

come back to bed, my love (my light is low)

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Summary

Zam is their counterbalance, the point at the top of the triangle, so far away and yet so close at the same time. The sunlight runs through his hair and turns it into a rich colour, a brown so warm that it wouldn't be out of place in a fire.

It makes the other side of the bed feel empty, the side that Ro usually occupies, with his long limbs and obnoxious sleeping habits that usually make Mapicc want to shove him off of the bed and pretend it was a complete accident (it would not be). Zam gets the middle for that exact reason, and Mapicc has not regretted sacrificing him to the grabby, kicky, tossing-and-turning hell that is a sleeping Ro.

A rare free morning leads to group coffee and cuddles.

Notes

This was supposed to be pure fluff, and then Team Awesome started Team Awesome-ing. I don't think they can do fluff without a shitton of bickering. It's just how they're coded, and it makes them so fun to write.

Title is from No Place I'd Rather Be by The Wrecks, which inspired this.

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

Early morning sunlight filters in through the wall that is more window than wall, casting lines of honey-gold and luminous white across the laminate floor, the piles of clothes that never-quite managed to be picked up after being discarded. It lights up the posters in their frames, from the red slashes of horror movies to the deep grooves of carefully-hung records.

The sun reaches out, and it runs gentle hands along Zam's face, sneaks into the creases of his eyes, dances across the planes of his face that are relaxed for once. It's a sight Mapicc could spend the rest of his life staring at, how he turns soft with sleep in a way that he still hasn't been able to replicate when awake.

Zam is the soft one out of the three, the one with an open heart and a desire to use his hands for good. His sharpness isn't like Mapicc's, intentionally wielded and honed to a point, and it isn't like Ro's, all devious grins and pointed statements at the worst times. Zam is sharp because he is desperate to fit in, full of nerves and weakness that he tries his best to mask.

Mapicc still hasn't decided if Zam's weakness is a good thing or not, but it's nice to watch him soft, watch him try to buffer down the harsh edges that he and Ro so easily throw around. For now, he is their counterbalance, the point at the top of the triangle, so far away and yet so close at the same time. The sunlight runs through Zam's hair and turns it into a rich colour, a brown so warm that it wouldn't be out of place in a fire.

It makes the other side of the bed feel empty, the side that Ro usually occupies, with his long limbs and obnoxious sleeping habits that usually make Mapicc want to shove him off of the bed and pretend it was a complete accident (it would not be). Zam gets the middle for that exact reason, and Mapicc has not regretted sacrificing him to the grabby, kicky, tossing-and-turning hell that is a sleeping Ro.

Still, he misses him, the way he squints in the sunlight and always makes jokes about it being the asscrack of morning, because if Ro can slip a reference to any of his lower half into a statement, he will.

Ro is the early bird out of all of them, has the early morning shifts and likes to bask in the sunlight despite being a hellion to wake up half of the time. Today is one of the blissful days where he has nothing to do, no things to get ready, and Mapicc savours it. Days where all three of them are off, are free, are able to sit around and do jack-fucking-shit are rare, which is why Mapicc memorizes the way Zam wakes up, small little increments that end with him blinking deep, rich brown eyes at Mapicc, hair sticking out around his face.

When Zam speaks, it's with his creaky, sleep-soaked morning voice, words slipping together with a sort of exhausted affection. "Mornin'."

"Took you long enough," he says in response, because there's no good way to describe how his heart floods with affection without sounding like a gross little fuck. "Last one awake again."

"I'm the only one here who values sleep," Zam mutters, eyes half-closed as he stretches, a soft, contented sound blending with the creaking of his joints. The second he's done stretching, he very promptly brings his arms down and drapes them over Mapicc, pressing his face into the junction between arm and shoulder. His words are muffled when he speaks again. "You're an old man and Ro's a masochist."

"And you've got your head in my armpit," Mapicc says, despite the fact that Zam technically does not have his head in his armpit. Semantics. "Do you want me to put you in a headlock this early in the morning?"

He gets a little grunt in response, one that he can feel against his skin, because Zam has his face smushed directly into it. It can't be the most comfortable position, considering Mapicc is leaning against his pillows at the lowest comfortable angle possible, and Zam has decided to flop against him like a beached whale.

“Okay, Zam, no,” he says when Zam refuses to move like any sane person would, halfway to sleep with one arm twisted awkwardly at his side and the other one thrown over Mapicc's torso. “What the fuck is wrong with you? Why are you like this?”

It's not comfortable. It's just *not*.

With his free hand, he reaches for Zam, hooks it around his side, and starts tugging, trying to move a whole ass body with nothing but determination and spite. It doesn't go well, considering gravity is extra strong on Zam who's too sleepy to do much more than make little muffled complaints and flop around like a corpse.

