

to want nobody; to need nothing.

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to want nobody; to need nothing.

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Summary

Fate can go and die in a hole, because every day Spoke is alive, he watches the people in his life choose their own fate. He's gotten used to calling them friends, but some days it settles on his tongue like rat poison, and he feels more than sees the colours around him pulse and get even sharper.

Spoke hasn't yet found his soulmate, but that's probably because he never had one in the first place.

Notes

Anattractional - when one does not feel attraction of any kind. No, not even platonic, familial, aesthetic, or any other kind of attraction you can think of. Some anattractional folk do feel attraction, but in low or small enough doses that they don't count it. It's a personal label, for many reasons.

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

Spoke . . . doesn't need anyone. Never has, never will.

Sure, Parrot is his friend, and Parrot's soulmates are loosely his friends, and he knows that if he goes to coding club even one time, Mapicc and Ro are going to be stuck to his ass like glue.

But he doesn't need them. He doesn't feel the *want*, doesn't get why they're so obsessed with

seeking people out and befriending them. He hears Parrot talk about how Woogie went up and approached this guy out of nowhere, because he thought he was hot, and it sounds like a horror story. Most people are afraid of demons or monsters. Spoke is afraid of someone coming up and asking to be his friend.

Not literally afraid, though, he thinks, sprawled out on the roof of his house, because his parents are idiots if they think they can stop him from doing whatever he wants. It's just a primal sort of disagreement in his bones. The feeling of *wrong* is so similar to the feeling of *afraid*, after all.

Parrot seemed so happy when he told Spoke about finding out Woogie and Vortex were his soulmates—there was a part of him that seemed *settled*, for a lack of other words. He excitedly told Spoke about the different shades of brown in all three's hair, and made jokes about how Spoke wears the whole fucking rainbow on his body like he's tempting the universe into giving him a soulmate.

Spoke wears the rainbow on his body because it shows that he is different. It shows that he is *other*, but he doesn't tell Parrot that. He pretends that he hasn't met his soulmate yet, that he hopes he will one day and experience the joy Parrot seems to be feeling, but it's all a lie.

Lying is fun. He's always liked lying. It's a game where you see just how much you can get the other person to believe, weaving fact and fiction together until you create a story all of your own.

This lie isn't nearly as fun, but it's his only option. How is he supposed to say that he's seen colour from birth, and that it's so sharp it threatens to tear his eyeballs out and leave them to the birds? How is he supposed to explain that *no*, he doesn't care about his parents, and he doesn't care about Parrot, and that there is not a single person in the world he could look at and want something from. In the emotional sense, that is.

Spoke is not programmed to need anyone, and it is not a bug in his code. Maybe in the past, it would have been. Maybe if his friends weren't all freaks who defied the laws of nature and chose their own paths, he would have felt differently.

But Parrot has two soulmates, and Ro would rather die than date Mapicc, and Mapicc's dating Zam, whose soulmate is dating Woogie, and isn't that just a mess of things! Definitely not what fate wanted.

Fate can go and die in a hole, because every day Spoke is alive, he watches the people in his life choose their own fate. He's gotten used to calling them friends, but some days it settles on his tongue like rat poison, and he *feels* more than sees the colours around him pulse and get even sharper.

So he calls them *the people in his life* like some fancy old grandma, and staunchly ignores any use of the word *care*, because yeah, he cares about them (sometimes) but it doesn't fit right with the way he has to choose to like them. He has to wake up and decide to care about every single person he wants to keep around, because it is so very easy to let them fade away.

It would be easier if he cared about being a good person, probably.

But he's fucking Spoke Is Here, and he doesn't give a shit about being a good person. He's hacked into things (both successfully, and unsuccessfully), cheated during tests, been rude to people who don't deserve his care, and stole an abandoned mutt and raised him into a partial killing machine. He does what he wants, and he's decided that the people around him are worthy of his attention. For better or for worse, they have the best parts of him, for however long he chooses to put them on display.

So he doesn't care about being a good person, and he doesn't care about making friends, and he only calls his parents mom and dad because he has to, not because he feels some inseparable blood-bond with them. It's how he lives, and it's fine.

If he had to live any other way, he'd probably be less happy, because the stars wouldn't call him by name, shining yellow and gold in the rich blue of the night sky that slides across his eyes like velvet. He wouldn't be able to find rainbows in everything he looks at, colours dancing together and separating apart until it's nothing but their purest forms.

If he had to tell his *friends* (which would only happen under pain of death, probably), Ro would kill him for seeing better colours, Mapicc would call him lame, and Parrot would say something about shrimp colours. They wouldn't care.

Or maybe they would. Maybe they'd hate that Spoke had to choose to like them in the first place. Maybe they'd be upset that he doesn't give a rat's ass about what happens to them, and leave him alone.

Maybe they'd realize that they're supercalifragilistic-extra-fucking-special *because* he chooses to care for them. Maybe they'd understand that his limited emotional space is dedicated to either caring about them or pretending to, because he knows it matters to them and their feelings.

Maybe, maybe, maybe. A lot of maybes about, tonight. The stars don't care about his *maybe*, and neither does the cold wind that suggests fall is coming to an end.

It's cold enough that he has to get off the roof, sending the stars one last lazy salute before he climbs back in his window, much to the joy of Poopies, who's been laying beside it since Spoke decided to climb out. He'd bring Poopies with him to the roof, but Poopies is a dumb little fucker who would panic and fall the second he touched shingles, and though he can survive a lot, he wouldn't survive a roof fall without getting injured.

Poopies is a big fucker, has gotta be some unholy mix of a Doberman, St. Bernard, Great Dane, and a German Shepard, because while he sure ain't pretty, he's covered in a lot of fur and is almost heavy enough to bruise Spoke's ribs when he flops down over his chest with a heavy sigh. He's a clingy dog, but Spoke doesn't mind it, and considering the only reason his parents agreed to let him keep Poopies was so he could have an 'emotional support animal' for the 'pain of having lost his soulmate', he makes it work.

Spoke doesn't give a shit about not having a soulmate, and no matter how much his parents (the only ones who know he's been able to see colours for years) insist it's sad, it isn't. There's a wholeness that comes from knowing he has nobody to tie him down, nobody he has to care about if he doesn't want to.

Soulmates are dead weight, a forced partnership. People spend their whole life looking for this magical person that's supposed to fix them, and it's fucking stupid. Spoke has his own dead weight, but it's in the form of a dog who likes to flop across his chest and stick his tongue in Spoke's ears, to occasionally hold Spoke's arm in between his teeth.

He needs nobody. He wants nobody.

Regardless, he'll care for Poopies until the day he dies, and he'll wake up and choose Parrot (and by extension, his group of fucked up soulmates) until they become boring.

Spoke doesn't need anyone, and it makes him happier than anyone could ever understand.

End Notes

Talk shit, get hit rule - author is an attractive, and knows what its talking about, so any aphobic nonsense that could be written in the comment function will not be posted. Not every attractive person feels this way, I'm just taking my experiences and making them bigger for the sake of a story.

Anyways, yeah, Poopies is a big fucker in this. I thought it would be funny if the little god rat was a massive dog, and you just know that Spoke's going to find a cranky old tomcat missing half his ear and bring it home only to call it Peepees. The two will get along like a house on fire. (I'm still not sure what Booger would be . . . maybe a murderous chicken? I think that would be funny.)

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