

## losing

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## losing

by Anonymous

### Summary

take a breath, spit out the blood in your mouth, and get back up on your feet. you still got a couple of motherfuckers to prove wrong

Mapicc would really *really* like to sink his teeth into just about anything right now. Preferably into someone who might be made of light, a slight bit incorporeal, and a slight bit more powerful than he is right now. What he will be for a good while.

He knows his claws are sinking way too deep into a lectern right about now, a lectern that doesn't deserve the damage but fuck it, someone deserves something and maybe something deserves something and maybe this entire lectern should collapse in on itself from how much pressure Mapicc is putting on it and it *just isn't breaking*.

A hiss moves from the back of his mouth to his teeth at the struggle and the telltale creaking means he's somewhere close but not enough. He's pissed, to say the least, and he is going to be making it this lectern's problem.

A snap and then the foundation crumbles with Mapicc almost following the destruction if not for Bacon catching the back of his hood and pulling him upright with only a shake to his arm. Mapicc would've been impressed with that feat of Waffles' strength if Mapicc himself were heavier and if it weren't that even Septicle could pull him up without struggle.

Bacon nonchalantly goes back to trading with the villagers and Mapicc wishes he would say something cool and profound, but he is pointedly avoiding Mapicc's exceedingly apparent gaze and pokes in his arm with the overly sharp point of Mapicc's claws.

He'd let, very graciously, Mapicc ramble and vent about his hate for the past 4 hours

consecutively, only broken by what Mapicc calls a “Mape Nap”. Before that it had been 6 hours going strong.

“Can you like, I don’t know man, chill out a little? You’re ruining my vibes right now,” Bacon says.

“What vibes?” Mapicc questions, arms crossed, “Our loss? The vibes that our loss brings out? Because those are some rancid vibes man, if Planet—”

“*Ooh Planet this, Planet that,*” Bacon mocks, “Can you shut up?”

Mapicc scoffs, “Yeah, I’ll shut up when he’s *dead*, Bacon, like dirt on top of him, tombstone with an epitaph and all, I’m sick of this kid!”

“Ok! Ok, I get it, please just go away or something if you’re just gonna keep,” Bacon gestures to the destroyed lectern flippantly. “Doing whatever that is.”

“Destroying things to resolve my anger? You should try it, I think you’re just bottling it all up like some kinda bottle.”

“Yeah, well, bottles tend to do that.”

“You aren’t a bottles, Bacon and Waffles Zero.”

Bacon groans, pressing his head against the wall and covering his eyes with a hand, massaging his temples. The low heart count must be getting to him too.

“I’m going to kill you—

“Kill?—”

“—I need to get your gear back, can I do it in peace?”

Mapicc huffs, spinning once on his heel fully before leaning up against the wall too harshly, wincing at the dull pain that nudges his spine. He fidgets, slumping down to the floor when Bacon doesn’t react.

He watches the hybrid go to and fro each villager and Mapicc *could* be doing something incredibly productive right now but batting at Bacon’s passing feet is much more entertaining. He finds out Bacon looks even more silly when Mapicc lies flat on the floor.

“Ow! What the hell, Mapicc?” Bacon cries out.

Mapicc had latched onto Bacon’s leg, differing from the repetitive pattern that was clawing at his pants instead, that of which the end of now has a million tiny pinpoint holes in it for no reason in particular that Mapicc definitely never caused, and dug his claws a tad too deeply this time.

He doesn’t let go, choosing to simply look up at Bacon from the floor.

“What? What do you want?” No response, only Mapicc looking up, eyes wide. “...Use your words.”

“...Can we fight?”

Bacon stands shocked for a moment, “Huh?”

“Like, beat the shit out of each other?”

“No, we can’t.”

Mapicc unhooks himself and jumps to his feet, grabbing Bacon’s shoulder in a hurry for an event that doesn’t exist and pressing his forehead far too quick and hard to the piglin’s, eliciting a small yelp from Bacon who tries to back up but is brought forward again by Mapicc’s grip.

“Please?”

“No.”

“What if I called it sparring?”

