

## for you, my dear

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30334623) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30334623>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Major Character Death</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Dream SMP</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Eret &amp; Floris   Fundy, Floris   Fundy &amp; Wilbur Soot, Floris   Fundy &amp; Niki   Nihachu, Floris   Fundy &amp; TommyInnit, Eret &amp; Niki   Nihachu</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Eret (Video Blogging RPF), Floris   Fundy, Wilbur Soot, Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF), Niki   Nihachu, TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF), Toby Smith   Tubbo, i hate that their real names are here. die</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Angst, no LOTS of angst, Character Death, Resurrection, Floris   Fundy Needs A Hug, Eret Needs A Hug (Video Blogging RPF) both of them need one SO BAD, lmfao im so sorry for this fic, c!eret and c!fundy's father-son relationship can be so personal, (the resurrection tag is for wilbur btw), Floris   Fundy-centric, revivedbur is a bitch btw, i simply don't think he'd be all righteous after getting revived, so he's a bitter angry hurtful bitch. enjoy, Niki   Nihachu Needs a Hug, SO TRUE. SHE NEEDS ONE SO BAD</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-03-31 Completed: 2021-04-16 Words: 14,777 Chapters: 4/4

## for you, my dear

by [coveredinsun](#)

### Summary

“A *life for a life*, it says,” Eret read aloud, proceeding to translate it as they went, slowly and likely inaccurate.

*“The balance of life and death is not fragile. To upset that balance takes a great deal of commitment and effort. To engage in a resurrection is a decision not taken lightly— all stories end when they are meant to. Reopening that book, returning to the final page as though it is the beginning, is to render the ending null, void, insignificant. It is an act of destruction. **The only thing equal in value to the destruction of a life, is the destruction of another.**”*

—

A sacrifice must be made for Wilbur to be revived. Fundy is left in the aftermath.

### Notes

loosely inspired by the ghost!eret au by noor\_or\_ivy\_and\_avan on instagram!!!! go check out the art its so cool and awesome

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

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Notes

cleret and c!fundy's relationship is so near and dear to my heart i couldn't NOT write something for them. i hope yall like this endless pain lolz (go check out the art this was inspired by!!!)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Nearly three weeks after Doomsday, a crow shows up on Eret's balcony.

(They've seen the distinct wax seal before; a lifetime ago, when the war loomed over their head but they had companions to spend the days with. Wilbur would send and receive letters almost constantly; even without that fact, no one except one man used birds to send messages anymore.)

Given their last interaction, Eret had begun to think Phil would never talk to them again. It wouldn't have been surprising, or necessarily unjustified; Eret *was* a king, after all, and Phil held very explicit opinions about government. But it wouldn't have made a difference— the castle was always empty. The sounds of footsteps and silence were as familiar as breathing.

But no— there was a crow on Eret's balcony, which politely dropped a letter into their hand and promptly flew away.

***Big development in my research into resurrection. Meet me at the community house at sundown.***

Eret couldn't hold back a laugh at a two-sentence letter. One could have guessed Phil didn't know how to use a communicator, but he'd sent tons of messages through the thing, meaning the crow and letter are overly dramatic *on purpose*. He truly is Wilbur's father.

This was the first Phil has notified them about his research. It's been a long couple weeks of awaiting information, but it's for a worthy cause. Phil seems genuinely committed to this revival, even when the only other person who agreed to the idea was the one person his son hated the most during his life.

But that isn't to say Phil's dedication to Wilbur's revival is a *surprise*. No, Phil is much more transparent than he lets on; his guilt is practically tangible, heavy, you notice it in the way he holds himself, in the way he moves. You hear nothing but *regret* in every word he utters about his son.

(When Phil recalls November sixteenth, you can tell he thinks he betrayed Wilbur. He took what could have been saved and killed it before it had a chance to be beautiful once more.

Maybe Phil is transparent, or maybe Eret is far too acquainted with that hollowness.)

Luckily, there are only a couple hours until sundown, so they spend a little bit of time in the museum.

They wander around the few exhibits as they have many times before. It's all things they'd rather forget but shouldn't. History is important, even the things they regret, they remind themselves as they run their fingers on the blackstone replica of the wall. As the wall bathes in warm sunlight, they can't help but recall how they'd built the original one, all that time ago— but that part has been lost, the contribution of a traitor erased from time.

(Maybe it deserved to be.)

They wander from display to display, shoes tapping on the floor in a gentle rhythm. The replica of the Final Control Room grows closer with each step, but they do nothing to stop this.

Nothing new will come of this visit; the same wave of regret washes over them, as it has time and time again. The room does not get any less dreadful to stand in. Eret knows this. Still, they keep walking.

Upon entering the room, their gaze wanders to one specific chest. The uneasy silence is broken by a creak of the chest labeled *Wilbur*.

The leathery cover of the book feels rough in their hands. They stand still and simply hold it for a long time, not bothering to open it, because they know exactly what it says. Silently, they lament the fact that the two little words on the page will remain seen only by colorless eyes. The thought of it collecting dust forever is frightening, but unfortunately inevitable.

With a creak, the book is returned to its place.

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To be honest, Eret was surprised Phil agreed to discuss this revival in their castle. Not *that* surprised, given that the king was *certainly* unwelcome at Phil's place, and the community house was too public of a location to discuss resurrection— but still, a little surprised.

Phil had brought a handful of skinny books and a few loose papers. Most of it was in a foreign language, something similar to a Nether dialect, but not exactly. Eret could probably read them— they'd need some brushing up in their native Nether dialects, they were fluent in most languages from the Overworld, and even studied some texts from the End— call it a hobby.

“So what's the development? Is it important?” Stupid question. Of course it was important; that's why Phil contacted them.

“It is. See, I was reading through these texts. It's a miracle I can understand most of it, honestly, but there was one word I've been struggling to decipher,” Phil pointed to a loose sheet with just a few symbols written on it, likely copied by him so he could study it separately. “This phrase shows up throughout every text, but it's in a unique dialect. I can't figure it out.”

Despite everything, all the time away from their home, Eret recognizes the word: their name, the *original version*, as their father had spelt it out to them so long ago. “The word means *life*. Or *live*, I guess. It depends on the sentence.”

It's been a very long time since Eret has seen that word— in its original form, at least. It brings them back to times long before countries or kingship. It brings them back to times of venturing to the brightness of the Overworld, of their father reminding them to put their sunglasses on during the day or it would damage their colorless eyes, of returning home to the Nether as a *child* and having that common link with the blazes and wither skeletons. Briefly, Eret wonders if they remember them, or if they'd shun them for abandoning their home. (If Eret's track record says anything, probably the latter; but they brushed that thought away.)

“So you can read this sentence, right?” Phil flipped the book open, pointing to a passage in common Nether, save for the last couple paragraphs.

“A *life for a life*, it says,” Eret answered, proceeding to translate it aloud, slowly and likely partially inaccurate. “*The balance of life and death is not fragile. To upset that balance takes a great deal of commitment and effort. To engage in a resurrection is a decision not taken lightly by the Two— all stories end when they are meant to. Reopening that book, returning to the final page as though it is the beginning, is to render the ending null, void, insignificant. It is an act of destruction. The only thing equal in value to the destruction of a life, is the destruction of another.*”

“Okay,” Phil muttered pensively. “The concept of trading a life for a life can be seen throughout End texts, so I'm quite familiar with *that*, but Techno has never mentioned anything about anyone called *the Two*. Should we really try and piss them off?”

“Technoblade is a piglin, correct?”

“Yeah.”

“Makes sense he doesn't know. Piglins have a culture separate from ours.”

“Ours? You know this culture *firsthand*?”

“Well—” The secret was okay while it lasted. “Yes. This text is written in my mother tongue. But I'm quite rusty.”

Eret expects a look of shock, of disgust. Those from the Overworld have never been kind.

Instead, Phil's eyes light up. “Wait— the people of the bastions? I thought they were gone, overrun by piglin!”

“Everyone does. Our disappearance was intentional. We couldn't win the war against the piglin, so we let them to take our bastions and secure the belief that we're gone.”

“But are you gone? Are there any left?”

“I came from one of their villages myself. They're few and far between, but they exist, yes.”

“Oh, that's so fucking cool. I know there are other cultures in the Nether, but going deep enough to become acquainted with them is dangerous for me. I'm quite familiar with piglin because of Techno, but not much else. Tell me more, though. It's fascinating to learn from a primary source.”

“Well, okay. If you say so.” Eret shrugged, taking a moment to dig up childhood memories from their memory. Start with the basics, go from there. “Well, for our purposes of resurrection, I guess you have to be familiar with two major deities, which you just heard about in these texts— they have names in our language, but speaking them is disrespectful. In conversation, you'd call them *the Two*. The purpose of their existence is to maintain the barrier of life and death. They

create all the folktales, myths, legends— they write all the stories of people’s lives, you could say. My father used to tell me that our connection to them is the reason for our glowing eyes. That’s just a folktale, but it all goes back to them, you know?”

Phil nods. He’s listening far more closely than Eret expected, so they get to the point. “Anyways. Technically you *can* revive someone, but they get pissed if you pretend your intent isn’t selfish.”

“Selfish?”

“Yes, selfish. We’re not the first to refuse the permanence of death, and we’re certainly not the last to want someone to return from death’s clutches. Bringing Wilbur back is selfish of us, Phil.”

Phil’s wings flared the slightest bit, as if challenged. “What, does that mean we shouldn’t do it?”

