

better friends

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better friends

by Anonymous

Summary

Subz sat awake the second night after Vitalasy lent him the hoodie. Last night he had been too tired and too comfortable to really think about it, tonight though, he was thinking about it. Probably too much for his health. The hoodie was in a pile at one end of the bed while Subz sat cross legged on the other staring at the purple fabric like it had offended him. Maybe it had.

Based off the completely normal things happening in nevada AU, go read that its great.

Notes

go read A Strange Appetite, im serious do it its great and this is based off it so itll make more sense if you read that first. no horrors in this sadly :/ just fluff and repressed bisexuality

title is from better friends by BETWEEN FRIENDS

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

Subz sat awake the second night after Vitalasy lent him the hoodie. Last night he had been too tired

and too comfortable to really think about it, tonight though, he was thinking about it. Probably too much for his health. The hoodie was in a pile at one end of the bed while Subz sat cross legged on the other staring at the purple fabric like it had offended him. Maybe it had. Tonight it's all he can think about and he keeps playing how he ended up with the thing over and over again in his head.

It doesn't rain here often. Obviously, their town is about a mile from a desert for fuck's sake. Subz could count on one hand how many times it's rained since the start of this year, and it just so happens that the latest addition to that count was when Subz was sprawled out on his best friend's bed desperately trying to make chemistry stick in his brain before the test tomorrow. Vitalasy was still talking but Subz had checked out about two topics ago and was only giving the occasional hum of feigned acknowledgement. He was reciting rate laws under his breath when suddenly Vi was clambering over him and pressing his face to the window by the bed. Subz didn't have a moment to express his displeasure before he was being dragged bodily out of the room and down the stairs.

"Slow the fuck down I'm going to trip- Vitalasy are you listening?" He wasn't. Instead he was now standing on the sidewalk staring straight up at the sky. He'd let go of Subz's arm in the doorway so Subz at least was spared the first drops of rain as they hit the porch roof above him. Vitalasy on the other hand was laughing like a kid on Christmas, spinning with his arms held out in the rain. He stopped with only a slight stagger and held his hands out to Subz. Ok fine, Subz could stand to get a little damp, but he was going to complain the whole time. Vi's smile seemed to grow larger somehow when he took his hands and any complaints died in his throat. He let himself be pulled into the street without comment, even laughed when Vi spun him around and nearly tripped over the curb.

Thunder rolled in the distance over the mountains and filled the space between the beats of rain and two friends chasing each other through the deserted street. Subz was getting ready to charge across the road once more when a car sped past, completely drenching him in water. A perfectly timed lightning strike covered his many curses while Vitalasy jogged across the street. He tried to appear concerned but it was clear he was holding back laughter.

"You uh, you got a little-"

"I know." The glare Subz leveled in his direction seemed to have the opposite effect he wanted as Vi finally doubled over in laughter. Subz muttered under his breath as he uselessly tried ringing out his dripping shirt. Yes he was going to complain this time, no matter how many stupid smiles Vi gave him. Probably.

"Come on, let's get you dried off," Vitalasy said as he offered his hands for the second time that storm. Subz's complaints turned to low grumbles as he took one and they went back inside.

"Wait here, I'll get some towels and drier clothes." Subz nodded and steadily dripped water onto the front hallway of the house while Vi ventured upstairs. Soon enough he tossed a towel down the stairs and came down with a second one already wrapped around his own shoulders. Subz had just started drying off his hair when Vi held out a purple hoodie in his direction.

"Here, you can wear this and I'll put your shirt in the drier." He nodded and handed his soaking shirt to Vi before drying the rest of his torso off and pulling the hoodie over his head. The inside was surprisingly soft, probably fleece. Stupidly cozy. Yeah that tracks, he thought with a smile. Of course Vi would own clothes this soft. And long apparently. The bottom hem hit around mid thigh on Subz and the ends of the sleeves ghosted past the tips of his fingers. He brought his arms up and flapped the excess fabric around, giggling to himself. It was stupid but hey, he'd just run around in a thunder storm for 30 minutes. Let him have this.

That's apparently exactly what Vitalasy was doing because once he put his arms down he was

greeted with the sight of his best friend looking at him with an expression he hadn't seen before. It was starting to unnerve him.

"Hey uh, you good man?" He was still staring.

"Helloooo? You in there?" Subz snapped his fingers a few times and whatever trance Vitalasy had been in seemed to break. He shook his head.

"Yeah! Just zoned out a little for a second," Vitalasy turned and took the stairs two at a time back up to his room. Ooookay? Subz followed him up with a look on his face he hoped conveyed his confusion. Once they were back upstairs he got back to his rate laws equations while Vi laid out across from him, arms behind his head. He was quiet. At first Subz was happy for the silence, he could finally study in peace! ... Okay it was too quiet.

"Vi, you sure you're OK? You're being quiet, it's weird." He didn't answer but just continued to stare up at Subz with unfocused eyes. Subz elbowed him in the side with more force than was probably necessary.

"Ow! What the heck man? Yeah, I'm, I'm fine just zoned out again, jeez," Vi said, shifting to sit up. Subz met his eyes with an unconvinced expression.

"I'm fiiiiiiiine," he said once more, knocking his shoulder into Subz's.

"Hmmm," Subz hummed in reply, clearly unconvinced.

"Don't you 'hmmm' at me mister!" Vi pushed more forcefully into him this time. Oh that ain't gonna slide. Subz very calmly put his notes on the floor before leveling a look at Vitalasy. It was on. Before he had time to react Subz had him in a head lock while he kicked his feet and struggled to get out. Vitalasy sagged in defeat when he wasn't able to break out of Subz's hold. He made such a pathetic sound when he did that Subz had to let him go, it was too sad. Vi let himself fall against Subz as he sagged further onto the bed. Subz leveled a glare at him from above, face opposite his.

