

## Mutual Hell

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## Mutual Hell

by [Kappuccinokat](#)

### Summary

Mapicc exhaled, frustrated, and stood up, walking over to the empty window. Zam tried not to relax too much.

“I’m assuming this is hell, then.” He drummed his fingers on the window sill.

“That’s what I gathered, yeah.”

—

Or; Zam had lost it all, and now as he awaits his fate in hell, a familiar face threatens to break his resolve.

### Notes

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

Zam is pretty certain he’s in hell.

The plush carpet, loveseat leaning against the wall and the two comfortable chairs in the center certainly don’t show it, rather give him the air of a well cared for home.

The window leading to nothing but the empty expanse of darkness is anything but.

But Zam knows he's in hell. If not for the betrayal and death he's caused to everyone, friends and enemies alike, then for the last moments he remembers, hurling into the void after a furious Mapicc, screaming and shouting at Zam for pushing him, while he closed his eyes and accepted his fate.

One heart. They had both only been on one heart. And he knew for certain that there would be no revivals this time.

Zam sighed and shut his eyes, collapsing into the simple wooden chair and trying to push back the burning feeling in his chest. There was no room for regrets, he had resigned himself to what he had to do to end all of it, the paranoia, the constant feeling of dread that had sunken into his gut. The silence around him was enveloping, the echo of something that never existed. Perhaps this was what his hell would be. Forced to forever contemplate his mistakes, the deep well of regrets that coiled in his stomach.

“Would you look at who it is!”

Zam jerked up, eyes snapping open. His voice still sent him into a panic, even now his hands going shaky and his throat locking up. The singsong tone was thrown off by the distaste dripping off of it, a cruel mockery of a once friendly version of the phrase he'd been greeted with.

Zam forced his shaky hands to grip the edge of the seat. Across from him, in the other chair, sat Mapicc.

“Zam! Funny seeing you here, man!” Again, friendly words, laced with poison and contempt. He crossed one leg over the other, leaning back in his seat nonchalantly.

Zam was frozen—stuck in an anxious pallor. No matter how hard his nails dug into the wood of the chair, he couldn't stop *shaking*. Mapicc was *here*, after everything they had been through, after he had *thrown him into the void*. After he had jumped in after him.

“It'd be nice if you could respond, dude.”

“So that's why there were two chairs.”

Mapicc laughed, and oh, if that didn't send nerves shooting up his spine...

It knocked him out of his daze, though. He tried to relax his shakiness, to calm himself into being able to hold his conversation. He found it in himself to huff a laugh at the difference in the two of them. Mapicc sat comfortably nestled into his chair, arms crossed and leaning back. Meanwhile, though his hands had stopped trembling, Zam leaned forward and sat with his feet ready to spring up and sprint away. The room had no exit, but he couldn't fault his fight or flight for trying.

"What's so funny? I'd love to know." Mapicc pinned him down with a sharp glare. Again, Zam couldn't help but notice how his civil words were offset by his expression.

Zam knew him, his tells. Mapicc was furious.

"Nothing."

Mapicc exhaled, frustrated, and stood up, walking over to the empty window. Zam tried not to relax too much.

"I'm assuming this is hell, then." He drummed his fingers on the window sill.

"That's what I gathered, yeah." He swallowed when Mapicc met his gaze with his callous one. The other narrowed his eyes, turning back to face the silent expanse.

"If you hadn't pulled whatever shit you did—ugh!" He punched the wall with a clenched fist, "You don't know what Spoke wants to do. Me and Ro were the only ones who could grant the server any kind of mercy from his plan. I need to go back, Ro will revive me," he fixed him with his gaze, "And I'll leave you behind in this hellhole."

Zam rubbed his head, "He can't do that. Not anymore. You know how thorough Spoke is, there's no supplies left for beacons, let alone the heart count to—"

"Then Spoke himself will! I'm too much of an ally for him to leave me to rot." Even to Zam, his words sounded desperate. He just shook his head.

“There’s nothing he can do. No one has the heart count, and Spoke won’t risk any more bans.”

“Then a dupe stash!”

“Trust me, there’s none.”

At that, Mapicc’s gaze turned lethal. He laughed, a cold, dark thing. “And why should I do that?”

Only a few minutes, stuck together in a room in hell, and they had already reached the one thing that had started it all. Mapicc took in his hesitation, scoffing.

“I told you guys, duping was wrong.” The words seemed like a hollow imitation of the countless arguments they’d had. The countless ones that always ended the same. “We never should’ve gone down that path.”

“Fuck that, man.” Mapicc strode towards him, stopping a healthy distance from where Zam still sat. “Fuck the duping, destroying spawn. That’s not the reason you left and we both know it.”

Zam stayed quiet, holding the other’s gaze. This was the one thing he wouldn’t back down from.

“I thought about it for a while, you know? I thought you left because of Spoke, because of his... tendencies. But that’s not true. You said there’s been a lack of trust since Medusa.”

“I realized afterwards that Medusa wasn’t something I would’ve done if you guys hadn’t convinced me.” Zam felt his heart thundering in his chest, his senses going off at the chance to prove himself, to show that he was in the right.

“That’s what happens when you have teammates.” Mapicc said, “You think I wanted to turn everything to obsidian? I went along because Ro’s my *friend*.”

“That’s where you’re going wrong. Our connection didn’t run as deep, you can’t expect me to *blindly*-”

“*You* were my friend!”

And Zam could swear he saw something break in that facade of ice and water.

“You *betrayed* us,” Mapicc’s voice cracked, “You went behind our backs. We gave you a base, we gave you gear. We were your friends. *We trusted you with our lives.* And you still went behind our backs. You betrayed us. You betrayed *me.*”

Mapicc watched Zam’s face, watched the storm of emotions that fluttered across, pleading for him to say something. But Zam turned away, unable to stomach the half broken expression Mapicc wore. The other scoffed in disappointment, and Zam tried to ignore the hurt he knew flashed in his old friend’s eyes.

“It’s not like it matters anymore,” Mapicc’s voice was choked up, like he was trying to hold back months worth of anger, betrayal, and sadness. He collapsed into his chair, his face buried in his hands. “Soon our judgment will come, and I know both of us deserve the worst fucking torture this place offers.”

Zam was already shaking his head, holding back the emotions that threatened to break him apart, still unable to look Mapicc in the eyes.

“Don’t you get it? This is it. We’re meant to be each other’s hell.”

## End Notes

Inspired by the play *No Exit* by Jean-Paul Sartre, I recommend reading it if you want some deep things to ponder in your spare time.

Not my inner theatre kid getting hyped over character analysis and wanting to apply it to my favorite characters :3

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