“No,” Eret calmly answered, as if they weren’t discussing the wrath of gods, “They simply want us to be honest. Selfishness might be a negative trait to us, but *the Two* don’t see it that way. They know it’s in our nature, a mere aspect of our survival. To them, selfish decisions aren’t bad until you’re dishonest about it. They see it as attempted deceit, and *that* will piss them off.” Eret paused. “They’re merciful until you’ve proven yourself to be dishonorable. That’s what my father would tell me, anyway.”

“So... should we proceed with the revival or not?”

“I think we can. But you must be committed to the ritual.”

Phil gave them an incredulous look. “There’s a preexisting ritual?”

“Well, yes, but it’s not taken lightly. There’s a reason most people don’t go through with it.” Eret averts their gaze back down to the paper. “Life for a life, you know?”

“But what if I don’t want to give my life?” Phil takes half a step back, almost fearfully. “I can’t help my son if I’m dead.”

“And that’s okay. A very natural way to think,” Eret keeps their eyes on the paper. “I can do it.”

“What? Eret, are you sure about that?”

”Of course.” (No, not really. But there wasn’t much of a choice, unfortunately.)

“I don’t want you dying because of this. I don’t want another death on my hands,” Phil reasoned.

“*Fundy* deserves this,” Eret looks up and locks eyes with Wilbur’s killer as silence permeates through the room. “I’m not going to take away from him the chance to heal.”

Phil sighs. “Don’t make a decision now. The revival will be held seven days from now— until then, *think* about it.”

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So Eret thinks about it.

Phil returns to his home in the tundra, and Eret is left in their big castle once more to think about a decision— but it is more liberating this time, because it is a mistake decision that has yet to be made. They still have the freedom to stop themselves. (If they want to.)

Slowly, step by countless step, they travel to the crater of L'Manberg, to the site of Wilbur's death. Eret had removed his body long ago, buried it somewhere remote, and no one had noticed. There is still blood, spread across the stone like new. It's a tragic site, a dark part of this country's too-short history.

Eret thinks of their visit to a dark ravine, their brief conversation with an unstable man in the dim light of war.

“You chose the wrong side when it mattered,” Wilbur had said. Maybe if it were someone different, Eret would have been receiving gazes like daggers and words like venom.

But not Wilbur; his voice reeked of lament, nothing more, nothing less. “You've witnessed firsthand the dreadful things that came of your decision. You've stared down those who used to love you and stayed silent as they suffered. Only *now* you decide to do something about it?”

“I built those walls myself, Wilbur. I've seen them crumble once, and I can't live with myself if I only watch from afar as it happens again.”

“I believe you.” Wilbur paused. He took a step back, the splash of tattered boots in a small puddle deafening in Eret's ears. “You and I are similar, I think. We each spend our days falling back on regret as our greatest constants in life.”

“So accept my help, Wilbur.” Eret held out a gloved hand. “Let me try and reduce the damage in the only way I can.”

Wilbur stared at the hand. At his side, his fist curled up. Not in anger, but in defense.

“I want to. But I can't.”

In the midst of the sorrow Wilbur's burdened words carried, lied something akin to pity. *Who* he was pitying— a powerless being in a trenchcoat and beanie or a powerless being in a crown and sunglasses— was quite unknown.)

Eret has to do this, don't they?

They wronged Wilbur. Every single day spent holed up in that castle as a neutral pawn while L'Manberg fought to survive was a betrayal in itself— if this is the way to make it up to Wilbur, then that decision is easy.

Even if it's too late for *real* forgiveness, the decision is still worth it.

Maybe it's because they've been past the point of true acceptance for a while. Maybe it's because, just for a second, it's *nice* to think about having nothing to lose— in a strange way, its freeing to think that the only things that might mourn for them are plastic flamingos.

They've seen Fundy once since the last resurrection attempts. The conversation they had the day after on a balcony overlooking the landscape was uneasy, unlike their usual banter. Fundy was thinking a lot, you could see it in his demeanor even if you weren't familiar with the way his ears would twitch a certain way when uncomfortable. Eret didn't bother prying.

Fundy deserves his father back, deserves that chance to heal, doesn't he?—

That's the question they're asking themselves with each slow step on the Prime path. They never believed in Prime, but the ground is damp from last night's rain. So each step on the rotting planks is louder than ever.

For a minute Eret takes it in. The creak of weaker boards on the path, the Big Dipper in the night sky (or maybe the little one, Eret always got them confused), the slight breeze that makes their jacket gently sway, the flowers planted along the path, the chirp of crickets a small distance away, the lantern they grip in their cold, calloused hand. They absorb this moment, totally unique and utterly gorgeous, and they store it in their mind to cherish in case they'll only have the foresight to do it once or twice more before— yeah.

They've seen Fundy just once since the fall of the nation he'd grown up in. What he's done since then is unknown to the king. Silently, bitterly, they curse themselves for that.

Eret remembers visiting Wilbur's cabin far from here, bringing a present for the little boy when he outgrew a pair of boots. They remember the bedtime stories, the flower crowns, the cups of freshly-made apple cider in autumn. They remember cooking his favorite breakfast, his favorite dessert (blueberry pancakes and pumpkin pie, respectively) because they just couldn't say no to that face.

Eret remembers their hands on the teenager's shoulders during the war, when he found more solace in a family friend than his *real* father, the one too caught up in creating a country with someone different— someone “more rambunctious, more passionate, more likeable,” he'd said. They remember teaching him how to lace his boots properly, how to shoot a bow and use a sword even if his father didn't want him to. They remember listening to his complaints of feeling invisible in the eyes of his father, and then meeting eyes with that man the next day, harboring a silent, unspoken promise to not be that person.

They remember the words they couldn't find when the boy wanted his late mother; all too well, they remember the words they couldn't find when the man wanted his late father.

—Yes, of course Fundy deserves that chance to heal.

There are few people who will bat an eye when Eret is gone. Everything will stay just as it is in their absence.

(Except for one person that will care. But he's the one Eret is doing this for— he's the person they've *always* done this for. If Eret has to make some sacrifices so he can be *okay* in the end... well, that's worth it.)

Without another thought, Eret reaches for their communicator and types out a message. After a brief moment of hovering over the *send* button, they press it. They do not expect a response right away.

They go back to the castle, somewhat invigorated knowing Fundy will show up soon. They dust off the plastic flamingos, and rearrange the bookshelves, and sweep the floor, and make their bed and replace the curtains on all the windows. It's somewhat soothing.

They step out to the balcony. It used to be strange without Fundy standing there, breaths synced up and wrapped in a soft blanket of silence. And, honestly, it would be a lie to say it still isn't. Eret doesn't know what Fundy has been doing all this time, but they hope he's happy. That's all they've ever wanted for him.



At this moment in time, at the dead of night, anyone else would be asleep. Not Fundy, apparently.

*I'm busy with a lot of things right now. Can it wait just a day or two?*

*Of course. Just wanted to talk to you about the resurrection. No rush.*

The response to that took a few minutes.

*Okay. Give me two days.*

Eret only bothers sending back an assuring, *sounds good*.

Two days turns into five, but Eret isn't mad. Quite the opposite, really— they're glad Fundy has things to do on his own. It gave them time to prepare some things at the last minute.

For instance: how they're going to let Fundy down.

It was harder than they assumed it would be. The right words to *say* never come to mind. So five nights are spent huddled over a desk, until a letter is written and, for now, closed away in a drawer.

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Fundy arrived on the sixth day.

Immediately, he noticed how tidy the castle is, even going so far as to compliment it. Eret thanks him, leaving out the reason why.

For the most part, their conversation flowed nicely. Eret tells him stories of his childhood, and in return got lots of confused, yet fond looks. Fundy won't say out loud how much he appreciates it, but those words don't need to be said.

The two baked pumpkin pie that day. The smell filled the air, reminding them both of much better times. It's so funny similar, yet so different.

They didn't talk about the resurrection until the sun begins to set. The two gaze at the tangerine sky until Eret broke the silence. "Do you really want Wilbur back?"

Because that's what matters, really. If Fundy doesn't give it the go, then what else is the point?

“You know, I think I do.” Fundy answers with a quiet sigh. “Things shouldn’t have ended how they did.”

Well. That settles it.

“I agree. I barely had contact with him after the betrayal. The last conversation I had with him made it clear he’d never forgive me. Not that I deserve any forgiveness from him, but his ghost did nothing in terms of closure.”

“Ugh, that fucking ghost.” Eret raised an eyebrow. “Wilbur really thought that stupid ghost was enough.”

Maybe if Fundy had been talking to someone who didn’t know better, he would get a response saying, “it’s better than nothing.” But Eret knew much better than that, so they waited, in case Fundy wanted to say more.

Fundy didn’t keep talking. Silence overtook the two, and the sun disappeared in the west. It’s unclear how long they stood there, on the same balcony they had countless times before, before Eret speaks.

“You know I love you, right?”

It came out of nowhere, even from Eret, who was known to be sappy sometimes. “And... you know I’m sorry. For everything.”

“Yeah, I do,” Fundy assures with a smile, not bothering to tear his eyes away from the view of the night sky from Eret’s balcony. “I forgave you a long time ago. You’ve been a big help since... you know.”

Eret wordlessly nodded. “You too. For a time I believed I’d be alone for the rest of my life, just... left to wallow in my regret, I guess. But you gave me a second chance, and I appreciate that.”

“Why are you being so sappy right now?” Fundy chose to turn his head then, with a small laugh. “Wilbur isn’t going to replace you when he comes back.”

“No, he won’t,” Eret lied. “I guess I just haven’t said it enough, you know. You’ve been through too much, and a lot of it is my fault. But you forgave me, despite that. I just need you to know how I care about you and never forget that, okay? Everything I do is for you, my dear.”

“...Okay? Thanks, I guess.” Fundy shifted on his feet. Not a result of uncomfotability, but of pure confusion.

