

the misadventure(s) of one (1) illumina

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the misadventure(s) of one (1) illumina

by [papurrika](#)

Summary

Anyway, the enchantments are applied right before the event and fade in a day. There's no reason for them to last that long. Sure, you can reapply them if you like the look, but why bother? It's a fun, event-only thing. He likes it that way.

Illumina goes to sleep.

He wakes up with bright pink wings.

##

(the post-mcc 17 fruitninja fic where illumina accidentally keeps his pink parrot wings after mcc. shenanigans are had)

bestie vibes only

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

What Illumina knows is this: the brain doesn't work like a camera. Memories aren't stored with precision or even order.

Caught up in the stress and the exhilaration, the MCC passes by in a blur. All Illumina remembers are brief flashes. It's like a dream that never was. He remembers dodging arrows. He remembers Sasha hollering in excitement at a kill. He remembers the feeling of his feet giving way into flight, the way Fruit instinctively turned to punch him and smile in Hole in the Wall.

They didn't win, but it was close. They were all so happy, so excited, and though Illumina would rather play eight rounds of Buildmart with blazes than talk to people during a party, he lets Sasha and Zeuz take him under their wing, for a little while. A buffer between the rest of the loud loud fireworks and people and riot of colours that mix into themselves when he closes his eyes.

Still, that doesn't stop him from saying 'Goodnight' after twenty minutes and leaving to jump worlds. He speedruns for a while. It's relaxing. Chat's exuberance matches the one he left behind, except he doesn't have to worry about saying the wrong thing or making eye contact, and he chops wood and swims and parkours until he's too tired to go on.

Another goodbye, and he's pulling open the door of the apartment he and Fruit share. They could get separate houses, they're more than well-equipped to build their own. But Illumina likes staying with Fruit. He's kind, and smart, and doesn't do anything more than laugh when Illumina starts rambling about speedrun strategies or cats or whatever comes into his mind. And it's a fond laugh, too, like he's laughing with Illumina, not at him.

Basically: they are roommates, and he loves it. That's it.

Speaking of Fruit, he's beaten him to the couch, sleeping face down. That can't be comfortable, but he doesn't seem to mind. His communicator is on the floor, inches below an outstretched hand. The screen is still lit from unread messages.

Illumina puts his comm on the table and gets him a blanket. When he drapes the blanket over his sleeping form, his fluffy green ears perk up and he trills, deep in his chest. He can't help but laugh.

What Illumina knows is this: the enchantments that come with being part of a team on MCC give you some of the features of your team mascot. It's part marketing strategy, part fun. Except it's just mostly fun, because the MCC is about enjoying yourself and god, he doesn't know where he was going with that. Everyone just likes dressing up in their team colours and wearing dog ears.

Or, in his case, parrot wings.

Anyway, the enchantments are applied right before the event and fade in a day. There's no reason for them to last that long. Sure, you can reapply them if you like the look, but why bother? It's a fun, event-only thing. He likes it that way.

Illumina goes to sleep.

He wakes up with bright pink wings.

##

He doesn't freak out at first.

(That's a lie. When he saw the wings in the mirror he'd jumped, screamed, and brought Fruit crashing through the door with a newly crafted axe from the wood of their house.)

...He freaks out a little. Of all the things that constantly happened to him, keeping his wings weren't on the list, not really. He sends a whisper to Scott while Fruit grumpily repairs the house.

("Why'd you scream like that? You've faced down dragons!")

"Leave me alone! I was half-asleep, okay, I wasn't expecting to see frickin' two feet long wings in the mirror!!"

"Well, I'm sorry, I thought you were like, being attacked or something! That scream!"

"Maybe I was! Maybe...maybe my wings were attacking me, you know?"

"Illumina, *no*." Fruit says, horrified, but he's laughing.)

Scott doesn't reply. Illumina shuffles through his memories for a moment before remembering he must be in the Last Life SMP at the moment. He'll probably be out of contact for a few weeks, then. Uh oh.

He resolves to give it a while. Maybe it's just taking its own sweet time. Magic sometimes does that without any reason or rhyme.

He waits. One day passes. Then another.

##

It's been exactly three days, and Illumina's restless. Restless, because he's long since recovered from the strain of MCC, and as far as his hobbies are concerned he's got nothing to do indoors. He speedruns, and he speedruns, and he speedruns some more. When people ask him how he never gets bored of speedrunning, he stares blankly at them with incomprehension. Speedrunning is all he's ever loved.

