

terrible angels (or the effects of such)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/35155648) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/35155648>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	Last Life SMP
Relationship:	Martyn Littlewood & Rendog
Character:	Martyn Littlewood , Rendog (Video Blogging RPF) , mentioned Ethoslab , mentioned Pearlescentmoon
Additional Tags:	Not RPF , i don't like ao3 tagging , Religious Discussion , References to Norse Religion & Lore , Martyn needs a hug , ren is good at listening but not at advice , could be romantic if you wanted it to be , Ambiguous/Open Ending , Alternate Universe - 3rd Life SMP Setting (Video Blogging RPF) , 3rd Life SMP References (Video Blogging RPF) , Takes Place In Last Life , written 11/15 , Mild Hurt/Comfort
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Naps' 3L/LL/DL fics
Stats:	Published: 2021-11-16 Words: 956

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by [Napsaur](#)

Summary

Martyn's shift ended hours ago, but he's still on the tower roof.

*Religious talk is minimal, but I wanted this to be properly tagged

Notes

Tw: light religious discussion

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

The moon was high in the sky when Ren climbed up the Shadow Tower to take his watch. It bathed the world in an eerie, silver light that left him feeling like he was in a novel, looking over the merlons and crenels at the patchwork remains of the base.

Martyn was there, leaning on the walls and looking across the river. His eyes looked too far away to be really watching though, and it wasn't even his shift. He looked almost grey in the moonlight, Ren noted. If he squinted hard enough, he could picture the edges of his jacket being red instead of

purple, maybe even an outline of a hand on the back.

He shook his head. “Why are you up here, dude? It’s Etho’s turn, you know. I mean, It’s my turn now, but he was supposed to be up here after you.”

Martyn didn’t startle like he thought he would. “Oh, hey. Told him to go back to bed.”

Well, Ren thought, that wasn’t a very Martyn-like response. With a hum, he took three short steps over to his friend and leaned his back against the wall. He wasn’t going to bug where he didn’t need to. If Martyn wanted help, he’d say so. Ren knew him well enough to know that.

It was quiet for two more minutes before Martyn said anything.

“Do you—” He shut his mouth with an audible click and hummed. His eyebrows furrowed, like he wasn’t sure of himself. He wasn’t quite looking at Ren, but he turned his head a little. “Do you believe in a god?”

“That’s a loaded question, isn’t it?” Ren chuckled. It was an absurd question on the surface, but he could tell it was bothering him. He turned to mirror Martyn’s position with his arms crossed to lean on a marlon.

When Martyn didn’t respond, he continued. “My parents, they told me all sorts of stories about gods and goddesses. They never ran out. I thought they made them up since they never ended! Someone was always related to another someone, and someone was always all up about an inevitable war. Dad called the ‘final battle’ *Ragnorok*, but mum said there wasn’t ever going to be an end.

“I don’t think I believed in those stories, no. They’re still a big part of who I am, and I think about them a lot, but I’m not like, praying every day and doing everything by their law, you know. I think there’s something out there that’s more powerful than us, but I wouldn’t call it god. Why?”

Martyn minutely nodded along. He picked at the corners of the rough stone. He still didn’t look very present.

“I don’t know. Just thinking.”

Ren hummed, “Yeah? Comfortable with sharing?”

Martyn sighed. He dropped his head into his arms, and for a second, Ren thought he saw a glint above his head. For a second, everything felt so very wrong, so overwhelming, so loud, so *much* . The feeling was gone so fast that he thought he might have imagined it.

“I think I’m haunted.” Came Martyn’s muffled reply. “And I don’t know what to do.”

“Oh.” Ren wished he had a better response. He looked out at the trees like they would have the answer. Maybe that’s what Martyn was doing, just waiting for an answer to hit.

They stayed like that for what could have been hours or seconds. At some point, Ren reached over and grabbed Martyn’s hand. He didn’t know how to help, but he could at least stand by his side while he figured it out.

Last time ended like Ren’s dad said Ragnarok would— bloody and messy and war-shed. Maybe this time could end better. It was unlikely, but maybe there would be no end, like his mum would say. Maybe, just maybe, they could figure out how to live through it.

Every now and then, he looked over. Maybe Martyn’s god would be the end of it all. Maybe whatever was happening to him was a sign. Maybe it would be over when the sun rose. Maybe it would be over when they all got a good, full night’s sleep.

Again Ren shook his head. He needed to focus on the present, and in the present Martyn had fallen into some sort of sleep, and the stone was digging into Ren’s arms, and Pearl could be heard climbing the ladder.

He didn’t think that much time had passed, but when he blinked up at the sky he saw that the moon was dipping below the horizon and the sky was brighter. He elbowed Martyn until he was awake enough to climb down the first ladder safely after Pearl had taken her spot on the roof. He waved her way, then followed his friend down.

Ren didn’t trust him to climb down all three ladders, so he did the next best thing and sat him down in the corner and went to grab as many blankets as he could. By the time he got back Martyn had already gone back to sleep.

Ren had one very distinct memory among a few vague ones and he decided it was time to pay it back, so he carefully placed the blankets on and around his friend. He pushed him around lightly until he was sure he wouldn't wake up with too many cricks in his neck and stood back to make sure he hadn't missed anything.

With a nod to himself, he muttered a "Sleep well" and made his way back down to ground level as quietly as he could.

If the end came with war or sunlight, Ren at least knew he was trusted. If nothing else, he would listen.

End Notes

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