tell me.”
“He does seem a little more high strung than usual.”

Henry smiles at Eleven. Of course he noticed. The FBI agent notices everything. “I'm worried about him.”

Eleven shifts slightly, getting more comfortable. Henry is worried, so he checks on his child in the middle of the night. Eleven finds it endearing, really. Henry cares so much about these monsters. “Well, regardless of what's going on, you can't do anything about it tonight. We'll have to keep our ears open, and hopefully, we can figure this out.”

“Thanks, Eleven. I'm glad I'm not managing all this by myself. I should have known I can count on you.”

“We have an early morning tomorrow. Can you sleep?”

Henry tries to settle in, he really does. But he finds himself tossing and turning, restless.

“Henry-”

“I'm keeping you awake. I'll just-”

Eleven knows that Henry is a touchy-feely guy, prone to hugs and pats. So when he starts to get out of bed, Eleven catches his arm and pulls him close into a hug. Henry tenses for a moment, then relaxes, suddenly realizing just how tired he is. And how much he misses being held. It works like a charm. Within minutes, Henry falls asleep in Eleven's strong arms.

Eleven is used to sleeping solo. Unlike Henry, he's never been married. He's had a few flings, sure, but they were short lived. His job keeps him too busy to get to know anyone well enough to share a bed with them. Still, Henry's breath puffing evenly against Eleven's skin is soothing, even if it is unfamiliar. He feels warm, too, much warmer than he would be on his own. It takes him a few minutes longer, but Eleven follows Henry to sleep.

The next morning, the knock on the door comes much earlier than expected. Henry opens it to the driver, ready to take them to the recording studio.

“Oh. Oh, no, they told us we don't have to be ready for another half hour! Bendy's still in bed!”

Henry leaves the door open for the driver and scurries to Bendy's room. Sure enough, the two are still out cold. Henry hesitates. He doesn't have food or anything to bribe the demon up with. Still, he has to try...

Henry begins petting Bendy, nudging him as he does so. “Bendy. Bendy, dear, it's time to get up. You need to do your interview.”

It takes some praising and cheerleading, but finally Henry leads a sleepy demon out of the room by his wrist. Bendy is using his other hand to rub his eye.

“H'nry. Food.”

“There will be food at the studio. The sooner we get there, the sooner we can eat.”

The demon looks over his shoulder towards the bedroom, where Sammy is still getting dressed. “Sam! Move your ass! Food!”

Bendy is even grumpier than usual this morning. There's a crowd of excited fans to meet them when
the transport van is parked, and Eleven looks out the window at them, concerned. 

“Bendy, I know you're hungry, but you need to behave. Remember, this is to promote your movie.”

“I know, I know, Agent Asshole. Jis’ shaddup n lemme work.” Dragging Sammy behind him, Bendy steps out to greet his fans. He poses for pictures with them and signs autographs by manipulating his own ink and shooting it through the air onto the offered paper. The crowd goes crazy over his ink tricks. Still, he doesn't stay long with them. He slips inside as soon as he's able.

Once inside, they're shown to their dressing room. Bendy descends on the laden food table right away, devouring breakfast sweets eagerly. Sammy joins him and takes some food at a much more reasonable rate. The peace doesn't last long.

An assistant comes hurrying in. “Oh, you're finally here!” she says. All her movements seem to be in super speed.

“I, um. I understand that now.” She's now speaking in a slow, careful tone.

Bendy is still growling, but his focus is back on the food. Eleven relaxes. If Bendy's going to bite anything now, it'll be processed and loaded with sugar.

“We need to go to makeup,” the assistant tries again, much slower this time. “To get you ready for the camera.”

“Why?” Bendy asks, mouth full of food. “I'm just gonna be myself. Don't need any.”

“It's so you look good on camera,” Henry tries. “You're going to be seen by everyone watching the show on TV. You want to look your best, don't you?”

“I always look my best,” he purrs. But Henry's appeal to his ego works. He follows her to makeup, his trail of handlers and support following him.

The makeup artist looks alarmed at the creature in his chair. “Um..” He’s not sure how to handle such a thing. He's only done humans before. “Let's just put some color on your cheeks...” He grabs the blush and starts to cake it heavily onto Bendy's pure white face. The demon squeezes his eyes shut against the powder, then catches what he's doing in the reflection of the mirror.

“The fuck? I don't have pink cheeks. I never have pink cheeks. Wanna know why? Cause my blood is black, not red!” He starts scrubbing the makeup off his face. “My blush is gray, dummy...”

“Ah, Mr. Bendy, the lights will wash out your face on camera! You need the contrast to show up.”

“Then use gray blush.”

“I don't, um. I don't have gray blush...”

The artist is saved when the assistant practically breaks down the door. “No time! Due now! Stage! Quick! Please don't eat me!”
Bendy grumbles as he finishes wiping the mess off his face, following the assistant.

Walking next to the assistant, Henry quickly gives her some ground rules. “Bendy has no filter, and no normal social graces. He will curse, he will be lewd, he will say exactly what’s on his mind. Only ask questions you want to know the unfiltered answers to. Be prepared to bleep out half of what he says to make him TV friendly…” She scribbles down notes and nods as he speaks.

Bendy is loaded into the side stage, where he's told to wait as the TV talk show host does his introduction.

“Bendy,” Eleven says. “There will be a large audience of people. They're going to remain seated behind the cameras. They'll laugh and respond to what you say, but they will not go near you. You will only have the host nearby.”

Bendy gazes at him but does not respond. He squeezes Sammy's wrist tighter and tighter with stress.

Finally, Bendy's cue is given. With a final squeeze, Bendy snaps Sammy's wrist bones in two, then sweeps out on stage, switching personalities as he waves to the crowd and struts to the easy chair set out for him.

Sammy collapses to his knees, holding his arm awkwardly as it bends out at a bad angle, flopping to the side. He cries out in pain, then settles down to a quiet whimper as the uninitiated humans panic at the random violence.

Eleven keeps the other humans away from Sammy to keep Bendy from reacting protectively. Henry kneels down to comfort Sammy and try to keep him quiet as he keeps an eye on Bendy. He holds the whimpering creature and pets his bald head as Bendy settles in the easy chair, flipping his tail around so it has room to wag freely.

The man across from him gives him a big, somewhat nervous grin. “Let's give Bendy here a warm welcome, everyone!” he says. Once the crowd settles down, he looks back to Bendy. “Welcome to the show, big guy! I'm Brandon Odell, in case you didn't know. How are you feeling today?”

Bendy refrains from looking over his shoulder at Sammy. He wishes his emotional support pet is here on stage with him, but hides his discomfort well. “Ah, well, ya know. Country demon in the big city. My first time in sucha big place. Lotsa people here.”

Brandon laughs. “Well you're among friends, so no worries there! Now, I've got a few questions here for you if you're ready! Don't worry, it's not like a math test; there's no wrong answers!”

Bendy grins as his tail flicks. “I've never taken a math test before. But fire away, Brando.”

“I think our first question should be how you've been enjoying the movie business! Is it anything like what you expected?”

“Ah, I'm enjoyin' it well enough. But, nah, it's not what I thought at all. It's a lotta work! People demandin' I do this n that, tellin' me what I can n can't do. Don't eat that, stand there, follow your cues, stop chewin' on him, you can't have sex here. That sorta thing.”

Brandon gives a nervous chuckle. “Yeah, we heard about that! Did you really try to eat some of your costars?”

“Pfft. Nah. Look, my job was to look like a big scary monster who'se tryina eat people. I just did my job real well, that's all!”

The host nods and adjusts his tie. “I'll say! We have a clip here to show of a chase scene, care to provide some behind the scenes commentary, tell us what was going on, what you were thinking?”
he inquires as the TV behind him turns on and starts playing the clip.

“Oh, geez. This bit. Yeah, this is part o one of the longer chase scenes. I kept tryina get the director
to let me run closer, even pounce on em. That way it looks more real, n they don't hafta do all that
computer graphics crap. But she wouldn't let me.” He shifts his legs, propping one up on the armrest
of the chair. He's not actually that at ease, but if nothing else, Bendy is a good actor.

“Well those claws do look pretty sharp. And I was informed that they're real, not special effects.”

“Yup! My so called costume is almost all me. All makeup did was glue those bits o fur to me. My
claws, my teeth, my horns.” Bendy is obviously proud of this, preening a bit as be brags.

Brandon nods. “Care to show us the claws? Just the claws, on one hand. Don't want to give the
audience too much of a fright!”

Bendy grins as he extends a hand, flexing his claws. He pushes them a bit to make them even longer
and sharper, with a wicked curve to them. They look massive and deadly.

“Amazing! I suppose that helped you get the part, huh?“

“Wanna know a secret? The casting crew contacted me! I didn't hafta interview or audition or
nothin'. Smart move, too. Their B movie is getting' tons of attention, thanks ta me.”

Brandon nods. “It sure is! And because of the disappearances on set. I believe an actress and her
sister, an intern, disappeared, right?”

“Ah, yeah, there was some drama on set. Didn't really effect me, other than havin' to talk to the cops.
But the mystery has drummed up interest. Maybe a forest spirit took em, eh?” He's acting a little
flippant about the disappearance and possible death of two people.

Brandon looks a bit more nervous. “Some people seems to think you did it because of your...
questionable history. Anything to say on that?”

“That's jis humans for ya. I'm different, so they'll always think I'm up to no good. I mean, it's gotta be
the demon, right? But, hey, I've got my very own FBI agent on my tail 24/7, so, pretty sure it wasn't
me.”

The man has to laugh at that. “Alright, alright, now I've got a fun one here before I let you go. They
allow me one random question per interview, and I think I picked a good one this time!”

“Yeah?” Bendy perks up a little, interested. His tail flicks across his lap before returning to its sweep
across the floor.

“If you were in the adult entertainment industry, what would your stage name be?”

“Oh, ya mean like porn? I'd prolly just use my real name. But, uh, I dunno. Something like
Bottlebrush Bendy. Ya wanna know why?”

Brandon hesitantly nods.

He holds his hand up like he's covering his mouth from the audience, and in a stage whisper, the
demon says, “cause my dick's got sharp spikes on it!”

The host blushes a bit as most of the audience burst out laughing. “W-well, that's probably a good
name, then!”
Bendy gives him a shit eating grin. “I can show ya after the show, if ya want...” He winks at the audience.

“No thank you! I'm not realy into that!” He flips through his cards anxiously. “Uuh...”

Bendy cackles, happy to have derailed the interviewer so badly. Humans are truly odd creatures.

“I'm agraid that's all the time we have today, Bendy. We hope you'll return for another interview after the movie is released!”

“Sure, sure... You're just intimidated ta be on stage with me, knowin' what I'm packin'!” He winks again, then hops to his hooves and bows to the audience before strutting off stage.

Brandon gives the cameras a nervous grin. “And we'll be back after the break, folks!” Once the cameras are off, he hurries to the green room backstage.

After the interview is finally done, Bendy is shuffled back into the van and taken to three more talk shows, all of which go more or less the same. A few close calls, a few disasters, a few broken bones. After these, Bendy is exhausted, and Sammy is quite battered.

“Bendy,” Henry says, petting his horns as they ride in the van. “Would you like to see the city a little? There's some famous landmarks here.”

“Like the Eiffel Tower?”

“No, that's in Paris, France.”

“Oh. That leaning tower of pizza?”

“Pisa. And that's in Italy.”

“That big ole stone cat, then, with the face?”

“The sphinx is in Egypt.”

“Then what the hell is here?”

Eleven speaks up. “The Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, Times Square, One World Trade Center, several very famous museums, Central Park, Rockefeller Center, some huge cathedrals, and an iconic toy shop.”

“Toy shop?” Bendy perks up.

Henry looks at him, amused. Bendy has never shown interest in this sort of thing before. “So do you want to look around, Bendy?”

“Yeah, I guess... I did want to see the world. Might as well start here...”

“Sammy?” Henry asks. “Are you up to this?”

Still holding his now twice broken arm, Sammy nods. “I will do whatever my lord wishes.”

“That's, uh. Not really what I asked...”

“We'll stop by and get him a sling, so his arm won't be... All over the place...” Eleven offers.

from reacting from his arm flopping around.”

Unfortunately the van isn't theirs for personal use, so they get dropped back at the hotel.

“Why don't we get a taxi and have them drive us around a little?” Eleven suggests. “That might be safer than stuffing these two on a subway.

Henry agrees, and hails down a taxi. After a quick stop to get Sammy a sling, they're driving around, Bendy in the front seat as he asks questions about everything. Including things like “Why do your fire hydrants look so weird?”

Since they only have half a day here, some choices have to be made while the cab driver takes Bendy past several landmarks, including Times Square. After some debate, Henry and Eleven decide the Statue of Liberty, The Empire State Building, and by popular request, the toy shop, are the most important stops.

At the Ellis Island ferry, Bendy is fascinated by the huge amount of water that seems to stretch on without end. He hangs over the railing to stare down at it.

“Hey Henry. Why's it a gross gray color? It ain't that deep blue like it is in cartoons.”

“The water here is a little dirty from the city,” Henry explains.

“N there's no sand. There's supposed ta be sand!”

“There's not always a beach where water meets land.” Henry pats the disappointed demon. “There are all kinds of places in the world, Bendy. There are deep blue oceans and white sand beaches out there.”

Then the large boat arrives and Bendy forgets his reality check. He grabs Henry in one paw and Sammy's sling in the other. “I've never been on a boat before!” His tail lashes with excitement. It's quite hard to keep him calmly waiting for the boat to dock and people to disembark. When he cuts the line, no one wants to tell the overexcited demon no.

Once onboard, Bendy gets the zoomies. He races up and down the decks, mostly on two legs, but sometimes dropping to all fours. He howls as he crashes around corners and bounces off the railing.

