

your silhouette looks kinda lonely, could it use some company?

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by [immolxtion_stxtion](#)

Summary

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“Never call anyone that ever again,” Parrot says, instantly following it up with, “We’re too good for him, bro. We’ll be here when he gets rejected.”

“I hate you, you suck, fuck off,” with utmost elegance, Woogie picks up the downed french fry, and eats it. As a power play. It sucks, slightly soggy and not covered with enough salt, because Vortex has horrible eating habits. “I’m going to ask him out.”

In which Woogie abandons his soulmates' study session in favour of a cute guy he's never seen before.

Notes

Woogie has POTS in this! Not sure where it came from, but it came into being, and I adore it, so it stayed.

Fic title is from Strangers by Fizzy Blood.

Woogie's about halfway into a traditional Friday study session with his best friends when his attention strays from the papers and plates scattered across their table. It's a common enough occurrence that nobody bats an eye, Vortex scrawling equations and formulas across a napkin instead of his notebook while Parrot rummages through his colour-coded binder for papers to use as study material.

Woogie, on the other hand, is looking at the door of the diner, because they have a bell that rings every time it opens, and his attention span is shit enough that he *has* to look every time someone enters or leaves. This time around, it's someone entering, and his curious glance over his shoulder very quickly becomes a lot more.

Whoever the person is, Woogie hasn't seen him before, which is a damn shame, because he's *hot*. His hair glows a faint orangey-red under the artificial diner lights, and wire-frame glasses sit a little crooked on his nose. He looks around the diner like there's an assassin waiting to kill him, and the nervousness is way too endearing.

"Guys," Woogie hisses, trying to look at the guy without being caught, something that is a lot harder than it looks. "Guys."

"Yes?" Parrot answers, and just by the tone of his voice, Woogie knows he hasn't bothered to look up from his papers.

"A cute guy has entered the building. I repeat, a cute guy has entered the building."

When he gets no response, he forces his gaze away from said cute guy to see Parrot very studiously looking at his binder of things, while Vortex is just blatantly ignoring him to arrange the fries that Woogie ordered and he promptly stole into a dick. His soulmates have piss-poor taste, *clearly*.

"I hate you both," he deadpans, instantly going back to looking for where the cute guy has settled down. It takes a few seconds, but he eventually finds him at a booth across the walkway, very awkwardly perched on the seat. "You have no taste in men. Why are you studying when you could be appreciating cute guys?"

"Because studying actually does something worthwhile," Parrot says, and there's the trademark thud of him putting a binder down. "What are you even looking at? Someone you won't talk to ever again in your life?"

"The universe says my taste in men should be the two of you, so yes, I have no taste in men. Cringe." As if to make a statement out of it, Vortex kicks Woogie in the leg, making a shit faux-innocent face when he turns around to glare at him.

"You're cringe," Woogie retaliates, very intelligently. "Just look at him. You'll see just how right I am."

Like he's already tired of Woogie and his super-correct opinions, Parrot sighs and says, "Alright, Woogie. Where is this so-called cute guy?"

"So you've seen the light!" he smiles smugly, turning to try and point at him without looking too suspicious. Thankfully, cute guy has his glasses perched on his head, phone held close enough to his face that he won't notice a thing. "He's right there. Glasses on his head, phone in hand, hot enough to make a man's heart stop."

“He looks like a strong breeze would knock him over,” Parrot says flatly, and Woogie looks at him in absolute horror. “He looks like a nosebleed would make him pass out.”

“He looks like he would cry over AP calculus homework,” Vortex says, joining in smoothly. “He looks like a simple blush would turn him into a tomato. He’s like a stray cat that’s all shaky and malnourished that looks at you with sad little pleading eyes and then gives you fleas when you—hey! Don’t kick me, you know I’m right.”

“You’re wrong, and dumb, and I hate you. Watch your back the next time you sleep.”

“What, are you gonna give me fleas?” Vortex asks, and the expression on his face says that he is enjoying this *way* too much.

“I’m gonna give you cooties,” Woogie responds, and watches as Vortex recoils back in mock-horror. “So many cooties that you’ll never be able to escape them. And I’ll screw up all your figurines. I’ll even put pants on yours, Parrot.”

“You wouldn’t *dare*,” Parrot says, and all Woogie does is smile at him.

“Bro, screw your pants,” Vortex says, shaking the plate his french fry dick was built on and scrambling it to bits. “He’s gonna give me *cooties*. What is this, the third grade? I don’t want cooties, especially if they come from Woogie.”

