

a GHOST stole my coworker's BODY? (NOT CLICKBAIT) (WE'VE GOT A SECRET TO KEEP NOW)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/40317969) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/40317969>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Hermitcraft SMP
Relationship:	No Romantic Relationship(s) , VintageBeef & Etho & PauseUnpase (Team Canada) , VintageBeef & Zedaph & Keralis (Hermitcraft)
Character:	VintageBeef (Hermitcraft) , Welsknight (Hermitcraft) , keralis (hermitcraft) , ZedaphPlays (Hermitcraft) , EthosLab (Hermitcraft) , PauseUnpause (MCYT) , idk how to tag pause sorry , Helsknight (Hermitcraft)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Superheroes/Superpowers , Swearing , Light Angst, but its instantly repelled with a force of comedy , hels is a bodysnatching bitch , no beta we die like wels (allegedly) , Humor , Team Canada
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of the hermitcraft hero au (VDHAU)
Stats:	Published: 2022-07-15 Words: 2,111 Chapters: 1/1

a GHOST stole my coworker's BODY? (NOT CLICKBAIT) (WE'VE GOT A SECRET TO KEEP NOW)

by [kiwinatorwaffles](#)

Summary

“Eh?” The voice that leaves Wels’s mouth is unusually gruff, and that alone shocks Beef into confusion. “Where the fuck did you come from?”

“Hey, what the heck?” another voice— Wels, *again?*— exclaims with utter disbelief. “What happened?”

Whirling around towards the direction of the second speaker, Beef locks eyes with a second Wels, but this time, he’s considerably more... translucent than before. “Wels? But—” Beef points to the Wels standing in front of him, shifting his eyes between the two knights. “What about... *huh?*”

“Oh shit, was that the body's owner?” the corporeal Wels says, glancing at the general direction of translucent Wels’s voice. “Uh, this is a bit awkward. Looks like I gotta dip. See ya!”

In which a strange incident occurs, leaving Beef and the others in complete confusion of what to do next.

Notes

uh i haven't watched a lot of beef's videos yet so sorry if he's ooc SJSJHJDHSDJJKDSJK

this is a sort of prequel for my other fic, [it takes two to play \(the game of mutual secrecy\)](#)!

fair warning, the context of this piece will NOT make sense until you've read up until part 6/8 of that fic! please read my other work first if you don't want spoilers!

with these points prefaced, please enjoy!

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

Beef only leaves to refill his coffee for about a minute before everything goes wrong.

He was given the task of bonding Wels's soul back into his body and bringing him out of the coma, so Beef had quickly constructed a machine to get the job done. After carefully placing Wels into the machine, Beef waits around for a couple minutes, but decides to leave for a moment and get a new cup of the ol' bean juice to keep himself awake. However, when he returns to assess the progress of his machine, he finds Wels already fine and standing up like normal.

"Oh, wow!" Beef exclaims, setting the cup down with excitement and rushing over to his friend. "You're up and running already! That was fast!"

Instead of responding with a quip like Beef expects, Wels instead turns to face Beef very slowly, squinting with a frown spreading across his face.

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The Wels body breaks into a sprint, streaking across the headquarter grounds, knocking Beef's coffee onto the ground.

"Hey, *jerk!* Get back here!" ghost-Wels demands, also chasing after his body, zooming past Beef's growing dismay from the sudden whiplash of events that have unfolded before him. "*Give me back my freakin' body!*"

Second later, both Welsknights have completely vanished from sight, only leaving behind an empty machine and shattered coffee mug as a sign of their presences. Beef remains motionless, gawking at the exit which the two left from.

He was given the task of bonding Wels's soul back into his body and bringing him out of the coma, and he has completely *screwed it up*. Oh my gosh. What is he going to tell the supervisors?

What is he going to tell the others at HC?

“KERALIS!” Beef finally shouts after a whole minute of pointless staring. “Are you still here?”

“Yeah?” Keralis replies from a few rooms down the hall. “XVoid just left, though. What is it?”

Hastily making his way to Keralis, Beef tries to think of a way to break the news in the most simplified way possible.

“Small problem,” he laughs, though it sounds more like an anxious donkey trying not to drown. “*Wels is gone.*”

“Gone— *WHAT?!*”

“So what you’re telling me,” Zedaph says slowly, leaning back into his chair with crossed legs. “is that somebody stole Wels’s body? And then escaped?”