“And I know this seems out of the blue. I just– want the best for you, even when I’m gone, okay?” Were they being too obvious?

“You’re making it sound like you’re gonna die soon,” Fundy smiled, a toothy, unaware smile that Eret only then realized they’d dearly miss.

Eret only forced a small laugh. “I just think it needs to be said, okay? The revival is, what– two days from now?”

“Oh, I thought it was tomorrow.”

“No, it’s in two days.” That was a lie. Eret’s conscience screamed at them to tell the truth, don’t lie to avoid letting down ~~their son~~ Fundy, but the truth only sat in their chest with a dreadful weight.

“Oh! Okay, makes sense. I think I should get home, though. It’s late. See you at the revival?”

“See you then.” Eret had to hold back the urge to take Fundy in an embrace; they were very close, but they didn’t. They only smiled warmly as Fundy walked down the big steps of the castle, as he had so many times before. They tried to burn this moment into their memory, store it in their so maybe it would transcend that barrier of life and death.

As Eret watched Fundy step out of the castle with the usual bounce in his step, they couldn’t help but think that having this last conversation to get those desperately wanted reassurances of forgiveness, this last stolen glance of someone so dear to them– it was selfish.

## Chapter End Notes

the pain only gets worse from here LMFAOOOO good luck (/hj /lh) can you tell i listened to a lot of mitski while writing this

ACTUAL GHOST!ERET CONTENT IN THE SECOND CHAPTER OF THIS I PROMISE :]

also this nether lore was created by me just for funsies. i made eret’s name mean “life” in that language to imply that names are a way to honor the deities of their culture. (eret is only the word for life, not the deity’s actual name, because its considered disrespectful to say the deity’s real name in casual conversation.) anyways this was just some fun worldbuilding on my part, i can go on and on about the life and death deities because they’re funky as hell

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

yall thought the first chapter was bad? oops. it only gets worse. ghost!eret time >:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Fundy's demeanor is nothing short of anxious as he steps into the castle. The big doors stand tall above him, open wide like usual. The colorful flamingos scattered around the floor did nothing to calm his nerves.

Eret is nowhere to be found. It's only an inconvenience at first, a point of confusion when the king can't be found in the small library, or the dining hall, or... their bedroom, even.

(Briefly, Fundy considers the possibility that they went to the museum. But they wouldn't go this early in the morning, or without leaving some type of warning. Especially on a day as important as this. So the museum is out.)

Fundy knocks three times before stepping into the room. Immediately, he takes note of how tidy it was— Eret isn't as well-kept as they liked to say they were, so seeing this room so orderly was... strange. Paper and ink neatly placed on the desk, windows sealed shut as tightly as possible (Eret is very prone to getting cold), bed perfectly made, plants along the windowsill all perfectly watered.

But there is an envelope on the bed, addressed to *Fundy*. Nervously, he picks it up and opens it. His eyes scan the page, a pool of dread growing in his chest with each word.

There are tears gathered in his eyes by the end of it. Something deep inside him wants to rip this page up, run through the castle, find ~~his father~~ Eret and yell at them for playing such a sick fucking joke.

Because that's what this is, right? A joke? Surely.

No way Eret would do this. No, no— they're just in the castle somewhere, right? They simply didn't hear Fundy as he calls their name, once, twice, six times. The letter told him one thing, a terrible thing that his mind simply didn't *want* to accept as fact.

Frantically, Fundy reaches for his communicator, typing in numerous messages and sending them just as rapidly. No response for a minute, then five, then ten—

It's fifteen minutes with no response when Fundy storms out of the usually spacious but now suddenly *suffocating* castle, clutching the letter so tightly and resisting the very strong urge to crumple it up and discard it and go yell at Eret for such an elaborate and cruel prank. It's not funny.

Fundy goes to Tommy's house first— because *of course* Tommy is the first person Wilbur looks for upon being brought back— but he isn't home. In fact, Wilbur is probably with Tommy right now. It would be a miracle if Fundy is even an afterthought to his father.

That bothers Fundy silently (the one person who'd care to listen is apparently *gone*) but it's not his concern. Fundy has been put in a tight spot, because all this means he needs to talk to his

grandfather that disowned him. And he'd rather not do that.

"You're fucking dead to me," Phil had cursed, when he was being put under the house arrest he escaped just days later. But the circumstances excuse this, right? Certainly, Phil isn't one to hold *that much* of a grudge?

At least that's what Fundy hopes as he types a request to meet him by the ruins of L'Manberg. Hesitantly, he adds to bring Wilbur if he's there.

It's nearly a half hour before there's any reply, and even then it's only to confirm that yes, they'll meet by the crater at midday.

That half hour is spent reading over the letter and wondering why Fundy hadn't known. The truth punched him in the face so hard he got a black eye, but he *still* didn't figure it out. The sappiness, the somberness, the unprovoked bittersweet words of appreciation?

It was a goodbye.

It was a literal fucking *goodbye*, and Fundy didn't know. He listened to Eret speak like they were going to die, *because they were*, and didn't look past hypotheticals.

Fuck this. Literally, fuck this. Fundy doesn't want to think about it, so he decides he's going to visit Niki.

Whether she's aware of what has happened is unknown, and whether Fundy has the heart to break it to her is also unknown. But he has nothing better to do (because wallowing around in his sorrow is unproductive, frankly), so he walks towards her location, not bothering to shoot her a message beforehand.

It's a considerable distance away from the castle, a building Fundy can't bear to look at as he walks away.

The last time Fundy had been to Niki's underground city, it was small and very much a work in progress. Now it's much more spacious, and there are colored lights hanging from the ceiling, and it looks more like a *home* than before.

As soon as he catches sight of Niki, he can tell there's something off about her. It's quiet, bitter, rageful. Maybe it's just constricting loneliness.

(There's something wrong, but it doesn't appear to be the loss of one of her closest friends. So there is one answer— she doesn't know about Eret.)

Whatever was off about Niki only bubbles under the surface, perhaps even rests dormant in her heart for the briefest of moments as she greets, "Fundy! How good it is to see you here!"

"The city is looking wonderful, Niki," Fundy truthfully expresses, just before encompassing Niki in a much-needed embrace. "It's been too long since I've visited."

Maybe it was how tightly he holds onto her, or how he holds on for a few seconds too long, but when the two part, Niki's face shows only of caring concern. "Are you okay? Is something wrong?"

"You heard they were holding another attempt to revive Wilbur, right?" A nod. "Well, they held it."

“Oh, no,” Niki takes half a step forward, one hand rising to Fundy’s shoulder and the other to her mouth. “Did they... fail?”

Fundy doesn’t say a word. He only hands Niki the letter and watches as her eyes grow wide, a dreadful combination of shock, horror, and anguish.

“Is this real?” She holds up the letter, clearly hoping for a *no* but only receiving silence. “Fundy, I know you’re a prankster, but this– no. This isn’t funny.”

“That’s what I said, too! But I haven’t seen Eret all morning, and this– I would never do something like this. You know me better than that.”

Niki dryly laughs, hanging her head. “That *bastard!* Why would they do that!”

The question’s answer is right there on the letter; Fundy doesn’t think it would be fair to answer it himself.

“I’m going to talk to Phil. Do you want to come with me?” Without hesitation, Niki looks up and eagerly nods, blinking back tears.

Their walk back to the ruins of L’Manberg is silent and tense. They arrive a half hour before midday, words on their mind just begging to be spoken, whispered, *screamed*.

But those words go unspoken for some time, until Niki speaks, voice small. “So you didn’t know about... what Eret would do?”

“No idea,” Fundy mumbles, equally as quiet, but his words are heard quite clearly among just the small scritch and scratches of small debris settling around them, even weeks after the explosions died down. “Eret told me the wrong day. On purpose, I think.”

*(I’m sorry I couldn’t be truthful during our last conversation, the letter says. The more Fundy thought about it, the more he realized how much of a clueless fucking fool he’d been.)*

“They didn’t want to break it to you,” Niki states as if it isn’t obvious. “Because they cared about you.”

Fundy hates how Niki is already speaking in the past tense. It’s funny in a sick and twisted way, how that works. One moment Eret is *there*, patient and caring and familiar, and then they’re gone. And in their place, Fundy is left with a man he hasn’t known in a very long time. The entire scenario feels like a bad dream. It leaves him with a bitter taste in his mouth, a small sting of anger like a match he holds in his hand while navigating in a sea of grief with a wooden raft– unstable, vulnerable, and yet his only option unfortunately. Or he dies.

The two had been very close, since the First War, when Fundy was only a teenager and Niki was barely older. They were always in each other’s visions for the future, but there was someone else, now missing. That gap can be felt widening into a ridge, a canyon, and all the two dopes sitting in the ruins of their old nation can do is hope that this loss doesn’t tear them apart until they’re across the world from one another.

Eventually, Phil arrives. His silhouette is distinct enough to catch your eye from a distance, supported by two people in tow.

“Is that Niki?” A dreadfully familiar voice calls.

Niki’s eyes light up. “Tommy!”

Tommy just has that effect, huh? You see him in the distance and you gravitate towards him rapidly until you crash into a hug. Just like he and Niki did, just now. He's just magnetic like that. Always has been.

Whatever. That forces Fundy to look at the figure that loomed over him, even a far distance away. And, really, he doesn't want to find *that* figure, he wants someone else entirely, but that someone else *won't* be there ~~ever again~~ so— Fundy looks at his father.

Fundy's father is there. Not that stupid fucking ghost; the real man. Standing there. Fully, truly, terrifyingly *there*.

