

## there will be darkness again

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/44961304) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/44961304>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a> , <a href="#">Multi</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Lifesteal SMP</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">ItzSubz/Vitalasy (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">ItzSubz/PrinceZam (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Minor or Background Relationship(s)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">ItzSubz (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Vitalasy (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Background &amp; Cameo Characters</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Polyamory</a> , <a href="#">Established Relationship</a> , <a href="#">being evil</a> , <a href="#">itzsubz brain problems</a> , <a href="#">Crushes</a> , <a href="#">Polyamory Negotiations</a> , <a href="#">Bickering</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of <a href="#">eclipse (syzygy)</a>
Stats:	Published: 2023-02-12 Words: 2,258 Chapters: 1/1

## there will be darkness again

by [genesis\\_frog](#)

### Summary

Zam has been in the Eclipse Federation nearly a month now. Subz is getting more and more obvious by the day.

Vitalasy steps in.

### Notes

please dont share or discuss this work anywhere a cc could see it, thank you :) title from no plan by hozier

"trapped star" is so. it is hard to put into words what trapped star is to me. trapped star is canon to how this version of vitalasubz get together, even if neither of these two works are directly connected in any way. read trapped star

for dog. you're insane i loveu

- Inspired by [For that star trapped in your chest](#) by [dogdomesticated](#)

Zam yawns from his spot astride Jerry (whichever number he's up to now). "Where's the next location?" he mumbles. His eyes are half closed; he can hardly even keep his head up.

“It’s okay, man,” Subz answers, “you can head back and get some sleep.” Hors shifts around nervously.

“No! I’ve gotta help,” Zam protests. “I’m part of the team!”

Vitalasy gently flicks Zam in the forehead: Zam makes a displeased sound. “We’ve got it, Zam, you’ve done plenty. Go rest. Or I’m... kicking you out of Eclipse Federation!”

“What the fuck, you can’t do that,” Subz grumbles, but Zam answers with a sad, wet “okaaaay”.

Subz can’t help himself and pats Zam on the head. “G’night, Zam,” he says. “Mmmm,” Zam replies, and turns Jerry ever so slowly toward home.

Subz watches him go for a long time. Zam droops slowly downward, until - ope, he fell asleep - Zam jerks awake, rights himself on Jerry. Shakes his head. Subz’ chest fills with a fond warmth.

When he can’t see Zam anymore, he looks over to his left. Vitalasy has the stupidest expression on his smug little face.

“Shut the fuck up,” Subz snaps, and Vitalasy’s smirk gets eviler, eyes narrowed.

“I didn’t say anything,” Vitalasy says loftily. Subz scoffs.

“You didn’t have to,” he complains. It makes Vitalasy laugh, and it drains the irritation out of Subz (like it always does).

“You like him,” Vitalasy states. It’s not a question, not prying - just a fact. Exactly the fact that Subz wanted to *avoid* talking about. He spurs Hors into moving, ignoring Vitalasy’s distant “Hey!”

“I like plenty of people,” Subz lies, once Vitalasy has caught up. He isn’t looking, but he imagines a lift in Vitalasy’s eyebrows.

“You, like, *like-like* him,” Vitalasy insists.

“How old *are* you, fucking ten?” Subz is getting louder. “Use your words like a goddamn adult!”

“You love him.”

“No.”

“Okay, *fine*. You want to kiss him.”

Subz opens his mouth to speak, but Vitalasy interrupts, punctuating each point with a sharp poke on Subz’ shoulder. “On the mouth. Romantically.” Shit, he’s got him there.

“Okay. So?” Never let it be said ItzSubz\_ is anything but stubborn. “What does it matter?”

“Look, Subz,” Vitalasy starts, “if you want him, you can go after him. I don’t mind!” His arms open, palms spread, as if he were trying to put all his cards on the table. They don’t have *time* for this.

“What’re our next coords?” Subz says instead. Vitalasy narrows his eyes again, but says nothing, only hums. There’s a few moments of silence between them. Just hoofbeats against bedrock, paper rustling, the scritch of a pen against paper.

“3582, -17931,” Vitalasy answers, eventually. “What’s that divided by 8?”

“Uhh... 447-point-something, -2240.” Subz ponders. “No, wait, I’m stupid. -2241.”

“Let’s goooo! Yeah!” Vitalasy is way too fucking chipper for this job. Jesus.

Their conversation lapses, for a while, and they just ride side by side. Subz likes the quiet - not because he dislikes Vitalasy speaking, but because it’s comforting. A quiet relief. He doesn’t have to be anything else but here, beside Vitalasy.

“I think about here,” Vitalasy says. They dismount, and Vitalasy ties up the horses, petting his on the nose carefully. Subz double-checks their coordinates, scoots a few blocks to the left, and builds the portal frame. Vitalasy lights it as Subz jumps down, and they step through in a haze of purple.

