

i know that it's hard (but i swear i still love you)

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by [serilly](#)

Summary

If there was one thing XD excelled at, it was getting on Connor's nerves.

To XD, everything was about timekeeping — it's all he gave a fuck about. Connor could care less about timekeeping, but he doesn't really get a say in the matter, anyways.

But today it was less about timekeeping. Instead, XD's worked himself up into a hissy fit over Connor's autonomy — XD's the fuckin' god of this place, after all, so clearly he could never make a mistake.

Ever. (Connor would beg to differ.)

(or: c!connor is trans, and xd isn't the best about it)

Notes

hoping this doesnt suck

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

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XD's not transphobic, but he hates when people correct "his work". He hates when people "undermine" him — he's always right, and everyone else just needs to grow up and live with it.

If this was anyone else, XD would respect them without a second thought. But this is his little science experiment — his creation, and he doesn't appreciate being told he fucked up.

However, XD doesn't feel like picking this fight again. He decides to focus his attention elsewhere for now.

"You really should pay more attention to your job," XD says coldly.

Connor doesn't look up. He huffs in indignation.

"What's my incentive when you're just continuing to be an asshole?" He mumbles, shifting his feet.

XD scoffs, irritation showing in the way his halo grew brighter, as if set ablaze with rage. "I'm not being an *asshole*—" He says a name. It's just static to Connor's mind. He's trained himself to block it out.

"I'm just right! You exist because I made you, and you exist the way I made you! Do you not realize how insulting it is for you to waltz in here and try to tell me I got such a major detail wrong?"

Connor rolls his eyes. "Why's it so fucking hard for you to admit you messed up? I'm not gonna hold it against you, it's not like you knew, but now you're just being a stubborn dick!"

"Because I didn't mess up—"

The name again. More static.

"I didn't mess anything up! You'll grow out of this eventually."

Connor doesn't respond. Instead, he stares XD down. He's not afraid of him, and he's certainly not letting him get his way.

XD looks almost upset, but it's guarded, as it always is. Connor can never figure out what's going on in his head.

"And if I don't?" Connor finally asks, his voice calm and unwavering.

XD says nothing.

"...Right." Connor says. "Thanks for the support, I guess, *dad*."

In the safety of his small wooden home — it's not much, he just wants somewhere to be away from XD's nagging — Connor writes.

It's his solace in the stressful life of being God's science fair project. Writing his thoughts helps him to ease the thoughts that dig into him from the back of his mind.

It's not much to be impressed by, and he would honestly rather fall into lava while mining and lose a life than show anyone what he's written here. It's private — personal. It means too much.

He doesn't have anyone he'd trust with it, not yet.

He writes his deepest thoughts and concerns, and he writes about the mundane events of his life. He writes anything he can think of, just to get the words out of his mind.

Once he's done writing, he sets his diary — nothing special, just a regular old book with a dusty leather cover — on the crafting table beside his bed and curls up in a little ball.

Making himself small enough that he could disappear. Less of a bother on others, anyways. Maybe that would be better.

He's not a child anymore — he's almost *eighteen*! Yet XD still treats him like he doesn't know anything, like a helpless baby. It pisses him the fuck off.

He just doesn't know when to back off, when to let go!

(XD's just scared of losing you, the voice in the back of his head nags.)

He doesn't dwell on any of it as sleep tugs at him and pulls him under.

"I'm leaving."

It's the day of his eighteenth birthday when he's finally decided he's had enough. He says the words with a certainty that he's sure will freak XD out.

"*What?*" XD asks, his voice cracking with shock.

“I said,” Connor narrows his eyes and clears his throat before repeating, “I’m leaving. Dream SMP.”

XD gawks at him for a few moments.

“No.” He says finally.

“No?” Connor echoes, tilting his head. “What are you gonna do to stop me? I’m eighteen, I’m not a child anymore.”

“But... Your job!” XD shouts, the shock in his voice fading and giving way to anger instead. “You’re the timekeeper, I don’t have anyone to replace— You can’t just *leave!*”

“I can.” Connor says, his voice cold and collected. It’s clear he’s made up his mind already. “And I am. I’m leaving tomorrow, if you’d like to apologize before then.”

XD scoffs in indignation. “*Apologize?* I’ve done nothing wrong! I raised you for years, taught you everything you know... I *made* you the way you are!”

Connor laughs. “Yeah. And if you haven’t figured it out by now, that’s the problem.”

He turns away from XD. “I leave at 9. Come say goodbye if you’d like, or not. It’s up to you.”

Connor wonders if leaving was a mistake.

He doesn’t know any of the people here at this new server. It freaks him out. He’s not exactly the social butterfly type — he worries too much about what they think.

He worries too much to approach someone first.

Luckily, he seems to catch the attention of someone without even trying.

A sheep hybrid — probably the same age as him — (Maybe a bit older? He can’t really tell) — dressed in a suit that makes him look very out of place in the casually-dressed crowds of Live.

“Hey!” The hybrid waves at him, beaming excitedly, tail wagging. “You new here?”

Connor doesn’t get a chance to answer before the man continues. It’s almost hard to keep up with how fast he’s talking.