Distressed, Henry hands the suffering Sammy off to Eleven and goes to distract Bendy and try to get him to calm down.

“Henry, Henry! Are there any sharks in the water?”

“Probably not this far north, kiddo. Why don't you come here so you can share this moment with Sammy?”

Bendy is slightly more manageable the rest of the ride. Of course, they take the tour once on the island. Bendy gets excited all over again, babbling that he's never been on in island before.

For the most part, Sammy is quiet. He's experienced enough during his human life that these things don't feel novel like they do to Bendy. That, and as always, it's hard to keep his mind focused on what's going on around him. He mostly sees Agent Eleven by his side, and occasionally Bendy when he calms down enough to stand by his side, and figures he must be ok if his friends are here. He'll let them take care of navigation and what to do next. Sure, Sammy sees the different sights around him, but when he gazes at the gray water or the famous giant statue, it mostly doesn't register in his mind. He might as well be looking blankly at a postcard.

The Empire State Building is similar, though less stimulating for Bendy. Most of the trip is waiting in
an elevator while they get to the top of the building. Thankfully the attendant listens when Agent Eleven mumbles to him that Bendy needs a slightly less crowded elevator ride. Once at the top of the building, though, Bendy does run around with excitement at the massive, spreading view of the city. Henry gives him quarters so he can use the binoculars and peek down at the people so far below.

Finally, they go to FAO Schwartz. They enter the magical space, and Bendy cranes his neck to see the singing, dancing toys above his head.

“Henry? Where are the Bendy toys? They've gotta have them here, right?” the demon asks innocently.

Henry stammers a moment, exchanging a worried glance with Eleven. There are no Bendy toys currently in production, and haven't been for 30 years. “Ah, Bendy. They're, uh, Still being made. You know, since you've updated your look.” It's a very thin lie, but Bendy is too distracted to pay much attention to it. He ends up picking an odd purple monster plush to take home. After Bendy is done looking around the store, they get dinner at a nice restaurant.

Finally, after a very long day, they're back at the hotel.

“My lord, why am I wearing this?” Sammy asks, pointing to his sling.

“Ah, ya got busted up a while ago. You're prolly fine, now.” Bendy pulls the thing off Sammy, who flexes his arm. He doesn't even remember hurting it. Bendy pats him gently.

“Am tired, SamSam. Ready for bed?”

“Yes, my lord.” The two monsters vanish into their room together.

Exhausted beyond words, Henry plops down on the couch next to Agent Eleven. “Well that was difficult.”

“We managed to avoid disasters, though,” Eleven replies. “If you told me last fall that I'd be escorting a demon through New York City, I'd have doubted you. If you told me last winter that Bendy would walk through New York City without taking a single soul, I would have laughed at you.”

“Life is odd, isn't it? Not exactly what I had in mind when I thought of taking my kid to the big apple...” Henry pauses here, missing his biological children. He hopes his daughters are doing well. It's been so long since he's so much as heard from them.

Eleven senses Henry's mood and drapes an arm over him. Henry flashes a grin at the agent. It seems the agent, who's always so alert and on edge, is beginning to relax around Henry. He likes it. It makes the old animator feel like he has a friend.

The next morning, though, Bendy is in a mood. It's time to go home, and he doesn't seem to want to. He drags his hooves, clutching his purple monster, and complains about everything.

“What's wrong, Bendy? Did you get enough sleep?” Henry asks. The demon only grunts in reply.

“He's probably overstimulated,” Eleven offers.

“Shaddup, Agent Asshole. Ya don't know nothin'bout nothin',” Bendy grumps at him. Bendy just doesn't want to go back to Joey. His house, his home, has been tainted by Joey. Now instead of thinking of home as that safe place where he can be completely comfortable and around people he (mostly) cares about, the thought of home only brings Joey to mind. He growls softly and pops his tail on the ground. He knows he can't go on like this. He resolves to tell Joey where to shove it next time he gets too grabby.
The plane ride home is uneventful. The demon is quickly becoming an experienced traveler. He doesn't even mind it too much. The humans are pretty organized in airports, and they're under enough time pressure that they don't take too long to stare at him. The ride itself is soothing, and Bendy often falls asleep during them, half curled up on top of Sammy.

When they finally return home, Joey meets them outside in a huff. “There you are! I'm tired of living out in this old RV. Can't you keep that projector head under control?”

Bendy snarls at him as he stomps by, otherwise pretending he doesn't exist. Henry stops to talk to Joey, soothing him for the minor inconvenience of having to stay in his own living quarters for two days. Like a parasite, Joey follows everyone inside, already pestering the travel weary Henry about their studio plans.

Bendy lies awake that night. He's got Sammy next to him, who's sucking his thumb and clinging to his battered old Bendy plush he had in the studio all those years. Bendy's own plush monster is next to him. He should feel safe. He should be able to sleep... After all, he's determined to not let Joey touch him anymore.

As expected, his door opens. Bendy growls softly. He can't help it. The demon sits up as Joey slinks to his bedside.

“Ya might as well turn round n go back ta Hell, Joey. I ain't lettin' you touch me. If ya do... I'll bite.”

Joey eyes Bendy in the darkness of his room, the only light is the moon shining through the window. He hesitates a moment... Then calls Bendy's bluff by getting into his bed, anyway.

“I said fuck off!” Bendy kicks him, his hoof barking Joey's shin, but not nearly as hard as the bone snapping force he's able to deliver. Still, Joey grunts as the impact.

“Ungrateful little shit...” the man mumbles at his creation.

Sammy stirs, sitting up as well. “My lord?”

“Go back to sleep, Sammy. Joey was just leaving.”

“Yeah, sure, Bendy, I'll leave. Just as soon as you give me what I need.” Joey starts to climb on top of Bendy, shoving the monster down. The demon snarls and follows through with his threat, biting Joey's forearm. But, again, he pulls his punch, and his teeth barely nick Joey's thin skin.

The man chuckles. “Oh, Bendy. Is that all you've got? Can't even fight off an old man?”

Bendy only growls as Joey forces his legs apart. He's stronger, dammit. He can do this. He can! Then why does he feel so helpless? Pinned under Joey's soulless eyes, Bendy feels like the tiny, powerless creature he once was. It's irrational and it makes Bendy furious. But it's that helpless fury that doesn't actually help him defend himself.

He goes limp and forms the requested body part as Joey chuckles. Once again, Bendy finds himself trapped in a never ending loop full of fear and pain.
Joey Drew Studios

Chapter Summary

Happy Halloween!
This chapter is a little weird and disjointed, but I'm trying to wrap up loose ends while setting up for the (final) major story line.
On that note, if anyone wants to see anything happen, or has any suggestions, let me know!

Life settles down into a rhythm, uneasy as it is. The new and improved Joey Drew Studios is officially up and running again, and Joey and Henry are trying to hire new people. The problem is, the once booming Midwestern town is now tiny. The place is almost a ghost town. It's not exactly a draw to talented animators in the way LA or New York City would be. To add to the problem, Joey Drew Studios has become a somewhat cursed name among animators and artists. Henry spends a lot of time on the phone, talking to interested people, but nothing has come of it yet.

“Hey Bendy, come here!” Henry calls. When the demon shows up in the animation room, Henry points at a Bendy design pinned to the cork board. “What do you think of the redesign?”

Bendy looks at the tiny toon. Cartoon Bendy looks much like he used to, except now he has a tail and a pair of hooves. The horns are a bit longer and more pointed, but they still curve inward cutely. The demon can't help but to grin. “He looks more like me now!”

“I thought you would like that,” Henry smiles. “I thought it would be best if we updated his look a little. Follow your new design.”

Bendy looks around the room. A storyboard is also on the wall, and Henry’s desk has a pile of papers as well as something more unfamiliar. Bendy picks it up. “I didn't know ya have an iPad.”

“It's not an iPad,” Henry explains. “It's a tablet for drawing. While the sketches and storyboards and such are still going to be drawn traditionally, Joey and I decided the cartoon itself should be a little more modern. So we're going digital. It will be much faster to animate that way.”

Bendy looks doubtful. “No ink?”

“You get to keep all your ink to yourself,” Henry tries to soothe.

Bendy shrugs and carelessly drops the tablet back to the table with a clatter, obviously not impressed. But, as Henry said before, Bendy is not really a part of the new Joey Drew Studios. These decisions are not his to make.

Henry flinches at the rough treatment of his equipment, but knows better than to make a fuss about it. The bigger a deal Henry makes, the more encouraged the demon will be to make trouble.

Bored, Bendy leaves the art room. He stalks the house the way he used to patrol his studio hallways. Where's Sammy? Normally when he's missing, Bendy can find him in their room, hunched over his silly music machine, obsessively adjusting notes over and over as he listens to the same bar endlessly. But he's not there now.
Bendy connects to him mentally, and blinks in surprise. Sammy is having sex. He knows exactly where to find the musician now.

Bendy goes downstairs and opens Norman's ground floor room. He doesn't come in here often, as he finds the Projectionist rather boring. Inside, though, he sees Sammy naked, except for his collar, and flat on his back on the monster's bed. He moans as Norman stands next to the bed and holds Sammy's legs over his shoulders. Norman rolls his hips smoothly, working Sammy gently and carefully.

When Bendy appears next to the distracted Projectionist unexpectedly, the monster squawks in surprise and drops Sammy's legs, stumbling backwards in fear as his light flickers frantically. Sammy's legs drop to the floor with a thud and he almost slides off the bed, but manages to catch himself with his hands and sits up.

"Hello, my lord," Sammy says, undisturbed. Bendy knows they mate now and then. The demon can smell Norman's ink on him whenever it happens. Bendy doesn't care; as an ink creature, Norman is firmly trapped under Bendy's control, which makes him safe. It's the humans he wants Sammy to stay away from. Humans are dangerous and Bendy doesn't trust a single one of them. Except for his Henry, of course, and Bendy supposes that Eleven has proven himself predictable and safe enough. So when he scents Norman on Sammy, Bendy tends to just breed Sammy, himself, to replace Norman's smell with his own. The former music director ultimately belongs to the demon, and all should know this.

Norman seems terrified, though, plastered against the wall as far as his wires and awkwardly shaped head allow, his light about to give Bendy a seizure as it flashes in his face.

Annoyed, Bendy holds a hand up to shade his face. "Did I tell ya ta stop, ya walkin' strobe light? Get back in there."

Norman hesitates a long moment, his flickering slowing down as he realizes that Bendy is not unhappy with him. He returns to his position as Sammy lies back and lifts his legs again. Bendy watches as Norman pushes back inside with a metallic grunt, and resumes his pace.

Bendy climbs on the bed and sniffs Sammy, then licks his face. The man seems to be enjoying himself, making soft sounds as his hands clutch at Norman as best as he can reach.

Bendy lowers his head and flicks his tongue out, teasing the tip of Sammy's cock. His body stiffens at the feel and he makes a pleasant sound. Bendy wraps his whole tongue around Sammy multiple times, then takes him into his mouth. Sammy twists on the bed, his hands now on Bendy's horns.

Sammy is very aware of the demon's deadly sharp teeth so close to his most sensitive and vulnerable spot. One twitch of his jaw and Samuel will have to change his name to Samantha. But that long, slender tongue does what no other tongue can do. The demon's mouth feels heavenly. He runs his fingers along Bendy's horns, petting them to encourage him to keep going. The combination of Bendy's mouth and Norman's cock is almost overwhelming, and the musician practically sings.

Norman doesn't like Bendy so close to his business end. The demon has never sexually molested him; Sammy seems to fill that role well enough. And the Projectionist is very grateful for that. He's got enough problems and trauma without adding rape to the pile. But Norman doesn't want to anger Bendy, and Sammy seems to be very happy, so Norman goes along with it. For now, anyway. Bendy hasn't touched him yet, so if he tips his head back and points his light at the ceiling, it's almost like they were never interrupted.

But Norman's good luck doesn't last long. Bendy quickly gets bored just using his mouth. He wants
his own dick to get wet. He pulls off of Sammy's cock with a lewd pop and grins up at Norman. “Wanna try sumthin'. Step back.”

The Projectionist quickly obeys, lowering Sammy's legs and taking two steps backwards. Bendy grabs Sammy and rolls him on his side, then lies next to him before rolling the man on top of the demon. Sammy cries out when Bendy's barbed cock thrusts needily and roughly inside him. Since he's already relaxed from Norman, it doesn't hurt quite as much as he's used to, but it still stings. Bendy rails him hard for a few moments, grunting as his back bucks and his hips slap into Sammy's behind. Sammy braces himself as best he can, but with his back held against Bendy's chest, it's an awkward position to hold.

“Ok,” Bendy pants. “Get in here.”

Norman pauses a moment, confused. Is Bendy talking to him? Get in where? His light settles on the two's sex. And suddenly understands. No. Oh, no. He doesn't want any part of that. He shakes his head and takes another step back. He doesn't want to have sex with Bendy, especially with those backwards facing barbs making ink leak from Sammy. The thought of his junk rubbing against that is almost enough for him to go soft. Almost.

“Norman...” Bendy growls a warning.

Shakily, he shuffles forward. He lifts Sammy's legs once again, which at least takes some of the strain of balancing on top of Bendy from the man. He prods at Sammy's stretched body, wondering if the two of them will even fit without tearing the poor creature apart. He also slips his finger against Bendy's barbs to see how bad this is going to be. If he had a mouth with saliva to gulp, he would.

The barbs are small and curved, but sharp. Anything pressed against them will feel pain. He whines at Bendy, wishing he would remove the barbs at least on 'his' side.

