

## dog at the door

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## dog at the door

by [BOLTZ](#)

### Summary

An animal with teeth and claws and the rest will not sleep idly.

Mapicc is very aware of this fact.

### Notes

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

The time is far too late o'clock and he is groveling at an altar of his own restless skin.

It's religious and he's bored, the type of blood his mouth bleeds when he bites too hard on his own damn tongue and he's the only one to blame, it's religious as it is familiar.

There's no one in the room besides himself, no knife aiming for his throat or a puncture in his lungs that draws up that precious ichor that lies inside onto the floor. Just him and his own damn mouth and his own damn teeth and his own dumb, stupid hands that are latching onto the stone floor his knees rest upon and breaking the weak slate into shards, tiny pieces that dig into his palms with a bite and a promise that tells him they're going to be there longer than he welcomes.

He presses his forehead to the floor, clenching his teeth, running his bleeding tongue over the back of the myriad of sharp canines that lace the inside of his mouth, his hands overtop his horns. He's all brutal edges and a rage that stubbornly refuses to be extinguished without action. Pure will is not solving this hunger.

He brings the rest of his body to the ground, stretching out his hands and clawing further because

the little pings of pain tearing open his finger tips is simply not enough. He bites into his forearms up to his biceps, hasty things done out of pure boredom. The previous attacks on the floor rip up the delicate skin underneath his arms as he drags them back down and *man* does he feel alive again.

That brain fog, that incessant barking at the back of his mind like paws and claws to cage locks leave him mindless, and here it goes silent, and here he must look so fucking stupid. He has to remember how to look like a person, be a human, be normal and contained.

When his outburst is over it's just him, sitting with his knees up to his chest, his palms facing the ceiling beside him, and two patches of ripped up floor in the otherwise empty shitty excuse for a room.

Sue him, he dug this out seven minutes ago and he has already destroyed himself, why not make the room match? He slams the back of his head into the brittle stone just to hear both crack.

He takes a short breath in and a long breath out and he just about keeps from embarrassing himself in a room with nobody else in it, because crying alone is even worse than being hungry.

He picks up his pieces, standing, and kicks a shard around, letting the pitter patter of blood raining from his arms to the cold floor become a buzz in his ears. Nothing to dwell on, there's no one to help him because there shouldn't need to be. He'll fix it himself, he'll heal.

Mapicc leaves his self-made holy sepulcher and bee-lines for an ender chest. Opening it reveals a void, completely empty of any potions or golden apples or anything and he's only on two hearts and he is a rabid, frothing, desperate sword of a hound that needs a blood sacrifice to survive the day or he will take it from himself until he's gone. Made to kill and nothing else, that's what's been made out of him.

Nausea clouds his vision and for a moment, in the distorted black his heart drops, worry climbs up his throat as the swirling waves of the wormhole wraps around it and Spoke is hovering over his shoulder and strangely that worry dissipates for *relief* because *now* he will be given a command, he will be given someone to kill and he will succeed. He's loyal that way. He wouldn't trust Spoke for a second but he lowers his head anyway.

And Spoke will grin manic, loosen Mapicc's leash, tug off his collar, slip off his muzzle, and hold his jaw and place food and a scent straight into his maw and he will do as dogs do.

He will send Mapicc and Zam out to war, toy soldiers, real ammo, and they will brush by each other in moments, frenzied, but they catch each other in their red and purple and yellow and the ugly dark color made when a thousand colors mix smeared glory and smile. Zam's laughing, a song that stretches across the land sharp spines of a make-believe nether like daylight.

Blood covered Zam is a familiar sight, only when it's his own blood coating him, maybe the both of theirs.

They're on a team, they've been teamed, and Mapicc still wants to rip him apart, eat his heart whole and staple his skin to his walls. He wants to die with him in a way the hunger does not. But he's a holy, bloody sight that's gone in an instant, the speed boots blurring the area around him as he hunts his own target in a flash of light, a solar flare.