Fundy can only take shaky, uncertain steps towards the man. He isn't *scared* of his father, but the thoughts from a corner of his brain argue that he *should* be scared of a man who defied death.

But he didn't defy death. He fell victim to it, and only defeated it with the help of someone else, who is now gone. They won't even see the result of their hard work.

"Fundy!" Someone says. It was— oh, it was Tommy. "How are you, man?"

"Good," Fundy stiffly replies. It comes out bitter, and he isn't completely sure if that was his intention. "I see you spoke to Wilbur."

"Yeah. It wasn't— we didn't get very far, though. Wilbur doesn't have much energy for a conversation, really. Phil says there's a physical adjustment period. He's slept a lot."

Fundy nods with a hum. "He went to you first?"

Tommy appears to be caught off-guard by the bite in those words. "What? I mean, Phil brought me to his house, and Wilbur was already there. I assumed— you *haven't* talked to Wil yet?"

The shortened name is stupid. Fundy takes a beat of silence to decide that he'd rather change the subject.

Ironically, Tommy is the easiest "family" member to talk to right now. "Does Wilbur know what happened?"

"Uh... he got revived? What else happened?"

"That's all he knows? That's all *either* of you know? What about Eret?"

"Huh? What about them?" Tommy's face shows nothing but sheer confusion at the mention of Eret's name. Niki watches on from a few feet away, Phil appearing behind her and Wilbur stumbling over another few feet back. (Guess Tommy wasn't lying about physical adjustments.)

Fundy turns to Phil, red-hot anger seering in his chest in a way it never has before. "You didn't tell them?"

"It's been a day, Fundy. No one's interested in the gritty details of revival." Phil's voice is steady; it's stern and stubborn in all the worst ways.

"Do you know about this letter, Phil?" Fundy pulls the detested letter out, only resisting the urge to crumple it up in the name of preservation. "If not for this little letter, how long would it have been before you told them what Eret did?"

"I'm confused," Tommy voices. "What does Eret have to do with any of this?"

“Ask Phil,” Fundy scoffs. “Go on, Phil. Tell them! Tell them *all about* how Eret gave their life to bring Wilbur back!”

“They *what?*” Tommy immediately blurts out. “Phil? Is that true?”

Fundy doesn’t give Phil the chance to answer, only yells. “Of course it’s true! Take a look for yourself!”

Fundy holds out the letter, and Tommy expectedly snatches it away. His eyes determinedly scan the paper, so quickly it would be a miracle if he comprehended any of it. Still, when he looks up, he’s at a loss for words. Tommy, at a *loss for words. Ironic.*

Wordlessly, Fundy takes the letter back. He curls and uncurls his free hand, tries very hard to keep his breaths steady. He turns and begins to storm back towards the castle, because his legs unfortunately can’t think of another place to take him.

“Fundy...” Phil starts, then stops himself. His eyes widen when his grandson turns around and Phil sees for himself the resentment in the familiar brown eyes. He gasps when he truly grasps how real it is.

There is a moment of suffocating stillness, deafening silence.

“You’re fucking dead to me.”

When Fundy pivots on his heels and doesn’t look back, he can’t seem to scold himself for feeling gratified. He’s well aware this feeling won’t last, but he’ll ride on the high of hearing Tommy (and Niki, too) yell at Phil from a distance. If nothing else, it’s deserved.

(The high doesn’t last. In fact, this satisfaction he feels barely lets him get into the castle. By the time he reaches his own room, left untouched since the last time he’d been there, it has crumbled and disappeared into a hollow ache— one so heavy that it breaks the dam Fundy hadn’t even realized he’s been maintaining.)

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Fundy wakes up three times when he tries to sleep that night. Only after stretching with a yawn and a squeak did he really open his eyes and take in where he was. Immediately, his eyes fall to the spruce desk in the room, on top of it a single opened letter.

Oh, yeah. Fuck. (No going back to sleep now. Might as well get up.)

So he does. Unenthusiastically, he pulls his limbs out from under the covers, feels the chill of a cracked open window on his face and the warmth of a torch on the wall a few feet away.

Absently he drifts towards the balcony, expecting the tranquility of a silent night. But there wasn’t silence, no.

“Fundy!”



He's hallucinating. Or having a dream, or something. Fundy rubs his eyes, expecting for it to go away and get some *peace and quiet*, but it doesn't. In fact, opening his eyes once more lets him take note of a faint glow coming from below the balcony.

"Fundy!"

Wait, is that—? No. No fucking way.

"*Fuuunnnndyyyy!*" The voice drags out in a familiar sing-song tone.

Well, he's been spotted. He can't leave, and he *certainly* doesn't want to engage— but he doesn't have a choice, does he?

"Go away, Eret! You're dead!" For a split second, Fundy considers the possibility that someone could hear him; but in the next moment, he remembers no one really lives in this area anymore.

"Oh, you heard me! Good!" The figure clasps their hands together. In the blink of an eye, they're sitting on the balcony railing. "Yikes, it is *cold* up here! Well, I suppose it's cold down there, too—it's cold *everywhere*, honestly. Are you cold, Fundy?"

Fundy doesn't answer immediately. Instead he takes a step back and studies the figure— the purple haze that lined their silhouette, the glowing eyes that were familiar in the worst way, how their legs swung happily, *freely*, as they perched themselves on the railing that was too high up from the ground to not cause damage in the chance they fell.

It was... Eret. The same brown curls, same gold decorative rings, same gentle smile, same white blouse and long chestnut skirt they'd wear on vacations so long ago. But they're transparent, as if only partially there.

"You came back as a ghost?" Fundy scoffs. "Really, Eret? This is a brand new low."

"I *am* a ghost of Eret, yes. However," they take their hands off the rail and begin to gesture with them, with no regard for falling. "I'm not the real Eret. I'm only a ghost."

"Yeah, but Eret sent you, didn't they? Even though they *knew*—" Fundy cuts himself off, putting his head in his hands. After a moment of frustrated silence, he continues. "It was part of the last conversation Eret and I had. Ghostbur fucking sucked, and now you?"

"Bup bup bup," Ghost-Eret holds up a finger. "I'm not Ghostbur."

"Well, what's the difference? Neither of you are capable of giving me *any* closure!"

Ghost-Eret hums and shrugs. "I know I can't give you what you want, my dear. Closure isn't why I'm here. Not for *Eret*, anyway."

"Great, thanks," With sarcasm oozing from his words, Fundy sighs.

Ghost-Eret looks to the ground uncomfortably. They're silent for a moment, before asking, "So... have you talked to Wilbur?"

"What?"

"I said, have you—"

"No, I heard you. I haven't talked to him."

“Oh.” Ghost-Eret looks surprised. “Well, you should.”

“I will, okay!” Fundy snaps. “It’s been, like— a day! We can’t talk if he doesn’t want to see me!”

“What? When did he say he doesn’t want to see you?”

Fundy huffs, making a point to look away from the ghost and to the stars littered around above the treeline. He remembers stargazing during the war, like there was no war going on. The prettiest night was his seventeenth birthday— when his father was preoccupied with the war, preoccupied with his *right hand man*. “Nevermind.”

“What do you have to say, Fundy?”

“Nothing I want to talk to *you* about.” It’s childish to be snappy like this, but Fundy doesn’t care a whole lot. For a moment he’s taken back in time, to restless nights spent worrying about the attention he got from his father (or lack thereof) instead of the literal *war* going on.

(Eret was there for all of that; the only one who’d actually work to tear down all the walls built out of pure teenage angst, the only one who would listen to every teary-eyed, jumbled *mess* of a rant and actively work to make him feel better.

Silently, Fundy curses himself for ever making Eret believe they wouldn’t be his first choice.)

“...Do you want me to leave?” Their voice is gentle.

“For now.”

And so they do. In the blink of an eye, they vanish into the night.

## Chapter End Notes

**GHOST ERET!!!!!! ASK ME ABOUT THEIR LORE ASK ME ABOUT IT RN!!!!!!**  
and then follow me on tumblr @coveredinsun /j

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Notes

more ghost!eret lore!!!! also btw lmk if yall wanna read eret's full letter, it's written out for reference but i might publish it in full. let me know what yall want and enjoy the chapter!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*This is what Eret died for?*

That's what Fundy asks himself as he drags himself around the castle for two, three, four days, all of which were a blur– not because they went by fast, no, the days were unbearably slow– but because they all felt so... insignificant. Unimportant.

Eret would know what to say right now. They were there when Wilbur died, giving good advice as was needed. But now Eret (the *real* Eret, anyway) isn't there. And Fundy can't seem to dispel the wretched notion that it's his fault.

(Because it is, isn't it? Eret had made it very clear– they did this because of Fundy. Full stop.)

Fundy has stayed in the castle for some days, partly because there's still food and supplies there that shouldn't go to waste (they taunt Fundy, mock him with the fact that someone should be living there but *isn't*), partly because Fundy can't think of any other place to go.

(Mainly the latter. Fundy hates that.)

The castle is unbearably empty; somehow, emptier than before.

So Fundy decides to go to the museum. Maybe it's boredom that drives him there, maybe it's the walls of the castle that seem to be closing in on him every minute– regardless, sulking around and committing every word of a stupid letter to memory cannot be healthy.

It shouldn't be a surprise to Fundy when he finds Ghost-Eret standing in the replica of the Final Control Room. It really should *not* be a surprise, yet Fundy can't help but ask–

“Do you know what happened here?” Fundy internally apologizes when Ghost-Eret flinches and whips around to locate his voice. It appears the tap of his footsteps weren't loud enough.

Despite that, Ghost-Eret's eyes light up. (Literally; they begin to glow the smallest bit brighter.)

