

## two knights' defense, ghost of a sense

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# two knights' defense, ghost of a sense

by [kiwinatorwaffles](#)

## Summary

“Well, if you’re going to call my name stupid, what’s yours?”

The ghost frowns, tapping his chin a couple times. “Hm. I’m not quite in the mood to give you my *real* name, so how about this? I’ll make a silly nickname just like yours, to match. How about... *Helsknight*? Ay?”

*“You can’t just steal my name!”*

In which a knight and a ghost are placed into an unlikely, frustrating situation, and now they must learn to bond. Or maybe, at the very least, just tolerate each other.

## Notes

second longfic installment in the vdhau series!!! >:D this is the spinoff for wels and hels that i teased!

for any newcomers, i would recommend reading the first fic in this series, [it takes two to play \(the game of mutual secrecy\)](#) first, because this will spoil a lot of that one’s fourth chapter and after.

this’ll be much more based on a collection of scenarios with our characters rather than one big plot, so it won’t be as grand as the previous fic. but hopefully, it’ll still be enjoyable ;D

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

# maybe chivalry IS dead

## Chapter Summary

finders keepers losers weepers, BITCH

## Chapter Notes

i would highly recommend reading [this fic](#) first, because it gives context the situation that happened previously to the first event. but if you've already read TGMS, then it should be fine

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



Wels is *not* having a good time.

First, he gets knocked out by some stupid steel beam to the stomach. Then, his spirit separates from his body. And now, some stupid freaking ghost snatches his body (and sword) and runs off while Beef was trying to fix the problem, and he simply has to cope with it. To make matters worse, Wels realizes that he physically cannot venture too far from his body without being pulled back to it, so he's forced to dash after his stolen body.

After leaving the HC headquarters, the body snatcher runs down the sidewalk, occasionally jaywalking across a street or two, before stopping at an intersection.

“Shit,” the snatcher curses. “Where can I even go?”

“You mean you didn’t even have a direction?” Wels asks, voice seething with irritation. “Gods, of all the body snatchers that had to take my body, why’d it have to be someone like you?”

The snatcher jolts, presumably surprised at hearing the voice. “Eh? You’re still here? I can’t even see you!”

So he isn’t visible. Just *great*. Wels groans, trying to think of how to advance this situation.

“You should probably return my body,” Wels says, though it’s less of a suggestion and more of an order, if anything. “They’ll come looking for you shortly, I expect.”

“Aww, really?” The ghost pouts. “What if I just hid, though?”

“You won’t be able to,” Wels says, growing increasingly agitated by the moment. Even if he’s dealing with an annoying ghost, this is still *his* body that he has to keep safe. “What are you going to do for so long without any money, food, or a place to live? Have you thought about that? Also,” Wels adds. “You look suspicious with that sword. Don’t blame me if the cops show up.”

There’s a pause from the ghost. “You’re right,” he admits.

Wels sighs. “Take a left from here.” He decides that if he wants to deal with this idiot ghost, then he might as well take care of it in the safety of his own home. Most of his money is in a safe, and the idiot body snatcher didn’t grab his wallet on his way out of HC, so he probably wouldn’t be able to find much in the house anyway.

“Where are we going, funny ghost voice?” the snatcher asks while turning left.

“My house. The keys are in my pocket. Also, don’t call me that.”

“What, funny?”

“No— *ugh*, whatever.”

Wels spends the next ten minutes or so pointing out directions, which the body snatcher follows quite well. During this time, he also reasons with himself that if they stay in his house, with time, the guys at HC will come looking for him, right? So, it shouldn’t be all that hard, he hopes. He’ll just need to stall until then.

“Just go right down this street, and it’ll just be the first townhouse on the curb,” Wels instructs one last time.

“Thanks, GPS!” the body snatcher cuts across a red light *again*— this one’s not the type to regard rules, Wels thinks. *Whatever*. It’ll be over soon anyway.

Once they reach his house, the ghost fumbles with his keys for a few seconds, trying to find which one fits through the lock. After half a minute of struggling, he finally succeeds and pushes the door open.

“Holy shit dude, your head is so close to the top of the door!” he comments. “Didn’t realize how tall you were until now!”

“Can you *stop* marveling at my height and get some first aid?”

The ghost glances down at the body to see it littered with bruises and cuts. “Oh. Yeah. We’re kinda bleeding out.” He pauses for a second. “How do I— uh... do first aid?”

Wels groans for the umpteenth time in an hour.

And so, to no surprise, he ends up babysitting the ghost by guiding the way to applying bandages and ointments and how to cut cloth without getting stabbed with a pair of scissors. The ghost is *painfully* incompetent at even applying basic first aid, which honestly, based on all the impressions he’s gotten so far, Wels isn’t surprised at anymore. Finally, after fifteen minutes of struggling back and forth (and getting way too much blood on his carpet), the idiot ghost finally manages to wrap up the assortment of wounds on his body.

“You know, if they’re gonna come find me anyway, then you might as well let me watch T.V. one last time,” the ghost says, walking over to the couch and crashing into it. He yelps upon impact. “Lord— *fuck!* Why does your stupid body hurt so damn much?!”

“*Why the heck do you think I was getting first aid?!*” Wels retorts with a facepalm. It’s not like the ghost can see him, but he might as well express his annoyance physically anyway. “And *fine*, you can watch T.V. Just until they get here.”

The ghost lets out a noise of triumph and grabs the remote, flicking on the T.V. *Might as well just deal with this for now. It’s just television*, Wels thinks. It’s harmless; it’s not like anything bad can happen by watching some silly shows.

He’s proved so, *so* wrong within a second, when the program opens to the live news.

“*On this day, the beloved hero Welsknight was reported to have passed away in a coma just this morning,*” the reporter’s voice announces through the speaker. Wels’ head snaps towards the screen, gawking at the image of his face with the text, ‘RENOWNED HERO, DEAD AFTER BATTLE.’

*What?*

Beside him, the ghost’s face— *his* face— also stares in shock, blinking a few times just to make sure that what he’s seeing is real.

“*NileCorp, which oversees the heroes’ alliance, was quick to declare his death as a result from the recent fight against the notable Syndicate villain group,*” the reporter continues. “*However, as rumors spread, the location of his body currently stands unknown.*”

NileCorp. *NileCorp.* Oh, that stinking *bastard* CEO.

The screen changes again, this time showing a video of a bearded man— *Beef*— in front of the microphone. “*We’re currently still on a search for any whereabouts of where he may have gone,*” Beef explains, practically squirming in his spot. “*We promise to get him back in the end.*”

Beef was *there* when the ghost escaped with his body. There is no way he is saying this of his own will, which is enough to convince that NileCorp was the one to meddle in the affairs and wrongfully announce him as *dead*.

The more Wels thinks about the report, the more it falls apart. *Coma. Fight. Unknown body location*. It just doesn't make *sense*, which is to be expected, given that these corrupt higher-ups only had about less than an hour to come up with some BS story to cover up his little *accident*.

He can't let this happen. Wels makes a grab for his phone on the table, but his hand just phases through the surface. Oh, right.

"Hey, you need to call Beef right *now*," Wels orders the ghost, clinging onto some sort of hope that he'll listen.

And to his (unsurprising) dismay, the ghost ignores him. "Your name is Welsknight?" he asks, genuinely awed. "That's a pretty stupid thing to name a kid."

"You— *What?! You don't know me?*" Wels shouts in disbelief. "I'm a hero around this city! *And that's not my real name!*"

"Still pretty stupid for a hero name," the ghost snorts. "That's like naming your cat 'kitty.'"

"Well, if you're going to call *my* name stupid, what's yours?"

The ghost frowns, tapping his chin a couple times. "Hm. I'm not quite in the mood to give you my *real* name, so how about this? I'll make a silly nickname just like yours, to match. How about... *Helsknight? Ay?*"

"*You can't just steal my name!*"

"Oh, I didn't steal anything! At school, this is what we call 'changing it a little so the teacher won't notice.' So, I'm Helsknight now!"

"My gods," Wels says, though he's well aware no gods can save him now.

Pushing himself up from the couch with a whistle (Wels doesn't even know how to whistle, so *how in the world*), Hels saunters towards the hallway. "Seeing as your friends probably won't be arriving any time soon, I'm gonna get some food. Where's the kitchen?"

Wels slams his head into the wall. Surprisingly, his incorporeal body actually collides against the surface, but unfortunately, he feels nothing. He slams his head again regardless.

Hels pauses when he hears no response. "Knight? Where's the kitchen?"

"Go forward and left," Wels responds reluctantly, helmet pressed against the wall as his soul slowly seeps away with every passing second.

From the corner of his eye, Wels notices a smile curl up on Hels' lip. "Sick. Thanks!"

Hels turns and disappears down the hall, whistling his annoying tune, leaving Wels wishing he never went to work that day.

But as it turns out, Wels can't even spend his time just staring at the wall in misery. Once Hels enters the kitchen, Wels' form suddenly dissipates into the air and appears again right next to Hels.

Despite having worked with XVoid's portal powers plenty of times, something about being suddenly displaced startles Wels, and he has to catch himself by the counter so as to not fall over.

"Gods—" Wels gasps, remembering how he was pulled in the same way when Hels first escaped. "This is happening *again*?!"

"Huh? Knight, you're here?" Hels looks around for Wels' voice. "Woah, how'd you get here so fast?" he asks. "Can you teleport? I couldn't teleport as a ghost..."

"I— I don't know!" Wels says. When he pushes himself away from the counter, he notices his translucent hands are still cloudy, like scattered mist trying to regroup again. Somehow, this feels even worse than the first time it happened. "I don't even know what happened!"

Hels raises an eyebrow. "Well, it's not my problem. I see you've got instant ramen over here, so I'll just be making that while you sort out your little crisis."

Wels has never wanted to punch someone so badly, much less his own body. The urge to deck Hels in the face only grows when he sees Hels pouring water into the plastic cup and shoving it straight into the microwave without even adding seasoning.

"What in the— Hey! Aren't you going to add the flavor packet?!" Wels marches up to Hels and stands in front of him, but Hels only walks right through his ghostly body. "You're going to get unseasoned ramen!"

"Is that not how you eat it?" Hels says, voice dripping with smug arrogance. "I'm saving the packet for better things."

