

## Red and Green Night

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/35897926) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/35897926>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a> , <a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">last life</a> , <a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a> , <a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Joel   SmallishBeans/Lizzie   LDSHadowLady (Video Blogging RPF)</a> <a href="#">Martyn Littlewood/Rendog, Jimmy   Solidarity/Scott   Smajor1995  </a> <a href="#">Dangthatsalongname, EthosLab/Bdubs</a>
Character:	<a href="#">ZombieCleo (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Martyn Littlewood</a> , <a href="#">Rendog (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">bdubs</a> , <a href="#">BdoubleO100</a> , <a href="#">EthosLab (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Lizzie   LDSHadowLady (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Joel   SmallishBeans</a> , <a href="#">Jimmy   Solidarity</a> , <a href="#">Scott   Smajor1995   Dangthatsalongname</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-12-25 Words: 5,434 Chapters: 1/1

## Red and Green Night

by [Lockoutkey](#)

### Summary

On the holiday's, mistletoe is a tradition at parties. Cleo and Lizzie are making it their personal goal to meddle with their fellow last life players. If that means sneaking around in vents or shoving the little leaf in hands, then that's what they'll do.

Inspired by [this post](#) on tumblr.

### Notes

Sorry this is on Christmas I MEANT to put it out yesterday but my whole family has covid and my mom ended up in the hospital so I had to take care of my younger siblings. Unbeta'd cause of it but I hope you like this!

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

Christmas was a fun time for those who were a part of servers.

The members of last life thought it would be nice to spend it together this once. They were so used to the violence of their own server that overtook them it would be nice to have a time of peace. The holiday was the perfect time for them to just relax and enjoy the company of each other. There was no hate during these times. They ate and drank and forgot their worries for just a little while. For a little while there were no nightmares, no one flinched when someone came towards them, no one

shuddered at the thought of speaking to someone. They were friends who spent a meal and a drink with each other.

Lizzie sipped on her eggnog in peace. Joel was off with Jimmy probably up to no good. The less she knew the less she had to worry about. What she didn't know she didn't have to be responsible for. Her husband and brother could get in trouble with someone else. If they were pranking someone, they could face the wrath of that person. They knew better than to mess with her.

Lizzie was so at peace she didn't notice Cleo sneak up on her. The two were working on bettering their friendship after their most recent sessions. They were trying to understand each other. They knew what happened there should stay there. All the hurt was in their past. They had to be better.

Lizzie smiled at her friend. "Cleo! Enjoying the party?"

Cleo gave her a mischievous smile. Lizzie immediately knew she was up to something. "Of course, a ton of fun. I plan on having much more fun soon, however."

Even on Last Life, Cleo loved to play pranks. There was no reason for it to stop as soon as they left. The pranks would probably be much less deadly, but the woman was bound to play pranks nevertheless. Lizzie would be fine. On the world Grian had them in they couldn't even be killed. She was the safest she had ever been.

Lizzie raised an eyebrow. "Oh really? I do hope it doesn't involve any arson."

Cleo shook her head. "Not this time. It involves this."

Cleo held up her hand and kissed Lizzie on her forehead. Lizzie let out a sound of confusion and looked up. She saw the tiny green and red leaf and let out a laugh. "You're the last person I'd expect to break out the mistletoe."

Cleo waved her hand. "Oh please, I've done it before but this time there's no admin to ban it."

Oh, there was a story right there. "Alright, what's the plan? Whose the first victim?"

Cleo swung the small plant tied to a string. "Well, you and Joel were going to be the first, but you know how that man is. He would kiss you without this."

Lizzie blushed. "Well, he's just that kind of person I suppose."

"Exactly. Plus, I need a partner in crime. So how about another team up? Let's not have any death this time though." Cleo let Lizzie through the house to wherever she was planning her pranks. "Do you have a hat? We're gonna need a few things for some of them. Also, how do you feel about crawling in vents?"

---

"So yeah, that's how I got trapped in bedrock and couldn't get out."

Tango stared at Scar in disbelief. He knew what happened was possible, especially with Scar, but hearing the story was still unbelievable. He was so casually about losing everything he owned. Boatem truly was on another level of...something. They were something that couldn't be put into words.

