

## the knight is a lonely, rotten bastard

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/55587658) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/55587658>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Not Rated</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Lifesteal SMP</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Pangi &amp; PrinceZam (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Pangi/PrinceZam (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">PrinceZam (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Pangi (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Sleep Deprivation</a> , <a href="#">Pangi is written to have BPD here</a> , <a href="#">Zam does too</a> , <a href="#">(Neither one of them know that though. But they're trying)</a> , <a href="#">no beta we die like those two idiots constantly do</a> , <a href="#">could be any type of FP attraction but meant to be on the vague romantic side</a> , <a href="#">‘friend’ is used here as a term of affection</a> , <a href="#">gender-neutral term for partner if you would</a> , <a href="#">fellow BPDers I hope you get the same extremely dependant FP4FP vibes I get from Zamgi</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-04-30 Words: 1,604 Chapters: 1/1

# the knight is a lonely, rotten bastard

by [deadestdove](#)

## Summary

Pangi's been having sleepless nights for too long for his liking. He needed these feelings out, he craved that peace.

Not like he'd get it any time soon.

## Notes

we were in a bad headspace and listened to Badflower while trying to find something to write. this is the result! enjoy!

(p.s: do I still get to use the 'not a native english speaker' excuse if we've been speaking it for a decade or so? I feel like we should get to /j)

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

Pangi's been having trouble sleeping for the past few days. Insomnia's not a thing he is foreign to, but this wasn't like his 'normal' episodes. Something about this felt different, it felt wrong. He wasn't kept up just because his body decided to personally fuck him over, it was more than that. It was this sudden, *sickening* feeling of pure loneliness and panic. Like something was trying to crawl out of his body and spill all over his world. Something inside of him just *snapped* and he didn't know what it was. It was gross. It was sudden. It was unwanted.

The first time this had happened he thought it was a fluke. He's had a bad day, it was probably just the anxiety from everything that happened previously. Maybe it was from moving bases to the whole other side of the world. By the second day however, he became a little suspicious. By the third, he swore he was going insane.

The sixth day was when he fully reached his limits, sitting up suddenly in his bed and gripping onto his hair with his fists, groaning in frustration.

'Fuck this, I'm bothering Zam.' Was the first thought that went across his mind. Turns out that with enough sleep deprivation, you are less inclined to care about logic or coming across as weird.

In his mind he knew that there was nothing his friend could possibly do to help him sleep, but he was so desperate for *any* sort of solution he stopped caring and hoped that *somehow*, for some reason, being with Zam will be what puts him to sleep. Maybe he could even get him to sing a little lullaby just for him. Pangi snickered at the thought.

Being outside on the deck at night reminded him of how sea-sick he gets. God, agreeing to this pirate bit was going to be the end of him. He suddenly regretted not trying to convince Zam to go back to the royalty thing they had going on for them back a few seasons ago. Well, at least the view was nice.

He walked across the boards, carefully stepping onto their undecorated, plain and lazy looking bridge that connected their two ships. Maybe they should do that before they have to deal with that for the whole season. Oh well, that was a problem for an un-sleep deprived Pangi. He couldn't bother getting distracted with more work now.

Quietly walking down to Zam's cabin, he contemplated knocking before he barged in, but he preferred to take his chances and *not* try to wake up a sleeping Zam at 2 in the morning.

To his surprise, what he found on the other side of the door was said 'sleeping' Zam, seemingly about to open the door before Pangi did. The two of them proceeded to share a very fun mutual near-heart attack that took them a solid minute to get over, before Zam then proceeded to tell Pangi off for 'being a creepy ghost that makes no noise.' So Pangi figured he probably wasn't the reason Zam was up and awake now. That was... something, at least. Accidental habits picked up from being in a constant state of fight or flight does some with some disadvantages, who would've thought, right?

“Wait, wait,” Zam stopped his own rambling— which Pangi unmeaningly tuned out for the most part— to gather his thoughts. “Why are you awake right now??”

“Why are *you* awake??” Pangi returned the question, a trait Zam hated. Not that it stopped him from consistently doing the same to everybody else, but having the same gesture thrown back at you is a bit frustrating when you’re trying to figure things out.

“I woke up and couldn’t go back to sleep, *duh*. What the hell else would I be doing at fuck-off o’clock??”

“I dunno— you tell me man!” Pangi dramatically threw his hands up in the air, earning a pout from Zam.

The two of them stood in awkward silence once again. Both of them staring deep into each other’s eyes with the same childish petty expression.

“...You wanna come in?”

“Yeah, thanks dude.”

