

Friends Are All That I See

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Friends Are All That I See

by [BewitchingNotes](#)

Summary

After Scar gives them a potion, Etho and Grian swap bodies and have to wait for its effects to wear off.

Except Etho didn't know Grian had wings, and only found out when he realized he tore one of them in half, and it was now bleeding.

OR: Etho and Grian swap bodies and Etho accidentally tears Grian's avian wing, for which there is no cure, but that won't stop him from trying to fix it anyways, also he and Grian might have more in common than he thought.

Notes

I had like half of this written MONTHS ago, and finally picked it up again and finished it lol

I just really like the idea of Etho and Grian bonding over having similar pasts involving

their old friends betraying them (I also just love making up lore for them in general lol)

"A body swapping potion?" Etho questioned, raising an eyebrow as he stared at Scar with exasperation.

Scar was beaming at him and Grian, eyebrows wiggling as he held up the pitcher filled with a strange red liquid. "That's right. I brewed it using my magical powers and would love it if you guys tested it."

"Oh, come on, be serious." Etho deadpanned.

"I know you're skeptical of my magic Etho, which is why I picked you to test it out. If you really believe my magic is fake, this shouldn't be a problem." Scar smirked smugly.

Grian chuckled. "He's got you there."

"My worry is more that he'll poison me." Etho huffed.

"You have a totem. I'll even replace it if this kills you, which it won't." Scar assured, pouring the liquid into two glasses.

Grian grinned. "Don't tell me you're scared Etho." He taunted, grabbing a glass.

"No I'm not scared but—" Etho started, but Grian downed his drink.

He made a face. "Ugh what is IN this? It's gross..."

"Hurry up and drink it, Etho!" Scar insisted.

Etho sighed heavily and grabbed the glass. There was no way this would actually work, right?

Reluctantly, he lowered his mask and drank it, scowling at the taste.

But then, he began to feel weird, and it was as if his life was put on pause for a moment.

When he blinked, he was suddenly looking at Scar from another perspective, and saw his own body standing next to him.

He watched himself let out a gasp. "I-It actually worked!?"

His eyes widened, glancing down at himself.

Red sweater?

"Oh, my Goodness, I'm you." He breathed.

Grian shook uncontrollably with excitement, which looked kind of funny in Etho's body. "I'M YOU! SCAR, IT WORKED!"

"I told you." Scar grinned.

"Wait, when do we change back?" Etho questioned curiously.

He watched as Scar froze, eyes widening in slight horror. "I hadn't thought of that."

"...What." Grian stared him down.

Scar grinned nervously. "W-Why don't you two enjoy this experience while I go work on a cure? Haha, catch you later!" Scar shoved some fruit from the end down his throat and vanished.

Grian scowled. "I can't believe he did this without having a cure planned! Well, I'm gonna go prank some of our friends, take care of my body, will you?" He winked before launching off with his elytra, or rather, Etho's elytra.

Etho sighed and looked around. It was weird having vision in both eyes again, after so many years of it being gone, but it wasn't unwelcomed.

Still, he missed his height. Grian was kind of a shortie.

"Wait, so you're Etho?" Beef questioned.

Etho sighed, nodding. "Yup."

"In Grian's body?" Bdubs asked.

"Yes." Etho nodded.

Doc blinked. "What's it feel like?"

"I don't know, it's not that different." Etho shrugged. "But there has been this weird thing on my back, it's like something's stuck on it and no matter what I do I can't seem to make it go away."

Beef raised an eyebrow. "Do you have a bug bite or something? Let me see."

Etho slipped the sweater off, and heard three gasps from his friends, making his eyes widen. "What? What's wrong?"

"...Etho, did you know Grian had wings?" Bdubs asked awkwardly.

"...What!?" Etho gasped, trying to turn his head to see.

Doc frowned. "...Oh dear..."

"Is it bad?" Beef asked nervously.

"Would somebody tell me what's going on!?" Etho huffed.

Doc stepped closer and placed a hand on one of the wings Etho didn't even know he had. "Etho... this wing is torn."

At this, Etho froze.

"Based on the style and size, I'd say Grian is an Avian hybrid...and based on what I've read about them, their wings are delicate, and also very important..." Doc explained softly.

Etho finally managed to lift up the wings, and he saw what the others were seeing. He gasped.

One of the wings was torn, half of it was missing. The tear was also opened, allowing a small amount of blood to leak out.

“Oh...I guess that’s what I’ve been feeling.” Etho realized softly. “That’s why it was like a stinging...”

Doc frowned. “Did you hit something? Surely you would notice if part of your body was hurt.”

“Except I’m not in my own body, everything feels off. I thought it was just part of the swap...” Etho told them with worry.

“Here.” Bdubs poured a healing potion on the wound, and watched as the tear sealed up. “But even if it’s no longer bleeding, there’s still a problem...”

Doc closed his eyes. “An avian with a damaged wing...can never fly again.”