"Scar," Tango said. "You are an enigma."

Scar grinned. "Thank you!"

He lost sight of Tango in an instance and was instead faced with the smiling face of Cleo and Lizzie. He tipped his hat to the two women. “Ladies, to what do I owe the honor?” *I’m gonna die.*

Cleo grinned. “Scar, your hat, I think I can improve it.”

Scar returned the grin immediately. Anything to do with his hat automatically had his attention. Cleo and Lizzie could tell they had caught his interest and silently cheered. Scar removed his hat and twirled it, showing it off to his two friends. “How can you possibly improve my hat? My hat is just wonderful, see? Look at it.”

Lizzie nodded. “It is. But what if you added this.”

Scar looked at the object shoved in his face. “Why is mistletoe on a stick?”

Cleo held her hands out, obviously asking for permission to hold his hat. He placed it in her care and watched her take the fishing rod of a plant from Lizzie. Cleo elaborately stuck the wood onto his hat and tapped it firmly onto the front so it hung off the front like a unicorn horn. It looked ridiculous and impractical. Scar loved it. Cleo handed it back to its owner with a proud smirk. “What do you think?”

Scar smiled. “It’s a very Christmas addition. But why did you give me mistletoe?”

Lizzie looked at her nails with too much innocence. “Oh, I don’t know. We just noticed Grian was standing alone sometimes.”

Scar side eyed the two. “Are you meddling?”

The two looked in different directions but Lizzie’s smile gave her away. Scar crossed his arms. “I can’t believe you’re meddling. Meddling! Cleo, how could you?”

Cleo pointed across the room. “Oh look! There he is right now!”

Grian was indeed standing where Cleo was pointing. He was in the middle of making a cup of hot chocolate looking very concentrated on not spilling the packet of chocolate powder. He glared at the small bit of dust that fell onto the spruce table. He glanced around and brushed it onto the floor.

Cleo gestured towards him. “Wow, he’s right there. What are you gonna do, Scar?”

Scar tapped his chin. The mistletoe lightly swung in the air. “You know what? You’re right. Grian shouldn’t be alone, I should go to him! Thank you for this, Cleo and Lizzie! It’s a wonderful and helpful hat!”

Cleo brushed off the comment. “Don’t worry about it. We’re just helping out!”

Scar walked away, hearing a quiet. “Okay, who’s next?” From Lizzie. He chuckled, feeling bad for whichever two last lifers were the victims of the two tricksters.

Grian was shaking marshmallows into his hot chocolate when Scar tapped on his shoulder. Grian’s wings flared out, nearly knocking the other mugs off of the table. He backed up and glared at the intruder who scared him. “Scar! You can’t do that!”

Scar smiled sheepishly. “Sorry, G, didn’t mean to scare you. Scouts honor.”

“I highly doubt you were a scout.” Grian laughed.

“Hey! That rhymed. And I was, otherwise how could I say that?” Scar defended himself.

Grian didn't even bother to argue. There was no way to use logic when it came to Scar. He was the most illogical person Grian had ever met, for as talented as he was when it came to building, his brain worked in mysterious ways. Though the stop in conversation drew his eye up to the new addition to Scar's hat. "Scar, what on earth are you wearing?"

Scar glanced up. "Oh, I'm wearing a hat!"

Grian let out a sigh. "I meant what's on your hat. You have mistletoe on a stick taped to it. Why? Why are you like this?"

"An excellent question. You see, there I was, peacefully telling Tango about my endeavors on Hermitcraft. All of a sudden, Tango disappears from my eyes. I assume he's taken by the gods, but in actuality-"

Grian cut Scar off. "Scar, just tell me why you have that on your hat."

"Oh, it's so I can kiss you!" Scar merrily explains.

Grian laughs. "What? Is a mistletoe fishing rod your plan?"

Scar shakes his head. "I'm glad you think it also looks like a fishing rod. No, it's Cleo and Lizzie's plan, but I think it's a wonderful idea! It makes my hat look impressive as well, don't you think?"

Grian looked around to see both Lizzie and Cleo climbing a ladder into the ceiling. He didn't know why, and didn't know how no one noticed. He supposed everyone was too drunk from whoever spiked the eggnog to see their antics. Lightweights, all of them.

