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**A Lot Can Happen in 30 Years**

by Gears112

**Summary**

Turns out that a lot of things happened to Henry after he left Drew Studios, including one that Joey didn't think that would happen to his friend.

(Inspired by the Retrace, Remake story by Katastrophe94)

**Notes**

Admittedly a very silly idea that came to me, basically a "What if" scenario in which Henry's wife comes to the studio in order to find her husband, and the idea that Henry had married a while after leaving the studio, meaning Joey's gotta scramble and figure out how to keep his plan from being exposed.

This work was inspired by [Retrace, Remake](http://archiveofourown.org/works/11689953) by Katastrophe94
“Who are you?” Alice asked the woman, obviously wary. The woman brushed back a bit of hair, surprised at seeing the toon angel. “And why are you-”

“Ah Alice, there you are,” Alice would’ve paled as she heard that Henry’s voice. “I need your help finding Bor-Oh! Hello ma’am, what brings you here? Or how, I guess would be the better question.” Alice looked at the woman, who kept a very straight face, but Alice noted the woman’s fist were clenched tightly.

“I am looking for the owner of this establishment.” The woman said coldly, Alice wondering if she knew that this wasn’t truly Henry was either. “It’s rather important.” Alice turned and saw Henry blink slowly, studying the woman, as if he wasn’t sure she was there or something, before nodding and smiling.

“I see, well, me and Alice can show you where Drew’s office is.” Henry said, Alice both dreading the turn of events, but also glad that this stranger wasn’t walking into Drew’s office without her to make sure Joey didn’t do anything, not that she believed that she could stop him if he wanted to. The woman looked at Alice before giving the angel a soft smile. “I’m Henry Ross, and this is Alice Angel,” Henry said. “And you are?”

“Maria.”

“No last name?” Henry asked and the woman looked at him coyly, as if she didn’t buy what he was saying.

“You probably wouldn’t believe me if I told you.” Henry raised an eyebrow.

“Try me,” Maria rolled her eyes and looked at Alice.

“I take he’s a bit stubborn as a mule, Ms. Alice?” Despite the situation and the worry, Alice couldn’t help but snort at Henry’s stunned face and the slight blush on his face before the man huffed and turned his back from the two before stopping in front of Joey’s office. Henry knocked on it for a moment before there was a muffled ‘Come in’ from Joey. Alice tried to keep herself steady, not wanting to risk Joey doing something rash, as the two ladies walked in, Henry following behind and closing the door. Alice heard a short whistle and saw Bendy sitting across from Joey, undoubtedly talking to the man, trusting him even despite the evidence he shouldn’t be trusted. “Are you the owner of this...establishment?”

“Hey lady, watch your tone!” Bendy said before seeing Henry. The dancing demon scowled as Joey gently place a hand on Bendy’s, as if to motion that it would be alright.

“Yes, I am Joey Drew. How may I assist you?” Alice was unnerved but the woman stayed stoic.

“I am looking for my husband, who used to work at the Drew Studios that used to be this building.” Joey nodded slowly, and Alice doubted that Joey would be so willing to help, but she was also curious about what the woman said.

“As it still is.” Joey responded calmly. “Though how you found this part of the studio-”

“I walked in the front door and fell two steps in.” Was the deadpan remark, earning a small snort
from Henry.

“I see, well—”

“Look toots, I don’t see why you’d bother looking for anybody that left here,” Bendy interrupted, leaning back in his chair. “They’re all traitors.” Henry sighed and rubbed the bridge of his nose.

“Bendy, I’m sure Joey’s already talk—” Henry was interrupted by the clicking of heels as the woman waltzed to Bendy, the demon realizing that he might’ve said the wrong choice of words. Alice debated on what the right thing to do was as the woman leaned into Bendy’s face and placed a finger under his chin, making him look up at her.

“Regardless of your opinion of my husband,” She said in a perfectly calm voice, which Bendy wasn’t sure was better than having her yell at him. "Do not ever call me Toots again," Bendy nodded quickly before she turned to Joey. Bendy looked at Alice, as if the angel had the answers about what just happened “Now back to my question, Mr. Drew; Where is my husband?”

“Now, ma’am, I am not sure what you want me to say, there’s only three people here, excluding my creations.” Alice raised an eyebrow; that wasn’t right, there was only Joey and Henry here, especially since Sammy had accidentally been killed. Could this mean this Henry wasn’t the real Henry and the real one was merely hidden away? The idea alone seemed too fantastical to be an idea of what happened, but considering the current situation, Alice was willing to at least check into that idea. “And I highly doubt that Bendy or Boris married anyone recently.” Bendy stuck his face out at the idea. “But perhaps I can send a message to any of my...old coworkers and see if they heard from him, Mrs...?”

“Maria Ross, Mr. Drew. My name is Maria Ross and I am looking for my husband Henry.”
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Reactions to the bombshell being dropped, Boris getting some well-deserved hugs, and Bendy learns about the human body.

(mild tw: body parts and the talk of limbs being ripped)

The radio made a comical record scratch as everyone looked at the woman as if she had suddenly grew three heads.

“Henry’s...your husband?” Joey managed, uncharacteristically appearing shaken up. Henry was stupefied as he looked between Joey and the woman.

“Yes he is.”

“Ma’am...I sincer-”

“HAHAHA!!!” Bendy cracked up suddenly, surprising everyone in various levels, clutching his stomach and leaning back. “Oh man, that’s a good one!” He wiped a tear away and looked at Alice. “Can you believe that? Henry, that traitor, with a wife?!” He started laughing as the woman’s face fell to disgusted annoyance.

“Considering you’re a talking cat, it shouldn’t be that difficult to wrap your head around.” Bendy immediately stopped laughing.

“Whoa, listen to-lady, I ain’t no cat! I’m a bona fide dancing demon!” Bendy stood up from his chair. “And you don’t know Henry like me and Joey do-” There was a clanging sound and the sound of pipes bursting and a muffled yelp. “What was that?”

“A miracle.” Joey mumbled under his breath as there was the sound of stomping before the door to Joey’s office slammed open.

“DAMNIT DREW!” The simplified toon of the music director huffed, blowing a strand of hair out of his face. “How can you expect to make music with these pipes breaking?!”

“I’m working on it as fast as I can, Sammy.” Joey said calmly. “I’m an animator, not an construction worker.” Sammy sighed in defeat before noticing the unfamiliar woman in front of him. He stood up straighter, brushing his sandy blonde hair back.

“Why, hello, ma’-” Sammy didn’t even get to finish as the woman stormed out of the office, flipping the bird to both men, slamming the door behind her, revealing Henry imprinted in the wall, birds circling him. “Oh, Henry, didn’t see you there...”

“I’m ok...” Was what Henry managed out before he face planted onto the floor. “I think.”
Boris froze as he heard the sound of stomping and grumbling, though he didn’t recognize the voice. He slowly peeled to look at the source of the sound and had to do a double take; it looked like a woman, but she was wearing pants. Alice hadn’t worn any pants like that in the shorts, increasing the wolf’s curiosity, but also raising his concerns; didn’t she realize how much danger she was in?!

“You’re...Boris?” Boris made a gulp as the woman spotted him. He didn’t want to be seen by her but before he could scramble, the woman gently touched his ear. “I’ve always wondered if you were fluffy.” Boris scrambled back, startling the woman. “O-Oh, I didn’t mean to scare you! Honest, I’m sorry, I should’ve asked you first.” Boris was admitted surprised, he wasn’t expecting that as the woman shook her head. “I’m just…it’s that…” She sighed and rubbed her temples. “I was expecting to break up a fist fight and drag Henry home by the ear, but this…” She gestured her arms around the studio. “This wasn’t what I was expecting…” Boris paled at the mention of Henry, the guilt of what he didn’t do eating away at him again. “And that Drew fella, I ought to smack that swarmy smile off his face...him and that demon too.”

“Bendy?” Boris asked slowly.

“That’s his name?” She asked before mumbling something under her breath. “Now I remember a little bit more...” She chuckled a bit. “I only saw a couple of the shorts, to be honest...But either way, smack upside the head is going to both of them. Especially after I figure out what happened to my husband.” Boris whimpered, before trying to sneak away. “Where are you off to?”

“Somewhere.”

“Wait, I might need your help!” Boris looked at her, a mix of emotions flooding the wolf. He must’ve showed it on his face, as Maria pulled out a small piece of fabric and wiped away tears. “Oh baby, no need to be so worried,” Oh how wrong she was, Boris thought to himself as he looked away.

“You don’t want my help…” Boris said quickly, hoping to get away from. “I-I’m no good-” The woman frowned.

“Now don’t say any of that nonsense,” She scolded. “I may have only just met you, but I know that you’re a good fella.” Boris looked at her warily.

“Why?” She tapped the side of her head.

“Women’s intuition.” Boris must’ve made a face as Maria chuckled. “I have a gut feeling you’re a good not so little guy, now,” She opened her arms as she was expecting to receive. “Somebody needs a hug and I’m not taking no for an answer.” Boris looked away for a moment before sighing and went for the hug. She gently rubbed the wolf’s back. “There we go fella…” Boris didn’t respond, tearing up as he thought about the times Henry had comforted him before Joey did whatever horrible thing he did to him. Boris blinked back tears before furrowing his brows; he wasn’t going to let Joey hurt another person again.
“So...hypothetically, if you were right,” Bendy said slowly, Maria looking away from the storyboards she was looking at and down at the toon demon. “And you and the ol’ coot are married; then why don’t you two have a ring on your fingers?” Maria sighed, as if she had heard that question a bunch of times before.

“I doubt it, but have you ever had to try and reattach a man’s finger back to his hand because it was ripped as he was working on an engine?” Bendy frowned.

“Well, that doesn’t sound like a funny gag…” Bendy started. “But you can reattach it easy, right?” Maria sighed softly, shaking her head, which admittedly reminded Bendy of Henry, especially when the old man was looking at old sketches on the wall. She turned to one of the desks and found a pen. “Uh…?”