“Stop bein' such a baby and get in there!” Bendy is starting to sound unhappy. Norman grabs Sammy's hips and tilts his head back to look at the ceiling again. He pushes against the man, but the flesh doesn't really give. Sammy is already filled tightly. The musician squirms in pain and whimpers as the sensitive skin around his stretched hole is jabbed at.

Norman stops again. He doesn't want to hurt Sammy. That's not his way of doing things. Besides, the tormented creature gets more than his fair share of pain just by hanging out around Bendy all the time. He doesn't need more people hurting him. Needing some stimulation, Bendy rolls his hips, waiting for Norman to get it together and do as he's told. He growls as he bites at Sammy's withered ear. Then gets a cruel idea.

“Listen, light head. You get busy, or I'll start bitin' things off. N I won't be in a real hurry ta fix em back on, if I ever do at all.” To prove his point, he bites Sammy harder, taking a sliver of skin off of his neck and making him cry out.

Norman fumbles his hands where he holds onto Sammy's hips. Wait, really? Is Bendy serious? From the way Sammy's neck is bleeding, Bendy isn't playing around. Well... A torn hole is probably not as bad as a missing ear. At least, Norman hopes so. It's been a while since the Projectionist had ears, but he remembers them being quite sensitive. His reel holders are sensitive, anyway.

Bendy licks and nibbles at Sammy's ear as he eyes Norman. The musician whines and squirms, a
little nervous at what's happening. The Projectionist grabs Sammy's hips tightly, determined. He's sorry for what he's about to do, but he has little choice. There's no time for regrets or doubts now. He braces himself. No matter how much this is going to hurt Norman, it will hurt Sammy much worse.

Norman shoves into Sammy hard and fast, forcing his way in. As he scrapes along Bendy's cock, pushing the demon's barbs forward, his gears grind in pain. Norman doesn't look down, not wanting to see what he's doing to poor, poor Sammy. Sure enough, the creature Screams and reflexively tries to curl up and twist away. Bendy has him tight, though, and forces him to stay exactly where he is. Stay still and take it.

Norman doesn't move once he's in. He wants to give Sammy as long as possible to adjust. Plus he's not looking forward to feeling more of Bendy's cock. However, the demon has other plans.

Bendy is purring loudly. He loves the tight squeeze, and the pain of both creatures is just the cherry on his evil pleasure. Both seem stunned into being still, as Sammy pants and cries softly and Norman just leans against them, shivering. Though pinned under the weight of two monsters, Bendy starts to move. He has to use a hoof to get Norman to take at least some of his weight off the demon, but he's able to grab Sammy's hips and roll his back, pumping in and out just a little bit. He growls as Norman starts to whine louder, the barbs really digging in now.

"Move, Norman. C'mon, this ain't easy for me, you should be the one movin',""

Norman behaves. The faster Bendy finishes, the faster this will be over with. He makes horrid screeches as he thrusts. The warmth and tightness of Sammy's body feels wonderful, but Bendy's cock is like a piece of course sandpaper. He wishes his cock would go soft, then he would have a physical reason to stop. But Sammy, and the situation in general, is too arousing for him to go soft.

Bendy makes his own sounds, but his are ones of pleasure. He growls, purrs, and snarls at the double friction of Sammy and Norman. His claws dig into the suffering Sammy, slicing lines down his sides and puncturing his hips and ass cheeks.

Sammy is just trying to exist. His own erection is gone, and he absorbs the pain given to him with little complaint. He just quietly cries and moans, sometimes twitching or jerking when someone hits a nerve. He tries to brace himself using both his hands and feet, fingers grasping for something to cling to to ease the pain.

In an attempt to help Sammy, Norman takes him in hand and starts to pump him. The musician starts squirming again as his twisted mind can't help but associate the pain with sexual arousal. Norman gets the desired results. Soon Sammy is moaning as well as crying, his confused body feeling both agony and pleasure.

As usual, Bendy's goal is to cum; he doesn't try to drag this out longer. He's the first to finish, stilling as he growls and accidentally kicking Norman, who lets out another unhappy grinding sound. The demon goes limp with a grunt and a sigh, letting himself slide out of Sammy as the spikes scrape against two beings' most sensitive bits at the same time.

Now free of the barbs, Norman gives one last tiny shiver of pain and then picks up speed, finally able to enjoy this again. He keeps stroking Sammy, who twists and moans and, sooner than the Projectionist expects, finishes, his ink splattering across his belly. He settles down on top of Bendy with a mewl. The demon wraps his arms around Sammy, hugging him tightly as the pair wait for Norman.

Norman has a bit of a mental block to get over. He aims his light back on the ceiling and just focuses on the pleasure he feels, trying to ignore the stinging pain on the underside of his cock leftover from
Bendy. His gears start to grind as he gets close, then finally, hanging onto Sammy's calves and squeezing them tightly, he finishes, giving Sammy a second load.

Bendy doesn't give him much of a chance to recover. He's been pinned long enough. He kicks Norman back, making the top heavy creature nearly fall. He stumbles and catches himself on the wall. Bendy slips out from underneath Sammy, who moans softly at the movement.

Sammy props himself up on an elbow and looks down at himself. The pain is nothing new, really. But he feels an overwhelming desire to make use of the large bath tub in their master bathroom. The warm water would soothe his cramping stomach and wash the dripping ink off his legs and behind. Stiffly, he gets to his feet and puts on his mask. Sammy picks up his trousers, but doesn't bother to put them on. He just carries them through the house, padding naked through the whole thing on his way upstairs. With nothing better to do, Bendy follows him.

Henry leans against the counter next to the kitchen sink, gazing out the window as he helps Eleven with the dishes. The early fall weather is sunny and pleasant, and the ink creatures are outside and enjoying it. Henry watches as Searchers duck in and out of the moat and chase each other around. A pair of Lost Ones shamble by, hand in hand.

“I think that pot is clean,” Eleven teases Henry as he puts a handful of silverware into the dishwasher.

“Ah, sorry.” Henry rinses the pot he'd been absently scrubbing and takes a dish towel to dry it. “The ink creatures look happy. We should check their buildings before it gets too cold and make sure the heat works.”

“Mhmmm,” Eleven agrees, watching the stiff and painful way Henry's left arm moves. “How's physical therapy going?”

“Oh, you know. It hurts. But my arm always hurts, so I guess that's fine.”

“It's not fine. If it's still giving you this much trouble, you should go back to the doctor and see if there's anything else they can do. How are you going to run an animation studio if you're in pain all the time?” This isn't the first time they've had this conversation.

Henry looks down at the arm. He still can't straighten the elbow past a 90 degree angle, and it always aches. He sighs ruefully. “Well I'm not running it by myself. Joey's in there now, working on the job applications.”

“I would monitor Joey closely,” Eleven advises. “A man who's that good at evading questions has a lot of things to hide. According to his records, he hasn't had an apartment, a normal car, or any real physical address for decades. Just a driver's license, an RV, and a PO Box.”

“I'm sure he just needed a change after the studio went under.”

“Joey Drew puts out a lot of red flags, Henry. All I'm asking is that you be careful. I'm worried about you.”

Henry gives Eleven a smile. “You're always looking out for me, El.”

“It's my job,” the man winks back.

“Your job is to look out for Bendy, not watch my back in my choice of business partners,” Henry nudges his shoulder against Eleven as he picks a soapy frying pan up out of the sink.
“Did you even choose Joey? Didn't he just... Invite himself along?” Eleven questions.

Henry pauses, squeezing the sponge as he thinks a moment. “Yeah, I guess he did. All I needed was his signature to allow me to use his characters. He... Oh, hi there, Joey.”

“My ears are burning!” the man limps into the kitchen. “What are you two love birds chirping about now?”

“...Love birds?” Eleven mumbles, confused.

All three men pause and watch the naked Sammy walk through the kitchen, with Bendy trailing behind him. A moment later, the pair are gone, and the humans continue as if nothing had happened.

“Hey, Joey, I'm glad you're here,” Eleven says as he dries his hands on a dish towel.

Joey shifts his weight and leans against the counter, already brewing up another excuse.

“See, I have a bit of a problem,” the agent continues. “With Sammy insane and Norman mute, the only witnesses I have to what happened in the studio are you and Bendy. And Bendy gets awfully cagey when I start asking him questions.”

“What's there to ask?” Joey evades. “It was the demon's fault.”

“And who summoned the demon?”

Joey sighs and looks down at his hands. “Look, I didn't think it would work. It was a demon summoning ritual, I mean, come on. I was desperate to get some buzz about Bendy again. His popularity was down the pipes. If I didn't do something, well...”

“Joey, don't act like you just played with a ouija board. From what I've heard from Bendy, this was more involved than drawing a pentagram and saying some Latin words.”

Now Joey looks nervous. “And you believe what Bendy tells you?”

“Bendy had no reason to lie about this. He didn't really want to tell me in the first place.”

“Tell you what?” Henry asks, confused.

“I'm sorry, Henry, Bendy didn't want me to spread the details around,” Eleven explains. The demon doesn't want his dad to know that two children died to bring him to this world. Although with Joey around, Henry might end up hearing it. But it won't come from Eleven's mouth.

“Ah, so let me get this straight,” Joey says, a smug smile on his face. “Bendy told you something that was incriminating against me, but he doesn't want you to tell anyone else? Doesn't that sound like he's spreading lies because he hates me?”

Eleven gazes evenly at Joey. He hates to admit this to himself, but he trusts Bendy more than Joey. Eleven understands Bendy. The demon doesn't scheme or plan or spread lies. He just lives in the moment, however that might be. He only wants simple things, like food, sex, and comfort. But something about this slippery eel of a man sets off all of Eleven's alarm bells. “And why does he hate you?” the agent asks. “You brought him here. By all rights, he should see you as his father, not Henry.”

Joey waves Eleven's words away. “Oh, you know how he is. Fussy, pissy, particular...”

“Actually, I find him predictable and honest. If he has a problem with someone, there tends to be a
"reason behind it. So why does he hate you so much? And for that matter, why does Norman? Even Sammy seems uneasy around you."

Henry looks at Eleven, surprised. He hasn't noticed Sammy's continued unease around Joey. He doesn't doubt the agent, of course. But why hadn't he, himself, noticed these things?

Joey knows he needs to end this line of questioning, especially at the look of concern on Henry's face. Those bothersome ink creatures are going to cost him this sweet, comfy, rent free place. He lets out a cry and his bad leg gives, snapping Henry's attention back to him as he hurries forward and offers Joey his good arm.

"Come on, buddy, let's get you off that leg," he says, helping Joey into the living room.

Eleven just shakes his head. He's not surprised. Any time Joey gets uncomfortable with his questions, something comes up. His bum leg often makes a nice excuse to end a line of questioning. And poor Henry is so blinded by his old friendship that he doesn't seem to see Joey's sneaky ways.

Upstairs, Bendy follows Sammy into the bathroom. The musician starts drawing a bath while the demon watches.

"Whatchya doin' that for?" Bendy asks.

"Baths feel good. Have you ever had one?" When Bendy shakes his head, Sammy sets aside his mask and trousers and climbs into the oversized tub. "Will you join me?"

Bendy pauses, then climbs in also, settling so he's sitting opposite of Sammy. He runs his fingers through the warm water as it fills the tub. Sammy just sits back with a sigh, fixing his empty eye sockets on the ceiling and letting the soothing water ease his pain.

Once the tub is full and the water shut off, Bendy starts playing with the soap, squishing it through his fingers and popping bubbles with his claws. Sammy stays exactly how he is, feeling the cramps in his stomach fade.

Bendy has to admit, though, it does feel quite nice. The water warms him to his core, and the soft lapping sound is pleasant. He digs around until he finds one of Sammy's feet and plays with his toes a bit, making the man grunt softly. Yes, this is nice. If life would stay like this, and they get rid of Joey Drew, Bendy would be very happy.

That evening Henry and Bendy are enjoying couch time, with the demon napping on Henry's chest. Joey shuffles into the room.

"Ah, there you are, Henry. I wanted to ask you about something."

"Can it wait?"

Joey steps closer and looks down at the sleeping demon. "Actually, it's about him. I wanted to ask if you're sure about the new design."

"What's wrong with it? You wanted people to associated the cartoon with the real thing. This is how we do that, without really involving Bendy."

"His old design is cuter, friendlier. It fits his cartoon personality better. This new design is so... harsh."
Pointy hooves, pointy horns, pointy tail, all sharp edges. He needs to be rounder, softer looking.”

Joey pinches one of Bendy's hoof toes between his fingers, tugging at it and wiggling it. “Where did he get the idea for hooves, anyway?”

“Please don't wake him up. Bendy likes the new design, Joey. And it reflects his true personality. We had decided to base the cartoon off him.”

Joey keeps jabbing at Bendy's hoof. “I thought you meant base it off of 'real' Bendy back when he looked like he should.” The demon's tail starts to swipe and he kicks his leg slightly.

“If you wake him up, he's going to be really angry. I've only known Bendy as he is now. Look, Joey, the design is finalized. This isn't something I'm willing to change. I regretted letting you change his design the first time around.”

Joey huffs and snatch at Bendy's tail, grabbing it as it flicks by. Bendy jerks away instantly with a snarl and snaps his teeth so close to Henry's face he feels a fang graze the tip of his nose.

“Damn you, Joey! I said stop!” Henry pushes Bendy away from his face as best as he can with his bum arm. “Bendy, stop! I didn't touch your tail!”

Bendy looks over his shoulder and sees Joey standing there. He responds by tucking his legs and tail up, curling tighter on Henry.

“Ta fuck is your problem, Joey?” Bendy growls. “Can't ya ever let me sleep?”

Nervous that Bendy is about to spill the beans, Joey lifts both hands and takes a step back. “Sorry, sorry, I didn't realize you were so touchy. Keep the design, whatever you want. Just know that I think it's a bad idea.” Then he's gone, limping out of the room as fast as he can go.

