

## **an assassin and a fae walk into a bar...**

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## **an assassin and a fae walk into a bar...**

by [swagcore](#)

### Summary

Iskall's pretty unmarkable. Rushes to work on Mondays, enjoys shopping, part of an assassin's guild...they're your average person for the most part.

So when they get a new hit on the Hermitcraft server despite being one of the lowest ranked guild members, they only really have one option:

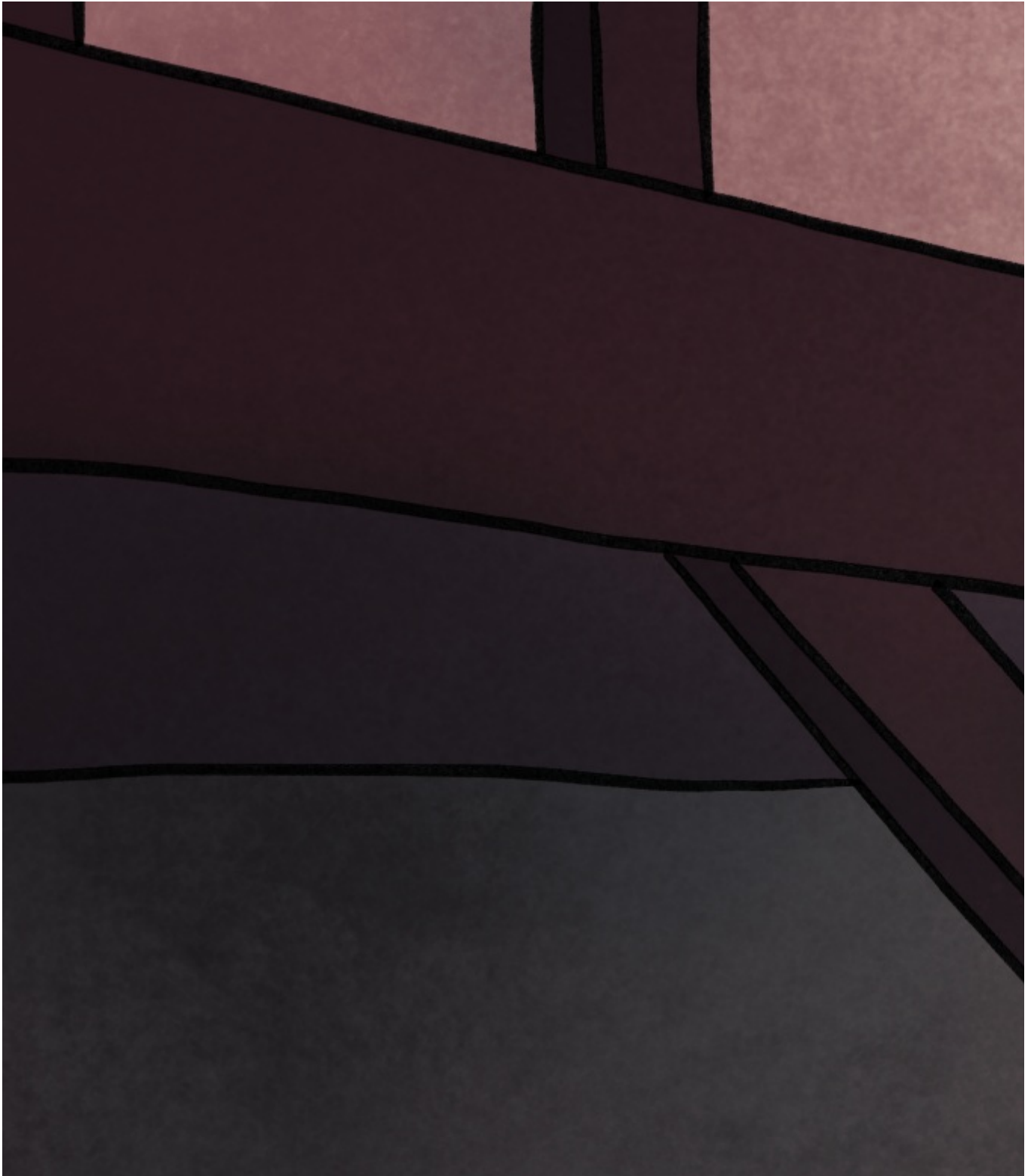
Meet with Stress Monster, the local fae, in a bar.