Grian crossed his arms. "No. Someone told you to so you don't get to."

Scar frowned. He reached out and grabbed Grian. "But...my hat."

Grian squirmed in Scar's arms. "I don't care about your hat! Mistletoe is stupid!"

"That's offensive to Christmas, Grian." Scar scolded. "Do you hate Christmas? I can't believe you hate Christmas!"

Grian smiled. "Yes, I hate Christmas. I don't like it anymore."

"Pleaseeee can I have a kiss? It'll convince you to like Christmas!" Scar whined.

Grian shoved his face away. "Nope, now it's the principle. I simply can't, it's a law."

Scar smirked. "The last time you did something on principle you started a war."

"I'll do it again." Scar pushed past his hands and Grian pressed his face again. "Nope, principle."

"Whyyyy?" Scar gripped Grian's sweater. "Once! Then you can stick to your principal!"

Grian let his arms fall and Scar's hat bumped into his forehead. "Okay, you get one kiss. Then you go away forever and follow the principal."

Scar nodded in agreement, string flying through the air. "Deal, never see you again."

Grian didn't know if he felt warm from the hot chocolate or the kiss. Scar's hat covered his head like an umbrella, hiding him from the flashing Christmas lights and chattering voices. Grian smiled, messing up the kiss Scar had been fighting for. He felt a poke to his side in retaliation for

the break.

“You ruined it, Grian.” Scar complained.

“I said one, you got one. Not you leave. Goodbye.” Grian waved in his face.

A crash turned their attention towards the fireplace. They looked over to Skizzleman singing on the table. It was absolutely horrendous. The crowd around him was doing nothing to stop it. In fact, they were encouraging it. Scar held out a hand and bowed. “May I have this dance?”

Grian giggled. “I suppose.”

---

“What teams do you think Scott is going to pick for the next MCC?”

Martyn and Ren were lazily watching the party as the night went on. The eggnog was supposed to be non-alcoholic but they were sure Impulse had spiked it at some point in the night. The drinks had calmed the two down compared to energizing some of the other players. Skizzleman was currently singing on the table to the amusement of BigB, Pearl, Tango, and Joel. Grian had spiked his own hot chocolate and was dancing with Scar to the badly sung music, and Tango was asleep by the fire. They sure were an interesting group when they weren't murdering each other.

Ren shrugged. “Pete will probably be with one of us, so will Illumina or fruit. Those DSMP guys will stay hanging around each other for sure, though Scott might join them. I'm hoping for you, me, and Falsy. Fruit would be great to have, but I would be happy with anyone here with us.”

Martyn smiled. “I hope we get to team again. It's fun. That time with Illumina was amazing, I loved it.”

Ren raised his glass. “I'll drink to that.”

“Is that spiked?”

“Let's change the subject.”

Martyn laughed. “Okay, fine. How are you Hermitcraft builds going? I hear there some strange stuff going on over there.”

Ren sighed. “Honestly, I have no clue anymore. The shops are selling fine, but for some reason the moon is abnormally large, gravity is-”

They heard a bang from above them and glanced up. A hand quickly retreated, leaving only the mistletoe hanging inches above their heads. Martyn felt his face heat up. That definitely wasn't there a few moments ago. He didn't even know who put that there. It wasn't him or Ren, but now it was there.

Ren could recognize Cleo's hand from a mile away and groaned internally. She would. She would do something like this. She probably roped someone else into it as well. The same thing had happened years ago on the Hermitcraft server. Cleo had gone around trying to hang up mistletoe between people without them realizing. Xisuma put a stop to it quickly, saying it wasn't in the spirit of the holidays. Their admin had also confiscated any and all alcohol, but with Grian as their admin here, that was not going to happen. If only their parental-esque figure were here, though what was a party for last lifers without a bit of chaos.

Martyn coughed lightly. “Um, so.”

Ren rubbed his neck. “Yes, uh.”

Ren’s tail wagged behind him despite his attempts to stop it. He glanced at the hanging plant and Martyn’s red face. He didn’t make a plan for this. This was very unexpected.

“We don’t have to..” Martyn trailed off.

Ren lightly blushed. “Of course, of course. There’s no reason, I mean, it’s your choice.”

