

leave me to myself

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by [weareallstardustfallen](#)

Summary

Sven's hands were shaking as he washed them, water running over his scarred knuckles, and he watched as it turned a rusty brown in the dim light, swirling in the sink before it disappeared. Other than the heavy, strained sound of breathing, it was quiet.

"I'm getting blood on your couch," the no-longer-a-statue behind him observed.

"It's seen worse."

Or: Mythro is injured when he arrives at Sven's house. Despite it all, he can't let him die.

Notes

hello everyone! long time no see, mythro fans

this fic has spoilers for mythro's latest video, "escaping minecraft's abyss," so i'd advise you to watch that first if you care about spoilers (and also for some helpful context)

this fic deals with moderate blood and some vague suicidal ideation, so please be wary if that will upset you!

the title is from not dead yet by lord huron

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

Sven's hands were shaking as he washed them, water running over his scarred knuckles, and he watched as it turned a rusty brown in the dim light, swirling in the sink before it disappeared. Other than the heavy, strained sound of breathing, it was quiet.

"I'm getting blood on your couch," the no-longer-a-statue behind him observed.

"It's seen worse." Sven shut off the water and picked up one of the checkered towels hanging nearby, fingernails still faintly pink with Mythro's blood.

"Really," Mythro murmured, the sounds slurring over each other. "You get into a lot of fights lately?"

"Not as many as I used to," Sven said dryly, raising an eyebrow as he looked over his shoulder, though Mythro probably wasn't lucid enough to catch it. "It's been pretty quiet on that front since..."

"Since you killed my best friend, trapped me in the abyss of my own mind, and turned me into a statue," Mythro finished. It was missing most of the bitterness Sven had been expecting. Not all.

"Exactly." Sven moved over to the stove, picking up the pot he'd hastily taken off the heat when his door had opened and returning it to the burner, stirring it a few times before he leaned against the counter and turned to look at Mythro fully.

He'd taken off all of his armor, pieces of it cast haphazardly across the wood floors. Sven couldn't see his expression through the mask, but he'd spent years learning how to tell what Mythro was feeling despite it, and he was clearly in pain- his hair was disheveled, bits sticking to his forehead with sweat and his hair tie long since broken or abandoned somewhere, and he was lying stiffly, moving like he'd forgotten how to.

And, of course, there was the hole in his stomach.

He'd hid it surprisingly well, when he'd arrived on Sven's doorstep. He'd laughed and bantered like nothing was wrong, the tenseness of his tone easily mistaken as a consequence of where he was, and Sven had only seen him swaying seconds before he collapsed into the wheat fields.

"Eleven months," Mythro mused. "It's treated you better than me."

Sven snorted despite himself. "I'll bet."

"It got boring a couple of days in," Mythro murmured, head falling back against the side of the couch, one hand tugging restlessly at his cravat, the other resting against the white bandages on his stomach. "Just... darkness."

Sven's fingers stilled where they'd been tapping silently against the lip of the counter. "How did you know how long it was, again?"

Mythro laughed, short and sharp. "I counted."

You told me he'd be asleep, Sven thought bitterly, and swallowed back the phantom sourness that came every time he had to deal with Plumpkin.

Not here. Nothing could touch him here, in this house he'd built with his own hands.

At least, it wasn't *supposed* to. Sven resisted the urge to glare at Mythro and turned back to the stove.

"How long 'til the others get here?" Mythro asked, hazy and slurred. Sven tapped his spoon against the side of the pot idly.

"Couple hours."

"Good, that's enough time to sleep," Mythro said, half to himself. Sven couldn't help a sharp, shocked breath at that.

"You're really going to sleep in my house?" he asked. "Just like that?"

"Is there really a point in not sleeping?" Mythro asked- mildly, but there was something jagged and sardonic and *exhausted* hiding underneath. "If you wanted me dead you would've just left me outside. If you're going to do something to me I can't exactly stop you. And quite frankly, I'm *tired*, Sven. It's been a long day."

Sven didn't answer for several long seconds.

"Soup'll be done in a few minutes," he said eventually. "If you want to stay awake for that."

Neither of them spoke. The pot bubbled lazily, steam swirling up from its surface.

"Sven?" Mythro asked.

"Yeah?"

"Why didn't you just let me die?"

Sven rubbed at his eyes.

"I have my orders," he said. "Plumpkin wants you alive for now."

"You could just spawntrap me," Mythro said, like he hadn't even heard. "Just kill me until I stop coming back."

Sven laughed, an ugly little noise. "Would you set your spawn if I asked you to?"

"Oh, probably," Mythro murmured, heavy and tired. "If it was you, I guess. You'd probably do it kinder than the rest of them."