While waiting for the two agonizing minutes to pass by, Hels searches around the kitchen for silverware while Wels wonders about what went wrong with his life to bring him to this point. And whatever the heck Hels meant by *better* things. He shudders.

The microwave lets out its beeps of doom, and Hels yanks it open, reaching eagerly for the ramen.

"Aren't you going to wait for it to cool down?" Wels asks.

Hels scoffs. "Pshh, I'm not a fuckin' pussy— OW!" His hand jerks backwards, shaking off the pain. "Fuck!"

"I told you so."

Grumbling, Hels waits for a few more seconds before taking the ramen out and setting it on the counter. Watching Hels eat the unseasoned ramen is... quite unpleasant, to say the least, but Wels is at least able to somehow comfort himself by comparing unseasoned ramen to lightly-flavored broth noodles. It doesn't really work, but it's better than nothing.



However, the true horrors arise when Hels finishes the noodles. Hels grabs the flavor packet he set aside earlier and drops it into an empty cup, and before Wels can protest, Hels aggressively dumps the hot water from the ramen bowl straight into the cup.

“What are you *doing?!?*” Wels screeches. “Stop that!”

“A seasoning packet is like a tea bag, right?” Hels says, lifting the cup to his lips. “Can’t waste it, after all!”

“*No! It’s not!*”

Shrugging, Hels ignores Wels’ distressed screaming and takes a sip. “I’ll have you know, this is quite good. Do you want to know what it tastes like?”

“NO!”

“Warm chicken broth, heavily salted, with a hint of green onion—”

Wels buries his face into his gauntleted hands, releasing a pained groan that can rattle cupboards. If this is the man he’s stuck with for the foreseeable future, then he’ll need to retain as much sanity as he can before he loses it completely. Wels can only hope that his friends come to retrieve him soon...

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Days pass, and nobody has checked on his house. Still, Wels can’t find it in himself to be angry at his friends. They are trying their best; he knows it. That damned CEO must have had to do with this. But Hels, on the other hand...

Wels is thoroughly convinced that the ghost who stole his body *cannot* be older than a teen. Most likely a college student, due to the... *observations* of horrible eating habits (the instant ramen supply is already beginning to run low), and now, apparently for the way he handles taxes.

“Urgh,” Hels groans. He taps the end of a pen on his chin, staring at the stack of papers in front of him contemplatively. “What payment goes for what again?”

“Seriously?” Wels glances down at the tax papers, empty outside of the address being filled out. “Is this your first time doing taxes?”

“I mean, last time, my mom did ‘em with me...”

“It’s just basic percentages.”

“I studied law; do I look like I know math?”

Wels opens his mouth to insult Hels again, but stops suddenly when he realizes he can use this to turn Hels away from the responsibility of having a working adult’s body. Hels seems to survive purely off social media and T.V. shows, so perhaps a little scare with the pain of the adult’s life can get him to lay off?

“Why are you still sticking around if you can’t do this?” Wels asks, voice raising with slyness. “You have to pay bills and taxes, and you also have to make food. Isn’t that too boring for you?”

“I—” Hels starts and pauses. “... You do have a point.”

“So?” Wels’ chest rises with hope at the thought that Hels might just give up and return his life to him. “Are you going to—”

“But!” Hels interrupts him rudely, twirling around on the swivel chair and conveniently meeting Wels right in the eye with the biggest shit-eating grin known to man. “I’ll get to annoy you every day if I’m here, so I think that’s a perfectly acceptable tradeoff!”

Wels facepalms with the might of gods. Yeah, of *course*. “Why did I even expect you to leave my body?”

“We’re in this together now, ghost! Now, tell me how to do this or else the IRS is gonna kill me a second time, and neither of us want that.”

Rolling his eyes, Wels steps beside Hels with irritated reluctance. He just *had* the misfortune of getting his body stolen by the most incompetent individual in the city during *tax season*, but he’s already procrastinated on filling out his forms for far too long, so might as well deal with it now.

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One night, Wels discovers that Hels can see him now.

It’s nighttime, and Wels looms over Hels sleeping with arms crossed (as one does), staring Hels down and hoping that his glaring can mind-project his annoyances into Hels’ brain. And miraculously, it somehow works, because Hels grumbles and slowly opens his eyes.

“Heh?” he mumbles, blinking a couple times. Hels squints, staring right back at Wels. “...The fuck?”

“So you can see me now!” Wels exclaims sarcastically. “*Great!*”

“God, you’re even *more* annoying this way,” Hels says, turning his head away. After a second, he glances back again. “Huh. Didn’t expect for you to have a dent in your helmet.”

“*What?*”

But before Wels can ask Hels what that comment is supposed to mean, Hels picks up his phone and turns it on.

“Hey, ghost,” Hels says suddenly. “What’s your app store password?”

“Go screw yourself,” Wels spits. “Stop playing on *my* phone and go the hell to sleep.”

“Trick question,” Hels says cheerfully. “Thought you’d be a bit nicer to me but I guess not! Nice thing is that you’ve set up the fingerprint passwords. Thanks!”

“Gods. I knew I shouldn’t have set up my fingerprint password...” Wels sighs.

“Hey, don’t feel bad about that,” Hels says, voice surprisingly softer. “You really couldn’t have anticipated this. I don’t think anyone would have had ‘body gets stolen by a ghost’ on their list of things to watch out for.”

Wels blinks, surprised at how uncharacteristically genuine Hels was. Maybe he was wrong about Hels... “I— guess you’re right? Yeah, what was I thinking? Everyone has finger IDs these da— HEY! What are you downloading?!”

“Twitter, duh,” Hels says, having instantly reverted to his asshole self. “I can’t believe you don’t even have it already. I’m pretty sure most of your hero friends do.” Once the app loads up, Hels’ eyes bug right out of his face. “*HAAA!* Holy shit, you’re *still* trending after two days!”

Wels looks down at his phone and sees an official article on the top of the page. *Influential hero Welsknight has passed away...*

“They think you’re fuckin’ dead!” Hels cackles. “This is amazing!”

“Wow, I sure wonder why!” Wels exclaims sarcastically. “It’s almost as if a ghost ran off with my body, leaving my whereabouts unknown! And after that, my death was literally announced on the *news!*”

“Isn’t that crazy?” Hels says with a giggle, wiping the tears of laughter off his face. “Ohhhhh my lord...”

“What the hell are they saying about me?!” Wels demands. In all honesty, he really *doesn’t* know what people on that app are saying. He has an account, sure, but he’s never really *used* it before. He’s just assumed that official people use it for updates, or something.

“Imma tell you ghost, scrolling through your trending tab?” Hels says with his voice laced with mischief. “They’re saying *lots* of things! You know about *thirst tweets*, right? They’re still going on!”

“Why would people post about needing water?”

“HAHAHA! No. Here, lemme show you.”

Wels watches Hels type a few words into the search bar and pull up a menu of various tweets. Clearing his throat, Hels announces, “From username Jamiemidge1. Quote, *‘I want Wels to step on me.’* End quote.” He then looks up to Wels with the biggest, smuggest smirk known to man.

Wels stares at the screen, utterly dumbfounded at what Hels just read to him. The very thought of him being perceived online in this fashion is *not* on the list of what he expected when first becoming a hero.

“*What?*” he sputters. “Why— Why would anyone want that?! Wouldn’t that hurt?”

“Oh hey look, some guy called Xylembu is calling you ‘babygirl!’” Hels snorts. “My lord, your thirsters are *crying* right now! You can’t be their ‘babygirl’ anymore!”

“*WHAT?!?*”

“Good lord,” Hels cackles, scrolling through the onslaught of awful, terrible tweets. “This is the funniest shit I’ve ever seen! I could read through these all day!”

“You are freaking *ridiculous*,” Wels groans. “Did your father ever teach you to be respectful?”

“HEY! Leave my family situation out of this!”

“YOUR *WHAT?*”

And on that same night, Wels also discovers that Hels did not have a father in most of his life. *Well, that explains a lot.*

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Living with Hels is more of a chore than Wels ever anticipated. As another day begins, Wels watches Hels laze in front of the T.V. again, giving not a single care for anything else.

“Are you just gonna stay like this?” Wels steps between Hels and the T.V, quite ineffectively attempting to block the view. “We’re almost out of groceries.”

“Ehh, I’ll do it when we actually run out,” Hels says, craning his head to see the screen. “I’ve got some shows to catch up on since I’ve died.”

“I’d better not catch you buying more instant ramen,” Wels says. He steps in front of Hels again. “You’re ruining *my* health with *your* awful eating habits!”

“What, you want me to go to the gym?”

“Actually, that’s *not a bad idea!* Get down and give me fifty!”

“What— hell no! Why would I listen to you?”

“Because I’ll scream until you do it.” Utilizing his vocal training to suck in as big of a breath as his ghostly lungs can hold, Wels releases the loudest, most ear-shattering scream ever produced in this city. “AA!”

“GOOD LORD, WHAT THE *FUCK?!*” Hels exclaims as he stumbles off the couch. “Okay— OKAY! FINE! I’m doing it!”

Dropping onto the floor, Hels begins completing the push-ups, but pauses on his fifteenth push-up, panting like a dog in the hot summer weather. “*Fifty?* Did you say fifty?”

“Thirty-five more to go, lazy-bones!” Wels takes a seat in front of Hels, crossing his legs smugly. “I’m not letting you ruin my years of training. And keep your butt down— it’s like you’ve never done a push-up before!”

Groaning, Hels reluctantly continues his workout once more. Wels swears he hears Hels mutter “stupid ghost” at some point, but it doesn’t matter anymore, because he has already taken his triumph.

---

“Hey knight, how the fuck do you open this shit?” Hels stands idly in front of the counter with a packet of frozen peas before him. “None of the ripping spots worked.”

Wels peeks over at the packet. From what he can see, the designated “tear me” spots seem to be completely untouched; it just looks like Hels gave up after trying once.

“You can always use scissors,” Wels points out, no longer shocked by Hels’ incompetence.

“Huh, you’re right! Thanks, ghost!” Hels turns and marches towards the drawers, but stops after three steps. “Uh... where do you put the scissors?”

“Bottom drawer, third from the left.”

“Uh-huh.”

Hels retrieves the cutters and makes his way back to the counter. He holds the scissors right over the middle of the packet, and before Wels can even yell at him to stop, he rips a gash through the plastic, causing all the peas inside to spill out.

