Did It Hurt When You Fell From Heaven?

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Did It Hurt When You Fell From Heaven?

by EepyWithNoTimeToSleep

Summary

Now she knows it wasn’t the most logical thing, but hey, it felt right.

That was until they decided they wanted two rewards now instead of one.

But at least now Grian wouldn’t be alone.

right?

The last thing both Pearl and Grain saw was each other, then darkness.

Notes

Hi there!! I’m Eepy and I’m also on AO3 but due to wats happening I decided to post some on this platform.

Now due to this not being a super popular platform it doesn’t have all the characters already in the database(?) so apologies if I forgot people or something like that!!

Now I would like to clarify that this is MY fic that I wrote myself, I didn’t jst take someone else’s. I wrote (and still am writing), planned, and executed this MYSELF.

Anyways now that that parts over I hope you enjoy this fic that’s still a wip!!

Chapter 1: Sticks and Stones May Break my Bones

Grian ⁒Ꮮ· Ↄ⚍ᔑ

A sneak, a trickster, and a prankster. That’s what the Watchers knew him as.

When anyone, or any Watcher, heard his name, they all thought of the times he had tricked and pranked them all.

The humans, or his friends, brushed it off with a laugh and a jab or two, swearing they would get him back.

But, as for the Watchers? They despised his games.

‘₸Ꮮ· ᖘᔑ:꞉ᒷᓵ ᒣᒧ ·ᒧᔑ Ꮮ· ᔑ ᓵ!’ They would say, ‘₸Ꮮ· ᖘᔑ:꞉ᒷᓵ ᒣᒧ ᒣ:꞉‖ ᔑ ᖘ ¡ ᔑ‖ ∴¦ᒣ.₸ ⚍ᓵ ᔑᓵ ¦ ₸Ꮮ· ¦ᓵ ’ . . Ꮮ· ᒣᒧ‖?’

‘He dares to make a fool of us!’ ‘He dares to try and play with us as if he isn’t the toy?’

One day the Watcher had enough. If a mere mortal thought he could belittle and mess with the (supposedly) strongest entities in the world, then he shall face their raft.

The Watchers opened a portal to the well-known sever of EVO Ꮮ·⊥ᒍ.

If the human wanted to play, he could play.

He would just have to play their game first.

A dark purple portal opened from the sky; it was surrounded by black and had bits of white and light purple in it. If not for what it brought, it could have been pretty, like the night sky or pictures of space, but this portal brought darkness and evil.

From the portal came void like monsters that looked almost like a starry night scenery, but everyone knew what the dark brought.

Where their face should be was just a two crossed halo like things covered in eyes, kind of like a creepy wanna-be biblically accurate angel. They wore dark purple robes that were outlined in gold.

Following the previous statement of wanna-be angels, from their back came two pairs of wings including two on their head as well. All of them are pure white with a slightly purple tint.

But despite their beauty (you wouldn't catch Grian dead saying that aloud), everyone knew who they were and what they brought.

Watchers, known for watching smp's and then destroying them once they became too boring and for playing with smp members sometimes diving them insane.

Thought the Watcher were also known for always bothering one certain smp the most.

And of course, it just had to be the one Grian and his friends were on, Evo.

They flew down from their portal, some holding weapons, others not.

They were looking for another game, but this time it was different.

Grian knew they were coming; he just knew it.

Both Grian and his friends stood tall as they looked at the pathetic excuse for gods. They weren't just going to let them win without a fight.

---------- (time skip bc I don’t trust my ability to write a fight) ----------

Grian looked at the mixture of gold and red everywhere. He and his friend knew this might happen; they had known they couldn’t win even if they really wanted to.

But that doesn’t stop the hurt...

Grian then looked at the monsters that created this; that started this.

He was angry.

At the Watchers, for doing this. For coming to his home. Our Home and thinking they could just walk all over him and his friends.

But he was also angry at himself. He had let this happen. If he had been better at coding, then they never would have gotten in. If Grian hadn’t annoyed and toyed with them so much then they would’ve never had the need to do this!

Grian should be the one punished. Not them. Not his friends.

But then again. This was the punishment.

Wasn’t it...?