“Bendy, come here,” Bendy followed as the woman found a piece of scrap paper. “Now, I’m not an artist, but hopefully this might help explain. Now, this is a human hand,” She pointed at the drawing, Bendy pulling himself up to look better at the drawing. “And underneath the skin layer is the muscle, and under that is bones—they act as the support.” Bendy looked at her, as if he didn’t believe her and she chuckled nervously. “I used to be a nurse during…”

“The war?” Bendy snarked, feeling more irritated about this supposed ‘war’ that made Henry abandon them. Maria sighed.

“Yes...but back to the matter at hand.” She giggled at her joke, which Bendy just looked at her, unimpressed by the horrible joke, “Each muscle is tightly interlaced with nerves-”

“Nerves?”

“Yes, they send little messages to the brain,” She tapped the side of her head with the pen. “As a sort of warning, like if you touch a flame, or something hot, it sends a message to your brain saying ‘Hey, it’s hot, we better avoid this thing!’ Of course it being sensitive can lead to problems…” She pointed to the ring finger and drew a wedding band. “Such as when an object forces the bone to disconnect, ripping muscle and skin, sending the nerves into overdrive as the finger is forcibly removed from its hand...and when you try to reconnect it, quick enough as to not risking the more injuries….” She quickly scribbled out the hand and sighed, placing the pen down on the desk. “And Henry works a mechanic and we both decided that it would be better safe than sorry and didn’t get wedding bands.” Bendy nodded slowly, noticing the woman sounded and looked drained and tired as she looked at Bendy. “So that’s why Henry and I don’t have wedding rings.” She smiled slightly. “Hypothetically, of course.” Bendy nodded slowly.

“Yeah, hypothetically.” He frowned as his thoughts turned to that one time he had snooped in Henry’s dream. He didn’t want to admit it, but the curiosity of the mysterious blue eyed-blond that didn’t seem like the other shapeless figures in the dream, was burning him, but he knew Joey had warned about pushing Henry too much about the past. The demon lit up and looked at the woman who raised an eyebrow; after all, Joey hadn’t said anything about asking this stranger about Henry’s past, and if she was telling the truth, then not only she would know that, but also know some great blackmail!

“I’m moderately afraid of asking why you’re so giddy all of a sudden…” Maria admitted as Bendy turned to her.

“You seem to know a lot about Henry, lady. But I bet you’d have no idea that Henry dreams about a blond blue eye-” Bendy didn’t even finish as the woman gave a choked gasp.
“H-How do you know….?” Bendy quickly held up his hands, surprised at the change in voice.

“I-I-Uh, I played a gag with sleeping powder, and a dream cloud appeared-”

“And you went in his dreams?!” Maria sounded horrified, borderlined disgusted with Bendy.

“Hey, he’s the traitor! And besides, I wanted dirt on him….” Bendy trailed off, trying to focus on being mad at the woman for being mad at him, but as he thought about Henry’s dream, the more he remembered the horror of it. “A-And I wasn’t e-expecting…” Maria sighed sympathetically.

“No one expects war.” Maria said, leaning against the chair she was sitting in. She closed her eyes for a moment before opening them and looking at Bendy. “I was a volunteer nurse in Europe a few months before America got into the war…” Bendy nodded slowly, not understanding what she meant, after all Joey didn’t go into detail about ‘the war’, he only mentioned that they wouldn’t have to worry about that kind of thing once he was done with whatever the hell he was planning. “The unit Henry was in arrived a few weeks afterwards…” She scoffed. “Most of them had no idea what hell they were in for…” She sighed.

“And Henry was different?” Bendy added, earning a snort from the woman.

“Oh hell no, Bendy! He was just as stubborn and hotheaded as he is now! Er...well...I suppose it’s a was now...But I can’t believe it...” Bendy felt his stomach turn to knots as the woman sighed softly, shaking her head before chuckling. “I haven’t seen him that calm and so nonchalant in a long time...and that was when he under anesthetics....”

“Anna-what now?” Maria looked at him.

“Anesthetics,” She repeated. “It’s a gas to numb the nerves, for lack of a better word, so doctors can operate.” Bendy furrowed his brows, an old memory creeping back.

“Hmph...sounds weird.” Bendy hopped down from his spot. “Whelp, whatever, I’m going to find something to prank Alice with.”

“Don’t go too overboard.” Maria mused, turning back to the papers. “And if you see Henry-” Bendy froze, wondering what she was going to say to him. “-make sure you let him know that I told you about water in rivers.” Bendy raised an eyebrow. “He said the strangest things under anesthetics, such as asking what a river was or why water was in rivers.” Bendy blinked slowly before a mischievous grin appeared on his face, part of him grateful that she didn’t seem as mad about snooping in on Henry’s dream.

“Sure thing, lady! I’ll be sure to mention it to him!”
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Henry gets weird feelings around Maria, the toons try the "Matchmaker" technique, and Sammy and Joey both find out the hard way that "hell hath no fury" is more than just a saying.

Henry stopped as he spotted Maria trying to sidestep Sammy and his rather pathetic attempts at being suave. He had to admit, it was rather comical to watch, but that thought quickly soured when he saw Sammy block Maria’s pathway in an attempt to corner her. Henry frowned and was about to storm over, Sammy suddenly made a squeaking sound and collapsed to the ground, Maria saying something that Henry could not understand, but he couldn’t lie, it sounded rather beautiful, before realizing Maria was now walking towards his direction.

“A-Ah, are you alright?” He asked slowly. Maria looked at him with an indignant look and he chuckled nervously. “I mean, you look like you have a handle on it,”

“He isn’t the first idiot that tried that with me.” She said simply and Henry had a sensation of jealousy rising in the pit of his stomach, and he wasn’t sure why or how it was happening. “But I’ve got a kick.”

“Y-Yeah, you sure do have the legs for it.” Maria’s eyebrow raised as a coy smirk tugged at her mouth.

“Glad at least you still remember that part dear,” She said as she walked past him, but not before she tapped him on the nose. Henry blinked slowly, confused being an understatement; he had no idea how or why this woman claimed to be his wife, and if he tried thinking about the past 30 years, his head started to hurt and ache. He sighed and rubbed his temples as Sammy whined.

“That wasn’t my brightest idea…” The Music Director mumbled. Henry turned to look at him.

“What gave you that idea?” Henry snarked. “Why’d you think it was a good idea?” Sammy shrugged as he slowly got up.

“Not sure…” He sighed before looking around. “Admittedly, I think I might’ve blacked out…One minute I’m trying to politely suggest I show her around, next thing I remember, I’m on the ground in pain, while she’s cursing me in either French or Spanish; music is the language I speak the best.” Henry furrowed his brows; that was definitely was strange. “I’m going to talk to Drew; maybe something with that damn machine is causing that…” Henry nodded.

“Be careful.” Sammy waved absently and walked to Drew’s office.
“Where exactly are you dragging me?” Maria said sternly and Bendy only beamed.

“That’s a surprise lady!”

“Uh huh….” Maria wasn’t sure why she allowed herself to be dragged by this cartoon devil, but considering the human company that was here, she did prefer the toons. And she had to admit, Bendy did remind her of her husband when they had met during the war; stubborn as a mule, yet still something that was borderline charming with him. And the attempt at being suave but being anything else but that, was also a comparison.

“Alright, we’re here!” Maria was pulled out of her thoughts as Bendy stopped. They were in the recording room, with Alice at the piano, Boris hiding himself in the shadows, and Henry was confusingly standing at the piano. “Ok, Al, hit it!” Alice nodded and began to play as Bendy shoved Maria to Henry.

“What’s going on?” Henry asked before being shoved to Maria. Unlike the woman, Henry was less graceful in his stumbling but luckily, Maria caught him and helped him regain his footing. Bendy groaned loudly in annoyance, earning a chuckle from Maria.

“I believe your cartoons have set you up.” She said and Henry blushed, chuckling nervously.

“I-I, I’m just the animator, they’re J-Joey’s creations, and what do you mean set up?!?” Maria rolled her eyes and took one of Henry’s hands in one of hers and the other hand on her hip, earning a brighter blush. “I’m not a dance-” Maria stopped him with a gentle tap on the nose.

“Whether you remember me or not, dear,” She said simply. “That’s utter bullshit.” Henry’s face was priceless as Maria began to lead Henry as they danced, Bendy hopped in time to the music, watching, hoping that the old man would finally remember them and explain what was going on. Henry was stunned and flabbergasted the first couple of spins, but soon was enjoying himself as well, leading the dance, earning a few surprised squeals from Maria as he was able to easily flip her and catch her. Henry felt a strange feeling of nostalgia bubble inside him, though he wasn’t sure how to explain why he felt it.

“Henry!” Alice accidently messed up the notes, creating a rather comical clunking sound as everyone froze and looked at the owner. “What in blazes is going on here?!”

“We’re dancing, Airhead.” Maria said nonchalantly, still being held in a dip by her husband. “Care to join? Or you going to be a buzzkill?” Everyone looked at her in mild confusion as Joey shook his head.

“Ma’am, I understand you have your….concerns about your husband’s whereabouts…” Joey said in an icy tone as Henry brought Maria back up. “But distracting my-”

“Aw come on, Joey!” Bendy exclaimed. “She ain’t hurting anyone! We’re just having a good time!”

“Bendy.” Joey said darkly. “Can you even be sure? She claims to be Henry’s wife when he ne-” “I will not have you continue claiming me I’m a liar.” Maria demanded as she stormed over to Joey, sizing up the slightly taller man. Alice made a slight whimper, which moderately confused Bendy. “Henry Ross is my husband; I should recognize the man I’ve been married to for 15 years!” Henry made a startled croak as Alice slowly stood up, ready to run and help Maria get a chance to escape Joey. “Now, I don’t care what grandiose scheme you’ve got going-” Joey swung at the woman.
“Joey?!”

“Miss Maria!”

**THWACK!**

Joey stumbled back, clutching his nose as Maria walked over to him and placed a heeled foot on his chest, pinning him down.

