

Olethros

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/44600725) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/44600725>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	Lifesteal SMP
Character:	ItzSubz (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Trans Female Character , Canon-Typical Violence , this fic is about being trans it is also about killing and violence , Not RPF , Panic Attacks , Armor , straight up i spend a lot of this fic talking about armor
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-01-28 Words: 2,128 Chapters: 1/1

Olethros

by [arospecitzsubz \(Octaveice\)](#)

Summary

"Theoretically, the ruin goes *before* the grace. He'd named his sword for a reason."

Notes

second time posting's the charm. anyways woe trans c!subz be upon ye.

already in the tags but very much not rpf i do not give a fuck about the Actual Guy's gender. i'd also prefer people on lifesteal not to read this but i can't stop anyone. tbf if anyone on ls has an ao3 i'll be kinda surprised. shoutout to the guy whose username here is vitalasy btw.

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

It hasn't been that long since the start of the season, not really. Enough for him to have racked up a few kills, made a base for himself. Gotten his own armor, too, though it wasn't like that took all that long.

There's something wrong with it, though, and he has no idea what it is. Too tight, too loose, too- it's wrong. It's wrong. And he made it himself, he forged it to fit perfectly, and he hasn't even had it for that much time. They only got diamonds a little while ago, after all.

But there's something wrong, and all of a sudden he doesn't think he can breathe.

One of his dogs runs up to him, licks his hand, and he realizes he's fallen to his knees. He blinks, confused, and some instinct tries to get him to take off his armor. He can't, of course. He's not a

fucking moron, obviously. It's not someone getting in his head, trying to trap him, because last he checked no one's invented telepathy. They have invented trying to kill him, though, so the armor stays on.

He still can't really breathe, but that's tough, because he's not losing a heart to whatever the hell this shit is. He's not a deep breaths kinda guy, but he needs air and deep breaths are still breaths. So, he takes a few, trying to pretend there's someone else with him there, helping him control his breathing.

It's- okay, he's failed at the whole pretending people are there thing. He's also not dying, so it's fine. (He has to check his hearts to confirm that, but sure enough, he hasn't even lost one. Like he's been underwater for a few seconds and hasn't actually started drowning yet.)

The dog still seems concerned, but he's perfectly fine, so he ignores it for the moment and stands up. It's a little annoying, if he's being honest. The armor's made for movement, but he's shaky enough that it's a hindrance.

Speaking of the armor, there's clearly *something* wrong with it. After a cursory check, it's not the main chestpiece, especially since the feeling of wrongness doesn't lessen with it removed, but that just gives him more questions.

It's none of the segments of plated diamonds covering his stomach, either, and from there the questions are multiplying quickly.

After a thorough check of his armor (and cleaning, because he might as well), he's pretty sure the questions just aren't going to leave him alone.

It's perfect. Of course it is, he made it, but it's in good condition too. He'd repaired it pretty recently, and it still fit him the way it was supposed to, no obtrusive dents or anything.

The whole thing's concerning, to say the least, but a quick check of tab confirms that no one's online, and he hasn't seen anyone log out. It's not someone trying to kill him, not this time.

Good, because he's already taken his armor off, no matter what he'd been worried about earlier.

Actually, he still feels wrong. He can't place it, not really. If someone decided to pop in through the ceiling to helpfully tell him the wrongness was in his bones right now, then, well. He'd shoot them. But then he'd probably agree with them.

Maybe he's just sick.

The dog, still at his feet, whines.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'll go get some sleep." The dog whines again. "Look, you don't know it's not the middle of the night. Caves, man."

When he wakes up in the morning, he's practically forgotten about the whole thing. The feeling of wrongness, for better or for worse, is still there.

There are more people at the Medusa fight than he'd thought there would be, and he's starting to wonder if they even needed him to be there in the first place. If he'd had to forsake his chosen creed in the first place. Sure, he was all for hunting down Medusa, he was all for *helping the server*, but-

Well, it's over soon enough anyways. Clutch kills Mapicc and Subz himself gets Roshambo, and from there the fight's basically done. Zam dies to Clown not long after, and the Medusa threat is gone for good.

The message, however, lingers.

roshambogames was slain by ItzSubz_ using [Olethros]

He thinks he'd been on the verge of a breakthrough. But the netherite sword's stained with blood again now, and that's it. Destruction, grace, ruin. He's not even Greek.

Theoretically, the ruin goes *before* the grace. He'd named his sword for a reason. But he's having a hard time believing that now, after the fighting's over and he's still trying to get the last drops of Ro, Mapicc, and Zam's blood off his blade. He's not had much grace yet, yeah, but there's no way he's finding any of it now.

His sword, half-submerged in the random river he's sitting by, looks like it's glaring at him. Maybe it is. The river's running clear, though, no matter how much he refuses to believe it. So, he'll pretend to. The sword's snug in the scabbard at his waist, and he knows he'll keep it there. It'll bring nothing but ruin, despite promising grace, and he's going to let it stay with him.

Why he's giving the sword a personality and shit like the actions aren't fully his own is beyond him.

Something in the back of his mind itches, but he isn't making any breakthroughs any time soon, so he just stands up and leaves. Behind him, the water flows lazily, barely even making any noise as he walks away.

He'd been on the verge of a breakthrough. Not now, of course, not after he'd agreed with Parrot and Red. Not since he'd thrown himself back in the fight, to protect Vitalasy, spawn, whatever he could. He hasn't had time to regret it yet, but he doesn't think he will. He can't turn his back on everything now, throw in the towel and say he's done with the world.

