**Papa Bear’s Double Life**

*(Found Illusion Disc AU, A Five Nights at Freddy’s Fic)*

**CHAPTER 1:** Can We Really Be Family?

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*Author’s Notes: TW: Mentions of suicide, references to child murder, slightly boring writing. The story is more focused on slice of life regarding the 3-Star Trio but hurt/comfort will be present once in a while.*

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Sunlight.

Gregory admired how the gentle rays warmed his face, soft and calming, unlike the harsh neon screens and lights of the Megaplex.

Everything felt so real — so refreshing; the fight-or-flight his body's used to being in had finally shut off. No more robots hunting him. No more hiding behind carts and photo booths.

No more danger. At least, for now.

Lost in the beauty of his surroundings, he hadn't noticed Vanessa leading them to a hill. The grass swayed gently in the breeze, and a lone tree offered shade if the sun ever decided to turn harsh.

Why did she bring them here?

He watched her sit on the grass, looking up at the houses that seemed smaller than they were. Vanessa looked content, free from the suffocating control that used to hurt her. She didn't need to say anything; both of them understood she was inviting them to join her.

Gregory looked up at his guardian, whose soft eyes glowed faintly in the natural light. He offered him a small smile, the best he could with his limited expression, then walked toward the blonde woman.

He stood closer to his guardian, hesitating whether he was ready to sit beside the woman who made his whole night a living nightmare. But that wasn't her fault, right? He's not sure. Freddy sensed Gregory’s grip on his paws tighten, a tiny sign of distrust.

The bear tried to settle himself on the ground, struggling slightly due to his massive size and lack of human joints, which Gregory found amusing. He then sat beside the animatronic before leaning his head on his metal arm.

The hill made the Pizzaplex seem smaller, less intimidating to the boy who had survived its wrath. He even wondered why a place that used to be a heaven for kids had turned into the embodiment of hell. But even with his little knowledge of the company, Gregory knew that it had always been built on the deaths of children. Were the pizza and clothes he stole worth it? Not really, but it was better than living on the streets another year. Still, he wouldn't have met such an amazing animatronic if he hadn’t stayed.

Gregory truly didn't understand why Freddy was risking everything for him, a stranger he’d met only six hours ago. He had known the other animatronics longer, and yet he didn't complain when the boy added their parts to upgrade him. He never thought someone, not even an AI, would care for and love a street rat like him.

His tiny hand slowly moved up, locking fingers with Freddy’s large paw as all three rested in silence.

The coldest hands he had ever held felt the warmest.

Thoughts raced through his mind, but exhaustion quickly took over. He underestimated how badly his body needed rest after everything he’d been through—running, dodging, escaping. He wouldn’t have to do that anymore.

Gregory slowly let go, his body relaxing against Freddy as his eyelids grew heavy. He was safe now. He didn’t have to fight his exhaustion anymore. His eyes finally closed, marking his first real rest of the day.

"Kid's all tuckered out... I can't blame him," Vanessa noted as she watched the child slump against the animatronic bear and drift to sleep. She thought he deserved it, having been up for hours without a proper break. "I'm worried about his wounds; we should get him to a clinic." She then added, eyes scanning his scrapes and scratches from being chased by— Her.

The hardest part of being brainwashed was the guilt and sadness that followed, along with the realization of what she'd unknowingly done. No other children had been as lucky as Gregory, who had broken her influence with the Princess Quest games. What she and the others endured was so unbelievable that no one could come close to understanding.

"I agree, Officer Vanessa. Gregory's bandages aren’t replaced yet and need disinfecting," Freddy spoke softly, maintaining his usual robotic yet caring tone she’d hear through his Fazwatch, "I don’t want Gregory to have permanent scars..."

Vanessa nodded and stood up from the grass, feeling a strange twist in her stomach as she looked at the bear and child—so comfortable together, like family. She thought about trying to get rid of them hours before. It didn't sit right.

"You'll probably have to stay in the car... People might think you got stolen from the Pizzaplex."

"Of course, I understand, Officer Vanessa."

Vanessa frowned at her title. She was no officer; that wasn’t her role anymore. "F-Freddy... No more officer, I quit..."

"Ah, is that so? I understand." Freddy nodded.

