If a soldier is in love it will die in war

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If a soldier is in love it will die in war

by Star_Dust_Planet

Summary

HotGuy has now betrayed the two people he love the most. That was the only way to keep the people he considered his world safe, he'd have to decide if he wants to leave his civilian activity behind or die trying to protect it. After his two best friends find out his secret identity in what should have been a normal day at work.

Or

HotGuy gets found out by his crush and his not so secret admirer, or in other words his two best friends.

Notes

This will maybe be modified once AO3 is back, cause I don't remember my OG notes, but this is genuienly one of my favorite one shots of the year <3

Decided to share it here cause I love it, and I hope you like it too!

This was my first time writing a fight scene of this scale, so be nice jaja.

See the end of the work for more notes

If you had asked Scar if he would ever consider himself a scary man, he'd tell you not. He'd admit he could be tall and sometimes mischievous, but not down right something people would fear. That would be till he became HotGuy. A super hero capable of lifting cars, surviving explosions and demolishing full buildings with a sweep of his arm. A hero that would be almost indestructible.

Even if his prowess with a bow or gun was enough to raise some brows, and maybe consider him a plausible threat. Still he wouldn't be considered someone that people should fear. Yet he decided to keep his identity secret. Maybe some sort of influence had made it's way into Scar's brain . Maybe some sort of unspoken pact between heroes and audience.

Maybe because he wasn't ready to renounce his average life.

The only person to know was Cub. The same Cub that if he was even a little less careful the government would be trying to break down his door and send him to prison for finding some secret information that he wasn't supposed to find. It was only a matter of time till his best friend would have connected the dots and figure who the new super hero in town was. To see who the man was pretending to be. Scar wasn't hard to read to anyone that knew his heart.

Not that the man was the most secretive person of them all.

Still Scar was surprised no other friends had pointed out the the inconsistency on his actions, how he'd need to leave early or stay out late but never partying. How new mystery injuries and scars seemed to appear every now and then. Not that his friends would ever know the amount of time s he had been so so close to death. Not that he'd ever let them know. Heroes usually had horrible deaths, Scar wanted them to still have hope, even when he wouldn't be there.

Maybe the reason why he hadn't die is because he hadn't confessed his feelings. How he had never even tried to be honest about what was in his heart. He had feelings for his best friend. For one of them at least. Not that Scar had tried to be subtle about it, not that he had tried to hide his feelings from the world. He had said the words, he had been cuddly, obnoxious, lovely and yet, Grian refused his feelings. Didn't even acknowledge them.

So when he learned that when Grian was asked about Scar's behavior his response had been "*He is just like that*". Scar's heart wasn't broken, but he had fallen to the comfort of pretending he could be with the man he loved even if that love wasn't reciprocal.

Maybe clinging to the hope of one day becoming the man of his lover's dreams was what kept him from dying. Maybe the hope that one day Grian would look right back to his soul and just say anything that signified love back. Maybe this was one of those days where his hope drove him to insanity.

He hadn't had any sleep the night prior, he had been fighting some loose robots that he wasn't fully sure how they got to the city in the first place, much less when they looked somewhat familiar. However the hero agency HotGuy worked for was very lenient *"Your job is to do as you are told, not to ask any questions."* And as such, Scar never knew where the monsters

came from. Monsters, robots, other mutants, *other weapons.* He'd never know if they were people in his place.

People that couldn't find a way out of their situation and could only try their best to leave. To maybe reclaim a comfortable life, to leave their past.

At the cost of their humanity, of course.

Becoming some sort of commodified item in the process. Something to endorse brands, make some public appearances. Selling not only an ideal, but everything about him, his soul, his his mind, his body.

Even if he had enough money to pay for his medical expenses and college debt. Scar wasn't fully sure what convinced him to stay in his craft store salesman job next to his best friends. To try to keep the civilian double life, even if he could afford not to. Even if his agency would sometimes beg him to leave such modest life behind. Scar had a reason to try and keep his double life.