Bendy growls and stands, no longer feeling relaxed enough to nap. Damn Joey has to ruin couch time, too?

Boris is another sore point when it comes to Joey. Bendy still tends to the wolf every day, kneeling next to him and pouring ink into his chest cavity. Eleven watches Bendy tend the wolf, then turns to Joey, who's talking nearby to Henry, shaking applications in the younger man's face.

“Joey?” he asks. “Why did you gut Boris?”

Joey pauses, and looks over at Eleven. “Bendy wasn't helping me with answers, so I tried to find them myself. I didn't think it was that big a deal, since the ink creatures heal so easily. But Boris never did. And Bendy is too lazy to heal him.”

Bendy's head snaps around. “What? I'm not lazy, ya asshat! I can't heal em. I tried!”

Joey looks at Bendy like he's dumb. “How hard did you try?”

Bendy looks a bit taken aback. He bites his lip and looks back at Boris. “I... I tried. I did.”

“How long did you try? Or did you try once real hard, then give up?” Bendy doesn't answer, so Joey continues. “There's a reason why I pushed you so hard, Bendy. You can do more than you think you can. Remember where you came from.”

“And you never listen to me. I can't, Joey! I dun even know what's 'posed to be in here, other'n
“guts.”

“So look it up. Get a book. Check the internet. Figure it out.”

“What if I make em worse?” Bendy asks, uncertain.

“Start small. Or use Sammy to test it out first. I don't know. Use your brain. You have one, right?”

Bendy growls and his tail raps against the floor. “I can't fix Sammy's face. I dun even remember what he looked like.”

“Then fix his fingers,” Henry suggests. “I'm sure he would like to be able to play instruments again. Would that be easier?”

Annoyed and feeling pressured, Bendy stands and leaves. It's bad enough when Joey is on his case, but having Henry join in really makes his skin crawl.

As a means to encourage employees to work at the newly reopened Joey Drew Studios, Henry and Joey decide to open some of the spare bedrooms to them, at least while they get settled in the new town. Henry himself holds extensive phone interviews, explaining to everyone exactly what they are getting themselves into in regards to Bendy and the ink creatures.

Four employees arrive on the same day. Henry greets them warmly and shows them inside, where Eleven hands them wavers to sign, and Henry gives them yet another run down.

“Thank you for coming! I'm so excited to have such a talented group of people to work with. First and foremost, though, we need to talk about how to behave around Bendy. Don't go near Sammy, and by that I mean, don't go within 10 feet of him, or Bendy may get protective. Don't touch or step on Bendy's tail. Don't wake up Bendy. Don't take Bendy's food, or get between Bendy and his food. Bendy is often filming, and you may end up on YouTube, especially if he targets you for a prank. Bendy and Sammy mate often and everywhere. Ignore them, and stay away from Bendy while he's mating. Bendy kicks, so beware of his mood and stay out of range if possible. There is also a very tall creature with a projector for a head. As long as you give him lots of space and never approach him, he is docile. If he screams at you, back off, or he may hit you.” Henry pauses and looks at Eleven. “Did I miss anything?”

“The paperwork you're signing says you are aware of the danger of working in a demon's house. In the event of an injury, we will not be held liable. Also, be very careful of the ink, It's known to be toxic to humans. Getting some on your skin won't hurt you, but stay out of the moat and avoid getting splashed at all costs.”

Henry nods at Eleven. “Thank you.” He turns back to the four. “Any questions? Anyone change their minds?” This was nothing they haven't heard before, so heads shake as pens scratch.

Bendy stalks into the room to eye the four. “Fresh meat, eh, Henry?”

“This is Bendy, although he doesn't really need an introduction. They've been instructed to leave you alone.” Henry starts to pet Bendy's horns, who lowers his head and purrs.

“Aw, what's the fun o that?” His tail sweeps the floor as he watches the four out of the corner of his eye. New humans to play with is always fun.

“Excuse me,” one woman raises her hand and speaks up.
“No need to raise your hand,” Henry answers. “How may I help you?”

“Where is Mr. Drew, if I may ask? I'm really looking forward to meeting him.”

Henry glances at Eleven, then back at the woman. “Although Mr. Drew's name is the same as the company's, he's in equal partnership with me. He'll be around, as he also lives here at the moment.”

“Unfortunately,” Bendy growls softly. He lowers his head further and starts to rub his horns against Henry. The man grunts and grabs Eleven to keep upright. The agent steadies Henry with a rueful grin.

Eleven addresses the new arrivals again. “There are plenty of open rooms for you to pick from on the ground floor. Norman stays down here, too, so he's the only one you need to watch for. Help yourself to any food in the kitchen that's not in the cabinet labeled 'Bendy.' If you need help, just call out or use the intercoms. And welcome!”

Henry smiles at Eleven as he finishes the welcoming for him. “Thanks,” he says, finally able to stand upright again as Bendy straightens and shakes his horns. “With some animators, we can finally start making some cartoons!”

Bendy purrs at Henry and clip clops to the kitchen to make sure everyone is respecting the “don't touch Bendy's food” rule.

Much to Bendy's disdain, Ruth is still a frequent visitor. And every time she visits she pushes Sammy to come visit the Lawrence farm. Sammy is good and loyal to Bendy, though, and always just answers that he can't without his master.

She visits one day and has to go upstairs to find them. Although it's mid day, the two are piled on top of each other on their bed, with Sammy needing to get dressed. Bendy is sniffing and licking him, as he often does. The two look sleepy, like they intend to settle down for a nap.

Sammy squeaks and covers his face when Ruth shows up in their room, and Bendy hands him his mask without a word.

“Whaddya want?” Bendy grouses at her.

“I'm just here to visit Sammy. Did I come at a bad time?”

“Sure ya did. You're late. If ya came in here 2 minutes ago, you woulda gotten a nice show,” the demon grins at her. He never pulls his punches.

Ruth sighs. “You know, I have the things from Sammy's apartment stored at the farm. Are you sure you don't want to come see them, maybe pick out what you'd like to take here?”

Bendy pauses mid lick. He is actually curious about Sammy's old stuff. As a tiny toon, he used to lie in bed and daydream about going home with Sammy. He imagined Sammy's house dozens of different ways. This is a rare glance into the musician's old human life, and probably the only chance he would get to see what his home was like.

“...Fine. But I'm comin' with.”

Ruth tenses, but then sighs and nods, finally giving in. Taking Bendy along is the only way she will ever get Sammy to see his home. And she really hopes that having Sammy see the farm where he
grew up will help restore his memories, and maybe even his lost personality.

“SamSam. Roll over,” Bendy says, needing him to get off of his legs.

Sammy, obedient as ever, rolls over, lifts his knees, and spreads his legs, automatically assuming that Bendy wants to breed him again. Bendy chuckles as Ruth turns away with a blush reddening her cheeks.

“I have 'em so well trained. You're a good boy, SamSam.” Bendy sniffs at him again, tempted by the display. He mounts the man and starts to rut, unable to resist.

“I'll be downstairs,” Ruth says as she quickly walks out the door, closing it behind her. She tries to tell herself that at least with him well laid, Bendy will be calmer and in a better mood.
After some discussion, it's decided that Henry and Eleven will take the two creatures in a separate car behind Ruth's. Joey complains about this, saying that Henry and Eleven never seem to be apart from each other. He is ignored. On the drive over, though, Henry glances at Eleven, who is currently driving.

"Joey's right, you know. We do seem to be attached to the hip these days."

Eleven shrugs. "Who cares? Don't listen to Joey, he's just jealous of your attention. And, by the way, I would argue you spend plenty of time working with the new employees and running the studio. You put in over twice as many hours than Joey does, anyway. If he wants your attention that badly, he can do what he's supposed to do and work a little."

"As long as I'm not annoying you by hanging around so much."

"I don't find you annoying at all, Henry. I like your company."

Bendy lets out an exaggerated groan and kicks the back of Eleven's seat. "Would you two shut up and fuck already? I'm tryina look at the sheep."

"Sheep?" Sammy asks, and looks out of Bendy's window. "Sheep!"

"Well it is a sheep farm," Eleven says as he follows Ruth's car onto a dirt driveway. The long driveway twists around pastures as it approaches a huge white farmhouse with an equally large red barn behind it. Massive rolling pastures stretch out in all directions, dotted with sheep and outbuildings, and striped with fencing. The barn has several small dry lots filled with lambs surrounding it.

Ruth parks by the farmhouse and gets out, waiting for Eleven to finish parking.

"Here it is! The Lawrence farm. It's been in our family for generations."

Bendy is unimpressed. It looks similar to his own place, except with a smaller house, a larger "garage", and sheep. Sammy is interested in the sheep, but stays close to Bendy's heel. Henry and Eleven walk side by side, as they tend to do these days, and admire the farm while politely complimenting it.

"Come inside, please!" Ruth invites them in. They climb up the porch steps and enter the old house. The wooden floorboards squeak under Bendy's hooves and remind him of the studio. He can't decide if that's upsetting or comforting. The furniture is clean and well tended, but old. Everything feels like it's been exactly where it is for decades.

"The family is out rotating the sheep, or they would be happy to meet you. We have to get ready for winter lambing season. Would you like anything to drink? Some tea or coffee?"

"Where's Sammy's stuff?" Bendy asks, impatient. He doesn't care about the farmhouse. He's curious about Sammy, not his family. Henry almost scolds him for being rude, but Eleven touches his wrist lightly, and Henry quiets before he says anything.

"Ah, of course. I keep his instruments in the closet, here." She leads them to the hall closet and pulls
out a number of instrument cases, setting them out on the living room couch. Sammy looks at them, head tilted. He runs his fingers down one.

“These are mine?” he asks, unsure.

“Yes, Sammy. They belong to you,” Ruth answers, watching him.

He unlatches the case he's touching and opens it. Inside is a very nice banjo. His breath catches a bit and he lifts it up. He plucks a string, but of course, it's terribly out of tune. He runs his fingers along the neck of the banjo. “It's straight, not warped at all. The grain is fine, too.”

“You have very good instruments, Sammy. Some people suggested selling them a few times over the years, but I never let them. We could have gotten good money for them.”

Sammy sets the banjo back down in the case and opens the next one. He finds an acoustic guitar, a fiddle, and the largest case reveals a cello.

“The piano in the corner is also yours,” Ruth points to a nearby upright piano.

Sammy is quiet and reserved as he inspects the instruments one by one. As he finishes with the piano, he turns to face Ruth again. “These are mine?” he asks again.

“What's the big deal?” a bored Bendy asks. “Not like you can even play em.” This wasn't the sort of thing Bendy was interested in. Just more boring instruments.

Sammy sighs and lowers the lid on the piano closed. “Of course, Bendy, you're right...” he sounds crestfallen.

“Oh, Sammy, it's ok,” Ruth tries. “You can still have them if you want them. They belong to you.”

“Bendy knows best,” is all he says in response.

“Well... They'll be here if you change your mind...” Ruth sounds unhappy as she helps Sammy pack up the instruments and put them away again. She can't help but to glare at the demon. Sammy had been enjoying himself greatly before Bendy had to be such a downer.

“Well, come on. The rest of your things are out back in a shed.” She starts to lead them through to the back of the house. “I wanted to keep your instruments somewhere really safe so they wouldn't get damaged by weather or moisture.”

Out the back door is a small backyard ringed with trees. Bendy stomps through the fallen leaves, but Sammy stops before his toes touch them.

“Bendy,” he says in a hushed voice. “Beware the tree hats!”

“What?” Bendy asks, looking over his shoulder, confused. “The whats?”

“The tree hats!” He looks shaken, shoulders hunched, arms crossed tightly around his stomach, and toes curled into the grass.

“Are you alright?” Ruth asks, concerned. Eleven and Henry just stand nearby, used to Sammy's odd behavior and giving Bendy a chance to deal with it.

“The tree hats, my lord! We need water, a lot of water. And their shiny rectangle!”

Bendy stares at him a moment, then shakes his horns. “Sammy, we're not doing a ritual. It's safe.”
sighs and stumps back towards him.

“Ya never remember a damn thing, 'cept stupid shit like this...” The demon grabs Sammy's wrist and yanks him forward, forcing him to stumble through the leaves. He yelps in terror as he's towed through them. Soon he's on the other side of the threatening tree hats, and next to the shed door. Sammy trembles and clings to Bendy's arm.

“You're so strong, my lord! You defeated them so easily!”

“You're the stupidest creature I've ever known.”

“Yes, my lord.”

Ruth gives Sammy one last worried look before she unlocks the shed and opens it. Inside the dark shed are old boxes piled on top of each other. They're pretty dirty, and some have a bit of water damage on them. Deep in the shadows, the shapes of furniture loom just out of easy eyesight.

“I'm sorry they're in such poor shape. It's been 30 years... Again, family members have wanted to get rid of it for ages. They said you were gone, and never coming back... But I still held onto hope. I knew we would hear from you again.” She uses her palm to brush some dust and stray leaves off the box nearest to her.

Dragging the clinging Sammy along, Bendy steps to the closest box and opens it. He picks up a book and turns it over in his paws. It's some hardback book about music theory. He gives it a curious sniff, and his tail stills for a split second. He puts the book back and opens the next box. This one has a throw blanket at the top, which Bendy grabs and buries his face into, sniffing deeply.

“Sammy! Smell! It's you!” He shoves the thing into Sammy's face, smashing his mask against his face. Sammy fumbles to grab it, confused.

“It's your smell, Sam. Your human smell! It's faint, but it's here. I never thought I'd smell it again.”

He hurries to the next box and opens it to find neatly folded shirts, which he sniffs eagerly, tail wagging.

