

hey man i mean it's a free sword right

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/41252928) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/41252928>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Hermitcraft SMP
Relationship:	No Romantic Relationship(s) , Welsknight & Shelby Grace Shubble
Character:	Welsknight (Hermitcraft) , Shelby Grace Shubble
Additional Tags:	Superheroes/Superpowers , Alternate Universe - Modern Setting , wels isnt referred to by name because technically he isn't wels yet , Humor
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of the hermitcraft hero au (VDHAU)
Stats:	Published: 2022-08-24 Words: 915 Chapters: 1/1

hey man i mean it's a free sword right

by [kiwinatorwaffles](#)

Summary

Out of everything that can possibly happen on a hike, he never expected to find someone trapped in a well, screaming for help.

in which a confused singer stumbles across a distressed witch in a seemingly random well that will change his life.

Notes

hahahaha YESSSS!!! vdhau is BACK!!!

super short origin story this time :] this is a quick setup for the wels and hels spin-off that is coming next in this series >:D

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

Out of everything that can possibly happen on a hike, he never expected to find someone trapped in a well, screaming for help.

“HELP? ANYONE? ANYONE HERE?” a desperate, high-pitched voice screeches, voice echoing within the stony confines. As he approaches the hollers of bloody murder, he peeks over the mouth of the well and sees a young woman standing at the pit, hands cupped around her mouth. Once her eyes meet his, she lights up, waving up frantically. “Hey! Hey you! Hi! Can you please help me?”

“Uh, sure?” he replies, slightly hesitant. “What can I do?”

“Do you see a broom anywhere around the well?” the woman asks. “It shouldn’t be more than a couple feet away.”

He scans around the grassy area surrounding the well, eyes landing on a fancy broomstick lying between the flowers, and he goes to pick it up. When he returns, the woman’s eyes shine with excitement upon seeing the broom.

“Yes, thank you! Now, just throw it down here for me!”

Complying, he carefully slides the broom down the side of the well, hearing it *thunk* against the rocky base. Swiftly, the woman hops onto her broom, and in a flash, she bursts out of the well and into the blue skies, looping in the air a couple times before landing right beside him at the well’s edge.

“Thank you so much!” she exclaims, grinning widely. “You really saved me there!”

“It’s not a problem at all,” he says, though slightly bashful at the gratitude. “But uh, if I may ask, how... did you end up down there?”

The woman groans. “Ugh, it’s really embarrassing. I was trying to see if I had the skill to fly between the well’s roof, but I just smacked my head against it and fell into the pit.” She crosses her arms, sighing in disappointment towards herself. “But! You helped me get out! I must have been in there for an hour, at least! And I really want to do something for you in return, so...”

Setting her broom down, the woman opens up a small pouch on her belt and pulls out an intricate, wood-carved wand. She walks back towards the well, pointing the wand at the bottom, and then waves it in a circular motion. A stream of light bursts out from the wand’s tip and sends a shower of sparkles down, and he hears the iconic *clang* of something metallic hitting a hard surface. *What can it be?*

After a few seconds, what seems to be a sword’s hilt, adorned with gems and bright colors, pokes out from the well’s mouth. The blade slowly rises into the air, revealing a thin, glistening blade, reflecting the sunlight the woman’s magic pulls it out from the well.

The magic brings the sword into the woman’s hand, and she holds it gently, presenting it out to him. “Young man, how do you feel about powers?”

“Powers...?” He instantly thinks about all the superheroes in the city with their impressive abilities and crime-fighting. “I mean, they’re... pretty cool, I think. Wait, do you mean *me* having powers?”

“Yep! I’ve imbued this sword with a magic that will link to you given that you accept it, and you’ll be able to use it as an extension of your powers. You’ll be able to summon it at any time!”

At first, he eyes the sword with tentativeness. Powers, for himself. It almost seems too good to be true. And even if he does accept, what will he do with it?

Then, he realizes that receiving powers will probably open the gateway of joining those superheroes out there, and honestly, being a hero seems better than his singing job right now. Even if he doesn’t become a superhero, it still would be pretty cool to just have a free magical sword.

He’s made up his mind. Nodding, he holds out his hand. “I will take it! Thank you so much!”

With a bright smile, the woman hands the sword over. Once the hilt touches his palms, it instantly

sends a rush of power coursing through his body, kicking in like a shot of espresso in the morning. Although he can't see it, he can definitely *feel* the sword's magic linking with his spirit, and now, he swears he can hear a faint melody emitting from the blade.

“There you go!” the woman claps, overjoyed. “You have powers now! Now, the sword will summon with a cue most deeply connected to you. I've seen some people dance. Others sing. It's up to you to figure it out!”

She picks up her broom again, swinging her leg over the stick. “Well, it was a pleasure meeting you, valiant knight of the well! Thank you again, and have fun with your new powers!”

With a wave, she bursts into the air, leaving a streak of sparkles trailing from her broom. He watches her zip across the sky, eventually disappearing into just a tiny speck in the distance.

Well, he thinks, glancing back down at his new sword. *That was sure something.*

It won't make sense to just head home; he biked all the way to this place, so it would be a waste to just go back now. Maybe, as he walks, he can figure out how to summon and de-summon the sword. He shrugs, continuing to walk up the hill, dragging his sword with him.

And just like that, the newly-instated well's knight resumes his morning hike.

End Notes

the witch isn't anyone specific Yet, but maybe i might do something in the future. for now, she's just the funky fella who gave wels his powers. cheers!

edit, december 12, 2022: she is shelby! :D just wait until they meet each other for a hc and empires team up /j

[shelby design](#) by me!

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