

## Heavy Rhythm

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# Heavy Rhythm

by [Blubfishblue](#)

## Summary

This is Bacon, head archivist of the Heart Institute. Recording the statement of Oasis, last name withheld for privacy, correct?

Yes, I don't want him finding out i was here looking for him.

Him who?

I'll get to that.

Regarding her former roommate's boyfriend's band. Statement taken directly from subject.  
Statement begins.

## Notes

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

[Click]

[BACON]

This is Bacon Waffles, Head Archivist of the Heart Institute. Recording the statement of Oasis, last name withheld for privacy, correct?

[OASIS]

Yes, I don't want him finding out I was here looking for him.

[BACON]

Him who?

[OASIS]

I'll get to that.

[BACON]

Regarding her former roommates band. Statement taken directly from subject. Statement begins.

[OASIS]

Do I just talk now? Okay, right um. My roommate. Vitalasy. Former roommate now. Gosh how do I even explain.

Well, I guess I'll start when I met Vitalasy. We met at a concert our last year of highschool, and we just really hit it off right away. We had enough in common that we just became instant besties, so when we both got accepted to the same college it was an obvious choice to dorm together.

Then once we graduated, it just felt right to find a new place together. We weren't quite as close as we were in college, but Vi and I just fit together. But we did have largely different friend groups. Which I guess is how this actually started.

I've always been into sports, I got into collage on a sports scholarship, and Vi's never kicked a ball in his life, I think he'd die if he stepped on a field. He's just not built for it. Music is what's always connected us, and we both always dreamed of starting a band together. But we just never had enough people.

None of my friends really play much, or had any interest in learning, but Vitalasy's always had more artsy connections. One of them being this tall greasy guy that always rubbed me the wrong way. I try to not be so judgemental of Vi's friends, all those artsy types are dealing with their own shit. But this guy was different.

His name was Subz, and Vitalasy fell in love with him immediately, I could see it the first time I was introduced. Since he got along with Vi so well, I figured that we wouldn't be too different, but this guy is just a different species.

I wasn't jealous of him, that's what a lot of people think when i talk about this. But there wasn't anything romantic about what Vi and I had. We were just good friends, he was like a little brother. And before you ask, I wasn't just against him because he was getting close to Vi like some overbearing sibling shovel talk stuff. Vi's dated before and I've been fine with it. Subz was the issue.

I honestly can't pinpoint what exactly ticked me off about him, but he was just unsettling to be around. He had these piercing heterochromatic eyes bright green and bright purple, and a lot of tattoos. Not that having tattoos or looking funny is wrong, but he was just so weird.

Sometimes it felt like he just wasn't alive, like I don't know but there was just this fake quality to him. And every time you took a good long look at him, I swear his tattoos were different.

He had them all up and down one arm, extending onto his back and chest and part of it peaked up onto his cheeks. But they were never the same pattern. They weren't really shapes, but just patterns of lines. When I asked him what they meant, he always just froze. Like it was the last possible thing he wanted to talk about.

And I really just don't get that, it's self expression that he refuses to express? Not that he'd ever been very expressive in other areas. He was an artist, like most of Vi's crew, but I never saw anything he made, he never talked about it, like he just didn't care. Subz was just off putting. I never saw him with any other people than Vitalasy. I swear he had no friends, and he just clung to Vi like a leech.

But the one part of him that I did like was that he played the drums. Vitalasy decided that it was finally time for us to start our band. Subz on the drums, I play guitar and Vitalasy on keys.

I really thought we'd work good together. I can put aside the fact I don't like him for Vitalasy, I'd been doing that the whole time I've known him. And I really wanted this band to work out. Subz said he'd write the music, then give it to us to work out together. So he was sort of essential to this ever working.

And he did write the songs, he had some interesting lyrics. But they were solid songs. However, as we tried to figure them out. It became glaringly obvious that Subz just can't play. Or sing.

He just sounded horrible, there was no rhythm, no pitch, no nothing. It honestly made me feel nauseous just hearing him. Which is odd, cause I listen to a fair amount of pretty shitty music. Vitalasy's been getting into some harsher noise stuff, and it's just not good to hear.

But it's never made me feel ill like hearing Subz play did. It just felt like his sound was poisoning the room. I actually got up and opened the windows, to make sure that it wasn't

just something in the air. And it wasn't. The only thing wrong was Subz. I checked the carbon monoxide sensor after he left. Subz was just wrong. And bad.

I have never felt such a strong gut reaction to anyone. Like, people say that music can reveal a lot about a person, but I don't think that what he did could be considered music, it was just noise, and it was terrible.