“Fundy! It is so good to see you, my dear!” The ghost takes their hands in Fundy's, “I overheard Phil and Ranboo talking about how they'd found Dream's wooden pickaxes from when Dream first settled these lands! And I thought they would be a wonderful addition to the museum, so I went up to them to ask if I could perhaps have them, but I don't think they heard me. But I know you'll hear me, Fundy. It's very good to see you.”

Ghost-Eret holds his hands and squeezes– it seemed at least one small comfort of Fundy's carried over into death– but he didn't wish to dwell on that. To be honest, Fundy didn't care much for wooden pickaxes. So he retracts his hands and rephrases his question. “Eret. Do you... know what

you did here?”

“I didn’t do this,” The ghost too cheerfully replies, and for a brief moment Fundy is confused and almost argues back, but never gets the chance to. With a more downcast tone in their voice, as if realizing what the words that had escaped their mouth meant, they repeat, “I’m not the real Eret. I didn’t do this.”

Fundy very nearly rolls his eyes, very nearly contends with him to say that *no, you killed me*, but he doesn’t. Instead he closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. “So... you *do* remember what happened in this room?”

“Oh, yes, of course I remember the Final Control Room! It’s far too important to forget.” Ghost-Eret then turns to the one of the replica chests. “But I don’t remember writing... that.”

Wordlessly, Fundy opens the chest. In it he finds a book, written and signed *Eret*. There’s just a few pages in the book. It feels rough in Fundy’s grasp, and he only holds it for much longer than he should.

He isn’t sure he’s ready for this last thing Eret left behind; once he reads this, that’s it. No more.

“We should get this to Wilbur,” Fundy decides. This isn’t his message to read. Ghost-Eret agrees apparently, if their eager nod says anything. He shoots Phil a message.

### ***Where is Wilbur right now?***

Like usual, the response takes a few minutes, minutes that Fundy spends exiting the museum, Ghost-Eret trailing just behind him. Eventually, his communicator pings.

***With Tommy, last I saw him. Spending a lot of time around L’Manberg. Or what used to be L’Manberg, I guess.***

Honestly, what did Fundy expect?

(He shouldn’t be angry at Tommy. And he isn’t, not really. It’s not his fault Wilbur preferred to spend his days with him. Even in death.

Fundy was never truly able to pinpoint what Wilbur saw in that kid that made him more *worth it*, and by now he’s given up trying. He will never know, and that is a fact he will never be perfectly okay with. But it will never change, so fighting it is pointless. All Fundy can do is let the weight sit on his chest and move on.)

And so Fundy moves once more to the ruins of L’Manberg. He has found that it does not hurt any less upon the third, fourth, fifth viewing.

There’s arguing going on in the distance. Fighting. (It’s a constant of L’Manberg in every form, it seems.)

Only when Fundy gets closer to the bickering voices does he realize it's Tommy and Wilbur's voices. But this bout they're having isn't reminiscent of old times, no— their voices don't ring of hidden adoration and brotherhood like they used to; it's so much colder, so much angrier.

“I made it so clear to you that I didn't want to be brought back!” Wilbur yells, and it stings Fundy in a way only he is capable of.

“I didn't fucking know they were bringing you back!” Tommy snaps back, matching him.

“Yes, you've made that much clear,” Wilbur dryly laughs, so it's closer to a scoff. He brings down his tone, but it does nothing to alleviate the tension. “But you wouldn't have stopped it, would you? You wouldn't have respected my one fucking wish.”

But Tommy isn't done yelling. “Maybe if they told me they were trying it, I fucking would have!”

Fundy is behind a big boulder then, and thus cannot see it as Wilbur only shrugs. “Yeah, sure. Go ahead and tell yourself that, but we both know it isn't true. And you know what that makes you, Tommy? A liar. A fucking *liar*. You can try to hide how much you admired me, all the way until the end. But you can't. Don't tell yourself you weren't stupid to act like I could be saved, because you *were*. So save yourself the energy, will you?”

Their argument is cut short when Fundy drops the book he's holding, and it lands with a *thud* that's just the slightest bit too loud. Tommy whips around, looking as if he'd awaiting for someone to be just behind him, ready to strike. Wilbur is clearly more awake than a few days ago, because when Fundy frantically retrieves the book, he finds something akin to shock written on his father's face.

There's silence for a moment, a long moment. Then Ghost-Eret speaks first. “Hello, Wilbur! Hello, Tommy! Oh, Tommy, you're only wearing a t-shirt, you must be *freezing!*”

But neither Wilbur nor Tommy respond. In fact, they don't even react. Like they didn't even hear them.

“Uh, hey.” Fundy says, once the tension gets too thick for his liking.

“Fundy...” Wilbur breathes, like he's trying to convince himself this won't crumble away in a matter of seconds. With a few steps forward, he puts his hands on his son's shoulders.

It is so clear in his eyes how grateful he is to be able to feel that touch again. He took it for granted before death; deep down, they both know the feeling is mutual.

Fundy refuses to admit how much he's missed it. He won't say it. Not now, at least. Wilbur doesn't deserve to be let off the hook that easily.

Wilbur's eyes— once again their original deep brown, not the dull, translucent grey he donned as a ghost— move down to the book Fundy holds.

“Eret wanted you to have this,” Fundy pushes the book to Wilbur's chest and pivots on his heel. He shouldn't have to deliver this message, Eret should be able to do it personally— but they can't. For that, Fundy is angry.

(Angry at *who*, he cannot choose.)

He begins to walk away, until he hears Ghost-Eret's quiet voice. “Fundy! You never spoke to Wilbur.”

Fundy huffs in frustration. He turns back to say, “I don’t want to, Eret. Come on.”

“But you should! You said he doesn’t want to talk to you, but I don’t think that’s true!”

“I said *no*, Eret. Not right now!”

“Fundy, who are you talking to?” That was Wilbur’s voice.

“What do you mean?” Fundy takes a step forward, gesturing to the ghost peering over Wilbur’s shoulder in anticipation. “Do you not see them?”

Wilbur looks around, his face remaining blank. “What am I supposed to be looking at?”

“What— Eret’s ghost! How can you not see them?” This is just what Fundy needs. Signs that he’s, like, hallucinating. Perfect.

“Are you sure they’re actually there?” Wilbur asks, but it isn’t pointed. It’s purposely gentle. “Are you sure you’re not just... seeing things?”

“No, I’m not!” Fundy snaps back like a child. “Eret came back as a ghost, just like you did! They even gave me that book to show you!”

“Why would I care for what a dead man has to say to me?”

Fundy glances over to Ghost-Eret, who wears an expression of resignation. “What? How could you— because they died for you! That’s why!”

“Well, I didn’t *ask* for them to die for me! I told you all *not* to bring me back and then you fucking did anyway! So take your stupid shit—” Wilbur tosses the unopened book, which falls short at Fundy’s feet, “—And fuck off.”

Wordlessly, Fundy picks up the book and begins to storm away, tears immediately gathering at his eyes. He speedwalks out of the ruins, electing to focus on making his way out rather than how much of a fucking *idiot* he is for thinking that maybe, just *maybe*, Wilbur wouldn’t be an asshole this time around.

“Fundy!” A voice calls, but it’s unclear whose it is.

“I don’t want to hear it, Eret!” Fundy shouts, without bothering to turn back. “I don’t want to fucking talk to you!”

“No, it’s Tommy!”

Fundy stops. Ironically, he figures Tommy might be nicer than Wilbur. “What do you want?”

“I just wanted to say that Wilbur— what he did was kind of a dick move. What he said— he’s been an absolute dickhead this whole time. It’s nothing personal.”

Fundy scoffs. “Thanks. Good to know.”

Then he keeps on walking, but Tommy follows him. “Hey, wait.”

“What?”

“I just wanna talk!”

“So talk!”

“Fine, you—” Tommy huffs in frustration. “Why do you hate me?”

“I don’t hate you,” Fundy answers just a little too quickly, and sure, *maybe* he was being a jerk, speedwalking away like this, but that doesn’t matter. He’s pissed off, and he won’t talk to Tommy if he doesn’t want to.

Because that’s the fact of the matter— he doesn’t want to talk to Tommy.

(Does he?)

No, he doesn’t. He should tell Tommy to fuck off while he has the chance, actually.

But he doesn’t.

“Okay, fine,” Tommy says, his voice getting farther away as he presumably stops walking. When Fundy turns around, he sees the boy with his arms crossed. “Then what the fuck is your problem?”

“I have no problem with *you in particular*,” Fundy swivels around as he emphasizes those last few words.

“Yes you do!” Tommy argues back. “You hate me and you won’t fucking tell me why.”

“Because—” Fundy pauses, as he catches sight of Ghost-Eret standing (floating, actually) just behind Tommy. With a shake of his head, he moves his gaze away from the colorless, dull, glowing eyes. “I don’t know why.”

“I think you do,” Ghost-Eret simply says.

“Oh, fuck *off*, Eret! Even in death you insist on reading me like a fucking book!”

“What are they saying?” Tommy asks.

“I *told y—*” Fundy nearly explodes, though he takes notice of the boy’s significantly gentler tone, and he can’t help but be... *confused*. “What?”

Tommy’s expression is mostly neutral when he answers, “I asked you what Eret was saying.”

“You— wait, you can *see them*?”

“Well, no, I can’t see them. But,” Tommy pauses and shrugs, “I don’t think you’re crazy. And, hey— seeing ghosts? Been there, done that. I would’ve killed for someone to take me seriously when I thought I saw Tubbo’s ghost.”

“They’re not in my head, they’re actually *there!* Eret, do something. Prove to Tommy that you’re real, like— grab his hand or something.”

Ghost-Eret only stares back at Fundy apprehensively. “Are you sure?”