Martyn shook his head. “No, no, it’s up to you. I mean, uh..”

Ren bit his nail. He wasn’t sure what to do in this situation. He could...he could kiss Martyn, theoretically. But now? Should he? Was this even the time for it? Probably not. No, absolutely not. Well, tradition did stand that one should kiss another under the mistletoe, there are many songs about it. But that was a song, right? Songs were just songs.

“It’s your decision.” Ren said.

“I insist that you decide. Really.”

“It’s fine.”

“No, go ahead.”

“JUST KISS ALREADY!”

Lizzie was grinning behind Joel, obviously having told her husband about the secret plans her and Cleo had been doing. Joel had his hands cupped around his mouth for extra loudness. Now the attention was fully on the two in the doorway. Great. Even more pressure.

“Uh, like I said, we don’t have to.” Ren explained.

Martyn cleared his throat. “I mean, it’s fine. How do we, you know, do this?”

“LET’S GOOOO!”

“HURRY UP!”

“KISS! KISS! KISS!”

The other last lifers started chanting, not helping the situation at all. Ren was a person who could ignore peer pressure if he wanted to, but...it gave him even more of a reason to kiss Martyn. Yes, he could say it was peer-pressure if something went wrong.

Ren pushed away the voices and quickly leaned towards Martyn. He had nearly won Last Life. He was the king of Dogwarts. He had nothing to fear. Actually, he had so much to fear. Martyn could end up hating him. Martyn probably wouldn’t, but there was always the chance.

He just left a quick kiss. He barely felt himself kiss Martyn. Another time, maybe something could be more. For now, it was enough. Enough to get the point across. His face had to have been bright red by now, even if it wasn’t his tail gave away his excitement. Martyn looked surprised, staring wide eyed at Ren. Cheers and heckles filled the room. Pearl’s scolding was drowned out by the voices yelling at the two.

“Oh, um, that was very nice.” Martyn muttered.

Ren looked at the ground, reaching out to hold Martyn's hand. Martyn hesitated for a millisecond, but gripped his hand back. Ren let out a sigh of relief. "It would be nice if everyone would mind their business."

Martyn grinned. "It's fine, we'll just show everyone who's in MCC that we're the best team."

---

Etho didn't like parties. Well, he sometimes did, but that was when he could speak to people and have coherent conversations. This party though? It was loud and full of people who couldn't handle their alcohol. That was why he had insisted the eggnog be non-alcoholic. He knew that the people he would be with that night couldn't even handle that. But what did Impulse go and do? Spike the drinks. He thinks he even got the milk as well, but Etho wasn't too sure. Grian seemed fine with his hot chocolates earlier, but Grian could also keep up with Etho the few times Xisuma let them bring any kind of liquor onto Hermitcraft. Though it technically wasn't allowed, the admin let it slide for him. So who knew.

He glanced at Bdubs, who was surprisingly not drunk. He supposed Mindcrack had changed his tolerance to it; that server had been wildly different from Hermitcraft. He still didn't trust him, though.

He also didn't particularly like drunk people. They were funny from a distance, and the videos sent around in the following days were replayed many times, but they were so loud and never listened. If they got too close they stumbled into him and a spilled drink was more than a slight annoyance to get out of his jacket.

"I hate it here." Etho said.

Bdubs snorted. "You're an introvert, I expect nothing less. Give it an hour and everyone will be passed out and you can have your peace and quiet."

Etho glared. "I'm not an introvert. Why does everyone call me that?"

"Hmm, let's see. Single-player world, you talk to Iskall through notes, and you just admitted you hate being at parties. I could go on but that sounds like the qualities of an introvert." Bdubs was right but Etho would admit nothing.

"Whatever."

Bdubs sighed and scrolled through his inventory. Etho watched curiously, wondering what he could be looking for. They all had creative mode, so technically he had whatever Bdubs was looking for as well. In his hands appeared comparators, torches, hoppers, and various other redstone tools. "Play with that and you'll feel better."

Etho hated that he was right. How dare Bdubs understand him. He mumbled a thank you and took the tools.

Etho focused on the tools and the music and yelling slowly drowned out. He wasn't really trying to make anything, but the familiar feel of redstone calmed him down. Twisting and pushing buttons and switches made it easier to ignore the overwhelming atmosphere.

