Delivery Delays

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Delivery Delays

by AnonymousWriter2022

Summary

Stein siblings Hank, Frankie, and Elsa finally receive their parents' boxes at Hotel Transylvania after some shipping problems

Notes

Holiday gift fic based on an idea given to me by AO3 user Origamigem. Also based on the deviantArt piece titled 'Package Mishaps' (link here https://www.deviantart.com/xjkenny/art/Package-Mishaps-332004184). Also, if anyone sounds OOC, it's because I've very minimally seen HT the Series, Monster High, or Scooby-Doo and the Ghoul School. Regardless, enjoy

“Guys, it came!”

An excitable voice interrupted the conversation of the Stein sisters - Frankie and Elsa – who had been caught up in the middle of idle chatter within Hotel Transylvania’s bustling lobby, preparing itself for Creepmas (the Christmas holiday as celebrated by monsters!). The voice itself had belonged none other than to their brother, Hank N Stein, who rushed up to them in haste, waving a big blue hand above his head. But just as suddenly as he came along sprinting, however, he stumbled over his large feet, crashing to the ground with a yelp and scattering his body parts all over the floor. Frankie backed up witha a yelp of her own and Elsa ducked just in time to avoid one of her brother’s flying hands zooming overhead. The Stein sister placed her hands on her hips as she looked down at Hank’s head, which had rolled right in front of them.

“Hank!” Elsa cried. “Mom and Dad told us never to run for a reason!”

Next to her, Frankie shook her head. “Yeah, you almost ruined my outfit!” She quickly dusted off the said attire, turning this way and that to make sure that it still looked as pristine and fashionable as ever. It was a plaid dress, the bottom of the skirt hugging her legs where fishnet lace flared out. The lace continued up at her shoulders, where the top of her blouse was collared with a polka-dotted tie hanging down from the neck. A diamond encrusted belt hung at her hips alongside some chains that matched in color to the bolts at the side of her neck. And finally, high-heeled platform shoes adorned her feet, streaked black and white in color as was the Stein girl’s long, glossy hair that hung down from her head and around her shoulders like a curtain.

Elsa rolled her eyes. Unlike her sister, she could care less about what was the latest trend or what she had on. Clothes were clothes, which is why she always vouched to wear the plain olive-green dress and chunky brown sandals that she currently had on. It was simple, no frills, no ribbons or sparkles of any kind that glimmered and shone. In fact, possibly one of the few resemblances she had to her sister was the bolts on the side of her neck as well, along with the streaks of black and white in her hair too. But it was just the way she liked it. Choosing to not make a comment this time, she instead helped in getting their brother back together, assembling the parts like pieces of a puzzle, only it was arms and legs rather than little wooden pieces. With some reluctance, Frankie bent down as well, cautious not to let her outfit touch the floor in any way.

“Ah, thanks guys!” Hank said, once his head was placed back on. Only, it was put on backwards. He quickly righted himself with an awkward chuckle, spinning it back around so that it faced his sisters.

“So, what’s going on?” Frankie asked. “Why’d you come running in here like some fire – “

“ *SHHHH!”* Hank quickly hushed her with a shudder. He hated even the mere mention of fire. The licking orange flames, the heat, the scent of smoke… It sent another shudder through his body.

Elsa rolled her eyes. “There’s no need to get scared, Hank. No fire going on right now.” She scrunched her nose. “Honestly, I think you and dad get over dramatic about it sometimes.”

Hank let out a breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding. “Right, right, you’re right, of course, sorry…” Then he perked up. “Buuut, speaking of Dad, I’ve got some good news: the packages finally arrived!”

Frankie’s blue and green eyes widened. “Really? It’s about time!”

“Why were they late again?” Elsa asked.

“Delivery delays, apparently,” Hank said. “I heard that the snowstorm over in Budapest was pretty bad, so they had to hold off on the shipments until today.”

“Oh…” Elsa nodded in understanding.

Frankie on the other hand wasn’t quite getting it. “Wait, what’s a ‘delivery’?”

“It’s when people send things by the mail,” Hank explained kindly.