Fundy nods once in confirmation.

“Now, okay. Hold on. I think we should, uh, keep this ghost stuff to a minim— *ah, fuck!*” Tommy practically jumps out of his skin when Ghost-Eret attempts to grab his wrist. “*What the fuck?*”

“I told you they’re real! I’m not going crazy!”

“I never fucking doubted you!” Tommy holds his wrist like he’d been hit. “They didn’t have to fucking burn me!”

“They what?” Fundy approaches Tommy, only to unexpectedly find a red handprint seared into Tommy’s wrist. “Oh, what the fuck? I’m *so* sorry, that was *not* supposed to happen.”

“What was *supposed* to happen?”

“It wasn’t supposed to burn you! Eret, what the fuck?”

“I...” Ghost-Eret steps back cautiously. “I didn’t *want* to hurt him! I had no choice! Is he mad at me? Are *you* mad at me, Fundy?”

“I’m not mad at you, Eret, just... you knew that would happen? Why did you do it?”

“I don’t know! You told me to, it seemed like a better choice to listen! Oh, please don’t say he’s mad at me. I don’t want him mad at me. Not again. Please.”

There’s something new in Ghost-Eret’s voice. They’re distressed— more so than Fundy has ever seen— but this distress is accompanied by something else, a brand new self awareness.

(Only from the panic in Ghost-Eret’s voice did Fundy come to the realization that Ghost-Eret and “real” Eret aren’t so totally separate.)

“Tell him I’m sorry, Fundy, please. I know how he feels about fire, and I didn’t mean to do that on purpose, *please* let him know that I’m sorry.”

For a moment, Fundy could only stare at Ghost-Eret as they beg for forgiveness. Then he turns to Tommy. “Eret says they’re sorry. They say... they know how you feel about fire. And they don’t want you to be mad at them.”

“I guess I’m not *mad*,” Tommy answers. “It just fucking hurt. Don’t do it again, please.”

“They said they won’t.”

“...Do you want me to leave?” Ghost-Eret’s voice is small.

Fundy looks down. “Yeah. For a little bit.”

Ghost-Eret nods and walks off into the ruins of L’Manberg. They leave Tommy and Fundy standing just outside the crater of their nation.

“You never answered my question.” Tommy speaks first. “I still don’t know why you fucking hate me.”

“I *told* you that I don’t hate you. There’s nothing more to say about it.”

“I think there *is* more,” Tommy argues, “Yeah. I think there’s a bunch of shit that you’re not telling me. But I want to know.”

“It’s not *because* of you. You’re making it a bigger deal than it has to be.”

“So you *do* hate me. But it’s not because of me. That doesn’t make any sense, you know.”

“You think I don’t know that?” Fundy didn’t want to have this conversation. Not here, not now, and *certainly* not with this person. And so, reflexively, he raises his voice. “It’s never made any



fucking sense! I don't know what the hell Wilbur sees in you! I've been trying to figure it out for years!"

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"Oh, you bitch. Don't fucking play dumb." Fundy points an accusatory finger, allows the words to form a mind of their own and makes no move to stop them from spilling out. "Don't tell me you can't see how much love he actually holds for you? Did you forget how he started a country with you, and fought a war with you, and ran for president with you, and got exiled with you, and went fucking crazy alongside you, and handed the presidency over to *you*, and dedicated his existence as a ghost to *you*? And now he's back, and who does he go to? *You!*"

"Fund—"

"I was an afterthought to him! I was in the background during the war, when he mocked me with the *little champion* nickname then spent my seventeenth birthday with who? You! Because it's always you and never me! Ever! Not when I was a teenager, and certainly not now!" Fundy takes a step back, then another, then another, until he's far enough that he has to *shout*, "You're very important to him! Don't forget it!"

Then he's off. Automatically, he begins to walk back to the castle.

---

It takes Fundy seven days of dragging himself around the castle to swallow the fact that nothing will come of it. Eret said in their letter that the castle is his— what he's going to do with it, he doesn't know.

*(Tear it down, take the flamingos and abandon it, rob me absolutely blind, I don't care,* the letter had said.

*It's all for you,* they had followed up with. Fundy has decided that it's easier to believe that they didn't truly mean that.)

But he knows he cannot stay here. These walls, these colorful fucking flamingos, they only taunted him. He's only wasting time by sulking around this big castle.

So he leaves the castle, leaves the decisions of what to do with it for later— albeit there isn't much of a decision to be made, the castle is history in its own right, and so he won't tear it down, *hell no*, but he doesn't want it simply collecting dust. So he leaves the decision for later, and lets his legs take him to Niki's city.

When he gets there, he finds Niki mining out another one of the city's huge rooms. It is early in the morning, so she appears to still possess much of her energy for the day. Still, she's very focused, and does not notice Fundy until he clears his throat loudly to get her attention.

Immediately, she rushes down to greet him. "Fundy! You should have told me you were coming, I would have prepared something for you!"

“I mean, eh,” Fundy shrugs, turning as Niki strides past him and gestures to follow her, “It was kinda on a whim, I guess. There aren’t many places I’d like to be nowadays.”

“Well, where have you been staying? Since...” Niki goes silent for a moment, letting the taps of their footsteps fill the silence before finishing, “...You know.”

“The castle,” Fundy answers and gets a hum in return. “I can’t imagine going anywhere else. They—the castle is mine now, technically. Eret left it to me. They said I could do what I wanted with it, but I don’t want to do anything with it.”

“I’m sorry,” Niki turns back, gives a genuinely caring smile and a squeeze on his shoulder, even if her tone fails to mask the dejection deep in her voice. “You could stay here if you want. That’s the point of the city, you know. It’s open for anyone who wishes to stay here. That includes you.”

As they walk, Fundy considers it. Surely, this can’t be easy on Niki; he’d be selfish to make himself the center of all this.

That’s the thing about Niki— she’s always worn her heart on her sleeve. If there is something bothering her, you can see it in the way she walks, you can hear it in the way she talks. Fundy has known her far too long to think for even a *second* she isn’t carrying this loss in her shoulders. It’s obvious, even if she tries not to make it so.

Niki has bedrooms set up throughout her city, though none are occupied. She leads Fundy to one of them, not personalized but not very barren, either. It’s just waiting for someone to live in it.

It is then that Niki finally looks Fundy in the eye, and her lip quivers in the way that it does when she’s trying not to cry, and so Fundy has to break their comfortable silence and say something.

“Niki, are you okay?” The answer is no, that much is clear.

“Yeah, I— just fine,” Niki lies with a nod.

“No, you’re not. Eret was close to you. No one is expecting you to be just fine.”

“They—” Words fail Niki as a tear falls and she raises a hand to her mouth. Naturally, *habitually*, she’s taken into a very much needed embrace.

“I’m sorry I haven’t visited more,” Fundy mutters after a second. “You don’t need to deal with this alone, you know.”

Niki nods. There’s no movement, no sound, for a long moment. The tension in Niki’s shoulders is still there, because the words she so badly wants to say remain unspoken.

“What are you thinking, Niki?” Fundy is very careful to keep his voice quiet.

“They thought of you,” Niki answers with a snuffle. “They left you a note and a castle and a father. They left you everything, and me—” Niki pauses to take a breath. “No. Nevermind.”

“No, finish your thought. I want to hear it.”

“All I have of them is a stupid piece of wool!” Niki puts her head in her hands, immediately ashamed of herself. “It’s not about me, I know, I’m sorry. But they didn’t even tell me, like I was supposed to never find out! Like...”

“Like what?”

Niki doesn't say anything, only shakes her head and puts it to Fundy's chest. It was different during the war, when Fundy was not so much taller than her. But it does not feel any different; despite the gaping hole caused by something very important being missing, it still feels like home.

Fundy decides he won't press any further; it's not helpful and it's not kind. He will only be there, ready to continue at Niki's pace.

(Even as the name goes unspoken, though, Fundy has a sneaking suspicion he knows who Niki is talking about.)

## Chapter End Notes

fundy: aren't you tired of being nice? don't you wanna go apeshit?

ALSO ONCE THE CHAPTER WAS POSTED I REALIZED JUST HOW MUCH CURSING THERE IS LMFAOOOO

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Notes

oh boy. wow. would u look at that? its the final chapter!!! it's almost done yall!!!! also idk if u can tell (its very obvious) but i fucking love writing arguments. they're so fun. anyways enjoy the chapter!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The decision to visit Wilbur does not come easily.

No, it takes lots of deliberation between Niki and Fundy. It's not that they don't want to see him (it actually *is* like that for Fundy, and maybe even Niki, but he bites his tongue for his friend's sake), it's that seeing him again will once more confirm all their worst fears.

Still, they eventually make their way to the snowy biome that Phil and Technoblade reside in, where Fundy had been informed Wilbur is currently staying.

(Staying *just for a little bit*, Phil had said in the message. It's temporary. He'll need somewhere to go, in this new world he's been reintroduced to. Fundy isn't sure he can provide that— or if he even wants to.)

When Phil opens the door, he looks pleasantly surprised to see Niki standing there. “How good it is to see you, Niki! Have you thought over our offer?”

“I'm still very undecided, of course,” Niki answers, “But it's not totally off the table, if you know what I mean.”

Fundy doesn't know what *offer* the two speak of, but he doesn't bother asking. He doesn't care for the answer.

“Wonderful. No rush to accept it, of course,” Phil shrugs. Then he points his indifferent gaze to his grandson. “Good to see you too, Fundy.”

It's a nice greeting, but it's fake. Fundy knows that, so he only gives a nod and files into the cabin behind Niki when the door is opened for the two.