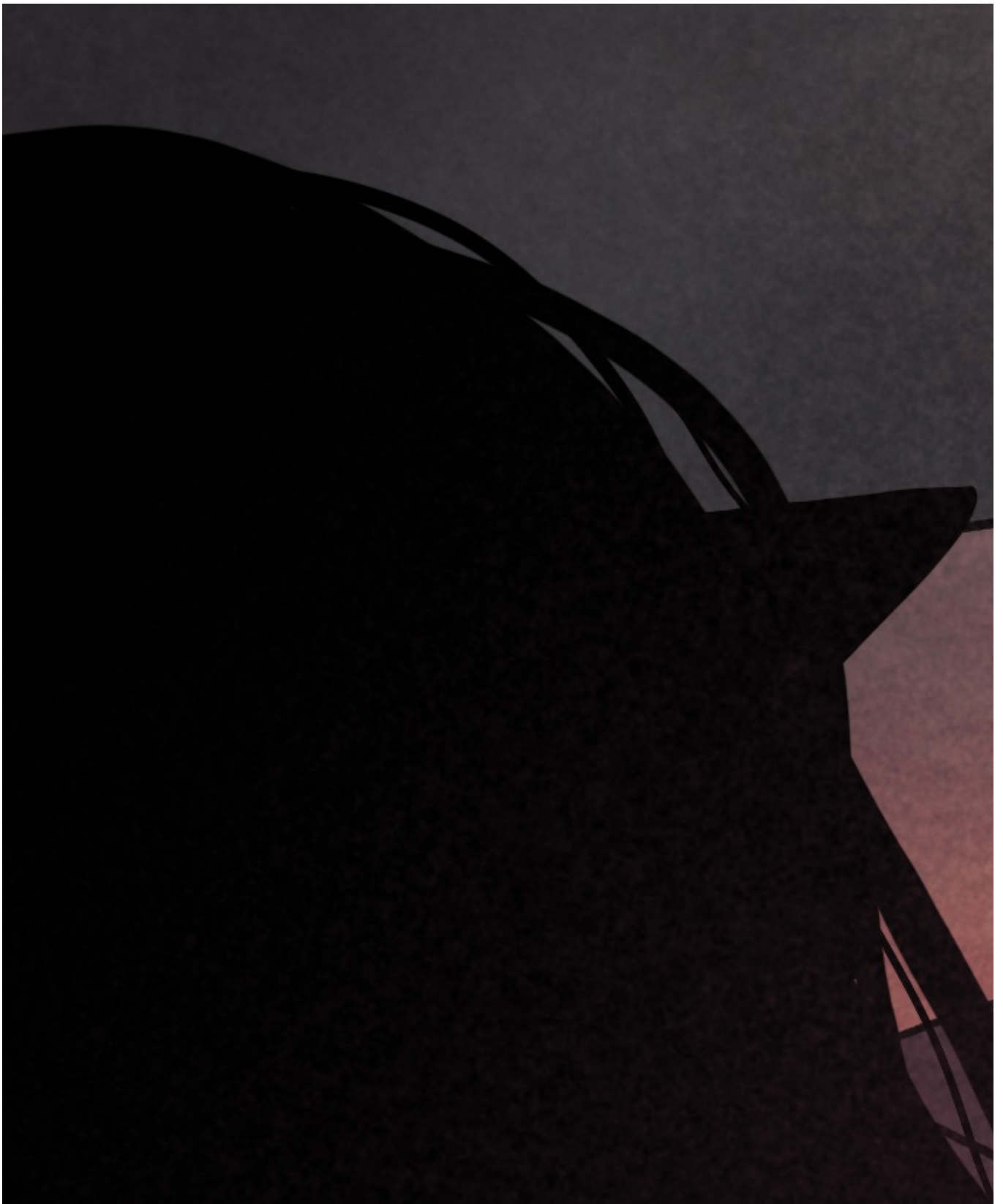
# and...start!

## Chapter Notes

wonderful cover art by [widdendream5](#)  
on tumblr! feel free to support rei on [ko-fi](#)!

written as a part of the multidimensional big bang event





Iskall was having a great day actually! Today was a he/him day, the sun was shining, and he was trying to find some good deals in the local marketplace.

He was browsing all of the stalls, making a mental note of what things to buy, anything you'd do in a marketplace.

Only for his day to be ruined with a "cAw!" and a smack in the face.

There were a few snickers from the locals. He got off the ground with a sigh. When he got up, he saw that the bird dropped a small note. Knowing the guild's patterns of theatrics, he took it as a sign that he should *probably* make his way to the guild.

Iskall huffed as he was putting the note in his pocket. *So much for spending the next few hours trying to find a good deal.*

He power-walked the familiar pathway to the guild's "inn", arriving around 10 minutes later. As he walked towards it, his face fell when there was no one lounging in the front.

Which means that everyone else was already in a meeting.

And he was *very, very, late.*

---

He ran through the inn, trying not to slip and breathe in too much candle smoke.

As he slammed into the door, his foot caught on some wax. And with wax being slippery, he fell face-first into the floor.

*Great.*

Trying to stand up, some of the wax stuck to his shoe decided to make his day worse. *So* instead of being able to get up like he normally would, he instead one-foot-man-ice-skated across the lobby.

Not in the figure skater way either! He bumped into the bar twice and slammed into 3 tables in 5 minutes. He's 80% sure he'll have bruises later.

