

chickens good for the soul

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chickens good for the soul

by [pine_storm_season](#)

Summary

literally just me, someone with chickens, deciding to put mccrodak sven with the mcc chickens. also because i helped with the story i get canon rights

Notes

so like. this is a story about an abuse survivor. and so there's going to be themes of that throughout, even though it's not a main focus.

other than that, however, i don't think there are any warnings.

also, after two hours writing this, i decided to not care about the title and just use the silly one

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

Sven was decidedly not thinking about the fact that Mythro was testing a game right now. Because that wasn't right, that wasn't safe, he needed Mythro to be here with him. That was how it needed to be.

Fuck “exposure therapy”. It was scary as shit and does he really need to be able to interact with strangers, really? Does he?

This was definitely designed to screw with *him specifically*. That's for sure. Ignoring the fact that Mythro wouldn't do that (even if he maybe should) and Scott didn't seem like the kind of person to do that either. Still. Birds were a touchy spot.

“Watch your step,” Scott said, his voice still in that even, measured way that he had. Like Sven was a spooked animal.

(He kind of was.)

“They tend to get underfoot, especially in the afternoons when they haven't had treats yet,” Scott continued. “Demanding little bastards.”

One of the chickens, a small dusty brown one, opened her mouth and made a series of high, drawn-out sounds. Sven flinched.

“Hush,” Scott scolded her, nudging her with a foot. “You'll get your candy eventually, fussy baby. You don't need to *scream* at me.”

Under his broken mask, Sven tried not to smile. He succeeded.

“Sorry,” Scott said, “they're loud. If they get to be too much, we can do something else.”

Sven flicked a glance at Scott again, then froze as Scott looked back at him. After one tense, terrified moment, he nodded. Scott smiled, but it wasn't like how Plumpkin had.

He startled as a chicken, a big grey one with fluffy feathers under her chin, pecked at his leg.

“Um,” he said, voice barely above a breath. “Scott?”

Scott looked over. “Don't worry, they do that sometimes. She wants to know if your pants are food.”

He almost laughed, crouching down to look her in the face. She made a low, sharp cluck, shook her head, then walked away to scratch some dirt.

Okay. Okay. He was fine. He was fine. He was completely fine.

“Loud noise,” Scott said, then did a series of loud clicks. Chickens came running and he scattered small pieces of something on the ground, where they eagerly pecked it up. Sven watched them, the way they would press up against each other without caring, the way the worst that happened was one chicken would get pecked and she'd make a sharp squawk and then it would be fine.

That felt sickeningly familiar, and he looked away.

“Do you want to feed one?” Scott asked, and he was suddenly *right there* and Sven flinched. His head went up, and then he shook his head like the grey chicken did and tried to be fine.

“Uh, yeah,” he said quietly. “Yeah. Uh. How do I do that?”

“Here, just hold out your hand like this” —Scott demonstrated— “and I'll put some scratch in it, and then just hold it out and one of them will come over and find it.”

Sven held out his cupped hand, and Scott poured some seeds and dried corn onto his hand. Their hands touched, and it took effort for Sven not to pull away. But then they weren't touching anymore, and he had treats for the chickens in his hands, and so he stepped away by a few steps and crouched down.

Scott, to his benefit, did the same.

After a few moments, a black and white chicken noticed the scratch in his hands, and came running over. She began pecking at it very quickly, some of it spilling into the ground in her haste, and Sven smiled.

“Silly bird,” he mumbled, reaching out with his free hand to pet her. She neatly sidestepped and continued eating the food, so Sven let her be.

Another chicken hurried over, this one brown and skinny and with a big red thing on her head that flopped to the side when she walked. She pecked at his fingers instead of the seeds, and he startled, the scratch spilling off his hand as he pulled it back.

“Sorry,” he said without meaning to.

“It's fine,” Scott said lightly. “They don't mind too much.”

“Oh. Okay.” Sven hesitated, staring at the brown chicken. “She's bleeding.”

“Is she?” Scott looked over at her. “Oh yeah, she is. Someone must've pecked her comb too hard. She'll be okay.”

“Okay,” Sven said. He found he couldn't say much else, staring at the darker red blood on her red comb. She didn't seem bothered by it, but then again, neither had he.

“Do you want to hold a chicken?” Scott asked. Sven startled, but then nodded. He did want to hold a chicken.

Scott stood, and Sven stood too in the same moment. There was something scary about Scott standing taller than him, even though his eyes didn't glow and he wore an expression of easy contentment instead of cruel amusement and he was very, very human.

Sven still didn't like it.

Scott bent down and picked up a big chicken with soft orange feathers, and carried her over. She made a sound like *brrrk* and looked at him with big dark eyes, tilting her head back and forth to look at him with both eyes.

“This is how you hold a chicken,” Scott said, “keep their wings pinned and if they're heavy like she is, support their weight below their body. Like this.”

He held the chicken against his chest, with one arm pinning her wing and the other under her feet for her to stand on.

“Do you want to try?”

He didn't want to try. He was scared of hurting her, even though Scott had said chickens are resilient, and she was so big and fragile and her dark brown eyes were looking right at him.

“Not particularly,” he said, very quietly.

Scott smiled at him. “That's alright, they do sometimes wiggle when being passed over. You can sit on that bench there and have her in your lap, if you want, but you don't have to.”

“Okay,” Sven said. “Yeah. Yeah.”

Scott went and sat on the bench, and Sven sat a few feet away. He was within grabbing distance, and did his best to act like that knowledge wasn't seared into his bones.