Technoblade and Phil's shared home is surprisingly cozy. By the looks of it, you would not guess that two of the world's most dangerous individuals live in the small spruce cabin. It's humble, which is only the slightest bit shocking.

“Techno isn't home right now, he's on a big trip.” Phil informs them. “Wilbur should be in the other room, by the fireplace. Probably reading a book, but I'm not exactly sure. I'll tell him you're here.”

Fundy mutters a thanks before Phil shuffles into the other room. He looks to Niki nervously, and she appears to share the feeling.

“There's someone here for you,” Phil can be heard saying from a distance as he leans on a doorway.

“Really? Who?” Wilbur’s distant voice replies. He sounds surprised.

“Fundy and Niki. They’re waiting by the front door.” At that, Phil hikes himself off the doorframe and walks past the two standing at the front entrance, then finally disappearing up some stairs.

(For a very brief moment, Fundy wonders if he had mattered to Phil when he was planning to take Eret away from him. Honestly, it would be a surprise if Phil had half an idea of how much they meant to him.)

There is a bitter anger in Fundy’s heart when he lays his eyes on his father once more. Silently, his father stands there in the doorway— fully, truly, terrifyingly *there*.

“We should sit down,” Fundy is the first to speak. He grabs Niki’s hand and pulls her forward, past Wilbur and into the room he was sitting in.

There’s two chairs and a couch, accompanied by an intricately carved wooden table, all placed neatly in front of a fireplace, save for one chair moved closer to the fireplace than the other furniture. And on the armrest of that chair was a needle, some thread, and a half-finished knitted hat.

The sight takes Fundy back to a time before revolutions, before elections and wars and explosions. A time when his father would handknit him wintertime sweaters and mittens and hats, and play the guitar into the ungodly hours of the night during spring thunderstorms, and take him to swim in the river on hot summer days, and make his signature apple cider in autumn.

Fundy sits as far away from that chair as possible.

“So... you came to see me.” Wilbur starts the conversation when the three have all sat down and settled in their seats. The “*why?*” goes unspoken.

Already, Fundy is beginning to regret this. He shouldn’t have done this, he isn’t ready to speak to Wilbur, he should just up and leave right now while he can—

“Not everyday someone comes back from the dead,” Fundy chooses to say out loud, purposely making sure the disdain in his voice is present.

“I mean, it’s not like I *wanted* this,” Wilbur shoots back. “My plan was to die and stay dead.”

“We know. But you’re here now, so—” *So stop complaining*, Fundy wants to say. Instead, he settles for, “Take this second chance.”

“Of course that’s how you see it, Fundy. A second chance,” Wilbur sighs. “Glad to see your optimism hasn’t been totally destroyed.”

Fundy closes his eyes for a moment, makes an effort to brush off the frustration that comment fills him with. When he opens them he averts his gaze to Niki, whose eyes are locked on the floor. Maybe she’s scared of who she’ll see when she looks back up.

(*You’ll have Wilbur back— he may not be a clean slate, but he certainly isn’t a lost cause*, Eret had said in their letter. Fundy wonders how true the latter is, or if it was thinly veiled flattery.)

“Well, *sorry* if I’m willing to try and find the good in this situation,” Fundy grumbled.

Wilbur is quiet for a few seconds. “What good could possibly come of this?”

Fundy can't find something convincing enough. The silence is deafening as he searches.

"What will you do now that L'Manberg is gone?" Niki asks, her voice barely above a mumble.

Wilbur is thrown off by the suddenness of the question. "To be honest... I don't know."

"It was rebuilt after the war." Niki looks at him then, something akin to anger— but not quite— in the blues of her eyes. "Without you. L'Manberg thrived without you. Surely, you can exist without L'Manberg."

"Are you sure about that?" Wilbur asks, though it's more of a statement. "*Thrived* isn't the word I'd use to describe New L'Manberg."

"New L'Manberg was never perfect, but it stayed true to all of *your* ideals." Fundy counters.

"New L'Manberg was doomed to fail from the start."

"Because of the circumstances *you* created."

"Yes, that's why Tubbo was coerced into exiling his best friend by Dream, right?" Wilbur argues, his tone falling into something of a mock. "That's why you destroyed your relationship with Phil in your slanted pursuit of justice, right?"

Fundy scoffs. "*Phil* chose to throw away our relationship. I did what needed to be done for the sake of the country. I know you understand that feeling."

"It's something you inherited from me." Wilbur averts his gaze, looks out a window of the cabin as his tone shifts to something more somber. "But I never taught you to put your country above your family."

"Oh, *please*. You fucking hypocrite, don't act like you're not guilty of that exact thing," Fundy snaps back, leaning forward in his seat accusedly.

"I built an entire country, spent tireless nights heading a revolution, if it meant a better life for you. It was all for you, Fundy. My little champion."

There is a pause.

(Eret had said something almost exactly the same in their letter. Even in ink, it felt so much more genuine.)

"Don't call me that."

"...Why?"

Fundy leans back. His voice is soft when he finally speaks. "That's the thing you always failed to realize. I didn't *need* a better life, or land, or a whole country, but you seemed so infatuated with it all—"

"It was the only way to protect you and everyone else I loved. Believe it or not, Fundy, I *do* care about you. I'm not *entirely* a prick."

"Don't interrupt me," Fundy wishes there could be more bite in his voice— it's certainly deserved— but he can't gather it. His voice is much smaller than he'd like it to be. "Even now you don't seem to understand. You don't understand that I never needed a whole country, just *you*. And you weren't there, so... someone else filled the space."

“Who?” Wilbur pauses. The brief moment of clarity is over, and he prepares to strike. “The man who killed you?”

“The man who taught me how to lace up my boots properly—” *during the war you dragged me into*, “—And shoot a bow, and spot the Big Dipper, and tell apart poisonous berries from harmless ones.”

“The same man who abandoned you when it became inconvenient for them?”

“The man who spent my seventeenth birthday with *me* instead of someone else.” Fundy gets up and points a finger. “I’m not going to let you sit here and denounce Eret when they gave up their life to bring back your whiny ass.”

The house is dreadfully soundless, still.

“Make what you will of Eret’s sacrifice, but you know what I think it was?” Wilbur leans back in his chair, a smug grin slapped onto his face. “I think they just abandoned you once more, and you’re doing all you can to avoid that truth.”

“Don’t talk to him about being abandoned,” Niki interjects. “Eret would never do that.”

Wilbur turns his head to the glaring girl. “How do you know? Maybe you weren’t there in the Final Control Room, Niki—”

“And yet I saw their regret all the same. I saw them try to help you over and over again. Eret did everything they could to earn forgiveness and you withheld it from them selfishly.”

“As soon as they were promised power, they chose it over their friends and family! Maybe I should recall the details, maybe you need it.” Wilbur whips his head, locking gazes with his son’s tear-filled eyes. “Must I remind you, Fundy, how they cracked jokes with us like comrades while leading us to our deaths? How they sat on their golden throne and ignored the mountain of bones it was built upon? Even if I wished to forgive them— and trust me, I *have*— I could never find it in myself.”

“Then we can’t either,” Niki snaps, her death stare unwavering. “You betrayed all of us when you died.”

“How could you possibly compare me to them?”

“Because the living still needed you. You left the tiniest piece of who you used to be and expected everyone who loved you to act like everything was okay!” Niki raises her voice for the shortest of moments.

But as quickly as the anger buried deep in her heart bubbled its way up the surface, it crumbled away into a soft somber.

Niki’s gaze falls to the floor, so she only sees Fundy slip out of the room from the very corner of her eye. “The first time I saw your ghost was barely a month ago. I thought you abandoned me.”

At that, Wilbur’s expression softens. “Niki, you know I’d never do that.”

“But I didn’t know that, Wilbur. I thought you left me. And I would have kept on believing it, you know why?”

“Why?”

Suddenly, Niki stands up, her brows furrowed in anger. “Because you can’t tell me otherwise when you’re dead.”

Niki doesn’t give Wilbur the chance to answer before leaving. It’s dramatic, she knows that, but she has to find Fundy. Luckily he’s just outside, gazing at the horizon pensively and holding his communicator in his hand. There is a message waiting to be sent to Phil, but the button has not been pressed.

“Hello, Niki.” Fundy’s voice is soft, quiet, *weak*. He doesn’t turn around to look at her. “I couldn’t stand to listen to him say those things.”

Niki matches his tone. “It’s alright. He was being hurtful.”

“...Do you think this was a bad idea?”

There’s a beat of hesitation. “No. It’s going to be ugly for a little while, but it’s only up from here, you know?”

Fundy sighs, to which Niki puts a hand on his shoulder and squeezes, waiting for an answer. “I wish I had a warning, at least. I’m sorry I gave you none.”

“You came to me as soon as you found out yourself. I couldn’t have asked more of you. Especially when the wound is so fresh.” Niki’s shoulders tense. “I’m glad you told me at all. I couldn’t imagine finding out months too late.”

For a moment Fundy debates telling his friend about the ghost that haunts every corner of his mind. But he doesn’t, and so the two fall silent as they stand beside one another on a snowy patio.

---

“And that concludes our tour of Snowchester!”

“It’s lovely,” Niki forces herself to say.

Her smile is so obviously fake, and her hands are fiddling idly with something in her pocket. Tubbo recognizes the nervous habit from the war, which leads him to ask, “Are you okay, Niki? Is something wrong?”

“The snow,” she lies, though the snuffle that accompanies the statement is genuine. “I guess I’m not as prepared for the cold climate as I thought.”

If Fundy didn’t know why they really came to Snowchester, he would believe her, just as Tubbo does. “Oh! Well then you should’ve said so! I have plenty of extra jackets in my house! Come on!”