Grievances aside and a 180-spin later, he managed to go inside the contract room.

Unfortunately for him, he was facing the other way. So when the loud boom of "**Iskall 87,**"

echoed behind him, he looked really, *really* silly.

Spinning around, he faced the leader to correct them.

“It’s Iskall85 actual-”

The thump of papers cut him off. *Rude*. “Here’s your contract, someone ordered a hit on the Hermitcraft server,” the guild leader squinted their eyes, “Don’t ask to switch. No one else wanted it.”

They quickly left before Iskall even got the chance to respond.

A few minutes of silence later, the information given to him finally sunk in:

*Oh my god.*

*I’m going to kill someone on the Hermitcraft server.*

---

“So whyd’ a meet me here for?” Stress questioned while raising an eyebrow, “You never take me to the bar unless you’re asking for something.”

*And that was true*, Iskall thought, *it’s the early evening now and he’s invited her to dinner, but he’s just spent the entire day brainstorming and he really needs to ask Stress.*

Clearing his throat, Iskall said, “Well, I brought you here because I have a proposition for you, a good one!”

“Oh yeah?” Stress said, still looking at him with a raised eyebrow, “Go on.”

“Mhm! So I got a contract and after spending all of today constructing an Omega plan of doom...I

think you would be of great help.”

Stress chuckled softly, “It’s cause of me fae powers right?”

“Exactly! Now uh,” Iskall coughed, “I have neglected to tell you an important detail.”

“Oh well, surely it can’t be that ba-”

“It’s a hit on the Hermitcraft server”

“Hermit-” Stress’ jaw dropping wide open, “*Iskall!*”

“Listen! I’ve already constructed an Omega plan of doom, just hear me out-”

“Oh my god, *no!* You’re going to get both of us killed!”

“Stress! Don’t worry I got a plan!”

“What sort of plan is gonna keep us-”

“We pretend to be some travelers and pretend we’re seeking shelter! I’ve heard some of them are pretty nice-”

“Well, they’re not gonna be very nice if we’re trying to kill them!”

“It’s worth a shot!,” Iskall glared at the menu, “And I’ll even buy you dinner if you humor me for a bit.”

Stress furrowed her eyebrows, “Okay...if it ends up this is a bad idea you’re on your own!” she said, slowly relaxing into the chair.

Sighing, Iskall waved down a waiter, "I'll try my best. So what do you want to order?"

---

Stress ordered French toast with extra strawberries and whipped cream and Iskall ordered some beef stew and a side of bread.

The two chatted for a bit, the conversation mostly being about how on Earth Iskall isn't sending them on a death mission.

"So are we just going to walk up and ask for refuge? But what if they don't let us in?"

"Don't worry, I'm a great charmer! Who could turn down this handsome face!"

"Even a gorgeous face like yours won't stop us from going 6 feet under! "

"I can try!"

"What are you even going to say? *'Oh, please let poor little old Iskall in so I can get this contract over with. Ignore my friend Stress over there.'* "

"..."

"Yes."

"Oh my God!"

The two bickered until the waiter came over. They both got their act together, thanking the waiter after they delivered their food. Once the waiter left, they dug in immediately.

"So," Iskall said through a mouth full of bread, "do you have any ideas?"

"Ideas?" Stress scoffed, "you're the one that's supposed to be the brains here!"

"Hey! I already told you my plan, pretend to be in need so they let us in!"

"Still! I'm sure they get a lot of visitors."

Stress makes a good point, they probably get a lot of tourists and they need to stand out...

*Ah ha!* "Stress, you're a genius!"

"Huh? What'da I do?"

"We need to stand out, so, let's just say escaping somewhere! Like...we've accidentally angered the vault gods and we're seeking shelter! "

"Vault gods?"

"Vault gods! We'd have to learn more about the religion...but I remember reading something about them in the library. And I don't think they'd check."

"Uh," Stress' face turning into a worried frown, "Ya sure this is gonna work?"

"In theory!"

Stress narrowed her eyes in condemnation, staring at Iskall for a few moments.

"Well honestly, I don't have anything more to lose. You know, after spending too much time outside the fae realm and all that."



A deep breath later, "*Fineee* . I'll go along with you. But you better split the bounty with me!"

"I knew you'd be open to it! Don't worry Stress," Iskall smiled at her, "I will."

---

Iskall is starting to regret agreeing to meet Stress at 9 in the morning.

She's barely had time to pick out a pronoun for the day let alone get coffee.

So now, she's standing out of the library, shivering in the cold. If living in this town has taught her anything, it won't warm up until noon.

She waits a few more minutes before realizing she hasn't even tried opening the door. When the door handle opens without a problem, she facepalms herself and walks inside.

Lo and behold, Stress is already waiting for her inside. She's headfirst into a book and looks very invested in whatever she's reading.

Iskall shimmies her way into the seat, greeting Stress with a "Hallo! ". Stress greets her back and asks for her pronouns for the day. The two fell into an easy rhythm, easily falling into conversation.