“As I was saying,” She hissed. “I don’t care what daydream you’re chasing, I’m going to figure out what the hell happened to my husband.” She smiled, though there was no joy in that smile. “Cause I know there’s *something* you did, and when I figure it out, there won’t be a jury on this planet that’ll convict me. Is that crystal clear?” She didn’t wait for Joey’s answer before turning back to the others. “I suppose we’ll have to finish our date later, hon. Alice, would you like to come with me and check on Boris?” Alice nodded quickly and scurried past the dumbfounded demon and animator, following Maria out of the room.
“Are you alright?” Maria looked up tiredly and saw Sammy looking at her slumped against the wall.

“Fine, I’m fine…” She said. “Just some lightheadedness…” Sammy chuckled.

“Welcome to Joey Drew Studios, comes with walking in through the door.” He snarked. “I have some tea in the breakroom.” He offered his hand and Maria hesitantly took it. Sammy noticed and sighed. “Look, whatever happened, I take complete responsibility for it; I have no idea what came over me….And trust me, I didn’t hear the end of it from Henry…” He looked away sheepishly and Maria smiled softly as she was led to the break room. She sat down as Sammy got the box of tea and began fumbling with the water heater. “You’d think for a man with such grandiose plans, he’d make a better working thing that made hot water, reminder of the studio or not…” Maria nodded absentmindedly, the ‘lightheadedness’ being a bit stronger. After a few minutes, Sammy managed to get two cups of tea and sat across from Maria, pushing her cup to her. “So, as Henry’s wife, I’m sure you have plenty of stories regarding him.” Maria looked at him curiously.

“So you believe me?” She said as she started to take a drink from the tea. Sammy snorted.

“The man’s got a horrible poker face around you.” Maria nearly spit up and spilt her drink as Sammy mused. “And a few times I caught him staring at you while you walked around the studio and of course the hearts popping over his head when he watched you, and considering your story, it’s kind of hard not to put two and two together and believe you.”

“Well, that makes you one of the first.” She chuckled as she set her tea down and sighed.

“Well, don’t take Joey too personally, man’s got a one-track mind. Great for motivating and getting episodes done on time, but for maintaining everything else, not so much.” Sammy offered. “I’m sure he’ll warm up to you. He warmed up to Susie after all, he just doesn’t like change… And he sees that little obnoxious hobgoblin likes you, so he can’t exactly tell you to leave without hearing it from Bendy.” Maria chuckled before rubbing her temples and sighing.

“I just wanted to pick up Henry, chew him out for spending more than a week out at the studio and getting himself in a fight, and go home and tell him…” She trailed over as Sammy raised an eyebrow.

“A fight…?” She looked at Sammy deadpanned.

“You really think that the reunion between my husband and his former boss after 30 years would be anything but a fight?” Maria tensed as she saw Sammy look momentarily confused and concerned before taking a look like he was trying to think of that scenario but something in his mind wasn’t letting him think that far. He shook his head quickly.

“What you planning on telling him?” Sammy asked, acting as if he hadn’t heard the question regarding Joey and Henry fighting. Maria was suspicious, but decided she would have to investigate that on her own.

“Well, I was hoping to tell Henry first, but...I’m pregnant.” Sammy’s eyes lit up.
“Really? Congratulations! How far along are you?” Maria blinked slowly, obviously not expecting the music director to be this enthusiastic.

“Just a few weeks….”

“Wonderful!” Sammy beamed before he perked up. “That’ll definitely warm Joey up to you; He loves kids! I’ll let him know!” Before Maria could stop him, Sammy raced off. The woman blinked slowly before groaning.

“Yes of course, let’s tell the man who’s been calling me a liar I’m pregnant, that’ll be peachy.” She mumbled sarcastically, rubbing her temples. “He won’t totally see this as a problem… A man who tried to sucker punch me for calling him out won’t definitely hurt a pregnant woman…” She sighed as she absently hummed to herself a tune she had heard on her way there; something called “Your Song” from an artist Elton something, she couldn’t quiet remember the name. There was something about the song she liked, though Henry would often pull the old man ‘back in my day’ card, to which always made her laugh before she’d have him sing said song to her. She stopped and wiped her eyes; what she wouldn’t do to have her husband back, remembering her, holding her and singing softly, even as he said he couldn’t carry a tune in a bucket, but she didn’t care, she loved the man, bad singing, stubbornness and all. She felt something touch her shoulder, causing her to jump slightly before seeing it was Boris looking at her in concern. “Boris…” She said softly before the wolf wrapped his arms around her, pulling her into a hug. Maria was surprised but quickly returned the motion, trying to keep from sobbing, unaware there was an eavesdropper listening just outside of the breakroom.

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“Oooo! He’s making me mad!” Bendy exclaimed, kicking a small wastebasket. “We need a way to snap him out of this!” Alice sighed softly as she aimlessly held the hem of her skirt. Bendy looked at Maria, who was sitting in one of the chairs aimlessly petting Boris’s head, as the wolf whimpered, defeat obvious in his voice. “Isn’t there anything that can snap him out of it? Remind him that he’s not supposed to be this not-grumpy!”

“I don’t know what to tell you Bendy, I’ve never heard of a head injury that was caused by a bucket to cause that much memory loss.” Maria said simply, looking at the room that Boris used as his hideaway to keep hiding from both Henry and Joey. Bendy huffed and Maria rolled her eyes.

“Maybe we can try reminding him of something?” Alice offered weakly.

“Like what? We tried dancing and that almost worked, until Joey decided to be a buzzkill.” Maria couldn’t help but smile at Bendy’s fascination with the insults she used before her face fell in realization. “What’s up?”

“There might be a way for him to remember…” Boris lifted his head and looked at her, as did the other two toons. “Perhaps if we….you trigger his PTSD….”

“PT-whaa?” Maria looked at the ground, trembling slightly.

“Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.” Maria managed out. “B-Basically, if you make him think he’s back in Europe during the war….” She trailed off and sighed.
“Ms. Maria?” Alice asked.

“It’s just...the war was hell, there were things that should never be seen…” She said quietly. “A lot of us who managed to return, it was like we couldn’t leave behind...it was hard to move on…” She sighed. “The nightmares haven’t been as frequent for me...but Henry...he says he’s fine, but I know he’s still hurting, part of him still battling the Axis,” She blinked back tears as she shook her head. “He was never the same after Jonathan’s death…”

“Jonathan?” Bendy asked slowly and Maria smiled slightly, giving the dancing demon his answer. Bendy looked at the ground.

“He was Henry’s friend. A bit of a goofball, and rather clumsy...but a good kid…” She sighed. “It’s the worst thing to do to Henry, make him think he’s back in the war...I should’ve never told you...he’ll never forgive-” Bendy came over and took her hands.

“Look, Ms. Maria, leave it to me and Al! You and Boris stay put here!” Bendy said firmly. “I’m sure there’s a way to knock some sense back into-Oh! Al, I’ve got an idea! Follow me! Boris, you stay there and make sure Ms. Maria’s ok! We’ll be right back!”

“Please don’t hurt Henry too much!” Boris called after them.

“No promises!”
Henry frowned as he paced in front of his desk, trying to figure out his thoughts and feelings regarding the bombshell he overheard from the break room; not only was the woman claiming to be his wife, she had a bun in the oven. Henry ran his hand through his head, his head aching slightly, as if his mind was trying desperately to find something that wasn’t there or could be found. He leaned against his desk as he began to speak allowed.

“Ok, I left for the war,” He started to say, as if saying what he remembered. “War ended in ‘45, floated around in the animation business.” He paused as he tried to think of the details before a noise caught his attention. “Hmm?” He turned and stepped away from his desk, unaware that Bendy had hopped up onto the desk, wielding a frying pan and winding up like a baseball player. “Well that’s definitely stra-” Henry turned back only to get pan to the face sending him back several feet, as Bendy gauged his distance.

“Bit of a grounder, but still a base hit!” He laughed before heading over to where Henry landed, and where Alice was making sure Bendy didn’t accidently hurt Henry too much. “How’s the Ol’ Man?”

“Well, he’s out like a light…” Alice sighed and Bendy rolled his eyes. He was about to say something when they heard Joey’s voice.

“Ah, Ms. Maria, wasn’t it?” Alice and Bendy looked at each in concern.

“Mr. Drew, do you mind? Boris is just taking to the ladies’ room. Need to powder my nose, that’s it.” They heard the edge in Maria’s voice, obviously not wanting to talk to Joey.

“Well, I wish to speak with you in my office-”

“N-n-No!” Boris exclaimed before there was a whimper.

“The Ol’ Man can wait,” Bendy said before leading Alice closer to the voices, to see what was going on. They saw Boris standing in front of Maria, while Joey only looked moderately surprised at Boris’s outburst.

“Boris, care to explain why you felt the need to interrupt?” Bendy and Alice saw Boris flinched slightly but stayed in front of Maria.

“I d-don’t think that Maria would be-”

“Would be safe?” Joey asked. “If your are concerned about...earlier, I will confess, my emotions got the better of me and I reacted recklessly. I firmly apologize about that...incident.”

“I’m sure that’s the only thing he’s worried about Drew.” Maria said sarcastically, before furrowing her brows. “And I believe he and I have the same questions regarding my husband.” Bendy and Alice saw Joey’s face darken slightly.

“I am sure the toons, Sammy, and even Henry can confirm that it was merely a prank that gone a bit awry.”
“Head injuries do not work like that, Drew.” Maria said darkly before she had a smirk on her face. “But I guess you wouldn’t know that, not being a medical practitioner.” Joey frowned before chuckling softly.

“True, the real world doesn’t act like that, at least not yet.” Maria’s reaction was hard to figure out as Joey smiled. “Toon Logic does have a bit of a mind of its own. But regardless, Henry is fine, and not your husband.” Boris looked at Maria, as did the other toons, both curious and terrified of the reaction the woman had.

“Boris, sweetheart, you obviously know Bendy, did any of his pranks backfire like this? Where someone got seriously injured?”

“Ma’am-” Joey started.

“Not like this.” Maria nodded slowly as she coughed slightly, as if she got a bad smell. “Miss Maria! What’s wrong!!”