But really, what could I do about it? I told Vitalasy that I couldn't be a part of the band, and that I didn't want Subz coming over anymore. Vitalasy was heartbroken of course. I think that was about the time he and Subz started properly dating, they didn't tell me cause Vi knew I wouldn't approve. But Vitalasy understood that some people are just incompatible.

Well I say he understood, but he was quite upset. Which I get. I did exile his boyfriend from our home. But this was the thing that ruined us. He really resented me for it, and there was no recovering our relationship from it.

Which is unfortunate, but like. These things happen, and I was looking at a job in another city, we would have had to split up eventually. I did my best to remain on good terms with him. And part of that was going to his shows.

Yeah, the band found another guitarist, and a vocalist. I knew one of them, Terry, we go to the same gym, but we don't talk much. The singer was someone new, his name was Brent, or Brad or something with a B. I can't remember, but he sorta faded into the background the second you took your eye off him.

Unlike Subz, Blake could sing. He was hypnotic, I remember the song they always opened with, cause it was the song we tried to play together. But Bruce changed the chorus every time he sang it like he had too much to say and not enough songs out there to contain it, it was beautiful, it was haunting.

And Terry wasn't bad on guitar either. Not exceptional, but he pulled his weight on stage. Vitalasy was playing better than he used to, he must have been practicing. Subz sounded exactly the same.

The same, except worse. In the small venue, his horrid beats shook the room like the heartbeat of a dying star, irregular and cataclysmic. I swear, I could see the light fading from his eyes, or at least one of them. The green one, Subz had always had a piercing gaze, but it just dulled the longer the track went on. And it did go on, I lost count of how many passes of the bridge Ben had gone through, I heard at least seven different choruses.

It felt like it'd been going on for ages, Subz looked downright drained by it, but Bryce was practically glowing. Like his eyes were actually glowing, in this deep purple tone. I remember the way that his hair looked, it was waving in some unnatural breeze that gave me shivers. How the light of his eyes reflected on his pure white hair. He looked ethereal, I was terrified.

Something about his posture just freaked me out, all the bad vibes I ever got from Subz were nothing compared to what I felt when I briefly met the vocalist's gaze. There was something predatory, anticipatory. Like a lion about to pounce.

I almost left right then, and I wish I had. But that's when the screaming started, I don't know if I was the first one to yell, but the small crowd just collapsed, writhing in pain. There was blood on the floor, not sure from where, cause while people were bleeding from their eyes and ears, it wasn't that much. The blood rose as a tide from the ground, almost up to my knee, and I was starting to bleed from my eyes, but the band was still playing.

Or half of them were, Vitalasy and Terry had fallen. Their eyes were still open but they seemed asleep. But Bart and Subz still played. Subz almost seemed to be slowing down, his face was dull, nearly lifeless, but Brodie looked like he was drinking it in. He hadn't been smiling on stage before, but he was now.

I accidentally met his gaze again, and my legs gave out. Thankfully I had been close to the door, it took all I had to drag myself out. I don't know the exact progression on how, but I woke up at home a few nights later, covered in crusted over blood.

The first thing I did was call Vitalasy, ask if he was okay. But my heart sank as Subz answered instead. As panicked as I was, I still just didn't trust Subz, I didn't know that he would tell me how Vi was. I didn't trust a single thing that that man could say. So I just asked him how his show was last weekend.

He said it went well, and that he wished I could have stayed the whole show. I really didn't know what to make of that. Unsure if what just happened had actually happened. So I apologized for my early departure, and wished him luck on his next show.

I really don't know how to talk to him, so I just default to the most generic shit I know. And I think he knows that I don't want to talk to him. So he told me Vitalasy was asleep, and he'd tell him to call back when he woke up. Which was as pleasant of a conversation that I ever had with Subz.

It didn't strike me as odd at the time, but Subz is never that polite. I didn't think he knew how to be.

After that show, I didn't hear from Vitalasy for over a week. I called each day, but there wasn't an answer. When I showed up at his place, the one we used to share, I saw Subz moving around inside. And honestly that just pissed me off.

Why Subz? What the hell did Vi ever see in him? I really wanted to just barge in, I had a key and I knew where the spares were. But I didn't want to hurt my friendship with Vi more than I had already, and there was no way I wasn't about to attack Subz.

I'm not normally a violent person, but I do get the urge. I've always had the urge, and I've always been fucking amazing at it. I do a lot of martial arts, that's primarily the sporting activities I do, that and track. I am very good at violence.

