

This is Not 'The End'

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This is Not 'The End'

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Summary

fWhip's head is pounding when he wakes up. His eyes burn as he blinks. Slowly, and very carefully, fWhip turns his head. He blinks at what he sees, his jaw going slack. He's in his forge and it is absolutely demolished. The interior has been blown to smithereens and most of the walls and ceiling are missing. The place is a wreck, and the only reason fWhip can tell he's in the remains of the forge is the bodies of salmon and cod scattered across the floor.

Jimmy.

Where is Jimmy?

or - a retelling of the finale that's a little less sad and way more hopeful

Notes

This is not RPF, it is about their Empires characters

Descriptions of injuries

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

fWhip's head is *pounding* when he wakes up. His eyes burn as he blinks and tries to focus on his surroundings.

He is laying on the ground outside. He doesn't remember going outside but he must be, because the sky is above him.

fWhip's body aches and he groans. Slowly, and very carefully, fWhip turns his head. He blinks at what he sees, his jaw going slack.

He's in his forge and it is absolutely demolished. The interior has been blown to smithereens and most of the walls and ceiling are missing. The place is a wreck, and the only reason fWhip can tell he's in the remains of the forge is the bodies of salmon and cod scattered across the floor.

Cod.

Jimmy.

fWhip tries to move and immediately has to stop. He gasps and pants, pain coursing through his body. His eyesight has gone blurry and he can taste blood on the back of his throat.

What the hell happened?

fWhip can remember being with Jimmy, he can remember the two of them combining cod and salmon, and he can remember how everything started to shake.

He doesn't remember what happened after. He doesn't know where Jimmy is, and that sends his heart fluttering in a panic.

Where is Jimmy? Obviously something very destructive happened, and fWhip doesn't know if Jimmy was affected or not.

Once his vision clears, fWhip tries to move again. He moves way slower this time and he makes sure to pause if he thinks he's pushing himself too far.

It takes him way too long but eventually he manages to push himself up onto his hands and knees. He's panting and sweating and hurting, but he's determined to stand.

fWhip crawls over some debris and uses it to help himself stand. His head starts spinning when he's upright and he has to lean against the debris to keep himself from falling back down.

He's not going to be able to go very far with his condition like this. With shaky hands, fWhip takes out his ender chest and opens it. He only has one healing potion, but it's better than nothing.

fWhip uncorks the bottle and takes several deep gulps.

The effect is immediate. The pain and fog begin to clear from his head and the rest of his body starts to feel way better. His stomach had been churning, but it settles as fWhip drinks the potion.

He finishes it and takes a deep breath. fWhip leaves the empty bottle down on the ground - his empire is already a mess, a little bottle won't make a difference.

“Okay,” fWhip says to himself, “let's move.”

He takes several unsteady steps forward. His balance isn't the best, but with the potion still coursing in his veins he's able to keep walking.

The sight of fWhip's beloved empire in ruins brings tears to his eyes. He has no idea the casualties of what's happened, but he knows it won't be good. Every building he constructed and cared for has been blown up. It's like a horrible twist of irony that the explosions fWhip so enjoys creating have now destroyed his home.

fWhip shakes his head. He can't do anything about his kingdom right now, he needs to find Jimmy.

As fWhip slowly searches his kingdom, flashes of memory begin to return.

Jimmy's eyes wide, his expression full of panic.

Jimmy refusing to leave, despite how much fWhip tries to get him to go to safety.

Jimmy's hand in fWhip's, offering what little comfort he can as the fish tank bursts into fire and deafening sound.

fWhip's legs shake. He brings a hand up to brush away the tears that are trying to escape. He takes a few deep breaths.

Everything will be okay, he just needs to find Jimmy.

There are occasional rumbles in the earth as fWhip walks around his kingdom. He tries to quell his fear. He tells himself that the worst has already come.

* * * * *

As hours pass, fWhip grows more stressed. He hasn't come across anyone - well, anyone *alive* - and he's worried he's really on his own.

He thinks about Gem and Sausage and prays they're okay. Hopefully they were far away enough from the initial blast. His comm was destroyed in the explosion, so fWhip has no way to contact them.

Just as fWhip begins debating whether he should search through the night or hide, he catches sight of a familiar green fabric. fWhip sucks in a breath and stumbles as he tries to hurry over.

It's definitely Jimmy, and he's looking *bad*.

"Oh, Jimmy." fWhip says, falling to his knees.

Jimmy's a mess. His suit is torn, revealing large bruises and cuts. His left arm is bent at an awkward angle. His Codboy hat is missing (and to think all of this started because they were trying to get rid of the damn thing). Jimmy's hair is dark with soot and rubble, and much of it is clumped together and stained red with blood. There's blood smeared along his lips, which is worrying. The fact that he's still unconscious is what concerns fWhip the most, though.

Why hasn't he woken up?

Fear strikes fWhip and his hands tremble as reaches out to press his fingers against Jimmy's neck.

He holds his breath as he waits.

There's a pulse.

“Thank God.” fWhip breathes. He leans over Jimmy, gasping with relief. “Oh, thank God. Jimmy, bud, you scared me.”

Jimmy, of course, says nothing.

fWhip doesn't have any healing potions, but he *knows* Jimmy always has one or two in his inventory. He checks through cod's items and nearly cheers when he finds a healing potion.

“One of the only times your clumsiness has come in handy.” fWhip says.

