

For Warmth

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For Warmth

by [ros_is_writing](#)

Summary

“Fine, sure, whatever. I don’t care.” Subz shrugged. “If we’re sleeping then we’ll sleep.”

“That was not even the problem,” Vitalasy teased. He was right, they decided whether they’d sleep there or not a while ago. Whatever, Subz didn’t care.

Vitalasy folded his arms over the massive pile of blankets and tarp in his lap. “You’re not paying attention,” he accused. His mouth curled into the teasing, sugar sweet smile that he always gave Subz after he said something stupid. His teeth poked the edge of his bottom lip.

“Potatoes are done,” Subz changed the subject to spite him, drawing a small laugh out of Vitalasy. “You’re so mean,” Vitalasy commented under his breath.

Notes

Ummm they go eepy!

Romance is NOT really there so if you wanna read it as /p go ahead you'll make it

Also! This is my first time writing in nine months so please be gentle :)

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

The first time Subz shared a bed with Vitalasy it's out of necessity. They were being chased, and in the panic to get away, accidentally got lost deep in a snow biome.

It was dark and it was late at night, they probably had the materials they needed in their ender chests anyway. So they decided to sleep there until it became day again.

Another thing to mention: it was also cold. Really cold.

They had burrowed into the side of a mountain and blocked the entrance off, praying that the snowfall covered the disturbance and left them untraceable. Inside, Vitalasy had crafted a furnace from the cobblestone they cleaned out of the cave, for warmth and for food.

The two of them sat on either side of the furnace with their backs against the wall, chewing on slightly reheated jerky while they waited for the potatoes to cook. It wasn't the perfect meal, but they needed something warm in their stomachs to battle the cold.

Vitalasy turns his head to face Subz, his hair pressed against the furnace and over his eyes.

He grinned sheepishly in a way that told Subz he was about to deliver some sort of bad news.

"I don't have a bed," he admits, grimacing slightly. He inclines his head slightly to prompt Subz to check his inventory for one.

"... I don't either," Subz turns to look in his ender chest just in case. It's full of potions, armor and weapons, but no beds.

"We could kill each other to respawn at the base?" Subz suggests, "if we do it right we won't lose any hearts. We'd just trade."

"Mmmm-" Vitalasy considers. "The death messages would be sooo suspicious, they'd start looking for us again."

"What makes you think they aren't still looking for us now?"

"Mobs," Vitalasy answered, pointing at the wall that they mined in from. "If they were still hunting us the mobs would be dead."

"Oh." Vitalasy was right, players kill mobs when running through an area without a second thought. It was admittedly a smart observation, Subz wasn't going to tell him that though.

Vitalasy's eyes unfocused in the way that they did when he was looking in his inventory. A moment later a couple of scraggly looking blankets spawned in his hand.

"I do have these?" He held the blankets up, "they're not meant for sleeping on but we could use them?"

Before Subz could even say anything Vitalasy was digging through his inventory again.

"Oh! And this tarp! From that TNT trap last week!" Vitalasy struggled to pull out a full sized tarp that Subz didn't even want to know why he was still carrying around.

It wouldn't be the best makeshift bed but that didn't really matter. Subz was more worried about how they'd sleep once the worse-for-wear blankets were laid down. He quickly banished sleep-addled images of Vitalasy tucked into his side from his brain.

"Fine, sure, whatever. I don't care." Subz shrugged. "If we're sleeping then we'll sleep."

“That was not even the problem,” Vitalasy teased. He was right, they decided whether they’d sleep there or not a while ago. Whatever, Subz didn’t care.

Vitalasy folded his arms over the massive pile of blankets and tarp in his lap. “You’re not paying attention,” he accused. His mouth curled into the teasing, sugar sweet smile that he always gave Subz after he said something stupid. His teeth poked the edge of his bottom lip.

“Potatoes are done,” Subz changed the subject to spite him, drawing a small laugh out of Vitalasy. “You’re so mean,” Vitalasy commented under his breath.

This was their game, poking fun at each other with no hard feelings involved. Vitalasy always seemed to get the last laugh, even when Subz ended the conversation and it was clear that he lost. He always brushed it off with a smile and a laugh. Subz swore insults rolled off this guys back like water off a duck.