They see each other at the end too, where Mapicc slings an arm over Zam's shoulders and bumps their heads together, hearts beating synchronously, or maybe not at all. It's hard to tell, the exploited ones don't beat right.

Does it matter anymore? There's no more chances left to spend and there's only so many minutes, hours left to live in this moment where nothing is yet wiped. But it does. It does.

Every movement made is a harsh one, the contact with Zam's head makes Zam wince and somewhere along the line Roshambo approaches the pair cautiously, a prey animal, and slips his hand into Mapicc's free one and Mapicc grips on too tight like he wants him to go away, like he never wants him to leave, digs his claws in a bit, never on purpose, but he doesn't know how to be gentle anymore and he doesn't think he could ever learn how to be again.

Not when he's the demon he is, naturally. Not when Roshambo shaped him like Prometheus to clay and let him roam free yet muzzled with a hunger that never rests. No matter what that freak, his best friend, his other half, says, he contracted something from him that will never leave. Something that eats and does not stop.

He's a blade, a machine, but not a leader, not a talker unless it hurts. He will rip people apart and destroy them from the inside out, he will die and pick himself back up again. Anything, anything to keep himself satiated, *alive*.

It's the end, far past, really, truly, and Mapicc has nothing to do with his hands. He's something to be wielded, through and through, and now he doesn't know what to do. The hands that hold the oh so recent memory of a thousand swords, a thousand different types of power running through the phalanges that grip so tightly to handles that there lies permanent indents within the wood, the metal, these hands cannot be soft. A bloodied trident rests dormant in the forest somewhere.

The baptism that is the end washed away that power, but his nature remains the same. He has never not been made of battle, for battle. So he waits at death's door, scratching at it to tell him which body to bring to it next.

Where does he sink his teeth? What is his next order? He shakes with the anticipation of another attack despite the promise of peace. The world is absent of all invaders, there is no enemy captured by red glow to follow like hound to scent, there is no one to kill. It's over, it's finished, and he's always shaking.

And then he's sick all over. The drying of the blood on his arms is electric and crawling. He needs to hide somewhere small and dark and die there and never be seen again. Being able to see and move would be a good first few steps in achieving this goal. Unfortunately—

“—What the fuck!”

That's one way to do it. Water keeps pouring while he's speaking and he splutters, rolling onto his side and coughing up the liquid. The destruction of the stone floor stares back on him. He never even got to the ender chest, what is he doing?

Bacon stares down at him and crosses his arms when the stare is returned with a glare from Mapicc that could kill one person a hundred times.

Bacon only huffs, “Listen, man, I was shaking you and everything. It's not my fault you decided to have all that water fall on you.”

“Bacon,” Mapicc coughs out, “Shut the fuck up.”

Bacon pockets the bucket and raises his hands in mock surrender and walks out of the room. He knows of Mapicc's wrath, even when he's half a corpse.

Mapicc breathes in and out, in and out, and... what'd Zam teach him how to do that one time?

Whatever: Five, four, three, two, one, or something.

Five:

It feels like he's going to explode and throw up and die in that order.

There's really uncomfortable stone under him, everything is on fire, he'll never be the same, there's smoke in his lungs and netherrack under his feet, and tipped arrows in his arms, and quartz against his back, the tingling pain of an asleep limb and his vision glitches and there's too many entities around, commands under his finger tips, and the ever present thrumming of wither strikes and sword hits against armor that rings around his skull, a million bells all metal and the sound invades his mouth, and there is no way in hell that there is a single soul on the server without tinnitus.

Did he ever get to four?

He opens his eyes and finds himself face to face with the tusks of Bacon who is pressing a balled up cloth into his mouth with his fingers a safe distance away from his teeth. His free hand is pressing a blanket against his chest.

"Are you done?" Bacon asks.

Mapicc looks at him funny. With what? He tries to speak around the ball, attempting for far too long before going dramatically limp, playing dead.