They’re in a jungle. It’s overwhelmingly bright and green after so long on the dark, grim Nether roof. The humidity has already begun to do things to Vitalasy’s hair. Subz grabs his pick and gets to work digging downward - a task made more difficult by Vitalasy jumping down into the hole beside him.

“You dodged the question,” he says frankly, even as Subz continues to mine down, and Subz groans.

“Can we not just fucking drop it?” he snaps.

Vitalasy makes a show of considering this. “Mmm, nope,” he chirps. “You want him.” Subz’ rhythm stutters and the pick glances off the stone beneath them.

“Keep your eyes out for stone brick,” he mutters. “That other shit - it doesn’t matter. It’s pointless.”

“If you want to pursue him, then I want you to,” Vitalasy says firmly. Their tunnel downward opens up and they drop into the stronghold. The search begins. Subz forgot the water at the top - it’ll be a pain in the ass to get out. “What’s holding you back?”

That digs, a little. Gets under his skin. He doesn’t need Vitalasy to *do* this. “Oh, I don’t know. Let’s think about that! One: he doesn’t like me. Two: I have no idea what I’m doing. Three: he’s all fucked in the head. Four: I am *in a relationship*. Five: this is fucking stupid, and I’m busy! Leave me *alone*, Vitalasy! What d’you *want* from me?”

“I don’t think you have any reason to be scared.” Vitalasy hits a button and opens an iron door for Subz. He isn’t *listening*.

“I’m not fucking - *scared*,” Subz snaps. “I’m not a little bitch.”

“You kind of are,” Vitalasy mumbles. Subz does him the favor of ignoring it. “Um, I mean - it’s okay to be scared. But I think there’s nothing to worry about.”

“What would *you* know?” Subz breaks the next iron door: a five-way crossing. He heads up the stairs and turns left, Vitalasy still on his heels.

“Plenty.” Vitalasy grabs Subz’ sleeve, pulls him another direction. Subz follows. “I’m serious, Subz! I think you should tell him, at the very least.”

“I’d rather drink bleach, thanks,” Subz deadpans. Vitalasy makes a little whining noise at that. “I won’t *actually*,” he amends.

“I think he likes you too,” Vitalasy insists, almost desperate, somehow. Why is he so fucking *invested*? What does he care? “Be honest with me here, baby. What’re you thinking?”

Subz is a weak, weak man. Vitalasy knows his softest spots. He stops walking. He can’t look at Vitalasy, so he lets his head loll back, rests his eyes at the juncture where the walls meet the ceiling.

“What the fuck am I doing?” he mutters. “There’s something wrong with me. I’m - I - I’m so *brain rotted*, dude. I can’t even think straight.”

Vitalasy snorts, and Subz punches him in the shoulder.

“Ow!” Vitalasy cries, drawing it out into a whine of Subz’ name. Subz shakes out his hand; he’d hit Vitalasy directly in the armor. He’s fine, just being annoying again.

“Never mind,” Subz grumbles. He tries to walk away, but Vitalasy catches his wrist. His paw is warm. Vitalasy might be able to feel his pulse.

“‘m sorry. Keep talking.” Vitalasy’s unreadable, and it unsettles Subz. He scratches an itch on his cheek, studies the way Vitalasy’s tail moves. So gently.

“I dunno what else there is to say,” Subz admits. “I like him. It’s not happening.”

“But it could.”

“We need to destroy the end portal,” he reminds Vitalasy. It’s pointed. “Do I need to remind you of why we’re doing this?”

“We have plenty of time for that. Do I need to remind you of what this means?” Vitalasy is a bitch and a motherfucker and he is *infuriating*. Subz scowls. “If you really want me to back off, I will. But all I’m saying is - how many times have you let me have my way?”

“Too fuckin’ many,” Subz grouses. Vitalasy smiles bright, teeth bright. His canine teeth are sharp, just slightly more pointed than the others.

“Exactly! It’s your turn to have someone.” Vitalasy’s paw runs through Subz’s hair, once, tugs at his curls. Knocks a knuckle against his horn.

“...If I do this,” Subz says, slowly, “I’m being serious about it. This isn’t like -”

“I know,” reassures Vitalasy. “I know. It’s *your* turn.”

It’s still not quite - right, in his head. All the logic pans out, all the history lines up, but he’s still. He’s still. It’s still.

“Can we find this portal first?” Subz asks finally. Vitalasy nods. They move on; Vitalasy takes his chance to grab a hold of Subz’ hand again. Subz lets him. Vitalasy swings their hands a little.

