

hide in bed till they think we're dead

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/43014897) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/43014897>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Money SMP
Relationship:	Ivory IvoryCello/Oasis ItsOasis
Character:	Ivory IvoryCello, Oasis ItsOasis (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Intimacy , Weird Fluff , Threats as a Love Language , During Canon , Literal Sleeping Together , No Plot/Plotless , Rare Pairings , hell yesh the girlies have matching canon chara tags now
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of fall to the money man
Stats:	Published: 2022-11-12 Words: 586 Chapters: 1/1

hide in bed till they think we're dead

by [Felix_J](#)

Summary

"A knife there, yes, right there." The fingertips tear away to travel down between her ribs to the stomach.

Notes

i do not control where the whims of my brain take me. don't ask.

title from losemyhead by littledeath

"It would've been so easy like this, don't you think?" She mutters.

Radio off, armor gone. Comfortable like this, not on guard because they both know anything happen they'll be on their feet fully ready before they even understand really who they're about to fight.

It's a rare kind of vulnerability, and it doesn't mean they're in sync with each other, but they trust each other.

Ivory feels a hand warm against her chest, and that brings the illusion of the heartbeat in her chest amplifying.

"A knife there, yes, right there." The fingertips tear away to travel down between her ribs to the stomach.

"Here?" Oasis taps with a bit of pressure.

"Yeah." She smiles. "That's a spot."

"Uh, no." She gets a jerk of a head, the way Oasis just rolls it slightly on the pillow.

"You never think about it?" Ivory blinks, curious more than confused.

"I wouldn't *announce* it if I attack someone. I'd just do it silently, hide off." Oasis stares. "Then I would fight them head on, and I would win while they're dazzled and don't even know what hit them. Yeah, like *that*." She puts two fingers together and takes a jab, making Ivory let out a loud breath.

Ivory laughs quietly. "Wouldn't that be messier?"

"It'd be simpler. You get simpler."

Oasis shifts against her, burying her face in her chest just above where the hit went.

"I do, get it."

She curls up and puts her chin against the top of Oasis' head, the ridges in the wreath smooth against the top of her neck.

"Maybe I'd use their weaknesses against them." Oasis mutters. "I wouldn't *need* to, because I'm just *that* good, but I could." Her hand, loosely hanging over Ivory's waist, brushes the wings slightly, not overly gentle but aware. "Grip them, swing you back if you'd let me."

"They've tried." The laughs keep bubbling up in her throat. "You'll have to be *really* good at it, if you want to succeed."

Oasis is silent for several seconds before she mutters something nearly incomprehensible. Then repeats, clearer. "Will you? I'd want to try fighting *against* you, too." There's something helpless in her voice, a little tone.

"You can just do your best?" She answers, but it's more of a question.

"I don't... I don't want to fight *you*, as in... It's way more interesting to have you at my side." Oasis leans back, finally, squints and tries to make out her eyes in the dark, and seems to succeed the way her eyes light up. Well, Ivory can see her just as clearly, even if it's never exactly enough. "I just... you're just like me. You're not someone I need to protect, or I *need* to be against, so... I just want to do both." Her face breaks into a grin. "I want to know you, Ivory."

Ivory chokes on a breath, almost soundless, but she thinks she notices. Oasis notices a lot of things, and that must come with the territory.

"I would love to fight you." She says. "I would... It feels like so much of you is just the same as me. But I... I think I want to see what else is there, too."

Her fingers get tangled in Oasis' hair and she holds her, the back of her neck.

"I wish you were always there." There's a pout to Oasis' voice.

"I'll try to make it so I am." She hopes the smile always creeps into her own. "I will."

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