“Ahh, right,” the Stein girl said, remembering when her friends - Draculaura and Clawdeen - had explained it to her a little over a week ago after some packages from Fed-Ex and UPS had shipped in at their school. She looked toward the rotating lobby doors, where zombie bellhops were sluggishly making their way inside carting two heavy-looking cardboard boxes upon their backs. They groaned as they hauled the heavy load inside (though this was a normal occurrence anyhow as they were zombies), stumbling when the swarm of Wayne and Wanda’s wolf pups swept by and sniffed at the boxes, pawing eagerly to try and guess what could possibly be inside. Porridge Head and Augustus groaned even more loudly than before as they were unwillingly carried away in the hectic group of pups, leaving the Stein siblings to unload their parents for themselves.

But upon approaching the boxes, the three were met with confusion, as the labels had been torn clean off by the cantankerous canines.

“Oh, great,” Frankie muttered. “Now how are we supposed to tell which one is whic - “

“ *Frankie?* ” a shrill voice on the verge of annoyance called out in a tone muffled by the box’s packing peanuts before the girl could finish her sentence. “ *Frankie, is that you?”*

“Hey, I think that’s mom!” Elsa said, pointing at the box that had spoken.

“ *Frankie!”* Eunice Stein’s voice called out again. “ *Did you tighten your bolts properly? Did you bring a spare battery? You aren’t wearing that shanky outfit again, are you?”*

Frankie’s eyes widened and she bit her lip. Elsa grinned at her sister mischievously. “Actually, Mom, she - “

“ - can make decisions on what to wear for myself!” Frankie finished. “I am fifteen, after all.”

Big mistake. Eunice scoffed, her voice from within the box increasing tenfold. “ *Fifteen DAYS old! If anything, Elsa should be the one able to start making some of her own decisions, she’s fourteen! And I mean YEARS not DAYS. We’ve talked about this, Frankie, you can’t go around acting like you know it all when you’re only two weeks old!”*

“She’s right, you know!” Elsa chimed in.

Frankie shook her head. “But I don’t! Also, it’s two weeks and a day,” she added.

“ *I know THAT, young lady!”* Eunice yelled back in reply. “ *Your father and I were the ones you brought you girls to life in the first place! Now when are you gonna quit yammering and get me out of this box? It’s stuffy in here, and the packing peanuts are starting to go in places they shouldn’t be!”*

Frankie sighed and looked at her sister. “You wanna do the honors, Elsa?”

The Frankenteen shrugged and bent down to start removing the tape.

Having heard the whole thing, Hank stood to the side with the other box, leaning against the top and clicking his tongue. Suddenly, the box started to speak too, the voice inside sounding exasperated.

“Kids… why don’t you just do me the favor and let *me* out first?” It was their father, Frankenstein (or Frank as he was better known, to not confuse those that met him with the doctor that created him).

“Please,” he added.

Hank patted the top of the box. “Sure thing, Dad.” With that he got to work, calling Frankie over to help him. They got him out in a timely manner and assembled the monolith in less than five minutes, the Stein happy to be out in the open air again.

“Ahh… thanks guys, that feels *much* better!” he said, stretching a stitched limb and popping some joints. When he went to go crack his back, though, he accidentally pressed his palms a little too hard upon the area and ended up making his whole torso fall off. “Oops.”

Frankie helped him however, and only after he was back up and standing did he notice that his other daughter was still having trouble getting the tape to come off as easily as their father’s box.

“Come on, Elsa, how long does it take for crying out loud?!” Eunice complained from within.

“I’m trying!” Elsa whined . She only continued to struggle, until her father approached her, bending down to seemingly help. But, instead of reaching out for the tape and hauling it off, he grabbed his daughter by the shoulders and guided her away. “Dad?” she asked, confused.

“Heh heh… why don’t we let your mother cool off for a few more minutes before we unpack her, eh? Wanted to say hi to the guys before she takes me off to that reservation in Hunchback’s,” Frank explained.

Frankie nodded. “Sounds like a plan!”

Elsa looked back at the box, then back up at her father, shrugging. “Okay.”

Hank looked uncertain at first, but relented, reasoning that perhaps it really wouldn’t be so bad to spend another few minutes not having their mother screaming out at them. “Sure!” he said.

The three walked off, leaving the baffled Stein woman inside the box, confused as to what just happened.

“Did you all just leave me here? Why did you go off and do THAT for? You’ll all be in for it when I come outta here, ya hear? Krampus will be bringing you coal in your stockings, not presents!!”

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