Etho paled. “But...But there has to be a way to fix it right? A totem? A potion?”

His friends exchanged worried looks, and then finally looked at Doc.

“You’re the doctor...and a hybrid.” Bdubs told him gently, chewing on his bottom lip with worry.

Doc winced a little under their desperate stares, sighing heavily. “I’ll do my best to come up with something...but I wouldn’t hold your breath.”

Doc had Etho sitting on a table. “Etho...are you sure about this?” He asked hesitantly. “To push a body this far...”

Multiple needles were injected into Etho’s skin, along his arms, back and neck.

Swallowing hard, Etho nodded, clutching the totem in a shaking hand. “Even if it kills me, there shouldn’t be any permanent damage to Grian’s body...at least...not more than there already is.” He winced a little.

Doc had to close his eyes as he flipped the lever.

Multiple fluids poured into the tubes, heading straight for Etho, or rather Grian’s, body. Etho screamed as the different varieties of healing, regeneration and totem energy seeped into his veins.

It hurt. It was one of the most painful things Etho had experienced in a long time actually, but if it would give Grian his flight back, he’d do it.

Whatever it takes to make this right. To right his horrific mistake.

When it was all over, Etho collapsed back onto the table, struggling to even take in air. Doc hovered over him, but he was a bit of a blur.

And then everything went dark.

When Etho woke next, he noticed something was off. First, he felt...normal. The vision in his eye was gone, instead replaced with pure red and strange redstone sensations, he was also no longer on Doc’s table but instead in Grian’s mansion.

It would seem they swapped back.

Etho gasped as he remembered the previous events. If they had swapped back, then that means...

God he hoped it worked.

“Well now, you sure got up to quite a bit when you were in my body.” Etho jumped in surprise and turned to see Grian walking into the mansion, a rather amused smile on his face. “Honestly, it felt like I just got blown up by a thousand TNT.”

“Grian..” Etho looked at him helplessly. “Um...can you um...your wings...”

Grian frowned a little, then sighed. “Doc told me...Etho, the thing is...”

Etho closed his eyes, expecting his friendship with the boy to end right then and there.

“My wing was already torn before we swapped.” Etho’s eyes shot open.

He stared in disbelief. “What?”

Grian bit his lip. “When we swapped, you probably did hit the wing on something and tear it, but all you did was reopen the scar, which happens all the time. The wing tore two years ago, you didn’t do it.”

Etho couldn’t help the breath of relief at that, but his relief didn’t last for long. “So then...Doc’s experiment failed?...”

At this, Grian smiled sadly. “Etho, there’s no cure for a torn avian wing. I’ve tried every single potion, I’ve offed myself dozens of times hoping the totem would restore it,” Etho winced at that one. “I searched for an entire year for a cure and found nothing. And then finally I just...stopped trying.”

“...Do you miss it?” Etho asked softly. “Flying?”

“Every day.” Grian admitted. “An avian that can’t fly...is like a fish that can’t swim, you know? But the elytra make it not so bad.”

Etho bit his lip. “How did it tear?”

Grian hummed a little, clasping his hands together behind his back as he looked up at the ceiling, an almost bitter smile forming on his lips. “An attack. A friend of mine wanted to clip them, but I put up quite the struggle.”

Etho’s eyes widened, and his breath caught in his throat. His hands trembled as he thought about Mindcrack.

He still remembers that day. The dreadful day when the people he once considered his greatest friends held him down and poured redstone on his face, ruining his eye permanently.

He didn’t deserve that. And Grian definitely didn’t deserve his wing torn.

It was...too cruel.

Grian noticed the look on his face, and gave a gentle smile. “Hey it’s alright, I’m getting by aren’t I? It’ll take more than losing my wings to bring me down!”

“But even so...” Etho spoke softly. “It’s terrible, what happened to you.”

“I guess, but come on, we all have stories,” Grian’s bitter smile returned. “What, you think I didn’t notice the dozens of scars on your back when we swapped bodies?”

Etho tensed at this, even more memories of Mindcrack he'd like to forget flooded his mind.

“We all have a past, but the point is we're still here, and we're strong.” Grian insisted, a determined expression on his face. “I might've lost my wings, but I gained true friends in the process. I mean come on, if I hadn't run away from my last home, I never would've met Mumbo! Or Scar, or Stress, or Iskall,” Grian listed off, then he grinned. “Or you, for that matter!”

Etho choked out a gasp. “...Me too?”

“Well yeah.” Grian shrugged. “We're friends, aren't we?”

Slowly, Etho began to grin.

“Yeah, I like the sound of that.”

Grian grinned back. “Then I think what happened to us was worth it, I wouldn't trade our lives now for anything, not even my wings.”

Etho smiled fondly at this, thinking about Bdubs, Doc and Beef. He never would've gotten this close to any of them if they hadn't gone through so much.

And now he had so many others by his side, people who he felt certain wouldn't betray him, no matter what.

“Yeah, I wouldn't trade it for anything either.”

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