Beef nods (though, extremely hesitant). “Yep... that’s pretty much how it went. I left to get coffee, so I didn’t actually see how it happened.”

“That seems *way* too convenient,” Keralis snorts. “You sure that wasn’t just you being a goof?”

“*No!*” Beef protests, throwing his hands up defensively. “I swear! It was just the worst timing!”

“*Sure, Kebab.*”

Frowning, Zed presses the end of his pen against his chin, pursing his lips in contemplation.

“Okay, that’s believable enough— I’ve seen crazier things.” Then, tilting his head to the side, he asks, “What are we going to do now?”

“Well, I was first thinking of telling the NileCorp supervisors about what happened,” Beef offers. “Maybe they’ll provide us with what actions to take next?”

“Good idea.” Zed nods, setting his pen down and sitting up. Pushing the swivel chair over towards the phone on his desk, he picks it up and punches in a few numbers, then places the phone on speaker mode.

All three men sit in anticipation for a response. Beef can feel the sweat begin to form on his palms and promptly wipes it against his lab coat.

Finally, after twenty seconds of the ringtone, someone picks up on the receiver end. “*You have reached the NileCorp office. How may I help you?*”

“Hello! Zedaph from the HC association here,” Zed greets, leaning into the speaker. “We’ve called in regards to the er, *incident* with Welsknight that happened earlier this hour.”

Beef notices Zed glance at him with a nod, receiving the cue to place his statement. “Oh— yes! Right!” Swallowing nervously, Beef pulls his chair closer to the speaker and clears his throat.

“How do I explain this... uh... It seems as if some sort of a ghost or spirit stole Wels’s body while he was in a comatose state, and then... ran off with it?”

“*I’ll talk to the CEO,*” the receiver voice deadpans, though Beef is certain they’re probably judging him. The other end goes silent for a few minutes, and the tension only rises further between the group waiting for an answer. At long last, the NileCorp employee speaks again, but their response is not at all what any of the three expected.

“He... said to keep any information about his disappearance confidential. Do not mention it to the public or your coworkers. He’ll send you what to say in a moment.”

“WHAT?!” Keralis slams the table and grabs the phone aggressively. “Hey, that’s ridiculous! He can’t just tell us to keep it a secret!”

“Wels is our friend!” Zed adds in protest, standing up from his spot with furrowed eyebrows. “We can’t just leave him alone!”

There’s a pause from the other end. “...*Good luck,*” is all the employee says, voice laced with pity. Then, they hang up without another word.

When the call ends, Keralis grunts and slams down the phone in frustration. “*Damn it!*” he curses, crossing his arms. “Who the hell does that rich jerk think he is, telling us what to do?!”

“Are we going to tell Cub about this?” Beef asks, voice raising with increasing distress as the situation begins to truly hit him. “Doesn’t he have the most direct communications with them? He might know how to deal with this!”

“No, we can’t tell Cub,” Zed says sternly, sitting back down with his hands folded in front of him. “His connection is the *issue*. If we inform him of this... *bumcrap*, then he might get himself into trouble with arguing. I wouldn’t want to rope him into this.”

Groaning, Beef places his face into his palms. So much has happened in this small span of time, and he’s sure at least a portion of it is his fault. Maybe if his machine had just worked like it was supposed to, maybe if he had stopped Wels’s body snatcher, maybe if he had said something during the call or tried to reason— *What will he do now?*

“Oh... what am I going to tell XVoid?” Keralis says quietly, and when Beef looks up at him, his face holds a mournful grimace. “He’s probably blaming himself for what happened to Wels already, and—”

“Shoot, you’re right!” Zed huffs, returning to fidgeting with his pen. “We can’t tell *anybody* about this! Aww man... Worm-Man can see past *all* my lies!”

Lowering his head, Beef thinks about everything he’ll have to conceal from his two roommates when he gets back. If he remembers correctly, Etho was also there in the big fight and assisted in carrying Wels back to the headquarters...

The trio sits in a suspended silence, all staring at each other, unsure of how to proceed. No matter what the orders from the higher ups are, they’ll still have to do *something* to help Wels, even if it means going behind backs to make progress. But the glaring issue is... *how?*

At that moment, Zed receives a ping from his computer, which he leans over to check.