After the two got themselves situated on Zam’s bed, (after he made *sure* to lock the doors so a second heart attack wouldn’t happen), Zam got right back on track.

“So... you never told me why *you’re* up, Pangs. Orrr why you suddenly showed up on my ship.” He teased, booping the other on the nose while speaking. Pangi gave him a light push in return, earning a small chuckle from Zam.

“If I tell you, you gotta *promise* me you won’t make fun of me.”

“Oh damn dude, that serious?” Zam adjusted himself, rising one knee up to his chest and leaning his head onto it, his arms vaguely wrapped around his leg.

Pangi could’ve sworn Zam sometimes looked like a puppy when questioning someone with his constant head tilts, which has gotten him a fair bit of ‘kind’ feedback from his fellow lifestealers in the past.

“Ehh.. not really, but I’m too tired to word shit correctly right now.” it was only after Zam made a ‘locking lips’ gesture that Pangi allowed himself to continue, “I’ve been having shit sleep recently. Like, I barely slept.. I dunno— probably 5 hours collectively this entire week. Everytime I close my eyes I get this- *awful* gut-wrenching feeling that makes me too sick to even try to sleep. It started so suddenly I don’t know what the fuck is *wrong* with me recently.” Once he started talking, the words seemed to keep on coming out. It was more composed than he anticipated in his head, though. Maybe trying to figure out a way to word this weird scenario in his mind for days on end helped a bit with that.

Despite his tiredness, Pangi was as animated as always, moving his entire body with his every word. It was something Zam has always found affectionately amusing about him. Though that did nothing to calm his worries right now. “Pangs, that sounds preeetty serious.”

Pangi huffed. “It only sounds like that because I haven’t slept in days and I sound insane.”

“That’s exactly the problem! Well— maybe not the sounding insane part. Focusing on the sleep part right now. do you know *why* you feel like that?” The glare he got in return from Pangi was enough to give him the answer.

“Ookay, no it is. Let me ask you another question.” Pangi gave him a gesture to go ahead with his hand. “Shoot.”

“Why’d you come *here* of all places? What did you need *me* for?”

It stumped him.

From the moment he got out of bed, he was asking himself the same thing. *Why Zam?* Obviously the two of them were close, but he knew that the chance of him knowing how to solve this issue was slim to none. Zam must’ve picked up on his expression by that point.

“You don’t know either?” He asked, Pangi shook his head.

“Nope, been trying to figure it out myself, honestly. I don’t think I need like, your veery ‘professional’ opinion or something, I just—” Pangi stopped himself. What *did* he need? What *did* he want?

Only then he noticed that for the first time in those six days he felt not embarrassed like he thought he would, but relaxed. At ease. Like something about Zam just soothed him, something about being with him even when he’s exhausted out of his mind brings him some form of calmness he doesn’t know how to express, yet it was an emotion so strong and intense. He felt... a sense of completeness when he was around him\*. \* Something he hasn’t felt in a long time. In all honesty, he always did. All the way back from season three to now, the two of them were inseparable. This was the first time in a long while Pangi had to base ‘alone’, despite Zam being maybe a couple of blocks away from him.

Maybe what he needed Zam for was just that, for himself.

And Zam was no mind reader, but by the time Pangi looked back up at the other, he had a surprised expression on his face. Shit, did he say that outloud? He must’ve without noticing. He didn’t even remember doing that. Yet another thing he could blame on exhaustion. Great.

But a laugh never came, nor did a backhanded comment on Pangi being weird or anything of the sort. Instead, he found a genuine, pure and warm smile on the other hand. He couldn’t help but smile back.

“Well... I’m here, and if I’m all that you needed, we could try and get your ass to bed now, right?” Zam laughed, and Pangi did as well. An honest suggestion offered in Zam’s own special way. And how could he disagree to that?

The two of them playfully fought over the blanket, tugging at it dramatically each time the other pulled it towards themselves. Their little game ended shortly, with their heads resting next to each other on a singular pillow, and the large blanket covering the both of them comfortably.

And for the first time in a while, Pangi slept. And it was the best sleep he's had in ages.

And Zam wouldn't admit it, but he would go on to do the same, laying in the other's soft embrace until noon came.

Tomorrow they had a new project they needed a lot of energy for after all; a big ship for the two of them to reside in, together, like they always should be.

## End Notes

fun fact! Zam was written here to be the same as Pangi, a nervous guy about to approach his partner to complain about his lack of sleep. but wanted it to be more 'secretive'. hope that came across like i planned!! ;w;

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!