TUApocalypse 2020

by DoomBum

Summary

My work for the TUApocalypse 2020.
24th March : Children Behave
25th March : Partners in Crime
26th March : Musical
27th March : Briefcase
28th March : Favorite Scene
29th March : Your Addiction is...
30th March : Alone
31st March : A Different Era
1st April : Kenny's Birthday

From @tehmoonofficial post on Tumblr
Children Behave

Seven watches excitedly her father and Pogo leave the Academy from her bedroom window. She waits until she can't see the car anymore before running to the door, opening it widely and throwing a look in the right corridor, seeing all her siblings doing the same.

Four is the first to leave their room, quickly followed by Two and Six "Finally ! I thought he would never leave !"

"He t-took hi-his s-s-sweet t-t-ti-time !" Two jumps excitedly, already on his way toward the stairs and to the kitchen.

Seven waits for Five to follow them before leaving her own room, having to jog a little to catch up to him. "Are you eager for mom's cooking lesson too, Five ?" Mom told them all, a few days ago, that Dad was leaving today with Pogo for some important meeting, and that while they were both away, she would tech them how to bake cookies.

She never saw Two beaming like that before, he could barely hold himself still since the announcement. The rest of them were also really looking forward to learn something new, except maybe One, but when is he happy about Dad not being there ?

Five shrugs at her, seemingly disinterested by the idea, but Seven could see the small smile he was trying to hide. "I guess it can be fun."

She laughs slightly at the vague answer, and they both rush down the stairs when they notice they were left behind by the rest of their siblings.

Once everyone is in the kitchen, standing at their designated place around the breakfast table, Mom enters the room, humming softly to herself. "Hello there, childrens."

They all say their greetings and Four interrupts Two's to loudly ask "Can we start now ? I want to make cookies !"

Two gives them an annoyed glare, but when he looks back at Mom he is fastly nodding his head, eager to start too.

"Patience my little hummingbird." She shuffles their hair, making them giggle. "First, you need to make groups. Each group will make a tray of cookies."

Seven looks down at that, no-one ever wants to be in a group with her. She can hear laughter and excited whispers from her siblings. She shakes her head, trying to stop the tears from falling down, she feels so pathetic. She raises her head when she hears someone clearing their throat, stumbling backwards a little as she finishes nose to nose with Five. "You can group with me if you want." He looks bored, like he doesn't really care if she accepts or not, but it doesn't stop the bubbling joy she can feel in the pit of her stomach.

"Really ?" She almost want to jump in happiness when they nod, but she restrains herself, she isn't a little child anymore.

"The evens are once again grouping together -" He nods his head toward their three siblings whispering secretly to each other, before signing to One and Three -"and there is no way I'm getting in a group with these two."
Seven hums in agreement, the duo is starting to get really annoying to be around, always taking the other's side no matter what, and mocking the rest of them. She smiles at Five again, grateful to not be alone for once, and she can swear she sees him smile at her too for a quick second, not that he will ever admit it.

They both turn back to Mom, waiting for their siblings to stop chattering so they could get the first instructions.

When everyone finally calmed down again, mom gives each group a set of bowls, a balance and a basket full of baking ingredients. "First, you will need to measure the ingredients. Put everything down, and get ready."

Seven puts the different bowls in front of her while Five sets up the balance and the ingredients properly. As mom starts to enumerate the measurements, both of them work duty fully, making sure to not make any mistakes. On the contrary, Four already dropped half their group's flour everywhere on their counter, at least it doesn't seem to annoy Two and Six, who started laughing at the mess. One, on the other hand is getting more and more angry, sending cold glares to the other group.

"Kids be careful, you need to have enough for the mix or it won't taste good." The evens have the decency to look guilty at their antiques.

"S-s-so-sorry m-mom."

They all go back to their work, and Seven can see Five shakes his head, quite fondly if she may add, at their siblings childish actions.

When all the measurements are done, they all stand next to their counters, wanting for the next step.

"Alright, now you have to mix it all together." Without waiting any other instruction, One directly puts all his ingredients in the bowl, and starts mixing them with the whisk. They all look at him worriedly, even Mom gives a confused look. Seven gives Five a look, that he reciprocated instantly, muttering he had enough of this family's stupidity.

"Wow, that was really stupid, One." Four is the first one to break from their trance, easily mocking One's action, without any concern for the repercussions.

One looks at him angrily, he seems to be having some difficulties mixing his bowl. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Four rolls their eyes, giving an exasperated look to the rest of their group "You are suppose to mix the ingredients one by one. In a specific order."

One scoffs and goes to answer but Mom stops him before he gets the chance "Your sibling is right, TwinkleStar." He turns to her, questionably "I was going to say it, but you went a little too fast there and I didn't got the time."

He stroke the back of his neck guiltily, muttering an apology. Three glares at him, obviously angry that he ruined their cookies. "You couldn't have waited another minute, couldn't you?"

His eyes widen, and he goes to apologize repeatedly, but she crosses her arms on her chest and turns away from him. They all watch the duo strangely, unsure on what to think of it. Seven can see Six muttering something under his breath, she can't hear what he said but the two others start giggling, giving each other a knowing look. She looks at Five, who seems confused by the others
behaviour, before turning back to mom.

"It doesn't mean it will taste bad, we can still continue." Everyone looks at Mom and nods, sans One and Three who gives her an hopeful look.