Bacon watches him with bored eyes, removing the wad of cloth from his mouth and flinching back fast at the flash of teeth from Mapicc, a joking bite but a threat all the same. The blood staining the cloth and his teeth is a pure red that hurts to look at, Bacon sets it on the ground next to the various freshly brewed health potions and the rest of the bandages.

Clearly he thinks Mapicc isn't strong enough to properly take care of himself. He is very capable, actually. It is really not that bad.

"Don't act so high and mighty," Mapicc's voice is brittle but venomous, insulted, but he makes no hostile action. "I can just get a golden apple and be done with this."

Bacon shakes his head, the movement making his ears flop and Mapicc resists the urge to reach up and rip one off and take a bite, and ignores him, opting to replace words with a gentle hand around Mapicc's wrist that pulls slightly upwards, just enough for Mapicc to get the memo to follow his lead to which he instinctively does.

The gaze pricks his skin, but Bacon's fingers wrapped in cloth that picks the rocks out of the wound hurts more and it makes Mapicc want to hurt him back. He hisses through his teeth at the stupid thought, he really needs to stop thinking like this but everyone feels like an enemy.

He's sure Bacon feels the same, but rather predator he is prey. He has his moments too, days where his cowardice turns into a hindrance where he kicks and shoves at Mapicc when he hovers too close or snaps at Parrot for even suggesting a battle, like he's still running on empty, like he's the one with two hearts and still has to play leader.

Mapicc knows where Bacon's mind goes when he gets up late at night, footsteps falling into old footpaths of a long forgotten base, how he navigates the mesa extraordinarily well, how every utterance of Parrot's name turns into an old friend's instead.

Bacon barricades the doors and digs deep underground on those days, keeping everyone out and

letting every enemy in because if all of his teammates are together then they're all dead, despite their ability, because death is inevitable and it's better if it wraps its smoke around one of them instead of them all. He knows this pattern like the back of his hand.

They are broken, beaten, haunted animals, all three of them. Mapicc's hunger, Bacon's fear, and Parrot's distrust, they work around each other as much as they work with each other.

That's why Mapicc doesn't lunge out at Bacon and lets him take his arm with care and clean it out to heal properly. That's why he sinks into the touch instead, letting the pain wash over him and the blood that returns from the prodding feeds him anyway. He blinks slowly at his teammate, tired, and gets a glance up in return, another pour of the potion and another wind of the roll to keep the bandages in place.

Two bugs looking at each other, two insects to be squashed, and yet here they are. Small, little things, pests, pollinators, instigators. God, the blood loss is getting to him

Bacon attempts to tidy up the mess of potion remains and bandages and Mapicc brushes a hand against his cloak to get his attention. Bacon doesn't look up from his work but makes a questioning noise in the back of his throat.

"Morning," Is all Mapicc says.

"Huh?"

"Clean in the morning."

Bacon hesitates for a second too long and Mapicc gets impatient, getting to his feet shakily and grabbing the back of Bacon's hood, grip light and weak, pulling with a care he didn't know he had in him. It's slight, just enough to shake his frame, and Bacon obliges with a sigh.

They head for the stairs with Mapicc's hand still tangled in Bacon's hood but stop in their tracks at the sound of disjointed steps coming down them. Bacon freezes completely and Mapicc whips out a sword and squares his shoulders, moving to stand in front of Bacon in spite of his battered state.

The highlighter greens, yellows, and blues of Parrot makes them untense and heavy breaths fall out of both of them, relieved.

Parrot rubs at his eyes, clearly having woken up in a panic as his feet still falter under him, but the years of this server had given him the dexterity to stay standing.

"I was wondering where you guys..." He trails off, taking in the room fully once the post-sleep blariness faded. He glances between the potion bottles, bandages, and the two of them. "Um, did I miss something?"

## End Notes

shout out kkequix love your mapicc thoughts

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