Just as Iskall was about to question Stress about plans, a loud *SHHHHHH* came somewhere in the library. *Right. They're in a library.*

Not wanting to risk it again, they both tried to mime to each other. That goes as well as you'd expect, aka: the conversation goes nowhere.

Stress gave up trying to mime, whispering to Iskall if she had any more information about vault gods. Unfortunately, another *SHHHHHH* shot down that method of communication.

Stress sighed as she dug around in her bag. She took out a mountain of crafting supplies and various other items.

Stress managed to scavenge a feather, a bottle of ink, and a pink paring knife. Really fancy ones too, the knife's handle had glitter floating inside it.

After a few minutes, she fashioned the feather into a quill. Dipping it into the ink, she scribbled a note to Iskall. After making sure that the quill worked, she slid the quill and some paper to Iskall.

The paper and quill only slid halfway across the table. Iskall sighed, getting up and receiving them herself.

Once she got them, Iskall started to scribble her plans onto the paper.

It took her a while, and she knew Stress was getting bored. But genius needs time! So, she spent a while longer writing down various ways they could get hunted down by vault gods.

When she finished and looked at Stress, Stress somehow managed to make a house out of popsicle sticks and leaves for some live caterpillars. Stress looked up at Iskall, rolling her eyes and mouthing "Long Time" in her direction.

Iskall stuck her tongue out Stress. She delivered her the piece of paper and Stress started to read it.

She finished after a couple of minutes and started to write on an actual piece of paper and another pen.

*( Did she have to go through all of the fuss of making a brand new feather pen if she had an actual pen the entire time?)*

*(Actually, that seems like something she'd do to waste Iskall's time. )*

And *oh boy* did she take forever to write out her idea. Iskall was already falling asleep when she felt Stress' prince loom over her.

Iskall blinked wearily in response. Stress opened her mouth, remembered that she was going to be *SHHHHHH* ed again, and handed Iskall a note that said “WAKE UP BONEHEAD!!!! YOU SLEPT FOR SO LONG THAT THE CATERPILLARS TURNED INTO BUTTERFLIES!!!!!!”

The caterpillars did indeed turn into butterflies. They were in the corner of the ceiling, all gathered together in a cluster.

Iskall waved it off, much to dismay with Stress. A Stress eye roll later, Stress started to give Iskall a response to her plan.

Stress noted some ideas here and there, and despite how much she'd been complaining before, Iskall could tell that she was genuinely interested. They both exchanged a look of understanding and shook hands on the plan.

Hopefully, this plan doesn't get them killed.

---

As the days passed and they met up together more, they were gaining confidence that they'll actually get the job done!

After some last-minute packing, Iskall and Stress made their way to the stables. They've been looking at some trails and concluded that they did *not* want to walk that far, even if one of them had faerie wings.

Alas, when they tried to buy the horse, something went wrong. Instead of a normal deal where they pick a horse and pay for it, the shop owners thought that Iskall and Stress were trying to steal a horse.

Iskall couldn't really blame them! They did just show up with armed weapons and didn't schedule an appointment. The shopkeepers also thought Stress was going to use fae powers on them, even if Stress hasn't lived in the fae realm in years.

As all of the staff cowered in fear and told them to take the horse, a guard just so happened to walk by. And he just so happened to walk by what seemed to be a robbery.

*Yeah, they were about to be arrested.*

Whether it was Stress being Stress or stress, Stress panicked and threw Iskall onto the horse. In the most stressful 30 minutes of Iskall's life, they ran out of town and got the guards off their tail.

So now not only were they trying to do the hardest hit Iskall's ever done, they were wanted criminals now. *Wonderful* start to their trip.

2 hours later, the two finally stopped to catch their breath. They slowed down to a shady patch of grass and finally gave the poor horse a break.

Settling down was easy enough. Iskall tied the horse down, gave it food and water, and plenty of time to rest.

Stress agreed to take care of the horse while Iskall started unpacking. After eating an apple, Iskall finally had enough time to pick out a pronoun for the day. "They" sounds like a good one for now.

A well-taken-care-of horse later, they went back on their way to the nearest server hub.

---

Once they added the Hermitcraft server's IP, Iskall, Stress, and their lovely horse, Petunia, found themselves at the gate of the Hermitcraft server.

Now, this would usually be the place where they should be happy that their plan worked. But that means if both of them failed now, then it would be harder to go back because of their new criminal stat-

"Ayyyyy, man! Someone's finally stopped by here," someone while a chair squeaked.

Iskall was face to face with the...booth-person-thing? *Whatever the people who guard server entrances are called.*

They were a dog person with a simple daisy crown and green glasses. They smiled woozily at them while leaning over to wave at Stress.

Upon further inspection, they had a name tag that said “Renbob”, decorated with various puffy stickers.

Iskall didn't realize how much they were staring, quickly snapping out of it when Renbob pointed it out.