It was Grian, of course he was. Scar couldn't see himself living a life where he didn't see his *best friend* every single day of the week. Grian had been the main reason why he hadn't fully committed to his hero life. Mumbo was also there when Scar said he thought of quitting. The tall man begging for him to stay, as if he was the one unable to live without Scar.

Not that Mumbo would ever be lonely, the mustache man would have a hard time getting rid of Grian even on a good day. To be fair it seemed like Grian was the one obsessed with Mumbo. That was the way his life seem to go. Between friends, art supplies and the quiet understanding of the fragility of life.

Scar could kill everyone and destroy the building they were standing in without breaking a sweat. His company had made it a point to remind him that he could. Yet he couldn't bring himself to hurt a single life on purpose. No human, not animal, sometimes even braking stuff that was sentimental felt wrong. Yet no one could know his hurt.

This had made him the perfect employee for moving things around. Everyone surprised by how much stock he could carry without getting tired. How much stamina he seemed to have to not only move around anything that would normally require at least another person and still leave them exhausted. No one questioning how even after such demanding work he'd still have a smile on his face and want to do some more.

Not this fine morning on a Thursday. Not when the kids back to school promotions were loud and clear. Not when they had to attend overwhelmed mothers and overstimulated children. Not when Grian was mad at every turn and Mumbo seemed to scared to confront anyone that asked for costumer service.

Still Scar was more than comfortable selling memorabilia of his own alter ego, of a person that was not him. Anything but putting on a character costume, that had been his stipulation. No one knew why Scar did not want to dress as a character. Luckily for them the lunch break came earlier than expected.

"I want to die" Grian complain while taking a bite out of his granola bar and a sip of his coffee.

The employee room was dull and hot. Nothing to really entertain themselves and with only one bench that wasn't all that comfortable. Not wifi neither good reception happened to be near the lunch room. They only had themselves to keep each other entertained. Often leading to banter and teasing.

"Don't be that dramatic." Mumbo teased. His lunch box seemed to be made with care and probably prepared the day prior. A full meal ready to go.

"I always hate on back to school season! We've cleared that before!" The blond pulled some of his hair as a way to show his desperation.

"Kids are not that bad this year." Scar intervened. He got some protein shake and a meat sandwich. Part of keeping up with super strength.

"SAYS YOU!" Grian raised his voice, still in the teasing mood. No bad blood. "ALL YOU ARE DOING TALK ABOUT SUPER HEROES WITH THE KIDS."

"I mean, Scar is very good at that." Mumbo poked Grian, they had to tease each other back and fourth. "He does know a lot of HotGuy fun facts."

Oh Mumbo, if only you knew.

"BECAUSE HE IS A NERD!" Scar chuckled at the shade being thrown at him. Grian signaled then at everyone in the room "WE ARE ALL NERDS."

"You are not wrong." Mumbo sipped on his tea. "You do read a bunch of science fiction."

"MUMBO SCIENCE FICTION WILL PREDICT THE FUTURE!" Grian started shaking his friend, Mumbo letting it all happen. "WE ALREADY HAVE SUPER HUMANS, WHO KNOWS WHAT ELSE IS OUT THERE!"

"I mean, HotGuy is indeed very hot." Scar praised himself, not that any of them would know. "Out of this world—"

The blond made a disgusted face before saying "Not my type."

"Totally mine tho." Mumbo said right after, gaining a whine from Grian.

"Is it the muscles?" Scar felt ashamed of himself. He felt very confident in his other persona, yet Grian's disdain for it would always make him second guess. Every. Single. Time.

After all this wasn't t he first time Grian showed his disdain from HotGuy rather regularly, yet Grian was also known for complaining. Sometimes Scar would find himself doubting if Grian's complains were genuine or just wanting to have some sort of gripe leave his mouth and not really a deep rooted feeling.

"He is cocky and arrogant." Grian said, his voice monotone. This wasn't the normal Grian, this was serious.

But the cocky and arrogant wasn't the real HotGuy, it would never be. That HotGuy was the hero the company wanted.