"Really ? It will be fine ?" Mom nods at them, and they both jump excitedly before One goes back to trying mixing the bowl with renewed strenght.

They watch him continue, before going to their own mix once Mom starts telling them the good order to do it.

Once everything is done, and One and Three's mixture finally looks like something, they get the cookies ready on the oven's tray. Seven is pretty happy with how her dough is placed, they are all well spaced, and appropriately proportionate. She looks at Five, who is smiling proudly at their work. They both sit down at the table, waiting for their siblings to finish. As they wait, Seven takes in the state of the kitchen, there is flour and cookie dough everywhere, she isn't sure how it happened but she knows it's somehow Four's fault.

When everyone is finally done, they put it all in the oven and wait for it to cook. The evens seem to be mocking One and Three's catastrophic cookies, making the two of them angry, and almost causing a fist fight between Two and One that mom had to stop.

By the time the alarm sets off, Seven is half asleep on her chair, and the suddent noise makes her jump in surprise and look around her in confusion.

Mom is the one taking the trays out of the oven, not wanting them to burn themselves by accident, she puts them all on the table "Careful children, it's hot."

Of course, none of them listen and take a cookie, burning themselves with the heat but eating it anyway. Seven smiles widely at the taste of her and Five's, they turned out really good. She looks at the others, One looks disappointed and Three makes a disgusted face, throwing another angry look at Luther. Two, Four and Six all make a strange face at the taste, but none of them seem too bothered by it, actually they look amused. Five is smiling, happy at their work.

Afterward, Mom makes them all leave the kitchen so she can clean the mess, giving them each a box of cookies on the way out.

Seven goes back to her room, putting the box on her desk before lying on her bed, still smiling at the day she just had. She had a great time, even if her siblings fought a little during it, they were all together in the room, and she was included ! She is so happy to have been included, she never is when dad is around.

She falls asleep a smile on her face, and the sound of her siblings laughing and arguing across the hall. This surely was the best day of her life.
Partners in Crime

Ben looks at Klaus gleefully, the both of them are waiting for chaos to unveil on their unsuspecting siblings. They just spend the last 2 hours boobytrapping the entire mansion to ensure maximum damage on each and every single one of the others. It all went pretty easily thanks to Ben's intangibility and Klaus's new found levitation, and now they just have to wait for Luther to wake up and start the domino effect.

After another minute, they can hear Luther moving in his room, and Klaus quickly get out of view as the giant leaves for the bathroom. Ben, invisible to - almost - everyone, follows behind him, stopping at the door to listen. He looks at his sibling leaving the corridor to get ready for the second part of their plan, and gives them a thumb up as they get out of view.

It takes around ten minutes of soft whistling before Ben finally hears a sudden silence, he braces himself for what's coming. "What the fuck !"

Suddenly, Luther opens the bathroom door with only a towel around his waist and dripping water everywhere on the ground. Ben throws himself in a full on laughter at the sight of his bright pink brother. To be honest, he wasn't sure about this part of the plan, but seeing almost the entirety of Luther's body hair coloured in a flashy pink shade makes him delighted to have followed Klaus's idea.

"Who did that !" Luther is fuming and the screeching seems to have awoken everyone else, their siblings starting to emerge from their rooms.

"What the fuck Luther ! Some people are trying to slee-" Diego cuts his rant as he takes in his brother's flashy figure, he blinks a few times before bursting in laughing, barely stoping himself from falling on the ground.

Everyone else quickly follow as they process the unusual sight, only Allison has the decency to try, and fail, to hide her own laugh.

It dies down quickly enough, and everyone leaves a pathetic looking Luther to dry himself and get ready for breakfast. Diego looks back for a second, giving the other a mocking glance and trying to not laugh again "Pink really suits you Luther."

The giant goes back in the bathroom with a huff, loudly closing the door behind him. Ben can't stop himself from giggling as he hurries downstairs.

When he gets there, Klaus is at the stove cooking breakfast in some stupid apron, seemingly listening to their siblings retailing Luther's situation. They give him a knowing glance that he easily returns. He sits on the counter next to them to look at Five, grumpily making his morning coffee. As he starts the machine, Ben gets ready to act on the next step, putting himself behind Klaus's chairs, ready to pull.

This one is mostly to make sure the suspicions are not directly on Klaus, which would stop their fun way too early, and they just can't have that. He has to admit, only to himself, that he does enjoy the idea of pranking his sibling too, they deserve it anyway, after everything they made him go through.

Klaus finishes the breakfast for everyone, setting the plates on the table and pulling Ben's chair as usual, before sitting down and of course falling hard on the ground "Fuck !"
Ben winces at the sound, but goes to sit down as they dramatically get back up on their chair. Five ignores the mess happening around him, and sits down on his own chair, a cup of coffee in his hands. He gives Klaus an annoyed glance "Can't you be more careful ?"

They put an hand on their chest, trying to make themself look hurt by the statement. "I was careful !" Five just rolls his eyes and the rest of them watches the scene with a suspicious look.

Five takes a first sip of coffee as Luther enters the kitchen, sitting down on his own chair and ignoring Klaus's giggling as they see the result of their work.

Allison goes to scold Klaus for their reaction, but she is cut by Five spitting his coffee and violently throwing the cup on the opposite wall, making everyone flinch "What is that ? Who touched my coffee ?"

He looks absolutely murderous, and they all recoil at the deadly look, not daring to speak up. Vanya is the first to break the tense silence "What do you mean ?"

