

adrenaline rushing down

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/44428147) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/44428147>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Lifesteal SMP
Relationship:	Mapicc & Roshambo Games (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Mapicc (Video Blogging RPF) , Roshambo Games (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Celebrity , figure skating , Boxing
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of White Lily Starlings(90s Celebrity AU ft. MCYT's!)
Stats:	Published: 2023-01-21 Words: 658 Chapters: 1/1

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by [starsforevren](#)

Summary

Competition was a major thing in sports. Could you run faster? Could you do it better?
Could you react faster?

They're friends, they give great advice to eachother. Particularly over food. Especially over food.

(boxer!mapicc and figure skater!roshambo eating breakfast after winning matches)

Notes

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

The morning after the midnight of pure adrenaline as if your life an everything you have ever fought for was on the line if you lost.

"So, like, how was your match last night, Mapicc?" Ro asks him, stirring his coffee, sat across the welterweight boxer on the other side of the table.

The diner is hush-silent, only with the noises of people ordering and cutlery clicking against plates and mugs. People dot the spots, often times in groups.

"Well, I won, if that says anything." Mapicc answers, taking a bite of one of the waffles stacked on his plate. "My torso still kinda hurts if I, like, twist it." He adds on. "I also still have bruises and my jaw still hurts."

The morning rushes outside the window, cars passing by on busy roads. The sun looms over,

painting everything in New York in a golden yellow light.

"How about you? I couldn't get to see you live, since, uh.... recovering from that fight." Mapicc asks the figure skater on the other side.

"My goddamn soles hurt like hell, along with my spine." Roshambo answers to him. "Anyways, heard you're nearly reaching for internationals, congrats man."

"Yeah," Mapicc chuckles lightly. "I've been reaching that for years, already, and it kind of feels really satisfying that you're really close to getting what you want after practically years of dreaming about it."

Mapicc looks down to his waffles, basking in the light of the sun filtered by slightly stained glass.

"I need to finish this, I still have to train later." Mapicc sighs.

"I thought you didn't have any matches?" Ro asks him, puzzled as he tilts his head to the side.

"I mean, I don't wanna be under-prepared for any matches in the future that pops up all of the sudden." Mapicc says, taking a sip of the orange juice. "Last time I took a break, well... shit just didn't go right for me."

It was a match that Ro saw play out on TV. Mapicc was practically backed into a corner, taking a knee two times while his punches began to be served sloppy to his opponents.

That was three years ago, when Mapicc was twenty-one. When he was not anywhere near being considered for internationals. That match was his only loss, at this point. He was knocked out during the fourth round.

"You sometimes take breaks between competitions, right?" Mapicc asks him.

"Yeah,"

"How do you just.... like, win? Like, you sometimes take long breaks and in the next competition, you just floor everyone and get the judges' praise." Mapicc says.

"Well, what do you do if you even have breaks between matches?" Ro asks back.

"I don't know... rest? Slack off, a bit?" Mapicc answers. "What about you?"

"Usually, just resting or skating without competition," Ro answers. "like going to an ice rink for fun, y'know?"

"How do I do that but, like, if the sport has me getting beat up?"

"I think you should have schedules when it comes to training or sparring." Ro says. "You should have three days in a week for training and the other four days for resting."

"And I could jog every morning," Mapicc says, unsure.

"Yeah," Ro nods. Then it goes off like a lightbulb in his head. "wait, yeah!" He says again. "You could have three days spread across a week for training and sparring, the other four days for rest, and you can jog everyday."

"Hey, that's actually not bad." Mapicc says. "Can't believe my couch didn't tell me that way earlier. That could've saved me alot of stress, hah."

"Damn."

"I've always had the 'if I can breathe, then I'm fucking fine' mentality and yeah, maybe that's the problem the media pointed out in me." Mapicc remarks. "Anyways, we should really finish this 'cause I wanna watch Zam's concert."

"Oh, right, his concert!" Ro recalls.

"You forgot?"

"Yeah, I keep forgetting Zam is a frontman."

End Notes

remember to always drink water :)

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