Too Little, Too Late

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by 00ItsFilthy00

Notes

This is my first post on this website because AO3 is down (and one of my friend's uses this app, so I made an account)

If you want more from me, check out my AO3 (once it gets back up) I will post this there, too :)

Chapter 1

Ever since Vox's failed attempt at taking over heaven, his afterlife started going downhill.

While his new body was being made since his head got ripped off his original body, that meant he had to sit in silence with his own thoughts. Usually that isn't a problem, but Vox was suffering.

Especially with practically all of pride ring now turning against him and hating him, it started to affect Vox's mental health greatly. Vox was already struggling with being suicidal, but being hated and harassed online on top of that? It really fucked him up.

Thankfully he could get his new body back, wait a few weeks for the hate to die down, rebuild trust with his friends, and become the most popular overlord again, right?

Wrong.

When he got his new body back, the other Vees had forced him into the Hazbin Hotel (Charlie took him in with a sickeningly happy face despite all he has done to the hotel's reputation.) not to mention they renamed the company to Veetek- which, in Vox's opinion, ruined all the flair their perfectly fine and original name had.

Now obviously with him being in the Hazbin Hotel, he had to face his biggest fear right now-

Share a space with Alastor.

The Radio Demon, the one who started this whole mess in the first place.

If it wasn't for Alastor, Vox would've never been this gluttonous, Vox would've never tried to kill half of Pride Ring + himself just to prove himself to Alastor.

If it wasn't for Alastor rejecting him, he would've never become this way.

Vox was sitting on the edge of the bed in the hotel room he was occuping. Usually, Vox wore his signature bright navy blue suit, but at the hotel? He didn't care about how people perceved him anymore. I mean, he was already hated by everyone, so there was no real reason to keep wearing it.

Instead of the suit, he was wearing some navy pajama pants that fell over his plain black sneakers, a worn-out shark t-shirt that exposed his heavily scarred arms, most of them looking deep and painful, and an old bracelet that was gifted by Velvette during happier times when Vox still had his CRT head.

As Vox sat on his bed, his fingers dug into the bedsheets slightly.

His mind was a whirlwind of intrusive thoughts and memories, his mind playing the same exact words on loop in his wired brain.

"Friends? There are no friends in hell, Vincent! I thought that was something you understood! How embarrassing…"

The thought stung, tears pricking in the corners of his digital eyes.

Before Vox could get stuck in this deep dark sea of pain, a knock was heard at his door. He quickly took a hold of himself, wiping the tears that pricked at his eyes before clearing his throat.

"Come in!" He called out, his screen brightening as he collected himself.

The door creaked open to reveal Charlie, her face in a wide, disgustingly bright smile that made Vox want to regurgitate.

"Vox! I wanted to check on you since it's been a little bit since you left your hotel room, are you okay?" Charlie asked, her eyebrows furrowing a bit in slight worry.

"Hm? Me? I'm fine, I'm just getting used to this… different scenery." Vox lied smoothly, his mouth twisted into that shit-eatting grin he put on for the people.

Charlie seemed a bit sceptical, especially since Vox seemed a bit disheveled. "Are you sure? You know you can come down to the lobby and hang out with us! The others can get to know you a bit better, or well… get used to you!"

Charlie paused, "We are also about to start trust excercises in… less than a minute, so you kiiiiinda have to come downstairs anyway!"

Vox's grin faltered a bit before it returned, looking a bit more strained than before. "Ah, of course. I'll see you in the lobby in a second." As Charlie closed the door and walked away back to the lobby, her footsteps becoming quieter, Vox sighed, dropping the mask entirely.

He sat there, staring at nothing in particular for a second before he forced himself upright, putting back that mask of the Vox everyone knew… well, sort of.

Since Vox would most likely be here for a while, he hasn't been acting the exact same as he used to, you could even say he seems less… attention seeking.

As Vox stepped out his room, his antennae twitched as he felt the slightly cooler air hit his scarred arms. As he made his way downstairs to the lobby, the sight was a bit strange considering this is Vox's first full day here, but it wasn't the worst sight ever.

His eyes scanned the room. Everyone seemed to be at the lobby's lounge, waiting for the trust excercises to start. Nothing in particular caught Vox's eyes until he scanned the room a second time.

There he was.

Alastor was there, in the shadows, lurking. Of course he was here! This was Vox's first time doing these stupid trust excercises, he probably just wanted to see Vox be "soft" for the first time in 7 decades.

Vox just ignored him and sat down in an armchair, trying not to accidentally make eye contact with the Radio Demon.

"Okay everybody! Today for trust excercises, we are going to talk about our struggles!!" Charlie exclaimed, throwing her hands up in the air with way too much joy for an afternoon in the pride ring.

"How this is going to go is that everyone will have a turn to open up about something they struggle with, wether it be mental health, physical health, and more!" She looked around at the group. "So… who wants to go first? And remember, everyone has to have a turn and there is absolutely no judging!"

Vox felt his stomach drop, out of all the trust excercises they could've done, it had to be one where he had to be vulnerable with everyone's eyes on him?

"No one wants to go first?" Charlie frowned slightly before smiling again. "Lets see… Vox! Since you are our newest resident, would you like to go first?"

"Me? I'd rather not, princess—"

"Come on! Everyone has to have a turn, I promise we will not judge you!"

Vox simply chuckled, though his grin faltered slightly. "Well, I don't currently struggle with anything, so I think it would be best if—"

"Then what are those scars, old pal?"

Vox's antennae sprang up when Alastor's voice cut through the air, something that his body unconciously did when he was afraid or nervous.

"What are you talking about? These are scars from battles, you probably were the cause of them and forgot about it." Vox grumbled, Alastor meerly raised an eyebrow.

"Those don't look like battle scars, Vox." Vaggi cuts in, their eyes narrowing. "I assure you all, these are from fighting other overlords. I mean, how else would these appear?" Vox snickered. "I am not suffering, c'mon, when have I ever lied to you guys?"

No one seemed to find his joke funny.

"Tough croud, huh? Whatever. This 'trust excercise' bullshit is a complete joke." Vox stood up, his grins and laugher quickly turning into a grumble as he walked away and upstairs to head back to his hotel room.

When Vox went in his room, he shut the door and locked it, pressing his back to the door and sliding down it until he was sat on the carpetted floor.

"Fuck…" He mumbled.

He should've known.

He should've turned around.

He should've left the hotel and never come back.

Of course Alastor had to ruin it, it was always his fault.

Vox felt a wave of emotion crash over him, the silence of his room and the volume of his thoughts getting to him.

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