Even still, Subz appreciated that Vitalasy never got mad, no matter how intense they went back and forth, they both knew it was just a game. Subz smiled at Vitalasy’s forgiving reaction and pulled a potato out of the oven to hand to him.

“It’s hot.”

“I know, I know! I won’t burn my hands again!” Vitalasy carefully set his potato on his chest plate, which he had taken off pretty much the second they were hidden.

“Hehehe chest plate,” Vitalasy joked. Subz giggled at the pun and brought his knees up to his chest to give Vitalasy more space to stretch his legs out, which he took freely.

Vitalasy leaned forward on his extended legs and turned his head to face Subz, “do you think they’ll come after us tomorrow?”

Subz chewed a little while he thought, “probably not. I mean- if they were serious they wouldn’t have left now.”

Vitalasy hummed in thought and reached behind him for his potato. He still winced a little when he grabbed it, but managed to take a bite without spitting it back out because of the temperature. Vitalasy was incredibly sensitive to heat, but he was also incredibly sensitive to most other things Subz did. So Subz couldn’t really tell if he was faking the whole “too hot” thing or not.

It was freaky how flexible Vitalasy was. Subz knew other players on the server had about the same flexibility level -or maybe more- than Vitalasy, but none of them liked to hang out practically folded in fucking half all the time. Vitalasy yawned a little from where the side of his head rested on his knees and rubbed his eyes with one hand.

Subz frowned at him and got up to arrange their pile of blankets into a nest of sorts. The tarp was big enough for them to both lay on and cover themselves with if they folded it right. Subz layed a couple of blankets down to act as extra padding, then tossed to rest to the side for them to use to cover themselves once they were ready to sleep.

Subz was dragged out of his blanket/human tetris thoughts by Vitalasy knocking on the side of his armor.

“You’re not gonna sleep in this are you?” He asked, referring to Subz’s armor. Subz was, but he wasn’t going to tell Vitalasy that either. He brushed Vitalasy’s hand off his shoulder with a “nooo” that was a little too loud .

“You totally were,” Vitalasy grinned, seeing straight through Subz’s lie.

“Nooo I wasn’t!”

Vitalasy elbowed him in the side with a laugh, “yes! You were! Oh god I’m stuck in the snow with an idiot!”

“You can’t even eat a potato if it’s too hot!” Subz argued back, “if you’re stuck in the snow with an idiot, then I’m stuck in the snow with a wimp!”

“But you are an idiot?” Vitalasy cocked his head to the side, proud of his checkmate.

“No. Maybe, probably. I’m not sure,” Subz sat down on a corner of the tarp and began tugging his boots off. “But I’m an idiot who’s about to sleep, that’s for sure.”

Vitalasy playfully kicked the side of Subz’s boot with his own. When Subz got the boot off he used it to whack Vitalasy back in the knees. It didn’t do anything because he was still wearing his armor, but it made Vitalasy smile again, and that was always worth it.

Vitalasy said something that was muffled by the potato in his mouth and walked back over to the furnace to warm his hands. Something in the back of Subz’s mind told him that if they draped the blankets over the furnace, then they would be warm to sleep with. Unfortunately, Subz was too tired to bother.

Subz layed down on the makeshift bed that he made and tugged a few blankets over his body. Surprisingly, armor actually does account for a fair amount of body heat retention, so without it, Subz was pretty cold. The tarp should keep his body heat in though, so in a few minutes he should warm up. It still wasn’t ideal, but at least Subz knew it would work. Probably.

Vitalasy was right, the blankets weren’t meant for sleeping on. They were rather raggedy and itchy, as well as poorly patched in some places. They were softer than the cold, unforgiving stone floor though. Subz tucked the spare side of a blanket under his head and curled up on his side in a small ball. He hoped the tarp would start to work soon.

A piece of Vitalasy’s armor fell to the ground with a loud clatter that made Subz jump. He was so bad at loosening the straps on his armor and making sure it didn’t fall at the same time. At their base, Subz made him take off his armor outside in the grass, so that the noise it made when it fell was a muted thump instead of a loud clatter of metal on stone or wood.

“Stop moving around over there and go to sleep!” Subz called over his shoulder.

“Yeah yeah,” Vitalasy returned. “I’m getting my armor off.”

