

The Good Place

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29467602) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29467602>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Major Character Death
Fandom:	Soul Eater
Relationships:	Maka Albarn & Soul Eater Evans , Maka Albarn/Soul Eater Evans
Characters:	Soul Eater Evans , Maka Albarn , Nakatsukasa Tsubaki , Black Star (Soul Eater) , Death the Kid , Patty Thompson , Liz Thompson (Soul Eater) , Shinigami-sama Lord Death
Additional Tags:	Character Death
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-02-15 Updated: 2021-08-11 Words: 4,744 Chapters: 5/?

The Good Place

by [BowlOfSouls](#)

Summary

Welcome!
Everything is fine.

Waking up in a strange neighborhood to find out you are dead can be a bit disorienting. But what do you do when things aren't as they seem? Something is very wrong here.

Notes

The first few chapters will be short since they are introducing the characters a little bit. I want this to feel like a story with romance, not just a romance story (if that makes sense) so I'm trying to focus on all the characters and their storylines equally.

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

Soul

Welcome!

Everything is fine.

The letters were in a green, simple font on a plain white wall. The room was barren save for two elegant plants on pedestals in the corners and a small desk by a set of oak doors. A few pictures scattered the walls, though none were masterpieces by any means. Soul found himself sitting on a white couch with a matching ottoman in the center of the room. It was fairly spacious, but had a sort of welcoming feel to it. Perhaps the scripture wasn't that far off.

One of the doors opened, revealing a rather absurd man donning a black cloak with a skull mask. "Why hello there! Soul?" Soul simply nodded his head in response, remaining silent. "Wonderful! Come on in!" This room was very different than the last. Though there was a desk, the rest of the room was eccentric, to say the least. Where the floor should be only sand remained. In the place of walls there was only a gentle horizon of blue skies and soft clouds. It was almost like a sand beach, except with tombstones littering the sand for what seemed to be an eternity. "Now tell me" the man's voice brought Soul back to attention. "How are you feeling?"

Soul found himself remarkably calm despite his predicament. "I'm doing great. It's nice in here. Good weather." He paused, taking a small breath before continuing "I'm dead, aren't I?"

"Righto!" The man shot finger guns at Soul with abnormally large hands, further delineating his enthusiasm. "But where are my manners?" He stretched his hand across the table for a handshake. "I am Lord Death. Welcome to the Neighborhood!" Soul took his hand cautiously before clearing his throat.

"Where exactly is this Neighborhood?" Lord Death tilted his head questioningly as if urging him to go on. "Ya know... is it heaven or hell?"

"Oh!" He clapped his hands together in understanding, startling Soul. "Well, you see it isn't really heaven or hell, as much as it is a good place or a bad place." He leaned forward slightly before speaking again. "You, Soul Evans, are in the good place."

A breath Soul didn't know he was holding was released. All he could manage to respond with was a mumbled "cool" as he further worsened his posture. He sat up straight again as Lord Death stood from his chair and began to speak. "I suppose it is time to give you a tour." There was a white flash from behind the desk that nearly blinded Soul. As his vision steadied, he saw a tall Gothic mirror glowing behind the desk. Soul was sure there wasn't a mirror there a second ago. "Well come on! There's much to see!" In another flash of light, Lord Death walked through the mirror into what looked like a city street. Soul slowly stood from his seat and followed suit, closing his eyes as he passed through in fear of disintegrating or losing a limb. As he stepped onto the other side, the first thing he noticed was how warm the air was. "Welcome to Death City." Abstract buildings in every color imagined littered the

area surrounding them. People were bustling down walkways, through stores, and in their homes. This wasn't exactly a large city, but people seemed to keep themselves entertained one way or another. "Now as you can see, this is your neighborhood. There are countless numbers of neighborhoods, but each one is specially tailored to those who live in it. Some may be secluded and in the mountains, where as others are like this and are beguiling and more alive."

"I'm not exactly a city guy, why put me here?" Lord Death whipped around erratically with what Soul could only describe as glee. "Because this, Soul," all Soul could focus on was how empty the man's eyes were. There was nothing behind the holes in the mask, just darkness. "is where your soul mate is." Soul mate rang through his ears like a bell, drawing his attention back in to what he was saying.

