

but at least the war is over

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but at least the war is over

by [weareallstardustfallen](#)

Summary

“Sven!”

Sven jolted back to attention, blinking away exhaustion, and straightened as the smell of rot hit the back of his throat. Plumpkin seemed delighted, and it was almost worse than his anger, fear constricting his breathing and making him struggle not to step back.

Or: Mythro and Sven are finally reunited, and Plumpkin faces consequences for the hurt he's caused.

Notes

mccrodak fans I Have Returned!

this fic is,,, probably going to make more sense if you've read nobody told me it ended first. i suppose you Could read it on its own, but it's not really designed for that

this is a story about abuse, both physical and mental, and if that makes you uncomfy *please* do not read this fic. more specifically, this fic deals with strangulation and some moderate dehumanization, as well as a pretty severe panic attack and some disassociation. in general, this is very heavy.

title is from in our bedroom after the war by stars

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

“Sven!”

Sven jolted back to attention, blinking away exhaustion, and straightened as the smell of rot hit the back of his throat. Plumpkin seemed delighted, and it was almost worse than his anger, fear constricting his breathing and making him struggle not to step back.

“Yes?” he asked.

He choked at the hand around his throat, not holding tightly but pressing on old bruises, and resisted the urge to grab at Plumpkin’s hand- he might not be actually restricting Sven’s breathing yet, but he *would* if he tried to stop it.

“Yes, sir,” he managed, barely breathing.

Plumpkin let his hand drop, and Sven slumped, heart hammering in his chest.

“We’ve found him,” Plumpkin said, a smug curl to his voice that made him shiver. “Prepare yourself.”

Found him. He’d *found Mythro*. After everything, after long months he’d spent hoping that Mythro had managed to get away, that no news was good news, months spent taking the brunt of Plumpkin’s anger because at *least* that meant there was someone between him and Mythro.

“Yes, sir,” he said quietly, and followed.

Plumpkin curled a hand around his shoulder, fingertips tugging into the gaps in his armor, and Sven bit his tongue at the feeling, staying perfectly still.

The world melted, and Plumpkin’s too-tight hand was the only thing remaining. He swallowed back nausea and waited for them to land.

The world reformed around them with the force of hitting a wall, and Sven rocked on his feet without moving from parade rest, hands clasped behind him, eyes straight ahead. Automatically, he assessed his surroundings as best he could without turning his head- they were in the middle of what looked like a lobby with a circular shape, and he could see entrances to two different areas in front of him, one labeled *Housing* and one labeled *Games*.

Plumpkin started to move, and Sven followed, as little as he wanted to. He could feel the crushing sense of dread starting to sink in, grinding him to dust, making his armor weigh far more than it should have. Combined with the half-healed bruises on his throat, it made it hard to breathe.

Sven gave up on staying present and let himself drift. He’d been trained thoroughly enough that he’d hear any direction from Plumpkin no matter how cloudy he felt, and it was easier to process, when everything was distant.

And then he saw Mythro.

It was almost hard to recognize him. He wasn’t wearing his suit, instead in some simple red sweatshirt with a white logo, and his hair was longer than it had been since before Gaia’s Vault, falling loose around his shoulders. He wasn’t wearing his *mask*, either, and it left his expression

bare.

He was staring straight at Sven, and absently he wondered what he was seeing. The broken part of his mask where Plumpkin had hit him hard enough to shatter it, the bruises on his neck, the fact that Sven was even here, standing next to Plumpkin like an attack dog on a chain?

Sven stared out of his broken mask and tried not to think.

“Sven?” Mythro whispered, and he did not flinch.

“Hello, Mythrodak,” Plumpkin purred, liquid voice making Sven’s skin crawl. He ignored it.

“Plumpkin,” Mythro said, flat and displeased.

“You were harder to find than expected,” Plumpkin said. “But you knew you couldn’t hide forever.”

“What did you do to Sven?” Mythro demanded, taking a small step forwards, hands curled into tight fists.

Sven didn’t react. He felt too blurry, too distant, and besides, there was nothing he could do against Plumpkin. For all that he’d spent months trying his best to slow or distract Plumpkin as he searched... he’d failed.

