

Glimpse of Us

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Glimpse of Us

by Anonymous

Summary

Subz sleeping habits through the years.

Notes

Title is from Glimpse of Us but specifically the Caleb Hayes and Derivakat version
also happy vitalasubzam week eve!!

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

The first thing Subz noticed when he woke up was the smell of smoke. It wasn't all encompassing or suffocating, there was no heat or soot stinging his eyes, no actual threat to him. There was still warmth, not from a fire but from a body breathing next to him. He cracked one eye open and a sleeping Vitalasy swam into view. Yesterday's events didn't come crashing back to him in a wave, more trickling like the steady drip of a faucet he was too lazy to turn off. The fire, the ashes, the whole of Vitalasy's life blown into the wind; they washed over him and simply kept moving. There was nothing he could do to bring it back to his best friend so he simply closed his eyes, wrapped an arm over top of Vi's sleeping form, and pressed a fraction closer. They'd deal with it in the morning.

It was too fucking hot when Subz woke up. They hadn't managed to get the AC working yesterday while moving in but were too tired to figure it out that evening, assuming it would be cool enough to sleep through the night. The night was fine but their eastern facing room seemed to have a different plan for the morning. With curses streaming under his breath, Subz reluctantly got out of bed and pulled the window and blinds shut. It didn't matter if it was already day time, he was *not* dealing with that till he'd had enough sleep. He turned back to his bed and froze. Logically he knew Vitalasy was there, they'd spent half the fucking moving process arguing about sleeping arrangements, but it still caught him off guard. The slivers of sunlight that were slipping through the cracked blinds lit up his hair like fire and for a moment Subz considered standing there for the rest of the morning.

Vitalasy's chest rose and fell with an even consistency he never seemed to have when he was awake, always bouncing from one thing to the next, or more recently stuttering with inhales and exhales as he tried to stay calm. At some point in the night they, or more accurately he, had kicked off all but one of the sheets. The one remaining was twisted around Vitalasy like a scene out of a renaissance painting, or maybe like a monster trying to swallow him whole. Subz watched as the fabric shifted and Vi rolled closer to the middle of the bed. If he didn't move fast his spot would be overrun by a fully passed out Vitalasy in moments. He couldn't really be bothered to care.

But he still got back onto his side of the mattress and settled in facing the other boy in his bed. The sun rays had moved in just the few minutes he'd been awake and one hit Vi's outstretched hand. Subz stared at it as it slowly shifted and some sleep-addled part of his brain told him he needed to catch it, scoop it up and keep it for the two of them. Slowly he reached out and touched his fingers to Vi's upturned palm, the sunbeam lighting up their skin and filling the empty space between them. It felt right. Subz closed his eyes.

To be quite honest, Subz was kind of surprised he didn't wake up with a headache given the amount that he'd had to drink the night before. Ok well, it wasn't that much in the grand scheme of things, certainly less than Vitalasy had, but he was still new to it all. It wasn't exactly like he'd gone to any parties and shit in high school, and they were still too young to get alcohol on their own, relying on places that didn't care enough to card or people Vitalasy somehow knew.

Last night their supplier had been whoever it was throwing a house party for Halloween. Vitalasy had insisted they go together in costume, Subz resisted but ultimately caved like always, which is how he found himself with battery powered light wrapped around him and Vitalasy in a moth costume hanging off his arm as they made their way home.

"You're the light of my life!" Vi had said for who even knows how many times that night. "I love you," he added with a definitive nod. That one was certainly the first of the night. Subz managed not to stumble too bad at the words as they made it to the top of the stairs. It wasn't the first time Vitalasy had said it, both of them had said it before, but sparingly. This was still all so new to them. He swallowed thickly as he unlocked the door, Vitalasy's weight heavy on his side as he took a deep breath.

"I love y-"

"What do you think about the moon?" Vitalasy said, clearly not having heard him, off in his own little tipsy world.

"I think," Subz sighed, locking the door behind them and leaning down to untie Vi's shoes, "That you're drunk as fuck and way too loud." He helped Vi shed his shirt without it getting stuck and got the two of them into their bedroom with minimal stumbling. Vitalasy collapsed on his side of the bed and flopped over to make grabby hands at Subz who turned away and told him he was getting them water for their nearly certain hangovers tomorrow.

He took his time filling up the glasses, drinking one himself and grabbing a bottle of Ibuprofen on the way back. Thoughts were swirling in his mind that he had definitely not sorted by the time he made it back and got even more tangled up when Vi grabbed his wrist to pull him down and nearly got a cup full of water in his face for it. Subz cursed and set the glasses down on the dresser next to their bed and let himself be pulled onto a very cuddly Vitalasy. He sighed and settled in knowing he wasn't making it out of this until Vi was firmly asleep. By the time he was Subz couldn't seem to find the willpower to extract himself and drifted off to sleep after him.

Now it was midmorning and Vi was stirring, looking up at Subz with blurry eyes and wincing in the sunlight.

"Hi," he said in a groggy voice. "What time is it?" Subz glanced at his phone, reading 9:07 a.m. He told Vi as much and handed him one of the glasses of water which he happily accepted.

"It's still early, come on, let's go back to sleep," Vi said, scooting a bit closer as his eyes started to droop. Subz took a breath to steady himself.

