It'll get better

by FernShaw

Summary

Hornet's molt goes very wrong and she looses a leg because of it.
And so she and her girlfriend now have to adapt

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
This kind of things happened. Sometimes. It was scary, stressful and hurted, but there was nothing she could do to prevent it. Hornet slowly felt her body giving up the joints of the limb that was once her, as she slowly tried to get out of her molt. Her breath was erratic, she was trembling with every little part of her body that was still attached to her exoskeleton. Everything felt like it was going to give up too. She was scared, so scared...

Her mother warned her before, molting was something most bugs did and accidents were bound to happen to some of them, especially hybrids, being more fragile with their physique. But no matter how detailed and accurate her description of the feeling was, there was no possible way of putting into words the panic of having a limb simply being ripped off you without any having any possible way to express your feelings without aggravating the situation.

Hornet was strong, bold, courageous and incredibly stubborn, especially when it came to seeking help. But this was too much for her. After a few minutes of shedding tears without making any sounds, she let out a big whimper and called weakly

"..L...ace ?"

Thankfully the answer was immediate.

"Yes dear ? Do do you need anything ? Maybe something to eat after you're done ?"

With the lack of response, Lace simply decided to move and see by herself what was going on. She didn't need any explanation to see what was going on. Hornet, hanging of the ceiling, with one of her legs stuck into her moly that was weakly hanging, barely even attached to her body anymore.

"Hornet, dear, are you okay."

The spider took a deep breath and decided to just let her pride out of the subject for once.

"No ... I'm not ... I'm really not."

The white bug slowly approached the whimpering Weaver, and started whispering to her ears to try to calm her down.

"You're doing great. You have the right to be stressed and want to end this quickly, but calming down is the thing you need to think about. Here, riight... Breathe in, breathe out. I'm here with you, okay ? Nothing worse will happen. Just focus on my voice."

Hornet concentrated on her girlfriend's sweet tone and slowly got one of her arms off her old shell.

"Very good dear. See ? Everything will be but like that, you're with me ? Take your time."

Slowly but surely, and not without more tears being shed, Hornet got out of her molt. Not only did she hated being so fragile and defenseless after time like these, but having to deal with everything coming with the loss of this leg was clearly a lot more than she could deal with. She tried to approach Lace but her body barely moved, exhausted from the energy she gave and too weak to do any kind of proper action. She closed her eyes, laid down on the ground and felt her whole body being lifted. Lace slowly carried the fragile spider into her bed, carefully placing her onto the sheets with a patient smile. Hornet let out a very little thanks and passed out, slowly pet by an attentive hand.
"Keep your hand on my shoulder. It's alright. Walk with me, one, two ..."

Hornet tried to move her body in rhythm but immediately fell down. It was the fourth time in a minute. She had more than enough.

"AAAAH I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE ! Just ... Let me alone, I can't do this."

"But you're far from being okay with walking, honey ..."

"That's my fucking point. I can't do it. I had enough. I know my body and it's not ... That. I'm thinking way too much about all of this and how I would have moved before, it's just ... Frustrating."

Once again, Lace helped her girlfriend get back on her feet. Hornet was wobbling and barely stood still, but still pushed her partner back once she got a minimum of stability, which resulted in her immediately falling down once again.

"Hey I'm here to help you, you don't have to push me like that if you don't want my help."

"... Fuck off."

Lace sighed and got out of the room, leaving the spider on the ground. Yes, Lace might have not been the best to explain how to walk properly with an missing limb, mainly because she never experienced it in the first place, but she clearly didn't deserve to be treated in such ways.

She went to their kitchen and quickly found herself a cooking book to help her change her mind, immediately grabbing a few ustensiles to make something. She wasn't the best cook there was, yes, but doing something with her hands would probably help her calm down.

She grabbed a few vengefly eggs, ant blood, flour and chocolate chips. Cookies. That'll do.

Quietly humming to herself, Lace watched to batch of biscuits slowly baking over the fire she put. The white bug was someone who could easily forgive little fights like theses and but always wanted to make up as quick as possible for to stop herself from wanting stupid little revenges over something so small. She wasn't mad, but she did her best to help with the situation and only got yell at in the end, which obviously wasn't pleasant.

Suddenly, she hear a little something coming from their bedroom. Whimpers. That clearly wasn't the right time for her to get back to see Hornet, her probably being still pissed off at everything, but Lace couldn't stop herself. She loved her. And hearing her crying was clearly too much. She rushed towards the room only to discover that Hornet had barely moved in the last 30 minutes, still laying pitifully onto the ground.

"Hornet, dear !! Are you alright ?!"

"I can't ... I can't get up ... I can't ... I want to..."
Lace immediately embraced the trembling body and slowly moved her onto their bed. The floor was wet from tears, as well as her shell and cloak.

"Here, here, it's alright Hornet. Why didn't you asked for help ? I would have certainly heard you, you didn't have to let yourself down like that !"

"I didn't want to ... I don't want to always rely on you, I'm tired of having to ask for every little thing I need... I don't want you to always be mad at me ... I'm not weak, I'm not weak !!"

Lace's face softened as she slowly pet her lover's cheeks.

"Hornet, I'm not mad at you. It's not your fault you're like this, and you have the right to cry and be angry. I was just nor happy with the fact that you yelled at me, that's all. You're not weak, and I think I'm one of the best people to talk about that. You're just ... In a bad situation. It happens, and there's nothing we can do except wait. So please, do not stop yourself from asking help, okay ?"

The spider slowly nodded as she hugged her dear little fencer.

Chapter End Notes

Did I only wrote this chapter only to vent and write about a story where someone who has similar issues as mine get a good treatment ? ... Yeah I won't deny it

End Notes

This story has quite real inspiration, I had the idea of it when my mantis named Hornet sadly lost a limb in her molt.
And me being a dumbass handicaped person I had the urge to take this opportunity to vent.

This story is mainly going to be short chapters that don't need to be all read to understand the story, except the first one of course
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