"Soul mate?"

Maka

Chapter Summary

Maka wakes up in a strange place with no recollection of how she got there. The first thing she sees

Chapter Notes

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

Welcome!

Everything is fine.

Simple, yet calming. However, Maka could still feel a static building in the back of her mind. There was something she was missing, something she needed to remember. But what?

Her thoughts were interrupted by a door opening next to her. “Maka?”

Her head whipped in the direction of the mysterious and strange voice. A tall man with a cloak and skull mask stood before her. “Yes?” Her words came out more nervous than she had meant them to. Something was off but she just couldn’t tell what. For all intents and purposes, she really had no reason to be nervous of this place. So why was she?

“Well, don’t just sit there!” He waved her towards him with ridiculously large and square hands. “Come on in!”

She stood from her place on the sofa and followed him into what seemed to be an office of sorts. A more accurate description of the room would be a burial ground in a desert. How could a place like this exist?

Because you’re dead.

Yes that would make sense. But how? Why doesn’t she remember? And who’s voice did she hear just now?

Questions were piling up in her mind. She was beginning to feel dizzy and her legs weren’t working. Was she breathing? It didn’t feel like she was breathing. No, she was panicking. Panic had completely overtaken her very being until it was the only thing she could feel. She’d never had panic attacks while she was alive, so why was she having one now?

So many questions.

A warm presence made itself known on her shoulder. Within what seemed to be an instant, the panic was gone. Her hands felt clammy and her head was pounding but the overwhelming sense of trepidation was gone. The strange man was in front of her now, his hand gently placed on her shoulder. Something about him was warm and welcoming despite his appearance. "Are you alright?"

"I-" It was still hard to think. Processing words felt like rocket science. Sentences seemed impossibly complex. Nonetheless, she gathered enough together to ask a simple question. "How did I die?"

"Ah. Yes." His hands clasped together tightly at his waistline in an unnerving fashion. "You see, when people die in a graphic or rather... *Upsetting*... manner," though she couldn't see any eyes through his mask, it didn't feel like he was looking at her, "we tend to erase the memory of the event." The thought of dying a gruesome death didn't exactly make her feel better. His gentle hand fell back on her shoulder as he lowered himself down to be eye level with her. "We absolutely don't have to open that part of the file if you don't want to."

Maka's lips were pressed together in a tight line. The plump pink of her lips were violently worried by her teeth as she stared downward in thought. "Can we sit down now?" He gently steered her towards his desk with a hand on her shoulder as a resounding of course! came from behind his mask. A slight scraping sound made her wince as he pulled the chair out for her. She plopped down in the seat, letting her body sink into the chair as she took a deep breath.

"I suppose I should introduce myself," his hand was outstretched towards her. "I am Lord Death!" Perhaps with unnecessary caution, she slowly took his hand in greeting. His hand quickly snapped back as he clapped his hands together with fervor. "Now let's have a look at your file!" He flipped open a Manila folder that was definitely not there a second ago. Maka couldn't help but notice how small the folder was. How could someone's entire life fit into such a small page?

How dull.

That voice again. It sounded like her own voice but somehow not. It was harsher, almost indifferent. She wouldn't say it was monotone but it could hardly be considered to be expressive. Did she have a voice like that in life? Was she really that harsh?

Yes.

Thinking back, she was always angry at the world. She was always so cynical, constantly questioning the incentive of others. She didn't have many friends due to her prudence but she would never say she was a bad friend. A little over protective at times and certainly blunt about her feelings, but never a bad friend. Maybe she was wrong? Maybe she was terrible in life. Did her friends think of her that way?

She couldn't help but wonder how Tsubaki was doing in particular. They'd been friends for so long, and were practically attached at the hip. Maka couldn't help but hope her friend was alright without her.

Of course she is. She doesn't need you. She was the strong one, not you.

The words in her head were painful to hear, but she couldn't deny them. She wasn't strong, not really. She only pretended to be. Tsubaki was always the one calming her down and keeping her level headed. Tsubaki didn't need her to be alright, but she certainly needed Tsubaki. Especially right now.