"Yeah, no-one touches your coffee Five." Diego gives him a look, but it doesn't quite work out since he winces when the kid looks in his direction. He holds his hands up "We don't have a death wish."

"I don't know who did it, but whoever it is, is going to regret it." Five teleports away after that, surely to get another cup in a nearby shop.

They all look at each other, Klaus doing a great job at looking as confused at the scene as everyone, only breaking their acting to wink at him. No-one speak up and they quickly eat their breakfast before rushing to their respective rooms.

The both of them settle down on the couch, waiting for Allison to find her make-up being completely messed-up, or Diego to discover his knives have been replaced by plastic toys.

"I missed that." Ben confesses slowly, making Klaus look at him in confusion before they understand what he means and grins at him.

"Yeah, it's been some time since our last prank day, isn't it ?" He nods, it had been a long time, a few weeks before he died actually.

Him and Klaus used to play pranks on everyone back in the day, always a move ahead the other, annoying the shit out of each and everyone one of them. None of them ever believed Klaus when they said Ben was part of their shenanigans, always thinking he was the most innocent one, and that he would never do such a thing, as if the two of them weren't thick as thieves, always in the other's shadow.

He laughs to himself at the memories, shaking his head "We need to do it more often."

"Oh definitely ! But first, we need to take care of Vanya." At that Klaus's rises from their spot, not bothering to check if he was following, knowing he was, and goes towards Vanya's room, looking as ready as Ben feels to cause more mayhem than they ever did before.

And as they receive exasperated looks from their siblings at the end of the day, Klaus can't bring themself to regret a thing, watching with a fond look Ben smiling and laughing in a way they haven't since the day he died.
Musical

Children behave, that's what they say when we're together

And watch how you play

They don't understand

And so we're

Luther sighs deeply. He feels so alone. He never felt so alone before, even after everyone left the house, he still had dad, and Pogo, and mom.

He misses them. He misses his siblings, he wishes he stayed in touch with them. He should have tried harder to keep the team together, after Five's disappearance, after Ben's death. He should have tried harder. Maybe they wouldn't have left him if he did.

He misses Diego's bravery, Allison's laughter, Klaus's jokes, Vanya's music. He wishes he could see them now, and apologize for not trying enough, to not be a good leader to them, to have failed them all.

He wonders if they think about him sometimes, and if they do if they miss him the way he misses them. They surely don't, they never liked him. He - he is sorry. He should have tried harder. He just feels so alone now.

He is a leader, with no-one left to lead.

Running just as fast as we can, holding on to one another hands

Trying to get away into the night and then you put your arms around me

And we tumble to the ground and then you say

Diego finishes the last stitch on his stomach, barely wincing at the pain anymore. He did a good job tonight, stopped a few robberies and saved a young girl from some shady guy in an alleyway.

He goes to get up when his eyes catches the tattoo on his arm. He frowns, his hand slowly tracing the lines. He wonders what they are all doing right now. He tries to keep track of them all, to make sure they are doing alright.

He tries to tell himself they don't need him, they are all adults and they can take care of themselves now. They don't need him to protect them. Not anymore. Not ever again. But other people do, and he will be there for them, he will protect those who can't protect themselves.

He is helping people. It doesn't matter if he is alone to do it, as long as he is helping someone, anyone.
He sighs, tracing the tattoo again. It doesn't matter that he feels so alone now.

He is fighter, without any battle to fight.

_I think we're alone now,_

_There doesn't seem to be anyone around_

_I think we're alone now,_

_The beating of our hearts is the only sound_

Allison smiles at the flashes of the cameras, prancing on the red carpet and waving at the photographers. She should be the happier woman in the world, all her dreams came true, she has the perfect career, the perfect husband, and the perfect daughter. She has everything.

But she can't help but feel like something is missing. She is alone. Deep down, she is alone. Her siblings should be here, cheering for her, be proud of her, of her accomplishments.

Are they proud of her? Are they looking up to her? Watching her movies with wonder? Smiling when they see her on TV?

She doesn't know, but she hopes they do. She hopes they watch her with wonder, that they see her hard work. She wishes they were here to share it.

She is surrounded by a crowd, but she never felt as alone as she does now.

She is a star, with no-one to see her shine.

_Look at the way we gotta hide what we're doin'_

_'Cause what would they say_

_If they ever knew_

_And so we're_

Klaus is adjusting the coat around them, shivering with cold. They look around the alleyway, at the seringues on the floor, at the people walking in the nearby street.

They are a complete mess, a disappointment to their family. No wonder they all left them. They would have left themself too.

Who would want someone like them? They are a liar, a thief, a worthless junkie. Why would their siblings waste their time with them?
They had big dreams once, but the ghosts, and the drugs, they eat them all out, leaving them with nothing to live for, nothing to look forward to. They never wanted this life, but what else are they good for?

It's better like that anyway. They can't fail anyone if there is no-one there to fail. They shouldn't complain, at least they can keep in touch with their lives on TV or in magazines, it's better than nothing.

They just wished they weren't so alone all the time.

They are a dreamer, with no energy left to dream.

Running just as fast as we can, holding on to one another hands

Trying to get away into the night and then you put your arms around me

And we tumble to the ground and then you say

Five looks at the rumbles of the apocalypse, lost and terrified even after all this time. He spend years here, and yet he still isn't used to being alone, he never was before.