“Oh, but Vortex, you are already covered in my cooties,” he starts, fighting back a laugh when Vortex flinches back. “Fate put my cooties all over you. There’s no escaping it. You’ve got Parrot cooties too.”

“If we weren’t banned from ninety percent of fine dining establishments,” Vortex hisses, leaning in slightly. “I would be jumping over this table to start fighting you. *While* screaming.”

“And you’d lose,” Woogie says, finalizing the argument. “Like you always do. You can’t even win a fight against Spoke’s dog.”

“Nobody can win a fight against Poopies,” Parrot cuts in, because Spoke is his best friend, and he knows *everything* about him. “That dog is a killing machine. I don’t know how he managed to tame him.”

“He’s cute, though,” *Unfortunately*. Where Spoke managed to get the mutt is a mystery to everyone, but he loves his owner, and Spoke’s parents were apparently swayed into keeping him easily enough. “Anyways, screw you both. I’m gonna go talk to cute guy. He’ll be nicer than the two of you.”

“And how do you know that?” Parrot asks, over Vortex’s noise of offence. “He could be rude. He could have bad breath. He might not have any teeth at all.”

“He could be uglier than Parrot,” Vortex deadpans, sliding his sunglasses to the tip of his nose to shoot Woogie a knowing look. “We’re already stuck with one of him, what if this guy also has shit ideas about what pants are for?”

“Pants uphold an unfair and unequal amount of status in today’s society,” is the response he gets, sounding like it’s being read straight from a manifesto, probably because it *is* a manifesto, once they’ve had to hear many times before. Now Vortex has really done it. “They are treated like the end-all-be-all of dress, shaming the normal human features of knees, thighs, and calves. We are not Victorian people, and can control ourselves at the sight of underwear.”

“Pants are stifling and uncomfortable, demanding the temperature of social meeting ground be colder than the acceptable climate, because of how they trap heat within the human body. They are a piece of socially demanded wear that is no longer necessary in the society we have created, just as obsolete as flip phones and cable television. The future is here, and the future is pantsless. The No-Pants People Party knows the direction of humanity, and we shall guide them to a beautiful, pantsless future.”

Vortex sends a long-suffering look at Woogie, pushing his sunglasses back up on his face before deadpanning, “Skirt.”

Parrot looks like he wants to die, so Woogie joins in, instantly. “Shorts.”

“I hate you both.”

“Join the club,” Woogie says, holding out his hand. “Join the damn club.”

Begrudgingly, Parrot sticks his hand out and puts it on top of Woogie’s, followed shortly after by Vortex. From there, it’s instinct to do the super secret, complex handshake they all made, alternating gestures and high-fives until it ends with a collective middle finger. It’s their version of a blood pact, a promise to love and treasure and cherish each other like an old married couple that not-so-secretly hates each other.

“Now that we’ve got that over with,” Woogie begins, pulling his hand away and watching as Vortex does the same, complaining about Woogie cooties. “I’m going to go be super cool and suave and successful.”

“Boo,” Vortex says, throwing his french fry at Woogie’s face, successfully hitting his eye. “You suck. You’re going to abandon us? Your soulmates? For a little boo boo kitty fuck?”

“Never call anyone that ever again,” Parrot says, instantly following it up with, “We’re too good for him, bro. We’ll be here when he gets rejected.”

“I hate you, you suck, fuck off,” with utmost elegance, Woogie picks up the downed french fry, and eats it. As a power play. It sucks, slightly soggy and not covered with enough salt, because Vortex has horrible eating habits. “I’m going to ask him out.”

“You’re gonna get rejected,” Vortex says, because he is an idiot, who has no sense of what’s good in the world. Then he throws another french fry at Woogie. “You have no rizz. You suck. *And* swallow.”

“I refuse to take this from a fortnite player,” he responds, very intelligently. Parrot nods as if to second this statement, but stops the second he remembers whose side he is *not* on. “Stop throwing fries at me, or I’m gonna change your computer password.”

“Do you even know his password?” Parrot asks, getting a grin as unhinged as Woogie can make in response. “Bro. What the fuck.”

“I know yours too!” Woogie says cheerfully, sliding out of his side of the booth before he gets asked any more questions, because he will not be answering them. He will also not be taking any more fries to the face, very smoothly dodging the next one Vortex sends his way.

His heart spikes when he stands up, but he’s long gotten used to the feeling, stands still with his hands braced on the table until his heart stops trying to commit active suicide and the dots leave his vision. Only once his body feels a little less unstable does he let go of the table, affectionately flipping off Parrot, who holds out the salt container that Vortex refuses to use like it’s a spoonful of

cough syrup.

