

It's Rude to Refuse a Gift

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It's Rude to Refuse a Gift

by [Ot3srock](#)

Summary

“C’mon, honey. Time for bed.” He lifted the half-asleep Little and replaced his pull-up and sweatpants, then led him back to bed.

“But, Daddy,” Froggy whined.

“C’mon now. It’s sleepy time and Daddy’s really tired. I’m sure you are, too.”

To Sapnap’s chagrin, Froggy shook his head.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

It started with a doll. Simple, porcelain skin and ringlets of blonde hair falling into bright blue eyes. She wore a ruffly white dress, pink shoes and a matching headband. His mom had been cleaning out the attic and found it in a box of Corry's old things. She'd sent it over with the intention that Froggy could play with it but now, it was sitting in the chair across from his bed, dead eyes staring at him as he tried to fall asleep.

Maybe watching Annabelle with George right before bed wasn't such a good idea.

Because now he couldn't sleep, despite being very tired from his busy day. He'd filmed for the gaming channel, the main channel, *and* the philanthropy channel, then streamed for a few hours before watching a horror movie with George like they did every Friday. Despite going to bed just before midnight, he was still heavily awake. A glance at his phone showed him it was just past 4:45 AM, which meant he'd been awake for a whole 24 hours. It wasn't his record, but it was close and he didn't feel like breaking that 40 hour streak right now. But every time he tried to close his eyes, the doll(conveniently named Bella) was hurting him in one way or another. Cutting off his fingers, eating his toes, drinking juice from his hollowed out head, torturing his friends and family, making him bleed out and hurt and-

A sharp scream escaped his lips as he shot up in his bed. He hadn't realized he'd fallen asleep in the first place. But now he couldn't stop crying and Bella was staring at him with her murderous grin, as if threatening his life already. The door creaked open and he screamed again, hands covering his ears and knees tucking to his chest as he rocked back and forth. The bed dipped and he whimpered, but then gentle, warm hands pulled him into someone's side and another set of hands were in his hair, smoothing it down and carding through the slightly sweaty curls.

"Shh, darlin'. You're safe now. Daddy and Papa are here. We've got you. You're okay." Daddy's soft voice soothed Froggy's nerves. It still took him a while to calm down, but the grounding hands in his hair and on his arms and back helped tremendously. Finally, he removed his hands from his ears and opened his eyes, only to see *her* staring at him, evil in her cold expression. He whimpered and his Daddy followed his gaze to the rocking chair.

"Oh, angel. Is your new toy scaring you?"

Froggy shook his head, hiding his face in Daddy's bare chest. Of *course* she was scaring him, but if he told his Daddies, they'd give her away and refusing a gift was rude. He didn't want to make his mom sad by giving away the doll she had so kindly sent him(no matter how creepy she was).

"No? Just a bad dream?" Papa asked. Froggy nodded. It wasn't a lie. "Wanna tell us about it?" Froggy shook his head. If he told them, they'd know and he couldn't do that.

Daddy nodded. "Okay, angel. Do you wanna stay in here or sleep with me or Papa?"

Froggy shakily wrapped a hand around Daddy's arm, feeling the warm skin and strong muscles under his fingertips. He needed to know there was something living next to him, not

just the cold, hard material of a murder doll. Daddy nodded and picked him up, leaving the room. Papa bid them goodnight and Froggy just whimpered in response.

“Can Daddy get you into a pull-up, angel?”

Froggy nodded and tucked his face into Daddy’s neck, smelling the sweat and pine and *love* that made Daddy *Daddy*. The man took him to the Nursery and got him into a pull-up before heading to his room and laying Froggy under the covers. He got in himself and pulled Froggy into his chest, falling asleep instantly. Froggy tried to follow him to Dreamland, but again Bella plagued his thoughts with her deathly blue eyes that held visions of murder and pain. Froggy whined and shook Daddy’s shoulder, trying to make the man stay awake with him. A minute of shaking later, Daddy woke up and in the light from the moon seeping through the blinds Froggy could see the concern in his tired green eyes.

“What’s wrong, angel? Can’t sleep?”

Froggy shook his head. “Needa potty, Daddy,” he lied.

Daddy sighed heavily, then sat up and picked up Froggy, carrying him to the potty off the side of his room. He set the Little down in front of the toilet, then put the seat down, pulled down Froggy’s pants and pull-up, and sat him down. Froggy bit his lip and tried his hardest to go, but he didn’t have anything in his bladder to let go of. Daddy seemed to notice that.

“Angel, did you really need to go potty or were you lying to Daddy?” he asked around a yawn.

Froggy shrugged, hearing a little bit of pee hit the water. “Potty.”

“Okay, angel.” Sapnap sat across from the toilet and pulled out his phone. A few minutes passed before he turned off the device and stood up.

“C’mon, honey. Time for bed.” He lifted the half-asleep Little and replaced his pull-up and sweatpants, then led him back to bed.

“But, Daddy,” Froggy whined. “Potty.”