The two stare silently at the frozen peas scattered all over the counter and floor.

“...Why did you hold the scissors like that,” Wels says, disappointed but not surprised.

“I’m left handed, you prick!”

“Not the point.”

With a loud sigh, Hels squats down and begins picking up the peas. “Why *was* that packet so hard to open in the first place?”

“It wasn’t,” Wels remarks, rolling his eyes. “You could have opened it like any normal person, and this wouldn’t have happened. I bet you won’t last a *month* trying to take care of adult responsibilities in *my* stolen body.”

“I disagree!” Hels exclaims. He pops up from behind the counter with his palms full of peas. “You know what? I’m gonna pull a responsible adult move right *now!* Where is the vacuum?”

“Helsknight, if you get any frozen peas stuck inside my vacuum cleaner I *swear* I will scream in your ear until—”

“It was in the garage!” Hels says, completely ignoring Wels. “Thanks!”

As Hels rushes out of the kitchen, crushing a few peas under his heels in the process. Wels watches him run off and facepalms. Why does he even try?

While Wels listens to the clanking of Hels carrying a vacuum through the halls, he imagines a recap of the past week: First, he got knocked out by a steel beam to the stomach, which separated his spirit from his body. Then, ghost snatched his body and ran off while Beef was trying to fix the problem. After that, he discovered that his entire situation was ruled a death and that the shitty NileCorp CEO was most likely behind it. And finally, he’s now forced to live with the said ghost who stole his body and *somehow* not go completely insane.

If all goes well, Hels will give up and return his body within a month, and he can go back and clear up everything and return to his old life. He'll just have to wait a little...

"Yo, ghost, why isn't this turning on?" Hels calls out from the door.

"Did you try plugging it in?" Wels replies, making his voice sound as irritated as possible.

"Oh."

*Wait.* He'll just have to wait, that's all. He can go to assure his friends that he is okay and maybe with a little luck, expose that bastard CEO for his crimes.

Wels glances over at Hels struggling to drag the vacuum over the floor, screeching when the peas shoot back at him. He sighs. Something tells him that he'll be in for a long, *long* ride.

#### Chapter End Notes



# what is death if not cringing at those mourning for you

## Chapter Summary

damn dude people are grieving for you? :/ just get better at the game smh

## Chapter Notes

aaaaand nanowrimo start! ill be trying to write some of this fic alongside of others so hopefully ill get some proper progress in the coming month. and who knows! if i finish this early, then maybe i can change the updating to bimonthly!

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

As the day nears lunchtime, Hels opens the fridge to look for anything to eat. Instead, he's met with an entirely empty cavern of disappointment.

"We're out of food," he says.

"Of course, idiot," Wels huffs, rolling his eyes. "You've basically been in this place for almost a week now. I *told* you a few days ago we're almost out."

"Well, what should we do?"

"Oh, I don't know! Maybe *go out and buy something?*"

Sighing, Hels shuts the fridge door and paces around the kitchen. "I mean I would, but I can't exactly go out looking like *you*, yannow?" Turning to Wels with a wide grin on his face, he announces, "I'm gonna need some *modifications* first."

"Hey, what the hell do you mean by that?" Wels demands as he watches Hels pull out his phone and type *homemade black hair dye* into the search bar. "Hey— HEY!"

"Can you substitute apple cider vinegar for normal vinegar?" Hels asks, scrolling through the page and ignoring Wels' cries of distress.

"*NO?!*"

---

And so, with the power of ground coffee, apple cider vinegar, conditioner, and essential oils, Hels commits an emo crime on Wels' hair and transforms the light brown into a deep black. To Wels' absolute dismay, Hels *actually* leaves the house with his desecrated hair for the entire

world to see, and he wants nothing more than to die a second time and ascend to the heavens so as to not experience the overwhelming shame.

However, his agony is not over yet, as there's still groceries to buy. It takes Wels his entire sanity and screaming voice to stop Hels from picking up every single candy in the snack aisle, and even *still* Hels ends up sneaking a few sweets under his radar.

"How the hell do you live like this?" Wels grumbles while he watches the bags of candy move through the checkout's conveyor belt.

"How the hell do *you* live like this?" Hels returns mockingly. "This dumb cart is full of boring, flavorless foods! Are you allergic to sugar and fried stuff?"

"I'm allergic to you messing up *my* health. And stop talking so loud; people are going to think you're crazy."

Hels shuts up instantly upon noticing the cashier giving him a weird look. Triumphant, Wels smirks and enjoys the brief moment of silence.

After they finish paying, the two leave the store with bags of groceries and start on their walk home. By now, the sky has begun to darken with streaks of brilliant orange layering in the pink clouds. Wels has to admit that it's been a while since he's seen a sunset this beautiful, and the moment is very nearly perfect, until Hels points ahead with a laugh.

"Holy shit, knight!" he exclaims, rushing towards the grassy park ahead. "Look! That's your sword!"

"What?" Wels freezes for a second, taken aback. *His sword?* Didn't Hels grab his sword on the way out of HC? Sure enough, where Hels points, the distinct shape of his Well Sword's hilt sticks out proudly from a stone at the center of the park. Surely, it can't be...

Hels skids to a stop in front of the sword and waves Wels over. "Get over here! These guys made a memorial for you!"

"A *what?!*"

As Wels nears the sword, he quickly realizes that it's not his *actual* sword, but rather a copper replica stuck on top of a concrete block. He notices there's a plaque on the concrete and kneels down to read the words.

*"To a dear friend and brave protector, killed in action, fighting valiantly until the end. HC and the city dedicate a resting spot for his eternal rest."* Wels feels his incorporeal self shrivel upon reading those words and fake gags. "Eugh. Good lord."

Hels bursts out in hysterical laughter upon hearing Wels' disgust.

"The hell are you laughing at, idiot? We're in front of a memorial!"

"You sounded so fucking disgusted!" Hels snorts. "Not my fault you're hilarious—" Before finishing his sentence, Hels immediately freezes and stares ahead. "Hey, hey ghost. Shut up. It looks like some guy is approaching us with a bouquet right now."



Intrigued, Wels turns around to look for the said “guy with bouquet.” He spots a familiar man with brown hair wearing a sweater walking right towards them...

“Oh my gods,” Wels gasps. “That’s my coworker XVoid.”

“The fuck?” Hels says, pulling up his hood. “We gotta book it, then!”

Unfortunately, Hels doesn’t make his escape fast enough, as XVoid’s eyes widen when he notices Hels in front of the memorial. Deciding there’s no way they can escape the situation, Wels shrugs and sits down on the edge of the concrete, crossing his legs.

“You’d better make your voice deeper or something,” Wels warns Hels. “Unless you want to blow your cover and get your ghost body kicked to next week by me.”

Hels curses under his breath and pulls his hood up further. “Why did you have to be a famous superhero...”

“You could have possessed anybody else, you know.”

“Whatever.”

After a couple seconds, XVoid approaches the memorial, stopping once he makes eye contact with Wels sitting on top of the concrete.

*So he can see me!* Wels thinks, heart rising with hope that he can maybe somehow escape this predicament with XVoid’s help.

But rather than saying anything, XVoid only stares for a few seconds and rubs his eyes, then sighs deeply and kneels down to place down his bouquet. XVoid steps back to stand next to Hels, and Wels watches Hels try his best not to squirm around.

“Grief is sure a powerful force, isn’t it,” Wels hears XVoid mumble dejectedly.

So XVoid thinks he’s hallucinating. Isn’t that just *great*. Wels facepalms in exasperation. Well, he’s Hels’ problem to deal with now.

“Did you know him?” XVoid asks, turning towards Hels.

“Yea—” Hels starts before Wels shoots him a glare that says *don’t reveal anything stupid or else I’ll scream for the rest of the night*. “Uh... he saved my dog once.”

It could have been worse, Wels thinks.

“That’s quite interesting,” XVoid lets out a melancholic laugh. “He kind of saved me once, too.”

From his seat on the memorial, Wels raises his head to look at XVoid, captured by the words.

“I owe a lot to what he’s done for me,” XVoid continues, fidgeting his thumbs around. Wels can hear his voice cracking slightly, despite the seemingly upbeat tone. “He was truly a kind and inspirational man to everyone in the city. It’s... a shame to see that he’s gone now.”

*That's really silly of you Void; I'm still here,* Wels thinks with a small grin. It seems like most of the other heroes at HC are unaware of his situation, and knowing that it left such an effect on XVoid tugs at his chest. Maybe he'll just say something now and explain it to XVoid...

Until Hels opens his stupid mouth again, of course. "Yeah, uh... he sure is a *great* guy." Hels shoots an irritated look towards Wels. "I hope that uh... he's having a nice time in the afterlife for his service."

XVoid nods. "I'm sure he'd appreciate the wishes. He would have been happy that you're here."

Wels nearly laughs out loud at Hels' cringing face. Okay, maybe he'll leave it alone for now.

"Ah, it looks like it's getting quite late," XVoid mentions, looking up at the deep orange skies. "Are you going to stay for any longer?"

"No," Hels says, shaking his head and already beginning to take a few steps back. "You uh, take your time though."

Though evening had already befallen the city, XVoid's soft smile still shines through the darkness. "Of course. Thank you for the talk."

Hels attempts to return a smile of his own, but it only makes him look like a constipated platypus rather than anything else. Then, without another word, he speeds off down the sidewalk with groceries bouncing off the sides of his leg. As Hels makes his escape, Wels' gaze meets with XVoid's eyes once more, watching XVoid's face sink before he dissipates like streaking clouds once more.

And within a moment, Wels appears right back at Hels' side.

"Oh, good, you're finally here!" Hels huffs. "The whole time I was thinkin' he would have caught me, or something! Man, I am *not* going out again without some more cosmetics after this."

"You're lucky that Void's a big derp," Wels says, thinking of XVoid assuming he was a hallucination. "Even if I had *told* him directly that I was still alive, he probably still would've thought he was tripping."

"God, can you imagine if we met with someone else?" Hels groans, stopping to readjust the grocery bags. "You're a hero, aren't you? There's so many goons I gotta look out for!"

"Yeah, let's see how long you last," Wels remarks with a sarcastic laugh. "Hey wait— stop that. Put the heavy items on the bottom of the bag. You'll crush the lighter objects."

"Okay, *mom*," Hels rolls his eyes, following Wels' instruction anyway. "Whatever your *superior intellect* says!"