A few more clinks of armor later, Subz heard Vitalasy grab a couple of blankets and lay down behind him. Fucking finally. Subz didn’t know what time it was, but they were running when it was already dark, so it was probably late now.

Vitalasy would probably want to talk a little bit before he went to sleep, but Subz wouldn’t mind that. He could produce half asleep answers every two minutes or so, it’s not like Vitalasy was actually talking to him anyway, more just decompressing from the day.

Suddenly Subz felt Vitalasy wrap his arms around Subz’s middle and pull him closer to his chest. Vitalasy nose pressed into Subz’s hair and ruffled the strands slightly as he breathed out. Which was. What. The fuck.

Subz knew Vitalasy would be a little clingy in his sleep, but he expected him to at least wait until Subz was asleep to aggressively cuddle him.

“Woah! Hey!” Subz squirmed out of Vitalasy’s grasp and quickly flipped over. Putting as much distance between the two of them as he could while still staying under the blankets. Vitalasy was definitely warmer than Subz was, but Subz valued his pride more.

“What the fuck were you doing,” Subz probed, eyes narrowed.

Vitalasy didn’t look sorry at all, “huddling for warmth.” He answered, “like penguins!” He reached out and grabbed one of Subz’s hands and pressed it between two of his. “You’re so cold…” he muttered as an afterthought.

That was basically the answer Subz was expecting, but he was still trying to process... everything.

“No.” Subz finally managed to summon words out of the mess of emotions his brain was currently swirling around.

“No, we are not going to huddle for warmth. Like penguins.” He yanked his hand out of Vitalasy’s grasp, denying to himself again that it felt warmer from being pressed between Vitalasy’s palms.

“But you’re literally freezing!” Vitalasy exclaimed and grabbed Subz’s hand again. This time he brought it closer to himself and cradled it near his chest, which did absolutely nothing for Subz’s current mental state.

“And you’re literally not?” Subz asked, he caved for once and decided to leave his hand where it was for now.

Vitalasy burst into laughter at the ridiculousness of their situation and gently gave Subz his hand back. He had clearly won this one, Subz had lost the moment he chose to lay down without Vitalasy in his line of sight.

“Just turn over,” Vitalasy prompted with a small smile. No teeth, just a quirk of his lips.

Subz huffed and flopped back to his other side, “this is never happening again.” He warned.

“Yup,” Vitalasy wound his arms around Subz’s middle and shuffled closer.

“You’re never telling anyone about this,” Subz continued, but his hands found Vitalasy’s and tangled their fingers together.

“Of course,” Vitalasy reassured. “Goodnight Subz!”

“Shut up.”

—

The second time Subz shared a bed with Vitalasy it’s out of routine. They’re both tired and battered after a fight, barely making it back to their base in one piece.

Subz stops in their chest room to re-sort his inventory and remove his broken gear, but Vitalasy keeps trudging through the base. There was the noise of Vitalasy knocking out a couple blocks, then his armor clattering to the ground and a soft thump as he presumably flopped onto a bed. He already had one in his inventory, Subz snorted at his eagerness to get to sleep.

Subz finished sorting his items and made his way down the hallway towards where Vitalasy went.

He'd at least put Vitalasy's gear away for him, he likely just dropped it on the ground and went straight to sleep.

At the end of the hallway there was a narrow, block-wide corridor, with a room carved out at the other end of it. Vitalasy's sleep addled handiwork. Subz laughed a little at the sight of Vitalasy's boots hanging off the end of the bed, barely visible through the small crack in the wall. He shimmied himself through the opening in the rock and to the bolt hole that Vitalasy had made.

They always slept in places like this. Close enough to their base that they wouldn't be too far away from resources, but concealed enough behind a couple layers of blocks that they wouldn't be ambushed if someone found their base. Subz was pretty sure everyone else on the smp preferred to keep their respawn points in hidden locations far away from their bases, but he didn't really care. Plus it was easier this way, fight people, come home, pass the fuck out. Well, Subz preferred to reorganize himself before passing the fuck out, but Vitalasy seemed fine doing things in that order.

Subz put down a chest and began loading Vitalasy's armor into it. Considering his armor and gear was kicked haphazardly into a pile, the guy was definitely asleep by now. Subz was always telling him to keep at least some of his gear in his inventory when he slept but Vitalasy was just too stubborn. Something about feeling lighter without it. Which was absolute bullshit by the way. Subz knew from experience that Vitalasy was heavy all the damn time.

