

Cut it Out

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by Anonymous

Summary

He always had Ro and his knife, didn't he?

Notes

(not rpf disclaimer)

I periodically rewatch s1 because it's short enough that I can do that and this arose from one of those watchthroughs bc s1 duality duo was something. It's kinda old, and also requires more s1 knowledge than most of the fandom has, I think, but I'm still reasonably proud of it.

i don't know how to explain this, but i don't headcanon mapicc as transmasc and ro as transmasc so much as i headcanon duality duo as transmasc. anyways watch lifesteal smp season 1

All said and done, it had taken five attempts. Four respawns, four times Ro'd had to give him his heart back. (He'd cut so deep he'd nearly carved the thing out, the first try.) Countless gallons of his blood, spilled on the wood that would be burned soon enough, anyways. Four new death messages, something new for everyone to wonder about when they woke up.

They'd cut his hair after, too, to have something that didn't bleed when Ro put a knife to it. And all he could do after that, after he took a look at himself in the water he always carried around (to save his life) was this: down a health potion and a gapple, pray they did only what he wanted, pull his hoodie back on (the blood blended in, after all), and lie down to sleep.

All he could do was this: breathe easy, for the first time in years. Maybe half a decade, even.

If his sheets were red in the morning, he'd welcome it for once. And if he had to do it all over again, ask for Ro's knife at his chest again, well. He always had Ro and his knife, didn't he? He'd let it heal the right way, even if he'd have to find a way out of fights. Once it was set in stone, there was no way the magic would rip him apart again.

Ro had taken some convincing, and he hadn't really been wrong. But he'd come around after a while, and they'd figured it out *eventually*. (The guy who'd taken a knife to *Ro* hadn't told him how to do it himself. Trade secrets or some shit.) And now they had matching scars and everything. Just what they needed, really.

(Of course, his own scars were a bit more uneven, a bit more unwieldy. There were a few more of them, not fully healed by the respawn. Whatever. Looked badass. You see some guy, scars all over his chest, where are you going to assume he got them? Some teenager with a knife at four in the morning or like, a bear fight? Wrestling bears, that's it. You're gonna assume he wrestled a bear, and you're gonna assume he's badass.)

Ro made fun of him for that one a bit, but Ro had been the teenager with a knife. Obviously he'd know it wasn't a bear fight. He could tell everyone it had been a bear fight (though they'd probably want to know why he was fighting a bear without regen) and they'd believe him just fine. As long as Ro didn't snitch, obviously.

The worst fucking part about it, really, was that Ro hadn't snitched. Mapicc looked at him, across an obsidian box, across an ocean monument, and he knew Ro hadn't fucking snitched.

He really should've accepted more in the way of payment for that particular hit, because when Ro asked for netherite he just handed it over. He hadn't snitched. And he'd been around long enough (less than 2 decades, *yeah*. But enough) to know that he shouldn't give his trust away like that, but he'd trusted Ro. He could have taken it back, but he hadn't really. Not enough.

He'd never have the time to ask about it, so instead he sat in his base, tracing his scars like some fucking weirdo and wishing he knew what exactly had been going through Ro's head when he agreed to follow Parrot. It hadn't even been that long since they'd met, since Mapicc had let the guy the entire server wanted dead join him, but he'd figured there would have been something holding him back.

Mapicc had got a new scar from Ro, actually. It wasn't over his heart this time, because that would be trite nonsense and he wasn't here for that, but it was rather placed over what he was pretty sure was his spleen. Bad aim, probably, but a reminder in much the same way as all his other scars.

Almost all of his other scars.

The ones that were *actually* over his heart, of course, were still reminders, but in a different way at least. He supposed there was something to be said for variety. He counted them slowly, feeling all four failed attempts on his skin, etched on there forever, or at least until he got someone to help him get rid of them in turn. (Who that would be, he didn't know anymore. He'd find someone.)

He knew he was glossing over a fair bit of bullshit — there were reasons the Sourpatch hated him that were just his own fault (even if they were the ones farming hearts) — but he wondered what Parrot had said that made Ro agree to betray him. It could have been any number of things, from extra hearts to the netherite Mapicc himself had given over, and he probably wasn't going to guess correctly sitting around in some corner like an idiot.

That didn't actually make him any less curious, or he supposed any less obsessed, as someone might come along and accuse him of. They were missing context, that was all. (Well, Ro wouldn't be. But if Ro came along he'd have bigger problems.) He'd figure it out eventually, or Ro would tell him, or the server would end and he'd never know. He couldn't tell the future, but that had already been made blatantly obvious to him.

No matter what, he couldn't do much in the moment.

All he could do after everything that had happened was this: commit his scars to memory, hide them with a hoodie and a chesplate like he was so used to doing (to save his life). All he could do was this: draw his sword, stand up like the warrior he knew he was, adolescence be damned.

And all he could do was this: realize that his new armor fit snugly, all *its* scars buffed out, and realize that his blade sang for Ro's blood.

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