"For real man, are you good?" Subz asked for the third time that night.

"Yeah. Yeah I'm good. You're my best friend, you know that right?"

Where the fuck had that come from?

"Pfft, yeah I should hope so, no one else could stand your ass for as long as I do each day." That was a lie, Vitalasy basically had people lined up to hang out with him, but he still seemed to find more than a fair share of time for Subz. Vi smiled and sat up quick enough that he nearly hit Subz's nose. Subz rolled his eyes and got up to collect his notes

"Alright, as fun as this is, I gotta head home now, need to at least attempt to sleep before my exam." Vi made a sound that would put a sad puppy to shame but Subz had built up a resistance to his manipulative ways a while ago. They said their goodbyes and Vitalasy waved from the front porch until Subz's car rounded the corner like he always did. It wasn't until he was half way asleep that he remembered he'd left his shirt at Vi's. Damn he'd have to remember to get that back tomorrow.

The morning came and went and his chem test was passable, and the afternoon came and went and the drive home was uneventful, and the evening came and went and he was getting into bed when he noticed a particular purple clothing item on his bed he'd forgotten about once again.

And so here he was, sitting on his bed and staring at a hoodie. Vitalasy's hoodie to be exact. A voice in the back of his mind kept reminding him that this was Vi's favorite hoodie he'd lent out so easily to Subz. The more cynical voice in his head reminded him that he lent out clothes all the time, he was pretty sure half of Vi's girlfriend's closet was his at this point. But you've never seen her wear this one, that traitorous, hopeful first voice reminded him. That didn't even matter though, why the fuck would he be comparing how Vi treated his girlfriend vs Subz, that wasn't the point, shut up. It didn't matter. It didn't matter! Subz reached across his bed to pull the hoodie over his head in one motion and promptly squeezed his eyes shut, praying for sleep to come easy. Surprisingly it did, despite the howling of coyotes too close to his house. And if he dreamt of orange hair and purple cloth and rain well no one else needed to know.

For the second night in a row he slept well, maybe a little too well because when he opened his eyes he was already ten minutes late to school. Subz swore and hurriedly grabbed a pair of decently clean pants, slightly less clean socks, and whatever shoes were closest. He could probably sneak in when the second bell rang and everyone was moving in the hallway. He sped down the streets past storefronts and roadkill before parking his car at the back of the lot since his usual spot was already taken. He did not think about the multiple texts on his phone that hadn't woken him up somehow as he passed Vitalasy's car. He did not think about how he didn't get to see Vi's smile he always does when they park side by side in the morning, he did not think about his dream, he only thought about rushing through the front doors as some other students walked out.

He managed to blend in easily enough with the wave of people moving through the hallway. It came naturally to Subz to keep his head down and move whichever way the crowd did, content to be forgotten. Well, forgotten by most.

"Nice hoodie," a voice said behind him, completely startling Subz out of his thoughts. He whipped around to see Vitalasy standing way too close behind him, a smile on his face. Smug bastard.

"Why weren't you here this morning?"

"I slept in, who are you, my mother? Fuck off." There was no real heat behind Subz's reply. This was just what they did, this was their dynamic, their push and pull. Vi's smile grew a little brighter and the knot in Subz's stomach twisted a little tighter. This kid was gonna be the death of him someday.

"Aww did you sleep in it?"

Subz turned to walk away so fucking fast. His face was not heating up thank you very much, it was just always warm in this damn school.

"No, it was the closest thing to me, now kindly fuck off like I said the first time." Vitalasy only laughed and sidestepped in front of him before grabbing the end of one of the purple sleeves.

"Here," he said as he began rolling up the sleeve until it sat comfortably below Subz's elbow. "It looks good on you, you should keep wearing it." Vi moved on to the next sleeve while Subz stood still, not focusing on the places where Vi's fingers brushed up against his skin. Not at all. Vitalasy stepped back to inspect his work holding a hand to his chin in contemplation. His eyes scanned up and down until he must have deemed it suitable enough because he nodded and went back to smiling. Subz was surprised he hasn't pulled a muscle in his face yet honestly.

The bell rang.

The day passed in a haze. Vitalasy invited him to sit at his table at lunch like always, Subz refused like always, Vi showed up half way through lunch at the back staircase Subz would escape the crowded cafeteria like always. Vi would stretch out his stupidly long legs across the steps and Subz

would scrunch his up to make room. Normal. Subz could handle normal. And then Vitalasy reached over their legs to start fiddling with the strings of Subz's hoodie. Well, Vitalasy's hoodie. That Subz was wearing. Fuck, not normal.

"Jesus man, if you're gonna keep messing with it just take the damn thing back," Subz huffed as he reached for the edge of the fabric.

"Nooooo, you look so good in it! Keep it for the week, if you really want to you can give it back on Saturday," Vi said, hand moving off the strings to pull Subz's hands off the hoodie and stopping him from taking it off. Subz quirked an eyebrow at his response.

"Purple looks good on you," he said with a stupidly soft and genuine smile. Damn they really gotta fix the AC in this school.

"Fine. Fine! I'll wear your dumb hoodie, but you're taking it back at the end of the week."

"Deal!"

Subz will keep his end of the deal. And if he sleeps in the hoodie each night, and makes sure he washes it the last night before he gives it back so it will remind Vitalasy of him next time he wears it, well, that's no one else's business but his own.

End Notes

vi's brain was making the computer dial up sound when he saw subz in the hoodie the first time just fyi

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