One of the Watchers grabbed Grian by his wrist and lifted him off the ground like he weighed nothing, which I suppose he did to them.

“ᒧᒍ⚍ ᖘᔑ::Ꮮ· ᒣ:: ᒣ.ᒍ ᒡ ᓴ⚍ . ᓴ ᔑ ᖘ . Ꮮ· ᔑ·:·ᔑᒧ?” The deity huffed and then continued, “·:·Ꮮ· ᓴᖍᒍ⚍ ᖘ' Ꮮ· ⋮ ⚍ᓴᒣ. ᒡ Ꮮ·ᖘ ᒧᒍ⚍ ᒣ.ᖍᒪ· ·ᒍᒍ·ᒧᒪ· .ᒧ . ᒡᒪ·ᖘ, ᔑ ᖘ Ꮮ·ᓴᒣ.ᒡ ᓴᖍᒍ⚍ ᖘ...”

“You dare try to insult us and then run away?” “We should’ve just killed you the moment you tried, and we still should…”

Grian was a bit confused. What did they mean by “...should…”. Why aren’t they killing him?

The godly being walked over to the other Watcher, Grian’s wrist still in its hold. One of the monsters looks like he’s upset he can’t kill him. (If these things can even look upset).

The one holding him sighs like they’re also upset about this arrangement. “ᔕ⚍ᒣ. . Ꮮ· Ꮮ·ᓴᓴ ᒧᒍ⚍:: ᓴᒣ.ᒡ ᔑ ᔑᔕ Ꮮ· ᒣ.ᒍ ⚍ᓴ...”

“But non the less your still valuable to us…”

Wait… what...?

Grian… valuable? Grian didn’t think that was right. Why would he be valuable? And to the Watchers at that. Grian has toyed, belittled, and insulted them (their words not his), and somehow, he was valuable?

There was more talking between the deities that Grian wasn’t entirely focused on; he got bits like, for example, the one holding him was Z... Zor…...

..

Z. Yep, his name was Z!

Ok fine, he wasn’t really paying attention, but it doesn’t matter he was trying to get away!

His friends needed help! They were all spread out, some propped up and others just laying around.

He noted that Pearl and a few others were okay and helping some other people. That’s good...

“ᓴᒍ ∴ᖶᔑᒣ.ᔑ::Ꮮ· ⊣ᒍ¦ ⊣ . ᖘ ¦ . ¦·ᒧ ᔑ⊣ᔑ¦ ?” One of the other sad excuses of a god askes, and Grian is wondering the same thing.

“So what are we doing with him again?”

“∴Ꮮ·’::Ꮮ· Ꮮ·Ꮮ·!¡¦ ⊣ ¦·ᒧ ᒍ ᓴᒍ⚍::ᓴᒪ·.” The Watcher, Z, says. It then grins slightly and tightens its hold on Grian’s wrist, making him grimace slightly.

“we’re keeping him of course.”

“ . ¦ ¦ .ᔑᓴ ᔑ ::Ꮮ·∴ᔑ::ᖘ :: ᔑ ᔑ::ᖘ ∴ᒍ:: .”

“Think of it as a reward for all our hard work”

Grian’s eyes widened slightly and he started doubling his effort of escape, Pearl must have also heard it because she looked up with widened eyes.

Pearls’ head snaped up, ‘They were going to what?!’

Seeing a not so well-known fact was that Pearl considered Grian as a brother and vice versa. So, they also treated each other like siblings (of course Jimmy sometimes too). And due to that they were very protective of each other.

So Pearl wasn’t just going to sit here and do nothing while they were taking her brother away!

Before They attacked Grian had told Pearl he would be alright and that she shouldn’t get involved in whatever they were going to do to him, but she can’t just let them take him, right?

Right!

Due to that conclusion Pearl did what was reasonable.

And stormed up to them and shouted at them.

Now she knows it wasn’t the most logical thing, but hey, it felt right.

That was until they decided they wanted two rewards now instead of one.

But at least now Grian wouldn’t be alone.

right?

The last thing both Pearl and Grain saw was each other, then darkness.

