

Homemade Headache Cures

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Homemade Headache Cures

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Summary

“Vitalasy,” Subz announced. “I can’t fucking see, and it fucking hurts.” He emphasized his point by knocking his head against Vitalasy’s shoulder, the metal of his armor hurt slightly. Vitalasy made another sympathetic noise in the back of his throat and bumped his chin to Subz’s head. Normally their head bumps were comforting to Subz, but now they just made his head hurt worse. Damn these fucking glasses.

Notes

I just think we need to talk more about c!Subz with glasses

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

Subz sat in front of about twelve double chests, trying to mentally talk himself into sorting items. He had been putting it off for several days now, and his inventory was hurting because of it.

Absent-mindedly he glanced towards the current chests that held practically all of his items when he didn’t need them. He just wasn’t able to concentrate, his focus had been awful the last few days, probably something to do with his contacts.

Just last week, Subz accidentally opened his eyes while underwater, which not only hurt because of

the saltwater, but also cost him his contacts. It was basically the worst thing to happen to Subz all year. No, he wasn't being dramatic, contacts genuinely sucked.

Contacts weren't just a hassle because they cost more than anything, but they also took a damn long time to replenish too. Subz ordered a new pair as fast as he could once he realized that he needed to, but it could be another month before he got replacements. And with his travel being restricted to invitation only because of his status as an SMP player, he couldn't go buy some himself.

So for the time being, he was stuck with his glasses, which were unfortunately outfitted with his old prescription. A prescription too low. Needless to say, the faint fuzziness of his vision was not doing good things to his head.

Subz removed his glasses and shut his eyes, the darkness was very welcome to his tortured retinas. If there was nothing to see, then there was nothing to be out of focus. It barely helped with his headache though, the pain still pulsed behind his eye sockets.

“Subz!” A cheerful voice came from the doorway. Oh thank fuck, Vitalasy was here. “What're you doing?” Subz could hear Vitalasy get closer, within touching distance.

Subz sighed and slipped his glasses back on, eyes squinting.

“Nothing really;” he answered. “Trying to sort these items.” He gestured uselessly at the mass of chests in front of him to emphasize their unsortedness. “It's not going well, my head hurts so fucking bad.”

Vitalasy immediately cooed sadly and bundled Subz into his arms, reaching one hand up to press gently on Subz's eyelids. A kiss was pressed to Subz's temple and that was all it took for him to go slack against Vitalasy's body, face pressed into his shoulder. He didn't normally let himself get this pitiful with Vitalasy during the day, but this was a special occasion. Pain makes you do stupid things, so does love. Subz happened to be experiencing both of those things right now.

Subz let out a long breath, feeling his hair blow back from the force of it. He screwed his eyes shut in an attempt to overpower his headache, but it barely did anything.

“Vitalasy,” Subz announced. “I can't fucking see, and it fucking hurts.” He emphasized his point by knocking his head against Vitalasy's shoulder, the metal of his armor hurt slightly. Vitalasy

made another sympathetic noise in the back of his throat and bumped his chin to Subz's head. Normally their head bumps were comforting to Subz, but now they just made his head hurt worse. Damn these fucking glasses.

"I know babe," Vitalasy soothed, one of his hands rubbing circles on Subz's back. "Did they say how long it would take the replacement contacts to come in?"

"Fifteen to thirty business days," Subz air quoted, then looped his arms around Vitalasy's neck just to do something with them. "Which is a long ass time."

Vitalasy hummed in agreement and kissed Subz's hair again. "Did you also order replacement lenses for these?" Vitalasy tapped the side of Subz's glasses, the metallic click rang quietly in the air.

"Yup," Subz nodded against Vitalasy's collarbone. "Took twice as long to place the order, Parrot nearly kicked me out."

Vitalasy laughed, "you coulda gone to Ash, he's got access to the Hub, I think."

"Yeah, through the server connection," Subz argued. "Would be glitchy as hell. I'm just glad I got them ordered, I'm *not* dealing with wearing the wrong prescription again."

Subz turned his head to look at Vitalasy, his forehead still pressed into his shoulder. From where Subz was tucked into his neck, Vitalasy couldn't really make eye contact with Subz, but he sure tried.

"Mhm," Vitalasy smiled, and then pushed Subz back by his shoulders.

"Ow, owww," Subz complained about the change in light level. He snapped his eyes shut and massaged his temples again.

When Subz opened his eyes he was greeted with Vitalasy looking at him with the stupidest lovestruck expression. His eyes were crinkled at the ends from the force of his big smile, and the tips of his ears dropped to the side in adoration. If Subz wasn't used to this every day of his life, he would be absolutely gone.

“What,” Subz prompted, hands frozen midair and cheeks reddening despite his supposed tolerance to Vitalasy faces.

“Sorry,” Vitalasy drew out the word. “The glasses make you look *so* cute.” He moved his hands up to frame Subz’s face, thumbs tracing across his rapidly darkening cheeks.

“They don’t,” Subz argued. “They literally don’t.” He didn’t actually mind his glasses that much, but they did *not* hold up well during fights. For that reason, he mostly wore contacts. He couldn’t however agree that his glasses were cute, they were just glasses.