"I see that is a habit of yours." Her eyes snapped back up to the man holding her file. Holding her entire life in the palm of his hand in a folder, as if it were nothing more than a report. She squeaked out an apology before he continued, "it's quite alright! Inquisitive minds get distracted easily, but they are the great minds behind discovery and wonder! Minds like yours are what make Earth so exciting, don't you think?"

Maybe it was the way he phrased it, or maybe it was simply the fact that he was trying to reassure her, but his words made her feel slightly more at ease. All she could muster was a meek "if you say so".

He pulled a single page out of the folder, inspecting it carefully before placing it down in front of her with great care. The page, oddly enough, was a composition. Music notes were scrawled messily over thick black lines that were less than straight. For something so rough looking, it also seemed to have such a delicate existence. "What is this?"

"Your file."

"Music? But I can't read music."

"Then we'll just have to find someone who can." He stood from his place at his desk, carefully tucking the music sheets back into the folder. Maka followed, watching as the mirror behind him began to glow blindingly.

The mirror turned into a doorway leading to some sort of strange neighborhood in what Maka could only consider to be a rather colorful city. "Who are we going to see?"

The strange man turned back towards her, his body partially through the doorway already. He answered cheerfully, simply saying two words:

"Your soulmate."

Chapter End Notes

So... I went awol. I apologize... but I am back now?

I dunno I found inspiration again so yay. I'm freaking HYYYYPE about this story, and I hope you guys are too. I still have to get through the rest of the introductions so bear with me. We'll get to the good stuff soon.

BlackStar

Chapter Notes

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

Welcome!

Everything is fine.

BlackStar was very, very confused. Two seconds ago, he was in a drag race. He was winning a drag race. Now he's somewhere sitting on some overpriced couch staring at some big green lettering on a wall.

A door opened off to the side, catching his attention. What really caught his attention, however, was the man that stepped through the door. He was wearing a long tattered cloak and a mask in the shape of a skull. The mask, however, showed no signs of any life actually existing beneath it. If BlackStar could describe this man, he'd definitely say he was animated. He was hardly of this world, though BlackStar wasn't entirely sure that was an accurate thought.

"Hello, BlackStar!" From what BlackStar could see, the man didn't even possess feet. He practically glided over to the spot in front of the couch. "I am Lord Death!" The mask on the guy was moving, almost as if it had muscles of its own. "Would you follow me, please?"

They walked through the door Lord Death had protruded from and stepped onto a beach. Except, it wasn't a beach, and it was more or less a burial ground. A very, very large burial ground. BlackStar found himself slightly intrigued. "Cool."

"Yes, yes!" Lord Death's hands clapped together with a resounding slap. "Very cool indeed!" He led BlackStar over to a desk where a massive book awaited them. The book was easily almost a foot tall with Blake Sterling in the middle of a star embroidered on the front in gold lettering. "I see you've had quite the adventurous lifestyle! Let's take a look, shall we?"

Inside the book was not words but pictures and illustrations, each one depicting a moment from his life. Some were recognizable, others were distant memories lost to time. A smile came to his face as he looked at the pictures in front of him. The smile, however, faded slightly when Lord Death started flipping frantically through the pages. "Is something wrong?"

The features of the mask changed again, a concerned and almost quizzical brow adorning the mask. “Well it’s just...” there was a worried pause before he continued, “there isn’t anyone else in these photos. The only person I see is you.”

That was not exactly reassuring. “Is it not supposed to be like that? I thought this was supposed to be about my life?”

“Well yes, but it’s supposed to be from your point of view.” To elaborate Lord Death pointed to one of the photos of BlackStar snowboarding. “This seems to be someone else’s point of view.” One of his hands came up to his mask in a questioning manner as he thought to himself. After an uncomfortable amount of time of silence for BlackStar, he burst out a response. “That’s it!”

BlackStar was startled by the sudden outburst, almost falling out of his chair. “Jesus- what is it?”

