

## an unexpected metamorphosis

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/50940814) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/50940814>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Lifesteal SMP</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Baconnwaffles0 &amp; Mapicc &amp; ParrotX2 (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Baconnwaffles0 &amp; Mapicc (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Mapicc (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Baconnwaffles0 (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">ParrotX2 (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Wings</a> , <a href="#">Hurt/Comfort</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-10-18 Words: 838 Chapters: 1/1

# **an unexpected metamorphosis**

by [ocellar](#)

## Summary

Mapicc's back starts to hurt and he isn't sure why. Bacon is there to help.

## Notes

for lifestealtober prompt day 17: wings

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

Mapicc tries to ignore the ever increasing ache in his back, trying to distract himself by trading with villagers for spare gear sets. It's a dull, but constant and *pressing* pain, and it's making his damn head pound. Only after stumbling into a crafting table right in front of him does he decide the correct course of action is to curl up under his covers and wait until the pain subsides.

He's not injured, he's not bleeding, he was *fine* after his last respawn, so it's not that either. It doesn't really feel like he's sick either, it's just the pain that's making him nauseous. Probably. God, is this what old people mean when they talk about back pain? He can't be fucking old, he's still a teenager.

At some point he registers Bacon return to the base; the other's footsteps are familiar to him even through the fog in his head. Mapicc doesn't move from his curled up spot. He *could* if he wanted to, he just – doesn't want to. That's all. He stays there, until Bacon comes over to the bed.

“Are you just sulking, or is something actually wrong?” Bacon asks, not completely unkindly. Mapicc doesn't *sulk*, so he doesn't dignify the question with an answer. Bacon lifts up the covers instead, and Mapicc growls at him when the blinding light of the room hits his eyes and makes it feel like his brain is being stabbed. “Okay! Something is wrong. Got it.” He drops the covers, and Mapicc returns to blissful darkness. “Wanna talk about it?”

Mapicc doesn't, really, but he's not so pathetic that he'll refuse to admit he could do with some help. “My back hurts.” He bites out eventually.

“Can I take a look at it?” Mapicc slowly decides to concede to the request, pushing himself, not without effort, deliberately pulling the blanket over his head to shade his eyes from the light. It has the bonus effect of meaning he doesn't have to look Bacon in the eye. Bacon lifts the back of his shirt up gently, ignoring Mapicc's hisses of pain. “There's lumps here.” Bacon's hand ghosts over Mapicc's upper back and he nearly jumps up from the jolt of pain that goes through him. He also swears, colourfully.

Mapicc checked his back, when it first started to hurt, and had seen nothing in the mirror, no bruises, no scars, and definitely no *lumps*, so that wasn't good news.

“Huh. I've never seen that before.” Bacon adds. “I might ask Parrot about it.” He pauses after that, as if to give Mapicc time to voice his complaints about the idea, but Mapicc just wants to not be in this pain anymore. If Parrot has any bright ideas, he'll listen to that dumbass. “Here, a golden apple might help.” Mapicc takes the proffered fruit and sinks his teeth into the sickly sweet flesh. It does take the edge off, but his back still throbs, and the light still makes his head pound. He decides to lie back down, face down on the bed, head buried in the pillow.

“Turn the light off.” He mumbles into his pillowcase, but Bacon seems to understand the instruction. Mapicc is left alone then, other than Bacon leaving golden apples and water by his bedside. Bacon doesn't leave the room, though, not for a while, at least. When he does,

it's only for a few moments, and he returns with Parrot. They don't make him talk, thankfully. He would definitely try biting them if they poke at him too much right now.

God, he hates being like this.

As time passes, the constant ache slowly turns into a sharper and sharper pain. He munches on golden apples, but doesn't want to get reliant on them, so waits as long as he can bear in between them. Neither Bacon nor Parrot are ones for fussing, and Mapicc is *absolutely* not one for being fussed over, but he silently appreciates their company. Bacon brings over the occasional cold, damp rag, which feels fucking incredible, Mapicc will happily admit that.

Eventually, the pain has to come to a climax. Mapicc doesn't know how exactly he knows this is the end, some instinct maybe, but he's sure of it when the time comes. He scrabbles at his shirt, pulling it away from his back as something under his skin pushes and *pushes* –

It's over in a matter of seconds, the stabbing pain washing over him and ebbing away to a mere dull discomfort in moments. He looks in shock at the small, leathery red wings now decorating his back, right below his shoulder blades. He glances over to Bacon and Parrot, staring back at him with equal disbelief on their faces.

“I guess you're gonna have to cut holes in your clothes now.” Bacon says after a moment of dead silence.

“You know you're still not allowed to fly with those, right?” Parrot adds, ever the fucking hall monitor.

“Does it look like I can fly with these, dumbass?!”

End Notes

on [tumblr](#) and [twitter](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!