Hels begins to stand up again, but Wels promptly notices a hazard with the bags. "Watch out!" he calls. "There's a jar hanging by the side—"

...And it falls to the ground, shattering against the pavement. The two stare at the blackberry jam slowly seeping across the sidewalk in silence, until Wels turns to give Hels the most

disappointed look so far in the time that they have met.

“You are a goddamn moron.”

“Shut the fuck up.”

---

After a few more minutes of walking, Wels and Hels arrive back at home with full bags and no blackberry jam.

“Damn, I can’t open the door with my hands full,” Hels sighs. “Hey knight, can you open it for me?”

“Have you forgotten that I am a ghost and you’re the one responsible for my condition?” Just to mess with Hels a little, Wels places his hand on the doorknob, motioning his wrist to turn it. “And even if I *could* open the door, why would—”

To both Wels and Hels’ surprise, the door creaks open right as Wels turns the knob.

“You can fucking open *doors?!?*” Hels exclaims, clamoring over to the entrance. “Holy shit! I couldn’t do that when I was a ghost!”

“Hm, I guess so,” Wels hums. He didn’t know he could open doors, either. Well, it looks like something new to torment Hels with, so he’s not complaining. “Hold on a second... then that means you didn’t lock the door...”

“—*Anyway!*” Hels laughs frantically, shuffling into the house. “That was a completely pointless and idiotic trip! Imagine if we just had everything delivered!”

The mention of a delivery service reactivates Wels’ brain cells momentarily. “Actually... I have HouseHaste on my phone. I forgot...”

“You had HouseHaste and didn’t tell me?!” Hels yells, immediately pulling out his phone. Wels’ eyes bulge out upon watching Hels type *black hair dye* into the search bar.

“Wait, no, I take it back— DON’T YOU *DARE* ORDER HAIR DYE!”

Hels blows a raspberry. “Fuck you!”


Watching Hels add the hair dye to his HouseHaste cart, Wels groans in dismay. The homemade hair dye had been awful already, but now this idiot has a replenishing arsenal of black dye! With growing agitation and misery for his poor hair follicles, Wels swears that the first thing he’ll do when he gets his body back is dye that awful black back to his normal, *correct* hair color.

As the days crawl by, Wels only wants to grab his friends by the shoulders and shake them, telling them all that he’s not dead and is very much okay, especially after seeing XVoid! Once he gets his body back, he’ll *make* everything return to normal again, and maybe, even kick that ghost’s ass as a treat. But right now, he can only pray that he can escape this situation and finally set things right.

## Chapter End Notes

shawn actually visited wels' house while those two were out shopping btw. they just narrowly missed each other and i find that hilarious

also i think about this sc every day /j

 a discord conversation that says 'hels goes to wels' grave (in wels' body) and starts teabagging on it. wels, floating next to next to hels teabagging his own body: fuck you / hels: im going to teabag my own grave next / wels: ok at least ur fair about it'

# arson, killer of spirits (and brain cells apparently)

## Chapter Summary

so it looks like you burning shit extends past having shitty cooking skills. ok i see

## Chapter Notes

THE CHAPTER THAT HAPPENS RIGHT BEFORE THE EVENTS OF TGMS  
CHAPTER 4 WOOOOOOOOOOO

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

“Look, it’s you!” Hels exclaims, holding up the white knight piece.

“Is it because I’m a knight? Ha ha, very funny,” Wels laughs dryly, rolling his eyes. “Now move it to C3.”

“Nah, I was going for your face looking like a horse, actually.” Hels then proceeds to add salt to the wound by complacently dropping the piece on the wrong square.

“Hey!” Wels slams his fist on the table (though it does nothing, really). “I said Knight to C3!”

“And *I* wanted to put it on A3,” Hels snorts, kicking his feet up onto the table to initiate maximum disrespect. “What’re you gonna do about it?”

“I thought you wanted a fair game! How are we going to play if you’re not moving my pieces where I tell you to?!”

Hels purses his lips and strokes his chin in a faux thinking pose. “Hmm, nope. I said I wanted to piss you off as much as possible. Which is working!”

“That’s *it*.” Frustrated, Wels stands up and marches out the room. “Go fuck yourself!”

However, Wels barely makes it a few steps down the hall before he’s instantly zapped back to his previous spot, only to be met by Hels’ shit-eating grin.

With utmost conceit, Hels moves his own knight to capture Wels’ pawn. “Your move, knight.”

Wels rolls his eyes. “I want you dead.”

Hels yawns. “Already am. Try another threat.”

Unable to come up with any other clever comment, Wels sighs and takes a seat again. “Pawn to D3. And do *not* mess it up, or else I’ll make sure you’ll be hearing nothing but my voice for the entirety of next week.”

After a couple moves (and a *lot* of frustrated screaming), Wels loses, obviously. Even without cheating, Hels is insanely, *infuriatingly* good at chess. Wels just chalks it up to the kid learning some bullshit lawyer magic in college.

“Okay, do I get to claim my prize now?” Hels asks, hopping off his chair cheerfully.

“*Prize?*” Wels raises an eyebrow. “You didn’t say anything about that.”

“Sure I did! You even agreed to it! I asked while you were reading the same two pages in your book over and over earlier, and you said ‘mhm.’”

“Well, what was it?” Wels groans, now regretting having answered Hels mindlessly. To be fair, he completely tunes Hels’ voice out when he’s not shouting.

With a smirk that extends past his cheeks, Hels pulls open the broom closet door, revealing a dusty suit of armor. “You said I could try on your armor.”

Wels freezes. That set is his spare armor, but there is no telling what Hels might do with it. “Don’t you *dare*.”

“It’s a yes, then!” Gleefully, Hels reaches for the armor’s helmet first.

As Hels lowers the helmet onto his head, Wels shouts and tries (unsuccessfully) to swat the armor out of his hands. What happens next, however, is something neither of them can ever expect: the plume bursts into a jet of flame.

The two both scream, and Hels instantly chucks the helmet across the room.

“WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?!?*” Wels screeches, grabbing the sides of his head instinctively. “Are you trying to set my house on fire?!”

“I’m trying not to set *myself* on fire, idiot!” Hels retorts.

“Well *maybe* you fucking deserve it!”

“Well maybe *you’re* just jealous that I get to wear the cool armor and you—” Hels pauses after noticing the helmet has returned to normal after making a dent in the wall and falling to the floor. Cautiously, Hels walks over to the helmet and picks it up, turning it around in his hands a couple times. “Oh. It’s boring again.”

“What– *BORING?!?*”

Hels places the helmet on his head again, and the flame shoots up along with it. He takes the helmet off, and the flame dissipates. He tries it on again. The fire appears. And off. It disappears. And on, and off, and on, and off, and on—

“Will you *stop* that?!” Wels demands, pointing frantically towards the smoke alarm on the roof.

“I see no problem with this,” Hels smirks. “I’m *totally* gonna roast marshmallows over this thing.”

“No, you won’t!” Shuddering, Wels imagines the nightmare of sticky sugar staining his armor. “Take it off right now!”

Completely ignoring Wels, Hels saunters over to where the Well Sword is propped up against the wall. “Why don’t we check out what I can do with this thing?” The moment Hels grabs the handle and lifts the sword, the blade instantly lights up with flames. “Holy fucking *shit!*” he exclaims. “Does this mean I’ve got powers?”

“Do you just set everything you touch on fire?!” Wels says, growing increasingly distressed. The *last* thing that he wants right now is Hels discovering powers—as if normal Hels isn’t already enough of a nightmare to deal with. “Put that down!”

“Wouldn’t it be funny if I ran out there pretending to be your evil clone?” Hels snickers, completely ignoring Wels yet again (which has become a regular occurrence at this point, unfortunately).

“It would NOT. That is an *awful* idea!”

“You’re right, actually,” Hels sighs, placing down the sword and returning it to its un-burnt form. “It could compromise both of our identities if I just went out like this...”

“*Thank you,*” Wels huffs, finally grateful that Hels agreed to listen to him for once. “Now, can you take off the—”

“...which is why I’ve got to change up your armor so that you can’t be recognized!” Hels cuts in with his previous thought, promptly bolting back towards the closet.

“Hey—no, stop!” Wels screeches, zipping after Hels. “My armor is *not* an arts-and-crafts project! *Get back here!*”

It’s too late—Hels has already obtained the red food dye and began dunking his poor blue cape in the crimson liquid. Upon viewing his outfit being desecrated so violently, Wels lets out a wail of despair and collapses to the ground in dramatic defeat.

*Why?* He reaches towards the skies with one shaking hand, pleading to gods that will never answer his prayers. *Why must this happen to me, of all people? What sins have I committed for you to punish me like this? Is it my NoiseStratus rapping era? But that was seven years ago; surely I have been forgiven by now...*

“How come your spare armor’s cape is so *lame?*” Hels complains between bouts of splashing the fabric with red dye, interrupting Wels’ spiral. “It’s all ripped at the end!”

“If you were presented a choice between saving your cape and keeping your head, which one would you take?” Wels groans, pushing himself back up and straightening his ghostly helmet. He remembers the time early in his career when a villain grabbed him by the cape, and he was forced to rip it to save himself. “Actually, don’t answer that. I already know.”

“Whatever that’s meant to imply, fuck you!” Hels scoffs as he wrings the cape, squeezing the red liquid down the drain. “We’ll see who’s laughing when I get out there!”

Clearly trying to rush out, Hels stumbles towards the exit while attempting to pull on his metal boots. This only results in him hopping awkwardly on one foot until he finally stops in the middle of the living room to actually kneel and put them on correctly. Wels watches him fumble with the armor straps for about two minutes before Hels stands up again and bolts out the house, slamming the door on the way.

Wels buries his face in his gauntleted hands. There’s absolutely nothing he can do now, as much as he wants to reach into the physical world and shake Hels by the shoulders for being an insensitive moron. Even though he absolutely does *not* want Hels to cause chaos and destroy any part of the city, something deep inside of Wels clings onto the hope that it’ll attract his friends’ attention; maybe someone at HC will recognize his body through the heavy emo makeup and dyed hair and end this dilemma.

*If it’s anyone, I hope it’s Void,* Wels thinks. *He could totally kick that brat’s ass.*

And with that, Wels feels a tug within his chest before he dissipates, leaving an empty house behind for a future mess to take care of.