Bacon’s eyebrows furrow, “Wh—that’s still beating the shit out of me?”

Mapicc removes his forehead from its place against Bacon’s but keeps the hold on his shoulders steady, “But it’s under a different name, *and* it’s not beating the shit out of you if you’re good.”

“But, the thing is Mapicc, I’m *not* good and you’re just going to be killing me over and over and over. You see the problem?”

“How about no gear? Just skill?”

“Mapicc.”

“What?”

“Planet’s behind you!”

“Huh?” Mapicc turns to look and in his distracted state Bacon slips out from under his hands and goes back to dutifully trading with the villagers.

“C’mon man!” Mapicc yells exasperatedly, falling to the ground once more in a heap of bored limbs.

He watches Bacon for just a moment longer and the heavens open up for him and the clouds part to reveal a golden opportunity.

Bacon takes off his armor to get levels more efficiently for enchants.

Mapicc crouches low to the ground on all fours, tail lashing against the ground excitedly, before pouncing on Bacon and tackling him to the ground with Bacon screaming five octaves higher than usual the whole way down.

“Mapicc!” Bacon tries pushing Mapicc off of him but the latter keeps him pressed to the ground, only releasing the hold a fraction of the way to flip them over so Mapicc could kick him into the air.

Bacon lands on his feet, stumbling a great amount, but his reign over gravity is not held as Mapicc circles from a few feet away, still on all fours, and he lunges again.

Bacon is not even close to quick enough with his brain lagging behind at least six steps, he never claimed he was *good* at this fighting thing, in fact he said he was bad, and is sent back to wall with the weight of the demon that is Mapicc.

He effectively retaliates by grabbing the side of Mapicc's hoodie and slamming him to the ground, but Mapicc simply wraps his hand around Bacon's wrist and brings him down as well, flinging him far further than the drop Bacon had on him.

"Isn't this fun?" Mapicc says, slightly breathless, "This is fun, yeah?"

"Yeah, I mean—" Bacon heaves air, standing up slowly with his hands on his knees, "—this is sooo much fun man, I'm actually—I'm actually having so much fun you couldn't believe."

"I knew you'd love this!"

"No, I'm lying, I really d—"

Mapicc spins around and swipes Bacon's legs from under him, toppling him to the ground in the middle of the hallway and lunging at his shoulders, using his feet to drag Bacon's legs off the ground and sending them rolling. Mapicc looks down at Bacon in glee and Bacon looks up at him like he wants to die and never respawn, both breathing exceptionally heavy.

"Do you need another 'Mape Nap'? Please say you do," Bacon asks through his breaths.

Mapicc shakes his head with a wobbly smile and lowers himself onto Bacon's chest, moving his arms over his face. A few moments go by and Bacon feels a steady tremor run through him with Mapicc making the sound of a rusty motor to which Bacon can only assume he's purring, but the misplaced jumps of sound in between tell him it's not a very happy thing.

Mapicc wipes his eyes on his sleeve, muffling the hiccupy exhales that break the rumble from his chest. He can tell Bacon is severely uncomfortable with the way he stiffens like a board, but Mapicc could barely care less.

"I'm not—" Mapicc snuffles, coughing slightly and hyperventilating between them, "I'm not even upset, like—"

"Can you shut up, please?" Bacon says.

Mapicc nods, muffling his sobs, holding in whatever anguish he was unleashing upon poor Bacon.

"No, I mean, you can cry but like, stop talking while doing it."

"Ok, sorry."

Bacon slowly loosens the tension in his muscles as Mapicc continues using him as a pillow to cry on like a teenager that just got broken up with for the first time. He finds himself tearing up due to his humanity and whatnot, but he's far more used to the constant loss than Mapicc is, especially when it comes to failing plans.

Mapicc hasn't quite learned to get back on his feet like that without killing someone or winning in any way. He just gets...

Bacon tries to lift Mapicc, who makes a noise a little too animalistic than Bacon is comfortable with, and Bacon slowly pulls his hands back.

He just gets angry and pathetic. Bacon could *almost* never associate "pathetic" with Mapicc, but right now? Yeah, Mapicc's pathetic.

