

there's a face in my window

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/43933416) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/43933416>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Lifesteal SMP
Character:	PrinceZam (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Paranoia , OCD , another guy i gave ocd to. sad! he already had the paranoia though , mapicc's mentioned throughout this but i don't think that qualifies for tagging him , Not Beta Read , POV Third Person , Compulsions , Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder , Self-Harm , not severely he just scratches himself but thought i should tag it jic
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-12-30 Words: 457 Chapters: 1/1

there's a face in my window

by [vanivanilla](#)

Summary

an average day following zam's fallout with team awesome.

Notes

WOAHHH FIC BEFORE THE YEAR ENDS cwazy

i have another (longer) fic in the works but unless i really grinded it probably won't be out until sometime in january, for now take this

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

zam nearly jumped out of his skin as he walked by one of his castle's many windows. for a second, for a *split second* he swore he saw eyes— mapicc's eyes staring at him. he took a deep breath, pressing his lips together tightly as his rigid body took a step back, to make sure.

(he wanted to know.

he didn't want to know.

if he double checked it, maybe mapicc wasn't there.

if he didn't double check it, maybe he could live in ignorance for a few moments despite his anxiety

skyrocketing).

cautiously, zam peered into the opening and surveyed the area he could see— trees, snow, a mob or two; no mapicc. he breathed, a tad relieved yet still uncertain. mapicc could be anywhere waiting to kill him.

if mapicc had pots and full gear, it'd be a quick death. ro with him would make it twice as fast.

the thought made zam rush past the window into his potion room, grabbing an assortment of potions just to ensure he wouldn't be an easy kill. he counted them, made sure he had strength pots, stuffed more in his pockets and around his belt loop, checked again that he had strength, looked behind him at the doorway, closed the shulker only to open it again because *did he grab strength?* it was fucking exhausting being so hypervigilant, yet if he wasn't, he'd get picked off heart-by-heart; this paranoia was necessary for his survival.

he closed his shulker for what was probably at least the sixth time and dug his fingernails across his arm out of irritation, feeling the sting of the marks left behind. it wasn't the best impulse, but zam found he could care less for the fleeting chide at the current moment.

zam glanced over at the doorway again, noticing that it was getting dark out; he felt his chest tighten at all the thoughts running through his head. was mapicc more likely to attack during the day? all the other times mapicc came to the castle were when it was day, although he might switch it up to catch zam off guard— maybe he should stay up for the night.

zam then shook his head, his teeth digging into his bottom lip. he couldn't stay up; he'd be tired tomorrow, which would be much easier to kill him.

he could try asking subz to stay with him, but at the same time he didn't *want* to depend on subz for safety.

leaving the castle was out of the question too, as there was no way he trusted mapicc near it especially when zam couldn't keep an eye on him.

zam's eyes squeezed shut at the predicament, burying his face in his hands.

“fuck.”

End Notes

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