## Chapter End Notes

and that's a wrap for welsghost and body-snatching hels! next chapter will be post-tgms events :D



# why did you fucking ghost me

## Chapter Summary

meeting someone you knew before you died? um, awkward, LMAO

## Chapter Notes

HOOOOO BOY this chapter was a tough one to write. but it's here in the end!

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

“This hangout is boring.”

“This isn’t a hangout. I said I was getting groceries.”

“Why’d you invite me, then?”

“I didn’t invite you. I told you to stay home and to not bother me; then you said ‘fuck you, I do what I want’ and followed me out.”

“Whatever you say, old man. You look insane talking to yourself.”

Wels rolls his eyes and continues walking down the supermarket aisle, placing vegetables in his cart that Hels so rudely ignored to eat while possessing his body.

It’s been a few days since Wels has gained back full control of his body without randomly ragdolling onto the floor, and he’s using this opportunity to finally restock his fridge (Wels doesn’t think he can handle seeing an instant ramen package anymore. Not after the tea incident and its multiple subsequent instances). While heading out to shop, he had instructed Hels to stay home, but the ghost didn’t listen and followed him by phasing through the wall anyway. How unfair.

And so now, they’re stuck together in a supermarket while Wels tries not to look like a crazy person every time Hels speaks to him. He’s gotten used to seeing Hels in his original ghostly body, a black-haired teenager wearing a much-too-fancy suit, but he’s reminded every so often that nobody else can see Hels when he’s met with confused stares from strangers whenever they talk.

As he wheels past the different shelves, Wels mostly manages to ignore the ghost’s attempts at banter, though Hels definitely does not make it easy, taking every opportunity to antagonize Wels and make useless comments about the groceries (“Baby carrots? Fucking *baby carrots*? What are you, some kid eating school lunch?”).

However, he can no longer ignore Hels when he hears two synchronous gasps behind him while picking out a bag of shredded cheese. Wels whirls around, finding Hels face to face with a dark-haired man wearing a beanie and tracksuit, both gawking with jaws dropped open.

“*Alex?*” Hels exclaims. “You can see me?”

“Y—You—Aren’t you supposed to—” the man, Alex, stumbles over his words, lifting a shaky finger up to Hels. “Dead? Are you really—oh my fucking *god*, are you the ghost of He—”

“HELLS! It’s Hels now!” Hels promptly cuts in, clapping a hand over Alex’s mouth (though it really doesn’t do anything). “Don’t say my real name around *this* asshole.” Hels jerks a thumb towards Wels, who rolls his eyes. “And yeah. I’m a ghost. Kinda lame, isn’t it?”

“Holy shit, dude!” Alex squeaks, his shocked expression now twisting into an excited grin. “It’s actually you! What do you mean?! Being a ghost is fucking awesome! Where’ve you been all this time, man?”

“Oh, you know, just doing the average ghost things,” Hels says, chuckling along. “Floating through walls. Flying all over the place. Possessing someone and taking over his life for like, half a year.”

“Possessing?” Alex glances over at Wels. “Wait a minute... is this the guy? Hey, actually, who are you? Why do you know Hels?”

“Oh yeah, I found him in a coma and stole his body,” Hels answers before Wels can get a word in. “He’s—”

“Don’t say my name out loud, you Casper reject,” Wels cuts Hels off, finally turning to acknowledge the ghost. “I don’t want to be involved in this; I just want to get groceries. Also,” —he motions over to Alex— “you look crazy right now, talking to nothing. If you want to continue the conversation, go somewhere that isn’t a grocery store.”

“Shit, right, the others here can’t see me!” Hels whispers. “Let’s go outside, or something!”

So Wels reluctantly complies to Hels’ wish and wraps up shopping early, knowing that the dumb ghost will never let him hear the end of it if he refuses. With his hands full of groceries and two annoying kids trailing behind him, Wels leads the group into a nearby cafe (much to Hels’ disgruntlement) and finds a table in the farthest corner of the shop.

“Wait, do you still hate coffee?” Alex remarks, noticing Hels’ scowl. “Thought that’d go away once you’ve died, or something!”

“Yeah, and this idiot over here drinks that shit *every morning*,” Hels groans, pointing at Wels with his thumb. “I have to smell coffee every day. It sucks shit!”

“Complain more and I’ll order a cup right now,” Wels says, smirking.

As Hels rolls his eyes and “sits” down, Alex bursts into laughter. “Wow, I guess I was wrong! Being a ghost *sucks!* And you’re stuck wearing your stupid uniform too!”

“Oh, yeah?” Hels motions slamming down on the table. “Well, I hope you die in a Heated Subject fit, you hawaiian shirt-wearing bastard—”

“Hey!” Wels fake-smacks Hels in the head, interrupting him. “Don’t wish for other people’s deaths!”

“Ugh, you’re not my dad,” Hels says, slumping down. “And don’t you dare say what you’re about to say, you piece of shit.”

“Hold on hold on, does this guy know about your dad?” Alex whispers with a giggle. “Wait, that’s fucking hilarious! You’re still fatherless—”

“SHUT UP. Anyways, you gotta tell me you kept being a horrible fucking bastard during the mock trials,” Hels says. “It would be disrespectful to my image if our class bullshittery died with me!”

“Don’t worry dude, I doubled down on that shit,” Alex replies with a smug grin. “I’m just saying, the professors thought it would end when you left, but I couldn’t let that happen. I had to make up for both of us!”

As the two burst into laughter during their catch up, Wels decides to order a coffee anyway so as to not make it *too* awkward for himself. While taking sips of his coffee, he learns through the conversation that Hels and Alex used to be classmates in law school, that was, until Hels was murdered at the start of the semester.

“Is Wilbur’s burger van still giving you trouble? What’s been going on with that guy since?”

“Nah man, turns out he stole that car and it got confiscated. Also his meat was like, illegally obtained or something.”

“Thought so. I prolly woulda died sooner if I took a bite of his burgers.”

“Right? Shit looked like it came from the Chum Pail. Oh, oh, also, you know they still talk about that rap battle you did last year?”

“Damn, they can’t even let a dead man’s memory rest?”

“They call it ‘keeping your legacy,’ actually. Don’t feel bad; they never let me live down ‘Where Are The Askers’ either. Still, it was pretty awesome—but man, they totally freaked out when they saw you active on Twitter again!!”

“I can make ‘em freak again. Can you log in on my account right now?”

“Yessir!”

*So Hels was an awful jerk even when he was alive, Wels thinks as he watches the two college kids huddle over the phone. Probably didn’t help that he was friends with an enabler. He has no idea what they’re doing there, and at this point, he really doesn’t want to.*

“Okay okay, tweet sent, now it’s time to wait for reactions,” Hels snickers. “Anyways, I’ve been gone for basically a whole year now. Anything interesting happen since?”

“Oh, someone blasted the Lawful Lawyer soundtrack during a trial!” Alex exclaims, snapping his fingers. “Prof was fucking *furious*. Totally worth it, though.”

“Man, I was thinking of doing that! Glad it happened even without me, heh.”

“That wasn’t even *near* the funniest thing that happened. You know, apparently we have to study hero and vigilante law too. I had to hold in my laughter when reading some names in the papers!”

Hels snorts. “There should be a law against superheroes missing their finals because they were on a mission.”

After bursting into a fit of giggles, Alex slams his palm on the table and returns, “Okay, listen, that was *important!* There wouldn’t be any finals left to take if the town got nuked!”

Wels’ attention piques at the sudden mention of superheroes. *Alex missed his finals because of a mission?* he thinks, eyeing Alex from across the table. *So that must mean he must also be a part of an association.*

“I’d rather die than do the finals again—oh wait, I already have.” Hels throws his head back and laughs. “Wait, wait, did your boyfriends hear about that story yet?”

“Funny story actually, it turns out all three of us were working under the same association,” Alex says, confirming Wels’ speculations. “We kinda found out when we all left at the same time and showed up at HQ instantly afterwards.”

“Damn, those guys too? Looks like I know more superheroes than the average person!” Hels jabs his elbow at Wels’ face playfully. “This guy is also—”

“Shut *up*,” Wels cuts Hels off, swatting the teen away, but it’s already too late.

“Wait, you’re a hero too?” Alex’s eyes light up. “No way! That’s so crazy, dude! What’s your name?”

Wels sighs exasperatedly and pinches between his nose bridge. “Guess,” he says. There might be no use trying to deny it, but he’s not particularly interested in leaking his identity to a stranger.

“Okay, so, Hels possessed you while you were in a coma,” Alex remarks, tapping his chin. “That means you were down for a while... hold on, are you that dead knight guy?”

“I am *not* legally dead,” Wels snaps, feeling suddenly defensive. “They confirmed I was alive a month ago.”

“Ayyy, I got it right! You’re Welsknight!”

Wels groans.

“Dude, did you seriously steal his name?” Alex snorts at Hels. “Is your new full name *Helsknight*? That sounds like a shitty emo cartoon character!”

“Shut the fuck up, it’s an us thing that you wouldn’t understand,” Hels returns jokingly. “Okay, but he was the *worst* guy I could’ve chosen to possess, too. He’d yell at me every time I eat instant ramen!”

“Oh my god, don’t tell me you did the ramen tea thing to him…” Alex cringes. “I am *so* sorry, dude,” he says sympathetically to Wels. “My man Hels here is a freak when it comes to food.”

“So you subjected *everyone* to the horrors of ramen tea?” Wels raises an eyebrow. “Well, at least it wasn’t targeted at me.”

“Yeah, but I could’ve done worse! Like, actually burn down your house!”

“You were close to that with the whole helmet incident.”

“Okay… but I could have ruined your credit score. And I didn’t!”

“The only reason why you didn’t commit tax fraud under *my* name was because I screamed at you the whole time!”

“You were gonna commit tax fraud?” Alex exclaims. “You should actually declare yourself dead, then!”

“NO?!”

“Get Cub to switch payment to cash only,” Hels offers unhelpfully, “or write off your personal expenses as a part of business.”

“Why would I do any of these?!” Wels retorts.

“Tax evasion, duh!” Alex says. “We know the law and its loopholes, baby!”

“You two have issues,” Wels rolls his eyes. “Leave me out of this.”

