

little comforts

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by [sinoptics](#)

Summary

He turns to Vitalasy then, who's tending a pot on the stove.

“Hey, uh,” He starts, and Vitalasy makes a hum of acknowledgement. “Zam could probably use some affection.”

Notes

posted this on tumblr but the vitalasubzam tag here is lacking so u guys can have it too mwah

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

Subz knocks on the doorframe, a habit he'd taken to after surprising Zam one day and getting a sword pointed at his neck. There'd been a panicked, frantic look in his eyes, until he'd realised it was Subz, and he'd quickly switched to panicked, frantic apologising instead. Subz wasn't going to hold it against him, he'd clearly been through some shit. It didn't take much effort to make his presence known before entering a room anyway.

This time, Zam is too engrossed in the redstone of his latest farm project to take notice of the knocking, so Subz decides to announce his arrival by greeting him.

“Hey, Zam.” He says, but Zam is still distracted, brows furrowed in concentration. Subz sighs and decides to suck it up, but his caution turns out to not be necessary as Zam jumps at his shadow. He turns quickly enough to realise he's not getting jumped by Ro and Mapicc, but there's still

remnants of fear in his eyes. “Vitalasy’s making dinner.”

“Oh, I’m sort of in the middle of…”

“Nope, no, no you’re not. Time to eat.”

“But…”

“You’re eating with us. Team bonding. Non-negotiable.” Subz gently moves Zam’s hands away from the redstone, and Zam looks up at him with a dazed look in his eyes. Subz decides then to pull on Zam’s hands more firmly, to pull him to his feet. Zam obeys wordlessly, putting up no more resistance. Even after Zam is stood up, Subz keeps one of his hands firmly in Zam’s, and tugs him along to the kitchen. Zam remains stunned into silence the whole walk, and Subz refuses to acknowledge it out loud, which is a little funny to him.

Subz does drop Zam’s hand once they reach their little kitchen, but only to fumble around in their cutlery drawer and dump spoons in Zam’s hold. He ushers the other out of the kitchen, ordering him to set the table. The dazed look in Zam’s eyes has yet to disappear, and it’s coupled with a slight blush of his cheeks.

He turns to Vitalasy then, who’s tending a pot on the stove.

“Hey, uh,” He starts, and Vitalasy makes a hum of acknowledgement. “Zam could probably use some affection.”

Vitalasy gives him a confused smile. “I mean, I’m down for affection, but he’s not gonna jump me if I do, right?”

“Nah, just announce you’re there. Like petting a cat.”

“Mm, well I know all about that.” Vitalasy teases.

“Fuck off- mm.” Subz is interrupted by Vitalasy bringing a spoon of soup up to his mouth for him to try.

“How is it?” Vitalasy asks.

“Hmm,” Subz mimes as though he’s thinking deeply, “Needs a bit more salt, maybe.”

“Don’t lie to me, it’s perfect.” Vitalasy rolls his eyes and shoves Subz’s shoulder playfully. “Get bowls.”

“Yes, sir.” He turns to fetch bowls from their cabinet, and catches Zam’s gaze. He’s hovering awkwardly in the doorway between the kitchen and dining room, looking like he wants to ask something. Subz has no interest in being a mind reader, so just fetches the bowls as requested and makes sure to nudge Zam’s shoulder with his own on the way out.

Once he’s put the bowls out, he turns back to Zam, who’s migrated to hovering near their table.

“Come on, helmet off for dinner.” Zam starts to protest, but Subz cuts him off. “This base is safe. It’s not gonna be found. You can take off your helmet to eat.” He reaches up to lift Zam’s helmet off his head, and places it delicately on the table. This makes Zam blush harder than the hand holding, somehow.

“I see what you mean.” Vitalasy hums, and Zam’s eyebrows furrow in confusion.

“What d’you mean?”

“Nothing, nothing, sit down, the food’s going cold.”

Subz and Vitalasy both ensure that all three of their legs are tangled under the table the whole meal, and it’s clearly flustering Zam, but he also seems to be refusing to acknowledge it. Suits Subz just fine. He wants to see how far he can take it, and by the mischievous look in Vitalasy’s eyes, he’s also happy to play along.

As they eat and talk, Zam seems to relax more and more. He happily clears away the table with them when they’re done, and accepts any friendly bumps between them. He’s only seemingly thrown for a loop when Vitalasy loops their arms together to drag him into the kitchen.

“I cooked, you two wash up.” Vitalasy orders, and winks conspiratorily in Subz’s direction.

“Oh! Yeah! Sure, that’s fair.” Zam rolls his sleeves up immediately. One thing Subz has always respected about Zam is that he’s not one to shy away from hard work. Meanwhile, Vitalasy is quite happy to hop up on a countertop and watch them loftily. He *did* cook, so Subz can’t really be mad. Washing up isn’t a horrible process, he’s on cleaning duty, Zam is on drying, and they work in companionable silence.

Then, Subz decides to start flicking suds at Zam’s face. He gets such an offended look on his face Subz bursts out laughing. He flicks more water at Zam’s face, and he can hear Vitalasy snickering in the background. Zam clearly decides he won’t stand for this anymore, and starts trying to wrestle his way into accessing the sink. Subz, of course, will not be going down without a fight. He grabs a handful of bubbles and tries to shove it down the back of Zam’s shirt. The other gives an indignant shriek, which just makes Subz laugh harder.

They continue play-wrestling and flicking water at each other until Vitalasy clearly gets fed up of just being an observer and dumps a whole water bucket on both of their heads.

“What the fuck?” Zam whines, though he’s clearly not genuinely mad over it. Subz rolls his eyes, and wraps his arms around Zam’s neck, tucking his face into the crook of Zam’s neck. Zam makes a surprised little squeak, and Subz will kindly not let him know that it was kind of cute. Subz is not going to move from here until Zam hugs him back, so he just stays there, peacefully. Zam hesitantly brings his own arms around Subz’s waist, and tucks his own face in Subz’s neck in return. His breath is shaky, and his grip uncertain.

“Thank you.” Zam whispers. Subz doesn’t know quite what Zam is thanking him for, but he’s happy to provide regardless.

“Hey, don’t leave me out of the group hu- oh, you guys are soaked, ew.”

“Who’s fault is that, idiot?!”

End Notes

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