

## may i have your name?

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## may i have your name?

by [Wordless Poet](#)

### Summary

Fundy encounters a faerie during a walk in the woods, where he definitely was NOT lost.

### Notes

inspired by a tiktok by @maggiemay\_thefaire :D its super good

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Fundy wasn't lost. He'd been in this forest hundreds of times. It's just... well, he never went *this* direction before. The sun was only rising in the distance, casting an orange light through the greenery around him. He paced tiredly through the forest, refusing to admit that he, a fox, could be lost in his own forest, only a few miles from his den.

Unfortunately, every twenty minutes, Fundy felt as if he'd see the same fallen tree, walking in endless circles. Finally, exhausted and confused, the fox hybrid found a small circular clearing in a

ring of trees, where there were no bramble nor heavy fauna. Just soft grass and a stump in the center.

Fundy sighed and took a seat on the mossy stump. Unlike the past few hours, the air was relatively silent. There were no suspicious sounds of breaking branches or the crunching of leaves. The wolves' howls had now ceased and all he could hear were the soft melodies of the birds in the treetops. Even the wind seemed silent, though he felt it brush against his cheek.

The fox's breathing steadied as he hunched over and smoothed out the hair behind his ears, the nails on his slender fingers untangling the knots in his fur. His eyes scanned the area lazily, just to be sure there were no threats around. There was little chance of anything of a real threat, not with nearly the whole world destroyed. It had been years since all the wars and bombings, leaving only a few forests and endless ruins of the SMP, L'Manburg, Las Nevadas, and all the other cities.

The jade-green forest he sat in seemed serene, as most of it did. Fundy had found peace in his lonesome, accepting that he'd spent the rest of his days in this forest. He may as well explore this side of the forest since there was little else to do. The smell of damp pine filled his nose, the blue flowers within the soft grass giving off a rosy scent. He rolled his wrists idly as he yawned. He'd probably have to find his way back soon, but there wasn't any harm in resting here for a bit, right?

Just as Fundy's eyes began to flutter, a small flicker of color sent his body jolting upward. The figure he saw then strode in front of him, bending at the waist to smile at the fox sitting on a stump.

Fundy leaped up, taking a step back. The faerie smiled brightly, their honey eyes glimmering from beneath light fluffs of brown hair. He wore many layers, too many layers for this summer weather, in Fundy's opinion, of many different shades and colors. Their skin was adorned with silver and gold jewelry and small fuzzy horns poked from that chestnut-colored hair.

"Hello," the faerie said brightly, tilting his head.

"Hello," Fundy replied. "Who are you?"

"I am Karl," the faerie told him with a bright smile, his cheeks rosy red. "May I have *your* name?"

"No," Fundy replied. He was well-versed in etiquette with the fae, having encountered a few but not daring to work with them. "But some call me Fundy."

The faerie paused, thinking to himself. “You know, I couldn’t help but notice that you have another name, one you’re not really using.”

Fundy’s brows furrowed. “A deadname?”

“Yes,” Karl exclaimed. “That’s what they call in in the human realms.”

“Uhuh... yeah, I have one.”

Karl bit his lip, trying not to smile too mischievously. “If you want... I can take care of that for you! You’d never have to deal with it again...”

Fundy blinked in surprise. “Really? Would it.. you know, hurt me? Or affect me?”

“Only emotionally!”

Fundy pondered the offer. He knew fae could be deceptive, but honestly, the faerie was right – he didn’t use his old name. This couldn’t hurt.

“Alright.”

Karl’s face brightened as his eyes widened in surprise. “Really?”

Fundy nodded and hummed, taking out a piece of paper from his satchel. With a small piece of lead, he quickly wrote out *Floris* onto the paper. He then held it out for the faerie to take.

Karl snatched it up quickly, holding it tightly in his closed palm. Slowly, he opened his hand and looked at it. Grinning, he glanced coyly at Fundy before closing his hand again and shoving the paper into one of his many pockets.

“No take-backsies,” Karl then squealed, turning on his heel. “Bye!”

Fundy whirled around to see where Karl was suddenly running off to but found himself alone again, with the birds singing their melodies above him. He turned in a circle for over a minute, unsure where the faerie could've run off to. But there was no sign of the oddly dressed man at all.

Fundy sat back down, exhaling in confusion. A small part of his consciousness felt lighter after the situation, as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders, a problem solved and now gone from his worries. It felt relieving to have the name gone, even if nobody was even around to say if they would dare to be so rude. He was just Fundy now, son of a dead man, friend of the dead, for no one else was living. He was the only one left. A few years ago, he probably would've continued to feel bad about it. Now, it was just another problem gone. No more conflict, no more people. Another problem solved.

So many problems gone, lifted from his shoulders. His life was simple now and it felt relieving. Of course, one problem remained: he was still lost.

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