But all Scott did was pass the chicken over, and then Sven had a heavy, warm, solid chicken standing in his lap and making curious talky sounds at him.

Oh. Okay.

"Does she have a name?" he asked, beginning to pet her. She was softer than he expected, and settled down on his lap with a *brrr-up!* sound.

"You can name her if you'd like," Scott told him. "No one can agree on names for more than a few of them. Like, that spotty red one there? She's the boss chicken, so her agreed name is the Queen. Not very imaginative, I know."

Sven choked on a laugh. His chicken tossed her head.

"Soup," Sven said without meaning to.

Scott burst out laughing, and Sven flinched. The chicken stood at the sudden jolt, but then settled back down after a few seconds.

"I didn't mean like that," he defended weakly, "I just...she's soup colored. And warm."

"I'm not making fun of you," Scott said, laughter still in the edges of his words, "I swear. It just caught me off guard, that's all."

Sven nodded. His chicken pecked at his sleeve, but gently.

"Soup," he said again. "Can I name her Soup?"

Scott waved a hand, and Sven decidedly did not think about the fact that he expected to feel Plumpkin grab him. "Go ahead, I'm not your boss."

Soup tried to tear off a piece of his sleeve. She did not succeed.

Some chicken in the henhouse started clucking very loudly, before running out of the henhouse full speed with her wings flapping madly. She came to a stop at Scott's feet, yelling at him in chicken-speak.

"Silly baby," Scott said, and then stood to get her some scratch, too.

Sven stayed put, petting Soup with one hand. She wasn't small or grey or a parrot, but he thought he might get the idea.

Something deep in his chest ached. He'd done that. He'd done that.

All of a sudden, it took a great deal of effort not to cry. Which was stupid, because that was his fault, and if anything *Mythro* should be the one upset. But all the same, a painful lump made itself known in the back of his throat and the world became a little bit blurry.

"Soup," he mumbled, petting her in a repetitive, automatic motion. His hand shook. "I didn't want to. I didn't want to. I didn't."

She stood, and for a moment a pang of hurt went through him as he waited for her to hop down, but she just fluffed her feathers, shook herself back and forth, and then settled down again.

“I had to,” he mumbled. A tear escaped his exposed eye, and he wiped it away almost angrily. “You don’t get it. Even, even before, he was scary. He was really, really scary. I had to, I had to. He would’ve done it anyway. He would’ve. He was like that.”

Soup made a quiet, talky sound.

“It’s suffocating just being around him,” he said, and his chest hurt. “It’s like—he radiates fear, or something, and it crushes you. I didn’t want to. I didn’t want to. I—please. I didn’t want to.”

His hand was shaking bad enough that he buried it in Soup’s feathers. She was warm, and her downy feathers were so soft.

“It was so—awful, it was awful, the way everything just—it was wrong and it wasn’t how it was supposed to go I didn’t want to, I didn’t want to, but you—you can’t not listen to him, you can’t, I ___”

An almost-silent sob ripped itself from him. Hot tears ran down his face, and he wiped at his face desperately. He shouldn’t be crying, not over this.

“Do you need a minute?” Scott asked, very gently.

He shook his head.

“Do you need me to go get Mythro?”

He shook his head harder. It wasn’t worth it. It wasn’t worth upsetting Mythro too, not for this.

“Okay. You’re okay, Sven.” Scott sat down on the bench, a few feet away. “You’re alright.”

He sobbed, and Soup stood. She hopped down from his lap and walked away. Sven cried harder.

Scott put his hand in the middle, between them, palm up. Something to hold onto. Sven shook his head, pulling his legs up against his chest, and hiding his face against them. Maybe Scott would hit him. At least that was familiar. Plumpkin liked to hit him when he wouldn’t see it coming.

“It’s okay,” Scott said again, but it wasn’t. It wasn’t okay, and it would never be okay again, and Sven had to just *deal with it* because it wasn’t worth bothering Mythro for.

His whole body shuddered, and he bit down on his tongue hard enough it hurt to try to stifle another sob.

“Can I get Mythro?” Scott asked, and Sven shook his head.

“Not worth it,” he managed, “don’ wan’ to bother him.”

“He wouldn’t mind, I’m sure.”

“He *should*.”

This last word melted into a sob, and Sven pressed his sleeve against the exposed part of his face. He couldn’t stop crying, even though he was *trying* but it wasn’t working.

“Hey,” Scott said, still so gently that Sven wanted to yell at him. That wasn’t how it *goes*. “Do you want to tell me what went wrong?”

“No,” Sven blurted, shaking his head for emphasis.

“Okay. That's okay. We can just sit here if you want, okay? Is that good?”

“Yeah,” he mumbled. “Tha’s good.”

Sven tried to do those breathing exercises Mythro had him memorize, but he couldn’t catch his breath. Every exhale was a thin, high, pitiful sound, and he bit his tongue hard enough that he tasted blood.

At some point, he heard the gate open. He flinched, risking a look up, and saw Mythro.

“Hey, Sven,” Mythro said, sitting beside him. “You good?”

He shook his head and scooted over, until he was pressed against Mythro as though he was trying to impress that sense of safety upon himself hard enough that it would stick. It never stuck.

He was never safe.

“It's okay,” Mythro said, and put an arm around him. It wasn't enough. “Whatever...whatever happened, it's okay.”

“I didn't want to,” he whispered.

“I know, Sven,” Mythro answered. “I know.”

End Notes

the only chickens that weren't mine were the queen and soup. the other ones were our chickens.

also *youtuber voice* don't forget to like, comment, and subscribe :D

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