Sometimes, he had felt lonely, being the only creature capable of language in the colourfully barren world. But then he accessed the Hub, and met Fruit, and HBG, and Chat, and now he's not lonely anymore. If he ever was.

But he is impatient to run, and that leads to him sitting curled up in a chair while Fruit calmly enchants a new weapon, glaring at the wall like it's going to suddenly drop the current world events. "I don't - I don't think it's that big of a problem." he says to the wall.

Fruit makes a skeptical noise. "It's okay if it's not." Indecipherable glowing letters flit around him. He carefully scratches a Sharpness rune into the flat of his blade.

"It is!" Illumina insists, already making his way to the door. "I'll just go speedrun like normal. It'll be fine."

He doesn't even know what held him back in the first place. Fear of looking odd maybe, odder than he already is, dressed in all black with only his eyes visible. Fear of the cosmetic magic going awry while he speedruns, dropping him into lava or off the edge of a bastion at an inconvenient

moment. The wings are a little heavy on his back, enough to throw off his center of balance when he spars with Fruit. It wouldn't happen. But it could.

It could.

##

Barely an hour has passed before the door creaks open. Illumina shuffles through the gap, his posture the dictionary definition of dejection. His wings droop. His shoulders slump. His face is scrunched in a small frown.

He makes a beeline straight to the couch and stares down at its current occupant. Fruit's been sprawled on the couch ever since he finished enchanting, but he gets the hint and lifts his legs to make room.

Illumina sits. Fruit immediately plops his feet into his lap.

Illumina doesn't even complain about how gross it is. That's how he knows something is wrong.

"You okay?" Fruit mumbles, nudging him.

"...I can't speedrun like this." Illumina says eventually. "I don't want the mods to think I'm cheating."

Fruit squints hazy eyes at him. "You almost got world record in the Purple Pandas skin."

"That's different!" He laments, comically dismayed. "Panda ears don't help you fly!"

"Pink Parrot wings don't help you fly, either."

"They *look* like they do." Illumina gives them a flap for emphasis, and he has got to admit he kind of has a point. They're large, almost as big as his torso, and while Fruit knows they do jack shit unless they've got an elytra on - Philza and Grian's wings were absolutely gigantic for a reason, after all - a case could be made for mitigating fall damage or other unfair advantages.

They're also kind of fucked up. He stares and what comes out of his mouth is: "What'd you do to them?"

Illumina twists around, stretching his wings out as far as he can. Fruit can see the moment realization dawns on his face. "...So you know how I said I was speedrunning?"

"Yeah?"

"I might've fallen in a lava pool. And gotten killed by a Blaze. And an iron golem. It didn't hurt that long, but I guess my wings got a little ruffled."

As always, when it came to Illumina, 'a little ruffled' was an understatement. Just looking at them made Fruit's paws itch. He'd groomed his fair share of wings in the past, and he could tell that Illumina's was as bad as you could get without actually being injured. The feathers were askew, the primaries out of place, and there were bits of mud and grass peppering the wings. He wouldn't be surprised if he found Endermites in there, too.

"- I mean, I noticed they were pretty scuffed after MCC, but I was kind of thinking they'd go away then," Illumina's rambling when he tunes back in, nervously running a hand through his hair. "I wasn't really thinking about them, I've never really had wings before, they're a little heavier than

elytra, and I was pretty tired, and - “

“Illumina.” Fruit says, gently at first, then a little louder. “*Illumina*. Hey man, it’s okay. Chill out.”

He shuts his mouth with a distinctive snap. He doesn’t blush anymore like he used to. With Fruit, he’s too comfortable for that. He’s seen all the deepest, darkest parts of him and not flinched away. Living together has made them weather some of their most awkward, unfunny moments together. But he does give him a big sad pout.

Fruit exhales in an approximation of a laugh. “Go take a bath,” he says. “I’ll groom your wings afterwards.”

Illumina sits there for a moment. “Okay.” he says. Then, “Your feet are kinda gross.”

Fruit laughs for real. “Yeah, I know.”

Chapter End Notes

chapter title inspired by @illumina-but-everywhere's fruitninja tag. praise be to thee for the food

i haven't written fic in 3 years and this is the first thing i actually want to write. i blame fruitninja mcc. anyway umm...tell me your favourite part if you enjoyed my fic?
Widepeepohappy i'm at @spookystew on tumblr

wing preening ahoy

Chapter Summary

"Let me take care of you." Fruit coaxes.

"Fine." Illumina stops fidgeting with the pillow, setting it down. "Only if I can buy you breakfast, though."

"Sure."