“This is mine?” Sammy asks, still holding the throw blanket and feeling confused.

Henry steps into the shed to see what the excitement is about. He flips open a box to find dishes.

“Did you keep everything of Sammy's?”

“Pretty much. Actually, his mother did this, I was still too young at the time. Then I sort of took over after she passed as the main voice wanting to keep it.” Ruth gives Henry a sad smile. “Sammy actually became a bit of a legend for a while. There was a lot of speculating about what happened to him. Now we finally know. Sometimes I wish his mother was still around so she knows. Other times... Well, I think it's better off this way,” Ruth says sadly as she watches Sammy hold up one of his old shirts, not acting like he recognizes it.

In fact, he hasn't recognized any of his things, or the property itself. It's quite a disappointment to Ruth. She was really banking on this trip rattling something loose.

Bendy explores. He notes that human Sammy preferred keeping a few high quality items instead of a lot of junk. For example, his books are all heavy hardbacks with no paperbacks. His things tend to be in dark or neutral colors, and it all has the faint, faint smell of his old human body. Sammy trails after Bendy, folding and putting away the things the demon leaves out, probably more out of habit than politeness.
“We could actually use this stuff at the house,” Henry says. “I understand if you want to keep it here, but at least Sammy can see and use it then.”

“No... No, you can take it. That way I don't have to fight people over it any more. It belongs to Sammy, anyway, and he should have access to it. Even if he doesn't remember that they're his...”

“I'm sorry,” Henry says. “I can tell you're upset about that.”

“Maybe, in time, he will remember,” Eleven adds hopefully.

“Maybe...” she doesn't sound convinced. Henry pats her shoulder.

“Who died?” Bendy asks as he's worked his way back around to them.

“Don't worry about it,” Henry says. “Sammy, do you recognize any of this?”

Sammy glances around and shrugs. “Not really. Should I?”

“It's ok if you don't,” Eleven quickly says. Sammy can get upset easily, especially if he thinks he is doing something wrong or is lacking in some way. “We were just curious if you did.”

Sammy shakes his head again. Eleven pats his arm while Bendy watches, amused at all the energy spent keeping Sammy calm.

“We'll send a truck over to pick it up. The instruments can fit in your room, Sammy.”

“His room? You mean mine? Did I agree to have more of his junk in my room?” Bendy grouses. Henry just pets his horn to quiet him. As the largest bedroom in the house, there's more than enough space for Sammy's clothing and instruments there, if Bendy admits it or not.

Later that day, Henry is hard at work on the new studio. His new employees need a lot of guidance at first, because Henry is aiming for a more retro style that they are not used to animating. He's in the middle of showing an old Bendy cartoon clip and talking about how the characters move, when there's a buzz at the gate. Ever since Joey's surprise visit, they keep the driveway gate closed now. It's safer, anyway, with all the ink creatures roaming around outside. He excuses himself and moves to the intercom in the front hall.

“Hello?”

“Dad! It's me. Let me in!”

Henry stills, surprised. “Ashley?” It's his college aged daughter. “What-?”

“Let me in, Dad!”

He quickly buzzes her through, opening the gate, then starts to panic. Bendy reacted so badly when Linda popped back into his life. He knows of Henry's daughters, but how will he react to meeting one face to face?

“El!” he calls fearfully. “El?”

A moment later, Eleven appears in the hallway. “What's wrong?”

“My daughter is driving up. Where's Bendy??!”
The agent's eyes flicker to the window as he sees the car pull up. “Would you like me to distract her while you talk to Bendy?”

“Talk to Bendy bout what?” Bendy asks as he pops up, chewing on a bagel as Ashley opens the front door. It's too late to soften the blow. Eleven immediately positions himself between Bendy and the girl while Henry greets her with open arms.

“Dad!” she says as she throws herself at Henry. “What the hell?! You just vanish like that, and never come by to say hello? And you and Mom are separated?!”

Henry hugs her as she rants at him a bit. “I know... I'm sorry...” he mutters at her.

Bendy watches this exchange. Of course, he's figured out who she is. His tail flicks with interest as he finishes his bagel. She's very pretty.

Henry carefully pulls back. “I'll explain everything to you. For now, I want you to meet Bendy.”

She looks at Bendy with a smile. She's seen him on the news and the internet, but never in person. “Hi. You're taller than you look on TV.”

Bendy grins and extends his hand, which she takes and shakes. “Nice ya meet ya, Henry's daughter. This make ya my sis?”

“Step sister, perhaps,” she says easily.

Eleven breaths a bit of a relieved sigh. Bendy seems calm and even friendly. He truly has come a long way in the past three seasons. The agent exchanges a look with Henry, who gives him a slight nod. Bendy is stable.

“Sammy!” he's hollering. “Sammy, come meet my sis!” He's got Ashley by the arm and is tugging her towards the kitchen to introduce her to Sammy. Henry trails behind, waiting for Bendy to get over his excitement to talk to his daughter about the changes in her family. And somehow during all this, he needs to keep mentoring his animators. Where the heck is Joey? He could really use his help right about now...

Bendy and Ashley hit it off. They chat, mostly about her childhood and Henry's life before Bendy barged into it. They also talk about recent developments, and how things are going now. The demon redirects any questions about Joey Drew, but is otherwise open to her. Eventually Henry leaves to go back to work, resigned that Bendy has stolen the show for the time being. And it's not long after that, Bendy takes her on a tour of the house.

“This is my room,” he brags as he shows her the space.

“It's nice.” She looks out the window at the pond below and the two Searchers slouched near it.

“Ash,” he calls. “Come here.” He's standing near the bed. She does as he asks. When she's in arms length, he grabs her and pulls her close, sniffing at her neck. She yelps a bit in surprise as he growls.

“You smell like Henry...”

“Well... I am his daughter,” she says nervously. She's not sure where this is going.

“Ya know I always wanted ta take Henry. But he'd never let me. Said it wasn't right.”

“Take him? What do you-”
“Fuck em. I love Henry more n anyone else, and he won't let me show em that.”

“You... You want to have sex with my dad?”

Bendy nips her collarbone, and she yelps again as he breaks the skin to lap at her blood. “Even your blood smells like his,” he growls. Bendy pushes her back onto the bed.

Ashley is confused. Bendy was acting like he was a sibling before this, but now he's acting very sexually aggressive. She shivers as he climbs on top of her, that long whip like tail swishing back and forth behind him.

“Bendy, wait. Is this ok?”

“Sure is. You're just steppin' in for yer dad. Doin' us all a big favor...” He starts to tug her clothes off. Even though she's still not sure about this, she helps him undress her. There's something about this that's so exciting. And so very, very wrong. She can't help but to go along with it, at least for now.

Bendy keeps licking at her bleeding chest as he plays with her large breasts, squeezing and pinching the nipples. She yelps again when his claws accidentally dig into the sensitive bud. His chuckle is a deep growl.

“You're cute when ya cry...” Bendy knows he'll have to be careful with this one. Humans are fragile, especially when mating with one. His cock quickly grows, bristling with short spikes. As usual, it's both long and thick, and lies heavily on her hip. Her eyes drop at it and she flinches at the sight of it, starting to wiggle away out of fear. It's the wrong thing to do.

Bendy easily pins her, becoming more aroused by the moment. He forces her thighs apart and settles between them. A flick of his hips attempts to seat him inside, but she's too tight. Instead, he scrapes over her external sex, making her cry out again. The barbs on his cock feel similar to a spiky cat tongue, only worse.

The demon pauses. “Are you a virgin?”

Ashley blushes and averts her eyes as she braces her hands on his hips. Bendy chuffs, even more excited. His tail pops on the bed.

“It's been a long time since I've had a virgin... Could you be any tastier?” He's starting to drool on her.

“Bendy... I think you're too big... I'm scared. Maybe we shouldn't?”

Bendy's cock is hard and it has already made contact with her sex. It's far too late to stop the demon now. He takes himself in his hand and guides himself in, forcing the tip into the soft warmth of her hole. He meets resistance as she clenches down in fear.

“You know makin' yourself all tight will only make it hurt more for you n feel better for me.” When she doesn't relax, he shrugs and pushes the rest of the way in, tearing virgin flesh.

She arches her back and cries out in pain, and once again, Bendy has to pin her down firmly.

“It hurts! It hurts, it hurts!”

Bendy grins and bites another small hole into her skin, this time on the side of her neck. The smell of blood and the way she's clenching so tightly around him drives him deeper into lust. He starts to buck his hips hard, slapping his body into Ashley's.
Not used to the pressure inside her body, much less having a big cock force her open and jab repeatedly against her cervix, Ashley starts to cry from fear and pain. The spines rake back and forth over her insides, scratching sensitive flesh as he stabs as hard as he can. A shift and suddenly she cries out louder, this time more with pleasure. Bendy manages to drive his tip against her g spot, and pleasure is slowly added to the pain.

Ashley clings to Bendy's shoulders as she's fucked. The feeling is so odd, so alien. A pressure is building, almost like she needs to pee, but very different. Then an orgasm rips through her, making her gasp as her body takes control, forcing her to buck and jolt before falling limp with a sigh.

On top of her, Bendy takes a few more thrusts from her, then finally finishes as well. Snarling as he fills her womb with inky cum.

"W...Wait! Bendy, don't cum inside! I don't want to get pregnant."

Bendy pauses a moment, giving her an odd look. “Pregnant? Are ya kiddin'? I'm in ink demon.”

“Your sterile?” she asks fearfully. Bendy doesn't bother to answer. Instead he goes down on her, sniffing and licking the mess coming from between her legs.

Among the smell of sex and cum, he also scents blood from her lost virginity. As he licks her, tastes her, he finds he's still too aroused. His cock isn't going down.

Ashley moans softly as he cleans her, then looks confused as he climbs back on top of her.

“Bendy, what? Aah!” She cries out as he shoves back inside her sore, battered pussy. He sinks easily inside her this time, and immediately restarts his brutal pace. This time, though, it only hurts. Ashley has already cum and isn't ready to go again yet. So all she feels is his sandpaper cock rubbing her already torn body raw. Or, perhaps, even more raw.

All Ashley can do is hold on to Bendy and wait for him to finish. She feels him ream her open, slamming inside again and again as hard as he can go, dick ing her down like a whore. Some sort of warm liquid is oozing out of her around Bendy's violent cock, and she tells herself it's just cum. This isn't exactly how she envisioned her first time, or even what she expected from Bendy when he started his advance. She squeezes her eyes shut as tears leak out, trying to unclench her jaw and failing.

It takes Bendy longer to breed her a second time. Drool drips from his bared fangs onto Ashley's face and chest as he works hard and fast. The demon's slim body has no problem keeping up the speed, especially since it feels so damn good to him. He would go forever, if he could.

Eventually, though, he has to finish. He snarls as he fills her a second time, stilling as he's finally satisfied, at least for the moment. Ashley shivers a bit, not sure how to process what just happened to her. Did she really just lose her virginity to her father's cartoon demon? The pain in her lower stomach and between her legs is hard to deny. She swallows. How would she ever explain this?

It's not until that evening that Henry is able to talk to her.

“Hey, Dad, what's this about you and the FBI agent?” she asks.

“Hm? What are you talking about?” Henry is confused.

“Bendy says you and Agent Eleven are getting along really well. Have you replaced Mom?”
“I don't... What? We just work together. What are you implying?”

She shakes her head. Apparently Henry is oblivious to his own personal life. She can't say she's surprised.

“What's that on your neck?” Before Ashley can pull away, Henry tugs down her shirt collar a few inches. His face hardens. There is no mistaking those bite marks. He is deathly still.

Ashley squirms. Trust Henry to not recognize the romance blooming in his own life, yet immediately see the mating marks left on her skin. Neither person says anything for a long moment, Henry's eyes boring into Ashley's flesh as she refuses to make eye contact. Finally, Henry speaks.

“Was it rape?”

“N-no! He was... forceful, but I never told him no...”

“That doesn't mean it wasn't rape.”

“Dad, just drop it, ok? It's not going to happen again. It's not that big a deal.”

“Not that big a deal? Do you make a habit of sleeping with people you just met?”

“Not that it's your business, but no. Bendy was my first.” This is the wrong thing to say. Henry becomes angrier, sitting there with quiet fury as he processes what he just learned.

“Excuse me,” he says as he stands.

“Dad-”

“Just stay back, Ashley. I need to talk to my so-... To Bendy.” Henry can't bring himself to call Bendy his son right now.

Henry finds Bendy and Eleven in a different room. Somehow, the demon got a hold of Agent Eleven's badge, and is trying to play keep away with it. The agent just stands with his arms crossed, coolly staring at Bendy with his icy eyes and refusing to play Bendy's game. Even when the monster starts to chew on it.

“Bendy!” Henry snaps. The demon actually jumps a bit, guiltily dropping the badge for Eleven to scoop up. He's not used to Henry yelling at him. He looks down at his much shorter dad with big eyes.

“Uh, what's wrong, Henry?”

“Did you sleep with Ashley?”

The room goes still.

“Oh my God, Bendy. Really? Henry's daughter?” Eleven asks, his voice quiet. Bendy is a horny idiot, but he really thought Bendy has more sense and respect than that. Apparently he is wrong.

“You stay outta this, Agent Asshole!” Bendy growls.

“No, Bendy,” Henry says, his voice trembling. “Eleven is a part of my family. I thought you were, too. I guess I was wrong.” Henry turns to leave.

Bendy has an emotional flashback of Joey turning his back on him, leaving him to rot. Panic rises in
his chest. “Henry, wait! Pl-please, don’t... Don't abandon me. Dad!” Bendy takes a few quick steps forward and grabs at Henry's elbow, but the man shakes the demon off.