He props Jimmy up against his lap and carefully pours the potion down Jimmy's throat. Once the potion is done, fWhip does his best to make a brace for Jimmy's arm. The healing potion will heal a bone in whatever position it is in, so it's important that it heals correctly. He'd also like to get it done while Jimmy is still unconscious because ~~if~~ *when* he wakes up, he'll be able to feel the pain.

It's getting dark, so fWhip drags Jimmy into a building that's mostly intact (compared to the other ones, at least). He has torches in his inventory that he places strategically to prevent mobs from spawning and he blocks off any potential entrances he sees. Once he deems it safe enough, fWhip slumps down next to Jimmy. He pulls the other man up into a sitting position again, just to be safe, and lets him lean against fWhip's shoulder.

fWhip fully intends on staying awake and alert in case something manages to break through the barriers and attack them, but the events of the day catch up with him and he's asleep before he realizes how tired he is.

* * * * *

fWhip jolts awake when something pushes against him. He looks around wildly, hands grappling for weapons.

“fWhip?”

fWhip blinks several times before he focuses on Jimmy. Jimmy looks dazed and tired, but he's awake.

“Jimmy! Hey, buddy.” fWhip twists so he can face Jimmy and inspect him. “How ya' feeling?”

“Uh.” Jimmy stares at him. “Confused and tired, and really sore.”

“You took a bit of a hit there.” fWhip says.

“What happened?”

“We did the whole salmon-cod thing to try and get your Codhead back.” fWhip reminds him. “I guess it wasn't meant to be, 'cause everything kind of exploded.”

Jimmy tilts his head. “Oh. Right.”

fWhip waits to see if Jimmy has anything else to add, but the cod just looks around their makeshift room, blinking blearily. fWhip wonders if he has a concussion.

“Where do you hurt?”

“Uh. Everywhere.” Jimmy answers. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m perfectly fine.” fWhip easily responds.

“Did you get hit by the explosion?”

fWhip waves a hand. “Yeah, but I’m good. You’ve been out for a while.”

“I think I hit my head.” Jimmy says.

“Probably.” fWhip agrees. He tries to remember the basic medical training that Gem’s taught him.

“Do you feel nauseous or dizzy?”

“No.” Jimmy answers.

“Good, that’s great. Let me check your eyes.”

fWhip leans forward and searches Jimmy’s eyes to see if the pupils are uneven sizes. He’s pretty sure that’s a symptom of a concussion. Jimmy’s pupils look fine, but the rest of him is still obviously injured. The healing potion can only help so much. Most of Jimmy’s bruises and cuts are still there, so fWhip hopes that means the potion took care of any internal damage that was done.

“fWhip?” Jimmy asks. fWhip’s still leaning forward, they’re inches apart.

fWhip swallows and pulls back. “Yeah?”

“Are you sure you’re okay?”

fWhip doesn’t expect the rush of emotion he experiences. He nods quickly but stays quiet - he doesn’t trust his voice. His eyes burn a little and fWhip pushes back any tears.

Jimmy frowns. He reaches with his right hand and grabs fWhip’s left, giving it a small squeeze.

“You don’t seem okay.”

“I couldn’t find you.” fWhip blurts. He ducks his head. “It was... scary.”

“Oh.”

fWhip huffs.

“I’m sorry.” Jimmy says. “I’m, uh, I’m here now.”

fWhip can’t help but smile a little at Jimmy’s feeble attempts. He flips his left hand around so he can hold Jimmy’s hand properly. Despite the situation, heat rushes to fWhip’s face. They haven’t done this hand-holding, physical affection stuff a whole lot and it always flusters him.

“What about the others?” Jimmy asks.

“Dunno.” fWhip shrugs. “My empire is pretty much destroyed, I have no idea what’s going on with everyone else.”

“It’s *destroyed*?”

“Yup.”

“fWhip, I’m so sorry.”

“It’s not your fault.” fWhip says.

“We did this for *my* head.” Jimmy says, his voice shaking. “Even though I *know* I don’t need it, I still wanted to get it back and now all of this-”

“It’s not your fault that you didn’t know what mixing cod and salmon would do.” fWhip interrupts. “I’m just glad we’re both okay.”

The rest of fWhip’s empire and his people, though, are definitely not okay.

“As far as I know, the others haven’t come looking for us.” fWhip says. “I think that means that they’re affected too, and we should try to get back to spawn as soon as possible.”

“Okay.” Jimmy says.

Now that fWhip knows that Jimmy is mostly okay, his worries for Gem and Sausage begin to surface. Are they okay? What if they’re in a similar situation? Do they need help?

“I hope everyone’s alright.” Jimmy murmurs.

“Me too.” fWhip sighs as he shifts and presses his back against the wall.

Jimmy shuffles a little closer and leans his head against fWhip’s shoulder. It’s a comforting pressure and fWhip drops his head against Jimmy’s in response.

They’re still holding hands. fWhip doesn’t plan on letting go anytime soon.

He has absolutely no idea what’s going on and what’s going to happen, but he trusts that they’ll be okay.

End Notes

Welll i have about a billion things to do but I wanted to fix everything and make is as happy as possible - i may do a continuation of the post-apocalypse that is way less sad than what actually happened lol

what did y'all think of the finale?? so far i have watched everyone but Katherine, Gem, and Joey
are we excited for season 2??? (i am!)

hope you enjoyed :)

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