He can't stop now, he needs to figure out how to go back, he needs to see them again. He misses them all so much. He needs to tell them he is sorry. So sorry. He shouldn't have left, he shouldn't have abandoned them.

He needs to save them, to see them alive again, breathing, laughing, yelling. Anything, as long as they are alive.

He was so selfish. He didn't even think about any of them. Maybe he deserves being here. But he will be better. He has to. He'll figure out how to save them, how to go back. He will fix it. He has to, he needs them.

He looks at the graves of his siblings and cries, he is so alone now.

He is a runner, with nowhere left to run to.

I think we're alone now,

There doesn't seem to be anyone around

I think we're alone now,

The beating of our hearts is the only sound

I think we're alone now,
Ben is sitting on a dumpster, watching his sibling destroying themself on the ground. He can't do anything to stop them. He can never never do anything ever again.

He misses being alive. He misses being able to feel, to taste, to interact. He misses his siblings, talking to them, being seen by them, and not dismissed as one of Klaus’s hallucinations.

He wishes he didn't had to die to open his eyes, to understand how precious life was and that he should have cherished it.

He was more than just his father's pawn. He could have been more than a pawn, but he died before even realising he was one.

Now, he is just a memory. A ghost, invisible to - almost - everyone. He is nothing but a fading memory, that no-one wants to remember about. He feels so alone now.

He is a child, with no chance left to grow old.

Vanya practices on her violin, alone in her apartment. She always was alone, even in a house full of siblings. She was invisible, some dirty secret. The one you never talk to, the one you never see.

She should be used to it by now, right? Why isn't she used to it? She don't want to be alone. She never did, but she never had a choice.

Her siblings always pushed her away, ignoring her, dismissing her, forgetting about her. She shouldn't be missing them.

She misses them. She wishes they were here, that they would call and check up with her, that they would come by, just to see her. That they cared about her, even for one minute.

She wishes she could call them, but she can't. Not after the book. They surely all hate her now. At least that would make them think about her. It doesn't matter if it's in a bad light, at least they would think about her, remember her existence. She just want to be seen. Maybe she wouldn't feel so alone now.
She is a musician, with no-one to hear her play.

       I think we're alone now,

There doesn't seem to be anyone around

       I think we're alone now,

The beating of our hearts is the only sound

       I think we're alone now,

There doesn't seem to be anyone around

       I think we're alone now,

The beating of our hearts is the only sound

Children behave, that's what they say when we're together

       And watch how you play

They don't understand

       And so we're

Luther turns on the record player, nodding his head along the music. His siblings turn to look at him from their place in the living room. They smile at the sound of the old song and easily start singing and dancing along too.

He is happy, he got his family back. He still has a lot of work to do, a long reflexion on himself and on his past actions, but at least he isn't alone anymore. He is trying, to see things from their perspective, to understand them and to be there for them. He is learning to be a good leader, to be a good brother.

And he also is learning to let go sometimes, that it's okay to make mistakes as long as you reflect on them, and make sure you don't do it again.

And as they sing and dance together, he can say he happy. He isn't alone anymore.

       Running just as fast as we can, holding on to one another hands

       Trying to get away into the night and then you put your arms around me

       And we tumble to the ground and then you say

Diego wants to laugh when he hears the first notes of the song, it's been quite a while since he last
heard it and it brings back some good memories.

Like his siblings, he starts singing and dancing along, feeling stupid as he does so but it doesn't really matter because they all do.

He feels like he can finally let go of the mask that have been stuck with him since he left. He doesn't have to fight stupid useless battles anymore, he is more than that. His family doesn't need a fighter anymore, they need a brother, and that's what he is going to be.

He still have work to do, especially with his anger, but he will get there, with the help of the others. Afterall, he isn't alone anymore.

\[
\text{I think we're alone now,} \\
\text{There doesn't seem to be anyone around} \\
\text{I think we're alone now,} \\
\text{The beating of our hearts is the only sound}
\]

Allison smiles, quickly following her siblings in their ridiculous antics. She can't sing along, but she can dance like no one.

She feels happy. Despite everything that happened, she can't stop feeling happy. She finally feels like she belong, like what she has been missing have finally been found.

She knows she needs to work on her attitude, she needs to think of her siblings more, she needs to stop being so selfish all the time.

She might be a super star, but she is first and foremost a sister, and she needs to remember that.

She will work on it. She knows she can, she can do anything when she has her siblings by her side. She isn't alone anymore.

\[
\text{Look at the way we gotta hide what we're doin'} \\
\text{'Cause what would they say} \\
\text{If they ever knew} \\
\text{And so we're}
\]

Klaus is the first to start singing, easily making everyone else follow in rythm.

They laugh at the mess they are doing, and they can feel bumbling joy in their stomach. They've lost a lot in the last few days/months, but right now, surrounded by their siblings, they can easily say they're happy.
They are slowly gaining everyone's trust back, and even if there is a lot left to work on, they know they can do it this time. This time they aren't alone, they have their siblings with them and they will not disappoint them again. They dreamed of that for a long time, and now they finally have the chance to start over, to be a good sibling, one that their family can be proud of.

It won't always be as easy as today, there will be bad days, they know that, but no matter what happens, they aren't *alone* anymore.