Mapicc's rapid breathing had at least calmed down somewhat, turning into sharp hiccups that made

both their bodies shake with each one. Bacon lifts a hand to card through Mapicc's hair, somewhat of an unfamiliar action as the only other person he's held this way was Planetlord who was more light than physical. Bacon pulls at Mapicc's ear simply out of curiosity and Mapicc bats it away. It seems to calm him down somewhat.

Bacon realizes they're both still on the floor and that his back aches something brutal, Mapicc was not the lightest thing in the world.

He slowly pushes the two of them up, pulling Mapicc up last so he could still hide in Bacon's shoulder. Mapicc wraps his arms around Bacon's neck to place his face in the junction of his neck, only to bite Bacon's shoulder *hard* to which Bacon flings him away with a yelp.

"What is your problem! I'm literally helping you!" Bacon exclaims, rubbing at his shoulder and glancing down at the snot-fest Mapicc made of his coat. He slips the coat off with an annoyed sigh, that's another thing to do today.

Mapicc giggles, wiping his face off hurriedly and taking his own hoodie off to properly hide behind.

Bacon grabs his own coat and gets up to pull Mapicc's hoodie away from him, ignoring his call of '*hey!*', and grabbing a bottle of water, throwing the clothes in their ever-growing pile of dirty clothes and bringing the bottle back to Mapicc who says a quick, choked thank you and downs it swiftly. He wipes his mouth and rolls the bottle away to lie back down on the floor with his hands over his face.

Bacon almost worries he's about to spiral into sobs again but all Mapicc does is mumble.

"What was that?" Bacon asks.

"I said sorry."

Bacon cocks his head despite Mapicc not being able to see it, "What for?"

Mapicc vaguely waves his hand around, replacing the one still on his face with his full arm, "All that."

"It's fine," Bacon shrugs, "I kinda expected it."

Mapicc removes his arms from his face, expression scrunched in surprise, "You did?"

"No, I'm lying."

"Oh."

"Yeah," Bacon gets back to trading with villagers, avoiding Mapicc on the floor and avoiding his hands batting half-heartedly at his legs harder, "Not every day your strongest teammate bursts into tears on top of you after attacking you."

"I was just frustrated!" Mapicc exclaims, arms raising up and falling back to the floor in a soft thump against the stone.

"Yeah, yeah, I know man, you don't need to explain yourself. Is that what you usually do when you're frustrated?"

"Well," Mapicc thinks back, staring straight at the ceiling apart from the occasional flicker towards

Bacon when he passes by, “I do I guess. I go out, hunt people down. Hunt Zam down. Ro usually played along a lot better. Spoke was... Spoke.”

Bacon and Mapicc both grimace at the same time at the thought of playfighting with Spoke, that would turn into the craziest totem check of their lives.

“Parrot would probably go on a spiel about anger and how it dissipates as the sun sets or something else weird. He’d beat my ass while doing it too.”

Mapicc sighs, “How do you deal with losing, Baconwaffles.”

“I’m okay with it,” Bacon places the finished armor beside Mapicc, moving onto the tools idly as he talks, “When you keep losing you kinda have one choice, so I deal with it. N’ move on I guess.”

“But you don’t have only one choice. You can fight back and I don’t wanna move on. I need to get them back because what on God’s great earth was *that*.”

“Okay, well getting Planet back right *now* is going to be impossible, but later we can. The world hasn’t ended yet, you’re just impatient and your usual heart hungry self.”

Mapicc doesn’t respond, continuing to look at the stone above him to fill his mind with static. He doesn’t want to think about another thing for a lifetime.

Reality falls forward on him as Bacon places the finished tools beside the armor, except he doesn’t leave. He crouches down next to Mapicc’s head and tarnishes Mapicc’s gorgeous view of the cracked and silverfish eaten ceiling.

“You wanna get up and get some trims on these?” Bacon asks, holding up a diamond boot.

Mapicc takes a deep breath, breathing it out through his teeth and sitting upright, equipping his tools with the quickness of someone who has had to do it a million times before.

“Let’s go.”

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