“I'm not your father. You can't be my son and sleep with my daughter. Families don't work that way.” With that, Henry leaves the room.

Bendy stumbles backwards, stunned. Has he really been disowned? Over something as dumb as a quick fuck? He looks to the agent, but Eleven is following Henry to make sure he's ok. Heart pounding, his mouth feeling dry and his legs trembling, Bendy quickly runs upstairs to find Sammy. He needs to be held right now, comforted, and Sammy will never deny or disown him, no matter who he sleeps with.

If Bendy's life was rocky with him suffering from Joey's abuse, now it's almost unbearable. Henry gives him the cold shoulder. He still makes sure Bendy is fed, but all horn rubs, couch times, and other special considerations are over. Bendy spends most of his time in his room with Sammy now, only going out for food and ink. Even then, he often sends Sammy out to fetch those for him.

Bendy is miserable. He mostly lies in bed and stares blankly at Sammy, who plays with his sound board for hours on end. Sometimes Bendy sits at his desk and stares at the anatomy books Eleven gave him, mostly looking at the basic structure of hands. But he lacks motivation to attempt fixing anyone. Sometimes he daydreams about running away, but of course, without the ink he would die. Other times he thinks about kicked all the humans out of his house. Ultimately, though, he has to figure out how to get back into Henry's good graces. Somehow.

Sammy wakes up one night feeling gross. His head hurts badly and he needs ink. He carefully slides out from under Bendy’s arm, earning him some scratches as the sleeping monster doesn't want to let up his hold. The night is still and quite chilly, making Sammy shiver as he picks up his mask. He considers getting dressed to fight the cold, but decides against it. He'll only be gone a minute.

Downstairs, Sammy navigates the dark house and finds the ink stored in the kitchen. He downs a whole thermos quickly. Then looks around in the pitch dark, confused. This isn't where he's supposed to be, is it? Where is his family? Panic sets in, and he sets the cup down on the counter as he tries to calm himself. He's naked, so Bendy must be nearby. He should go find him. At this hour, Bendy should be asleep. Of course. He should be in bed with his master.

Feeling a little calmer, Sammy heads back upstairs. His head is still hurting, but at least his thirst is gone. But when he finds Bendy's room, he pauses at the door. Someone is in bed with Bendy. Sammy's thumb immediately finds its way into his mouth, slipping through the slot in his mask. Should he leave? Bendy is obviously busy. Sammy shifts his weight back and forth. Bendy is allowed to sleep with whoever he wants to, of course, but Sammy was looking forward to pressing his sore forehead against Bendy and being held.

Sammy whines softly, confused. Sometimes Bendy doesn't mind Sammy around while he's mating, and other times the demon wants him gone. After a moment, Sammy backs away. He's already in pain. It's not worth the risk of angering Bendy. But where can Sammy go? He doesn't want to be alone.

Still sucking his thumb, he wanders down the hallway, cracking open doors and peeking through them. Maybe there's an empty bedroom somewhere, or... Norman is around here somewhere, right? Yes, he should find Norman.

He pauses when he recognizes the sleeping form in the room he just opened. It's Agent Eleven.
Sammy pauses at the doorway, still sucking his thumb. Eleven's not Norman, but he's here. If Sammy leaves to keep looking, he will probably lose Eleven. A bird in hand... He slips inside the room, closing the door behind him. He pads to Eleven's side and leans over him, gently nudging him.

“Mnf. S... Sammy? What's wrong?” Eleven props himself up on an elbow, looking up at that strange mask.

Sammy pauses a moment, trying to remember. He can't, exactly. He just knows he can't go to his own room. “Bendy... Kicked me out.” That's probably pretty close to the truth, anyway, Sammy figures.

Eleven doesn't seem surprised. “Alright, Sammy, you can stay with me.” Eleven regrets this immediately when Sammy walks around the bed and the agent realizes the ink man is quite naked. He runs a hand over his face and suppresses a groan. Well, it's not like he can tell Sammy no, especially after he agreed to let him stay.

Soon Sammy is squirming close to Eleven, wrapping his arms around him and pressing that big mask awkwardly against him. This really wasn't what Eleven had in mind.

“Hey, Sammy, you think you could, ah. Stay on your side?”

“My head really hurts and I'm confused. I'm not sure what's going on, and I miss Bendy and-”

“Ok, Sammy, hush. Just go to sleep, alright?” Eleven resigns himself as he holds Sammy. He might not get much more sleep tonight, but keeping Sammy calm is always a priority. Besides, the poor crazy thing shouldn't be punished because his mate is an asshat.

Later that day, Bendy decides to slink downstairs to test the waters. If he's lucky, one day Henry will come around on his own. He pokes his head into the art room and sees people hunched over their tablets, drawing away. Henry is there as well, slaving away over the new cartoon.

“Henry?” the demon says softly.

Henry looks up and shakes his floppy hair out of his eyes. “Bendy,” he replies coolly. He doesn't stand.

“Could you.. Uh. Could I talk with you a minute?” He nervously sinks his claws into the doorjamb and starts to scratch it like a misbehaving cat.

“Stop that. And I'm busy right now. Maybe later.” Henry turns back to his work, dismissing the demon.

Bendy pulls away from the doorway and presses his back against the wall, blinking back tears. He never imagined rejecting from Henry would hurt this badly. Hell, he never imagined Henry would reject him. And this after Sammy abandoned him last night, vanishing to make him deal with Joey all by himself.

Bendy clenches his teeth in a silent snarl. He'll get back into Henry's good graces. And he no longer cares if Sammy has to suffer for it. He deserves it after leaving his lord like that. He trots upstairs and grabs his anatomy book, as well as Sammy, who is standing at the picture window, lost in his thoughts. Bendy drags the man downstairs and throws him on the couch, tossing the book down next to him.
“My lord? What's wrong?” He draws his arms and legs close, nervous. Bendy seems angry.

“Just stay still.” Bendy kneels on the floor in front of Sammy and grabs a wrist. He feels the hand, massaging to feel the bone structure as he looks at the book. He can feel the error in the bones. He'll have to change his hand all the way down to the wrist. Cartoons have 4 fingers while humans have 5. This detail is easy to forget when one is less than two months old.

Still feeling Sammy's hand, Bendy closes his eyes and thinks about the way they looked while Sammy was playing an instrument. Long, slender fingers, almost bony. Neat fingernails. Fast and agile as they plucked strings or pressed keys. With a mental nudge, he melts the ink of his hand, commanding it to reform the way he remembers from the past and the knowledge gained from the anatomy book.

Sammy starts screaming as soon as Bendy nudges the ink. He instinctively tries to yank his hand back, but Bendy's claws sink into his wrist and keep him in place. He keeps screaming as Bendy tries to concentrate, tries to do this right. After a long moment, Bendy opens his eyes and looks at the hand. No longer a chubby toon hand or a melted inky lump, Sammy now has a slender five fingered hand. A musician's hand.

Bendy grins as he releases the hand, then grabs the other even as the howling Sammy tries to keep it away from him. The pain of melting his hand was so intense that he's not thinking rationally. Sammy doesn't even notice his reconstructed hand.

Sammy's screaming somehow redoubles as Bendy starts on the second hand. Bendy tries to block out the sound and focus only on reforming the hand as it should be. After another long moment, he opens his eyes and inspects the clenched hand. It's hard to tell with it all balled up, but it looks right. Right number of fingers, anyway. He lets Sammy go, deciding that if he needs to fine tune it later, he can do it once he's calmed down again.

Sammy balls up on the couch, his voice broken and hoarse as he sobs. Bendy stands, brushing his own hands together with satisfaction. He won't know for sure if Sammy can play instruments until he tries it, but Bendy still feels satisfied. The shape, at least, is right. He's closer than he was before to being able to play, to being made whole again.

Suddenly aware that he has an audience, Bendy turns to see Henry, Eleven, Joey, and Ruth. He beams at them, tail wagging happily as he awaits his praise for a job well done.

“What did you do to him?!” Henry asks, looking almost scared.

Bendy's tail drops to the floor as his grin melts. “I fixed 'em! Just like ya asked me to!”

“Fixed him? He's in so much pain he can't move!” Ruth protests. She wants to edge around Bendy to comfort the man, but there's no way around the demon without getting too close.

“If you would shut up a second n let me explain-” Bendy tries to break in.

“Bendy, there's no excuse for your behavior. You were doing so good, but lately you've been acting worse and worse. I honestly don't know what to do with you. How are you going to make more movies if I can't even trust you to behave in our own home?”

Bendy snarls. Why is he getting scolded? He only fixed Sammy's hands for Henry's approval. This isn't what he wanted at all. And Joey just stands there, looking smug. Grinning at Bendy as everyone he loves turns on him, as his world falls apart. Bendy turns away, not wanting to see Joey's awful face right now. His eyes fall on Sammy.

Sammy, who caused this scolding. Sammy, who everyone is so careful to never upset. Sammy, who
is so worthless he couldn't even stick around last night while Bendy was getting raped. Sammy, who
even now is curling uselessly as Henry yells at Bendy, instead of sitting up and showing off his
healed hands, instead of sticking up for Bendy. When's the last time anyone has stuck up for Bendy?

Fury builds in Bendy's chest as Henry continues to berate him. It's not fair. None of this is fair. His
snarls grow louder as spines sprout from his back and shoulders. His tail spasms against his lower
legs. And still, Henry doesn't seem to notice.

Eleven puts his hand on Henry's shoulder, seeing the warning signs. Henry still doesn't stop.

“'You broke my arm to the point it hurts all the time and I care barely use it. You chased my wife
away. You fucked my daughter. You've ruined my family. You're a selfish, uncontrollable, mean,
insufferable monster!'”

Bendy flinches. If that's what Henry thinks of him, then there's no point holding back.

At this point Sammy has slowly climbed to his feet. He's wobbly, still clutching his hands to his chest
as he looks around, dazed. He feels the tension in the room, but otherwise doesn't know what's
happening. He still doesn't know what's happening when Bendy strikes.

Quicker than a cobra, Bendy lashes out. His teeth clamp around Sammy's throat, an in the next
moment, the entire front of his neck is simply gone. His shaking hands raise to hover above his
missing flesh, then his knees buckle.

Ruth screams and pushes recklessly past Bendy, falling to her knees to grab Sammy.

“Sammy, no!!”

The man can't reply. He can only make bubbling choking sounds as he drowns in his own ink. He
collapses to the floor. In a vain attempt to help him breathe, Ruth pulls off his mask, revealing his
face to all gathered there. Even while dying, he tries to cover his empty eye sockets and featureless
face.

The act of killing has calmed Bendy immediately. He still has flesh in his teeth as he relaxes, spines
retreating back into his skin as his snarling quiets. He licks the blood off his chin as he watches,
amused at Ruth's reaction.

“You killed him! You killed Sammy! How could you?!?” she sobs as she holds him. Growing weaker
by the moment, Sammy clings to her. Ink drips down from those eye sockets, unable to make any
sound except horrible choking ones.

“It's no big deal, ya know. I can bring em right back. No need for hysterics.”

“That's not the point” Eleven says, He's holding a distressed Henry, who's clinging to Eleven with a
pale, scared face. “You're making Sammy suffer and die because you got angry. You just proved
everything Henry accused you of.”

Bendy blinks at Eleven, then looks back down at Sammy. His body is starting to dissolve as he dies,
those nightmare inducing choking sounds finally starting to fade. Ruth sobs as she holds him, sitting
there even as he turns into nothing more than an ink puddle. And Joey still watches on with that
smug smile, thrilled to see Bendy dethroned. Bendy brushes by everyone, hurrying away from all the
accusing eyes.
RIP SamSam.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

After yesterday's trauma, Bendy is happy to start a new day. He nuzzles the resurrected Sammy, who groans softly in reply, then Bendy rolls out of bed. Although the weather is turning cool, he still likes to first step outside and take a dip in the moat. The tar colored ink absorbs the warm sunlight well, so even in the morning it's not too cold. He swims along, sometimes dog paddling on the surface, sometimes diving deep underneath. A good ink swim always leaves him feeling refreshed.

Bendy pulls himself out on the ink stained grass and flops down, getting some sun as he starts to groom himself like a cat. He considers what to do for breakfast. Does he dare brave the kitchen? He growls softly. He's not used to walking on eggshells like this. Even back at the studio, he was king. Everyone else tip toed around him, not the other way around. The sun is warming him so nicely that he decides to put off breakfast a while longer.

Half an hour later, Bendy lifts his head and realizes that Sammy never joined him. That's unusual. Normally he finds his way outside eventually. Bendy shrugs and rolls to his hooves, deciding that he needs to eat. No one will get in the way of filling his empty belly, not even an angry Henry.

Bendy's so grateful to find the kitchen empty that he gets through his meal before realizing that Sammy still hasn't shown up. He sighs, annoyed, and opens their mental link. Dying isn't an excuse for staying in bed all day. Sammy still has a job to do.

Bendy pauses, his tail stilling. He can't find Sammy. According to the ink, he's nowhere in the house. Bendy growls again and expands his range as far as it can go. It can only reach about a mile around him, but the Ink Machine can double that range. And although Bendy reaches his search as far as he can, there is no sign of Sammy.

Worried now, he goes to the art room to find Henry. Predictably, he's there, hard at work. Also predictably, Joey is not there. He tends to vanish when there's work to be done.

“Henry?” Bendy softly calls, sticking his head in the door.

“Ah. I'll be back,” Henry excuses himself. He takes Bendy's hand and draws him into the living room where Eleven and Joey are. Bendy is getting more nervous by the moment. Why is Henry suddenly being nice to him again?

“Bendy... Sammy is gone.”

“Haha, very funny. I learned my lesson. You can bring em back now.”