*Running just as fast as we can, holding on to one another hands*

*Trying to get away into the night and then you put your arms around me*

*And we tumble to the ground and then you say*

Five rolls his eyes at the stupid scene in front of him, they are all being completely ridiculous. He smiles softly, and joins in as Vanya quietly nudges him.

He feels stupid, dancing and singing like that, but he is happy, they are all happy. And more importantly, they are safe. He succeeded, he saved them.

They still have work to do, all of them. They need to learn how to be a family again, or maybe 'for the first time' would be more accurate, and that's going to take a long time.

He can stop running now, he reached his destination, and he can finally be the brother he should always have been.

There is a lot of work ahead, but right now he doesn't dwell on it, because right now he finally isn't *alone* anymore.

*I think we're alone now,*

*There doesn't seem to be anyone around*

*I think we're alone now,*

*The beating of our hearts is the only sound*

*I think we're alone now,*

*There doesn't seem to be anyone around*

*I think we're alone now,*

*The beating of our hearts is the only sound*

Ben dances as if no-one could see him, even of they all do. They all see him, since Klaus is manifesting him for the moment, he is finally seen and he is so happy.
It's gonna take some use to, and his siblings are gonna lose their shit when they find out how mouthy he got, but it doesn't matter, not right now.

He finally has the ability to be heard again, and it feels so good. He isn't an old painful memory anymore, he can be a brother again.

He got his voice back, one that doesn't solely depends on his sibling. And as he sees his siblings eyes on him, he can finally say he isn't *alone* anymore.

*Running just as fast as we can, holding on to one another hands*

*Trying to get away into the night and then you put your arms around me*

*And we tumble to the ground and then you say*

Vanya sings and dance in rythm with the music, wishing she had her violin to play along it.

Her siblings are laughing around her, with her. She is included and she is happy. She finally belongs. She is one of them.

They still have a lot of work to do, to be a real family, but they are working on it, working on listening to each other, take care of each other, to be good siblings.

She isn't just a stranger to the family, she isn't their dirty secret, the ordinary one. She is their sister.

A sister that will do what it takes to rekindle with each of them, to take the time and effort to learn who they are. A sister, for who they'll do the same.

She feels invincible with them, like she can have everything. But what really matters to her, is that she isn't *alone* anymore.

*I think we're alone now,*

*There doesn't seem to be anyone around*

*I think we're alone now,*

*The beating of our hearts is the only sound*

*I think we're alone now,*

*There doesn't seem to be anyone around*

*I think we're alone now,*

*The beating of our hearts is the only sound*
Klaus looks at the briefcase in their hands, then back at the man in front of them, watching them curiously. They sigh, their hands tracing the side of the doom object before putting it on the side.

"You don't have to tell me if you don't want to." Dave takes their hands, pulling them slightly towards him.

Klaus easily drops themself on the man, making him laugh a little as he puts his arms around them. They close their eyes and hides their face in the crook of his neck, smiling when they feel them kiss the top of their head.

"It's not that I don't want to tell you." They mutter, pulling themself away to look at him. "It's just complicated."

"Try me ?" He strokes their cheek and takes the opportunity to kiss them softly, making them melt.

They sigh again when they break away, looking down as they lock their hands together, considering their options. They could just say no, and that would be it, Dave would drop the subject directly without another question. But doesn't he deserves the truth ? Klaus knows he would believe them about it, he believes them about the ghosts already, so that's not an issue. The issue is the following questions, the one they aren't sure they can answer.

They feel a hand in their hair, stroking it softly. When they raise their head, they see Dave watching them with a patient smile painted on his lips. And just like that, their decision is made.

"What would you say if I told you time travel was real ?"

Their boyfriend raises an eyebrow at that, thinking about it for a few seconds. "I would say it makes sense."

"Really ?"

Dave nods, kissing their temp "Yeah, time travel would explain the strange things you say and do all the time. What does it have to do with the briefcase ?"

Klaus looks at the machine at the bottom of the bed. "It's a time travelling machine. It's what brought me here, from 2019." Dave freezes for a second, making Klaus look at him worriedly. He moves his hand to rest on their waist and shakes his head to get his thoughts back in order.

"2019 ?" They nod slowly, the hand on Dave's chest clenching a little. "What's it like ?"

A dry laugh escape their lips before they get a chance to stop it. "It's shit." Dave takes their hand, bringing it up to his lips, making Klaus smile softly.

"Is that why you're here ?"

And there goes the question they were dreading. Why are they here, or more accurately, why did they stayed ? They decide to stay truthful. "I don't know why I'm here. I shouldn't be here, I don't belong here."

"Nobody does." Dave cuts them and Klaus hums in agreement. "But, if you shouldn't be here, then
"Why are you?"

"It was an accident. I stole the briefcase from its owners, and I thought it had money in it." Klaus doesn't meet their partner's eyes, absently playing with their dog tags.

Dave frowns slightly, carefully observing their strange behaviour. "But if it was an accident, why didn't you get back directly?" They shrug, that's another subject they didn't want to approach. They should have went back as soon as they could, but they couldn't bring themself to do it. It's not like their siblings would actually miss them, they have nothing to go back to.

They feel a pang of guilt at that thought, it's not entirely true, Ben is in the future, and he is the only one he misses. They shake their head, not wanting to go down that particular line of thinking.