“I love you.”

Vitalasy was suddenly very awake and looking at him with wide eyes. Again, it wasn't the first time Subz had said it (and he hoped it wouldn't be the last), but he'd never said it so clearly, looking Vitalasy in the eyes, not making a joke, not trying to hide. He fought the urge to take it back or roll over and pretend it never happened.

“You were too drunk and loud last night to hear me. I love you,” he said again, quieter but with the same sincerity. Vitalasy blinked a few times, seemingly letting the words sink in. At least that's what Subz hoped he was doing and not just completely ignoring what he said. After way too long he smiled and pulled Subz closer, nuzzling into his hair.

“Well good then.”

Subz huffed out a laugh and pulled him in closer still, wrapping him up in another hug and threading a few fingers through his hair. He supposed Vi was right, it was early enough to head back to sleep.

Subz was used to waking up before Vitalasy. It had been their routine for years at this point; they'd crash around the same time after staying up later than they should, Subz would wake up one or four times in the middle of the night randomly until the sun rose and he could reasonably get up. More often than not he would spend that interim time staring at Vitalasy. Not in a creepy way ok, more like in a “holy shit how did I get so lucky” kinda way. He was definitely feeling that this time around, only now it was feeling lucky that he was still alive. Subz couldn't tear his eyes away from the mostly even stitches cascading down Vitalasy's torso. He had looked at them so many times he had each one memorized and cataloged and burned into his mind every time he shut his eyes. His fingers itched to trace them, to memorize them by feel too, but he knew that was an absolutely deranged dumb fuck idea.

With more difficulty than he was willing to admit, Subz tore his eyes away from the wounds on Vitalasy's chest. He watched the steady rise and fall of his shoulders as he breathed, watched the slight movement under his eyelids as he dreamed. Vi said he hadn't dreamed since he came back from the desert but Subz didn't believe him. They were shit at lying to each other. With the same carefulness one would use when approaching a scared animal, he reached out his hand and brushed his fingertips along the ridge of Vi's jaw. His skin felt the same as it always had. He hoped to god it stayed that way.

His fingers continued their path down his jaw to his neck, across his collarbones, to rest just above the first stitch he'd made only days ago. The moonlight shone through the open window, showing just how red and angry the skin was. Subz let his hand fall to their bed and snaked it down to intertwine it with Vitalasy's. This would have to be enough, it would have to last him until he was healed and whole again. Subz fell asleep wondering if he ever truly would be.

For the first time in a long time Vitalasy was awake before Subz. In fact Subz had been woken up by the silent giggles of the man trapped under his arm. He peaked an eye open to find that while the two of them were awake, Zam most certainly was not. Sunlight lit up his face and for a moment Subz forgot to breathe. His hair was like spun gold and those stupidly adorable freckles across his cheeks were like drops of honey. If he was awake his eyes would be shining like something Subz couldn't think of because he'd already thought of gold and honey and it was too early to think about poetry and shit. He was tempted to wake Zam up just to see them but he couldn't bring himself to do something so cruel for once. Vitalasy seemed to have no issues with it however, running his fingers through Zam's hair and tapping across his cheeks where the sun shone. Zam's forehead creased as he stirred and slowly blinked open his eyes, squinting in the already bright light. Vitalasy giggled again.

"Well good morning, Sunshine," he said in a whisper. Zam readjusted himself so the light wasn't hitting him directly in his eyes and he yawned.

"Sunshine? Really, that's what we're calling me now?" he asked in his sleepest voice. Subz felt rather than heard the hum in Vi's chest as he ran his hand through Zam's hair again, tucking an unruly strand behind his ear.

"Well duh," he said, cupping Zam's face and running a thumb across his cheekbone like Subz had done to Vitalasy a thousand times before. His heart fluttered. "I mean come on, the hair, the clothes, the actual sunlight right now." Zam rolled his eyes.

"Uh huh, sure, can we go back to sleep now?" he said, already closing his eyes and scooting closer to Vi who wrapped an arm around him. Vi's other hand snaked up to find where Subz's was laying limp across his waist and squeezed it three times. Subz shut his eyes before tears started forming. For just a moment everything was completely and perfectly right with the world.

There was no sunlight or moonlight coming through the windows when Subz woke up. The hastily bought sheets fit poorly on his couch and felt wrong against his skin, but everything did these days. He opened his eyes to the plain white of his living room ceiling and he couldn't find it in himself to look anywhere else. There was no point anyways, no one was waiting for him to his side. The arm that dangled off the side of the couch brushed up against a pile of missing person's flyers that he would spend the rest of the day putting up around town. He didn't want to think about them right now. He didn't want to think of anything. Not the bloodstains he tried day after day to get off his bedroom floor, not the emptiness of his apartment, not the constant worry that tugged at his heart while the only two people he actually fucking cared about stayed out of his reach.

For the first time in a very long time, Subz fell back to sleep alone.

End Notes

so, this was originally going to be the end of 'missing scenes' but then i heard No Choir by Florence and the Machine and now there will be at least one more entry, so, everyone say thank you florence

Thank you for reading, I feel like this fic in particular is a perfect encapsulation of what this series is, just a few interspersed scenes in the lives of these two, (then three, then one) characters. Im normal about them i swear

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