

## Wormman is Trying His Best

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## Wormman is Trying His Best

by [solacebean](#)

### Summary

Evil X is a glitch who was born almost completely deaf, although nobody seems to know this- not even their brother.

Wormman finds out.

Wormman wasn't really *supposed* to know, he was just. Curious. He wanted to know what was under the helmet, sure, but more than that he wanted to know what it felt like to *wear* the helmet.

And Wormman wasn't exactly known for being subtle- and he considers himself and Ex to be quite good friends. So, naturally, the polite question that was supposed to be asked at a good time turned into something more like...

"I want to wear your helmet!", the shout came, accompanied by the slamming open of a door.

The door in question lead to a private room- one which Wormman happened to know currently housed his one and only sidekick. The sidekick that was also currently glaring daggers at him.

Huh.

Okay, yeah, *maybe* he should've been a bit more subtle but hey! He was excited, give him a break!

So what if his sidekick jumped several feet in the air before whirling around and glaring? Wormman sure didn't see that, he wasn't exactly paying that much attention until he noticed the silence. Hm.

Yeah, okay, maybe he slammed the door too hard, but surely he should've gotten an answer by now right? He was certain he had exclaimed it loud enough to hear, right? Or- maybe the door had been just as loud and cut him off somehow? Yeah that must've been it. Okay that's fine, he can just ask again, although the effect will have been lost. Oh, well.

"I- uh, I wanted to try on your helmet. If that was- alright with you?", it came out as more of a question at the end there, come on Wormman we talked about this! Confidence!

And it was still silent, but maybe this time it was just Ex contemplating their words? Yeah that seemed like something they would do. Right? Yeah, definitely. Of course.

Was Wormman getting nervous from the extended silence? No! Of course not! Why would you ever think tha-!

"-and why, exactly, would you want to do that?"

Do what? What? Oh- oh! Oh yeah, right, that thing that he asked and definitely didn't just forget about! Mhm, yep! Uh-

Oh yeah, the helmet! And- oh it's been. He should probably respond now, huh?

"Oh- uh, yeah I just- uhm, I just kinda wanted to know what it would... feel like? Wearing it?", it sounds stupid now, saying it out loud, oh dear, uhm, "Sorry, that must sound. Kind of silly, huh? Maybe I shouldn't have asked? It's fine I can just, uhm, leave you be now- yeah I'll just- I'll do that-"

He was cut off by a sigh. Was it from exasperation or annoyance or something else? He couldn't really tell.

"Worm, for Void's sake, get over here," Ex groaned out. Exasperated it was. Or, no, it could still be annoyed.

He walked over.

Perhaps they could see how nervous he was. Wormman knew his sidekick was especially

observant, he wouldn't put it past them to pick up on it- even if Wormman wasn't nervous because heroes don't get nervous, that's ridiculous.

He was standing in front of them now, and it was silent again, and perhaps they could see how nervous he was because instead of getting right to the point like they usually do they instead started with a softer tone, just a light, "hey."

It was just one word, but it spoke volumes to Wormman, and he appreciated that. He could tell the smile he tried to send Ex's way was much wobblier than he would've liked, but Ex didn't point it out, just smiled back- at least Wormman assumes they smiled back. Their eyes did that crinkly thing they do when they sound amused, so they must have.

They seemed to be debating something- probably something really important if it was taking them this long to come to a conclusion, and while Wormman wasn't quite sure what they were thinking about, he knew it would be best to let them sort it out on their own. So, he stayed quiet, and just tried to bask and relax in the presence of his sidekick.

Finally, they spoke up, "I... don't think it would be a good idea. I can't exactly... turn it off, and I don't know how it could affect you."

And, yeah okay that probably makes sense, but Wormman has absolutely no idea what Ex is talking about. Turn what off? What could affect him? What were they going on about?

With a tilted head and a perplexed expression, he tried to voice those questions to his partner. In turn, Ex only seemed to become somewhat apprehensive, as if preparing for something.