“These are the memories of people who admired you! You must have had a lot of friends that cared for you.” At this BlackStar grinned as he stood emphatically.

“Of course I did! I’m BlackStar!” He cackled in a rather animated manner, throwing his head back as he laughed. “I’m great!”

“As I can see!” Large hands flipped through the pages again, this time at a more leisurely pace. “You’ve certainly done quite a bit! I also see that you’ve spent a lot of time doing charity events!” The picture he was focused on was one of BlackStar skateboarding for charity. In all honesty, the charity was a just a bonus. He was more thrilled about being able to showcase his talents, not that a detail like that was important. He still did good. He still made it to heaven. That’s what counts, right?

Apparently Lord Death had still been talking, because now he was looking at BlackStar intently as if waiting for a response. “Sorry, what?”

“Your soulmate! You certainly aren’t into scrapbooking, but they must be! That’s why your life is portrayed through a scrapbook!” BlackStar was very confused. Since when were soulmates supposed to be introduced after you died? Wasn’t that a living thing? “How exciting! Would you like to meet them?”

BlackStar still wasn’t really following, but the guy seemed really intent on showing him his apparent soulmate. It couldn’t be helped, he supposed. “Sure! Let’s go meet the lucky broad!

Chapter End Notes

I'm attempting to write the introductions in a way that makes sense for the characters, which is why the writing style may seem everywhere. Where Maka's had more thought and elaboration, BlackStar isn't really a thinker. He's impulsive and straightforward, so his story is going to come across simple and almost asinine.

Tsubaki

Chapter Notes

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

Welcome!

Everything is fine.

The room was bright and serene. In a strange way, the simplicity of it reminded Tsubaki of the dojo. Her father's dojo was always so clean; even the air was different. It was more breathable. The dojo was also quiet, peaceful. It had a sort of radiance to it, like it was the key to all of life's answers. That's how her father described it, anyway. Though she had to admit it was a pleasant place, it certainly wasn't the answer to life's questions. It was a dojo. Plain and simple.

As pleasant as the room was, she still had one question.

How did I get here?

She was trying to recall her last memory, but couldn't. She knew her name, she was pretty sure she knew the date, she had memories, so why couldn't she remember how she got into this room? Maybe this was some weird hospital. Had she been hurt? Does Maka know?

Maka.

Tsubaki wasn't sure why Maka was the first name that came to mind. Maybe they had been together before this? It was funny. Tsubaki wasn't really the type to ask questions. She found it easier to simply follow other's plans and make them happy. Happy household, happy life, right? Maybe Maka was starting to rub off on her some. Lord knows she was starting to sound just as cynical.

The click of a door pulled her from her thoughts. She turned towards the door to see a man wearing a full body cloak and a skull mask. At that moment she came to a detrimental realization.

This was not a hospital.

"Hello, Tsubaki." In contrast to his appearance, his voice was actually quite pleasant. It reminded Tsubaki of her grandfather. "Do come in! We have much to discuss."

She followed him through the doorway, where she seemingly stepped into another world. Or rather, a massive cemetery. He led her to his desk where a comic book lay and proceeded to sit across from her. "Take a seat!" She listened, albeit prudently. "Let me introduce myself. My name is Lord Death," he gestured wildly to himself with his unusually sized hands, "and you, Tsubaki, are in the afterlife."

Her eyes grew wide and her brain turned to static. Panic wasn't necessarily what she was experiencing. If she could name the feeling in her gut, it was a sense of dread. "How?"

For as serious as the atmosphere already was, her question made the air even thicker. Lord Death, as he called himself, seemed to become solemn and quiet. "It's in your file, but I'm afraid it wasn't pleasant. We tend to eradicate memories of deaths that were less than satisfactory."

"I see..." she seemed to be lost in thought for a moment before she continued, "Was I alone?"

The brow of his mask contorted into an enquiring expression as he answered her, "your friend Maka was there as well." He was about to continue but was immediately interrupted by Tsubaki as she lurched forward.

"Is she okay? Did she survive?" His hand slid forward to reach out to her own. All he gave was a gentle squeeze, but it gave away the answer. "Unfortunately, she got here about an hour ago. You both left Earth."