And the two did, though they continued to discuss loopholes for tax evasion. Never in a hundred years did Wels expect to find himself listening to two law students talk about breaking the law, but he really shouldn’t be surprised anymore.

As the two continue catching up, Wels notes the sun is lowering, signifying that it’s getting late. He almost interrupts them, but Wels notices something unexpected: Hels has a genuine smile on his face when talking to Alex. After getting used to seeing Hels with his constant shit-eating grin, this sight surprises Wels, but he recognizes it’s probably been over a year since Hels has met anybody from his lifetime.

This makes Wels truly realize how lonely being *dead* must be; he’s experienced that distance from his friends during the time his body was stolen. However, that was temporary, as he got his body back eventually—but as for Hels, he’ll stay a ghost for who knows how long. Especially when he’s barely an adult, that must be pretty miserable in the long run. So Wels decides to let them be.

“Oh man, it really feels good to have you back,” Alex says. “College has been really boring without you. Goofing off by myself just didn’t hit the same, y’know?”

“I can always go back to terrorize the class, but the profs will probably call some ghost busters to hunt me down,” Hels chuckles. “Well, I guess it’ll be fine if they call Z.I.T. I’m tight with those guys.”

“You should totally come tomorrow, then!” Alex exclaims. “We’re gonna be doing something with divorces! You know a lot about that, right?”

“Shut the fuck up, dude,” Hels snorts. “Yeah, but you can hit me up on Twitter for any plans. I’ve still got my account on this guy’s phone.”

“Okay sick, because I just realized how fucking late it is,” Alex says while shooting up in his seat. “I really don’t wanna go this early, but my roommate needs these groceries right now or else he’ll kill me!!”

“Go, go, quick! We can always talk later!”

“I’ll message you later!” Alex grabs his bags and rushes towards the exit. “Byeeee!”

Hels waves goodbye to Alex as Wels stands up from his seat.

“So that was your classmate?” Wels says while they walk out the building.

“Yeah, Alex!” Hels replies. “Honestly, I thought you might’ve recognized him.”

“What—why?”

“Y’know... since he’s a hero and all. Aren’t you guys supposed to know each other? Wait, actually, do you know Quackity?”

*Quackity.* That name is familiar. Dark hair and beanie... there’s no way.

“Wait, *that’s* him?!” Wels exclaims. He remembers the young vigilante working with Beef on a stealth mission who performed exceedingly well. Back then, Quackity had turned down the offer to join HC, but it seems like he found an association in the end. “We’ve teamed up with him before. What a small world we live in, huh...”

“Yeah, right? Never expected to meet him of all people. Come to think of it,” Hels scratches his chin, “I really haven’t seen many people I’ve known before I died...”

“Do you plan on visiting anybody?” Wels asks, slightly curious.

“Uh...” Hels purses his lips and crosses his arms, deep in thought. “Maybe my family?” He sighs. “I dunno. Honestly, I don’t think I will. I don’t think my mom would take it well knowing that I’m stuck as a ghost who can’t pass onto the afterlife, and I’d probably freak out my sibling too.”

“The afterlife...” Wels mutters. *Right.* If Hels is stuck here, there must be a reason he can’t pass on. From what Tango told him about ghost hunting, most ghosts linger in the overworld due to unresolved wishes before their death. Hels, being a teen, must have a lot to fulfill—which is also exacerbated by the fact that he was also a murder victim.

*Well, I should help him, Wels thinks. He might be a jerk, but he still doesn't deserve to be trapped.*

“Do you think you'd be able to pass on if you resolved your wishes?” Wels suggests.

“Huh, that's actually not a bad idea!” Hels remarks. “I actually only have one thing I regret not doing!”

Wels raises an eyebrow. “*One* thing?”

“Yeah! Pretty sure that's the reason I'm here. We should prolly do it tomorrow since I gotta meet Alex first, but it's...”

---

“Really? That's *it*?”

“Hey, don't insult the Number 15 Sandwich Combo! It's the best in town!”

After seeing a generic grilled sandwich sitting in the delivery box, Wels can't doubt Hels' claim more. “When you said you wanted to eat a sandwich yesterday, I was expecting something more... fancy.”

“It's twelve bucks! That's pretty fancy!”

“I could have literally bought you anything for your last meal, and you chose a dinky sandwich.”

“It's not about the price. It's about the *principle*. I paid for that sandwich with my paycheck money and never got it! I expect the fruits of my hard labor, thank you very much.”

“Fine... okay, what now? You can't eat it as a ghost.”

“You're right. But luckily,”—Hels motions over to Wels with a smirk—“I've got a way to eat it physically.”

“Really? You have—” Wels suddenly realizes what Hels means and narrows his eyes. “You're *joking*. I am *not* letting you use my body again.”

“Come on, pleaaase?” Hels begs, clasping his hands together, dropping onto his knees next to the sandwich. “It'll just be to eat this sandwich! Here, here, look—” Hels holds up a hand, showing two fingers extended straight. “I promise! I'll return it after I eat!”

“I can see your crossed fingers behind your back, jerk.”

“Shit,” Hels curses. “Stupid see-through body! Okay, but for real! Just once?”

“I'll let you use my body *only* to eat the sandwich, okay?” Wels says sternly. He allows his spirit to separate from his body, leaving his physical form for Hels. “Try to pull any funny business and I'll contact Z.I.T. directly.”

“Yep! Got it!” Excitedly, Hels dives straight into Wels' form and rubs his hands with glee. “Ohoho, I've been waiting for this!” And just like that, Hels grabs the sandwich and practically

unhinges his jaw to bite into it. “Holy fuck, this feels *so* good,” he mumbles with a full mouth. “Take that, ya’ stupid murderer!”

“Hurry up,” Wels says, disgusted. “Actually, no. Slow down. Don’t give me a stomachache!”

“You bet I’m gonna savor this fucker!” Hels takes another bite, this time considerably smaller (thank gods).

“Don’t take *too* long. Cub wants me on duty today—did you just lick your fingers?! Stop that!”

Hels responds by dragging his tongue over his entire palm. Wels holds back the urge to call Impulse right then and there.

After about two minutes, Wels finds out Hels’ definition of “savor” is not very different than how he usually eats, as the sandwich has been completely reduced to crumbs. With a satisfied sigh, Hels leans back in the chair and wipes his hands on the tablecloth.

“Now my last meal is officially no longer the half sleeve of Livepreservers I inhaled while rushing to class,” Hels announces, satisfied. “That was truly worth the whole twelve bucks.”

“Is that all?” Wels asks, hovering next to Hels with his arms crossed.

“Should be!” Hels pushes the chair back and stands up. “According to what you said, I should be passing on to the afterlife any minute now...” his voice trails away. “Huh...”

“What’s wrong?” Wels furrows his eyebrows. Did it not work? But he confirmed with Tango that all it takes for a ghost to pass on is to have no more wishes... so is there something else?

“Uh, I don’t think it worked!” Hels blurts with a frazzled laugh. “You sure Tango is an actual ghost hunter? Yeah, nah. I’m still here. It looks like I gotta stay in this world!”

Hels’ act is anything but convincing; Wels sees through the claim immediately. As Hels twiddles his thumbs, Wels snorts and says, “You just want to stay with me, don’t you?”

“Shut up, old man,” Hels mutters, cheeks flushing red. “Why would I willingly live with you? I bet the afterlife is awesome and heavenly. And your stupid old man bones could turn into dust any second. Speaking of that,” Hels’ ghostly form emerges from Wels’ body. “take your dumb grandpa body back.”

“Sure, whatever you say,” Wels chuckles while slipping back into his physical form. “Just saying, you can leave anytime, you know? I won’t keep you here.”

“Yeah yeah, whatever,” Hels scoffs, though he still can’t hide the embarrassed blush on his ghost form. “The moment you start to get boring, I’m dipping.” Somehow, Wels has a feeling that isn’t true, but he just replies with a laugh. “Anyways, you should get to HQ before Cub plays that awful diss track you’re in out loud to the whole city. Get going, knight!”

“Right, right, I’m on my way,” Wels says. He first makes sure to actually wash his hands first before leaving for the door. “Are you coming along?”



“Why not?” Hels says with a shrug, trailing after Wels. “I’m still waiting for new episodes of *Inside Internship* anyway.”

Walking down the path to HQ, Wels can feel the routine return to his muscle memory, even after over half a year without his body. Getting an assignment call from Cub, leaving his house, and either walking or biking to HC. It’s a routine he’s gotten used to after so long, and he hopes it won’t change—except this time, there’s a ghost tagging along to the job.

As much as Wels is reluctant to admit, Hels has grown on him ever since he’s gotten his original body back. Hels has certainly introduced an aspect of mild chaos into his life, but in a way, Wels supposes it does certainly make things much more interesting.

However long Hels decides to stay, Wels will embrace this new inevitable addition to his routine.

*Well, unless he tries to pull that ramen tea bullshit again.*

## Chapter End Notes

you've heard of mumbo and evil x now get ready for: quackity and helsknight

[doodle of hels and q being buddies](#) by me!

# the well of spirits says fuck you, apparently

## Chapter Summary

i can't believe my secret personal space is no longer secret nor personal. can't have shit in detroit

## Chapter Notes

SORRY THIS TOOK SO LONG TO PUT OUT I GOT CONSUMED BY SCHOOL  
HAHAHAHAHA but the next chapter is the last one!! hopefully that'll come out after im done with ap season :3

Finally, after months of floating around as a ghost, Wels can finally set foot on his special hiking trail once again. As he treks up the grass-lined path, he takes a deep breath of the crisp spring air and allows himself to bathe in the gentle sunlight, listening to the birds sing their morning song.

Though as nice as it is, he's not alone.

"Just how far up is this stupid place?" Hels whines, following closely behind him.

"We've been here for five minutes, H." Wels rolls his eyes. "If you think this is so boring, why'd you follow me?"

"Maybe 'cause you didn't turn on the T.V. before you left? What do you expect me to do, bother Alex all day?"

"That seems fitting to your everyday routine."

"Oh, fuck you."

After five more minutes and more whining from Hels, the two eventually reach a grassy clearing with a single run-down well in the middle. Of course, it's none other than the well that marked the start of his hero's life—when he helped save a witch trapped inside and was granted powers for his assistance. Ever year since that event, he returns to the location as a calming break from the chaos of everything else. Granted, he wasn't able to visit the past year due to a *certain incident*, but now that he's back, he can complete the annual visit once again.