“I’m Schlatt!” He chimes, extending a hand. Connor cautiously takes it, and the force of the handshake nearly knocks the wind out of his chest. “And you are?” The hybrid — Schlatt — asks, smiling warmly.

“Ah...” Connor looks down and fidgets a bit with his hands. “I’m Connor.” He says simply. This stranger doesn’t need to know his life story.

“Well, glad to meet you, Connor!”

(The two become close friends very fast. Connor is grateful for that — Schlatt is much more

outgoing than he is, he'd rather let him do the talking.)

Eventually, Connor opens up a little. It's slow. He's never really had a proper friend to confide in until now, so he's hesitant on what he'll share.

(But one night, he reaches a breaking point.)

"Can I vent?" Connor asks with a sigh as he lies on the floor of their house, staring blankly at the ceiling.

"Like in Among Us?" Schlatt responds, tilting his head.

Connor sits up and gives him a confused look. "Like *what*? What the fuck is an 'Among Us'?"

"Nothing. Continue." Schlatt says, looking a little embarrassed. "Sorry."

Connor stares at him for a few moments before shaking his head and rolling his eyes. "Right... Like I was saying... You don't mind if I vent, do you?"

"No," Schlatt answers. "Go ahead."

"I don't really know where to start, to be honest." Connor says. "I dunno. My dad sucks. Is that anything?"

"Like how?" Schlatt looks at him with a concerned expression.

"It's... A bit of a long story."

"Well," Schlatt sits up, looking down at him, "I'm not going anywhere, so..."

"It's like," Connor says, "I dunno. So I guess I gotta start by telling you my dad is like, god." He laughs.

"Your dad is *what*?" Schlatt sounds completely taken aback.

"Yeah. Like I said, it's complicated." Connor continues. "I'd rather not get too into all that. But like, he's super weird and controlling because of it."

He looks down. "He won't even call me by my real name." He mumbles the last part under his breath.

"The fuck?" Schlatt looks a little angry at this. "What kind of parent does that? That's not fair."

Connor doesn't reply. Instead he just sighs and sort of flops over onto his side, instinctively curling up again.

"It's 'cause I'm trans," he says. "Well, no, that's not entirely true. He doesn't care that I'm trans, it's just that he hates being told he's wrong."

"Well, he should get over it." Schlatt rolls his eyes. "Acting like a stubborn child over someone else's identity is fuckin' stupid."

"Yeah," Connor says, smiling a little. He sits up. "I hope he will eventually."

"I'll kick his ass if he doesn't."

Connor snorts. “Yeah, I’d like to see you try that.”

Schlatt helps him with his first testosterone shot.

Connor... is not a fan of needles. They freak him the fuck out.

Schlatt rolls his eyes. “You’re such a baby.” He says with a laugh, gripping Connor’s shoulder tightly.

He’s got his sleeve pulled up really high. It’s a bit uncomfortable, but Connor ignores it.

Schlatt grabs something — one of those alcohol pads for cleaning the injection site — and tears open the package with his mouth.

Connor raises an eyebrow but doesn’t question it, as Schlatt’s already using the pad to wipe down the area on his upper arm.

“I’m scared,” Connor says.

“I know you are, dude.” Schlatt responds. “And you’re gonna tough it out.”

Connor nods.

Schlatt loads the syringe carefully and holds it over Connor’s arm. “You better not flinch.”

“I won’t!” (They both know he’s lying.)

“Deep breath.” Schlatt says.

Connor does as he’s told — he takes a deep breath in and holds it for a few moments before exhaling.

He still flinches. (To be fair, he wasn’t given a warning that Schlatt was about to stick the damn needle in, but whatever.)

Schlatt doesn’t make fun of him, surprisingly. He just watches quietly until the injection’s done, and then he slowly pulls the needle out.

“There you go.” He says, pulling the backing off a bandage and sticking it to Connor’s arm. “All done.”

“That...” Connor says, looking down at his arm, and then to the empty syringe, “was not as bad as I thought it would be.”

“I told you so!” Schlatt laughs.

“Thanks.”

It takes a long time (and Schlatt sending a very strongly-worded letter) for Connor to get the courage to talk to XD again.

He hasn't seen his father in probably two years at this point. It's been quite a while since he left.

When he comes home, he uses his timekeeper powers to enter XD's realm, as he always did — it's quieter than it used to be, he notes.

XD notices him instantly. "You've returned." He says. His voice is cold.

"Yeah."

Silence hangs over them for a few moments.

"I got your friend's letter." XD finally says. It's awkward.

"Sorry about that." Connor responds. "He's... a bit much."

"Don't be."

Connor's surprised, but doesn't comment on it.

"If anything, I should be apologizing to you." XD continues. "I shouldn't have treated you like that."

(Connor's not sure how to respond. It's what he's wanted to hear forever, but it's too little, too late.)

"Okay." He says. "I don't really think I can forgive you."

XD just nods in silence.

And as soon as he had appeared in front of Connor, he was gone again, leaving the hybrid standing alone in the cloudy oasis.

(He had called this place home before, but it was never *really* his home, was it?)

End Notes

tumblr: @timedeo

everyone really wanted me to keep the among us joke

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