"...On a chair? Or..."

He considers it for a moment. "Nah, you might fall over. Lie on your front?"

Illumina fidgets even more. The idea of exposing his back to someone is terrifying. But when he thinks about Fruit doing it, Fruit's hands smoothing across the panes of his back, he's alright. He's alright. It's just Fruit.

"Okay."

Chapter Notes

do you ever think about minecraft bread? it's literally three wheat in a conga line. it's got to taste terrible.

cw for this chapter: very brief description of an anxiety attack. if you wanna skip it starts at 'There was a faint rustle of fabric' and ends 3 paras later at "'I-' he clears his throat.'

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

When Fruit's hands first ghost across his feathers, he startles.

"Maybe this isn't necessary." Illumina says.

Fruit sighs, quirking an eyebrow. He can't see it, because he's curled up on the bed, but he can imagine it. He has finely attuned Fruit-eyebrow-raising senses. If he were to enter a competition for guessing Fruit's expressions based off his tone of voice, he would be the undefeated champion, as he not only sees his face everyday but also hears his voice a lot. Fruit-themed competitions beware.

They're currently in Illumina's room, decorated sparsely with three things. A bed, a crafting table, and a large chest. Which aren't really decorations, but necessities. If some of the HBG had ever visited Illumina's room, they might have commented something about it. Fortunately, his room remains unseen, and his earthly possessions scarce. Perfectly balanced, as all things should be.

Illumina has a white pillow in his grasp. He's fresh from the shower, and his hair is still damp. For once, he's not wearing his hood and mask.

Fruit is far more relaxed. Which isn't much, considering how tense Illumina's shoulders are. Still, it's something.

He takes note of how scrunched up and unhappy his roommate looks and changes tactics. "Illumina, dude, have you seen Grian's wings?"

An affirmative, if confused noise. He goes on. "They're really well-groomed."

Illumina makes a noise that's infinitely more confused. "...I guess?"

"And," Fruit continues. "You should let me groom your wings."

He gasps in mock-offense. "Are you saying my wings aren't as good as Grian's?"

Fruit pauses thoughtfully, letting an evil smile take over his face. "I mean, it's Grian."

"Oh my god." Illumina collapses dramatically on the bed and is back up in a matter of seconds, wincing. "Frick, I forgot I had wings. Ow."

"Let me take care of you." Fruit coaxes.

"Fine." Illumina stops fidgeting with the pillow, setting it down. "Only if I can buy you breakfast, though."

"Sure."

"...On a chair? Or..."

He considers it for a moment. "Nah, you might fall over. Lie on your front?"

Illumina fidgets even more. The idea of exposing his back to someone is terrifying. But when he thinks about Fruit doing it, Fruit's hands smoothing across the panes of his back, he's alright. He's alright. It's just Fruit.

"Okay."

He gets on the bed properly, using the pillow as a prop to bury his face into, letting his hair obscure the rest of his expression. It's just Fruit.

Something clanks beside him and he almost jumps out of his skin. "What's that?" he asks.

"Mood candles."

He laughs despite himself. "You brought mood candles to this?"

Fruit's voice is a little closer than it was before. He sounds calm as always, maybe a little more amused. "Yeah, to set the mood."

Illumina feels the tension bleed from his shoulders. "I think it's working."

"Cool. I'm gonna get on your back now."

He tenses up again. "Uh oh."

There's a faint rustle of fabric. The bed dips decisively under someone else's weight. Then there's Fruit, swinging a leg across his hips and straddling his back. His wings instinctively arch up and

ruffle at the unfamiliar pressure, and he jerks involuntarily, tries his best to breathe. Tries not to think about hoglins trampling him underfoot with his lack of armor. He sucks in a breath but the air tastes acrid and dry. His chest is tight.

"Illumina?" Fruit says, in that slow, unhurried way of his. He latches onto the sound of his voice like a drowning man. "Illumina, you're in your room. I'm about to preen your wings. Breathe in for four, okay? Just breathe. I've got you."

He inhales the best he can, following Fruit as he counts. When he gets to four, Fruit tells him to hold his breath for another four counts. They exhale together, and start over again. He grounds himself in the soft texture of the pillow against his cheek, the familiar cadence of Fruit's voice. Gradually, his chest loosens. The air smells clean. It's a gentle afternoon.

"I-" he clears his throat. "I'm okay." His voice sounds so small.

Fruit stops counting. "You wanna continue? We can stop."

"Yeah." he confirms. "Continue, I mean. We don't - we don't have to stop."

"Okay."