"And you aren't cocky?" Mumbo went back to teasing. Making Scar let out a chuckle, letting his mind come back to reality.

"I am a very capable man, one of many talents."

Mumbo made a face that showed annoyance, Grian returning the same sort of face.

The tall man noticed his friend's unusual silence. "What about you, Scar?"

"Uh?"

"Is HotGuy your type?" Mumbo inquired, getting closer to Scar, attempting to gather his reaction.

"I mean, maybe? Yes? I think I'm handsome" He stammered. "The boss says we look alike…" Scar tried to make up a quick lie. Covering it up.

"Don't let the boss insult you like that." Grian spat. "You are way prettier than HotGuy!"

Scar blushed, or at least it felt like he did. However if any blood made its way to his face, none of his other friends mentioned or teased him on that.

"HotGuy is pretty tho, that's in his name!" Mumbo retorted.

It'd be weird if he was pretty but HotGuy wasn't at least hot. Right?

"Mumbo!" Grian complained once more. The other man smirking at the reaction.

"I'm just saying, we should get next years shirtless calen—"

An alarm started going off. Sirens beaming loudly, signaling that a villain attack was close to them, they needed to evacuate. And Scar needed to get his excuse to leave. Before he could stand up a hand grabbed his. Mumbo had a worried look in his face. Grian didn't look very confident either.

"Scar, we have an exit here."

"I need to help the costumers scape, the kids-" Scar continued stammering, he needed to leave, now. If he couldn't be HotGuy a lot of people would get hurt. He was the only one who could save them. Scar's mind running through his practiced excuses.

"Scar, there are others on there—" Grian started retorting when an explosion happened. The backdoor flying through the room. Scar's body moved faster than his brain could catch up, protecting his friends from the flying debris. His body not even moving from the hits the

rubble had on his body. His uniform broken and torn, his hair was a mess but no one seemed to have been injured. That's why he was a hero after all.

"WHAT WAS THAT?!" "Oh gosh Scar, are you OK?!" The two employees spoke in unison. Looking confused. Promptly realizing what had just happened.

Mumbo quickly tried to check on his friend, his hands all over Scar's head, face and body. Grian carefully looking around to plan their scape route if necessary. After all the room couldn't be structurally sound anymore.

"We can take Mumbo's van and drive off with some people-" Grian suggested while Mumbo kept checking on Scar. Grian's eyes slowly diverting towards his friends.

Then they realized what had just happened. Or what didn't happen.

"Scar, you aren't injured—" Mumbo's hand grabbed his face once more. Scar's panic rushing through his body.

"Scar what was that?" Worry staining Grian's voice. Still the blond felt he had a chance to demand information. As if he held any power between whatever was outside and Scar.

"I need to go" Scar murmured. Taking one step back.

Grian grabbed his arm, stoping him in place. The only power that his friends had over him is how much he loved them, they knew that. The fact that his cover had been blown in what could've been just a normal evening had completely ruin him. Scar noticed how their faces slowly morphed with realization of what it was in front of him, to Scar's lack of humanity. There was no turning back, there was only so much explaining to do.

"SCAR!" Mumbo shouted, if this kept going curious faces would start getting near. That would mean more civilians hurt. People are prone to help, humans are good by nature, if anyone hears someone's name being shouted people would try to help.

In a swift movement, he got rid of Grian's grip, pulling the short man in the process. Making a run for it. There was no reason to stay, no reason to try to explain himself, there was nothing to explain. The truth had come out, in no time his friends would also realize he is the beloved (or hated) super hero, if they hadn't already. So he ran. He ran faster than any human could. Yet the feelings of betraying his friends followed him no matter how quick he made his way into hiding.

He got his HotGuy suit on as soon as he could. Getting ready to fight. Trying to swallow the shame and sorrow deep down in his soul. There was no time for that.

"*You are late HotGuy.*" a voice from the organization came from the communicator in his ear. HotGuy ready to fight whatever threat was lurking near.

"I was at my job."