The animatronic stood, cradling Gregory in his arms. His mismatched fingers gently brushed his messy hair, pushing it away from his face. "Sleep well, superstar..."

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A dreamless sleep is still better than a nightmare.

A whine escaped his lips as he felt some of his saliva drip down his chin. *That was gross*. A thought quickly crossed his mind before he realized his situation: he had fallen asleep. He couldn't sleep while a potential threat was nearby. “FREDDY!” He jolted up from the bed, turning his head left and right quickly to find his guardian.

"I'm here, Gregory! Right beside you!"

"Oh, thank God..."

The child slowly moved closer to the bear, gently pressing his face against Freddy’s cold, metallic torso before feeling a paw rub his head. "Are you okay? Do you feel warm? Cold?”

“I-I’m okay, Freddy! But what’s with all these bandages? That's a lot."

Freddy tried to smile, Gregory thought. "Vanessa and I went to a clinic to get you treated, though I wasn’t allowed inside..."

"YOU LEFT ME WITH HER?!"

Without realizing it immediately, Gregory's heart started racing. He didn't want to be alone with her in a room, even if the virus in her head was gone. Vanessa can't erase the fear she caused in his mind. She needs to do more to show she's changed.

"I'm afraid so... I'm truly sorry. But judging by your current condition, you seem to be physically fine."

Gregory sighed, curling up a bit as he pulled the soft blanket over himself. "Yeah, you're right... I guess we're in her house now?"

His eyes wandered around the small bedroom, where the bed was against the upper left wall, a vanity in the middle, and closets in the upper right. It was spacious enough for Vanessa to move around, but also cluttered and personalized enough to feel like home. He wasn’t surprised that she owned more cute decorations, especially considering he could still see some rainbow dye in her blonde hair.

"This feels weird... I... I haven't been in a bed this comfy since..." Gregory looked down, upset about gaps in his memory.

"You won't have to sleep on the streets anymore! Vanessa is willing to let us stay in her apartment permanently."

"Huh? Is she serious?"

"Yes, she said it's her way of showing gratitude for helping her."

The child fell silent, which concerned the bear. The fear he felt ran deep, and he couldn't even imagine what Gregory had to endure whenever he was alone in the building. Freddy started to think that agreeing to live with Vanessa might not be such a good idea after all. He failed to understand his child’s needs, and it made him feel guilty.

"What if she does something to us while we're here?" Gregory asked, but it was barely a whisper.

“I won’t allow that, Superstar,” he reassured him.

"I know! But it's still scary, okay?!" Gregory crossed his arms; eyes fixed on Freddy. "I can't bring myself to trust her."

The bear's paw rested gently on the child's shoulder, rubbing softly for comfort. "After everything, even I don't like the idea of her being in the same room as you. But you no longer have to sleep in a cardboard box."

He turned to face Gregory, who moved closer and hugged the animatronic's chest. "Maybe you can survive on the streets, but... I'll have to go back to the Pizzaplex... I can't leave without others notifying Fazbear Entertainment about their animatronic on the loose."

“I also do not like the idea of you having to fend for yourself once again. I can't let that happen.”

Gregory nuzzled his face against the orange casing, muffling words like '*I want to be with you*' through his position. Freddy soon embraced the boy, wanting to show he meant to protect him.

A soft knock suddenly echoed through the room, followed by a click. "Gregory, are you awa— Oh! You're awake now...." Vanessa slipped half of her body inside the room, hoping to give the boy some space. But her appearance made Gregory pull away from the hug and hide under the covers.

"Ah... Sorry... I know this is pretty awkward for us..."

"You think?"

"Yeah... I know, I don't blame you. But letting you back on the streets just made me feel uneasy." Vanessa looked at the wooden floor, not wanting to meet the child's eyes. She understood, and if she were in Gregory's place right now, she'd hate herself too.

"I'm just here to tell you dinner's ready. You're definitely hungry, that's for sure..."

"I'll be there in five minutes..."

"Okay, sure..."

The door clicked again, the hallway light replaced by the dim lamp she had set up as a nightlight for him. Gregory pulled down the covers, feeling it was safe to come out again. Hiding had always been his go-to response to anything new or seemingly dangerous. It had kept him alive.

He suddenly felt the bed rise sharply as Freddy stood up. "I'll accompany you there, so no need to be scared, Gregory." The bear reached out his mismatched paws for him to take, which the boy did without hesitation.

