Guess Who, Idiot

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by WirelessW

Summary

Upon finding the reality of Susie's home life, Toriel decides that she cannot let it stand.

Kris, who has long been missing their brother, might gain a sister instead.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Kris was lounging on the couch like an idle teenage blob, as was their wont, when their mother opened the front door and stepped into the house. She had gone out perhaps an hour ago to discuss some kind of school matter with another kid's parents; beyond that she hadn't said and they hadn't been interested enough to ask. If the other kids thought school was boring at school, they had no idea that it was 10 times worse at home. Thus, they were surprised when Susie followed after their mom, looking like she had been struck by lightning. She was carrying a duffel bag and a trash bag, each of which looked about half full.

They might have made some crack about her bringing home strays, but the atmosphere was heavy enough that they were pretty sure anything along those lines would just lead to trouble. Instead, with a deliberately casual air they asked, "What gives?"

"As Susie's previous foster carers have proven *inadequate* to their responsibilities, I thought she could perhaps stay with us, instead." At the word inadequate, a frown had crossed Toriel's face. It wasn't just annoyance or exasperation, such as she might direct at Kris for skimping on a chore or pulling a prank, but the most genuine look of anger they could recall ever seeing on their mother's face. They sent a brief prayer of thanks that it had not been directed at them.

"Uh, hey dude." She gave them a little wave, and they could see in real time the moment she realised that had been kind of silly.

"Hey", they replied, "Mom, this seems like *really* sudden."

"It is, I will admit. I had suspected that there may be some issues with the arrangement as it stood, but I was unaware of the specifics. I went to visit today intending to get to the truth of the matter, and perhaps to offer advice or guidance, or access to resources, things of this nature. What I found was a great deal more severe than what I had expected, so I decided to… take matters into my own hands, shall we say."

"It was so cool", said Susie with a grin, "She started out tryin' to be polite and all but by the end of it she really put the fear of God into those creeps!"

Kris quirked an eyebrow at the unusual idiom, but took her meaning. It sure sounded like their mom when she really built up a head of steam. They turned to her and asked, "Where's she going to sleep?"

"Well, we do have a spare bed in the house."

Kris recoiled, "It's not spare! It's Azzy's!"

"Of course, but while he's away it's just not being used."

"If it's gonna be a thing I could just sleep on the couch?" offered Susie.

"I would prefer not", countered Toriel, "Just one night for a sleepover was one thing, but I would prefer you to sleep in an actual bed longer term."

Try as they might, Kris couldn't come up with a good reason why Susie shouldn't use Asriel's bed. Anything they could say would have just boiled down to *but I don't want her to*, which seemed a little childish – not to mention being unfair to Susie, who hadn't asked to be wrapped up in all this. After a long moment, they shrugged their assent. Their mom, being used to their way of doing things, nodded and smiled at them gratefully. It was nice, being able to have a conversation without any of that silly timewasting with 'actually talking'.

"Now, speaking of that sleepover, I believe I showed you where some things are, but we were mostly occupied with the baking. Would you like the tour?"

Susie nodded, and Kris followed after as their mother took her around the house and pointed out where things were. It was a little odd, following a tour full of things they already knew, but it beat sitting around and waiting for them to be done. She was shown around the place, with things like fuse boxes and emergency candles being pointed out, until they all made their way back to the kitchen.

"And under the counter here, we have the medicine box." It was a green plastic first aid case, which Kris guessed had probably once served the same purpose at the school. She popped it open to reveal its contents, which were many and varied. "My apologies, Kris, this is probably going to be a little awkward. Susie, do you see that for many of the things in this box, we have two of them?"

"Yeah, how come?"

She held up two boxes of antihistamines. One box bore a picture of a smiling fish monster, and the other a smiling human. Despite the medications being made by different companies that presumably had nothing to do with each other, each of them was dressed in neutral colours and standing in a sunny field. "The ones marked with a letter K are dosed for humans, so you should avoid those. Humans, being physically more concrete than monsters in many ways, have different medical and dietary requirements. A monster couldn't handle their medicine without some very severe adverse effects."

"Well I actually can, kinda."

"Susie, I appreciate that you want to look tough in front of Kris. I am sure they are very impressed. But I have been a teacher for years, and believe me you are not the first student I have heard confidently assert that they can handle a human-dose headache pill before spending the rest of the afternoon hurling up their guts."

She shook her head and insisted, "No, I mean I actually can medically. I'm, uh, I'm half human."

"Oh!" Toriel looked at her with a new intensity and said, "I did not know that could happen."

"Y-yeah."

"Oh, goodness, I am so sorry. Susie, thank you for letting me know. It was wrong of me to put you on the spot like that, or to make you feel in any way like you had to be an example of people like you."

Susie scuffed a foot and said, “It’s, y’know, it’s fine. It’s what everyone does.”

“Perhaps, but I still should have kept my big trap shut until later when I could go and look things up in private, instead of reacting right here. So I am still sorry.”

Susie looked at the floor, seemingly lost for what to do in this situation. “Yeah. Uh, yeah, OK, it’s fine. Don’t even worry about it.”

“To go back to what you were saying, you can handle human-dose medication?”

“Yeah, uh, the doctor said I can have it, it’s just that if I keep having it like, every day for a week or whatever then I’m gonna run into problems.”

“I see. I will have to make a note of that. For now, though, how about you go and put your things down? I will just discuss a few extra things with Kris, nothing very exciting I am sure.”

“Arright. Good luck, dude.” She clapped them on the shoulder before heading up the stairs.

“Kris,” she said in a gentle voice, “I am sure that part about the biology was difficult for you?”

They nodded minutely.

“I will not deny that part of it came from reflecting on things I wish I could have done differently with you. Years of things I said, or did, that looking back… I am sorry, also, for any time I made things harder for you.”

They shook their head far more forcefully and held their arms out for a hug. When she obliged them, they murmured into her fur, *“love you, mom”*

“I love you too, my child. And, you are truly alright with us fostering Susie, for as long as it may take for her to find a more long-term home?”

They were pretty sure Susie was stuck with them for good, and they suspected the idea had also occurred to their mom. But then, presumably neither of them wanted to be the first to say it and jinx the whole thing, so instead they nodded and said “Yeah, Susie rules.”

Having had enough of emotions for the time being, they decided to see how Susie was settling in. She was reclining on Asriel’s bed, which Kris supposed must now be her bed. She had cleared space on the shelves by shoving some of his trophies to one side, and they could see her boots poking out from under the bed where she had left them. Kris, who had preserved their brother’s half of the room like a museum, found that they really didn’t mind. It was nice, sharing a room with someone they loved again.

End Notes

Thank you for reading Guess Who, Idiot.

Susie Rules.

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