A sudden violent sense of horror rose in his throat like bile, unbidden and unwanted. Some old part of him, the one he thought he'd buried with Chase and his Pit-assigned number and the ashes of burnt bridges, the one who was still back there looking at the new kid who barely came up to Sven's chin and wondering how best to keep him safe, *screamed* at the words.

"...that's unlike you," Sven settled on saying.

"You don't even know who I am anymore," Mythro spat, suddenly vitriolic. "It's been a *long* eleven months."

"Yes," Sven said. "It has."

"Oh, I'm sure it's been *terrible*," Mythro scoffed. "Out here on your farm with your little domestic fantasy. Exactly like you always wanted, right?"

Sven set the two bowls he'd been grabbing on the counter with a little more force than he'd intended. "I didn't plan on doing it *alone*."

"I..."

Mythro trailed off, coughing weakly. Sven filled the bowls carefully, precisely, not allowing his hands to tremble, not allowing himself to falter.

He set one of the bowls on the coffee table, noting absently that Mythro looked terrible- there was a washed-out pallor to what little of his skin could be seen, and his breathing was rough and labored. He struggled to sit up, scrabbling weakly at the couch, and Sven's heart jumped a little.

"*Stop*," he snapped, setting down his own bowl and crossing over to help him. Mythro resisted for barely moments before he let Sven help him sit up, his hands almost shockingly cold against Sven's.

"Ugh," Mythro said, head falling back, accepting the bowl with shaking fingers when Sven pushed it into his hands. "My joints hurt."

"You were a statue for eleven months," Sven reminded him. "I'm not surprised."

"Yeah."

The silence stretched. Mythro ate like a starving man, mask tilted up awkwardly, and Sven stifled the flash of *something* at the realization that he probably hadn't eaten in almost a year.

He looked young, still, despite it all. Sven didn't like it.

"If you wanna say something just say it," Mythro mumbled into his spoon. Sven startled, and Mythro tilted his head, in that owlish, knowing way of his.

"Did you mean it?" Sven asked.

Mythro smirked halfheartedly. "Mean what?"

"The thing about setting your spawn."

Immediately, the faint bitter cheer vanished. Mythro's mouth went flat, spoon falling away.

"I don't know," he said. "Maybe."

"You'd just let me kill you."

"I'd rather live than die," Mythro said. "And if I have half a chance I *will* kill you to do it. But I'm... sick of getting dragged around."

"Oh," Sven said.

"You don't even care that I want to kill you," Mythro observed.

"Considering all we've done to each other?" Sven huffed. "The feeling's mutual."

"Is it?"

Sven didn't answer.

Mythro set his empty bowl back on the table and slid back down, dragging his fingertips through his hair. Sven watched as he tugged his mask back down and tapped his bandages in some odd off-beat rhythm.

“It’s nice here,” Mythro said. “Your house. The farm.”

“I like to think so,” Sven said.

“You could’ve had this the whole time if you weren’t chasing me.”

Sven swirled his spoon through the dregs of his soup. “Someone needed to.”

“Like other people weren’t doing it enough,” Mythro murmured, so quietly that Sven was almost certain he wasn’t supposed to hear. He didn’t comment.

“Your farmhand’s from the Pit,” Mythro said eventually.

“Yeah.”

“Why?”

Sven looked away, feeling suddenly self-conscious. “It’s- well, it ruined so many lives, and I just thought- it’s... probably what he would’ve-”

“Oh,” Mythro said. “...Sorry.”

“Good,” Sven muttered.

Mythro draped an arm over his face. “I’m tired,” he said.

“Well,” Sven said. “The other wardens won’t be getting here for a while. If you do want to sleep.”

“Yeah,” Mythro said.

“...Do you want a blanket?” Sven asked.

Mythro lifted his arm an inch to stare at him, then shrugged. “You know what? Sure.”

Sven grabbed one of the blankets tossed across a chair and hesitated for a moment, running the edge between his fingers. Impulsively, he draped it over Mythro, making him flinch.

He collected the bowls and spoons, watching out of the corner of his eye as Mythro fumbled with the blanket, only the top half of his head poking out. “The others will probably be coming from the east, just after the sun rises. If you’re going to fight, don’t do it inside the house. Dunno where they’ll take you if you lose.”

He dropped the bowls and pot in the sink, giving them a cursory rinse before he elected to leave them for the morning. Mythro cleared his throat.

“Thanks.”

Sven sighed. “Don’t. Just... I’m going to bed.”

Mythro didn’t say anything as he walked away.

Neither did Sven.

End Notes

thank you for reading! if you liked it, leave a comment or kudos or come find me
@weareallstardustfallen on tumblr!

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