Gregory forgot that people needed to eat. In the streets, where food was scarce, he had just learned to drown out his hunger by sleeping somewhere or taking a few bites from what he already had. He didn't want to share that with Freddy... Knowing the bear, he'd panic and rush him to the kitchen. He found it funny how the bear was like that.

Freddy helped him stand, holding him close to prevent him from stumbling because of the slight weight he felt from walking. The small child grumbled a bit before they both headed out of the room.

Vanessa was already sitting at one of the dining table's chairs, her head turned toward her guests.

They moved closer, before Freddy helped Gregory into the chair, which he responded to with whining and saying he could do it himself. He then stared at her for a moment, watching for any suspicious movements, making things even harder for the poor woman. The animatronic bear sat in the chair next to Gregory before reaching for a plate Vanessa had already prepared for them earlier. Not that Freddy needed to eat, but he appreciated the gesture. “Ahem… Gregory, what would you like to eat?” He tried to catch the child’s attention to lighten the load on the woman.

“Uhm… Is it even safe to eat?”

“Gregory! Do not say things like that!”

“Sorry…” The child looked down, feeling a bit bad about his behavior. Freddy had to deal with his attitude since they arrived at the apartment, and Gregory knew he was getting fed up already. Who could blame him? Vanessa had blood on her hands that she couldn’t just wash away.

“It's okay, Freddy. It’s safe to eat. I went out to buy groceries while you were passed out. I don’t really know what you preferred, so I bought chicken fillet and some fruit as side dishes.” Vanessa smiled sadly at the child, hoping it was enough to convince him to eat.

Gregory looked at Freddy and raised his hands, silently asking for the plate he had filled while staring at the blonde woman. He happily placed the dish in his tiny hands before grabbing utensils to use.

The dinner went as well as it could, with the awkward silence becoming unbearable with each passing minute. “Okay… Enough of this. Can you at least tell us the full story of what happened?” Gregory swallowed the food in his mouth before speaking, pointing accusatorily at Vanessa. Freddy opened his mouth to respond to the child’s intrusion, but Vanessa seemed willing to talk about the matter.

“Look, it sounds ridiculous, and I don’t blame you for not believing me.”

“I don’t really care either way; everything that happened last night was ridiculous…”

Vanessa sighed, searching for where to start her story. “A lot of details are kind of blurry… I’m not in control half the time. I was a beta tester for Fazbear Entertainment’s new VR game, which aimed to turn all the incidents in the company’s history into nothing more than silly rumors. They uploaded something… dangerous, and one of the testers tried to get rid of *it*, but sadly I fell victim to *it*…” Vanessa recounted everything she remembered, pausing slightly and stuttering as she tried to pull information out of her clouded mind.  
  
“*It* made me do things… *It* had someone helping me hack into the company, manipulating files, making sure I got the job in the Pizzaplex to continue its work. I was never qualified for the job… I was just a fan of the games.”

“Makes sense, I mean, you couldn’t even properly catch me…”

“Gregory!” Freddy scolded, “Please… Do not say rude remarks to her.”

“Haha… It’s okay. He’s right, the little rat was pretty slippery. But I can only remember waking up and being covered in… blood. I would cowardly try to get rid of the stains, not wanting to think about all the blank parts of my memories…” Vanessa sighed by the end, staring at her plate with a slightly teary eye. It was hard to recount her faults, but Gregory should hear her side.

Gregory’s brows were furrowed the whole time, quietly taking in the information he was given. It was hard to believe; she was right about that, but after practically saving her by playing the Princess Quest games, he slightly believes her. “You didn’t try to resist it at all?” he asked, questioning if she was that mentally weak.

“I did, just like someone before. He’s gone now… Sliced his face with a paper guillotine…”

He moved away slightly, face contorting in disgust. The child couldn’t imagine how bad it had to get for someone just to kill themself to resist. But did that mean…

“Did you…”

“Hey! Don’t be so sad! I’m still here, aren’t I? It wouldn’t let me do that anyway; it would just knock my consciousness out. It probably learned from the last time.”

The atmosphere grew quiet again, with Gregory looking down at the table after hearing the last part. "I know you tried to kill me and stuff... But you and Freddy are the only people I have right now, so..." Nothing else came from the child's mouth, but Vanessa understood what the rest was supposed to be.