With his teammates gear sufficiently sorted, Subz turned to exit Vitalasy's bolt hole. He shuffled in his inventory for a second to find some smooth stone blocks in his hand to cover up the entryway. With the blocks in hand he started out the corridor when he was unexpectedly stopped.

Vitalasy made a noise that could have been Subz's name or could have been a jumble of letters. Whatever, it was intentional enough that it caught Subz's attention hard enough for him to turn around. Back on the bed, Vitalasy had untucked an arm from under his body and was making a singular grabby hand at Subz. His eye that wasn't smushed against the pillow was cracked open and peering at Subz from under his bangs.

"What- no. No I'm not sleeping with you again," Subz crossed his arms at Vitalasy's request.

"Woww.. I never said that but okay," Vitalasy flipped himself over onto his back so he could better face Subz.

"Dude- what the- you know. You know that's not what I meant!" This was part of the game again. Vitalasy liked to twist Subz's words into a joke and then giggle away at Subz's reaction. At this point, Subz was sure he only did it to annoy him. Well it was working.

"I'm leaving," Subz told him. "I'm straight up leaving."

"Subz, no- wa-a-ait," Vitalasy clamored out of the bed and stumbled across the room to grab Subz's wrist. He batted Subz's arm back and forth between his hands as he spoke.

"You're not gonna build a new hidey hole are you? You just put your tools away," Vitalasy asked with a grin. His eyes were still hazy with exhaustion so the expression didn't quite read, but Subz could tell he was proud of himself for noticing.

Subz glanced at his inventory. Vitalasy was right actually, he had left his pickaxe in one of the chest room chests. Not the smartest move, but no one was ever interested in finding his actual base, since Subz kept all of his farms in a different location.

Subz guessed Vitalasy was right, all he had on him was a sword, which wouldn't do much good

mining out blocks. Time to accept defeat.

“Fine. Fine, fine.” Subz pushed passed Vitalasy and kicked his boots off. “Why are you so obsessed with sharing a bed with me anyway?”

“Well you see-“ Vitalasy inclined his head a little and clasped his hands in front of him in a way that Subz knew meant he was about to say something stupid.

“Actually- I changed my mind, I don’t want to know.” Subz quickly interrupted. “Take your boots off. Don’t get dirt in the bed.”

“Yessir!” Vitalasy leaned against the wall to fumble with the buckles on his boots while Subz layed down on the bed. Purposefully facing away from Vitalasy.

Subz felt the bed dip behind him when Vitalasy sat down, he intentionally bounced the mattress as he got comfortable on his side. Purposefully facing towards Subz.

“Stoop, stop. Oh my god,” Subz complained about the bouncing.

“Sorry,” Vitalasy drew out the word in a small laugh. He then slung an arm around Subz’s middle and used it to flip Subz over so they were face to face. At this point, Subz was used to how handsy Vitalasy liked to be. He just let himself go limp so Vitalasy could flip him this way and that, Subz didn’t really mind.

“Hiiiiii” Vitalasy grinned from the part of his mouth not pressed against the bed. He pulled the covers up and over both of them and snuggled into his pillow. That was cute. Subz hated that.

“Shut up,” Subz retaliated and tried to scoot away. The bed was only made for one person, maybe even less than that considering how Vitalasy’s legs always hung off the end. Fitting two was a struggle, as they had found previously. Laying side by side put them practically nose to nose, even when Subz pressed his back against the wall.

Vitalasy blinked slow and even, and rubbed his cheek further into the pillow. Subz felt himself relaxing involuntarily by just looking at him.

“G’night Subz,” Vitalasy yawned, both of his ears stretched horizontally when his jaw opened.

“I’m- yeah, whatever.” Subz mentally winced at whatever just came out his mouth and flipped over again. He’d rather be nose to nose with the cold, hard, stone wall than nose to nose with that guy.

“Goodnight Vitalasy.”

—

The third time Subz shared a bed with Vitalasy it’s out of comfort. He’s practically asleep on his feet at the spider spawner, sprawled over the anvil that one of them left in the middle of the room. All he needed to do was get a few more levels so he could enchant this and that, it was really all beginning to blur together now.