“Just a bad smell,” She managed out. “It was slightly bad earlier, but now it’s awfully strong.” She coughed and Boris pulled out a handkerchief for her. “Thank you Boris…” After a moment of collecting herself, Maria glared at Joey. “If there’s Toon Logic here, then why is there the smell of acetone? Seems a bit dangerous with toons, isn’t it?” Bendy and Alice looked at each other before looking at Joey, the man in question obviously trying to keep himself cool and collected.

“This is an animation studio, ma’am.” He said simply. “Obviously there would be ways of cleaning up any mistakes if something happened.” Boris made a whimpering noise but stayed firmly in front of Maria. “Ms. Maria, I believe you must not be feeling well, why don’t you follow me to my office, I have some aspirin.” Maria gave him a look that made Bendy snicker slightly as the woman sighed.

“You must think I’m an idiot.”

“Well, you keep-”

“I didn’t finish.” She snapped, cutting Joey off. “You keep saying that I’m lying, but I don’t see any evidence proving me wrong, except for Henry, who you’ve even said was at the end of a prank and is having memory problems.” She crossed her arms. “So, Mr. Joey Drew, what proof do you have of me being a little liar? Or are you just scared that Henry will be an responsible adult and lea-”

“You have no right to claim anything!” Joey snapped. “He left the studio!” Maria’s shoulders slumped as if she couldn’t believe she was dealing with this. “He may have been drafted, but he could’ve returned!” Boris held Maria’s shoulder, but the woman gently removed Boris’s hand before turning to Joey, a bemused look on her face as she chuckled.

“Henry wasn’t kidding about you; a naive old man…” Joey’s offense and confusion was obvious. “War does horrible things to people, Mr. Drew, you can’t expect someone who’s seen horrors to just waltz back into their old lives?” Bendy and Alice saw that the woman was slightly trembling. “People killing each other over who or what they believe or think, there were bombings, I had to look children and parents in the eye and tell there was absolutely nothing I could do to save their loved ones.” She took a deep breath, obviously trying to keep composed. “I had to lie to boys, even younger than me, while they were struggling to keep alive, knowing they were dying and me being the one to give them semblance of hope. You never had to deal with staring death in the face, knowing if you didn’t bow he’d end you, but still tell the bastard to burn in hell…” Joey adjusted his tie and made a small scoff noise.
“That is why I need to introduce this to the world,” He said gesturing to the studio around them. “No war will ever happen again, and-” Maria laughed, through her laughter was bitter and angry.

“What do you think the wars were about? Moronic facial hair?!” She snapped. “Every delusional man in power thinks they can save the world from evil! What makes you think you’re the special snowflake that’ll be any different you-”

“Maria.” Everyone turned to where Henry was now standing behind Alice and Bendy. “It is going to be ok.” Maria looked at Henry, as if she wasn’t sure if she wanted to break down in tears or pass out.

“H-Henry?” Alice asked slowly. “D-Do you remember?” Henry didn’t seem to hear her as he walked past the two toons and to his wife.

“Maria, deep breath…” Henry said slowly, in a low, soothing voice, holding her and gently rubbing her back before sighing before speaking to everyone, but allowing her to continue to hold him. “I think we should all step away and get some rest,” Joey opened his mouth but Henry continued. “We need to take a break Joey, I know for a fact I haven’t seen you take a break since you showed me the machine.” Joey feigned sheepishness.

“That ain’t true!” Bendy snapped, getting everyone’s attention to the demon and angel’s hiding spot. There was an awkward pause as Bendy realized that might have been a stupid idea. “Uh...oops?”

Chapter End Notes

So I have no idea where to go with this idea XD

Suggestions or ideas are welcomed!
“Bendy, what are you doing?” The demon jumped slightly, turning to see Henry looking at him from the doorway.

“Uh...well...I was checking up on Maria here…” He gestured to the woman, who was slumped against the wall, covered with a blanket and leaning against a sleeping Boris. Bendy noticed that Henry was also looking at the dream cloud that was lazily floating above the woman, and realized an idea to get some clear answers. Maria was going to kill him for this, but if it fixed Henry, it would be totally worth it.

“Well, she’s sleeping Bendy, we should prob-” Henry didn’t get to finish as Bendy grabbed him by his collar and tossed him towards the blank-appearing cloud, before rushing over himself and getting the cloud open and following in after Henry made it through, who was cursing the devil darling on the way in.

“Heavens above...” Bendy looked up as he landed with a graceful tap as Henry was grumbling as he was getting up. Bendy raised an eyebrow as he saw Maria, obviously younger and in a masculine looking uniform, similar to the ones that some of the other people in the room were wearing. “I’m starting to think you get into fights just to see me, Mr. Ross.” Bendy looked at the man she was talking to; it definitely looked like Henry, though younger and dirtier. The younger Henry scoffed before wincing as Maria applied something to his face. Bendy noticed that the Henry he brought into the dream was watching in confusion, his face mimicking the younger’s face. “Ah-Ah-Ah,” Maria scolded firmly. “You’re a soldier, so stop complaining.” The younger Henry glared at her as Maria finished before looking at him carefully. “And let me guess, someone was making fun of your doodles.”

“Drawings.” Both Henrys snapped, surprising Bendy slightly and Maria sighed.

“Drawings, doodles, sketches, whatever, it’s not worth getting your ass kicked while avoiding the blitz.” The younger Henry rolled his eyes.

“I don’t like people not giving me respect.” Maria was quiet for a moment as she put the medical equipment away, as if choosing her next words carefully.
“You must’ve had a rather nasty fight with your family when you got drafted then.” Henry looked at her with amused curiosity. “A lot of the boy-erm, men here talk about when they get home they’ll be getting respect from their family...apparently the unit’s a bunch of misfits.” She must’ve realized she sounded rude as she made a squeak noise that Bendy didn’t know humans could make, and blushed. “I-I didn’t mean to imply that you are a misfit-or any of the other men fighting are misfits or unwelcomed or-” The younger Henry took her hand, stopping her embarrassed rambling, a playful smirk on his face.

“You’re not as uptight as I thought.” Maria looked at him in confusion as Henry got up. “And I guess Jonathan wins the bet on you not being as bad as I thought.” Maria’s face warped into embarrassed anger as she realized what Henry did. Bendy noticed that the older Henry with him was smiling slightly.

“And you’re awfully damn cute when you’re mad.” Both Henrys seemed to say as the younger Henry waltzed out before the older Henry winced, letting out a grunt.

“Henry?” Bendy asked slowly, the man in question shaking his head slightly, and rubbing his temples. The older man sighed.

“Bendy...what is this…” Henry managed out before the dream seemed to shift to another scene. Both watched as they were now outside and it was snowing lightly, Maria was sitting on some steps, her hands covering her face.

“Want a smoke?” Maria looked up from her hands and saw Henry limping down the steps, offering a pack. She looked at him with mild annoyance.

“You’re supposed to be in bed.”

“That can wait.” Henry grunted before sitting next to her. “You’ve been quiet the past week.” Maria looked at him and sighed. Bendy looked at Henry, who was watching, yet he was slightly trembling.

“She needs to get inside.” Bendy’s Henry muttered quickly. Bendy looked at him. “She needs to go inside right now.”

“Why?” Bendy asked, surprising Henry, as if he forgot the demon was there as well, but before Henry could explain there was a loud scream and the sound of breaking glass. Henry quickly pulled Bendy and turned, preventing the demon from seeing whatever it was as a loud air raid siren wailed through the sky. Bendy was beyond confused and admittedly terrified before the scene in front of them seemed to change again, with the siren morphing to a timer. It took a few moments but Henry slowly eased up on Bendy and turned to the scene; It seemed to be a recent memory, as both Henry and Maria looked exactly how they were, barring being simplified, when they showed up in the studio.

“You’re seriously going to go?” Maria asked skeptically as she turned off the oven and leaned against the stove, looking at Henry, who was looking at the letter Joey sent him. The Henry at the table sighed.

“It has been 30 years...maybe he’s willing to bury the hatchet?” Maria didn’t look convinced.

“Didn’t you say he nearly hauled off and decked you when you found out you were drafted?” Both Henrys made an annoyed sigh.

“Joey’s just as stubborn as I can be sometimes.” He said, earning a snort from Maria, as the dream Henry got up from the table and went over to Maria. “Besides, it’ll give me an excuse to check out
if the old studio’s still up to code. And see if I can swipe some old cans of Bacon Soup.” Maria snorted as she wrapped her arms around his waist.

“Still trying to convince me that’s a thing, eh Ol’ Boy?” She chuckled as Henry pulled her close and placed his forehead against her.

“Why by golly Miss Molly, I sure as hell plan to prove to you I’m not crazy.” Maria laughed before pecking him on the lips and turning to the oven, neither dream person noticing the ominous humming from said oven. Bendy gulped and pulled at the real Henry’s arm.

“Henry, we oughta get going….” Bendy started to say as he spotted black ink oozing from the oven. Maria frowned before turning to the dream Henry.

“Hun, I think something’s off with the oven, can you look at it before you go?” Bendy paled before deciding that now was the best time to bolt. He quickly grabbed the real Henry and started to run as he heard the sound of searchers attacking and Henry yelling in agony.

“You did what?” Boris hissed and Bendy sighed.

“You heard me Bori, I don’t know what I was thinking...but I think that what’s she has been saying is true…” Bendy was quiet as he looked at the woman, who seemed to be sleeping slightly more peacefully, no doubt because of Bendy popping her dream cloud, stopping the nightmare from continuing on, once the two of them had gotten out. Henry hadn’t said anything, only making the excuse that he needed to get something finished for Joey and leaving. Bendy frowned as he thought about his creator; Joey was definitely up to something and things weren’t adding up, which of course meant that Alice was partially right and Bendy really didn’t want to inflate the toon’s ego. The demon sighed as Boris whimpered, looking at the woman, obviously concerned before looking at Bendy.

“What do we do now, Bendy?”

“I dunno bub, I don’t really know…”
"Joey." Henry said sternly. "We need to talk." The man in question looked up from his books almost bemusedly.