"Don't worry, I'm not going anywhere!"

Gregory nodded before picking up his spoon and eating again, but more slowly. "I don't think this is the right time for this kind of talk. But thank you for allowing us to have a home, Vanessa. We'll do our best to help you overcome this circumstance." Freddy broke the silence, grateful that Vanessa was open, but now worried about the possibility of self-harm.

After the less-than-stellar dinner, Vanessa dragged the large animatronic bear into the living room, wanting to tweak some things in its system. Gregory tried to protest, but his eyes lit up when she mentioned connecting Freddy to the internet. He could already imagine all the things he might ask Freddy to project, but then again, he was practically a living parental control feature. He wouldn't get the same freedom as having his own device.

Vanessa took her time, carefully opening the panel on Freddy's back, trying not to trigger his internal security protocols. Gregory just planted himself in the back of the couch, watching curiously like a cat observing its owner mess with something he couldn't understand. "This is harder without the machinery in Parts and Service... But! I just need to input my Wi-Fi password into Freddy!" Vanessa sighed, chuckling at the end.

"I'll also connect Freddy to the TV. I know you’re probably bored here," she said, keeping her eyes on the circuitry. "Do you have games? Consoles?" Gregory finally spoke again, tilting his head as he waited for her response.

"Yep, I have my VR headset and a decent console. No brain virus included."

"Uhm... Not really reassuring..."

'Sorry, just joking around, heh."

It didn't take long for Vanessa to start screwing back bolts and closing Freddy up. "Alright, Freddy, try it out!" She flashed him a smile and a thumbs-up before packing up her tools.

The bear blinked for a bit before accessing the newly added permissions in his system. He froze slightly, overwhelmed by the rush of information being connected to the web. "Freddy looks like he buffered..." Gregory quickly commented, hoping his AI wouldn’t short out. "He'll be fine; the AI can't overload unless he's actively downloading and accessing multiple sources," Vanessa hummed as she carried the toolbox, then pointed at the pen and paper on the table. “While he’s getting used to that, I got you something for doodling."

She left afterward, wanting to return her tools to their proper place. Gregory paid her little attention before grabbing the paper and crayons. He started choosing colors and let his mind drift to what he wanted to create. He aimed to draw Freddy and himself, happily standing side by side while holding hands.

Was it cheesy? Yes, but he cared for Freddy that much and wanted to include him in any doodles he made. However, he didn’t limit himself to just drawing both of them. Gregory sketched himself stepping on an ugly, green rabbit. He also drew Freddy’s friends: a dumb-looking chicken, a sad-eyed wolf, and an angry-looking alligator. A chuckle escaped his lips, knowing Freddy still had those upgrades on him.

“Gregory? What are you drawing?” The child tilted his head to the side as he heard the gentle voice acknowledge him again. Freddy must’ve properly grown accustom to using the internet for searches and such.

“I drew us…”

“Oh! We are holding hands, that is quite an impressive drawing!” Freddy praised him, giving a gentle pat on his head, which made the child pout and blush in embarrassment.

“Oh, that’s cute! You draw pretty well, Greg.” Vanessa returned from where she had been and sat close to him on the couch. His first instinct was to move away, but he didn’t because he didn't want to upset her. “Thanks… I guess?”

“I did see your other doodles in the Pizzaplex. You really like Freddy, huh?” She smiled as she watched him pick up a yellow crayon.  
  
“I’m flattered to hear that!”

“...”

*Silence was quite common in this household, huh?*

It was hard to see what he was fully drawing as he covered the paper, maybe not wanting them to see what he had planned. But it didn’t take long before the child tore the paper from the spring and handed it to her without making eye contact. It was a drawing of both of them shaking hands, symbolizing understanding.

“Aw… Thank you, Gregory! I hope this is the start of a truce between us… I don’t want to always feel awkward with you, you know?”

“Yeah… So don’t try to do anything.”

“Of course.” Vanessa ruffled his hair before taking the drawing to the kitchen to pin it up like a proud sister.

For some reason Gregory doesn’t understand, Vanessa left again, carrying a duffle bag on her shoulder when she told him she’d be back a little late. It didn’t help her stop looking suspicious, but he doesn’t really care that much, since he gets to have the apartment to himself and Freddy.