“Stop touching me,” Zam eventually mutters, blinking in a way that flutters his eyelashes against Mapicc's chest, which *tickles*, fuck *off*. “Lemme sleep.”

“I am not your homemade body pillow,” Mapicc retorts, continuing to touch Zam, because Zam touched him first. “Either cuddle properly or get your goofy ass off of me.”

His only defence is to say, “This is cuddling,” which, wrong.

“Cuddling is not dropping yourself over me like a corpse, Zam. Are you dead? Are you a dead whale? Do I need to make a tombstone saying here lies Zam, the stupid fucker who flopped himself over someone and then died? Make your body proper or I will put you in a grave.”

“I thought I was already supposed to be in a grave?” Zam asks, because he's the kind of person to find all the faults in Mapicc's words instead of listening to them. Regardless, it seems like he can take a hint, because he heaves himself up slowly, shooting Mapicc a lopsided grin before dropping himself back down, this time with his chest against Mapicc's, head tucked into the crease of his neck. “How dead am I right now, I need to know so I can embrace the role.”

Mapicc doesn't respond, simply takes note of the press of skin-on-skin, Zam's sleep-warmed chest a practical furnace against his won. Belatedly, Zam swings one of his legs over Mapicc's, so now Mapicc's trapped with a sleepy, clingy Zam on top of his body, with nowhere to go. If he were a lesser man, maybe he'd admit that he doesn't mind it.

Instead, he simply swings his arm over Zam's back, rubs lazy circles into the little divot right above where his waistband sits, and tries not to grimace at how Zam's breath is kinda damp against his neck. At least it's not morning breath aimed directly for his face, something Ro just *loves* to do.

Speaking of Ro, he makes his appearance with a mug in hand, very quickly taking stock of Mapicc and his unasked-for acquisition. Still, he doesn't stop rubbing Zam's back, meets Ro's teasing stare with a challenging one of his own before taking stock of his appearance.

He's still in his sleepwear, which is to say, he's wearing jack shit, except for the pants that can belong to nobody but him, because all of Zam and Mapicc's pants run short on him. They sit low on his hips, blue and purple hashed squares that match up with the contacts he occasionally slips into his eyes, the colourful ends of all his piercings.

He doesn't have his prosthetic on either, the gunmetal grey with accents of, you guessed it, lavender and blue, left discarded somewhere in the penthouse. It leaves his mug-carrying abilities

rather limited, but Mapicc doesn't mind it when he knows that Ro only takes his prosthetic off when he feels safe.

With a soft little clink, Ro puts the mug down on the nightstand nearest the door, the one that's pretty much become his, because he refuses to sleep anywhere but beside the door. It's as much a Ro thing as the way his coffee preference constantly changes the way he can't go ten minutes without saying something obnoxious.

Mapicc makes a move to scoot across the bed, to detach himself from Zam's sleepy figure and check out what's in the mug, but he stops short. Partly, it's because Zam can be a lead balloon when he wants, making muffled little whines of complaint when Mapicc even thinks of shifting.

Mostly, it's because the glare Ro sends his way is downright *threatening*,

"No. Don't touch, or you're a poophead," Ro says, despite the fact that Mapicc has now learnt he physically cannot crawl over to the other side of the bed. He's lucky too, because if he could, Mapicc would be trying to strangle him for talking about poop so early in the morning. "You'll hurt my feelings. Do you really want to hurt my feelings?"

"Yes," Mapicc says, Zam repeating it shortly after. He's not quite sure if Zam knows exactly what's going on, or if he's even opened his eyes in the past five minutes, but he's always ready to dunk on Ro, and that's what matters.

Regardless, neither of them move from their position, and that seems to be enough for Ro, because he turns and leaves the room, heads back to the kitchen for another mug. Mapicc makes use of the time to try and turn Zam into a functioning human being who doesn't need skin contact like a newborn baby. It's not very successful.

By the time Ro's made his second trip back to the bedroom, Zam's got his teeth dug into Mapicc's hand, because he's a *bitch*, and he picked it up from Mapicc, which is just quite frankly rude. He isn't biting down enough to hurt, which makes him a coward as well as a bitch, and Mapicc raises his eyebrows at Ro the second he opens his mouth like he's going to say something.

For once in his life, Ro seems to catch a hint, puts the second mug down, and then leaves. Mapicc takes the opportunity to roll himself over, which rolls Zam over, and now he's the one flattening Zam into oblivion like a weighted blanket. He likes this a *significant* amount more than he liked the previous arrangement, but Zam does not, grumbling around his mouthful of Mapicc-hand before letting go.

"Fine, fine. Mapicc, get off me."

"No," Mapicc says, very simply, because he too can be a bitch. It's payback.

"I hate you."