"About what?" He asked innocently, though Henry wasn’t buying that for a second.

"I know you want to make your dream come true," Henry said sternly, as if he was talking to a rebellious teenager. "But I don’t believe that you’re going about it the right way." Joey raised an eyebrow curiously.

"What do you mean Henry?" Joey gestured to a seat. Henry reluctantly obeyed before sighing.

"I mean, I get that it’s a bit...difficult to explain all of this without spoiling everything.” A smile tugged at Joey’s lips; Henry definitely was trying to play peacemaker and a ‘neutral party’ in regards to what was going on with that woman. “But maybe there’s a better way to go about this? I mean, granted, it seems that Ms.Maria is a tad...hard headed,”

"That is certainly one way of putting it.” Henry ignored that comment.

"But perhaps it’s because she doesn’t have anything for reference. I mean, there’s nothing quite like the Ink Machine so perhaps she’s-”

"Over her head?" Joey finished for his friend, who smiled sheepishly, Joey realizing that Henry must’ve developed some feelings for that woman. So much for a neutral party, but Joey did note that Henry did bring up a valid point and perhaps an idea on how to solve the distraction from his dream. “Perhaps you have a point, Henry…What do you suggest?”

"So uh…” Bendy started slowly, feeling awkward as Maria looked at him, curiously. “I know it’s kinda tactless, but uh...what was it like in Europe during…” He trailed off and Maria sighed before leaning back against the wall.

“It was a strange time.” She said after a few moments. “You see Bendy…” She sighed. “I hope you aren’t offended, but that Drew fellow reminds me a lot of the men in Germany who believed that they were in the right doing those awful things…” She curled her knees close to her chest and sighed. “It was hard seeing people have no hope...and would rather be dead than see another day
and risk having hope…” She sighed softly. “I remember a woman, can’t quite recall her name, but she was a charming young lady….me and the other nurses helped her deliver her baby…” Maria closed her eyes. “A healthy little girl…Jonathan said she’d be breaking hearts faster than that Olympian…unfortunately he died a few days later, shot in the chest,” She took a slow deep breath. “A few days later, I was sitting outside, trying to keep it together…” She looked at Bendy, who noticed she had tears in her eyes. “As horrible as it sounds, I’m glad he died before what happened…”

“Ms. Maria, you don’t have to…”

“I’ve gotten this far already, may as well finish….,” She said, taking Bendy’s hand. “The woman threw herself and her baby out of the building.” Bendy gulped, remembering his ‘adventure’ with Henry in Maria’s dream. Guess that explained why Henry shielded him, even if the old man himself didn’t know why. “They died on impact….The nurses who tried to stop her said that she was hysterical, claiming she didn’t want to bring a child into this world with the war as her future…” Maria chuckled softly. “I guess that could be a reason why I avoided the topic of having children, even before I married Henry… I guess part of me was afraid that I would lose all hope for the baby’s future…” Bendy furrowed his brows as he stood up.

“Well, Ms. Maria, you don’t gotta worry about that!” Bendy proclaimed. “Cause you got me and Boris and Alice! And we’re going to help ya out!” Maria looked at him bemusedly.

“That so?”

“Pffshaw! Of course! We’ll help ya get out of here so you can get to a doctor, cause I know for a fact Joey and Sammy couldn’t be doctors if they tried!” Maria couldn’t help but smile.

“And I’m assuming you’d be helping me make the baby’s room and be a babysitter when I needed one?” Bendy looked at her in surprise, as if he didn’t expect that. “Don’t give that look, Bendy, I’m sure there’s plenty of room in me and Henry’s home; our folks weren’t exactly subtle about what they were hoping for.” She chuckled before doing a deep male voice with an accent. “Maria, I vant 6 grandbabies; 3 girls for your mother, und 3 boys for me.” Bendy couldn’t help but laugh loudly as Maria did a female voice with a different accent. “Oh Maria, when are you and your amore going to us sweet children to spoil?” Bendy howled with laughter, falling on his rear end. Maria chuckled softly.

“Ah man, your folks sound like a hoot!” Bendy laughed. “But in all seriousness, you really want us to come with you?” Maria nodded.

“Of course I’m serious, Bendy, I’m very certain that you all deserve to spend some time out of here.” She gestured to the studio’s walls. “I mean it’s awfully dull here, a little color wouldn’t kill anyone.” Bendy raised an eyebrow, his interest peaked. “Don’t you know about color?”

“Well, yeah, but I’ve never actually seen it…” Maria made a squeak sound that Bendy recognized as the sound she made in her dream. Bendy couldn’t help but smile.

“Oh Bendy, Bendy, Bendy,” She laughed. “It’s a pity you couldn’t see Henry’s shirt before it got all whitish gray; it’s a lovely shade of pale mint green!” She howled with laughter. “And he has the same colors in a pant and suit jacket! And he looks like a pale green vegetable when he has all those things on! And he thinks he looks like hot stuff!” Bendy snickered, the image of what he assumed was what she was talking about. “And when he first got that suit, he strutted around the house, like he won the lottery and he said ‘By Golly Miss Molly, put on your finest and-’”

“Come with me, I’ve got something to show you.” Maria and Bendy both looked up as they saw Henry standing in the doorway. “Joey wanted me to get you so we can show you the Ink
Machine.” He smiled slightly, though Bendy noticed that Maria didn’t look pleased at all with Henry, which considering the current events he didn’t blame her.

“The Ink Machine.” She repeated flatly.

“Yes, that’s what it’s called.”

“And it does something other than produce ink?” Bendy stifled a smile as he heard the dripping sarcasm sail right over Henry’s head.

“Actually, it does! That’s what me and Joey want to show you, to help explain what’s going on, since I’m sure you’re a bit confused.” Maria frowned as she stood up to face Henry. “It’ll only be a minute.”

“Only a minute, hmm?” Maria asked. “And then it’ll all be right as rain and I’ll happily bow at his feet—”

“Now Ms. Maria, listen—”

“No, you here, Henry,” She spat, surprising Henry, and making Bendy slightly nervous as he looked above towards the ceiling, noticing that something seemed slightly off the area right above Maria. “I am sick and tired of having to play run around while Drew plays make-believe, and this bullshit involving you pretending not to recognize me, or remember who I am is going to stop. I do not care what made-up magical make-believe game you or Drew are doing right this moment, but it’s time to put the toys away and come home.” She glared at him intently, as if trying to get the answers from his eyes, the man stepping back slightly.

“Ms. Maria,” he started to say slowly, as he was talking to a wild animal. “It’s not make-believe, nor is it a game; you just have to trust me and Joey, and we’ll show you.” There was a tense silence as Bendy noticed the anomaly above Maria seemed to warp slightly, exposing a large hole. The demon gulped unintentionally, wondering why something like that was going on. Maria clenched her fists as she took a deep breath, trembling.

“I can’t believe this…”

“Ms. Mari-”

“I trusted you to protect him, I trusted you to keep out of trouble, I trusted you that you would get help for the nightmares….I trusted you when you said only a few hours you’d be gone…that you’d just say hello and be back before long....” She looked at Henry with tears beginning to spill in her eyes. “And now you want me to trust a man who has been calling me a liar? Who tried attacking me?! Do you take me for an idiot Henry?!” Henry stepped back, obviously not expecting that amount of anger to come from the shorter woman. “Do you think I’m some stupid sheep who will be ok with being lied too?! Or some porcelain doll who should remain in a glass case, waiting for someone to abandon her yet again?!” That sent a chill down Bendy’s spine before he noticed the hole seemed to be ready to drop something on her.

“Ms. Maria, look out!” Without thinking Bendy yelled before pushing the woman to the side just as a large object slammed through where Maria was just a few seconds ago before mysteriously disappeared. Henry stumbled back and looked at Bendy.

“What the heck was that?!” He demanded and Bendy looked at him.

“You’re asking the wrong guy, bub!” He turned to Maria. “Are you alright?” Maria nodded weakly.
“Yeah, just a bruise or two probably….” She looked at where she had been standing. “What happened?” Bendy shrugged.

“I don’t know and frankly, I don’t like it!”

Chapter End Notes

So I'm not 100% sure where I should be going with this or what Henry and Joey's plans are, so I would greatly appreciate any and all suggestions for this story. ^^

Thanks!
“I hope Bendy and Alice know what they’re doing…” Maria whispered as she and Boris poked their heads into the now empty office of Joey Drew.

“Me too…” Boris whispered as they slowly entered. “I’d hate them to get caught…”

“Luckily Joey’s a bit oblivious and Henry doesn’t seem to remember me, so at least they can get away with more….” Maria quickly went to Joey’s desk. “Still rather silly to pretend to be me…”

“I don’t want to risk Joey hurting you…” Boris said softly as Maria opened the desk and gagged. “Ms. Maria!”

“I’m fine Boris,” She managed out. Before pulling out a small bottle. “But I think I’ve found our ace in the hole.” Boris sniffed and paled; it didn’t smell good in the slightest. “It’s acetone, or more commonly, ink remover.” Boris paled.

“Why would…” He didn’t even finish as Maria looked at the bottle and sighed.

“To fix any mistakes he saw…” She said as she tightened her grip on the bottle. “I have a bad feeling Joey had more of a hand in my husband’s memory loss.” She sighed and handed it to Boris. “I can’t take the smell of it and I don’t want this near Joey…” Boris nodded and carefully took it as he gulped.

“Ms. Maria…” Boris whimpered as the two left the office. “I-I’m scared...a-and I don’t-” Maria smiled softly, patting Boris’s shoulder.

“I’ll let you in on a secret Boris…” Maria said softly as Boris looked at her. “Being scared is a good thing; it lulls your enemies into thinking that cornering you is a good idea. And the biggest rule in battle is that the most dangerous enemy is one with nothing left to lose.” Boris raised an eyebrow and Maria chuckled. “I’ve gotten an interesting perspective while being a nurse.” Boris smiled slightly.

“I’ll bet…” Maria looked at Boris and patted his cheek.