His focus was broken by the grinning form of Cleo. That was automatically a red flag. Nothing good could come from her as happy as she was now. The matching grin from Lizzie didn't do anything to settle him. "You're up to something."

"Nooo, of course not." Lizzie dragged out giggling.

“Etho, take this.” His hand was grabbed and opened completely against his will. Whatever he had unconsciously made with redstone fell to the floor. A second later, the girls dashed off giggling. The two watched them prance away to make chaos who knows where. Etho stared sadly at the mess on the floor.

“What was that about?” Bdubs asked. Etho shrugged. He looked around for them again and prepared to think of some sort of revenge. “What did they do?”

“I think they were gonna give me something. Those two get on like a house fire.” Etho had seen what both of them could do on Last Life. He wouldn’t be lying if he said they both scared him to some degree. When they were allowed free reign to do what they wanted, they did the worst they could. He didn’t get why people were scared of him when those two existed.

Bdubs pointed at the floor. “What’s that?”

Etho didn’t notice the small object on the floor mixed with his broken redstone. That must’ve been what Cleo had tried to give him. He bent down and carefully examined it. Oh. So that’s what they’re running around for. Of course those two would. He internally sighed and wondered who they had messed with so far. Probably Ren and Martyn from the yelling earlier. He picked it up and showed it to Bdubs.

“Mistletoe?” Bdubs asked.

Etho nodded. “Those fools are running around and probably hanging it over people. That explains Scar’s hat and Joel earlier. Didn’t Cleo try this on Hermitcraft?”

Bdubs nodded, staring at the leaf. “Yeah, Xisuma deleted it all from the server for a month because of it. He went dadmin mode. It was kinda funny.”

Etho went back to people watching, keeping hold of the plant in his hand. He had lost his precious redstone. This was a tragedy. It was Cleo and Lizzie’s fault but the two had disappeared once again to who knows where.

Bdubs slapped his arm. “Ow! What was that for?”

“Aren’t you gonna kiss me?” Bdubs asked it like it should be obvious, like Etho was very dumb. He heard that tone of voice a lot. He invented the hopper clock, thank you very much. It wasn’t his fault he was oblivious, he just didn’t notice things. Wait, maybe he wasn’t smart. Oh wait, Bdubs was glaring at him, he had gotten distracted again.

Etho looked at the mistletoe, back at Bdubs, and back down. “No.”

“Oh?”

*Oh no, bad phrasing.* Plan B. Be cool like the movies.

He slowly smirked. Yes, he was cool. “Really, Bdubs, you know I can’t.”

Bdubs crossed his arms. “Wanna explain why that is?”

*Opportunity, nice. Stay cool.* Etho pointed to his mask. “I can’t take off my mask here! Look at all the people. It’s just not possible. Are you gonna make me take off my mask?” *Perfect.*

Etho didn’t mind kissing Bdubs, mistletoe or not. Considering they’d known each other since Mindcrack, it would be silly if he did mind. What Etho did care about was his mask. He didn’t care



who or what it was for, he wouldn't take it off in front of this group of people. Yes, they had been through a lot together on Last Life, but it was just a thing. It had taken years before he let Bdubs see him, and even longer for Xisuma and the rest of the nHo. Consider yourself special if Etho trusted you enough, and dead if you broke it.

Bdubs clenched his fists. "Yeah, I know, but-"

Etho held it above his head. "If you can reach it, then I'll kiss you. Deal?"

"No deal!" Bdubs yelled. "You overgrown tree, how am I supposed to reach up there?"

Etho shrugged. "You can figure that out. Look, Skizz is singing the creeper rap. It's not very festive but I'm kinda impressed. You think he'll do hermitgang? Impulse would proba-"

He was dragged through the room past his other friends. Yeah, they were out of it. Where was he being taken? That was the door to outside Bdubs was opening. Wait, why were they going outside. It was snowing hard and the last place he wanted to be. The door shut behind him and he was faced with falling snowflakes and spruce trees. Wind blew his hair every direction and would have blinded him had he not had his headband.

He shivered under his jacket, zipping it and shoving his already gloved hands in his pockets. He glanced at Bdubs, whose own hoodie had no pockets. Why didn't it have pockets? He quickly brought one of Bdubs hands into his jacket pocket. "What do you think you're doing? We're gonna get hypothermia!"