“Woahhh, man. You're totally killing the vibe with that stare, dude. You here for some meditation, man?”

*‘No, I'm here to assassinate one of you,’* is what Iskall would have said if they were an honest man.

“No, uh, we're here to escape the vault gods.”

Renbob eyes shot with sympathy “Oh. Sorry, that wasn't very cool of me, what can I do for you, man?”

“Well, we are here for some sort of shelter,” Stress chimed in.

Renbob's attention turned to Stress.

Stress continued, “Yeah... vault gods usually only affect dungeons, but we messed up an altar and they're after us now. We just want a safe place, that's all.”

Renbob scanned her with an unreadable expression and after a few tense seconds, Renbob finally said he would call his higher-ups.

When Renbob finished the call, he was grinning ear to ear.

“Welcome to Hermitcraft, man!”

Iskall stood there in shock for a few minutes before shaking Renbob’s hand. Stress followed suit, and before they knew it they were in the Hermitcraft server.

---

The moment they walked into the pearly gates of Hermitcraft, it really started to sink in that they did not plan this far into the assassination.

Iskall didn’t know if it was the giant buildings or the fact they were in a server with such legendary status, but any confidence in their plan before fell flat.

Iskall gave a worried expression to Stress, but she reassured them that the spells she’d been practicing should be enough. Even in the worst-case scenario, they should be able to bail out of the server. Her admitting her own nervousness helped as well.

They flashed each other a familiar smile and brainstormed ways to escape. Before they knew it they were bickering like an old couple. Tangents were always a nice way to get things off both of their minds.

## intermission

### Chapter Notes

hey so uhhh there's like 1 yhs joke in here so if that doesn't float your boat feel free to skip this entire chapter or right after "Grian said while walking out the door"!

“What on earth are you doing?” Mumbo said as he walked into Grian sprawling out on his living room floor.

“Shhhh Mumbo, I’m watching.”

“Mate, you’re face down on your living room floor, I don’t think you're going to be watching anything.”

“Well, you see Mumb-”

Grian’s communicator ring cut him off.

“...I’ll get that.”

He picks up his communicator and starts talking in a galactic, a language Mumbo had a barely passable understanding in. A few minutes of gibberish later, Grian finishes the call with a screaming cackle.

As Grian turns to Mumbo and chokes through his laughter, he manages to spit out a “Oh my goodness Mumbo, we’ve finally gotten big enough to be assassinated!”

“What are you on about?”

Grian lets out a final chuckle before saying, “Right, so Renbob’s finally gotten someone at the gate, right?”

“Mhm.”

“And he’s asked me to use some of my powers from one of the old servers.”

“Right.”

“And basically they’ve been set on a hit to kill at least one of us, but are utterly clueless that we all respawn.”

“ *Oh .*”

“So you know what I’m thinking?”

“You wanna prank them into oblivion?”

“ *Exactly* . Not too hard, though, I don’t want them to leave. Just enough to mess with them a bit and have a good laugh.”

“Oh, that’s genius!” Mambo said while considering the idea, “I’m guessing you’re going to tell the others about this?”

“Mhm,” Grian said while walking out the door, “Also, Renbob said their code needs to adjust first so if you get some blood on your clothes just pour some soda on it, and it should be fine.”

Grian paused.

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

“ *Why* do you even know that, Grian?”



“Oh,” Grian’s face morphing into concentration, “Let’s say I had a very unsupervised childhood.”

Mumbo decided not to press further, changing the topic. A few minutes of discussion later, they started material gathering for their prank.

## ...and we're back on the air!

### Chapter Notes

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

Babysitting—oops. They mean *mining* with Stress has been going pretty well!

Constantly fighting mobs until both of them had shields has been pretty fun, even if they were constantly bombarded with Stress' hollers. Every corner they turned was filled with mobs, with Iskall having to take the brunt while Stress hid behind them gleefully. Thank goodness Petunia was tied up in a safe grass patch they found earlier.

Walking back into the now nicely-lit tunnels, the two chatted about whatever was on their minds.

“Well, I’m gonna find a spot for me things and just settle dow-”

“Howdy, y'all! I’m Joe Hills and it seems that the two of you are new here, and as one of the only people near spawn right now, would y’all be interested in a tour :)?”

Both were taken aback by the new guest. How the green-haired guy appeared out of thin air and made... *that* sound was beyond Iskall's understanding.

But Joe did offer a tour *and* Iskall isn't one to pass up on free things...

Of course they accepted.

Even if Stress didn't appreciate being cut off, she did make small talk with Joe. After giving Joe a long rant about her displeasure of being cut off, she did try to get any information from him, hopefully that she could put her fae powers to use.

She learned that Joe doesn't really care what pronouns you use for him, Joe's been here for a while, Joe helps out anyone he can, and enjoys reading obscure parodies of mid 19th century plays.