“Eugh, It’s that *disgusting* CEO giving us instructions.” Zed grumbles, clicking unenthusiastically. “Alright boys, gather ‘round.”

Keralis breaks into a flurry of swears in Swedish, but repositions his chair to read the screen regardless. With a sigh, Beef also stands up to read the screen, pushing his thoughts to the side for later. For now, it’s time to receive orders and complain about them the whole way through.

The walk home with Etho is especially uncomfortable.

Beef, of all people, *knows* how upbeat and chipper Etho usually is, and he knows his dear friend is rarely shaken by anything. Etho is a *teacher*, and there's arguably nothing that gets worse than high schoolers, right?

But this time, Etho is completely silent— upon hearing the news and every moment afterwards. Beef has *never* heard Etho this quiet before, not even in his eight hour test-grading marathons. Every time he peeks at his roommate's expression, Beef only finds layers of shock and grief, piled on like snow from an avalanche.

The discomfort especially shows once they actually reach home, when their other roommate slams the door open with the world's loudest greeting.

“Intro boy! Slow boy! You're finally back!” Pause exclaims, pulling his two friends into the apartment. “Come on, I was *dying* of boredom here! Do you know how *quiet* it is without you two?”

Unable to find the words to respond, Beef glances between Etho and Pause, trying to somehow break the growing awkwardness— but he finds Etho's eyes darting around like fish in a tank, unable to make eye contact with either of his roommates.

Pause's face lowers into a concerned frown. “*Hmm*,” he says, carefully stepping over to shut the door. Despite his lack of words, it's evident Pause notices something wrong. “Alright. Let's have dinner, then.”

Dinner continues with unease hanging in the air like thick fog. The entire time, Pause studies Etho from the side of his view, occasionally glancing over at Beef as well (to see if he's okay? For enrichment? He can't tell. Beef just shrugs awkwardly each time it happens).

At the end, however, Etho unexpectedly places down his fork and speaks with a shaking voice, “Wels... he's *dead*.”

“*Huh?*” Pause drops his own fork, head snapping towards Etho. “What? How did that happen?! No, actually—” Shaking his head, Pause groans and holds up his hand. “You don't need to tell me if you don't want to. It's just... holy *shit*.”

“It's fine, it's just—” Etho takes a sharp inhale, roughly coughing into his fist. “He... was killed in battle. We still don't know how; it seemed like he was going to be okay... I just...”

He was fine! Totally fine! He's probably even fine now! Beef's mind screams, and he has to employ every ounce of restraint as to not tell Etho, as much as he wants to. It's absolutely eating him from the inside to keep this *ridiculous* secret, but he has to— for the safety of Etho and Pause. *That idiot CEO. If I— When I get my hands on him, I'm totally going to...*

“You don't have to talk about it any more. I get it now.” Pause stands up, moving to Etho's side and patting his friend on the back. “Take your time... I, uh... I'll let you have all the ice cream you want tonight!”

“Ice cream?” Etho's teary voice instantly vanishes at the mention of the frozen sweet as his eyes sparkle like a girl from Japanese cartoons. “You'd *really* let me?”

“Yeah, of course!” Pause confirms, nodding enthusiastically. “You can even have Beef's share if you'd like!”

“*Hey*,” Beef points his fork accusingly at Pause. “Back off from my dessert, Rent Boy! *I* was the one who bought the ice cream, remember?”

Etho actually laughs for the first time since the incident, and Beef feels a weight in his chest release. That's a relief, at least— one issue on its way to resolution. Keeping the secret from Pause and Etho will be an endeavor for sure, but he has to do it if he wants them to be okay. Dealing with his rage over the jerk CEO might actually be easier than he initially thought, as he can just rage quit the NilePrime subscription and move on with his life. But finding Wels... he'll have to discuss with Zed on how to even *begin* on that.

Sighing, Beef rattles away the concerns. He can set all of these problems aside to worry about later. There's a hefty share of ice cream waiting for him after all, and there's no way he's letting Pause turn it over to Etho like that.

End Notes

hels, seeing a free body: it's free real estate

[the art that inspired this idea!](#)

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