“N-no, Bendy. He's gone to live with Ruth. He won't be coming back.”

Bendy's eyes flick back and forth between Henry, Eleven, and Joey, waiting for the punchline. It never comes. Bendy stumbles backwards until his back hits the wall.

“You... You took my SamSam away?” His voice is quiet, eyes huge.

Eleven was worried Bendy would snap, but instead the demon looks scared. Bendy covers his face with his hands and starts to sob. It's too much for Bendy to deal with. It's all too much. He can't take anymore. How is he supposed to deal with Henry and Joey without his SamSam around?

“All this isn't even my fault!” Bendy tries to explain. He's crying so hard he's hiccupsing, and the
words are hard to get out. “I've been s-so... stressed lately that everything else is just too... too much for me to handle.”

“Stressed?” Henry asks. “About what?” The creature lays around all day and does whatever he wants. Henry can't imagine what stress Bendy could be under. Bendy's only reply is to cry harder.

Eleven is quiet for a long moment. He's been suspicious of something for a while, but it's not an accusation he can just throw around lightly. He was hoping Bendy would come forward on his own, but he hasn't. Which is consistent with Eleven's experience in these matters.

“Bendy,” he says quietly. “Is someone hurting you?”

To the side, Joey goes from watching the exchange with a cruel smile to stiffening, that grin freezing on his face.

Still crying, Bendy nods.

“Who is it, Bendy? One of the new employees?” Eleven doubts this greatly, but he wants to get that out of the way, first. When Bendy shakes his head, Eleven moves on to his prime suspect. “Joey, then?”

Bendy starts to cry harder and he nods. Joey starts to back peddle, stumbling on his bum leg. “N-now wait a minute, that's a dirty lie! I never hurt Bendy, ever!”

“I doubt that very much.” Eleven says sternly. “Joey, it's time we sit down and you start telling us the truth. The ink creatures all seem to get nervous around you, and now Bendy says you've hurt him. We know something horrible happened at the studio to make the ink creatures in the first place. I'm done with you side stepping my questions! What is going on?”

“He-he'll always lie,” Bendy whimpers. “He'll never tell the truth. Ever.”

“'The Creator Lied to Us' was written all over the walls of the studio,” Eleven recalls.

Bendy just nods again, fingers still clamped over his ink dripping eyes.


Joey turns and starts to leave, but Eleven snags his arm and steers him down onto the couch. Bendy still refuses to answer.

“Bendy,” the agent continues. “If Joey won't tell us the truth, you have to. And if Joey's committed a crime, you're the only one here who can report it. Sammy can't remember, Norman and the Searchers can't speak. It's up to you.” There's a particular type of attack that tends to cause this much emotional distress. A long pause, then Eleven pushes again. “Did Joey rape you?”

Bendy starts crying so hard he starts to hiccup again. “M-m-many.... Many...” Backed into the corner of the room, the hysterical demon can't even get the words out.

Henry is stunned. He looks at Joey, who looks terrified now. Then back to Bendy, who's falling apart. Henry's heart breaks. So much about Bendy's behavior suddenly makes sense to him now. Letting go of his grudge, he rushes forward and grabs Bendy, squeezing him tight in a hug and muttering into his ear while petting a horn with his good hand.

“Oh my God. Oh my God, Bendy. What... Here? He did it here?”
Bendy nods, then mumbles “N...And... Be-f-fore, too...”

Henry is quiet a moment to process this. “Where did he do it here? It happened at night, right? Had to be. In...” Henry's eyes lock with Joey's. “In his bed? Wha... What about Sammy? Just right next to him? Joey,” Henry's voice is one of quiet disbelief. “They're practically married! How could you do that to them?!”

“I w-want m-my SamSam,” Bendy cries.

“Alright, I think we all need a minute to cool down. Henry, why don't you take Bendy into the kitchen and get him some tea or something.” Eleven reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pair of handcuffs. Bendy always thought it was dumb that Eleven keeps his gun, badge, and other equipment on him all the time, even while hanging around the house. But he sure has no complaints now that he is cuffing a protesting Joey to the heavy side table next to the couch.

Henry drags Bendy into the kitchen, the monster still shivering and in tears. Eleven trails after them, not wanting to here Joey's poor excuses and denials. Henry sits at the table with the demon while Eleven starts brewing some tea.

“Can I... Get him b-back?” Bendy asks, squeezing Henry's arm hard enough to make him quite nervous. He can't help but to remember how easily his arm splintered in that grip.

“I don't know, Bendy. Let's figure out how to make things less stressful here, ok? Then maybe Sammy can come home.”

Sammy sits in the car with his niece while she drives him down the road. He has his old Bendy plush in his lap as he looks out the window at the passing plains. He's quiet for a while, but then the expected questions start.

“Ruth? Where are we going?”

“We're going home.”

“To Bendy?”

“Don't worry about that.”

Sammy squeezes his plush nervously, and it makes a tired, wheezing squeaking sound.

They have this same conversation maybe three times before they pull up to the farmhouse. Sammy steps out, hugging his plush. “Is Bendy inside?”

“Come on, sweetheart,” she says as she takes his hand and leads him inside. Ruth knows it will take Sammy some time to get used to his new home. She's been around him more than enough to witness how easily he gets confused. He follows along passively enough, trusting Ruth.

Ruth has an army of hungry farmers to feed, and a lot of their food is grown right there on the farm. So she has a full time job in the kitchen, processing animals, canning fruits and veggies, washing and chopping the fresh produce, and just preparing massive amounts of food.

That first day at the farmhouse, Sammy roams around the house, getting lost as usual. He doesn't know anyone else in the house besides Ruth, and the house is so unfamiliar that he gets turned around even just one room over. She often has to rescue him, dropping what she's doing to hurry and
answer his calls for help. She then brings him back to the sofa that's within sight of the kitchen, setting him down so she can get back to work. He only stays put for a few minutes before wandering off again and repeating the cycle. It's exhausting, but Ruth is up to the challenge. She figures he'll get used to the house in time, and at least now he's safe.

What Ruth doesn't know is that Sammy still gets lost at home, and Henry, Eleven, and Bendy are always finding him and dragging him back to where he's supposed to be.

To make things worse for Ruth, Sammy often starts panicking, clutching his plush and crying for Bendy, even when Ruth is nearby. The only thing that quiets him is physical contact, being held and sung to. Sammy is nothing if not high maintenance.

It takes some time, but Bendy calms down. Away from Joey and with Henry giving him attention again, the demon is soothed. With Eleven's gentle pressing, he spills his life story. The agent takes notes as Henry holds Bendy's hand and tries not to cry, not wanting to stop Bendy now that he's finally talking.

The story Bendy tells is horrifying and heartbreaking. Henry swallows as Bendy spills his guts, telling a tale of abuse, murder, neglect, mind games, and violence. The soft hearted animator has trouble completely understanding what he's hearing. How could he have misjudged Joey so badly? The demon has been through so much. So have Norman, Sammy, and the rest of the ink creatures.

When Bendy is finally done, Henry opens his arms and cradles Bendy's head, petting his horns. The demon groans softly at the attention. He's missed Henry's horn pets so much. The animator mumbles to Bendy, apologizing for the bad things that happened to him.

The ink demon relaxes in Henry's arms. He feels so much better now that the truth is out there. Like a load is taken off his shoulders.

“What's gonna happen to Joey?” Bendy asks, his voice low as the poor thing is exhausted now.

Eleven taps his pen on the table, his chin propped on one hand as he considers this information. “It's hard to say. There's not much evidence of this. I'll need to go to the studio and see if I can find anything to back your claims.”

“At the very least, he's out of your house, Bendy,” Henry says. He still can't believe his best friend is such a bad person. He always knew Joey has problems, but he never imagined anything like this. Joey is a ruthless predator.

“Not so fast,” Eleven says. “We don't want him to run away before we figure this out. Let's just take it slow, step by step. If it's possible to get him for these crimes, I would really like to. It would also close a lot of cases.”

“Well, then. At the very least, he's out of our partnership. And we're changing the name of the studio. I won't have my company named after a rapist.”

Bendy sighs and closes his eyes. He can't remember the last time he's felt so spent. And he doesn't have his Sammy to comfort him. A few more drops of ink roll down his face and he whines.

Sammy's only been gone a few hours, yet Bendy already misses his mate so much.

“Come on, Bendy. I bet you need to lie down for a while. Let's leave Eleven to work.” Henry takes Bendy's hand and leads him to Henry's bedroom. The man lies down with the demon, cuddling close under the covers. Bendy whimpers as he clings to Henry. Then, in a shaky voice, he asks a question
he desperately needs the answer to.

“Are you my dad again?”

Henry sighs. “Bendy... I was never not your dad. I was just so angry with you. But... I understand why you do the things you do, now. From such an early age...” Henry sighs again, closing his eyes and shaking his head a little. “I don't think it's sunk in just yet. I'm still... almost in denial.”

“Do you believe me?”

“Yes, Bendy. It's just a lot for me to take in. My best friend and my son... Now try to get some rest. You'll feel better after a nap.”

Joey is contained in his RV, the keys taken from him and the gate code changed so he cannot leave. Although miles apart, Bendy and Sammy both spend the rest of the day sulking and napping. While Bendy is emotionally spent, Sammy is just confused. Away from Bendy and the Ink Machine, Sammy's mind feels foggier than usual. Sometimes he feels like he can't even see clearly. Other times he just feels scared, a feeling of wrongness and doom settling over him. Sometimes sleep is the best escape from these feelings, so he naps on the sofa Ruth keeps setting him on.

By the time night rolls around, both creatures are feeling completely displaced. As the Lawrence family piles into the house, Sammy is intimidated by the massive amount of strangers in the unfamiliar space. Normally when he’s in this situation, he stays close to Bendy to feel safe. Now all he has is Ruth, and she makes a poor substitute to his lord.

Sammy follows close to Ruth, one hand twisted into her blouse, the other clutching the edge of his mask. He keeps his plushie in the crook of his elbow. When it comes time to gather for dinner, Sammy refuses to join them, digging in his heels and tightening his grip on Ruth's top, keeping her from joining her family. Resigned, she eats with Sammy in a side room. She prefers to see her hungry family dig into the food she worked so hard to prepare, but she's willing to lose that for a few days while Sammy adjusts.

Sammy continues to cling to her all evening, even following her into her bed. When he starts to remove his trousers, Ruth grabs his elbow.

“Sammy, dear, wouldn't you be more comfortable with those on?”

“My lord prefers me this way.”

“Why don't you take off your mask and leave your pants on?”

“My mask? No, you can never see my face!”

“I saw your face, Sammy dear, just yesterday. It's nothing to be ashamed of.”

“Wh-what?! N-no, you haven't! Only Bendy. And Norman. And Mr. Drew.” His voice is shaky and higher pitched than usual. His hands shake as he clutches at his mask, acting like he's scared Ruth is going to yank it off of him.

Ruth sighs. It's so easy to upset Sammy. “Ok, Sammy, keep it on if you prefer. Just-” Before she can say more, he's butt naked and in her bed. Ruth rubs between her eyes. She's a patient woman, but she's been dealing with the highly emotional Sammy all day, and he's really starting to wear her down.
Ok, she thinks to herself. It seems she must sleep beside her mentally unstable naked uncle tonight. Tomorrow will be better, she tells herself. Tomorrow Sammy will be calmer, and they can work on some ground rules.

In a similar position, Henry has a clingy demon on his hands. Bendy follows Henry around like a lost puppy until they both wind up in Henry’s bed, the demon twisted around the man and whimpering softly late into the night. The whole situation is exhausting for Henry, and emotionally draining. He hates seeing Bendy this way.

The next day the animator sneaks away from Bendy while he naps on the couch. Henry starts for the art room, but stops with a sigh. And redirects to the kitchen for a mug of coffee. He needs a little break.

Eleven is already there, pouring himself a mug of freshly brewed coffee. Henry steps next to him, but before he can grab a mug, Eleven offers the one in his hand. Henry sees he's already added the cream Henry prefers. He smiles at his friend.

“Thanks, El. I really need this.”

The agent loops his arm around Henry, who responds by leaning against Eleven, carefully sipping his hot coffee.

“I don't know what I would do without you,” he mutters. Eleven's chest is strong under his cheek, his heartbeat slow and steady. Henry's eyelids droop.

“Come on, you.” Eleven takes Henry to the table and sits down next to him.

“Ellie, what are we going to do?” Henry asks, his voice quiet but full of despair. “I've never seen Bendy like this before. The whole situation is just awful.”

“Mm. You think it's bad now, just wait until Bendy gets horny.”

Henry sighs. “I feel so bad for both Bendy and Sammy. I understand Bendy and his motivations more than ever. But at the same time, Sammy deserves to be safe.”

Eleven nods. “They love each other. Maybe we can sort this out somehow. Why don't we contact Maggie again, Bendy's counselor?”

“It's my fault, Ellie. I knew something was going on, but I didn't figure it out. Hell, you had it sorted before I did. I feel so dumb. I was over there, just yelling at poor Bendy, even disowned him. When every night he was getting attacked in his own bed. I feel sick, El.”

“Hen, please don't beat yourself up over this. You didn't know, and everyone has their breaking points. Even you. He slept with your daughter, Hen. That's a good reason to get upset. You were justified.”

“No, Eleven, I don't think I was. It never pays off to yell at someone like that. I know that. But I did it anyway. And Sammy is suffering for it.”

“You don't know that. He might be just fine over there.”

Henry doesn't reply. He knows Eleven is just trying to comfort him. They both know Sammy is unhappy without Bendy nearby.
“Henry.” Eleven cups Henry's face and directs him to look into his eyes. “Are you going to be ok?”