Chapter 2: A Wolf in Sheep’s Clothing

Chapter Summary

> Grian opened his eyes to find he was in a normal ass looking room.
> It kind of felt like the Watchers were trying to trick his mind or something by putting him in such a normal looking room.
>
> The only thing that threw that all away was the fact that the door, that he supposes is the way out, is locked.
> So that deducts points. (they were already in the far negatives)

Pearl groaned; her head hurt like hell.

She supposed the best thing to do was probably look around to get to know her surroundings.

So that’s what she did.

As soon as Pearl opened her eyes, she was expecting it to be bright or something, but it was the opposite.

She was in a poorly lit room with nothing too out of the ordinary about it.

The only lightning coming from a window.

Which didn’t help seeing as Pearl guessed they were in the void.

She just has a feeling.

She has a lot of those.

It was what you would think a simple room would look like. It had all the normally needed living things of course, like a bed and a desk not too far away.

Pearl was currently on the bed, which wasn’t uncomfortable, but you can tell it was new. It had the roughness of not being used.

It was all simple, like how you leave the guest room of your house looking, but it didn’t have any signs of anyone ever living here.

Pearl decided she wasn’t going to find anything else by just laying down, so she got up and walked around.

There were three doors she noticed, one probley led outside, the second a bathroom, and a third a closet maybe.

As Pearl went through them, her suspicions were correct, though the first one was locked, meaning that she couldn’t leave.

Pearl hoped that Grian was okay.

She didn’t know how long it’s been since they were knocked out. It could have been days, weeks, hours, minutes...

Pearl was a bit worried.

But just a bit…

Grian’s head throbbed, whoever had knocked him out; they hit him hard. He also had the feeling they did something weird to keep him out longer.

Probley some of their weird Watcher magic or whatever it is they have.

Grian opened his eyes to find he was in a normal ass looking room.

It kind of felt like the Watchers were trying to trick his mind or something by putting him in such a normal looking room.

The only thing that threw that all away was the fact that the door, that he supposes is the way out, is locked.

So that deducts points. (they were already in the far negatives)

Besides the locked door everything seemed completely normal. There was a closet, a desk, a bathroom, and a bed.

The bed even had normal sheets. (He doesn't know why that's important, it just was.)

Grian thought and thought. This was just too simple.

Did they hide cameras? No, there is no need; they are literally called The Watchers. Everything Grian thought of was tossed away.

It was too simple.

Too simple…

Pearl was starting to get bored; she had already counted all the ceiling tiles (214) twice.

She didn't know exactly how much time had passed, but it felt like at least 2 hours.

There was just nothing to do.

If the room had been more interesting or at least had trinkets, then she would have had something to do.

But no. They just had to be boring.

That was until she heard a click.

Pearl looked up and around quickly trying to see where it came from.

Until her eyes landed on the opening door.

Shit!

How was she supposed to defend herself?

“ʃ₸, ᒣ.₸L᛫::L· ¦ᔦ L·L·ᖘ ᒣ.J ℨL· ᔦᕯʃ::L·ᖘ. ¦’·⅃ ⋮ ⚍ᔦᒣ.₸L᛫::L· ᒣ.J ℨ::¦ ⊣ ‖ ᖘ.” [JH1] The deity said.

“Ah, there is no need to be scared. I’m just here to bring you food”

“How do I know it’s not poisoned?”

“¦ ∴L· ∴ʃ .L·ᖘ ‖J⚍ ᖘL·ʃᖘ ‖J⚍ ∴J⚍ ᖘ ℨL· ℨ‖ , L·L·ᖘ ᒣ.J ᖘ::ʃ∴ ¦ᒣ. J⚍ᒣ, ·⅃ʃᒣ.ᒣ.L᛫:: ₸J∴ L· .L᛫::ᒣ.ʃ¦ ¦ ⊣ ¦ .¦ᔦ ʃᒣ.ᒣ.¦·⅃L·ᔦ.” It responded simply.

“If we wanted you dead you would be by now, no need to draw it out, no matter how entertaining it is at times.”

Pearl supposed that made sense; Watchers weren’t really known for their patience.

The Watcher placed the plate of food it brought on the desk and then left before Pearl could ask anything.

Not that she thinks she would get a reply.

Pearl walked over to the desk to see what food it brought.