Bdubs waved him off with the single free hand, but it was obvious the moss hoodie was doing little for the cold. "It's f-fine. L-look, now there's no-noone."

Oh.

**Oh.**

Bdubs still managed to surprise him with how clever he could be.

"That's your plan? Are you c-crazy?" Etho laughed.

Bdubs grinned back at him. "Most likely."

Of all the people in the world, on all the servers he has been on, Etho just had to marry Bdubs.

"Mask off." Bdubs shivered. He shuffled in place to try to find some semblance of warmth in the negative weather.

"Fine." Etho said. He reached up and pulled his mask down, immediately getting hit by a gust of wind. Etho bent down and kissed his cold nose. That's all Bdubs would get. He was dragged into the cold, this is the consequences. Somehow, Bdubs was colder than the actual weather. Worry flew through Etho and he wanted them inside even more.

Etho had forgotten Bdubs hand was still in his pocket and he now couldn't stand up. Bdubs didn't have to jump to kiss him, just trick Etho. Bdubs wasn't warm like he usually was and Etho was numb himself. He barely felt Bdubs, but was still happy all the same. Sure, he had been tricked, but it was fine. He stared at Bdubs smirking face. Most people thought his staring could be intimidating or creepy, but Bdubs knew better. That was Etho stare for 'I don't wanna say anything but I'm happy.' Bdubs's hand shook in his pocket which was probably a bad sign. "Alright, you win."

Etho hated admitting defeat, but he had been tricked fair and square. Bdubs was smart, even if he didn't always act like it, even if others didn't realize.

"Now we can go back inside. I'm cold." Bdubs complained.

"Oh, now you're cold? Why do you get to decide?"

"Because I do."

"That's unfair."

---

Scott was thoroughly amused by the sight in front of him. Joel had once again joined Skizzleman on the table and was now joining in on the singing and dancing. Joel was only slightly better musically than the other. Scott had made sure to get multiple videos of the drunk men for black mail.

"They're not gonna remember anything in the morning, are they?" Pearl asked him.

Scott shook his head. "Doubt it. However, I don't think Joel will mess with me on Empires after this. Lizzie is going to thoroughly enjoy this video. I can't believe she's missing this."

"What am I missing?"

Scott nearly jumped out of his skin from the sudden appearance of the pink haired woman. She smiled up at him innocently, too innocently. He was about her enough to know she had either done something or was going to do something and wanted to rope him into it. "You're missing your husband being an absolute mess. Look at this man."

Lizzie glanced at Joel with an eyeroll. "Please, I'm jaded. However, this is the perfect time for you to come with me."

Lizzie grabbed Scott's arm and dragged him before he could even get a word out. He heard Pearl try to ask what they were doing but she quickly faded away. Lizzie had a small grin on her face. Yep, he was probably about to die. Despite not being able to die on this server, she would find some way to kill him.

He was dragged to an equally confused Jimmy standing in the doorway to the kitchen. He was practically shoved towards his husband by his long time friend. The push nearly made him fall and he would have had Jimmy not caught him.

"Lizzie! What on earth are you doing?" Jimmy asked.

Lizzie backed away. "Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

Scott glanced up then back at the queen. "You sneaky devil."

She giggled and sprinted off, probably to find Cleo. Those two were a menace.

"What's going on?" Jimmy looked at Scott for an answer. He followed Scott's pointed hand and saw the mistletoe Lizzie and Cleo had put up for Ren and Martyn earlier.

"Those two need to be stopped." Scott sighed.

"They've been doing this to everyone all night, you know. Not surprised we were roped in." Jimmy shook his head. "I'll get Lizzie back for this."

To be fair they had laughed at the others who were caught in the girls' plan. He was impressed by the hat they used for Scar, clever of them. He thought for sure they would've failed with Ren and Martyn. Those two were a whole other level of pining Scott refused to even get into. He had no clue what happened after they went after Etho and Bdubs, but he had an idea when he saw them shivering by the fire.

Scott reached his hands up to Jimmy's face. "I mean, I'm not particularly complaining."

Jimmy grinned. "I don't think anyone is gonna be chanting for us."