They take a deep breath, finally looking back at Dave "Well, at first I just couldn't, since I arrived in a middle of an attack. I didn't got the chance to even think about what was happening that I had a gun in my hands and had to run with you guys." Dave's hand stroke their hip, as he nods along their story. They take his hand in theirs, lacing their fingers again. "And when I finally got the time to breath and think, I realised that these men I met just two weeks prior cared for me more than my family ever did in 30 years." They are at the verge of crying at this point, realising that hurted more than anything else. Dave whips their tears, passing a soft hand on their cheek. They take another breath, trying to calm themself enough to continue. "I realised that I had nowhere to go back to, 2019 is not home, it never was. The 173rd is the closest thing I ever had to a home. You are the closest thing I ever had to a home." They mutter the last part, a blush appearing on their face. Dave laughs a little, before making them look at him.

"I love you too." They smile softly, leaning in to kiss Dave, grateful for his presence and understanding. They can feel him pull them against his chest, making them laugh as they cuddle closer to him.

Later, Klaus looks at the briefcase, still at the bottom of the bed, and they quickly push it off the bed and to the ground before going back to cuddle their sleepy boyfriend, pushing thoughts of the future away from their mind, only focusing on the present.
Klaus looks at their brother from their seat in the car, starting to get impatient. They watch him hold something in his hand before opening the door "Yoohoo, Diego ! I hate to rush you through any kind of brooding moment you might be having but come on man, we're starving !"

He turns to look at them, but doesn't answer. Klaus closes back the door again, sighing loudly "I'm craving… eggs. No ! It's too late for eggs." They turn to look at Ben, sitting next to them "Waffles ?" Their brother hums in acknowledgment "You like waffles, yeah ?"

Ben only nods at them, unwilling to talk since the news of their father's death. "Yeah, you do. Everyone like waffles."

They turn at the sound of a police radio turning on, something about gunshots at a donut shop, and they can see Diego finally coming back to the car.

They wait until he opens the door, making sure he hears them "Diego, thank you for joining us ! We deciding on, drumroll... waffles !"

"I'm going to drop you at the bus stop. I gotta get back to work."

Klaus leans back on their seat at that, disappointed by the response "What ? Breaking bones ? Cracking skulls ?"

"Saving lives !"

They resist the want to roll their eyes and turn back to Ben "Well, I guess it's frozen waffles again." The ghost doesn't respond to them, and they seriously can't wait for him to stop brooding and going back to their normal banter. This silent treatment is getting annoying. "I could do egg and bacon. I'm trying to cut down my pig products."

The car starts after their brother puts his stupid mask on and adjusts his mirror, and they stop talking, deciding on watching the dark streets passing by.

I hesitated a lot for this one, so many good scenes !! But this one literally gave me chills the first time I saw it, so this one it is.
"You are addicted to a drug called 'the Apocalypse' !"

Five shakes his head, trying to get the annoying memory away. Klaus was wrong, he isn't addicted to it, he isn't an addict. He just wanted to save his family, and now that it's done he can do whatever he wants. He can... He can... He can't stop thinking of the apocalypse...

Why if they just delayed it ? What if the commission comes back ? What if…

It doesn't mean he is addicted. He is being logical, that's all. After all, they can't be sure it won't still happen, and they need to be ready if it does. Just because he is planning ahead doesn't mean he is addicted, he can stop whenever he wants.

His hand hurts from scribbling so much. He can feel exhaustion crippling its way in his too small body, and he lets out an annoyed sigh. He strokes his hurting hand as he starts looking around his room, taking in the mess he made. All his walls are covered in equations, some of them are barely readable, and most of it doesn't even make sense anymore.

He needs to rest, he can go back to it tomorrow with a clearer head.

Or he can go get another cup of coffee and continue, it's already 2:40 after all, meaning it is tomorrow. He quickly teleports to the kitchen, taking the full pot of coffee he made sooner with him.

When he appears back in his room, the lid of the pot on his lips, he freezes. He puts the coffee down on the desk, and takes the state of his room again. He shakes his head, passing an hand on his face, a dreading feeling in his stomach.

He can stop anytime he wants, right ? There is no hurry, it can wait for him to rest. His hands are shaking, he clenches his fists to make it stop. He can stop.

He goes to lie down, resolute to rest, to prove Klaus wrong even if they aren't even there. He closes his eyes, taking a deep breath, and waits for sleep to come.

Any moment now.

He opens his eyes again. He can't stop thinking about it. He needs to make sure it doesn't happen again. He gets up, quickly drinking half the pot of coffee, before turning back to his equations, he doesn't have time, the Commission could come back at any time.

As the chalk touch the wall, he freezes again, feeling sick as he looks at his shaking hands. He can't stop. He can't bring himself to stop.

He... He is addicted to the apocalypse, isn't he ? Klaus was right, he is an addict.

He looks at the wall again, this time in silent horror. He didn't even realised it. God. He... He wants to cry.

He teleports to Klaus's room, making his sibling jump in surprise at the sudden appearance. "What the fuck Five ! Don't scare me li-" They cut themself as they take in the state of their brother at the verge of crying "Five ? What's wrong ?"

He doesn't respond, he just runs to his sibling and let's himself break in tears in their arms. Klaus
looks worriedly at Ben and back at Five, hugging him back and muttering reassurances.

"You were right." He succeeds on saying through the tears, and before Klaus can ask what he is talking about, he continues "I'm addicted to it. I can't stop."

Klaus is confused for a second, but a look of realisation soon comes across their face "You mean... To the apocalypse?" They can feel the kid nods against them, and they carefully hold a hand up to soothingly stroke their hair. "It's going to be okay, Five. I'll help you work through it."