But I'm an adult, and I know that it's not appropriate. Still, if I got in reach of Subz I know he'd be dead. So I couldn't go in, but I also couldn't just leave, you know?

Like I'm just going to let Subz watch over Vi? Subz is the one at fault for all of this, he's the one that started it. So I just found a perch on the house across the street, it was an easy climb

to the roof. And I just watched Subz through the window.

He didn't do much, didn't do anything. Just stood around for the most part. Every thirty odd minutes he'd check his phone and get up to do something. I couldn't see everything he did, but he'd do the dishes, then stay statue still until the next time he checked his phone.

It was creepy. I watched him for hours, and he just seemed lifeless, like a windup toy only powered by whatever was on his phone he kept checking. None of his actions were abnormal, he was just cleaning the place and organizing the clutter, but just how he stopped and started moving like a machine.

It was freaky enough that I was becoming more okay with actually confronting him, but right before I was I was gonna do it. That the vocalist arrived. When he walked up to the house and opened the door I could get a different angle, and I saw Terry was there, laying in an awkward position. He must have been there the whole time.

I didn't see him long enough to check out if he was breathing, but I suspected he wasn't. I was going to call the cops immediately, but I must have made a noise, cause the white haired man turned to look at me. We locked eyes for a terrible moment, and all I could see was him, the dark purple light pulsed around him. So I turned and ran.

I felt bad about leaving, but if Terry was dead, then Vitalasy might be too. And as much as I loved Vi, I wasn't about to risk my life. I didn't look back till I was several blocks away. I don't know if I lost him, or he just didn't pursue. But when I went back to the house during their next show, the house was empty. Barely a sign of life, no food in the fridge, and all the little knickknacks that Vi collected were gone.

When I checked Vitalasy's room, it was just as bare as the rest of the house, except for a letter on the stripped bed. It was addressed to me. I think that Bryan wrote it, I know Vi's writing like the back of my hand, and I'd been around Subz enough to know he didn't caligraphize like that.

It was tall loopy handwriting, the kind of thing that no one actually writes in these days. It was short, two sentences telling me to back the fuck off, and that Vitalasy wasn't mine to look after anymore.

And it was signed with a name, but I honestly can't remember it. I know he put his name on it, and I know I made sure to remember it. But it's just gone. It was like that every time with this guy, his name just doesn't stick.

I hate him, that stupid white haired man. Bruno or Bram or whoever the hell he is. He scared me, and he took Vitalasy from me. But I don't want to just be afraid of him. That's why I'm here, to ask if you know anything about this guy.

Cause I will find him, and I am going to get Vitalasy back.

[BACON]

Okay, there's not much information we can share with you right now. But we will look into Vitalasy, if we do get news we'll be in touch.

[OASIS]

I know you know of him. I've heard other stories of him, one of those people was who told me to come here. You know who this guy is, you need to tell me right now.

[BACON]

The man involved is someone we've been looking into, unfortunately most details are private information that we can't share outside of the institute right now,

[chair squeaks, hands slam on table]

[OASIS]

[Aggressively] If I find out you're holding out on me, it won't end pretty for you.

[BACON]

Alright, uh. Thank you for coming in today, I can get someone to escort you out now.

[OASIS]

I'm going.

[door opens and shuts]

[BACON]

Okay, well she's intense. Statement ends.

[Click]

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[Click]

[BACON]

The timeline on Oasis's housing situation lines up, and Planet found her roommates band and the list of venues they've performed at. Records show that they did perform at the venue the night that Oasis claims. There were no reports of anything happening that night, however two weeks after the night of the performance, both The 'Terry' Terrain and Vitalasy were reported missing. We couldn't find a trace of 'Subz' existing except for his name on band flyers.

Part of me wants to write this off as someone pissed at her ex's new guy, but more reports of 'Mr. B' can't be ignored. Or that's what Jaron says, but he also says that 'Mr. B' is a good name for this guy, cause it sounds like 'mystery', so take his opinion with a grain of salt. It is



interesting that this one man has shown up in so many statements, but we still can't find a trace of him existing outside of hearsay.

I don't know that he's real, but every statement involving him has been consistent in his traits. It would be a very strange conspiracy for him to be made up. But like all of these. More evidence is needed.

End recording

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## End Notes

The baconwaffles-centric Lifesteal TMA au you never knew you needed has arrived. I want to write more statements, but honestly, i have no fucking clue what they'd be. Like i set up Branzly as some mystery, but your guess is as good as mine on who he is and what he's doing. I think vi & subz are still out there, i don't have high hopes for terrain though. If you liked this fic, or if you have concepts for a lifestealer statement please leave a comment <3

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