“Amada,” She said softly. “I know how horrible it feels when it seems everything is going wrong, but you have to remember, nothing is better than to see the look on the bastard’s face when you stand your ground and he realizes he will not win the battle.” Boris nodded as he looked at the bottle before pocketing it in his overall pocket.

“Mr. Drew! We’ve got an emergency!” Sammy’s voice yelled before the door to Joey’s office slammed open before the Music Director came in. Joey took an annoyed sigh before looking at the
Music Director.

“What?”

“Something’s happened to that lady, that Ms. Maria!” Henry’s eyes widened as Joey raised an eyebrow. “She was sitting near one of the old desks when I offered her some of my tea, and we made it to the break room and I made her the tea, but she only took a sip before she collapsed! Boris and Alice are with her in the infirm—” Sammy didn’t even finish before Henry bolted up right and rushed towards where the infirmary was. Joey sighed, starting to lose his patience with all of this, before standing up.

“Well, let’s see what’s going on.”

...

Henry rushed into the infirmary and saw Boris and Alice sitting across from each other while Maria was in the bed. He made a shaky gulp as he stepped forward.

Jonathan Foster is next. Henry froze as he heard a voice and he looked and saw that instead of the infirmary, he was somewhere else, surrounded by men and women in uniforms he vaguely recognized. *Ms. Valdez, as his closest next of kin, please come forward.* Henry blinked and rubbed his eyes as he saw Maria standing, dressed in a military nurse’s uniform receiving a folded flag. She was younger, but she seemed drained, and Henry wasn’t sure why before seeing a familiar looking man, who handed her the flag, holding her close. *I’m sorry for your loss.* Maria seemed to nod solemnly, before Henry felt someone touch his shoulder.

“Old man?” Henry jumped as he saw Bendy on his shoulders. Henry let out a shaky sigh.

“S-Sorry, I didn’t see you there…” Bendy didn’t looked convinced but turned his attention to Maria. “How long…”

“Too long.” Bendy stated before hopping off Henry and going over to Alice and Boris. “Any luck?” Alice shook her head and Bendy frowned. “We need to get her to a doctor…” Bendy looked at Henry warily. “We need your help.” Henry winced and rubbed the back of his head.

“I-I don’t know...We should probably talk to-”

“No.” Henry turned to see Joey entering, with Sammy following behind.

“Joey!” Bendy exclaimed. “She’s not waking up and no offense, nobody here’s a doctor!” Henry noted that there was an edge of desperation in Bendy’s voice. “It ain’t fair for her to be sick down here!” Joey sighed.

“Bendy, we don’t need to worry about that now. We still have to finish achieving what we planned.”

“But Joey!” Alice exclaimed. “Bendy’s right, we shouldn’t keep her miserable down-”

“Alice.” Joey said sternly and Henry saw Alice flinch ever so slightly, bringing concern to Henry; Joey never spoke like that to anyone before, not even if they deserved it. “That is enough.”

“No.” Everyone looked at Boris, his fists clenched. “We’re not asking for your permission. We’re leaving.” Joey frowned.

“Boris,” He said, a hint of annoyance lacing his voice. “You don’t know-”
“No! You don’t!” Boris snapped, surprising the men, as the wolf stood up, not acting like how he was before. “You keep promising this, and promising that, and you keep saying it’s worth the trouble, but Henry was right! You’ve lost your mind! And I’m tired of being a coward and scared of you doing something horrible to us because we behave exactly how you wanted!” Henry and Sammy looked at Joey in concern as Joey tried to keep control of his composure. “I’m tired of hiding in the awful studio!” Boris took out the bottle of acetone.

“What the?” Bendy exclaimed as Joey’s eyes widened.

“How did-”

“You had this in your office.” Boris said darkly. “Ms. Maria said this is ink remover…and we’re toons…made of ink…” Boris couldn’t help but chuckle, but there wasn’t any joy in that laugh. “Were you just keeping this to keep up the illusion of a working studio? Or were you planning on using this to get rid of any problems?” Boris looked at Sammy. “Was there anything different in your tea?”

“Sammy, there’s no need-”

“Well now that you mention it,” Sammy said aloud. “The water heater was acting up more than it usually did…” He looked at Joey. “And you did give me something to put into it in order to fix it…What exactly was it again?”

“Lawrence…” Joey growled and Henry stepped back as it almost seemed like Joey’s form was becoming unstable. “Zip it.”


“Joey…?” He started to say before there was a sudden tremor and growl before everything went black.

Chapter End Notes

Things are definitely going to be going their own crazy way now XD

Also, Maria calls Boris "Sweetheart" in Portuguese
Boris perked up as he heard Maria groan.

“Ms. Maria?!” He exclaimed as he saw the woman pushed herself to her side on the makeshift cot.

“...ucket...” She said, her voice harsh and sore. Boris raised an eyebrow as Maria leaned over the cot. “Get me...buck...et...” Boris, not sure what she meant by that, got a bucket and Boris was barely able to hand it to Maria before the woman relieved her stomach of what she had before she had gotten there. Boris wasn’t sure how to react to this, so he just sat and waited for Maria to be done. “I don’t think I can handle 9 months of this...” She grumbled.

“Huh?” Maria looked at him tiredly.

“Morning sickness. Or did that Lawrence guy not annoy everyone with that tidbit?” Boris raised an eyebrow and Maria chuckled weakly. “I’m pregnant, Boris.” Boris’s eyes widened.

“W-W-Really?” Maria nodded tiredly as she rolled back onto the bed with a soft groan.

“Yeah, I was going to tell Henry before he left for the studio...” She sighed before looking around. “Where...this isn’t that break room...” Boris couldn’t help but hug the woman, whimpering in relief. Maria was understandably confused, but she let it slide, allowing the wolf to hold onto her for a bit before he pulled back. “I guess I missed something?” Boris managed to explain what had happened, including what he believed Joey tried to do.

“And then Joey growled and he start shifting, I-I mean it looked like he was melting...B-But Bendy was real quick and pulled out a hole for me and you and Alice, to get away before something bad...” Maria nodded solemnly.

“And Henry and that Lawrence fella?” Boris sighed.

“Joey knocked them to the sides while he was melting...I-I don’t know what happened to them....M-Ms Maria I-I-L” Maria quickly shushed the wolf, patting him on the muzzle.

“Easy there, Boris, it’s going to be ok...” She said softly. “Henry’s got a hard head, I’m sure he’s going to be ok.” Boris didn’t look convinced. “Trust me, I’ve got plenty of experience of dealing with him sticking his foot in his mouth.” She chuckled. “I still don’t hear the end of it when he tried to do the electrical work on our home...” Boris raised an eyebrow. “The man might be a good artist, but he has no clue on how to make the lights works, and he definitely has a tendency to not warn the people inside he’s doing it...”

“Really?” Boris asked in awe.

“Completely broke the oven and burnt our dinner and scared the hell out of our neighbors...” She shook her head as Boris hid a smile. “Sandra was furious, calling Henry every unlady like names in the book, before storming off...” Maria chuckled at the memory. “And that time I had to apologize to the preacher for Henry convincing the neighborhood kids that drawing Bendy and taping the pictures up in the church was a brilliant idea...” Boris couldn’t help but make a snorting sound. “I love the man, but sometimes I wonder if he’s just a kid pretending to be an adult...”
Sammy opened his eyes slowly as his memories ran over him like a train. Which was fitting, considering how much of a trainwreck Joey had caused. He slowly looked at him, a bit bemused at the fact he wasn’t trapped in the inky abyss, but still trapped in a new abyss. At least he wasn’t the only one stuck like this, he mused as he looked at still knocked out Henry. He was going to have some choice words for his Lord when he saw him again. Sammy paused before sighing and rubbing his temples; there was conflicting feelings and thoughts and memories battling out threatening to cause him to dissolve and melt.

“Nugh…” Sammy was pulled out of his mulling as Henry started to wake up. “Wha…”


“What?” Sammy sighed and knocked against the room they were both locked in.

“I can only assume Joey’s trying to hide all evidence of his fuck up…I can only hope your wife is alright.” Henry looked at Sammy in absolute confusion.

“What are you talking about Sammy?” Sammy’s face fell.

“Your wife, Maria, the woman who came to the studio to find you…the woman in trousers, pretty much adored by Boris?” Sammy was starting to internally panic, especially as Henry chuckled nervously.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about Sammy, I’m not married…I’ve been busy helping Joey run the studio, the lady you described does sound interesting, you sure she isn’t somebody Joey hired?” Sammy was speechless before he rubbed his temples.

“I need a bourbon.”

Chapter End Notes

Man, Joey’s in for a beatdown, isn't he?
“Gotcha toots!” The large spider like toon shrieked as he and another melting toon grabbed Maria by the arms. The woman in question threw an elbow back into the face of the spider, causing him to stumble back.

“Do not call me toots!” Maria snapped before pausing as the spider monstrosity whined, rubbing his face. The other melting toon let Maria go and held his friend’s shoulder. Maria turned before sighing. “I’m sorry, I should’ve looked behind me; Let me see if I can help.” The two toons looked at her warily. “I’m a nurse, and it’s the least I can do, since I caused it.”

“You’re awfully more nicer than that Alice broad…” The spider said slowly as he let Maria look over where she had whacked him. “She usually goes all stabby on us if we ask for help.”

“There’s another Alice?” Maria asked curiously and the two toons looked at each other warily.

“Uh yeah...she’s kinda crazy about being beautiful...She especially hates the little nice dame…and Bendy too...” Maria nodded slowly.

“I see…”

“But, uh,” The melting toon asked slowly. “I’ve never seen you before...um who are you?”

“Maria Ross…” The two looked at each other and shrugged. “My husband worked here…”

“Ooooooh….ok...We were thinking you were like somebody to replace that Alice broad-”

“Which wouldn’t be a bad thin….” The Spider trailed off as both toons looked nervous and terrified by whatever was behind Maria. The woman turned only to be blinded by a bright light and inhuman like groan before it all went black.

“Now what to do with you.” Joey mused as Maria rolled her eyes, clearly past done with everything and anything as she was tied to the chair.

“Is the sweet release of not having to put up with you?” Joey gave her a look of annoyance and the woman in question shrugged. “Couldn’t hurt to ask.”