"*This is your job, HotGuy*" the voice reminded him "*We told you to quit your normal life.*"

HotGuy was running, trying to keep his mind quiet, as his friends faces made a their way to his brain. Their worry and sorrow not needing to be there. His guilt muddying his own judgment. *If a soldier is in love it will die in war*, after all.

"I would never." The hero felt out of breath for the first time in many years of battle. As if his own feeling were more taxing than any of the physical activity he was bearing.

"*Oh, we know*" The voice continued. "*That's why we are taking matters in our own hands*."

The hero's feet stopped moving. Realizing what the robots attacking the building where familiar. He had stopped in his tracks. This was a deliberate attack. And worse of all, the robots knew everything about him. His strengths, his weaknesses. The robot stood tall, it was made for incognito missions, resembling a water tower, long and nimble tendrils aiding in it's movement. It's body was made out of hard steel, two layers of it. Scar remembered overhearing some conversations about it.

How long had the thing been there?

Why today of all days?

Since when?

This was a death mission. There was no way around it, his agency wanted him dead or his previous life distraught. A fit of rage rushed through Scar's body, for the first time he was truly scary, the operator glad to not be near. "There are kids in the building!" Scar came through the hero. His *human* pain making it through every single word. The building was on fire, walls were missing, and civilians were running. They didn't only wanted him dead, they wanted him to suffer.

He rushed to help, moving people out of the way, making sure everyone was evacuating the way they should. His body and his mind moving on their own, as he had been originally trained to take care of those around him. To protect those that couldn't protect themselves.

Some kids were pointing out the arrival of the hero. The little voices made the hero return to reality. He was slowly working through the rubble, trying to find any obvious weaknesses in the machines, not that it would be of any help. He wasn't tech smart like Cub or Mumbo, he wasn't creative enough like Grian to think outside the box in a brink. Not when the robots had been made to either destroy everything he loved or kill him.

HotGuy went for the first punch. For the first time in his carrier wishing he could at have actual super strength, maybe some sort of super speed or laser eyes. Yet he was just a human with some enhanced physical abilities. To actually be considered fully other than human, to fully become a weapon if it meant he could live and save the place he loved.

The robot simply swinged one of it's tentacles. Launching HotGuy flying for at least a couple of streets, his body rolling along the pavement. Terrifying the couple of witnesses that were around even more. HotGuy wasn't usually so easily defeated, and here he was, being slapped as if he was a simple fly, nothing more than a nuisance to the monster.

"*That was very bold, HotGuy*" The intercom made noise once more. Scar rising from the ground, grunting with every single movement.

"Why didn't you just killed me, you could have just done that." He took a deep breath, getting ready to fight once more. "I don't want any unnecessary casualties." His friend's faces flashed once more in his head. HotGuy wished they were long gone.

"*People would question us. We need witnesses.*" There was a second of silence, then the voice spoke once more "*Try distance attacks, that's your forte…*"

"No."

"HOTGUY!"

Scar threw his ear piece to the floor and ran for a second punch. The robot had been made to fight against him, HotGuy would have ranged attacks, he had to fight differently. He took some of his explosive arrow tips he had a plan.

Trying to get close was an issue. Still he knew he could land some hits before getting thrown away. The creations of his creators were made to be indestructible, unless there was a bigger, better thing to get rid of it. Also he wasn't usually a close combat fighter, he was extremely out of his element. Every odd slowly stacking against him.

The public could see HotGuy getting close enough to get some few punches to the mechanical beast, just close enough to scratch it surface. The hero was being thrown, crushed and beaten, time and time again. How less and less of the neighboring buildings seemed to be surviving, but also how the robot seemed to be focused on the hero and only on the hero. How no matter how horrible the metal punch had been, the man would rise, again, and again, *and again*.

Five, ten, twenty times he had reach the machine, just close enough to get thrown like a rubber ball. Sometimes using his freezing arrows to get a few seconds of advantage before the metallic limbs could free themselves from it. Just to repeat the same process.