With years of wear and tear from lack of proper maintenance and weather, the previously polished stone bricks are cracked with moss peeking out from the split rocks, and the wood roof has more openings than covering. But it doesn't matter. No matter how long the well stands, he is aware that nothing can truly strike it down, not even the passage of time.

“Really? It’s just a well!” Hels remarks, unimpressed at the rickety structure. “*That’s* what you hiked all the way here for?”

“It’s not *any* well, it’s a magical one,” Wels replies as he leans over the well’s mouth to peer down into the base. Sure enough, the white lotuses are still thriving, glowing against the sun’s reflection, in a sense. Satisfied, he takes a seat at the well’s base next to a patch of blooming weeds and continues, “I got the original Well Sword from here after helping a friend.”

Hels’ eyes widen, instantly replacing his uninterested demeanor with brimming curiosity. “Forreal? Lemme see!”

Wels watches with growing smugness as Hels flies forward and smacks into an invisible barrier around the well like a fly on a screen door, trying attempt after attempt to pass through with no avail.

“Hey, why can’t I get through?!” Hels demands, slamming his fist against the barrier as Wels doubles down laughing. “Is this some kind of a joke? Let me in!”

“You can’t come in, not with that attitude!” Wels snorts, pulling a book and a pair of headsets out of his bag. “The well is blessed to ward off evil spirits. So until you stop being a little stinker, you’re staying outside.”

“Does this fucking thing think I’m *evil*? ” Hels slams the barrier again. “I’m not! Fuck you!”

“I can never thank you enough, Shelby,” Wels chuckles while popping on his headphones and opening his book, procedurally ignoring Hels’ screeching.

Hels’ attempt to breach the barrier continues for another fifteen minutes or so until the ghost gets tired of screaming and slides down to the ground, conking his forehead on the barrier in defeat. “Fucking hell, you didn’t lie... that barrier’s got hands...”

“Are you ready to stop screaming and learn how to come in?” Wels offers with a grin. “It’s much easier than you think!”

“Fine, what is it?”

Closing his book, Wels stands up and walks over to the barrier, then squats down to face Hels with a wide smile. “You just need to calm down. It’s a useful skill!”

“Wh—You’re joking!” Hels exclaims, shooting up instantly. “There’s no way it’s that easy!”

“Try it.”

Although skeptical, Hels moves back from the barrier and sits on (well, above) the grass, crossing his arms. After a minute, his eyebrows unfurrow and his shoulders relax, seemingly having dropped his agitation. Finally, Hels reaches a hand forward and touches the barrier, which to his surprise, allows him to pass through.

“Holy shit,” Hels breathes, crossing through with his entire form. “It actually worked.”

“I told you so.” Wels closes his eyes, leans back against the well, and takes a deep breath. “Come. Close your eyes.”

“Closing my eyes won’t do anything, stupid,” Hels scoffs. “My eyelids don’t work as a ghost.”

“Well, it’s more of a symbolic action than anything else. Here—” Wels allows his spirit to float out his body to join Hels and sits on the edge of the well’s mouth, patting down the spot beside him. “—now we’re even.”

Sure enough, closing his eyes doesn’t actually shut out his vision (Wels is all-too aware of this from his six months as a ghost, where he couldn’t close his eyes to shield himself from Hels’ atrocities as much as he wished), but doing so anyway helps him immerse in the serene environment.

“Symbolism this, symbolism that—fine.” Floating down to sit beside Wels, Hels also closes his eyes with reluctance. The two bask in silence for a moment, allowing the light wind to circle around them before Hels speaks again, amazed, “Oh, wow. This actually *is* kinda nice.”

Wels chuckles. “It is, isn’t it? You know, you’re the first person to step in here besides me in a long time. I wanted this to be my own special place, but you stuck with me, so... Well, here we are!”

“Gotta admit, old man, you weren’t wrong about this place being magical,” Hels snorts. “How’d you even get the sword from here anyway?”

“Like I said, I helped a friend out,” Wels says, recalling the time he found Shelby screaming at the bottom of the well. “She was trapped and needed her broom to fly back up, so she blessed this well and sword as thanks after I gave it back to her.”

“Holy shit, you befriended a witch?” Hels asks, eyes widening with surprise. “I didn’t know your lore was *that* insane!”

“You should consider yourself lucky that she didn’t find out and curse you,” Wels says with a smirk. It’s a lie, of course; Shelby later revealed to him that her magic is hardly proficient and that the well blessing was just a really lucky cast. But Hels doesn’t need to know that.

“What’s she gonna do, make sure I never pass on to the afterlife?” Hels scoffs. “I’m already stuck here anyway.” He pauses for a second, pursing his lips thoughtfully. “Y’know, it’s not so bad. Being here at the well and all. I can see why you like it so much.”

Wels notices that Hels is ever-so-slightly leaning against his shoulder, despite his act of toughness. He’s staring off into the distance, watching the glimmering morning sun shine through the clouds with an uncharacteristically calm face. Although he can’t read Hels’ mind, Wels can almost predict his thoughts for certain—with a life full of chaos in the city, his first time visiting the well was *grounding*. It was like a short respite among his demanding work, a moment he wished he was able to travel back in time to relive again. He supposes Hels is experiencing something similar, if not the same.

And it’s nice for once, to sit together quietly with the ghost who stole his body just a little over a year ago. Hels never reveals much about his previous life at all, but Wels has learned quite a lot about him in their time together regardless. Simple stuff like food preferences (however

unfortunate), sense of humor, even friendships—and to Wels, that can reveal more about somebody than a life story. Heck, he barely knows anything about XVoid’s private life, yet he still knows quite literally everything about him save for his full name or age. With Hels’ case, the kid is kind of a jerk sometimes, sure, but he has added an essence of companionship to Wels’ life that he didn’t even know he needed.

*Like a Zoldo companion, Wels thinks. Except long-term, I guess?*

Wels chuckles at his pondering and nudges Hels gently with his elbow. “Sometimes, moments like these almost make me forgive you for the body snatching thing. *Almost.*”

“And all I had to do was *not* scream at you?” Hels smirks. “You’re getting soft, grandpa.”

“Soft? Really, now?” Wels raises an eyebrow with a smug grin of his own. “I’ll show you soft!”

Now, he might enjoy Hels’ company more than before, but that doesn’t mean he’ll go easy on the kid now that they’re more friendly with each other. Without providing Hels any warning, he shoves the other ghost, causing Hels to tumble backwards into the well. There’s a loud splash and a screech, and then Hels shoots up from the well, spluttering a chain of swears. Hels turns to insult Wels for shoving him, but before he can even open his mouth, the barrier glows and boots him outside once more. Upon realizing that the barrier has detected agitation from Hels again, Wels can’t help but to throw his head back and laugh so hard it projects his spirit right back into his physical body.

*“Why the fuck can I get wet?!”* Hels howls, desperately shaking his soggy clothes to no avail. “I can’t even get changed and my shirt is all squishy now! FUCK YOU!”

“Sorry—” Wels manages to squeeze out amidst all his giggling. “I gotta get payback somehow! Consider this revenge for the ramen tea!”

“You are a fucking menace, you know that?” Hels hisses, glaring, which only sends Wels into a bigger laughing fit. “I’m going to find Alex! He’s the only one who understands me!”

“Come back any time!” Wels teases as Hels storms off down the path, disappearing into the distance while muttering curses and insults. “Just don’t stay mad!”

Now with Hels gone, it’s back to being alone with the well, just like it has always been before. Wels admits, having the kid around was nice, but he still needs some time alone for himself. And thus, as the songbirds chirp around him, Wels snaps his headsets back on and flips open the book, leaning back to read in peace once more.

(And funnily enough, in later days, Wels can clearly tell that Hels *had* listened to him, even amidst all his swearing. Sometimes the ghost will disappear for a few hours or so and return with an air of magic surrounding his spirit, one that is distinctly an aura of the well’s blessing.)

# the fight for our lives

## Chapter Summary

our time together has come down to this. let's see what you can do, ghost boy.

## Chapter Notes

The Two Knights Defense is one of Black's possible responses to the Italian Game, an opening White can play after starting with 1.e4. It's one of the oldest defenses in chess, dating as far as the 1500s.

- chess.com

final chapter, eh? sorry this took so long as you know totk dropped LMFAO but anyway, please enjoy the final installment of knight duo shenanigans!

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

*Oh, I've totally fucked up.*

Wels crashes to the ground with a loud *CLANG!* Upon his fall, his sword clatters against the floor, and before he can reach to grab it again, a shiny shoe kicks the blade aside.

Without the Well Sword to defend himself, Wels opens his mouth to call out for his other spirit weapons, but he's promptly cut short once a cloud of smoke envelops his body, cutting off the air from his lungs. Wels sputters and coughs, raising his head to face his enemy: rabbit mask, glowing red eyes—none other than the Logfather.

As the Logfather steps before him, the smoke billows from his body, filling the room with a murky sheen.

“I have to say, I am quite impressed you and your friends managed to track me down,” the Logfather drawls. “Those who attempt usually don't make it this far.”

As the Logfather narrates, Wels attempts to reach for his sword again, but his arm stays rooted to its spot. Horrified, he tries to kick his leg, but it only achieves the exact same result. Ironically, as the smoke thickens, Wels arrives at a crystal-clear realization: he has lost control over his body again. Except, instead of being kicked out, he's trapped, immobilized in front of his enemy.

“Though I should tell you most of these so-called heroes end up perishing in the same way you will just now,” the Logfather continues. “You barged in, thinking you could shut down the operation on your own, and you fell from your own arrogance. You stoked the flames, so now

you'll have to fight the smoke!" With a swift swing of his leg, the Logfather kicks Wels' chin, sending him flying into the wall and knocking off his helmet.

Unable to move in his defense, Wels can only watch the Logfather saunter towards him, shoes clacking against the floor with every step. Although he can't see much amidst the smoke except for the Logfather's glowing mask, Wels still hears a gun being loaded as the footsteps draw near—and that's when he is well aware there is nothing else he can do.

The worst part of it is that the Logfather is absolutely *right*. Determined to reach the bottom of the Logfellas case, he was the one who charged in carelessly, expecting to win any fight despite only just returning to the field after a long period of recovery. And after assuring the rest of the party that he will be fine on his own, there is no telling when—or even *if* they'll come to help him. Wels knows this may be his end.