“You’re not funny.”

“Never said I was.” Joey sighed and rubbed his temples before he began to pace.

“Look, Ms...Maria...you are starting to get on my nerves-”

“Same.”

“But you need to understand, why I am doing this;” He turned to face her. “This is for the greater
good.” There was an audible groan.

“Honey, I spent nearly 8 years dealing with the results of men who claimed the greater good card.” She snarked. “Still the same turd, even if you polish it a different way.” Joey took a slow breath and opened his mouth. “Oh don’t you even start with me Drew! You never had to deal with the horrors of war like Henry, and you sure as hell didn’t have to deal with the aftermath of the horrors men did to each other like I did! You’re doing exactly what those bastards in Berlin did! Only you’re going after everything!”

“But with me there will no longer be war! No death when you can merely bounce back from anything! Age merely being a number! Why can’t you see how this is better!? Henry has seen the way, and Sammy has as well!” Maria sighed and shook her head.

“You are a very black and white kind of thinker, Mr. Drew...but that is not how the world works.” She sighed softly, as if she was speaking to a child. “Even if the world was like how you dreamed it, it still wouldn’t be good for anyone.”

“How so?” Joey asked bitterly.

“Even the brightest light needs it’s shadow to show how bright it is.” Joey sighed and rubbed his temples. “Just saying.” Joey huffed and Maria rolled her eyes. “And besides, there’d be too many questions from your ‘creations’ if you just killed me. And I am not leaving without my husband.”

“Ah yes, your husband.” He spat. “That lie you keep trying to convince everyone here of…”

“Alright smart ass.” Maria snapped, cutting him off. “Let me ask you this; what would I gain from lying about being married to a man and risk my life to go to this God-Forsaken building?!’” Her voice started to raise. “Why on God’s Earth would I risk having flashblacks of the shit I went through in Europe to bring back home a man I didn’t have any connection to? Would I listen to some knock off Disney-hack tell me to my face that I am a liar and put up with my husband agreeing with him if I wasn’t telling the truth? Mr. Drew, queime no inferno, seu bastardo. Burn in hell, you bastard.” Joey was quiet, his back turned from the woman, not that Maria cared, in fact, one could argue that this man was just a senile old man than someone with a grand scheme. Someone who could convince millions that their ideas were gospel, this man was not in Maria’s opinion. Why Henry even thought of coming back to see this man was beyond her. A soft chuckling pulled Maria from her thoughts as Joey turned back to her.

“Well, you do bring up a valid point, I suppose,” He said. “And I must admit, you two do share a unique...stubbornness that one might call endearing…” Maria frowned, hesitant to believe the man suddenly believed her, or would let her and her husband go. “Perhaps you are correct, and you are in fact his wife,” Maria bit her tongue to prevent a snide remark. “But of course, that might also mean there’s some slight things that Henry forgot to tell me about the 30 years that have past…”

“And you think I’m just going to tell you it?” Maria retorted. “Perhaps you should’ve thought about that before calling me a liar, idiota.” The smile Joey gives her sends chills down her spine.

“Oh no, I don’t think that would be necessary...besides,” He said in a far too cheerful voice. “I think that it would better for us to focus on the future, instead of the past...Speaking of which, both Henry and I both owe you a small tour of my wondrous machine…”
Chapter 11

... 

Henry turned as he saw Maria, sitting quietly at what he assumed was a dinner party.

“Maria, I’ve gotta know, why do you stay with that grump?” A female voice asked and Maria rolled her eyes.

“Jen, that grump is my fiance. He just doesn’t like hanging out at loud parties like this.” Henry watched as a woman waved absently.

“I still don’t see what you saw in him; I mean come on Maria, you’re upbeat, sweet and the life of the party! He’s….well he’s something else.”

“He’s a good man.” Henry noted the strain in Maria’s voice, obviously getting uncomfortable with the conversation. Henry tried to head over, but found himself unable to move. “He respects me and loves me for who I am.”

“Maria.” Another female voice said. “Look, that’s all great and stuff, but are you happy with him? Or are you just staying with him because he was friends with your cousin and you feel guilty he’s basically all that’s left of your family?” Henry watched in horror as Maria looked offended and stunned.

“W-What? No, it’s nothing like that! I swear! I love Henry and I am certain he loves me just the same!” The two women looked at each other, unconvinced before the first one spoke up.

“You know, there’s this sweet, if not eccentric, fella who would love to meet you, Maria. In fact he should be here at the party, I believe his name was Murray?”

“I am not cheating on Henry.” Maria sternly stated and Henry watched the two women chuckle and help Maria up.

“It’s not cheating,” Jen said. “It’s exploring your options.”

“And besides, it’ll give that grump some proper motivation to try and keep you.” Henry watched the trio disappeared from sight. He took a shaking breath before he felt something tap his shoulder. He nearly peeled out of his skin and turned, before taking a breath of relief.


“Yeah, sure,” Sammy mumbled. “Look, I need you to hurry up and come with me. We need a way to get out of here.” He gestured to the room they were in. “And find everyone else.”

“Uh…ok…” Henry said slowly, though distracted by his thoughts and why the name ‘Murray’ sounded so familiar and why he felt so much dread.

.
“Ah, Mr. Drew, funny seeing you down here again so soon.” Joey smirked as he saw the man behind his magnificent machine, Murray Hill, tending to the Ink Machine.

“Mr. Hill, I’m just here to show a guest the wonders of the machine.” Joey ignored the muffled cursing and heeled kicks into his chest as he merely adjusted Maria, who was tied up and gagged, tossed over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes over his shoulder. Murray raised an eyebrow.

“Oh really now? I thought it was just Henry and Sammy down here that were fully formed…but judging from the heels…” Maria’s head perked up in surprise as she strained to look behind her. Murray blinked in surprise. “Oh, Maria, what a surprise.” Joey raised an eyebrow.

“You know her?”

“Ah yes,” Murray chuckled. “One of my business partners introduced me to her during a dinner party, apparently his wife was worried about her choice in husband and wanted me to help.” Maria rolled her eyes in disgust as Joey blinked slowly.

“Seriously?”

“Yeah, and boy that was a night...she almost hauled off and decked her friends for that.” Maria muttered a retort as it was Murray’s turn to raise an eyebrow. “Drew, why is she tied up?”

“Cause I’m at the short end of my stick.” Joey grumbled. “Everything is falling apart thanks to this woman. While her claims of being married to Henry might be true, she is causing more trouble than I need right now.” Murray nodded.

“Well, perhaps tying her up like that isn’t a helpful idea….” Joey wasn’t impressed. “How about you leave me with Maria; after all we’ve got some catching up to do, especially with the fact she actually went ahead and married him.” It was Maria’s turn to look unimpressed.

“Whoa, whoa whoa!” Bendy exclaimed. “You two knew each other!?” Murray chuckled.

“Yes we do,” Murray said as he held Maria by the shoulder, it obvious that it was too close for Maria’s comfort, though Bendy was too wrapped up in the new news. “A good friend introduced me to her at a dinner party.”

“Oh wow! Oh! Did she tell ya about what Henry’s like under ana-whatchamacallit?” Murray chuckled.

“It doesn’t exactly ring a bell, but why don’t you tell me about it?” Maria looked away.

“I need to step away.” She said quickly, standing up and walked quickly out of the room. Bendy’s face fell.

“She’s just stressed, Bendy.” Murray said comfortingly. “She’ll come around.”

“Are you sure Mr. Hill? I mean everything’s kinda been falling apart since Joey got really mad at her…” The man smiled before rubbing the area between the demon’s horns.
“You know it’ll take a while for Joey to ease up; he’s a stubborn fellow.” Bendy nodded slowly. “If you want I’ll talk to her…”

“Can ya? That would be great Mr. Hill!” Bendy exclaimed and the man kept his smile as he stood and followed the woman until he was out of Bendy’s eyesight before he sighed; Joey Drew sure had a talent for assuming people could read minds and leave him to fix the mess.

... ...

“Maria,”

“Hill go away.” Maria hissed, not facing him, and the man in question sighed. “I just wanted to get my husband and bring him home. In and out, that’s all it would be…instead…” Murray sighed and kept his distance, though he made sure he was blocking the entrance.

“Maria, Henry as you know him is no more; he’s gone.” Maria turned to Murray in shock.

“W-Wha-No! No he’s not! That’s still my husband!” She exclaimed sharply, obviously trying to keep her cool. “He’s still my husband….”

“Maria, I know it’s difficult to understand, but it’s too late for him. It’s not worth continuing to risk your life to try and convince him otherwise. The man you know is dead, for lack of a better word.”

“No! No!” Maria exclaimed, obviously borderline freaking out. Murray came to her and held her, despite the woman trying to push him away. “No! My husband is still here! I-I’m going to take him home! M-Murray you c-can’t-I can’t-”

“Maria.” He said sternly, yet softly. “Your dedication to him is rather honorable, but you need to accept-”

“No!” Maria shrieked, tears starting to well up as she tried to get out of Murray’s grip. “I c-can’t-Murray-I prom-”

“What the heck is going on here?” Murray and Maria turned as Henry was standing out the room, having managed to get out of the room that he and Sammy were locked in.
“Ah, Mr. Ross.” Murray said quickly. “Doesn’t Joey need you for something?” Henry frowned slightly, part of him wanting to go ahead and follow Murray’s suggestion without a second thought, but this didn’t seem right. “She just needs a moment.”

“I…” He started to say before sighing. “I’m not exactly sure…but I don’t think you’re handling this right…” Murray rolled his eyes as he kept a iron grip on Maria near the back of her neck, keeping her from bursting out and running to Henry.