Preparing for what? Heck if Wormman knew. Although, it seemed he would get an answer after all, as Ex started speaking up moments later.

"The uh- my helmet might affect your hearing if you wear it. It could damage it. Maybe. I don't exactly think it would be wise to try and test it out."

...Okay, yeah, no, Wormman was still confused.

"If you think it could damage *my* hearing, why wouldn't it hurt you?", and yeah, that was a fair question, and now that Wormman thought about it a bit more he was beginning to grow concerned for his friend.

Of course, as always, most of his worries were washed away as soon as Ex started speaking again.

"It can't damage my hearing since it's designed to help it, I suppose. It's meant for my ears, not yours. It would probably sound way too loud or amplified for you or something, and I'm sure that

could affect you negatively,” they explained.

“Well,” Wormman started, “what makes your ears so different from mine?”

It took another moment for Ex to respond, but Wormman is used to his sidekick needing some time to gather their thoughts. It didn't bother him to have to wait for an answer, since based off of how this conversation has been going, he will get one eventually.

And he was right, of course. Because no one knew Ex better than he did.

“I'm deaf.”

Scratch that, Wormman clearly knew less than Ex himself did. Go figure.

He still knew he was second best. Probably.

And- oh, Ex looks... they must be nervous. That's nervous shifting that they're doing, Wormman can recognize that anywhere.

Why are they nervous? Did he say something to make them uncomfortable? That can't be right, they were the last person to say anything, weren't they? Why would- oh. Right. That was. Probably some really important information. He should respond. That must be where he went wrong, huh.

Ex looked like they were about ready to bolt, so he should probably speak up now if he didn't want that to happen. What were they talking about before that? Oh, right, yeah.

“So your helmet is designed to amplify your hearing, which is not very good on its own apparently, and you think that could hurt me because it would amplify *my* hearing to a point it shouldn't? Is that- did I get that right? I hope I got that right, I'd be rather embarrassed if I didn't,” he knew he was beginning to ramble a bit but he wasn't sure what else to say, and it seemed to be calming Ex down so he was sure it was fine. Right? Yeah, must be.

Slowly, Ex's shoulders relaxed- when did they get tensed up?- and they let out a light chuckle.

They don't laugh often. They should do it more, Wormman liked that sound.

“Yeah, yeah, you got that right,” they eventually responded.

Wormman smiled a little more, “oh, that's good! Got a bit worried for a second.”

Ex shook their head- fondly? Wormman was going to assume fondly, they seemed to be in a good mood. Or a better one anyway.

And then Wormman remembered something Ex mentioned the first time they brought up the helmet in this conversation. Something about how they couldn't turn it off? He must have been referring to the hearing helper- does that count as a hearing aid? Wormman thinks it does- part of it.

He wonders...

"Hey Ex," he began, getting a hum in reply, urging him to continue, "does it bother you that you can't turn it off?"

A pause.

Another hum, this time Wormman thinks it's contemplative.

"A little. Sometimes, the noises can be kind of annoying. I can't really understand words, I read lips and try to match them to the general sound the helmet might help me pick up- it's a lot better at picking up louder noises, though. I can't actually hear a whole lot, with the helmet off the most I could hear is some loud slams or something, and they probably sound a lot more muffled or faint than you would hear. There are times where I wish I could turn it off, but usually I can't just take the helmet off because there's someone around, or I can't take it off for long enough to really make much of a difference," Ex explained.

This, of course, just made Wormman's grin grow even more- practically from ear to ear.

"Well, would you want me to help you try and figure out a design that could let it turn off? Or be even more customizable? Like not just turn it off, but you could get it to turn down the volume or set it to pick up smaller noises but not loud ones- would that even be possible? I'm not sure, we'd have to research it- oh but that's only if you want to try of course, I wouldn't go messing around with that stuff without your permission I mean it's your helmet after all you're going to be the one that's going to where it--"

Once again, he was cut off, although this time it wasn't by a sigh.

“I would like that, I think.”

And Wormman didn't have to look to know that Ex was smiling at him.

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