They make short work of the stronghold. After a couple libraries and a few staircases to nowhere, they spot the familiar sight of the silverfish spawner, and head into the room. They drop each other’s hands, then, to get to work: Vitalasy breaks the spawner and pulls out a sack of tiny mushrooms from his travel pack, Subz leaps down inside the empty portal frame and plugs most of the lava with dirt, makes some space for the little thing to grow. Vitalasy eases down beside him and plants one of the mushrooms in the ground delicately, carefully.

“It’s just easier not to,” Subz confesses. Vitalasy’s paws tamp the earth down around the sprout. Gentle with his claws, gentle with the pressure. His knees rest in the soil.

“Life would be so *easy* if we didn’t do the hard stuff,” Vitalasy muses, “but wouldn’t it be so boring?”

“You do hard stuff?” Subz can’t resist. Vitalasy squawks indignantly, and it makes Subz laugh.

“You *know* that’s not what I meant!” He’s pouting now, *actually* pouting. So immature. “Subz, please tell me you actually listened to what I said.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Subz waves him off. “It’d be boring. Don’t have to tell *me* that.” He remembers his flat base, the months he spent there on his own, happy to be by himself with his pointless machines. Soul-crushingly lonely and unable to say a word about it.

“So you understand. You understand that I think you should shoot your shot,” Vitalasy presses.

“You shoot it for me, if you care so much.” He’s being a bitch again.

“No.” He’s firm. “I like Zam, I really do. But I like Zam because *you* like Zam. I love spending time with him, I wouldn’t mind this, but - Zam is yours, the way she’s mine.”

“I haven’t done this before,” Subz admits, weakly. He feels worn out. Defeated. Something about goddamn Vitalasy does this to him all the time. “I don’t know what to *do*.”

“When the time is right, say something. Or, if it’s easier, you don’t have to say it face to face. You can write it down.”

“A love letter?” Subz can’t help the skepticism. “Are you serious?”

“Doesn’t have to be a love letter. Just be honest. When the time is right. You’ll know it when you see it.”

“And you’re, what, a love expert?” Subz crosses his arms. “Where’re your credentials, huh?”

“I have great reviews from all the women I’ve seduced,” Vitalasy answers primly, and begins to

scatter bonemeal over the soil. Subz snorts. “And men! Sooooo many, Subz, you wouldn’t believe.” This guy.

“Sure, man, whatever you say.” Subz tugs a lock of Vitalasy’s hair, just because he can. The mushroom grows, huge in the tiny room, swallowing up the space. The cap spreads out, surrounding them like - a cocoon, a home. Something like that. A place just for them, like they’re the only people on earth. Subz had left a little bit of the lava (more efficient that way), and it casts a warm orange glow on the inside of the cap.

Vitalasy looks up, meets Subz’ eyes. There’s softness in his face, a kind Subz doesn’t often get to see outside. “I love you,” Vitalasy tells him. “So, so much. *So* much.”

“Oh, do you now?” Subz crouches down, next to Vitalasy.

“I might die of it,” Vitalasy says solemnly. “My heart’ll explode from all the love.”

“I’d go to your funeral,” Subz jokes. “I’d go to your funeral and I’d give a speech about you.”

“What would you say?” Vitalasy asks. He cocks his head to the side a little. It hurts. Subz might be the one to explode.

“I’d say that you were annoying. You fucked soooo many bitches. That you lived a very interesting life, never boring. I’d...” It’s still hard to say, even now. “I’d tell everyone I loved you, too.”

Vitalasy smiles. “But you won’t tell me?” he teases.

“No, never,” Subz insists. “I could never.”

“Why not?” Vitalasy pulls him in close, and Subz follows willingly, a moth to flame, as always. An arm around the shoulder burns.

“Admitting I love Vitalasy is the hardest thing in the world, can you imagine if I said it to his fucking *face*?” Subz rolls his eyes. “I couldn’t. I can’t.”



“Then don’t say it, stupid, show it,” Vitalasy admonishes him. Subz tips forward and kisses him. Vitalasy’s back presses against the gills of the mushroom behind him; Subz’s fists curl up in the fabric of his cloak. Sparks in his brain. They threaten to detonate.

“Does that work?” Subz asks, when they pause to breathe. “Does that say it well enough?”

“It’s coming on a little strong for Zam, you’ll need to actually talk first. Consent is very important, you know?” He didn’t expect genuine critique out of Vitalasy. Subz sighs, long and hard, to demonstrate how utterly irritating this is.

“Okay, okay, fine. I’ll say something to him. You got me, you fucking won. Jesus Christ.” Subz lets his head rest against Vitalasy’s shoulder so that he doesn’t have to look at his face. Vitalasy’s paws run from the nape of his neck down his back, gently touch his wings. Subz shudders. His arms wrap around Subz, heavy and warm.

“Thank you for letting me have my way,” Vitalasy whispers into his hair. He leaves a kiss there.

“You’re such an asshole. I’ll figure it out tomorrow.”

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