Vitalasy didn’t answer him, just pulled him in closer, causing Subz to move his hands to Vitalasy’s shoulders. After a few seconds of staring, Vitalasy broke into a small giggle and tilted his head. If possible, his dumb expression increased even more. Great, he was going insane.

At the same time that Subz opened his mouth to break the silence, Vitalasy started talking.

“They’re so cute, they’re adorable,” he fawned. “You’re adorable,” he amended. “I love you,” he punctuated the last sentence with a nod, giving the words an air of finally.

Subz blinked. He really didn’t know what to say, so he just closed his mouth. His eyes flicked all over the place while he tried to get his fried brain to think of something to say. The combination of Vitalasy induced brain fuzz and his preexisting headache were not doing him any favors.

He was thankfully saved when Vitalasy’s grin softened and he pulled him in for a kiss. Subz, glad to have an opportunity to *show* how he felt instead of forcing his emotions into words, absolutely melted, eyes falling shut and hands moving to the back of Vitalasy’s neck. Somehow Vitalasy managed to maneuver around Subz’s glasses enough to kiss Subz with force and still not dig his glasses into either of their faces. Subz was impressed by that, but he was more impressed by the way Vitalasy’s mouth slid over his own, pressing their chapped lips together.

When Vitalasy pulled back, Subz felt slightly dizzy in the way that he always did after Vitalasy kissed him, and he was sure his face showed it. Luckily, Vitalasy didn’t comment on it and instead began rambling again, still caught up in Subz’s glasses.

“They make your eyes look so big,” he cooed. “They’re so cute, Subz. They really are.” Subz has never seen Vitalasy look at him like this before, like he was the sweetest thing in the world. It was

doing things to Subz's brain that really should not be happening just because of *one guy* , but here he was.

“Uhuh,” Subz nodded, still absolutely incoherent. “You’ve told me that about ten times now.”

“It’s true!” Vitalasy shook his shoulders lightly, careful not to jostle him too much.

“I really don’t-“ Subz was interrupted by a finger on his mouth, pressing his lips closed.

“Just accept it Subz,” Vitalasy shook his head. “The glasses make you look cute.”

Subz made a disbelieving face but started to consider... “maybe I’ll wear the glasses more... when they have the right lenses?” He ventured.

The last words were barely out of Subz’s mouth before Vitalasy was bunching the fabric of Subz’s shirt into his hands and dragging him upwards.

Their teeth clacked and Vitalasy one hundred percent almost poked himself in the eye with Subz’s glasses, but his intentions were so, so clear.

“So that’s a yes to more glasses?” Subz asked against Vitalasy’s lips, their noses bumped together at the movement. The question was ridiculously rhetorical, but it made Vitalasy laugh and sigh exasperatedly, so it was absolutely worth it.

“Yes, Subz,” Vitalasy shook his shoulders again. “Yes, wear your glasses more. Oh my god.” He rolled his eyes and laid his head on Subz’s shoulder in exasperation. Subz slid one of his hands into Vitalasy’s hair, keeping him there. They stood in silence for a minute, Vitalasy bent over Subz but still somehow holding him up. Then, with warm puffs of air being blown onto his neck, Subz realized something.

“Wait-“ Subz pulled Vitalasy back up to eye level. He blinked at Subz, eyes wide and eyebrows raised. “When you’re this close to me I can see you clearly!” Well, not completely clearly, but enough to lessen the strain on Subz’s eyes a decent amount. He was nearsighted so that made sense.

“Really?” Vitalasy asked excitedly, hands jumping back up to Subz’s face. After a second, his smile quickly turned into a smug smirk. “Then I guess I’ll just have to stay right here where you can focus on my face!” Vitalasy narrowed his eyes and bumped his nose to Subz’s, emphasizing *just* how close he would supposedly have to be.

Subz scoffed, “okay, you narcissist,” he jabbed Vitalasy in the shoulder accusingly, causing him to jerk backwards and accidentally pull Subz with him.

Now chest to chest with Vitalasy, Subz allowed himself a moment of weakness in the form of words. “But if you could just...” Subz gestured vaguely in a motion that even he didn’t know what meant. “Stay. Here... y’know?” He tilted his head down awkwardly, looking up at Vitalasy, hoping he understood what he was trying to say.

Vitalasy’s grin widened and he brought Subz’s head closer to press a kiss to his forehead, “anything for you Z” he murmured. One of his hands drifted down to Subz’s lower back to guide him to stumble even closer to Vitalasy. Both of Subz’s arms limply locked around Vitalasy back, holding him there as much as he held Subz.

In the safety of Vitalasy’s arms, Subz closed his eyes and let them roll down, finally giving them the rest they needed. With a gentle exhale, he relaxed all the way into Vitalasy, letting his senses turn off and his to-do’s melt away.

End Notes

Don't mind me just throwing some worldbuilding in there... whoa where'd that come from :0

I thought long and hard about a nickname for Subz and then just shortened his already short name. Help-

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