So in short, nothing that Stress could use over him. And he's too important if anyone realized he was missing.

They quickly struck Joe off their potential hitlist after Stress gave Iskall a worried look. Iskall nodded in response, *they'd just have to keep on looking for another target.*

---

The beeline towards spawn started out normal enough. Greeting Petunia on the way out of the cave, seeing a deer lady chasing someone with an axe, houses being built...standard things you'd see back in any decent-sized town.

However, weird things started to happen. Stress pulled Iskall over, whispering that she could *swear* that the ocean was watching them. Iskall didn't know if that scared them into feeling that way but...as much as they were trying to focus on Joe, they couldn't help but feel that something was moving in the water. Doesn't help that they both saw a pair of blue eyes looking back at them.

The feeling didn't change when Iskall started seeing signs out of nowhere. One moment they'd be listening to Joe explaining the history of the server's pathways, and the other they'd see a sign about how all of them were custom designed to be wheelchair accessible.

Joe would just see the sign and act as if *nothing happened*. Even worse, sometimes he adds onto the facts, not bothering at all to explain if this was a magic system or a ghost haunting them.

Potential stalkers aside, the tour was pretty useful. Knowing the general layout of the server and available land plots gave them something to plan around.

At the end of their tour, they waved their goodbyes to Joe and decided to stop by a restaurant in the shopping district. *Hopefully*, they won't die eating the food and get to eavesdrop on any useful information.

---

The restaurant was a rustic place, quite similar to what they were used to back home.

One thing, though, is that this place was *a lot* more detailed than anything they were used to. Something about how the light hit the tiles on the roof and the textured walls made it look straight out of a painting. *At least they'll die somewhere pretty if both of them get poisoned.*

As they walked into the building, passing by the lively crowd of patrons, they located a counter and stool in the back of the restaurant. Settling there, Iskall prayed that the secluded area would shield any suspicion.

When Iskall finally sat down on the stool, exhaustion from the day crashed into them. All of the sudden, they were very, *very* aware that they could pass out at any second now.

Stress started to talk as Iskall started to melt into the counter.

“Ya wanna talk or are you too tired?”

Head shake.

“Alright then,” Stress said, “You want me to shut up or do ya just want me to ramble on?”

“Mhm, ramble.”

“Okay.”

The two of them quieted down, the light chatter of the other patrons filling the air instead. Iskall wasn't really paying attention to them, but the atmosphere still comforted them.

It made Iskall fall asleep right then and there but Stress' gasp of awe woke them up immediately.

“Oh my God, did you know they serve chocolate-covered scorpions here?”

“What...?”

“Like...Iskall look at the menu!”

“Hmph...the table is very cozy.”

Iskall could practically hear the eye roll, “Whatever!” Stress said. Afterwards, the floor squeaked

and they could hear Stress talking to someone else.

They stopped paying attention to the noise around them and melted further into the table, letting the warm smell of food and laughter wrap over them like a warm blanket.

It was nice.

---

Waking up with cave water dripping down her and half of her HP gone was *not* nice.

Sometime between the restaurant and now, Iskall fell asleep in the restaurant and Stress carried her back to their mining cave. And sometime between that, Stress quickly prepared a base in said cave.

When Iskall woke up, she was met with a very angry Stress Monster. When Stress made eye contact with her, she proceeded to tell the journey of getting lost in the middle of the night and having to use her wings as a last resort. That was *very* taxing for her, something that she stressed heavily to Iskall.

Iskall mumbled an apology before settling down on a set of pronouns for the day, she/her it is.

Once the two finished getting up and downing a mouthful of food, Iskall and Stress went off to do some resource gathering.

---

Taking into account all of their preexisting materials and any scraps they found lying about, they settled on a small castle (if you can call it that, it's only about 2 chunks big).

Even then a chest full of andesite, cobble, and God forbid *diorite*, they only had enough for half of the castle. Just to rub salt into the wound, they see someone start to beeline towards their terrible castle ruins.

As the person came closer, Iskall could make out that they were pretty short, wearing a moss poncho alongside a bright red bandana around their head. They looked pretty human, exactly what Stress needed for her powers. Stress caught on, hopping down the wall and building a fae circle in the courtyard.

A few minutes later, they struck up the conversation with, “Hey! Whatcha building?”

“Oh you know,” Iskall responded, “Just a small castle...thing. *Man* , I have to crane my neck so far down to see you!”

Their tone immediately shifted, “HEY! Are you trying to call me short?!”

“Oh, of course not! I was just stating some fa-”

“VERY FREAKIN’ FUNNY! But the little thing you’re building looks very nice!”

“Awh! Thanks love,” Stress interjected while walking out the doorway, “Oh! What’s your name by the way, you never told us.”

“Hm,” they paused, “Name’s Bdubs.”

“Well very nice to meet you Bdubs, I’m Stress and up there’s Iskall. She for the both of us for today.”

“Ah, yes. He for me as well.”