The bear was in her bedroom, but the child wasn’t sure what he was doing. Still, that gave him a chance to explore more. The living room had a basic setup, with a cozy couch and pillows. There was a blanket on the armrest, which suggested Vanessa would probably sleep there tonight. He feels bad about stealing her bed and doesn't mind the couch, especially since he’d likely take up half of it with his small size.

Decorations were few and far between, contrasting with her cute bedroom. A few flower vases were placed around, and document files covered every surface they could be placed on. Gregory wondered why she needed so many files at her house before heading toward the kitchen.

The kitchen's layout didn't draw much interest. It was small but had the essentials Vanessa needed, knowing she cooks for herself. Gregory grabbed a chair from the dining area, pulling it near a cupboard to use as a stool while rummaging through its contents—mostly seasonings, biscuits, and cereal, which were newer than the rest.

"That's probably for me..." he hummed, shutting the cupboard and carefully stepping off the chair. He then returned the chair to the table and ran to the fridge to check Vanessa's groceries. A drawing he made for her was stuck to the middle of the fridge with a magnet; he had only seen such things in movies and didn’t think they were common in real life. Inside were staples like milk, vegetables, and meat, with some treats like ice cream in the freezer.

"Okay, I'm bored now..." Gregory declared, then ran toward the bedroom. He slowly opened the door, only to find Freddy pulling some items from his chest cavity that they took from the Pizzaplex. Gregory was relieved to see his Glamrock Freddy plush and sweater still inside, knowing much of the merchandise had fallen out during their escape.

Something felt off as he entered, but he chose to ignore it. He walked slowly toward the bear and sat on the bed beside him. “Oh! There you are, Superstar. What were you doing outside?” he asked.

“Just exploring the rooms, memorizing the layout.”

“That’s nice. Just remember to wash up before you sleep!”

“I forgot to go to the bathroom… Uhm, I probably stink, sorry Freddy!” Gregory blushed, embarrassed, not wanting to smell himself. Having crawled through dusty vents and fallen into a garbage chute around the Pizzaplex, he hoped Freddy didn’t notice. Not that Freddy was going to smell him, since he doesn’t have a real nose. He also realized he might have dirtied Vanessa’s bedsheets.

“Haha, it’s more than alright, Gregory. I can help you wash your hair later, if you’re comfortable with that!” Freddy offered, recalling how tangled Gregory’s hair was. It caught on his paw whenever he patted his head, and Freddy worried about hurting him by pulling.

Before Gregory could respond, he scrunched his nose as if hearing something strange. “Can you hear that?”

“Hear what, Gregory?”

Gregory looked puzzled, then surprised as he crawled toward his hatch cavity, searching for something. “There’s a beeping inside… It’s making me feel uncomfortable. What the hell is that…?”

Before he could hear Freddy scolding him for swearing, a red blinking light caught his eye. It was larger than a dime, slightly thick, and emitted a soft beeping that made a strange sensation in his stomach. It looked out of place inside Freddy’s cavity, just stuck there like discarded gum.

Gregory grabbed the small device, removing it from the hatch and holding it close. Though slightly burned, it still functioned. Words were faintly visible on the back, damaged but still legible.

A-to- Rob–ic-

Whatever that means.

Was it part of Freddy’s endoskeleton? It didn’t seem like it, but he couldn’t just toss it, fearing it was part of the animatronic bear. “Gregory? What are you looking at?” Freddy called, but got no response. His eyes shifted to the disk and tilted his head, confused.

“What if I pressed on it—”

It emitted a harsher ringing, causing Gregory to fling the small device toward Freddy’s thigh, where it stuck to the casing, then he backed away. “Gregory! Are you okay!?” Freddy immediately stood from the bed, concerned, and moved gently toward Gregory to comfort him.

“Please talk to me! I can’t hear what’s upsetting you!”

Gregory tried to open his eyes, edging toward the bedframe, trying to signal Freddy to break the device. His hands covered his ears to block the piercing sounds.

“Freddy! Back away, please!”

“O-of course, Superstar!”

The animatronic started to retreat to the closet, hoping it could help Gregory. The sound gradually became less intense, and Gregory finally lowered his hands. He looked up at Freddy, eyes wide with fear.

“W-wait… WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?!”

“Gregory, language!”