

Operation Stop the Pop

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Operation Stop the Pop

by [Gatorade_blade](#)

Summary

Etho has an allergy to soda pop and brings it up to Bdubs in a conversation.

What Etho didn't expect was for Bdubs to remember such a little fact.

Notes

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

“I’m allergic to pop.” It starts as a small little comment that Etho makes on the side during a conversation he was having with Bdubs and Guude.

“You’re allergic to pop?!” Bdubs’ voice was always so overexaggerated, but Etho allowed himself a small giggle to the question along with a quiet ‘yup’. “What happens to you??” There was so much curiosity in his voice as he looked over at Etho with wide eyes.

Etho smiled lopsidedly from underneath his mask, “I get nose bleeds.” He shrugged, continuing to work on what he had originally been focusing on before chiming into the conversation.

“No-get outta here.”

“Yeah, it’s for reals.”

What Etho didn’t expect was for Bdubs to remember such a little fact.

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Etho hadn’t been on a group server for what felt like forever, and to say that he was a little bit nervous would be an understatement. So he played it safe at first, hanging around the people he had known for years on end, isolating himself to mess around with his own happenings and working on his own projects.

But then one day while he was working on his base -or rather his monstrosity- the sound of an elytra and rockets going off behind him, he automatically shot his head up towards the noise, finding the admin of the server with a small smile hidden behind his bee-themed helmet.

“Xisuma! What brings you to these parts, neighbor?” His tone was playful as he approached the other, his eyes crinkling in his own concealed smile.

The said brit retrieved a paper from his inventory and branched it outwards towards the Canadian, “Keralis persuaded me into throwing a small party for the beginning of the season, seeing as I sorta rushed out the introductions this time around. If you’re not too busy you should come, it’s going to be in the shopping district tomorrow night.”

Etho took the slip with a small gratifying nod and waved the other off as he flew back over to his base. The canadian hummed as thin fingers traced the paper carefully before opening it from where it had been folded.

‘Yup, definitely Keralis’ handy work.’ He chuckled before slipping the invitation into his pocket, *‘tomorrow night, eh? I think I can make it.’*

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The shopping district location was an amazing choice for this season. It meant that no one was in danger of any harmful mobs spawning, also meaning that the hermits could have fun leisurely

events such as nightly parties without a care in the world. Like tonight for example.

Etho arrived at the mycelium island a little ways later than most of the other hermits, weaving in and through the crowds and clumps of people as he methodically fiddled with the paper that was still folded up in his gloved palm.

He finally reeled back and took a stand under a brown mushroom a little ways away from the majority of the group, sighing as he listened into some other people's conversations. It was still a bit foreign to him right now, being on a server with so many people. But he knew he'd adjust in given time.

The sound of footsteps behind him ran through his ears, tilting his head around to make immediate view of a red sweater. The shorter smiled as he shifted himself over to stand beside the Canadian. Now, Etho had never formally had a full conversation with Grian, but he knew him plenty well from what Doc had told him, as well as their numbered times of interactions.

"Not into parties?" The brit chimed, light and sweet as he took a moment to let his eyes glide across the expanse of the unbuilt shopping district.

"The parties are fine, it's the recklessness i'm staying away from." His tone was playful as he hummed in a small laugh to himself, glancing over to a exasperated Bdubs who was ranting about his neighbor of the season, Doc. "I'm surprised you're not in there wreaking havoc yet."

"Don't sweat it, I'm scheming right now." There was a glint of mischief in the builder's eyes that was all too familiar for Etho himself, knowing he's had that same glint time and time again.

Etho watched the other grow a devious smirk on his lips, amusement lighting up in his heterochromatic eyes. "So a little pesky bird told me you were Bdubs' favourite canadian."

Etho's eyes grew wide. That was not what he was expecting. "Really now, is that a good thing?"

"Well, i've never been anyone's favourite brit, so it's a definite compliment." The shorter nudged at the white haired male's side, his mischievous smirk only growing.

A barely noticeable blush spread on Etho's face at the gesture, him shaking the other's contact off, "Bdubs is just a lil softy like that."

Ah yes, Bdubs. This would be the first time Etho's seen him in a while, and apparently an old crush from years back was resurfacing along with him.

Etho was brought back from his thoughts with a bottle being held in front of him, following his eyes up the thin arm that disappeared into the oversized red jumper, quirking an eyebrow. "Drink?" Grian's smile was welcoming as he offered the glass bottle.

"Oh, no I don't drink."

"It's not alcoholic -i'm pretty sure Doc already got his hands on all the alcohol that was here anyway- It's just pop." Grian breathed out an innocent laugh as he pushed the bottle into Etho's hands, fingers begrudgingly lacing around the cool container.

"No I mean -I *can't* drink it." He emphasized on his words as he leaned into his annunciation, hoping the brit would lay off on the gesture. But Grian just gave a curious look, his eyes wide and seemingly unknowing.

"Grian!" The sudden call to the builder's name got the two mischief makers to whip their heads around, eyes landing on a familiar brunette builder.

"Bdubs?" The smaller questioned at the slight irritation written across Bdubs' brows, "Are you okay?"

"You can't offer Etho pop! It's not good for him!" The ever dramatic builder scolded, snatching the bottle from Etho's hands and pushing it back into Grian's own grip.

"Like, he gets stomach aches?"

"He's allergic! He'll get nose bleeds, and then have to change out his mask, which he doesn't have many of."

Grian's eyes set wide to the new news, lifting his hands up apologetically, "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know! I'm really sorry Etho!" He bowed his head ever so slightly before shooting Etho a look that he couldn't quite put his finger on.

After shooing Grian away, Bdubs pulled Etho into a tight hug, “Sorry about that. Anyways- how have you been Etho?” There was a comforting sparkle in his eyes, his smile warm and welcoming.

“Not bad, y’know I’m surprised you remembered that, Bdubs.”

“Your allergy?” Etho gave a quick nod before Bdubs gasped, as if he had been offended, “Of course I remembered! It’s super important, besides it’s *you* !”

“It’s me?” Etho watched as a blush started to creep up the builder’s face, his volume dying down as he coughed into his shoulder.

“Y-yeah, you know.” Etho smiled but shook his head patiently, “You’re *Etho* . Super important Etho.” Bdubs’ eyes flew over to the floor as he rubbed the back of his neck looking like some kind of love struck teenager.

Etho’s heterochromatic eyes softened to the other, smiling his own warm smile before pulling his mask down and pecking Bdubs on the cheek, “Thank you.” Before the blood ran to his own face, or Bdubs could react, he quickly disappeared into the crowd of hermits, setting off on his search to find and bug Beef.

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“You knew, didn’t you?” Scar spoke as he dug his elbow into Grian’s side, the shorter male giggling to himself with his usual mischievous smile plastered across his face.

“Maybe I did. Maybe I didn’t. But it’s always fun to see how things play out, just watch and see what happens.” Grian replied before he took a sip of the drink in his hands.

“Operation Stop the Pop: success.”

End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed that! I had some trouble writing Bdubs, but I think I did relatively alright. I plan on writing a good amount of one shots in the future (mostly Etho based but we never actually know) with a few rare pairs and such, so please leave comments and ideas and I might just gift them to you if I like it enough!

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