And even in all that pain all of what Scar could think off is that he was glad his friends would not mourn him. They had looked angry, betrayed. Maybe this fight was the one to give up. Where his hope for him being the one building a better tomorrow could go and get buried. How he was naive enough to believe he could change the hero system by trying to gain it by being himself. How the words of love and hope would die with him that day.

HotGuy got close enough once more, once more for just a second the cold rusted surface was just close enough to his reach, close enough for him to leave his mark on the beast, then he got flung out towards a neighboring coffeehouse. Once more noticing the car that had been parked in an alleyway next to it. Scar had seen it, not even sure if he should check for civilian's inside the car. Yet something met his eyes, and everything made sense.

Fire was roaring, the beloved craft shop had been reduced to rubble and flames. Nothing left to salvage. For better or for worse the neighboring buildings seemed to just have some

broken windows or scratched walls. Some a small tint of ashes due to the spreading fire. No one was screaming anymore. Yet eyes were observing.

News outlets had made their way to the incident. Nosy content creators and HotGuy fans without a sense of survival were surrounding the perimeter of the attack. No one knowing that Scar was the reason such an innocent placed got demolished in what should have been a normal day. A day with hopes and dreams of what the next year has to come. Yet those curious eyes weren't the only eyes near him. There were eyes that looked at the fight with nothing but terror and despair.

Mumbo and Grian were inside the car, maybe ready to make a run for it if the fight got too close, or at least that what they told themselves. Their souls filled with worry as they saw their best friend get used as a chew toy. As a pice of trash getting ready for its disposal. They had just have their life changed as they never thought they could.

Scar got up. For the first time in the day his body truly hurting. "Run!" he demanded, pushing the car behind, just a bit. He wouldn't hurt Mumbo's van even if he wanted.

Grian and Mumbo stayed shocked, in silence. Observing. The engine not even starting for a second. He could see tears in Grian's eyes. Tears that he could also feel leaving his own eyes, only blocked by the visor he was provided. HotGuy did his best to stay in his persona.

"MOVE!" Scar shouted, kicking the van just hard enough to shake it. Mumbo and Grian panicked, they look shocked "LEAVE!"

"YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE!"

Fear making itself ever so present in his friends eyes, in his own. Every person knowing that by every extra second their chances of survival lowering. "*HotGuy?!*" The intercom shouted from inside the car. If it wasn't for his extra hearing he'd probably would have missed it.

"I won't let you control me anymore!" He shouted at whomever talked to him through his radio.

"SCAR YOU WILL DIE!" Grian shouted. Rage and determination filling the blond's eyes.

"If that means completing my duty I will"

"Scar wait!" Mumbo's voice made its way through the window. The both of them likely knew Scar was going to die. They could have heard that from his ear pice. They could have noticed the change in his usual fighting style.

The super human kicked the vehicle, forcing it down the street. Scar hoping that was enough distance to keep his friends safe. Hoping they would get the hint and run. This was no place for any human to be in.

HotGuy turned to the robot once more. His last few tips in his hand. If he failed, well, he hoped to die quickly.

He tried to get near to it, once, twice. By the third time HotGuy was sure he had to have at least a broken rib. Yet he felt hope. He had managed to weaken certain spots. He could now shoot. So he did. The metal beast was big and clunky, probably a bit rusty from staying still and pretended it posed no harm. Scar could shoot multiple arrows at the time and have at least one make it's way though the armored beast.

For the first time in the evening the fight looked even. Hit after hit HotGuy was running out of stamina, his body probably running off adrenaline to make its way to the end of the fight. He was down to his last explosive. It was now or never.

He shoot some foam arrows, enough to force it to stay still for a couple of seconds, enough to get near it one more time. With it's arms frozen and the defenses weakened, there was no way it could stop him. Maybe this time he had a chance to do some real damage. Maybe. HotGuy launched himself through the air. His whole body ready to deliver a final blow. He felt every bit of strength charging. This was it. He'd defeat his company against all odds. He'd have to run away if he wanted a normal life. He wondered for a second what lie they would use to cover the incident. What would happen when he goes missing.