"How?"

They shrug, making Five look up at them questionaly, eyes and cheeks red from crying "I don't know yet, but if I can fight my addictions, then you can fight yours." He thinks about it for a moment before nodding, hugging his sibling again.

They stay here for a long time, and as he starts falling asleep, Five quietly mutters "If you tell anyone anything about what just happened, I'll kill you." He can feel Klaus laugh silently, carefully ruffling his hair "Yeah, I know."
Grace hums quietly to herself as she gets the children's plates on the table. They look at her curiously, surely wondering who she is, but don't verbalise their questions as Sir Hargreeves enters the room.

Sir looks at the children, and orders them to sit and eat their meal, not bothering to introduce her to them.

It's only after Sir leaves the room, that Grace gets the chance to talk to the children, presenting herself as their Mother, and patiently answering their questions, as she was programmed to do.

-----

Grace freezes for a second as she goes to put a plate down at Five's designated place on the table. Her program fastly redoes itself to accommodate the missing child.

She goes on to her next child, continuing her work as if nothing happened and ignoring the worried stares she receives.

When dinner is done and Hargreeves left, she listens intently to her children's concern at the best of her capacities.

After they all left for bed, she looks at the empty chair again, frowning at the foreign sight and wondering when her child will come home.

-----

Grace quietly sings along the radio, preparing with Vanya a large meal for her kids coming back from a hard mission.

As the two of them finish to dress the last plate, she can hear the rest of her kids entering the house and coming toward the kitchen.

She stands at the counter, waiting for them to arrive, and frowns slightly when Ben doesn't come in. She looks at Reginald, trying to show her confusion, but he ignores her.

She hasn't been allowed to leave the room yet, so she stays put and looks at her kids eating slowly, seemingly disturbed by something. It looks like they cried, but she can't understand why.

She glances at the door, waiting for her last kid to enter, but he never does.

Later, after she is told what happened, she stands silently in front of his door and she stays there.
until morning. The next day, she has been updated and she carries on like nothing happened, feeling a little more empty than the day before.

-----

Grace is still preparing breakfast when Diego and Klaus enters the kitchen. She turns to look at them, the soft smile painting her lips almost dropping when she sees the guilty look on their face. She asks them what's happening, and as they tell her they are leaving, she feels something break within herself. Why are her babies leaving? Is she a bad mother? What did she do wrong?

Her program rushes through the last weeks to try and find an answer. She slowly realises she isn't the problem, He is. He hurted her babies, and suddenly she is happy that they are escaping His grasp.

She tells them it's okay, that she understands, and she holds them tight as they cry in her arms.

That morning, she only puts three plates on the table, and even if she feels like a part of her has been ripped away, she finds herself smiling, her babies will be safe.

-----

Grace silently enters the kitchen, doing her best to keep smiling despite the empty and silent house.

She can feel her non-existent heart break when she spots a note on the counter. She slowly approache its, her strained smile dropping as she reads it.

Her two baby girls left the house too, they ran away from Him too. She can understand why now, and she is happy for them, but she can't stop feeling angry. All her kids are leaving her, and it's all His fault.

She wants Him gone, but her programming stops her from doing anything and she is left frozen in place until she gives up on the thought.

When Luther comes down a little while later and finds out about Vanya and Allison's departure, she is there to hold him as he breaks in tears, telling him everything will be alright.

-----

She watches the rocket start, rising up high in the air, taking her last kid with it.

She goes back in the house, walking down the empty hallways, heart heavy. She passes her hand on her babies bedroom doors, reaching for old memories in her servers, listening to their laughs,
and cries, and screams.

She sits down on her chair, facing her paintings, and she cries.

Chapter End Notes

I really felt bad for Grace being left behind at the academy, she deserved better than that.
Also, thanks for your comments, I really appreciate them.
A Different Era

Five runs away, feeling his powers fastly growing inside of him, he closes his eyes and focus. He knows he can do it, Reginald be damned. He smiles when he feels it, he is doing it, he is going to time travel. He takes a deep breath and jumps, and then he does it again, and again, and again.

He stops when he collapses into someone "Fuck ! Watch where you're going, kid." He mutters a quick apology but the stranger already walked away.

He frowns when he sees his surroundings. He doesn't recognize anything, the building are all brightly coloured and the people around him are mostly not humans, some look like animals, others like robots, some don't look like anything he could even describe. He stumbles backward a little, he is confused, what is happening ? Where is he ? He hears engine noises above him, and when he looks up he almost faint at the sight of flying cars. What the fuck ?

He goes back from where he can from, trying to find the academy, it has to be there. This is all some stupid joke Allison is playing on him, right ? She rumoured him to see that, and they are laughing at him right now. When he gets to where the academy should be, he sees the familiar looking building, except it indicates '21st Century : The Umbrella Academy'.

He feels himself shaking, he wants to go back, he is scared and he doesn't know where he is. He tries focusing on his powers again but it doesn't work.

He falls on his knees and starts crying "I'm sorry ! I'm sorry, please ! I won't do it again !"

Suddenly, he feels a hand on his shoulder, and he turns around to see a man crouching beside him "Hey kid, are you okay ?" He shakes his head "Sorry, stupid question. What happened ?"

"They're all gone ! They... They're all gone !"