Thought the knowledge of Maka's death was heart wrenching, the fact that he said here was not lost on her. "She's here? I'll be able to see her?"

His expression softened into a happier one, easing her anxiety slightly. "Of course! You'll be able to see her as often as you like!" With a heavy sigh of relief, Tsubaki sat back down. Whatever happened, it didn't separate them. Her best friend was still with her. She had a familiar face, a family still. That was all she needed. "I think we should take a look at your file now, if you are ready." He flipped open the cover of the comic and rotated the book so she could see.

"A comic book?" She gave him a quizzical look as she slid the comic closer to herself and proceeded to read. Each page told a different story from her life with colorful pictures and dialog bubbles. It was strange to read about herself like this.

Lord Death clapped his hands together. "Righto! As I'm sure you've already deducted, this is your comic. It tells the story of your life!"

Flipping through the pages was sort of addicting. She was able to see every moment of her life drawn out onto a page in such an intriguing way. "This is neat but..." she stopped flipping the pages and looked up at him, "why a comic book?"

"Oh!" His hands clapped together again to emphasize his interjection. "That's because of your soulmate!"

That was certainly not the answer she was expecting. As a matter of fact, that was probably the last thing she was expecting. The only response she could manage to muster was a meek one. "Huh?"

This is the last introduction for a bit. There will be many more new faces, but not yet. I want to start letting the characters get acquainted with one another before I get more people involved.

And I'm sure you're DYING to know what happened to Maka and Tsubaki. Don't worry kids, all in due time.

Death City

Chapter Notes

I may or may not have gotten into a car accident this morning after getting out of work that shook me to the CORE. At least it motivated me to write lmao. Enjoy!

The city, Death City, as Lord Death had told Soul, was ironically bustling with life. The architecture was nonsensical and abstract, buildings of all shapes, sizes, and colors erected side by side. Soul wanted to consider it an eyesore, but the creative part of him was captivated. Each individual home was the fabrication of someone's life. All of their interests, desires, and dreams were all encompassed in a home built just for them. It was breathtaking.

"If you'll just follow me-" Lord Death led him through the crowds down what felt like a never-ending street as he spoke, "your home is at the very end.". Soul found himself entranced by everything around him. Whether it was wonder or a sense of being overwhelmed, he wasn't quite sure. "Here we are!"

At the very end of the street was a cabin. It wasn't anything to behold, not like some of the rather ornate mansions they passed along the way, but it was still nice. Though Soul wouldn't say he was a cabin sort of guy, something about this one felt like home. It was comfortable. "Go ahead, look inside!" A gentle nudge pushed him forward towards the cabin. He didn't rush inside, taking the time to appreciate the decorative engravings along the door frame before opening the door. Inside the cabin left Soul awestruck. A fireplace was lit in front of two elegant red sofas. Enormous bookshelves adorned the walls, though he noted the numerous piles of books scattered throughout the room as well. In the corner was a glamorous grand piano. Black paint was glimmering from the incandescent flames and left Soul enamored.

The cabin itself was rather open, the other half being the kitchen and a bed lay against the wall in the middle. There were two doors, one leading to the bathroom and the other leading to a small closet where a mix of male and female clothing hung. The bathroom was a mix of modern and rustic with a large ornate tub with a shower attached. Candles were lit on the corners of the tub and sink but a ceiling light kept the room well lit. If Soul were an interior design expert he would say they did an excellent job. Who the "they" he would be congratulating was, he did not know, but they did a marvelous job nonetheless. "This is incredible. Can't really say I'm much of a reader though." He picked up one of the books that was laying about to examine it further. *Mountain Sound* was splayed across the cover in large golden letters.

"The books aren't actually for you." Lord Death strolled back towards the door leading outside before pausing to continue. "Go ahead and get comfortable. You'll meet who they

belong to soon enough.” With that, he left the cabin and closed the door behind him leaving Soul on his own.