“I’ve tamed him,” Plumpkin said, smug and dark, and snapped his fingers mere inches in front of Sven’s face, close enough that it made him remember his mask crunching and the way blood had dripped into his eyes.

He didn’t flinch. He never flinched anymore.

“He won’t protect you any longer,” Plumpkin continued, and Sven swallowed the- praise? Rebuke? - like it was acid, burning all the way down his throat. Mythro twitched, just a tiny bit.

“If that was true you would have been here a long time ago,” he said, quiet and flat and angry.

“You have been free for exactly as long as I allowed it,” Plumpkin said, silky and oily, and Sven wished he wasn’t too focused on Mythro to drift out of his own head.

Mythro laughed, and it was sharp and sudden and brutal. “Are you kidding me?”

“I do not risk-”

“If you cared about the *world*,” Mythro hissed, “you would have just killed me a long time ago. You wouldn’t bother with the prisons, with the challenges, with any of it. Let’s not kid ourselves, Plumpkin.”

Plumpkin tilted his head at an unnatural angle that sent an uncomfortable prickling down Sven’s back no matter how used to it he was, fingers tapping together with an audible *click*. Mythro didn’t step back, but one of the people standing beside him set a hand on his shoulder, knuckles white.

“You did it all because you could,” Mythro said, bitter and tired and heavy. “Because I couldn’t stop you. But I’m out, and you *couldn’t find me*, and I haven’t hurt anyone.”

“Is that so,” Plumpkin said, flatly.

“You’re pathetic,” Mythro said with a scoff. “You told me you’d do it. You told me you’d kill me,

that you *wouldn't hesitate*, one life for millions. But you're not going to. We both know that."

He stepped forwards, one shaky step at a time, and though his hands were visibly trembling where they were curled into fists he didn't stop. Plumpkin laughed with a sound like knives on glass, and Mythro grinned, but it looked more like a baring of teeth.

"You're not going to kill me," he said, tipping his head back to look Plumpkin in the face. "Just like the guards will never press the suicide button, and you never properly chased me, and you never tried as hard as you could have to lock me away. I won this whole thing before it even started, because it's never been *about* stopping me."

Plumpkin laughed again, louder this time, and it shook the crooked line of his spine. He took a step forward, and Sven shifted to stay in step with him.

"We'll see," he said, and raised a sharp hand, and Sven's world narrowed to the distance between that hand and Mythro's pale throat.

His mind gave no permission. His hands moved anyway. He blinked, and his sword was in his hands and then he blinked again and it was buried in Plumpkin's chest, ink-black blood running down his forearms and soaking into his clothes below his armor, and the orange light from the gaps in his mask was flickering.

Sven took a single shaking hand from the hilt of his sword and rested it against Plumpkin's throat.

It was nothing. His hand was too small to wrap around Plumpkin's neck the way that Plumpkin could do to him, his grip too weak to matter. He wasn't even sure if Plumpkin needed to breathe.

It was a nothing grip. But Plumpkin choked and died under his hands, and Sven could breathe for the first time in ages. He sheathed his sword, and Plumpkin crashed to the ground, and then everything went flickery and staticky.

He'd killed Plumpkin. He'd *fought back*, he'd killed him, he- he-

He barely felt his knees hit the ground. He felt it when another body impacted his, and somehow, he recognized the dark hair against his shoulder and the small arms around his ribs.

Mythro was saying something but it was lost to the static, and there was blood on his hands, there was blood on his hands, there was *blood on his hands* but Mythro was alive even though Sven failed, alive even though Sven had broken the rules and Plumpkin was going to kill them both, Sven had outlived his use and even after *everything*, Plumpkin had still found Mythro- except he was dead, he was dead, he was *dead* and he didn't know how to process that.

He was dead, but he was forever and there was nothing Sven could do to get away, but there was oily blood on his hands and that wasn't possible. That wasn't possible. That wasn't possible.

Sven buried his face in Mythro's hair and shook as the world went blurry.

End Notes

thank you for reading! please consider leaving a comment, a kudos, or coming to find me @weareallstardustfallen on tumblr!

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