Until his sword shifts on the ground before lifting into the air. To his surprise, the wielder on the other end is the ghost he knows all too well.

"Knew you'd find trouble, old man," Hels scoffs. "But I've got this. I just gotta borrow your sword for a second."

*Do it*, Wels thinks in agreement, though his lips can't move to speak. As it turns out, he doesn't need to worry about a verbal confirmation—the second he agrees in his mind, the Well Sword bursts into flames.

Wels' eyes widen. To think that even as a ghost, Hels retains the power to set his sword on fire—similarly, Hels lights up in shock, as if not having expected for this to happen either. However, after the initial surprise, Hels steels his face and swings the sword to the side, purposefully slamming it against the ground to generate a loud crash.

"Who's there?!" the Logfather demands, whipping his attention away from Wels as he points the gun towards the direction of the sound. The instant he spots the floating sword of flames, the Logfather stumbles back in a moment of lost composure. "But—how is that happening?! You—your power shouldn't work!"

"I'm not him, dumb bitch!" Hels shouts back, his ghostly form piercing through the thick blanket of smoke. Well aware that the Logfather likely can't hear his voice, Hels swings the blade in his direction to get the point across with an action instead.

Yelping (quite uncharacteristically, really), the Logfather fires the gun at the sword in panic—to which the bullet simply phases through the blade and ricochets off the wall behind Hels, pelting right into Wels' helmet on the ground. Of course, it doesn't damage *him* in the slightest, but Wels can't help but to be a *little* annoyed. His last set of armor already had a dent after all, and now he has to replace it *again*? Ugh.

The Logfather continues to fire the gun in an attempt to somewhat halt the floating blade closing in on him, but with each wasted bullet, the sword only draws closer. Once he completely runs out of bullets, the Logfather chucks the empty gun in a last-ditch attempt, and as expected, it works just as well as the bullets did.

The gun clatters to the ground, useless. Grinning triumphantly, Hels lifts the sword and jabs it forward, just barely a hair away from the Logfather's throat. Even while shrouded in smoke,

Wels senses the sheer terror radiating off of the Logfather in waves.

“I know your goofy mafia boss-lookin’ ass can’t hear me, but I’m gonna say it anyway,” Hels hisses, leaning in towards the enemy. “*Back off*. Get your nasty smoke out of this room, or else I’ll make your face look like it got attacked by a volcano. *Capiche?*”

Wels hears Hels’ voice perfectly fine, but he notices a sudden change when Hels speaks this time: his words *echo*. The Logfather twitches after Hels’ command echoes into his ears, clearly signaling that the ghost’s words are audible. And the second *fear* strikes the enemy, the smoke instantaneously dissipates, exposing all of the Logfather’s weaknesses once more.

Unable to assert his power any longer, the Logfather promptly ducks past the sword (not without a shrill yelp, of course) and charges towards the exit, slamming the door with a force so strong that it sends vibrations through the floor. Once the enemy is out of sight, Hels drops the sword and bolts over to Wels, kneeling beside him in concern.

“Hey man, are you okay?” Hels asks as Wels lets out a cough, slowly pushing himself back up. “He can’t hurt us anymore. We’re good now.”

“I’m fine now—” Wels manages to utter past his sputtering voice as he groggily fits the helmet back on his head. Oh, it feels *so* good to move his arms again.

“Yeah?” An awkward, crooked smile crawls onto Hels’ face. “Great. Do you need me to call for help?”

“I can tell the others myself,” Wels says, sitting up and rolling his shoulders. Now with the smoke out of his lungs, a new sensation of pride for his ghostly friend fills the space it left. “Heh, I wouldn’t say I’m ‘good,’ though. That would go to your crazy stunt back there.” Wels turns to meet Hels’ gaze with a warm smile when he unexpectedly notices Hels’ eyes glowing a soft red. “Wait, actually. Were your eyes always red? I thought those were contacts!”

“Were my eyes *what?!*”

Wels opens his mouth to elaborate, until a sudden loud scream from outside interrupts him. Not even a second later, the door crashes down, and False charges into the room (looking quite agitated, actually), followed shortly by XVoid.

“My goodness, *there* you are!” False huffs, scrambling to Wels’ side and helping him up.

“Hold on, how’d you find me?” Wels stumbles forward a couple steps, nearly taking False down with him before finally stabilizing. “Those halls were practically a maze!”

“Well, knowing your life-endangering ego, I sent Lady Talon to follow you in case of any trouble,” False says. As if on cue, False’s spirit eagle lands on Wels’ shoulder, pecking at the bullet hole in his helmet dotingly. “And it seems like I was right, because *WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?!*”

“Now now, False, let’s not be too harsh on Wels,” XVoid cuts in with a laugh. “He *did* lead us to the Logfather, after all.” XVoid motions out the door, where he had trapped the Logfather in a constant falling portal loop, leaving the mob boss screaming with the endless fall.



“I mean, he’s right!” Wels chuckles sheepishly. “I’m not dead! Er, though I probably have Hels to thank for that…”

Both False and XVoid’s attentions turn to the ghost in the middle of the room.

“Hels helped you?” False asks, raising an eyebrow. “I find that quite hard to believe.”

“No, I actually saved his ass!” Hels protests, pointing to the sword. “The rabbit guy was like, monologuing and shit, so I picked up his sword and it just set on fire! Then, rabbit mask shit his pants so hard he ran out of the room. Hey—stop looking at me like that! I’m serious!”

“He is,” Wels confirms with a nod. “Show them the sword, Hels.”

“Okay, watch,” Hels says, scuttling over to pick up the sword. As he lifts the blade, it sets on fire, exactly as he described. “See? Dunno how it’s happening, but I can pick it up! And use my power on it!”

“Huh, how curious!” XVoid remarks. “Is that why your eyes are glowing red?”

“Yeah, exactly! That’s why my—WAIT.” Hels lets the sword clatter to the ground again, zooming over to Wels. “You also said my eyes were red! Lemme use the meat suit, pleaaaaase? I wanna see it for myself!”

“Don’t get hasty now, buddy,” Wels scoffs. “It took six months plus Void and EX’s intervention to kick you out last time you used my body, remember?”

“Come on, man, just for one second?” Hels pleads, dropping onto his ghostly knees midair. “Just so I can see if it translates over to my physical form? *Pleaaaaase?*”

“Stop whining,” Wels says. “Fine, but if you try anything funny, both False and Void will kick your butt. Is that clear?”

“As clear as a diamond!” Hels exclaims, holding up his uncrossed fingers. “Alright, gimme!”

Chuckling, Wels phases his spirit out of his body, allowing his physical form to drop into False’s arms. Hels kicks his legs excitedly for a second before diving into Wels’ body, instantly opening his eyes and hopping up.

“Someone, get me a mirror!” Hels holds out a hand, wiggling the fingers around. “I gotta see this!”

XVoid reaches into a mini portal and pulls out his phone, handing it to Hels. “Does this work?”

“Eh, good enough!” Hels scrambles to pull off the gauntlet on his right hand, promptly opening the camera app. After flipping it to selfie mode, he squeals in pure glee at his face on the screen, in its full red-eyed glory. “No fucking way! It’s actually real!”

“Enjoy it all now, before I kick you back out!” Wels laughs. “At least you can now brag that your emo dreams have come true!”

“Sure, sure, old man,” Hels says with a smirk. “Slander me all you want, but I’m not the one Beef is gonna kill for getting his armor all dented up *again*.”

“He has a point,” False agrees. “Beef had to fix your armor at least five times since you got back on duty.”

“Hey, it’s not *all* that bad!” Hels points to his chest and the helmet dent simultaneously. “We match bullet holes now!”

“Gods, that’s gross,” Wels snorts. “Alright, selfie time is over. Give Void his phone back and get out of the meat suit.”

And so, the mission comes to an end—False provides everyone with proper gas masks and drags the Logfather outside to meet with the rest of the party, all whilst Hels zips around in the air giddily, blowing raspberries at the Logfather from above. Ren even manages to scribble an ugly mustache on the Logfather’s mask as revenge before the group carts the mob boss off to prison.

It’s satisfying, knowing that such a frustrating case has finally wrapped up. Though elated at their victory over the Logfather, Wels can still say for sure that it’s only the second-best development of this mission—after all, he would have to be crazy not to admit that Hels using his powers in his ghost form wasn’t *amazing*.

As he watches Hels show off his fire sword to the rest of HC, Wels sits back and reminisces just how much has changed since their first encounter. In the beginning, Hels was nothing more than a nuisance who stole his life for no other reason besides his personal entertainment. However, even though Hels’ core personality hasn’t changed much, Wels finds himself enjoying the ghost’s presence in his life—professional and personal. (Though really, he’d never admit that out loud. That would inflate Hels’ ego to insufferable levels.)

Nevertheless, he hopes Hels won’t be leaving anytime soon. If they’re lucky enough, it won’t be their last time working together—Wels can only imagine all their future partnered endeavors, whether it be scaring the living daylights out of villains or simply playing a new video game and letting Hels backseat his progress.

Ultimately, Wels isn’t afraid to admit to himself that Hels has inevitably become an important figure in his life, and now, he won’t let any outside forces change that.

## Chapter End Notes

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR READING! i have to admit, i am liking this work a lot more than i did when it first started :] and don't worry! this isn't the end for vdhau wels and hels! i have one silly oneshot in mind for them in the future and they will definitely appear again in the tgms sequel

speaking of the tgms sequel IM SOWWWYYYY its taking so long but im working on it TRUST 🙏🙏🙏 ive got one more school year to get that bad boy finished before its off to collegetown so dont worry about octavian! their story will be told :D



## End Notes

obligatory end note moment! huge thank you to my beta readers xylembu and sky for helping me with this work!

again, my instagram and tumblr are both kiwinatorwaffles, so you can talk to me there or see any posts ive made about this au! especially on tumblr since ive got things sorted out into neat little tags ^^

if you're curious, i have refs for wels and hels!  
[a post by xy and sky](#) detailing on wels's design, plus [my own](#) for hels's look.

you can find the art ive made for this au [here](#) and some awesome [fanart](#) others have made! for my fellow lovely tumblr users, make sure to filter out #vdhau spoilers if you dont want to see stuff i havent published yet :D unless you're reading this and i've finished the fic. then feel free to go on

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