As he makes his way to where this very interesting, cute looking guy sits, he can distantly hear Vortex saying something about *how does he know our passwords*, and Parrot saying something about *fuck your password, what about my Spanish homework?* Thank god he doesn't have to deal with the absolute trainwreck his best friends (and soulmates!) are about to become, because he deals with it about eight days a week, and he needs a break. If the break comes in the form of a cute guy, then who is he to say no?

Very smoothly, and with undeniable skill, he slides into the booth, *absolutely not* almost tripping on the table support before sticking out his hand and saying, "Hi, I'm Woogie. Come here often?"

"Uh, hi?" the guy says, shaking Woogie's hand awkwardly. He has braces, and his hair falls soft over his face in all the right ways now that he's no longer moving. "I'm Pangi, and I've never actually been here before. My soulmate is on a date, so I'm emotional support. He doesn't know I'm here, though, so you've gotta be okay with me climbing under the table. For spy purposes."

"Ah, yes, for spy purposes. I respect your commitment to the bit." Woogie's hand is warm when he pulls it back, and he tries to memorize exactly how Pangi's felt. Under pain of death, he'd refuse to admit that he *also* tries to imagine what it would be like if Pangi was his soulmate, and that was how they found out. "At least now, when you hide, you don't have to worry about the table being unoccupied! I will be right here, and I am *so* good at English, because I totally didn't mean for that to rhyme."

Pangi laughs, and it's a sweet little sound that drives Woogie only a little mad. "Thanks, man. I appreciate it! What brought you over here in the first place, though?"

And this is where, if he were any other man, Woogie would run away. Good for him, though, he is not a coward, so he can ignore the way his cheeks heat and his stomach flips in order to say, "You're cute."

Pangi blinks once, before a cute little blush spreads across his face, lighting up his freckles. "Oh! That's—thank you! You're cute too."

Step one, establish mutual attraction: complete. Oh, Woogie is so good at this game. Now to flirt, with skill. "Sweet. Do you want to make this totally-not-spying-on-my-soulmate mission a date?"

Maybe he was a little too forward, because Pangi flounders, and the blush on his face grows even brighter. Just before he decides that it's apology time, Pangi answers. "Yes. Yes. I would like that. That would be nice."

"I hope you know this is the best day of my life," he deadpans, hoping the excitement buzzing in his chest comes across despite it. "My friends can *suck it*."

"Did you leave your friends for me?" Pangi asks, blinking a couple times. "You didn't have to do that, I don't want to take you away from them."

"No, no, don't worry about them. We do this every week, and they didn't believe in me and my top-tier flirting skills. I've never had to pull them out before, because nobody's ever been as pretty as you."

"Woogie," Pangi says, and it comes with a small smile and another heavy blush, his voice dipping heavier into a barely-there accent. He sounds half dead, hopefully in a good way.

"Yes?" he asks, having a hard time fighting the grin that comes up when Pangi drops his face into

his hands, glasses be damned.

“You’re going to kill me,” comes the muffled response, quiet around the edges. “Why are you so good at this?”

“I have absolutely no clue. You wanna get a milkshake with two straws on it all romantic-like? You can pick the flavour!”

“I’m gonna drown myself in the milkshake,” Pangi mutters, but he pulls his head out of his hands and looks at Woogie with a soft and slightly silly little smile that melts his heart. “Yeah, that would be nice. Is strawberry okay?”

One romantic strawberry milkshake with two straws later, Woogie has learnt that Pangi likes the colour orange, anything pangolin related, and has known his soulmate wasn’t into him for a long time, but still held out hope that things would change. He seems genuinely into Woogie, though, so none of it really matters.

In exchange, Woogie’s told him that he really likes polar bears, sometimes passes out if he stands up too fast, and that he has two soulmates instead of one, but they don’t give a fuck about him dating. If anything, they give more fucks about him *failing* to date, which is just straight-up offensive. Pangi laughs at that, and says he wouldn’t mind meeting them one day. Woogie makes a very strong mental note to not let that happen.

The milkshake is about halfway down when the bell hung above the diner-restaurant door finally rings, and Pangi peeks over the booth before looking just about ready to dive under the table. That must be his soulmate, and whichever poor fuck got stuck with the kid who refused to stop wearing a crown until he was almost fourteen.

Almost absently, Woogie presses his foot into Pangi’s calf until he gets his attention, his intense, slightly worried attention. “Dude, don’t worry about it. Technically, you’re on a date now, so they can’t be weird.”

“Yeah, but it’s *Zam*,” is the response he gets, Pangi at least looking slightly less like he wants to slide under the table. “He’s known me since we were like, five. I’m gonna get embarrassed and teased at the same time.”