“Angel, you and I both know you didn’t need to go potty. C’mon now. It’s sleepy time and Daddy’s really tired. I’m sure you are, too.”

To Sapnap’s chagrin, Froggy shook his head.

“Juice,” he demanded.

Sapnap sighed. “Angel, it’s too late for juice. How about water? Daddy’s got a bottle right here.” He wasn’t sure why the Little was putting off sleep, but it must’ve been bad if he was going to such measures. He never *demand*ed juice, always asked politely, if not sheepishly. But tonight he was insistent.

Froggy whined. “Firsty, Daddy. Wan juice.”

“Okay, okay. Juice it is.” Sapnap picked up the Little and went downstairs. He heated up some apple juice, hoping it would make Froggy sleepy.

The Little was looking around anxiously, as if expecting something to jump up and scare them, but his eyes looked exhausted, like he hadn’t gotten a second of sleep. Sapnap felt bad. He’d had a busy day between editing, cleaning, and looking after the Littles and he was ready to go back to sleep. Froggy had had an even busier day than Sapnap and he must’ve been exhausted.

But he was obviously refusing to sleep and the Caregiver wasn’t sure why. Before he could really think about it, the juice was done and Sapnap carefully grabbed it, putting the top on and leading Froggy to the living room. He sat down in the rocking chair, positioning Froggy on his lap and giving him the bottle as he gently rocked back and forth in a slow, soothing position. Finally, *finally* Froggy was asleep, bottle only halfway gone. Sapnap set it aside and dozed off himself.

For maybe half an hour.

He was shaken awake and groaned. Looking at the clock in the kitchen, he saw it was just past 5:30 AM. Sapnap sighed, wondering what Froggy needed this time, but the Little was still firmly asleep. His whole body was shaking violently and tears were streaming down his face.

A nightmare.

And a bad one at that if Froggy’s actions meant anything. Every few seconds his body would jolt as if shocked and his hands would clench into fists in front of his face. Sapnap carded a hand through his hair and gently shushed him.

“Darlin’, breathe. You’re okay, angel. Daddy’s got you. Daddy’s here. Shh, sunshine.”

“No huwt me, Bewwa,” Froggy mumbled tearily, still asleep.

Sapnap sighed for what felt like the hundredth time. This sigh was for a different reason, though. Froggy *was* afraid of his new toy. But why had he lied if she scared him this badly? Sapnap didn’t have time to think about it because Froggy shot awake with a sharp scream. Sapnap kept smoothing down his hair, bringing the other hand up to rub the Little’s chest. Froggy sobbed, tucking his face into Sapnap’s bicep.

“Shh. It’s okay, angel. Daddy’s got you. He’s not gonna let the scary doll hurt you.”

“She go way now?”

“Yeah, darlin’.”

Froggy sniffled. “Didn’ wanna gib hew ‘way tause is wude ta say no ta gif’s.”

“Only sometimes, angel. If the gift scares you or hurts you, you don’t have to keep it. And I’m sure your mom will understand.”

“She wiww?”

“Yeah, hon. We’ll give Bella to the thrift store tomorrow. I’m sure *someone* will want her,” Sapnap assured, putting some other pieces in place. Sure the doll was creepy on her own, but Karl and George *had* watched that doll horror movie right before they went to bed. That must’ve made it worse.

“And I think no more scary movies right before bed, yeah?” he suggested.

Froggy nodded, whimpering. Sapnap pulled him into a more comfortable position so his bum was on Sapnap’s thighs, legs tucked to one side of the Caregiver’s and side pressed to the Caregiver’s chest and stomach. Sapnap pulled Froggy’s head to his shoulder and kissed his forehead.

“You ready to go to sleep, honey?”

“Tay wif Daddy?”

“Of course, angel. Let’s go to sleep.” Sapnap stood up, stretching out his aching back. He carried Froggy upstairs to his room, tucking him in again. He plugged in the nightlight and sang a song his mom used to sing to him when he was younger.

Goodnight, my angel

Time to close your eyes

And save these questions for another day

I think I know what you've been asking me

I think you know what I've been trying to say

I promised I would never leave you

And you should always know

Wherever you may go

No matter where you are

I never will be far away

Goodnight, my angel

Now it's time to sleep

And still so many things I want to say

Remember all the songs you sang for me

When we went sailing on an emerald bay

And like a boat out on the ocean

I'm rocking you to sleep

The water's dark

And deep inside this ancient heart

You'll always be a part of me

Goodnight, my angel

Now it's time to dream

And dream how wonderful your life will be

Someday your child may cry

And if you sing this lullabye

Then in your heart

There will always be a part of me

Someday we'll all be gone

But lullabies go on and on...

They never die

That's how you

And I

Will be

End Notes

So against my better judgement, I've decided to start an actual kidfic with the Feral Boys, Punz, Callahan, Bad, and Skeppy. It's also gonna have just one-shots, because apparently, I can't write a linear timeline, but I'll write a few parts and if people are interested, I'll post it.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!