Before he could reach his goal the arm of the creature grabbed him mid air. Panic rushing through his veins. Everything inside him urging him to run. Yet he was trapped. The fingers of the monster crushing his body. Slowly constricting him.

"*You lasted more than we thought.*" The intercom voice sounded once more. It making it's appearance through the beast. "*We are sorry it had to end this way.*"

HotGuy stayed silent.

"*Your friends don't know you can't hear them, they are begging you not to do it.*"

Scar could hear their voices in his head as if they were right there. Then he heard some shuffling from the other side of the radio.

"*HOTGUY, YOU ARE GOING TO SELF DESTRUCT!*" The person on the other side seemed panicked. After all they had poured a lot of money into creating him. He was an investment they wished to keep milking for what he was worth. Maybe they hoped to get some more useful years or material from him. However this was not the way to go.

"If this is my only way to freedom." HotGuy spoke.

Even if his last bomb was still on him, he had placed enough on the beast properly neutralize it.

With a press of a button it all blew up.

The robot becoming one with the rubble behind him. Then silence. Darkness. Peace.

Scar remembered standing up, on top of his master piece. Claiming his victory. Then nothing.

On the end of the street Mumbo and Grian looked in panic as their best friend had pushed them away in his last moments. Grian's words of hate for HotGuy making their way to his

brain and guilt consuming him whole. Mumbo wasn't great either. His mind reminding him that Scar knew he viewed hot guy as and object of desire. Not a human. Not knowing that he was talking about his friend.

They both rushed to see the heroes body. Barely breathing. Bloodied, muddied, his suit broken and torn. Some of his limbs looking unnatural.

Cameras and reporters made their way to the hero. And to them both. Asking questions to the witnesses. Asking what their relationship to HotGuy was, how had the incident started, even if the building had been used by super villains before. If they knew or suspected of everyone. All sensational questions that would be blasted in the news for weeks as if there was any truth that could be obtained this way. As if anyone in the situation could be trusted. No villain would say the place was it's hideout when interviewed for the news.

Grian was mad at how some people could look at the disaster for entertainment.

They knew the hero agency wouldn't pick his fiend up, he had just blown up a machine made to kill him. And if they did come for Scar, who knew when they would see him again.

"Actually, we want to drive HotGuy to the hospital!" Grian shouted mid way a reporter's narration "He saved our lives from inside the building!"

Cub could find a trust worthy doctor right? Cub could keep a secret…

Civilians organized themselves to help them drive *Scar* somewhere safe.Grian had called Cub in a panic, needing the other to help them cover it up. To their shock Cub *knew* already. Yet it wasn't at all surprising as it was offensive that Scar never thought to tell them. There was no time to be mad and no reason to let negative emotions get over them. There would be no point to feel anything towards Scar if he was dead. They needed to make their way to Cub's place if they wanted any chance to be able to talk things out with Scar.

And surprisingly Mumbo drove as if there was no tomorrow. Surprisingly, he drove slightly over the drive limit just to ensure they could make their way to where their friend would be safe.

He had talk to one of his co conspirator friends who would help with the fake paper work and to hid the truth. At the end the pair arrived to the emergency room with *Scar*, while *HotGuy* had somehow gotten to a secure location. News stations getting multiple false hospitals as his place of stay. Saying it was a "Precaution".

Maybe this way Scar would earn his freedom. Maybe they could quote HotGuy's death with some help. Help that they seemed to have received in their time of panic. It wasn't clear if Scar wold like to return as a hero, if he even wanted to keep the HotGuy persona at all. Yet they knew only Scar would be able to answer that.

For now they'd have to wait for him to wake up. For him to come back to their lives once more. Hope he'd survive the night and live another day.

Hope that they still have time to find each other once more. As Scar was a symbol of hope for some.

End Notes

Open ending cause ya dude is still considering if they should add it to their ever growing list of long term fics!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!