“Great!” Stress said, but telling by the small glance she gave Iskall, this ‘Bdubs’ guy didn’t give her his true name, “Do ya wanna look inside? You seem interested in our bui-”

“Oh it's turning night time,” Bdubs said while it was clearly early in the morning, “I gotta sleep now, uh, bye!” and he flew off.

*What a weird guy.*

---

Bdouble100: this was a horrible idea grian

Bdouble100: i just embarrassed myself in front of them

Grian: LOL

Grian: what did you do

Bdouble100: i said it was night time at the middle of the day

Bdouble100: they were trying to lure me into their stupid flower circle

Grian: thats amazing

Grian: well im going to see if anyone else wants to mess with them more

Grian: thanks bdubs!

Bdouble100: you better!

---

A makeshift castle makeover later, Iskall and Stress successfully made the castle ruins look intentional. When they added some bone meal around the fae circle, it looked pretty good in Iskall's opinion!

Now for the hard part: they had to figure out how to lure people into the castle-ruins-tourist-trap. And neither of them knew how to do marketing.

Wonderful.

After her idea of a giant billboard advertising an Epic Adventure of Omega Doom was rejected, Iskall was officially out of ideas. And when Iskall runs out of ideas, it's time to bother Stress in the name of "brainstorming".

Walking by Stress' side in the nearby forest to collect some flowers to make the build "more gorgeous", Iskall caught sight of someone mining in the distance.

Seeing the chance to spy on someone, Iskall ducked under the nearest bush and brought Stress with her.

"What the hell!"

"Shhhhh!" Iskall said while pointing in the distance, "Person!"

Stress went into a whisper-scream, "Wha-"

"We have to spy on them for ideas!"

"What ideas?!"

"I don't know Stress maybe we can lure them with something they like!"

"Can't we just ask them?"

"No! What if they get suspici-"

"Is everything okay over here?"

They craned their heads to the new voice that interrupted them.

Standing over them was a dog hybrid holding a shulker box with a confused expression, "Are you guys just going to stare at me or..."

"Oh! Yeah, sorry. Just got a little scared, that's all."

They nodded their head in response, "Mhm, what's all the ruckus about, though? I don't think I'm *that* scary..."



“We’re wasting time!” Stress interjected, “We’re doing it to make the Vault Gods happy, we’re being chased after them.”

“Huh. Never heard of Vault Gods before, ya mind telling me more?”

Iskall’s face deflated, now she’d actually have to do social interaction instead of spying. Getting their name was out of the question as well as they were clearly not human, as if the ears and fur didn’t give it away.

This day was going to be long.

---

The conversation went on for way too long for Iskall’s taste. By the time she and Stress were finished, it was in the middle of the afternoon and they hadn't gotten anyone remotely close to the fae circle. That Ren guy, they learned, just asks too many questions!

Frustrations aside, Iskall managed to actually brainstorm some trap ideas while talking with Ren. Taking note of some places where she could put some redstone traps around the ruins, Iskall went to bed feeling less apprehensive about the situation. Hopefully, Stress felt the same.

---

Working on the ruins the next day was quite peaceful! Stress was out decorating the outside with custom trees while Iskall worked on the traps. He had less redstone than he thought, but he still made it work. It was difficult enough where he wouldn’t get bored while still being repetitive enough to be able to turn off his brain. Considering the past week, *he really needed it*.

As both of them were finishing up, the build was actually looking really nice! Iskall was just about to test the traps when the sound of rockets caught his attention. He was 70% sure that the traps would work, and that’s more than 50% so they should work! In theory at least.

Climbing out of the hole, Iskall greeted the person at the door. Judging by the mustache, this must have been the Mumbo guy he’s been hearing about.

Iskall waved at him, and Mumbo waved back after struggling to take off his elytra. Admittedly it was kind of funny to watch him frantically take it off with the suit not cooperating but Iskall held in his laughter. Definitely.

After a small laugh escaped his lips, Mumbo started off the conversation with a greeting and

started asking questions about the castle.

“So, uh, you two are quite new, right?” A head nod from both of them, “Right, so is this some sort of minigame or something? It’s not really in the shopping district and it doesn’t look like a shop, so...”

*Shoot* . He’s actually asking good questions.

Making it up on the spot, Iskall said, “It’s a vault altar! For...for, uh, Idona! We have to collect monster souls or else they’ll come after us agai.”

“Is that why this place isn’t lit up at all?”

“...Yes.”

“Hm. Interesting.”

“Would you like a tour inside?”

“Oh! That would be lovely, thanks.”

And with that they started their tour inside the castle, Iskall making things on the spot to at least try to stall Mumbo long enough to have his trust. For example, yes that dispenser is there to drop XP bottles and it is *not* fully loaded with arrows, actually. No, you can’t use it right now as you need to wait for the right time to appease Tenos. Please resist the temptation to check it, it’s very sacred, *trust him* .

