

berry red

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by [magentawritings](#)

Summary

Wilbur learns what it's like to be haunted.

Funtober Day 6: Ghostdy

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

“Wilbur?” called Ranboo. He sounded unsure of himself, but that was standard Ranboo behaviour.

“There’s... someone outside.”

“A customer? Well, I suppose we don’t technically have a closing time,” said Wilbur, making sure to put just the right amount of cheer in his words. The truth was he was tired, bone-tired, and would rather tell the customer to fuck off than serve them. That, however, was something he couldn’t afford to do. Not in his current situation anyway.

He supposed he could just give up and accept everyone would now and forever see him as a ticking time bomb. Except, of course, doing that would ruin all his plans.

“I think you should come outside,” said Ranboo.

Sighing, he stood up and did his best to ignore the cracking of his body. Death really wasn't good for the spine. He was almost regretting all the times he had joked about Philza's back going out. Almost.

Time to see what Ranboo seemed so worried about. Wilbur stepped out of the van and froze.

He was at the tree line. Only twenty, thirty steps away. Hovering, as if unsure if he was welcome. Then he was gone.

"What the fuck, Ranboo?" Wilbur demanded. "Why didn't you say something?"

"I did!" protested Ranboo.

Wilbur ignored him and ran to the tree line. The first thing he noticed were slivers of exposed wood. Claw marks. The second was red. The same red as sweet berries. He reached out and touched it, and it clung to his fingers like jam.

"What direction did it go in?" asked Wilbur. He wiped his fingers on his coat, leaving a smear of berry red.

"It?" asked Ranboo.

"What direction?" repeated Wilbur.

"South-east, I think," said Ranboo, pointing.

"You think?" snapped Wilbur.

"He moves fast," replied Ranboo weakly.

Wilbur shoved down his anger. He needed Ranboo on his side, and, more importantly, he needed to remember that.

"It doesn't matter," he said dismissively. "There's only one place it'd go anyway."

"It?" asked Ranboo again, but Wilbur ignored him.

He wasn't entirely sure of it. Theoretically, it could have run off to fucking Kinoko Kingdom. But what place, out of the entire server, could possibly serve as a better home for a ghost?

It had to be L'manberg. Or, rather, L'manberg's corpse.

He started walking.

Ranboo followed. He seemed concerned by Wilbur's silence, occasionally opening his mouth only to close it again. Good. He should be concerned.

Wilbur hadn't felt this unstable since his death.

As they got nearer, Wilbur started to hear screams, but there were no foxes in sight.

Finally, they reached the edge of the crater. And there he was. Right below the flag.

"He had two lives left," stated Wilbur. "Two entire lives. Did he lose any while I was dead?"

"No. At least I don't think so," said Ranboo. "He... he must have lost them recently then."

And it was a must. Wilbur knew, because right in the middle of the crater was the ghost of Fundy.

“I...”

Wilbur glared at Ranboo. “What?”

“It’s strange,” said Ranboo slowly, looking down at the ghost. Weirdly, Wilbur could hear a slight hissing sound. “I feel... sad. Like I lost someone close, like Tu- like someone close. I knew we were in the Butcher’s Army together, but it feels more than that. Like I actually knew him.”

Wilbur scoffed and started climbing down.

Of course Ranboo wouldn’t even remember if he had been close with Fundy. Had he even bothered to write it down? For someone who was so desperate to make friends, he seemed to forget them awfully quick.

He reached the ground and started stalking over to the flag. He was ten paces away when a high-pitched bark made him recoil.

The ghost had bundled itself in the flag. Only its head was visible, its fur a dark grey. Berry red leaked from its eyes. Less tears, more a constant watering. Its teeth were bared, revealing black gums. It let out another bark.

Wilbur hadn’t heard that sound since Fundy was a cub. It was the sound he would make when Wilbur had reached to take away a toy or when lightning flashed outside their home or a stranger was near.

“I guess that’s... Ghostdy,” said Ranboo.

“Hey there,” said Wilbur gently, holding out his hands. He started walking forward, ignoring the sound of growls. “Hey there, buddy. I’m not a stranger, am I? Don’t you remember old Wilbur?”

By the time he was within three steps of Ghostdy, the growling had stopped.

“That’s it,” said Wilbur, tone still gentle. “Nothing to be afraid of.” He reached out his hand and Ghostdy lent into it. He expected the fur to be coarse and matted, but instead it felt soft.

Ghosty started to make an almost clicking noise. Gekkering, Wilbur remembered. Softer than usual, but still. Another sound Wilbur hadn’t heard since Fundy was a kit.

“Oh, Fundy would have hated you,” said Wilbur softly. Ghostdy tilted its head, before resting it in Wilbur’s lap. “He despised being reduced to a fox. To an animal. When he was young, he would practice his shapeshifting day after day, trying to get rid of his ears and tail. Of course, he never could.”

“Uh,” said Ranboo.

Wilbur stood abruptly, forcing Ghostdy from his lap. It screeched in complaint.

“Hey!” protested Ranboo. “Isn’t that your son-”

“That THING isn’t my son!” yelled Wilbur, gesturing to it savagely. “It isn’t Fundy! It’s a ghost! Why does no one seem to get that ghosts aren’t people? They’re just pathetic little echoes! Ghostbur wasn’t me, and this... this ‘Ghostdy’ isn’t my son! My son is dead!”

Ranboo and Ghostdy stared at him with wide eyes.

“My son is dead,” realised Wilbur.

He turned away, looked at the walls of the crater. Walls. Hadn't he once built walls? Walls for his home, walls for his family? Walls for his son? Hadn't he once wanted to keep his son safe and sound?

And now. Now his son had died. Twice. Wilbur hadn't been around. He didn't even know how it had happened. If he had lost them at the same time, or if some death had befallen him days, weeks, months ago.

Cowardice. Pure cowardice. Wilbur hadn't looked for his son because he was a coward, and now Fundy was dead.

He turned around to see Ranboo comforting Ghostdy. Feeding him sweet berries.

Wilbur resisted the urge to roll his eyes. Ranboo. Always eager to be everybody's friend.

“Take him back to Paradise Burgers,” said Wilbur. ‘Him’ felt like a lie on his tongue – ghosts weren't people – but he needed Ranboo on his side. “Feed him some steak or something.”

“Where are you going?” asked Ranboo. Ghostdy let out a whine.

“To get help from a friend,” he replied.

Wilbur had a book to burrow.

End Notes

c!wilbur is such an interesting character, and there's so many ways to interpret him. which is why i tried to keep things a little ambiguous with his thought process. think of it as him just not wanting to process things rn. i probably read into his hatred of ghostbur too much, but for the sake of this fic c!wilbur is canonically ghostphobic. you know what, after all the ghostbur-related reddit posts cc!wilbur is also ghostphobic.

thanks for reading! if you want to, please don't hesitate to leave a comment or kudos!

now i've got to go and lose some bedwars.

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