“Ah, but you’ve also known him since five! You can embarrass him in return. Make it a game, you don’t have to tell him about it.”

“I like how you think. Do you, by any chance, know origami? I could kill him before he kills me if I put a crown on his head.”

Maybe it’s a little early to know for sure, but Woogie just might be in love. “I don’t, but if you have lots of napkins, I could pull up something. Two works faster than one, we could have one done in no time.”

“You are just—” Pangi stops, gaze flicking away from Woogie, and towards the people who have stopped in front of their table. They’re holding hands, both short, and with the way one looks at Pangi, this has got to be Zam and his date.

“Hey, man!” the Zam-shaped one says, dressed in so much yellow that he should be *fined*. “What are you doing here?”

“Oh!” Pangi says, clearly floundering a little. “I am—well—this is Woogie. We’re on a date.”

“I asked him out!” Woogie cheerfully inputs, reaching for Pangi’s hand under the table while also trying to make it seem like he’s *not* doing that. It’s only a minor relief when Pangi reaches out as well, leaving them both slightly hunched over the table. “He’s really cute.”

Pangi flushes again; something that Woogie adds to his mental map of things that make Pangi *Pangi*. It’s not very big yet, but he’s working on it, and he will be working on it for as long as Pangi lets him. “Woogie is also cute. Very!”

In response, Zam hums, giving Woogie a brief once over before deciding that there’s nothing super-duper obviously glaringly wrong with him. “Nice to meet you, Woogie! I’m Zam, Pangi’s soulmate, and this is Mapicc. I think *he’s* cute.”

Mapicc, softly but with an edge of simpdom that Woogie recognizes very well, says, “Yeah, yeah. Zam’s cute,” before very promptly changing things up to a more normal, “Are we sitting with roleplay partner and emo-in-training, or do you wanna find our own table?”

“Here’s good!” Zam says, sliding in beside Pangi with an ease that indicates years of familiarity. Woogie is *almost* jealous. Lucky for him, he’s the one Pangi chose to go out with. “Hope you don’t mind us crashing your date.”

“I hope you *do* mind,” Mapicc says, but from the few things Woogie’s heard from him, that just seems to be his general personality. “I hope a fly lands in your food and it has shit on its legs.”

“That means he’s glad to meet you!” Zam translates, completely ignoring how Mapicc mutters *no it doesn’t*. “So, have you guys ordered yet, or are we still waiting for the waitress?”

Woogie and Mapicc both turn very flat stares on the milkshake at the same time, which makes Pangi laugh, a wonderful little sound that he’s never going to be able to get enough of.

“Yeah, we ordered,” he says, and Woogie feels the weight of Pangi’s palm in his slip and slide, but never truly leave. “But we didn’t get any food. We can call someone over, if you want?”

“Sure,” Zam says, easily taking over the conversation from there. He tells stories about his and Pangi’s childhood, Woogie fights the urge to just whip out his phone and start making the crown Pangi mentioned, and Mapicc eventually sighs, and goes directly up to the next visible waitress, citing that “Zam is too chickenshit to do it himself.” Zam does not deny these accusations.

When she comes around, Woogie orders a burger and fries, to make up for the ones Vortex stole from him and then began lobbing at his face earlier. Pangi orders the same, while Mapicc and Zam end up in some weird argument that has them agreeing to share some kind of long sandwich.

He drowns his eventual fries in salt, handwaves the comments made about the sheer amount of it, and very staunchly ignores both the messages *and* calls Parrot and Vortex send his way. Parrot’s custom ringtone is still bird noises, which is hard to explain, but still easier than the series of ungodly noises that make up Vortex’s, because truth or dare leads to some *weird* shit.

It’s good, and he’s happy. He’s *happy*, even when Parrot eventually walks by and leans over the back of the booth to mess up Woogie’s hair while Vortex makes fart noises off to the side. It’s easy to introduce them as his asshole soulmates, *yes, soulmates*, and then tell them to fuck off, so he can enjoy his double date.

And *boy*, does he enjoy his double date, especially when it ends with Pangi’s contact in his phone, and a promise to meet again soon.

End Notes

Parrot, Vortex, & Woogie only realized they were soulmates when all three were touching - I don't have a canonized moment yet, but I'm thinking it went something along the lines of them getting into a play-fight, and when they all collapsed on the floor on top of each other, the world exploded into colour.

If it's not obvious, I only watch Parrot out of the bunch (and Zam & Mapicc, but they aren't main characters too much), so I tried my best to capture everyone else. Hopefully it wasn't too bad!

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