The food was simple, with some meat and vegetables.

If Pearl had to guess, it was probley supposed to be dinner. (It just gave off dinner vibes)

And if that guess is right then she woke up around lunch or after.

Which, rude! Why didn't they give her food then?

Whatever maybe Watchers just didn't know they had to?

Though whatever it may have been doesn't matter anymore, it's in the past.

Pearl was just going to focus on the food and eating.

It was on a paper plate.

…

Pearl supposes the Watchers are smarter than she thought.

———————-

It's been a few hours since the Watchers gave him food, and Grian guesses he probably should go to bed, but he's always had a hard time sleeping in new places.

Which is valid, he thinks.

But there’s also the fact that Grian’s thoughts are racing.

Why are the Watcher acting like nothing happened?

Why are they acting… nice...? Not nice but not murdering, which is a mercy from them.

But why?

Grian sighed.

To pass the time and quiet his thoughts, Grian looked at the stars from the tiny window.

If it were bigger, he could get out, not that it would do any good. It’s not like Grin can fly away.

(||L·ㄱ.…)

Eventually Grian’s eyes fell, and no fight could keep them open for long.

So, he let them close, and with it the light.

The next morning, Grian woke up later than he expected.

How did he know this, you may wonder?

He knew due to the cold plate of what he assumes is breakfast.

Grian kind of wishes that they wouldn’t use paper plates, but he supposes that the Watchers know him too well.

Also, the paper plate was a bit flimsy.

But forgetting the plate, Grian started eating the food.

It was a simple breakfast of eggs and a bit of bacon.

Grian thinks the only reason they know about certain foods is due to their name.

Watcher.

A few hours had passed since breakfast and Pearl had come to a predicament.

She was bored again.

Extremely bored.

Pearl knew that in a few hours that one of the Watchers would come bringing lunch.

Due to that she had come up with a plan.

Once it walked in, she would ask for something simple like a few pieces of paper and a pencil.

At least then she could draw or write instead of just sitting around and doing nothing.

So that is what she did.

“ ⋮ ⚍ㄣㄱ.ᔑ ¡¦L·ㄣL· J ¡¡ᔑ!¡L·:?”

“Just a piece of paper?”

Pearl nodded, “And a pen or pencil, please”

The deity hummed in thought. “¦ ㄣ⚍!¡¡JㄣL· ¦ ㄣJ⚍ ᖘ ㅓ¦ L· ‖J⚍ ㄱ.ᖵJㄣL· ㄱ.ᖵ¦ ㅓㄣ, ᕮ⚍ㄱ.∴ᖵᔑㄱ.ᔑᕮJ⚍ㄱ.ㄣ:ᔑ‖J ㄣ¦ ㄣㄱ.L·ᔑᖘ?”

“I suppose I could give you those things, but what about crayons instead?”

“Darn their smart!” Pearl thought to herself.

They were thinking ahead.

But regardless, Pearl accepted the offer.

The Wacher nodded and then snapped their fingers.

Where there was once air, there was now a few sheets of paper and a box of crayons.

The void-looking deity placed the items on the desk along with the food and then left.

Pearl sat at the desk and ate.

Once she was done, Pearl decided to draw.

Now Pearl’s not an artist but it was better than nothing.

Chapter 3: One Day I am Gonna Grow Wings, a Chemical Reaction

Chapter Summary

They both saw white when they screamed.

They both saw red fill the room.

They both fell to the ground when an unknown new weight appeared.

And finally, they both saw black as they passed out.

Grian groaned; he had counted the stars at least 12 times now, spotted 9 constellations, made 8 of his own, and spotted 6 cracks in the walls.

He was bored.

If you couldn’t tell.

But being bored wasn’t enough apparently because now his body had just decided that now was the best time to start aching.

Now don’t get him wrong; he knows he wasn’t in top shape when they took him.

I mean he had just finished fighting when they took both him and Pearl.

But still, he doesn’t remember getting hit on the back but honestly, he doesn’t really remember a lot of his fights.

When Grian fights, he kind of zones out and lets his instincts lose and if he did want to know, he normally just asks Pearl, if she was there, or just let it go with a shrug.

He knows it’s not practical, but it works for him.