As Tubbo starts off in the direction of his small spruce cabin, a prideful grin slapped on his face as he proudly shows off to his friends what he’s built all by himself, Fundy and Niki look to one another with shared expressions of dread.



They don't want to let him down. It won't break his spirit— no, Tubbo is strong, sturdy like the horns atop his head— but it is still a bomb that neither of the two want to drop.

Tubbo's home is warm; it's lively, decorated with various flower pots along the windowsills, a welcome mat that says "hey sexy ;)" that Tubbo swears up and down is a gift from someone else that he's simply putting to good use, some scattered embroidery hoops because that's something he's taken to in this new time. It's a nice home. Safe.

"Here!" Tubbo smiles giddily as he hands a thick brown jacket to Niki. "You really should have told me earlier."

(*They should have*, Fundy thinks, reminded of the news they'd come to tell the boy. He shouldn't be left in the dark.)

"So, Tubbo," Fundy starts, "We actually came to tell you something. Deliver some news."

Tubbo shrugs. "Okay. What's the news?"

There's a wordless moment as Niki and Fundy once more look at one another, trying to decide how exactly to approach this.

"Uh, you know how Wilbur was revived about a week ago?"

"Yeah! I want to talk to him soon, but I've been told by Tommy that he isn't very pleasant to talk to right now. But that's fine, I can wait. I'm just glad he's back."

"Uh-huh. Do you know *how* he was brought back?" A head shake *no*. "Well, it... came with a price, you could say."

Tubbo's eyebrows furrow. "How... *expensive* of a price are we talking?"

"A life," Niki interjects. "*Someone* gave up their life in exchange for Wilbur's."

For a brief moment you can see the acute terror in Tubbo's eyes as he flicks through his memory, trying to recall everyone he has and hasn't seen in the past week. But Snowchester is quite isolated, and Tommy has been his only visitor this past week, but that was just two days ago. Everyone else (save for the two standing in front of him) is a wild card, and that visibly fills him with horror.

"Well— seriously? Who was it?" There are tears gathering in the boy's eyes already. Fundy and Niki attempt to share one final glance, but it's interrupted. "Niki, *who is it?*"

"It was Eret!" Niki snaps, and her voice is raised not in anger but in pure frustration. "Eret is gone!"

(Not completely, Fundy knows. He shouldn't withhold this type of information from them. But it isn't the right time.)

"No... really?" Tubbo's got a hand raised to his mouth and he's furiously blinking back tears, but the weak facade totally shatters when Niki solemnly nods. Immediately he crashes into her for a hug, which is graciously reciprocated.

Tubbo is facing away from Fundy, which is good, because then the boy can't see when he looks away, into the forest, just to stop awkwardly standing there, when—

Wait.

No. What the fuck? *Now?*

“Fundy! Oh, it’s *freezing* here, my dear, do you have another jacket?” Ghost-Eret calls, same as usual. They run over to him, same as usual, but they stop a short distance away when the other two pull away from one another and the spirit catches sight of Tubbo’s red, puffy eyes. “Oh no, is Tubbo okay?”

“He’s okay,” Fundy mumbles, because talking out loud would catch everyone’s attention. “Can you go for now?”

“Who are you talking to, Fundy?” That was Niki’s voice. Fuck.

“Niki! How great it is to see you again!” Ghost-Eret smiled. “I’m sure your city looks just wondrous! I would visit, but I don’t know exactly where it is. Forgive me.”

“It’s– okay. This is gonna sound really strange, okay?” Fundy looked between Niki and the ghost. “It’s... Eret. Their ghost. I don’t think you can see them, though.”

“Eret?” Niki took a step forward, then two, then three, stopping just in front of Ghost-Eret but looking around confusedly. “Are you there? Is that actually you?”

Ghost-Eret shakes their head. “I’m not the real Eret, just their ghost.”

“They shook their head no,” Fundy relays, “They say they aren’t the ‘*real*’ Eret, whatever that means.”

“Because I’m not! We’ve been over this, my dear.”

“How could you, Eret?” Niki says, eyes flittering around aimlessly. “We loved you!”

Ghost-Eret’s glowing eyes fall to the ground. “Don’t say that. I did what I had to.”

“Wilbur, what happened to him– it set us back, yes, it left a hole in our hearts, but we would’ve healed with time! You can’t just leave us like this, not when–” Niki stops abruptly, reaching into her pocket. She pulls out a small piece of wool, the small tag on it shaking. “This is all I have left of you!”

“I’m sorry, I know I should’ve–”

“I loved you, Eret!” Niki speaks over the ghost when their words fall silent on her ears. “I loved you *so much* and this– *this* is the result? You just leave? Like everyone else?”

“It was the best choice! You and Fundy and Tommy and Wilbur– you all deserve to be–”

“I expected so much more from you, Eret,” Niki lowly speaks into the silence. “You’re too good to do this to us.”

“That’s not true,” Ghost-Eret shakes their head, stumbles a step of two back. “I wasn’t good. I’m still not. Don’t– don’t say all these good things about me. They’re not true, so– don’t say them. Please. I don’t want to hear them.”

Niki sighs. “I wish I could see you, touch you. Hold your hand, hug like we used to do, during the revolution. I took it all for granted, didn’t I?” She gazes down at the tag attached to the wool, runs her thumb over it and blinks back tears. “Maybe Wilbur was right when he said you abandoned us. But I don’t believe it. You’d never do something so malicious. You’re too good for that.”

There's quiet, only the sounds of birds chirping. Snow begins to fall very lightly, and Ghost-Eret shivers.

(In the moment of calm, Fundy reaches into his pocket and sends the message to Phil.)

“Do you regret it?” Tubbo asks the ghost he cannot see with a snuffle. “Do you wish you could take it back?”

“The real Eret lived and died burdened with constant guilt,” Ghost-Eret answers. “As for me... I'm not sure. Maybe.”

“They don't know,” Fundy mumbles. He hates being the messenger. “Maybe.”

“That'll work,” Tubbo says. “The sun will be setting soon. Do you guys want to stay here for a night?”

Niki accepts. Fundy does not. Instead, he asks to see the little piece of wool for a moment. It's a better keepsake than a letter, he thinks as he studies the tag.

*you matter <3*

*-Eret*

When Fundy leaves Snowchester, he isn't sure where he wants to go. Ghost-Eret does not follow him back to the castle.

Maybe Fundy will clear out this castle, repurpose it, make it a haven for anyone who needs the safety it provides. Maybe he'll keep the flamingos, maybe he won't. But it will remain standing as long as the ghost of its owner roams these lands.

Fundy rereads the letter over once more for what feels like the millionth time, as if it is not committed to memory already. Maybe one day Fundy will burn this letter, maybe he'll put it in his pocket but never look at it again. For now, he would not dream of it.

Three weeks after his father is brought back from the dead, a crow lands on Fundy's balcony.

---

*Fundy, my dear,*

*Apologizing cannot begin to make up for what I've done.*

*If you're reading this after Wilbur's revival, I want to say I'm sorry for the hurt this decision is undoubtedly going to cause you, and I'm sorry for the ache this burden places on your shoulders. My only excuse— weak and cowardly as it may be— is that I'm doing this for you.*

*You deserve a father that you can truly heal alongside; that is a truth I beg you eventually come to accept. Unfortunately, that father is a man I could try my best to emulate, but never will be.*

*I wish I loved you enough, my dear. I really do.*

*Written in all but ink is a list of things I wish I would have said to you out loud, because you deserved to hear each and every one. I'm sorry I couldn't be truthful during our final conversation— I was a coward, and perhaps I always will be. If that is the legacy that will cling to my name, I know you will be one of the few to dispute it.*

*You're one of the few who saw something better in me, and for that I can never thank you enough.*

*By the time you're reading this, you will have Wilbur back. But I'll be gone. That was the price I knew I had to pay.*

*I cannot and do not wish to tell you how to feel, but if it comes as any comfort to you, this was completely and absolutely my choice. All me. I destroyed Wilbur's life, and I hate to destroy it once more, but the deed will not go unpunished this time around.*

*Above all, you'll have Wilbur back— he may not be a clean slate, but he certainly isn't a lost cause. It will not be easy, but he can heal. I promise. The people of these lands deserve someone they can rally behind, someone who can put true hope into their hearts. I can try to do what Wilbur is capable of, but it isn't possible. No one can be Wilbur.*

*You deserve this future, Fundy— even if it's a future in which I'm not present.*

*The castle is yours; do whatever you want with it. Tear it down, take the flamingos and abandon it, rob me absolutely blind, I don't care. It's all for you, Fundy. Always.*

*My only request is that you leave the museum as it is. You don't need to continue adding to it, but please do not destroy any of it. History needs to be preserved. Thank you.*

*Feel free to hate me forever. Know that I don't blame you a single bit if you want to bury me deep in your memory, burn this letter, and never think about me again. I won't say it's undeserved— I broke this news to you through a heartless letter— I can only hope that it's worth it.*

*I love you. Never forget that, my dear.*

*— Eret*

## Chapter End Notes

me: almost 15k words of an incredibly angsty fic

also me: "hey sexy" welcome mat

-

aaaand that's a wrap!!!! that's it!! i hope the ending was good and i hope you all enjoyed the fic!!! let me know what you think, i'd love to hear it!!!!

## End Notes

that's it!!!! holy shit i listened to SO MUCH mitski while writing this. my fucking god.

but fr, thank you everyone for all of the support and the comments!!!! i love and appreciate it all so much!!!

if you liked this fic, feel free to check out my other dsmp works!!! and follow me on tumblr @coveredinsun where i talk about my fics sometimes!! thank you all so much for reading!!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!