"Good." Scott said. "Those two needed it anyways. I don't particularly think we do."

"Really?" Jimmy asked. "What makes you think that?"

Scott loved everything about Jimmy. He loved these moments where the world melted away and all they knew were each other. They kissed and nothing mattered. There was no death server and no empires and no party. All there was, was Jimmy.

Scott smiled and the kiss broke off. Jimmy's eyes crinkled like they did when he was perfectly happy and Scott had to stop himself from finding a camera and taking a picture. He remembered where they were and Joel's singing infected his ears again.

"It would've been romantic if you would've given me some kind of flower." Scott pointed out.

Jimmy made a noise of disbelief. "Where the heck am I supposed to get one? We're in the middle of a snowstorm in a tundra."

"We have creative mode, Jimmy." Scott pointed out.

Jimmy bit his lip and slowly shifted through the creative inventory. Scott rolled his eyes and took the flower. It was the thought that counts.

---

The party was winding down and the last lifers were slowly falling asleep throughout the room. Everyone was either too drunk or tired to go back to their own servers by this point. They were full of food and tired from the long night of fun.

Joel was snoring lightly next to Lizzie. He had his fun singing various songs with Skizz throughout the night with the encouragement of their friends. His rendition of "frosty the snowman" but replacing frosty with "Lizzie my wife" was both questionable but hilarious.

She and Cleo definitely had a ball of fun running around and, as Scar put it, meddling. Their personal favorite event was Bdubs and Etho walking inside looking like popsicles. They had no clue why they had gone outside but it wasn't their problem.

Lizzie reached to pull the blanket higher and felt her hand brush something soft and tiny. she grabbed it and held it in front of her eyes. This was karma, or maybe it was the grinning face of Cleo across the room. One of those two was responsible for the mistletoe she held. "Traitor." She mouthed at her friend. Cleo shrugged and closed her eyes.

Lizzie poked Joel's cheek. The man groaned and opened his eyes halfway to stare at his wife. "What?"

She held up the mistletoe. "Look what I have."

Joel stared at the small plant. “Weed?”

“No!” Lizzie gasped. Jimmy snored on the couch above her. She made sure to lower her voice to keep her brother asleep. “It’s mistletoe.”

Joel blinked. There wasn’t a thought behind those eyes. The man was so smart yet there was no comprehending anything. “Okay.”

Lizzie sighed. She truly loved her husband. She did. Sometimes a sack of rocks was smarter than him, though. He was pretty, though, and a good builder. What was the word Scott used? A himbo, that’s it. “Joel, what do you have to do when you see mistletoe?”

“Uhh, kiss someone?” Joel asked. He grinned when he was told he was right. “Who do I kiss?”

Lizzie glared. “Joel! I’m your wife, me of course.”

Joel’s eyes brightened. “We’re married? Awesome, I’m so lucky.”

“How drunk are you?”

“Twelve.”

Lizzie wasn’t looking forward to taking care of a group of hungover people in the morning. She was going to kill Impulse for spiking those drinks. Next season, he’s dead. Maybe she can ask Grian to kill him on the Hermitcraft server. “Okay Joel, nevermind. Go to sleep.”

Joel frowned. “Are you mad? I love you. Don’t be mad. I’ll kiss you with the mistletoe if you want.”

Lizzie laughed quietly. Didn’t he just forget they were married? “Under, Joel, under the mistletoe. I love you too, but you’re drunk and out of your mind. You can kiss me in the morning.”

Joel rolled on top of Lizzie, almost crushing her. She wheezed and pushed him off, trying to catch her breath again. His breath smelled of alcohol and sugar. He must’ve tried to hiss her cheek but completely failed and met her eye instead. God he was so drunk. “Joel, sleep.”

“Mmm, okay. I love you.” He passed out almost immediately. She rolled her eyes. Men. Joel.

“I love you too.” She whispered, stroking his hair. His soft snoring slowly mixed with all the others. She closed her eyes, tired from the long night and ready for sleep.

## End Notes

The fh one is so short and I was hitting myself over the head for it but I just could not figure out something on the second draft I’m sorry fh enthusiasts.

Also joel and lizzie are actual goals and no one can convince me otherwise.

Tumblr

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