Maybe when one of those Watchers comes with his food next, he could ask for something for the pain.

He doesn’t think they would, but it’s worth a shot.

Maybe…

They didn’t do anything.

Which was expected, but a little disappointing.

Grian was still weirded out by the ‘kindness’ they were already showing.

It kind of just felt… wrong.

Grian was so used to just fighting them and throwing insults at them like you would a Frisbee.

But also, like a frisbee, it came back to him. But this time Grian couldn’t catch it like he used to; this time it hit him and his friends hard.

Grian sighed and laid down on the fake bed, in the fake room, surrounded by nothingness.

The only thing that brought Grian somewhat hope was that Pearl was with him. Even if he wishes she wasn't, wishes she didn't get dragged into this, wishes she had just let him be taken without complaint.

But Grian knows Pearl, and he knows she won't let him or anyone she cares about go silently.

That fact is both Pearl's best features and her biggest weakness.

Grian sighed; he hopes he can get out of here in time.

Or at least before it was too late.

_____

Pearl had hoped that her headache would've gone away by now, but no it didn't.

And to add to it her back ached as well.

Now it wasn't unbearable, but it was uncomfortable, kinda like trying to find a comfortable way to lay down but never being able to.

It sucks.

But Pearl's had worse, and seen others go through worse.

So, she can't really complain.

_____

Pearl takes it back; it is worse.

Her head and back ache so much that it hurts to move and every time she does it feels like she’s going to pass out.

It feels like her body is trying to explode.

Pearl took a deep breath and winced at the pain.

This sucked.

After a while of lying in agony, Pearl decided to try and move around.

Even though she didn’t want to, she also didn't want to just lay there and do nothing.

So up she got…

Painfully slow…

Once Pearl had finally got up and out of bed, she slowly but surely made her way to the bathroom.

The bathroom wasn’t too special.

It looked like a normal bathroom for all she knew. Normal tiles with a hint of purple (these things really like purple), a shower/bathtub thing, and a normal sink.

But, enough looking at the place, Pearl wanted to know what the hell was wrong with her.

So, Pearl walked inside and looked in the bathroom mirror.

Pearl sighed; she looked a bit scuffed up.

Her hair was a bit messy in the temporary ponytail she put it in. Her face was a bit dirty, and her whole body was pretty much scuffed up.

Her clothes had a few rips and tears in them, but nothing too major.

But that’s not what she came here for; she wants to know why her back hurts.

Pearl (Grian) slowly turned around and lifted her (his) shirt.

Grian (Pearl) winced at the sight that greeted him (her).

Her (his) back was red and there were weird bumps on her (his) back.

Grian (Pearl) reached back to try and touch them.

Not a great idea.

She (he) winced.

Grian (Pearl) didn’t know what was going on.

Then suddenly the bumps twitched.

They both saw white when they screamed.

They both saw red fill the room.

They both fell to the ground when an unknown new weight appeared.

And finally, they both saw black as they passed out.

==========

Fuck...

Grian’s whole body hurt like hell.

When he opened his eyes, he was greeted by red.

Red. Like how you would color a heart when you were young.

Red. Like how some moms like their lipstick shade. The same shade you may have hated due to the stain it left when you were lovingly kissed.

Red. Like the color of ripe strawberries and raspberries when the season was just right. The sweetness that was held in that small fruit was always a treat.

But this red was far from sweet.

It was more salty, like a pretzel or a bowl of popcorn.

But those things were good and fulfilling.

This wasn’t.

This red meant loss.

Most associated with death and or injury.

Both things are shunned.

What Grian saw was blood.

His own blood.

Out of the corner of his eye, Grian saw feathers.

White with a purple tint.

With much struggle, Grian stood and looked in the mirror.

There on his head and back were wings.

Wings that were coated in his own blood.

Wings that shouldn't exist.

Wings that belonged to monsters.

Wings that are now on him.

Wings that made him a monster now too... (???????????)

Grian cursed.

The one thing he hated and wished never existed.

He had become.

There was a click and a sound of shuffling, but Grian’s mind was too preoccupied to notice it.

There was a purple glow.

And Grian’s already unsteady legs buckled, and he fell unconscious.

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