“She’s merely having a fit of hysterics.” Murray simply stated. “Perhaps you can grab me the bottle from that table.” He motioned his head towards the nearby desk and Henry saw the bottle that had a cross on it, medicine was what he guessed. Henry was hesitant but sighed; Murray seemed to know what he was talking about, and he knew he wasn’t much one for helping someone in a fit of hysterics. He walked over to the table and grabbed it, getting a strange odor from it, to which Murray waved absently with his free hand. “It’s just the bottle, you know how toons get with medicine, even if it’s supposed to help. Now can you hand it here?” Henry couldn’t help but notice that Maria’s eyes widened in a mix of horror and betrayal before it shifted to complete disgust and anger, earning Murray’s attention. “Come now Maria, it’s for your own good, please be a good girl and listen to reason...he wouldn’t want you hurting either.” Henry blinked in confusion as his head began to throb.

“H-He?”

“Come on, come on!” Sammy growled as he and Boris rounded the corner, Alice and Bendy following behind. “We have to find the son of a *car horn*!”

“But Murray wouldn’t hurt her,” Bendy argued. “He’s a nice guy!” “Doesn’t matter if Joey’s *alarm clock* lost it!” Sammy retorted before he stopped, causing a pile up behind him. “Speaking of the devil….”

“Lawrence.” Joey stated, his eyes dark. “What are you doing?”

“Where’s Ms. Maria!?” Boris exclaimed but partially flinched at the death glare he got from Joey.

“Mr. Hill is taking care of her at the moment.”

“What on God’s green earth do you mean by that?!” Sammy hissed and Joey merely smiled.

“It’s none of your business.” Joey said. “I’ve come to realize that this is not exactly how things should be going. And I intend to fix it.” The still smiling boss seemed to not notice the looks of horror he was getting from his coworker and creations.
“You’re not going to hurt anybody anymore!” Boris demanded and Joey looked at Boris unimpressed.

“And you’ll stop me how?” Boris’s face momentarily shifted from shock and fear before anger replaced it as the wolf lunged for Joey, growling. Joey merely sidestepped the wolf, as if the wolf was a cat chasing a toy. Boris collided with the wall and whimpered slightly. Joey was about to say something but there was a crash, a yelp of pain, and another man’s cursing before there was the clicking of running heels.

“Ms. Maria!” Boris exclaimed and captured the woman in a hug, earning him a surprised gasp before she realized who it was.

“Boris!” She exclaimed as she held him, trembling. “Boris…” Joey made an annoyed grunt as he got a death glare from Boris as the wolf protectively held the woman.

“Boris, this is getting ridiculous,” Joey said sternly. “This woman has no purpose being here and she has been causing too many distractions.”

“She’s looking for her husband.” Sammy said sternly. “And had you just left Henry be, you wouldn’t be in this mess, Drew.” Joey looked momentarily surprised and Sammy rolled his eyes. “Doesn’t take a rocket scientist to figure out that instead of accept surprises, you try everything to negate the surprise.”

“You’re supposed to be on my side.” Joey hissed and Sammy rolled his eyes.

“There is not enough money in the world to help me put up with being turned into this, being squished by the gremlin,” He gestured to Bendy, who was stunned. “And brought back to put up with this *car horn*.”

“Y-You remember that?” Sammy looked at Bendy.

“Every annoying moment. Also, I accept your apology.” Sammy turned to Joey. “Now let everybody go, and stop trying to force everyone into your twist and sick idea of a smart plan.” Joey frowned, his anger obviously fuming and if one was observant, one could see some of the details on him begin to smudge and melt, warping into something less human.

“Lawrence…” Joey hissed, keeping a smile on his face, though it was beginning to look maniacal. “I truly thought I had gotten through to you...but I guess I will have to show you the power of believing in one’s dream…”

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Chapter End Notes

So I have no idea where this going anymore, but hey, Joey devolving into super villain is alway good, right? XD

I mean admittedly there's three endings; Good (Henry get memories back, they all (barring some) escape/happily ever after), Neutral/Ok-ish (They escape, but Henry doesn't get his memories back, so back to square one with his and Maria's relationship), and Bad (Joey wins with a complete 'reset' of his toon world), but I'm not sure which one will work, so suggestions would be greatly appreciated!
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Maria gasped for air as she opened her eyes, seeing the decaying walls of the studio. She felt the wood floorboards as she sat up, taking in the sight of her dark red trousers and her lightly colored shirt.

“B-Boris?” She asked, her voice wavering slightly. “Bendy? A-Alice?” She took several deep breaths, hoping to control herself before dealing with the situation.

“Did it work?” Boris whimpered slightly as he lifted his head up from the ground as he was at the bottom of the toon pile.

“I dunno bub, but Angel face! Get your heel outta my face!”

“Get your face out of my heel!” Maria couldn’t help but start to laugh as she saw the three toons. She teared up and kept laughing, earning smiles from the toons.

“M-Mrs. Maria! You’re alright!” Boris exclaimed, heaving himself up, toppling Bendy and Alice, before tackling Maria in a tight hug. “It worked! It worked! It really worked!” Maria returned the hug tightly still in tears in both surprise and sheer joy before she took Bendy and Alice in a tight hug as well. After a few moments the hug ended, Bendy looked at Maria.

“What is that?” He pointed to her shirt. “And that?” Maria looked at her shirt.

“My shirt…the color is called rose…and my pants are supposedly dark red, but it’s called like red wine or something…” Bendy’s face was priceless before he perked up.

“Oh where’s Henry!? I gotta see that green outfit of his!” The demon scrambled up and began looking around the large Ink Machine for the man in question. “I know he got in too, right after Sammy!” As Bendy looked around, Alice looked at Maria.

“Mrs. Maria?” Maria looked at the toon. “If that gun Bendy had pulled out wasn’t a fake…”

“Would’ve I actually shot Drew?” Alice nodded sheepishly and Maria nodded. “I won’t lie, I would’ve done that, and no, I probably wouldn’t have regretted it at the moment.” Maria shrugged, dropping the subject there. “But the gun didn’t work, and I must admit, his reaction to getting a gun thrown at his face was rather entertaining.”

“And it bought us time to get out!” Boris exclaimed before looking at where Bendy went, it now quiet.. “Bendy? Bendy buddy?”

“Um…guys…” Bendy voice was uncharacteristically quiet and shaky. “You might need to see this for yourself…”

..
“Ah come on you guys, lighten up!” Maria paused as she walked past the room that was designated as the baby’s room. “Why’s it a bad idea for pictures of me and Boris to be in the baby’s room?”

“Gee, why would it be bad for a devil to be in a baby’s room?” Was the sarcastic retort from the Music Director. “We’re not recreating *The Exorcist*.”

“I thought that involved a teenager though…” Maria poked her head into the room and saw splattered with paint Bendy, Boris, Sammy and her husband, the toon getting a dirty look from the toon Music Director.

“You’re not helping.”

“Are you sure you guys don’t need my help?” Maria asked before covering her smile at seeing the mess the four toons were causing, with more paint on them, then on the walls. Bendy waved his hand.

“Pssh, we’ve got it covered Maria.” Bendy said. “We’ve got it covered, just some creative differences regarding Bendy or Boris Jr.’s room.” There was some steam coming from Sammy’s ears as Henry frowned.

“That is not going to be the baby’s name.” Henry said sternly and Bendy mocked offense. “Me and Maria have already decided on names.”

“Names?” Sammy asked. “You don’t mean…” Maria and Henry exchanged mischievous looks. “I’m having twins.” Sammy’s face was priceless as the toon fainted as Boris raised an eyebrow. “What?”

“There’s going to be two babies.”

“Henry?” Maria asked as her husband sat next to her one evening. “Are you alright?” The toon shrugged absently.

“I mean, things are completely blank still…” He said sighing. “Even the stuff that Joey had told me happened are faded and even those still have some holes…” He chuckled nervously and Maria held her shorter husband close.

“We’ll manage.” She said simply. “We’ve managed before and we’ll manage now.” Henry didn’t look entirely convinced. “Oh come on, Henry, you seriously think I’d just leave you to fend for yourself?” She chuckled. “Henry Ross, I’ve said it before and I’ll say it again; I love you and like hell are you going to get rid of me that easy.” Henry chuckled and smiled.

“Well, Golly, I wouldn’t want it any other way Miss Molly…” The two laughed before exchanging a kiss.
“Gah! Get a room you two!” The two turned and saw peeping out from the doorway Bendy, Boris, Alice, and Sammy watching the two.

“Well, you’re the one peeping.”

“Oh can it Angel-face.” Maria and Henry chuckled.

“Alright you two, let’s not have another fight, now...by the way, has the room been finished painted?” Maria started to laugh at the faces the toons made as Henry sighed lightly.

Chapter End Notes

And that's the end! Thank you so much for reading and I hope you guys enjoyed!

Edit: I might add another chapter to explain stuff of just add the "here's the remaining result of the brain spaghetti regarding this story."
Info-Thingding

Chapter Notes

So here's my quick (Late at night admittedly) thoughts regarding the story and hopefully it help clears some things up.

My brain has no idea how to get the ideas from dust plot bunny bits to a coherent form a chapter or three so I’m just putting it here. If any of you guys want to rewrite/do your own spin on this, feel free to do so.

Regarding the ending:

Basically after Joey does his villain shindig/dramatic cliffhanger, Sammy, Boris, Bendy, Alice and Maria make a run for the ink machine and get cornered by Joey. Bendy pulls out a fake gun, trying to be helpful (or something), Maria snatches it, thinking it’s a real gun, readying to shoot. Joey mocks her, saying she wouldn’t, she tries to fire the gun and when it doesn’t work, Maria chucks it at Joey in the face, knocking him back in shock, giving everyone enough time to turn the machine on. Just as Maria gets in (or something, cause how does that machine even work btw?) she sees Henry and Murray coming into the scene. I’m not sure what would happen to Murray as I can really see him surviving that and then trying to be all buddy buddy with anybody involved, but I know I’d be leaving Joey behind, I guess, cause I didn’t really make him a sympathetic guy in this series, nor did I really flesh out reasoning for his actions.

Maria is the only one turned back into human. Basically since Henry and Sammy were ‘killed’/melted/fully toon, they’re stuck fully toon. But everybody lives in the house and while not out and about to the neighborhood, they’re not taken to be government experiments; none of the neighbors really give a rat’s ass (cause hey, as long as there’s no electricity mishaps happen again, everything cool here)

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