Thankfully Stress finished the trees before Iskall had to convince Mumbo that the very obvious repeater clock was there for Wendarr (even if Mumbo was buying everything Iskall said, somehow).

Stress greeted him, and most importantly got his name. From the look Stress gave Iskall right after, it was his true name and he definitely was mortal. *Finally!*

As Stress walked through the castle and made small talk with him, she started beelining towards the courtyard. Mumbo didn't seem to know any fae warning signs, *thank goodness* , and walked straight in.

This was it! Stress immediately focused her magic on Mumbo, and it was *flashy* .

The flowers inside the circle started to glow while Stress' throat shined with charmspeak. As Stress closed her eyes, sparkles surrounded her and the magic started to charge in her hands. The sky darkened around them and the wind started to spin around, nearly knocking Iskall to the ground.

Iskall's seen her do this a few times but *man* , he was lucky he never angered her enough for her to do this to him.

And by this point Stress *should* have full control of Mumbo but Iskall could see that her magic was slipping. Even though Mumbo had that look of someone under charmspeak, he wasn't responding to Stress' requests. That wasn't good. *Not at all*.

Iskall sprung into action, quickly seeing if any of his redstone traps would fire up. Flicking the lever for the "Tenos altar", a mountain of arrows flung in Mumbo's direction.

And he somehow didn't get hit by any of them! Iskall swore that this server was cursed. In frustration, he activated the pit trap, hoping that the repeater clock's ticks would give Stress plenty of time to escape the circle.

Stress thankfully got out just before the pit opened. As Mumbo fell into the pit, she laughed wildly, the adrenaline of using magic still flowing in her.

*At least some of the traps worked* , Iskall thought. Unfortunately for them, there was still some water left over from when Iskall was digging out the pit.

And in hindsight, Iskall's decisions were very silly, because he just jumped into the pit and swung their sword without any rhyme or reason. Mumbo was understandably very confused as the charmspeak spell should start wearing off by now. He tried to fly out, but only managed to set off one rocket before Iskall finished the final blow.

Iskall didn't even manage to get a look into what Mumbo had on him, blocking out as fast as possible *to get out of there* . He and Stress needed to bail *now* .

When Iskall made it onto the surface, Stress was packing as many things as she could and halfway out the door. Running across the shopping district, making a beeline towards Petunia as fast as they could, they were both running on nothing but adrenaline.

And that's when Iskall bumped head first into Mumbo.

Mumbo laughed hysterically when that happened, “ *Surprise!* ” was all he managed to scrape out.

“YOU GUYS HAD RESPAWNS THE ENTIRE TIME?!”

“Pfft, yeah! Of course we do, have you seen how much Scar dies on a weekly basis? He'd be in the aether if we didn't have respawns at this point.”

They both shook their heads, “No! We haven't seen any death messages ever since we got here!” Iskall said.

“Ah. I'm guessing Renbob didn't give you guys communicators.”

“Mhm...”

“Eh, no big deal. Are you guys here for long? I can arrange something with him if you guys are.”

What.

“You aren't gonna kill us?” Stress finally asked, her breath finally getting to a normal pace.

“Kill? Maybe for a different reason, but that prank was awesome!” Mumbo said with a smile, “You two would make a good fit on the server.”

“Well we are sorta wanted criminals on our home server...” Iskall trailed off, “And a prank service sounds very fun...”

“Yeah! Only around half of the server knows that you guys were trying to assassinate us so...”

“You guys knew that too?!” Stress interjected.

“Oh of course we did! It was Grian’s idea actually, we all just wanted to mess with you guys just a little bit.”

“Oh. *Ohhhhh* .” Iskall thought aloud, putting together all of the dots in his head.

“Well now I feel very silly.”

“Don’t be, honestly you guys were pretty determined and didn’t just...stab one of us in the back or something. That’s commitment right there!”

“Wait, how do we know if the respawn’s not going to work on us?” Stress cut in.

“Oh the code should have settled in by now, it's been over a day right?”

“Yeah,” Stress replied.

“Well then it should be fine and dandy! And if you guys are seriously thinking about that prank business...” Mumbo said while placing an ender chest and gathering something out of it, “I’d like to hire you two!”

He had 5 very shiny diamond blocks in his hand, and with a look between the two they both nodded, and simultaneously said “Yes!”

Mumbo lit up at the confirmation, quickly rattling off how he wanted them to kill prank Grian’s base. With a communicator from Xisuma, the two started their day as official hermits.

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When Iskall and Stress got back to their base, they took a very, *very* long nap.

## Chapter End Notes

and that's the end of the fic!!! :D this has been the longest fic i've personally written to date LMAO I'm tired and going to pass out soon i think

but! i gotta give credit to everyone that's helped me on this wild journey :> so a big shout out to:

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and thank YOU reader for reading this fic :D hopefully you enjoyed reading this fic as much as i've enjoyed writing it <3

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