“Get comfortable, huh?” He looked around some more, going through the kitchen cupboards and trying to understand how the fridge could have everything and nothing all at once. All he had to do was say what he wanted and it would be there. He didn’t even need the stove at this point. The color scheme in the kitchen definitely caught his eye, however. All of the wood in the cabin was cherry oak, so the green hand towels and red dishes were an interesting choice. He kind of liked the aesthetic, though. It felt personalized. Though he supposed that’s what heaven was supposed to look like.

Time passed by and his desire to explore dwindled. He found himself sitting on the bench in front of the grand piano with his fingers hovering hesitantly over the keys. *No one can ridicule you here, Soul*. With a deep breath and a gentle reassurance he began to play. It was certainly melancholic as he filled the room with his emotions. Though he was in the good place, he was still dead. There was still more he wanted to accomplish, people he wanted to meet. A sense of dread swelled inside of him, perforating into his music. He didn’t notice the girl enter the cabin until after his song was done and the clapping started. Next to her was Lord Death, who was clapping as well. It was the girl who spoke first. “That was incredible.”

Soul was slightly taken aback. It had been a long time since he had heard a compliment from anyone about his music. Most of his family told him he would be better off playing renditions of other pieces rather than his own music. They told him he would be better off playing Wes's music. Wes had lovely music. Soul had dark music. It was simple enough. He had yet to respond to the girl, settling on a meek thank you before continuing, “it’s just who I am.”

“Ah.” A rather attractive smirk spread across her face as she spoke, “dark and brooding. Not necessarily original but interesting.” She took a step forward and outstretched her hand in his direction. He took it with a firm grasp as she introduced herself. “Maka Albarn.”

“Soul Evans.” He could swear the air was electric. The way her hand felt in his hand and how her voice made him tingle was fascinating and terrifying all at once. He found it hard to let go of her hand, tracing her palm as he pulled his own hand back.

Lord Death jolted forward making both of them flinch away, much to his chagrin. “Soul, meet the owner to the books.” Soul’s eyes snapped back to hers, getting lost in a sea of green. Pink lips tilted into an awkward smile drawing his unwavering attention to them.

“So you’re my soulmate.” His left hand nervously ran through his hair out of reflex before he stood from the bench. “Can’t say I’m much of a reader, but I respect your passion.” He nodded his head to the obvious abundance of literature.

Her eyes scanned the cabin before responding, “I’m not really that into music either, but I can tell you’re well practiced. It takes a lot of dedication to be able to play like that.”

He couldn’t fight the slight downturn of his lips as he spoke. “Dedication isn’t exactly what I would call it, but I am certainly well practiced.” Her brows furrowed slightly at that, but instead of pressing further she handed him a manila folder.

“It’s got a composition inside, but I can’t really read it. I guess it’s supposed to be my file?” His head tilted in confusion as he took the folder and scanned its contents.

“It’s...” the familiarity of the composition before him was jarring. There was no way he could be seeing what he was seeing. “It’s my song. I wrote this. Before I died.” He looked up at her before finishing, “this was the last song I ever wrote.” He flipped the pages, stopping after the first two. “There’s more here though. I never actually finished it but it looks like it’s complete.” A content smile washed over his features. “I guess I actually knew how I wanted it to end.”

Maka was noticeably perplexed by his reaction. “How can a song you wrote in life be my song in death?” Soul met her eyes again, letting himself linger in her gaze before speaking.

“I could always play it for you.” Lord Death’s presence was suddenly uncomfortably apparent with that recommendation so Soul quickly corrected himself. “When there’s time. Though,” a jarring thought crossed his mind as he processed what he was holding, “I don’t remember getting any sort of file about my life during my... orientation.”

Lord Death’s mask contorted into a strange expression, one that was almost nervous. “Well...” He brushed a hand over his forehead as if he was wiping away sweat from the mask and let out a shaky laugh. “It hasn’t exactly been finished yet. I can show you what we have but there may have been some,” there was an awkward pause before he continued, “missing information.”

Soul and Maka exchanged glances, both of them sharing the same thought.

“Missing?”

End Notes

Hello, darlings! My favorite thing about writing is reading comments. Please feel free to critique, praise, or even throw something random in here. It doesn't matter what it is! I just like interacting with you all. <3

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