"Preaching to the choir, buddy. Pick a better insult, or get used to it."

"Get used to my teeth in your throat," Zam says, right before he bites Mapicc's throat, quite hard. It's petty, and annoying, and not sexy whatsoever, and hurts to boot, so Mapicc does the very mature thing, and starts swatting at Zam's head like a particularly annoying bug.

This is what Ro walks in on, holding the last of three mugs, because he's also a sappy loser who feels feelings every once in a while. He doesn't bat an eye, doesn't look at them like this is a strange occurrence, just says, "Biting kink? In front of *my* coffee?" and it's enough to get Zam to stop.

“Hi, Ro,” he says with a sleepy grin, sounding *so* much nicer than he did when talking to Mapicc. That little fucker, sucking up to the coffee-bringer. “Morning. Mapicc started it.”

“Mapicc started it’ my ass,” Mapicc very promptly responds, moving himself off of Zam, because it’s very clearly not helping his case. “Why are you tattling to Ro, he’s the first-grader, not the teacher.”

“Nuh-uh!” Ro says, very eloquently, putting the last mug down with care before launching himself towards the bed with significantly less care. He lands half-across Mapicc and half-across Zam, singular elbow digging right into his stomach with a vicious passion. “I’m so mature. Teachers want to be like me all the time. Eat my nuts.”

“Since when has a teacher ever said that, huh?” With no hesitation, Mapicc starts swatting at Ro, trying to get this idiot *off* of his vital organs before something gets crushed. This is why he likes Zam better. It’s easier to manhandle him, ‘cause he isn’t a magic tall beanstalk of a man. “Get off me! You and Zam are spending too much time together.”

The man in question, bad influence central, Zam Prince himself, bats his eyes innocently, reaches out to poke Mapicc’s face and ruffle Ro’s hair, following it up by whacking Ro on his ass, because the chance was so blatantly there. If Zam didn’t do it, Mapicc probably would have killed him, because the opportunity was *perfect*. “I’m not a bad influence,” he says as an afterthought, because he’s the lucky fucker who has Ro’s legs across his legs, and not a whole ass chest on his stomach.

“You’re a horrible influence!” Ro says with cheer, hauling himself off of Mapicc to completely cover Zam, which, *win*. Mapicc gets to push himself into a sitting-up position with nobody hindering his movements, and he gets to watch how Zam and Ro smile at each other, mischievous and adoring and with so much affection he might just get a toothache.

Unlike with Mapicc, Ro’s still got himself half lifted off Zam’s body, propped up with his arm and a careful bit of leg positioning, just enough room for their chests to brush together when they breathe. It’s unfair, and dumb, and way too kind of Ro, so Mapicc decides to throw in a taunt of, “Stop being a pussy and smother him.”

“Keep being a pussy and *don’t* smother me,” Zam says, right as Ro decides that Mapicc’s onto something, actually, because he’s the smart one here. All the breath gets taken out of Zam’s chest as Ro flops down on top of him, positioned in a way that pushes Zam’s face into his chest, leaving him effectively mute. It’s perfect, and Mapicc could kiss him for it.

“I’ll kiss you for that,” he says, because he’s not a pussy, and it’s early, and so sue him, maybe he wants kisses. Kisses are nice, when they’re not full of morning breath. From underneath Ro, Zam mumbles offended, unintelligible nonsense, and Mapicc can’t help but smile, a little affectionate, and a lot wicked.

“I like kisses!” Ro says, very promptly rolling off of Zam to climb into Mapicc’s lap, which just looks *weird*, because he’s so fucking tall that he just dwarfs Mapicc, legs folded away behind him like a spider. “You’re not going to lie to me and not kiss me, right?”

Mapicc reaches out to grab Ro’s chin in his hand, ignores Zam’s over the top wheezing in the background to tap his fingers across the line of his jaw, the faint rise of acne that never quite went away. “I’m not going to kiss you,” he lies, and then tugs Ro in, presses a chaste kiss to his lips that Ro immediately tries to deepen.

He allows it, right up until Ro starts trying to do weird things with his tongue, and then his grip on

Ro's chin comes in handy, because he can just straight up shove his face away. He's very clearly not happy about it, because Ro has a killer pout when he wants to, but Mapicc ignores it in favour of looking for Zam.

Zam, the annoying fucker with his warm brown hair and deep brown eyes that Mapicc could spend an eternity looking into, is sitting cross-legged, hands in his lap as he watches Mapicc and Ro like a particularly excited toddler. It makes Mapicc bark out a sharp little laugh, turning Ro's head to the side so he can see as well.

Ever the show-off, Ro beams, and then he's slipping off Mapicc's lap, moving closer to Zam to kiss him as well. Mapicc understands, in this moment, quite viscerally what it is like to be Zam. It's sweet, it's sappy, it's nauseating. It's Mapicc's two favourite people in the world kissing each other in the warm rays of morning sun, still not fully above the horizon; heaven on earth.