The strange man looks a little confused, but keeps his hand on him, trying to comfort him. "Who is gone ? Did you lose track of your parents ? We can find them."

He shakes his head "They're all dead ! I'll never see them again !" He is suddenly pulled in a hug, and he easily cries in the man's shoulder.

They stay like that for a few minutes before he pulls away, sniffing in his sleeve. "I don't know what to do. I'm scared."

"Don't be scared, you're gonna be okay. I'll help you, we can try and find someone, a relative maybe ?" Five shrugs, he doesn't know when he is, but he is pretty sure he doesn't have any relatives anymore.

"Ok, first, what's your name ?"

"Five. Five Hargreeves."

The man freezes at that and Five is scared he said he shouldn't have. He knows a number is not a normal name, but it seems like a pretty strong reaction for it to be just that.

"Five ?" He slowly nods, unsure on where this is going. The man points at the academy - or is it a museum now ? - and asks "Umbrella Academy Five ?"
Realization dawns on him, if there is some sort of memorial for his family, he must look like a complete lunatic, pretending to be one of them. He wants to lie, but something in the man's expression makes him nod.

"God… So that's where you went?" Five frowns, what is that supposed to mean?

He wants to ask, but then the man looks at his side, mouthing something at thin air.

A flash of recognition passes through Five, but he quickly dismisses it, he is at least several hundreds of years in the future, this man can't be his sibling, it's impossible. Speaking of future.

"What year is it?"

The man turns back to him, eyeing him up and down with an unrecognisable emotion across his face. "3019."

His family has been dead for almost a thousand years. He'll never see them again. He wants to cry again.

"Fuck!" Five looks back up at the man to see him looking back and forth between him and some spot at his side. "It's really you! You are back!"

"What do you mean?" Five is a little confused by the turn of the sentences, it doesn't make any sense.

The man seems to realise something, he puts his left sleeves up, showing an old tattoo. The Umbrella Academy tattoo, he realises. "It's me! Klaus!"

He looks at him - them? - again, suspicious "That's impossible!"

They roll their eyes "You just came from a thousand years in the past, isn't that supposed to be impossible?"

"I can time travel."

"And I'm immortal." Five thinks about it for a moment, it doesn't really make less sense than time travel, but he can't be sure, he can't get his hopes up like that. "Prove it."

They look confused for a moment "How am I supposed to do that? I can't tell you something from our childhood, it was so long ago I don't remember any of it anymore. I don't remember a lot of things actually, a thousand years is a long time to live, you know?"

They scratch their head, turning to look behind them again "What can I say? I could use my powers, that would prove it, but mine isn't the most visible one. I mean, I could levitate? Could I do that back then? I don't think so, that wouldn't prove anything if I couldn't, just that I have powers." They start to get pretty agitated, looking around as if they were searching for something. "Or I could make Ben appear. Ben is here by the way." They gesture to the space beside them."That would prove I'm me, right? Who else could make someone appear out of thin air? No-one, right?"

"Stop!" Five cuts them suddenly, making them look at him worriedly. "I believe you."

At their confused face, he rolls his eyes and adds "There is only you to rant like that."

They snort, shaking their head slightly "Seriously?" He shrugs, making them laugh a little "Well then, I guess we can go back to my place now, so you can see the rest of the family and we can see
what we do with you."

They get up from the ground and start walking away, Five rushes quickly after them "The rest of
the family ? Aren't they… ?"

"Dead ? Yeah they are." They turn to blink at him secretly "But it doesn't mean anything with me
around. Don't worry, I can tell you everything when we get there, you have a lot of catching up to
do."

Five nods and smiles, maybe it won't be so bad afterall, if his siblings are still around that means he
still has a home.
Kenny's Birthday

Five doesn't know what he did to get to this point, but he regrets every single minute of it.

He looks over his shoulder to see Klaus and Diego mocking grins, and barely contains himself from flipping them off, for the sake of the kids around him. He sighs again, setting himself deeper in his seat and trying to ignore the screams around him. They keep trying to include him on their 'fun', it's ridiculous, he is a 58 years old man for god's sake! Why is he sitting with a bunch of children celebrating a birthday?

He is broke out of his thoughts by someone giving him a piece of cake "You want some?"

The kid - Kenny? - is smiling widely, unaware of the murderous glare Five is giving him "No."
The kid is not deflated by the harsh answer, instead he points to the bowling alley "Do you want to play with us?"

Five rolls his eyes, he hates kids, they are so stupid. "No."

"Come on it'll be fun!" Kenny insists, annoying Five even more, what's so complicated with 'no'? He goes to tell him again when he is interrupted by a familiar voice.

"Come on Five-o, go have fun, you deserve a little break!" He turns to glare at Klaus, who just smiles sloppily at him.

"See! Your dad has no problem with it!"

He groans at the kid, why are these things so annoying? He is sure he wasn't like that when he was younger. "No." Kenny seems to finally deflate a little. Good. "And they are my sibling." He turns back to Klaus, who flinches at his stare, and mouths "A dead sibling."

Klaus recoils a little, putting their hands up in surrounder. They slowly go back to Diego's side, gaining a curious glance from their brother.

He fastly gets up, deciding enough is enough, and leaves the group of stupid kids behind, ignoring their inquiries. He goes back to his two siblings, glaring at them before freezing when he sees the armed goons entering the bowling alley.

"The Commission is here." He quickly warns the two others before jumping to them, ready to kill.

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