He's done building for today, though. The trees have just stopped pissing him off, and that's usually a sign to stop while he's ahead.

The shulker boxes break easily, and he double-checks everything as best as he can before getting on his horse. It's a long ride back home, and he's not about to make two trips. Hors doesn't complain at the extra weight, her breaths as even and patient as ever. She never really seems to have a problem with anything he's trying to carry, though the weird End magic in the shulker boxes probably helps.

(He'd never bothered to check the horse's gender, because he honestly didn't fucking care. But he'd noticed one day while removing her armor, so she it was.)

It's always awkward going through Nether portals on a horse. That split second of falling through reality as it passes through before you? Unsettling at best, freaky as hell most of the time, and downright terrifying at worst. But, she was a lot faster than him, and with how far away the Eclipse base was, it was necessary. Besides, he was pretty sure he'd heard somewhere that horses needed to have a fair amount of daily exercise. So, he'd deal with the Nether portals.

She hasn't gone far in the few seconds it took for him to go through the portal, just assessing the situation as usual. Horses never really got used to the Nether, but this one in particular was at least

usually calm about it. He'd been pleasantly surprised to learn that, not even having needed five minutes to calm her down the first time he'd needed her to travel through the Nether.

It takes a few seconds to get his bearings, the Nether roof not unmarked but always disorienting. He's used to it by now, of course, and so's the horse. Maybe a lot less so, yeah, but she's used to it too.

Her hooves are loud against the bedrock as she runs back to the base, and it's almost normal enough for him to relax.

The fight's not going well. The war isn't either, and he's starting to actually worry.

It's been a while since the base he spent two weeks building was found, enough time for Zam to build them another shelter. It's nice, really. But that doesn't shake the worry, no way. It's much more obvious in Zam, but he'd be lying if he said there wasn't a lot of it wrapped around his own mind.

He dodges one of Mapicc's blows, rummaging around for potions. His effects are wearing off, he can tell.

Much to his dismay, he's almost out of potions, only swiftness remaining. He throws it anyways, because it's probably better than nothing, and he manages not to get cut on any of the shards of glass. He's still got enough gaps, but he ran out of XP bottles a while ago and he's starting to worry about the state of his armor.

He's not winning this fight. There's no way he's winning this fight, but he's got backup and they might be able to pull something off. He's not enthused about it, already low on hearts as he is, but it's a valid tactic.

He starts to yell something, call Zam and Vitalasy over, but he's knocked back and Mapicc's sword strikes his chestplate. Stronger than it usually is, he's pretty sure.

It's strong enough, at least, because the chestplate shatters. Shards of netherite-coated diamond go flying, and Subz stumbles back, nearly falling.

It's a little hard to tell in the chaos, but something else shatters then, too.

She's only bleeding a little when she gets her balance back, but there's no way that lasts for long. Sure, she was lucky with the broken chestplate, but there's only so lucky you get without proper armor in combat. Really, the only way she's staying alive now is if she manages to kill someone else, grab their armor as fast as she can.

She's not optimistic about it, to say the least.

Mapicc doesn't hesitate to swing his sword for her again, and she's glad of the swiftness as she stumbles to block it. She's too used to just being able to soak up damage, her reflexes rusty at best. But the attack doesn't hit, and she's still in the fight.

Fortunately, Ro seems to be preoccupied. She only has one thing to focus on, and that's her only saving grace. Mapicc, for his part, is definitely about to focus her.

She takes a mental inventory, not having the time to actually open anything up and check. The rest of her armor can't be doing well, but he wasn't targeting it, so it'll last a little bit longer. She's out of pots, but still has enough gaps that healing won't be a problem. About half a stack of cobs and a

bucket of water. Her sword's getting a little low, but it'll make it through the fight. She's got a shulker box and some blocks, nothing actually helpful. Her shield's a little low, but she hasn't really used it yet, so it'll do.

One totem and a few stacks of pearls. If she needs to run, she probably can.

Her boots scuff on the dirt she placed, and she doesn't bother to be quiet as she turns to escape.

It's rough, but they win the fight. Well, she doesn't really win anything. She hasn't lost a heart though, so she can't actually complain that much.

Back at the base, Zam and Vitalasy don't seem bothered when she starts talking. (They don't honestly seem surprised, either, but that's something to unpack later.)

She isn't going to leave them behind. She doesn't say it in so many words, but she makes sure they know. Vitalasy was half the reason she got into this fight, and she'll help win it for both of them. It's a silent promise, but they both look at her in a way that lets her know they understand.

She rambles, after that. Complains about having to make new armor, wonders if she should be bringing more XP bottles to fights. Double-checks heart counts, makes sure their plans are in place. Talks about herself, a bit, and they're going to have to have a bigger talk later. She isn't looking forward to it, really.

For now, though? She has her team, and her promise to protect them, and at least enough stuff to make a new chestplate. It's not perfect, and nothing she's done has gotten rid of that sense of wrongness in her bones. It's probably the sort of thing that doesn't go away, at least not for her. Too much effort, too few rewards. She'll live.

She'll live.

End Notes

this fic is dedicated to the guy i know who kept going around asking a bunch of transmascs if they knew why his tiktok was full of transfem memes. not because i think he's trans i just think it's funny. hope you get the algorithm sorted out king

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