They'd make shit angels. Zam and Ro look angelic regardless, especially when Ro pulls back and Zam's got that kissed-stupid expression of his on, regardless of how short the kiss was. Nauseating idiots. Mapicc wants to kiss the both of them, wants a million mornings of this.

Instead, he says, "Stop sucking face. Ro, didn't you bring coffee?" because it's easier, it's a thousand times easier, and his eyes still burn, because he doesn't get up this early unless he absolutely has to.

"I did!" Ro responds, proud, and smug, and warm in that way that says he cares too much, because for what other reason would he make all three of them drinks, take three separate trips to bring them close. "I know, I know. I'm the best. You can thank me later."

"I can thank you never," Mapicc says, a direct contrast to Zam's, "I can thank you now!"

"May, that's rude," Ro says, leaning forward to rest his forehead against Zam's for a brief second. "What if I don't want to give you coffee now?"

"Then you're a loser, and you suck. Fucking L. Rude."

"Fine, fine. Coffee for the grumpy little man." Ro pulls back from Zam, shuffles around until he can slip off of the bed. In the few moments it takes for him to orient himself and reach for the mugs, Zam has already made his way back to Mapicc's side, slipping his legs under the covers before pulling his pillow up towards the headboard to act as a cushion. It's a smart idea that Mapicc refuses to admit is smart, so he just hauls the covers up over his legs too, shifting until the sun isn't glinting directly in his eyes.

Dappled patches of sunlight stretch across the bed, highlighting the warm brown of Zam's skin and the paler gold of Mapicc's. Ro, the unlucky fucker, gets lit up like a ghost, but it suits him obnoxiously well, though Mapicc keeps this fact to himself as he leans over Zam to grab the mug Ro holds out.

It's warm in his hands, pleasantly so considering it's had time to cool down while the three of them dicked around with cuddles and kisses, did anything but reach for their mugs. He inhales the scent of pure, unchanged coffee and feels something settle in his chest. Black coffee, with just a tiny, tiny spoonful of sugar. It's bitter, and hot, and so unbelievably pleasant that Mapicc truly could have it every morning, and not get tired.

Beside him, Zam gets passed his mocha, his *I can't drink coffee without it being diluted* drink, and he seems just about as happy as Mapicc, humming happily and kicking his legs under the blankets before taking a sip. Mapicc copies him, feels the bitterness of back coffee flood his senses, nearly

as warm and potent as the way Zam's shoulder feels pressed up against his own.

Ro climbs into bed last, holding his eldritch abomination of a coffee, though it can barely be considered coffee with how much milk and creamer gets dumped into it. The one time Mapicc tried Ro's coffee, he almost choked on it, had to spit it back into the cup because it felt like his mouth was rotting from the inside out with creamer-sweetness. It's vile to drink, but Mapicc doesn't mind kissing the taste of it off of Ro's lips, sweet like his laughter, his smiles, the scent of his hair dye.

Zam's mocha is the same, but also different. It's the rich bitterness of Mapicc's own coffee with the warm sweetness of Ro's, somehow all at once. It's gross. It's soothing. It's something Mapicc would kiss off of Zam's lips as well, until the residual coffee taste in his mouth becomes a three-way clusterfuck.

Too sweetly, too softly, he drops his head on Zam's shoulder, allowing their arms to brush, for Zam's warmth to seep through his skin and into his heart. On the other side of the bed, much too far away, Ro does the same thing, though it looks awkward on him, because he has further to lean. Maybe once Mapicc's done his coffee, he'll crawl over to the other side of the bed to drop his mug off on the nightstand, pretend it was more convenient than going to the one closest to him, and drop down in Ro's lap, press the back of his head against his stomach and let his head be used as a mug rest, completely enveloped.

It sounds nice, It sounds disgustingly soft. It sounds like something Mapicc wants more than anything, these easy mornings with all three of them in their bed, in their room, coffee in their hands. They don't have to speak, don't have to do anything but feel the sun on their skin, watch how it sets the sky aglow in front of them, shining through the wall of windows in an attempt to fry their eyes.

Mapicc watches how Ro fidgets with his snakebites against the rim of his mug, how Zam presses his to his chest and closes his eyes, inhaling the smell of his mocha, and thinks that he doesn't mind this one bit.

End Notes

Ro definitely never grew out of his scemo phase. He could be pushing 30, and not only doing raccoon tails, but also making sure he customizes every single piece of accessible clothing he gets his hands on (mostly because accessible clothing comes in two styles: ugly and plain, and it's very hard to find anything that is both alternative and accessible, but that's beside the point)

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