

Darkness was all there had ever been.

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Darkness was all there had ever been.

by [Finis Inire \(Neko_ryn\)](#)

Summary

There was madness in repetition.

Perhaps that was why they had begun experimenting a bit in their methods for killing him. Or perhaps it was just wishful thinking.

In which Jaron agrees to get farmed for hearts, and he regrets it.

Notes

Omg omg is this my debut as a lifesteal writer? Yes it is. Because I love to torture myself I decided to watch everything starting from season 1 and when I saw this scene on Parrot's "How I EXPOSED an Entire Minecraft SMP" video, I just couldn't help myself! I really hope that you like it, and if so please leave kudos and comments <333

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

“Wait! I’m losing hearts!” Jaron exclaimed as he lost his second heart to the weird ender pearl glitch they had just discovered and had been experimenting with.

“Wait what?” Parrot stopped killing endermen to turn to look at him.

They were at the serverwide enderman farm, collecting ender pearls as they prepared to go into

battle with the Jolly Ranchers. Jaron was clutching his chest with one hand as the other extended in front of him, the holographic health bar floating on top of it revealing the brand new empty spot where two hearts should have been.

“I just lost two hearts.” Jaron laughed, though it was more so nervous than entertained. Two hearts in the server was a high price.

“How?” Parrot put his sword away as he turned towards the fellow SourPatch Nation member.

“To the ender pearls,” Jaron explained, hiding his health bar again as he looked at the ender pearl in his hand.

Those were two hearts he wasn't getting back unless he killed someone else.

“That doesn't make sense, you shouldn't be losing hearts to normal deaths.” Parrot huffed. It seemed like a joke, even though he'd seen the health bar before.

Jaron simply shrugged. He wasn't one of the most active members of the server, nor was he one of the strongest. Losing two hearts made him an easy target, and if they were going to war...

“What are you doing?” He asked upon seeing Parrot had opened the console.

“Checking the code, clearly something's wrong.”

“Well, we can't do anything about it, we aren't admins-” Jaron wasn't hopeful, but he got quickly interrupted by Parrot.

“I know, but it's worth looking into, maybe bring it up to make things fair- oh.” Parrot stopped, breaking into a smile at his discovery. “This is certainly better than what I was hoping to find.”

“What is it?” Jaron tried to peek behind him.

“Nothing in the code says you'll be banned from the server if you lose all your hearts.” Parrot explained as he looked at Jaron, and something in the hybrid's eyes told Jaron that Parrot had a plan.

They stood next to the lake. Jaron was already on his last heart and surrounded by his teammates, who looked at him with a certain hunger. He felt a vague sense of gratefulness for being in the same team as them, and not against them, even if at that moment, it didn't quite look like it.

“If it doesn't work... Well, this is my last time talking to you guys.” It was a farewell of sorts, though Jaron hoped it wouldn't come to it. He had to trust that Parrot's plan would work out.

“You agreed to this,” Parrot reminded him, though later Jaron would think it had been more of a warning.

“Yeah.” He nodded. “Let's do this.”

It would have maybe been more merciful to use a sword, or even an ax, but Parrot grabbed him by the neck of his shirt and punched him, hard, on the head. The world spun around him, his head thrumming with the pain of the blow.

Jaron saw as Parrot swung once again before everything went dark.

...

He awoke with a gasp, grasping at his chest as he felt his heart stopping. The all too-familiar sensation of a heart being ripped away from him chilling him to the bone before his heart began beating again.

Jaron looked around to find himself still at the base, and an exhilarated laugh escaped his lips.

“It worked!” He screamed, hand still grasping at his shirt as he left the bed on which he had set his spawn. “It’s a heart farm!”

He heard the others’ excited screams as they ran towards him. His head was still swimming from his last death, but the after-effects were quickly dwindling.

“It’s a heart farm!” He heard Vortex eco before he saw him, and then the sword was plunging through his stomach as a ‘wait’ escaped his lips before everything went black again.

Jaron awoke, gasping for breath, but he only had one heart and Ashswag and Woogiex were already upon him.

Black.

Upon black.

Upon black.

Not ‘it’ but ‘he’. *He* was the heart farm.

The next time he awoke, they made him reset his spawn in a small obsidian cage. He agreed, what choice did he have? Jaron had only one heart, it wasn’t enough to even take a step away from them.

You agreed to this . The words resonated in his mind. He had, that much was true.

Maybe he shouldn’t have.

20

It took 20 deaths before his body began to numb. The little amount of time he was allowed after each respawn wasn’t enough for the pain of his previous death to wear away, but at some point he stopped feeling anything at all.

As he got up from the bed again, and his feet plunged into the blood-tainted water — *his blood*— , he wondered if constant respawning had the risk of ruining his nerve endings, and then he was gone again.

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Jaron hadn't felt his heart beat in so long. His body had gone numb, but the sensation of his chest being carved out everytime they took a new heart had become permanent.

Empty.

"Jaron, can you respawn faster for me please?" He heard Vortex say a moment before he slashed his torso.

He felt so, so empty.

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There was madness in repetition.

Perhaps that was why they had begun experimenting a bit in their methods for killing him.

The worst one had to be decapitation so far. It wasn't the pain, but the knowledge of knowing his head separated clean from his body.

It had to be their favorite, 'cause they kept doing it.

Or perhaps it was because at some point, he had started screaming, and he just. Wouldn't. Stop.

200?

He had stopped screaming at some point. At least that's what he thought, since he couldn't hear his own voice anymore. Maybe like his nerves, his vocal cords had become damaged.

Did it matter anymore?

???

Darkness was all there had ever been.

...

"I think that's enough," Parrot's voice broke through the fog of his mind.

Jaron was crumpled on the floor. He'd begun rolling off the bed at some point instead of standing up. He was so tired.

"Well done Jaron, thanks to you we'll get the victory for sure," Parrot grinned, cheers from the

others following through.

Jared grabbed onto the leg of Parrot's pants from his place on the floor,

"I want my heart back," he muttered, barely audible.

"Your hearts? Of course, we'll get them back, you can even take your pick between Mapicc and Jepex." Everyone laughed.

It had been a few minutes, but his heart wasn't beating.

A part of him told him it never would again.

End Notes

I really want to make more lifesteal friends so if you'd like to chat I do have a tumblr account! It's [@follow-the-compass-home](#) so hit me up if you'd like to chat!

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