Henry stares into Eleven's beautiful eyes for a long moment, then leans forward and presses his lips against Eleven's. He stiffens in surprise, but does not pull back. Henry keeps his mouth against Eleven's for a long moment, then pulls away, a deep blush coloring his cheeks. Eleven gazes at him calmly, seeming neither surprised nor upset.

“I... I'm sorry, Ellie. I don't know what came over me,” Henry says, horribly embarrassed. He hopes he didn't just ruin things between them. “It, uh. It won't happen again, I promise. I just-”

“Hen. Hush,” Eleven says, his voice deep and soothing. “It's fine. No need to panic. We probably should talk about this, though.”

“A, uh. A bad talk or a good talk?” Henry suddenly can't meet Eleven's eyes, dread filling his chest. He's prepared for Eleven to say something horrible, like he has to be reassigned to a different case now.

“A calm discussion about where we should go with this,” is his reply. The FBI agent puts his hand on Henry's forearm. Henry looks back into Eleven's eyes and finally relaxes again.

“Ok,” he agrees.

“Ok. So, Henry,” the agent leans back in his chair. “We've known each other for almost a year, now. Of course, I know about your situation with Linda. I didn't know that you're gay. Or bisexual?”

“Ah. Um. I didn't know I was, either. It's just... I enjoy your company. And I think you're pretty handsome, too. You're so in tune to what's going on, and so smart. I know you've got my back, and have everyone's best interest in mind. You're not selfish. You're...” he trails off, blushing again as he realizes he's rambling about just how much he likes Agent Eleven.

The agent smiles at Henry. “You're probably demisexual, then. You fall in love with people you feel emotionally close to. I'm actually the same way. But I haven't felt really close to anyone in a very long time. Then again, I'm not usually assigned to a case for an extended period. It's hard to build relationships while traveling so often.”

Still flushed, Henry nods a little. “So... That means we're compatible?” His voice is hopeful. “Unless, ah. Unless you don't feel close to me. I understand if you don't-”

“Henry,” the agent chuckles. “Take a breath and calm down. I like you, too.”

“You do?”

“Sure, I mean. It makes sense, right? Bendy isn't exactly welcoming, especially with people he allows close to you. For you, dating would be hard if not impossible. But he's gotten used to me. And I'm going to be on assignment here for a while. We just need to make sure this is logical and sound before we rush into anything.”

“Right, of course. Sure. So, uh. How do we do that?”

“By thinking about it. What happens if we don't work out? Can we still live together then? Will Bendy accept this? What happens when I get reassigned? That sort of thing.” He leans forward and presses a sweet kiss to Henry's cheek.

“Ok, Ellie. I'll think about it. But I'm pretty sure I already know the answer.”
Sammy is lost. He doesn't know where he is, and nothing around him is familiar. The only person he somewhat knows is Ruth, but even her name often slips his mind, and he forgets why she's relevant to him. Some sort of old co-worker? That doesn't seem right. In any case, Sammy hates feeling lost. He's afraid, and feels like he doesn't belong here. Like he needs to be somewhere else.

So he wanders, looking for something familiar. He even steps outside, looking in the massive pastures and outbuildings for somewhere he belongs. He promptly gets even more lost out there, and eventually finds himself in a shed, crying in the dark cold and wondering why the sheep won't let him near them. The Lawrences have to throw a search party, but he's finally found and brought back late past midnight.

“Sammy...” Ruth fusses over him, petting his smooth head. “You have to stay inside, ok? If you don't, we'll have to keep the doors locked.”

“But I'm missing. Or maybe I'm not missed at all. Where is my lord? Why has he not come for me?”

“Because you live with us now. You're safe, Sammy. You don't have to be scared.”

But Sammy is scared. The next day he has a new idea. He must build shrines. That will summon his lord, or at least let him know that while Sammy has forgotten most other things, he will never forget his Bendy. Sammy finds a blank wall, rips open his arm, and starts to draw the familiar symbols. He's only halfway done when he's caught.

“Sammy! No, sir, we don't draw on the walls. We've got plenty of paper if you want to- Is that your blood?” She takes his arm and tries to pull him to his feet.

“No, no!! I must finish the shrine. It needs to be perfect, to please my lord!” He yanks himself free and resumes his work.

Ruth pauses. This isn't the Sam she's used to. When he's around Bendy and has gotten attention from him lately, Sammy is calm and passive. He goes where people direct and more or less stays where he's put. He's quiet, prone to staring out windows or softly tapping on things to make little rhythms. She's never experienced unstable Sammy, with his mood swings, screaming fits, and acts of self harm. As she watches, he gouges himself again, this time clawing at his own stomach, then smears the ink on the wall.

“Sammy, please. Come back with me. I'll make you some hot chocolate. You love chocolate.”

She is ignored as he carefully finger paints his religious symbol on the wall. After a moment, Ruth decides to try again, taking his arm and trying to pull him away. He lurches to his feet, then gets in her face, towering over her as as he grabs her tightly and screams at her.

“Wretch! You will not get in the way of my lord! I will sacrifice you in a ritual, and his righteous fury will wipe you from the earth!! He will save me, and set me free from this prison!!” He shoves her back away from him, knocking her into the wall, and drops back to his knees to finish his work.

“Sing a happy song... Whistle a merry tune... Wait for his arrival... He's coming very soon...” His voice is a sing song now, the ritual of creating a shrine soothing him instantly.

Shaken, Ruth stumbles away, brushing at the ink stains Sammy left on her upper arms. She shivers a bit. She's never seen him so violent. Scared and sad, yes, but this is new. She doesn't like this at all. She leaves him to his art project.
Later that day she is hard at work in the kitchen while Sammy lies on his sofa. Ruth tries to tell herself that this morning's episode was just Sammy adjusting, and that he'll calm down now. But when a teenaged family member tugs at Ruth's sleeve with a blush on their face, Ruth looks over to realize that Sammy's on the sofa with his trousers down around his thighs. He's in the middle of pleasuring himself in full view of the household.

Ruth drops her wooden spoon with a surprised squeak, then hurries over. Her instinct is to take him, pull him to his feet, and get his pants back up, but she hesitates. Is he going to scream at her again?

“Sammy? Sammy, wait.”

His mask focuses on her face, but his hand doesn't stop moving. A leg kicks out and he huffs a little. Ruth blushes a deep shade. She never wanted to know that Sammy is very well hung and uncut. She wonders how much of that is natural, and how much of that is of Bendy's choosing, and she quickly forces the thought away. It's really none of her business.

“Sammy, you have a right to your own body, but you can't do that here. Can you go to the bedroom or bathroom? You'll be more comfortable.” When all she gets in response is a soft moan, she decides she has to try. When she takes his shoulders and directs him to stand, he does so, but his hand is still busy. Ruth kneels and quickly tugs up his trousers, looping one suspender over his shoulder. But with the front undone and Sammy refusing to let go of himself, it really doesn't do much to make the ink man decent.

Ruth takes his free wrist and leads him to the nearest bathroom, closing the door after him.

“Try to finish in the toilet, dear,” she reminds as she shuts him in. If he makes a mess, she'll be the one cleaning his sperm up.

Ruth leans against the wall and sighs. How does Henry manage dozens of ink creatures while running a studio with only the help of one other man? She can barely keep up with one monster. Exhausted, Ruth decides to make herself some coffee.

Bendy lies on the floor of the art room, moping. Henry and his four animators are editing a storyboard, but the demon isn't listening enough to know why they're changing it. He flops around occasionally with a dramatic moan, letting all know his misery. When that doesn't get him the attention he needs, he starts to whine.

“Henry? Henry. Henry! Heennrrrryyyy....”

Henry sighs, stops his directing, and slowly kneels down next to Bendy, his knees popping as he does so. He pets Bendy's horns.


“Not hungry...”

Henry pauses. He doesn't think he's ever heard Bendy say he's not hungry. “Are you sure?”

“Want SamSam. Want sex.”

“I'm afraid I can't help you, there...” Henry is glad that Ashley had to go back to class. As it is, he's worried about Norman's safety. The Projectionist is the next logical option, but Henry knows the skittish creature is not sexually interested in Bendy. Henry doesn't want any more rape happening in
his house.

“Why don't you use your hand?” Henry suggests.

“Never have before.”

“Never? Not once?”

“Nu uh. Always had someone to use. Just a hand sounds... cold. Uncomfortable. Dry. Don't your claws get in the way n scratch ya up?”

“I've never had that problem, no...”

“Can't I go see Sam? Just for a visit? Say hi, smell him, lick him, fuck him, come home?”

“I'm sorry, Bendy...”

The demon sighs again. He's having to go from having sex whenever the need, or boredom, hit him, to quitting cold turkey. It's not easy.

Henry's employees are coming back in, so Henry stands with a groan and gets back to work.

That evening, Henry and Eleven sit side by side on the couch, quietly going over Eleven's findings about Joey. The older man is still quarantined in his RV, but Eleven needs to figure out what to do with him quickly. The agent doesn't want to be charged with false imprisonment.

Henry sets a thick file down on the coffee table with a sigh, and glances over at Bendy, who is curled on the floor nearby, napping.

“This is all so hard... I wonder how Sammy's doing?” Henry mumbles.

Eleven nods and leans back against the couch, tired. He's been all over the studio, looking for evidence, but after 30 years, the scene is very contaminated. It's hard to find anything in the maze-like death trap of the old Joey Drew Studios.

“You should take Bendy with you to the studio,” Henry suggests. “He might can help you find something...” the man trails off as he glances over at Eleven. The agent has his head leaned back on the couch, eyes closed. “You look the way I feel,” Henry teases. Then leans against him, settling his head against Eleven's chest.

Without a second thought, Eleven settles his hand on Henry's hair, gently playing with the messy locks. Henry places his own hand on Eleven's stomach, then blushes a little. He knows the FBI agent is fit, of course, but this is the first time he's really touched that flat tummy. Henry's own soft frame really doesn't compare, at least in the animator's mind. A lifetime of sitting at a desk has left Henry a little round.

Eleven doesn't seem to mind Henry's frame. His arm drops down from Henry's hair to wrap around his middle, giving him a squeeze.

“Ellie?”

“Hm?”

“You were right earlier. What if we got Bendy to see Maggie again? If he gets some therapy, gets his
anger back under control, maybe he can be around Sammy again. Bendy's been through so much trauma, he could use the help, anyway."

"It's worth a shot, for sure," Eleven agrees. "If Bendy's mental state is taking care of, he won't be so violent towards Sammy."

Bendy lifts his head off the ground and gives the pair a sad look. "It's not... It's not just that. SamSam and I... I knew him when he was human. We were friends from before. I loved him. Sammy was my world. Then he quit the studio. Joey said the only way I could keep him was by changing him. But I fucked up." Bendy's voice is low, sad, and serious. He doesn't slur his words like he usually does. "I fucked up my own SamSam when I inked him. Messed up his mind, made him this weird echo of who he used to be. Sometimes when I look at him, I can't even stand it. Sometimes I look at him and he makes me miss the real him so badly it hurts. Sometimes he reminds me of my worst failure. Sometimes I hate him."

"Bendy, no-" Henry starts.

"No. I know because I messed him up, it's my job to take care of him. But he's so needy, always all over me. Then he got me in trouble, just cause I fixed his hands."

"Wait, you did what?" Eleven asks, lifting his head off the couch.

"That's why he was screamin' so much. N no one even stopped yellin' at me long enough for me to tell 'em. He has five fingers now."

"You did it?" Henry asks, his voice in awe. "Bendy, did you really fix his hands?"

"I don't know... Everything happened so fast. I don't know how well they work. But he's got the right number of fingers now."

"If you can do that," Eleven says. "Then maybe you can fix everyone. Boris. Norman. Even the Searchers."

"Wait a minute, I dunno about all that... I just added a couple of fingers, is all."

"It's a good start, Bendy." Henry pauses. "I'm... I'm really sorry I lost my temper at you. I should have listened before getting angry. All I knew is that you were making Sammy scream his head off, like I've never heard him scream before. I thought you were just being a jerk."

"I guess that's a fair assumption," Bendy tries to joke, but it falls flat. "So... You think I can earn my Sammy back?"

"We can try, Bendy. Prove to Ruth that you're working hard to improve, and that you're safe to be around him, and she won't have any reason to keep him away."

Bendy sighs and puts his head back down. "I'll do whatever it takes..."

"That's my good boy, Bendy. Would you like to join us?" Henry offers.

Bendy looks up at them, then stands and climbs on the couch, making Eleven grunt as he finds himself on the bottom of the pile.

"So, does this mean Eleven's my new dad?" Bendy asks, starting to act more like his usual self.

"That makes three dads. Ya know, Henry, I might be more normal if I had a mom, instead."

"Yeah, well, who's fault is it that Linda's not here?" Henry asks, an edge to his voice.
Bendy falls quiet, his tail flopping to the floor. Henry sighs. “I'm sorry, Bendy. I'm trying. This has been hard for me, too.”

“It's hard for all of us. But we need to stick together to get through this. If we're always at each other's throats, life will never get back to normal,” Eleven advises. “And we need to get Sammy back before he does something stupid and gets himself into trouble.”

“I... I didn't think of that,” Henry admits softly.

“It's only a matter of time before he gets desperate enough to sacrifice someone,” Eleven says. “Then I may be forced to do something I really don't want to do to poor Sammy.”

Bendy whines softly and clings to Henry. “Don't hurt my Sam...”

“Then let's get him home,” the agent replies, a determined edge to his voice. “Let's get him home.”

Chapter End Notes

I know, I know! Joey didn't get torn apart. He didn't even get a slap on the wrist, really.
But be patient...

Works inspired by this one

Treading the Edge of the Lighter Side of Hell by TheSavvyGeekInGlasses

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