“Subz. Hey, hey! Subz!” Subz was startled awake by Vitalasy poking him in the side. Man he must have really been out, he hadn’t even heard Vitalasy come in.

“It really late,” Vitalasy yawned. He was already ready for bed, armor and outer layer of clothes removed. Subz always told him that walking around -yes, even in their base- without armor was really unsafe, but Vitalasy still did it anyway.

“Yeah, no shit,” Subz yawned right back. “I’m finishing the enchantments on this…” -he glanced down to the anvil- “pickaxe.”

“Okay,” Vitalasy hummed and climbed on top of the bookshelf to lay down.

“That was not an invitation for you to wait with me.”

“Mhm. Okay.”

Subz sighed and checked the spawner, it looked ready enough. A few sword swings later and he had enough levels to finish the enchantments. Tucking the pickaxe into his inventory, Subz turned to get Vitalasy.

His teammate was asleep on the bookshelf, one hand propped under his cheek, the other dangling down. He was a little bit adorable, not that Subz was going to do anything about it. Right now he needed that adorable idiot awake so they could go back into their main base.

“Vitalasy. Vitalasy. Vitalasy!” Subz shouted his name until Vitalasy woke with a startle, hitting his head on the ceiling above him.

“Duuuude,” Vitalasy whined. “Why would you do that?” He shook both of his hands to release the pressure on his wrists and slowly moved to get off the bookshelf.

“It’s not my fault you decided to sleep there,” Subz shrugged and turned to leave. Halfway out of the door Subz felt Vitalasy loop both of his arms around one of Subz’s. He dropped his head onto Subz’s shoulder, eyes still closed from exhaustion.

“Don’t let me run into anything,” he requested.

Subz snorted, “just because you said that I’m gonna hit you on as many things as I can.”

“Whoa, hit on?”

“Shut up dude, just shut up.” Subz chuckled and leaned his head onto Vitalasy’s as best he could while still leading them both through the cave.

Vitalasy’s laughter was cut off by a series of coughs as he struggled to clear his throat from his impromptu nap. Subz barked out a laugh and used the arm Vitalasy was latched onto to jab him in the stomach. Vitalasy yelped and glared at Subz out of the corner of his eye, but his coughs stopped so it worked.

The walk back to their base was relatively short. Over the span of roughly three seasons, Subz found that people were rarely interested in raiding their base for their spawn points. Therefore neither of them really needed to worry about their sleeping places being compromised unless the server was going through a war.

Of course that knowledge didn’t stop them from still sleeping in hidden locations. Currently they used a basic sliding door disguised as a wall to hide their bedroom. Vitalasy slapped the button to open the wall with half hearted force. The two leaned on each other while the wall started to move.

Before the fake wall had even slid all the way open Vitalasy was shimmying through and tugging Subz along with him.

“Hello? Stop-“ Subz complained as Vitalasy dragged him over to the hanging chests that held their gear at night. Vitalasy shoved him at one of the chests, trying to speed up the process of Subz

getting in bed.

As soon as Subz's chest plate was off, Vitalasy plastered himself to Subz's back and looped his arms around his middle. He was tall enough to rest his chin on Subz's head, but he chose to press his cheek into Subz's hair instead.

Vitalasy stayed right where he was until Subz finished putting away his gear, then began tugging at his arm again. Silently, Subz let himself be led over to their nest and pulled down.

Normally Vitalasy slept on his side because of his tail, but tonight seemed like a night when he wanted Subz's weight on his chest. Subz didn't mind any way they slept, as long as he could feel Vitalasy's heartbeat and breath.

The way there were now, he was getting plenty of both. Vitalasy's heartbeat thrummed though Subz's chest like an echo of his own, and his breath ruffled Subz's hair from where his head was lolled to the side.

Subz pressed a kiss to Vitalasy's throat before shifting his arms to hug the pillow underneath Vitalasy's head, encircling him in a hug. Vitalasy's arms came to rest around Subz's back, and one of his hands drifted up to wrap around Subz's shoulder.

As Subz felt himself becoming more and more limp with sleep he forced out a mumble that vaguely resembled "goodnight."

Vitalasy managed to whisper an intelligible "'night" before also drifting off to sleep.

End Notes

Had a baller time writing that middle section and then had to force the other two out of me.....and you can TELL

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!