With that, Fruit's hands move to the base of his wings, shift gently through the small bundle of feathers there. It feels kind of good. He relaxes.

Illumina is not the type of person to stay still. When he's not moving about he's always tapping a foot or rubbing a thumb across his knuckles.

But Fruit's preening his wings now, humming softly while he cards through his feathers with experienced fingers, and his mind just. Goes blank. He lets the everpresent control over each and every inch of himself turn off and burrows further into his pillow.

"Illumina?" Fruit repeats, sounding remarkably close to laughing. "Yo, you there?"

"Hmbgh."

"Oh my god."

"Hmrrrghbgh."

His thoughts feel sticky and syrupy and slow. He wants to stay like this forever. Fruit's hands are so talented. He didn't know why he'd ever considered walking away from this. Can he persuade him to do this more? Can he pay him to become a professional Illumina masseuse? Because frick, that feels good.

He doesn't hurry, for how fast he reacts in combat. His movements are precise, gentle.

He doesn't want it to stop. He blinks once, twice, trying to stay awake. Warmth blossoms where Fruit is touching his wings. It seeps into his bones, leaving him feeling happy in a hazy kind of way.

Fruit's voice penetrates his gooey state. "Illumina, Illumina, what's wrong?"

He bites the inside of his lip, trying to focus. What's wrong? What's wrong is that Fruit's not preening his wings anymore. He wants his hands back on his feathers as soon as possible.

"Whatcha talking about?"

"You're crying." Fruit says, concern threading thickly through his voice.

Oh. With some effort, Illumina drags his heavy hand over to his face, swipes at his cheeks to find them wet.

Heat lights up his face. "Nothing's wrong. I guess - I guess I just haven't felt this safe in a very long time."

More embarrassment. Oh god. He craves death and speed one thousand on his elytra so he can fly away and never have to face anyone ever again. Worse than the time he blurted out 'I love you' to his team in MCC. Way, way worse, because Fruit's still sitting on him, preventing escape. Though most of his weight is distributed to his knees so really he's barely putting any pressure on his back. Which is good, because Fruit weighs a ton, which he knows because he tried to carry him to bed once and ended up laying on the floor in misery and frustration. Why does Fruit weigh so much? What does he eat? How is he so strong?

"Aww!" Fruit says, his voice pitching up in the way that means he's smiling. Illumina turns ever so slightly, and yup. He's directing a big, goofy grin right at him, his eyes scrunched into crescents. His tail thumps against the bed, just shy of his legs.

He goes even redder, smushing his face into the pillow. "Whatever. This is - this is so dumb." he grumbles. The pillow is his only comfort in these dark times. His solace, his sole protector. His one friend. Everything else is evil and terrible.

Thankfully, Fruit doesn't seem interested in dragging all his feelings out of him. With another squeaky "Aww" that sounds simultaneously pleased and menacing, he returns to working on his wings.

It's a win-win for Illumina. More preening, and he gets to pretend he never said that.

(He tries to ignore the quiet purr that starts up in Fruit's chest.

Feelings? What feelings? Look, okay, all he knows is speedrunning. It's all he's good for.)

##

Illumina blinks awake at dawn.

He doesn't quite remember falling asleep. He must've done it while his wings were being preened. He's still in the same position, his wings draped bonelessly over the bed, mood candles long burned down to stubs. He sits up, stretching them out to get a better look.

His knowledge of wings is subpar. He's gonna have to read up on them, ask around on how to take care of them. But even an utter novice like himself can recognize how much the preening's helped. The wings seem fuller somehow, healthier and sleeker. There's also a noticeable absence of stiffness or pain when he folds them up against his back and goes to scrub the crust out of his eyes. He hadn't really noticed the ache. Being a speedrunner wasn't exactly a pain-free job, and he'd built up a tolerance over time. But having it gone is...nice. Really nice.

When he steps into the living room, the constant ticking of the cat clock greets him. He gauges the time.

It's late enough for the world to be awake. Normally, he wouldn't bother going out. But he promised Fruit breakfast, and he's pretty sure he remembers where his favourite bakery is.

It's the least he can do.

Chapter End Notes

me writing this: i'm going to give me everything i want

also me: holy fuck

##

also brief disclaimer that i dont ship fruitninja in any way, whether they're the characters in my fic or otherwise!! i write them to be very close platonic best friends (not qpr, not romantic), but i know my understanding of whats platonic and whats romantic isnt the best, and fruit sitting on illumina to tidy his wings might be seen as romantic?? but i didn't intend it that way

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!