

## Rapunzel in the Crastle

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## Rapunzel in the Crastle

by [respectable\\_username](#)

### Summary

Prompt: "thinking bout etho braiding bdubs hair" - [@lucid-king-of-the-north](#)

Etho decided to come visit the Crastle where Bdubs, Cleo, Tango and Impulse are chilling. His presence isn't the most welcome after the attacks Etho had earlier made on the Crastle, but they manage to get along anyway.

Oh yeah, and Etho ends up braiding Bdubs' hair.

### Notes

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

The little farm at the bottom of the Crastle had been lightly trampled as Bdubs and Cleo had set up the campfire and chairs for themselves and their two allies. The steaks Tango had brought sizzled softly over the flames as gentle music floated from the jukebox Impulse had brought with him.

"Isn't this pog?" said Impulse. "We do be vibing."

"Stop it, please!" said Cleo, burying her head in her hands.

"But wouldn't that be bad vibes?" continued Impulse. "We can't have bad vibes here!"

Cleo pulled out her sword. "I may be on my green life, but that won't stop me from murdering you if you keep on going," she said.

"Careful Bdubs!" Tango said suddenly, grabbing the back of Bdubs' shirt and pulling him back

from where he was leaning over the campfire.

"What? What was I doing wrong?" asked Bdubs, batting Tango's hand away from his neck.

"Well, you almost burnt your hair off," said Tango. "I've done that before. Not fun."

"Take this," Cleo said, passing Bdubs some string from one of her pockets. "You'll need to keep some on you if you're going to keep growing your hair out."

"Thanks Cleo," Bdubs said, accepting the string and attempting to tie his hair back in a not entirely unsuccessful ponytail.

A knock rang out from the front door.

"To positions!" Bdubs shouted, grabbing his bow and legging it up to the vantage point above. Cleo followed closely behind with a lot less enthusiasm. "Who goes there?!"

"Hey everybody!" came a familiar deep voice from beyond the door. "Just wanted to see how my buddies were doing in the Tiny Castle."

"Hey Etho!" Tango said, getting up to open the inner door.

"Go away, Etho!" Bdubs shouted down from the roof.

"What d'you want, Etho?" Cleo asked with more caution, crossbow trained the newcomer.

"Got bored," Etho said with a shrug. "Was wandering about and heard the music. Thought I'd check it out."

"Considering you tried blowing up the Crastle with TNT earlier today, you might understand our hesitation to let you in," said Cleo, crossbow still in hand.

"I got bored," Etho said sheepishly, reaching up to tug on a stray strand of hair. "I didn't break that much."

"You blew a hole right in its face!" Bdubs said. "I had to spend all afternoon putting it back together again."

"Sorry," said Etho. "Good thing it's such a small castle or it might have taken longer to fix."

"You shut it!" Bdubs said, waving his crossbow around angrily.

Etho put his hands up and backed away a few steps. "I brought snacks," he said, keeping his empty hands up in clear view.

"...like what?" Bdubs asked.

"Well, I've got a pocket full of potatoes," Etho said. "We can make chips?"

Cleo sighed, lowering her crossbow. "You're not going to give up, are you," she said. "Impulse, make a chest and put it outside. Etho, empty all your inventory into the chest except for the potatoes, and maybe we'll let you inside. That includes your weapons and armour by the way."

Impulse and Etho did as they were instructed and Etho entered the Crastle. Bdubs and Cleo cautiously returned to the ground floor.

"So, about those chips," Cleo said.

"Oh, I don't know how to make chips," Etho said. "I just brought the potatoes."

It looked like it took all Cleo's willpower not to scream.

"Nice look, Rapunzel," Etho said as he pulled up a chair beside Bdubs.

"I'm being safe, ok!" Bdubs shot back, self-consciously trying to smooth the top of his hair. "Fire's dangerous. But I guess you don't know about that, Mr Flammable Castle."

"What're you talking about? Nobody's going to burn my castle," replied Etho, looking away hesitantly.

"Well maybe we'll test that theory if you try blowing up the Crastle again," said Bdubs.

Etho seemed to consider this for a moment. "Ok, deal," he said. "But I can still blow up other people's stuff, right?"

"Not my stuff!" said Tango hurriedly.

"Your hole wouldn't be fun to blow up anyway," Etho replied.

"Ok, maybe we should talk about something less destructive," interrupted Impulse. "Are the steaks done yet?"

"Yeah, should be just about ready," said Tango, giving them a final flip.

"Let me go find some plates then," said Cleo, wandering off to poke about in the assortment of storage chests littered about the place.

Etho reached up behind Bdubs' head and tugged the string loose. Bdubs' hair fell back in a waterfall around his shoulders.

"Hey!" Bdubs said, trying to grab the string.

"I'm fixing it," said Etho, lightly grabbing the top of Bdubs' head and spinning it away from him.

"It was perfectly functional before," Bdubs protested. His grumbles died down though as Etho started to gently tug his fingers through Bdubs' hair.

Cleo came back with the plates, throwing a bemused expression at the two of them.

"You going to play with my hair, Impy?" Tango teased.

"Not with the amount of product you put in it," Impulse shot back. "I don't need greasy hands for the rest of the week!"

"Aww, but how else am I expected to keep it so perfectly spiked," Tango retorted.

"Food," Cleo interrupted simply.

"I can't," said Bdubs. "Etho's still got my hair."

"You're allowed to tell him to stop," said Cleo.

"No he's not," said Etho, brushing Bdubs' hair into three separate strands.

"You see what I have to put up with?" Bdubs replied, though there was a distinct lack of protest in his voice.

The other three filled their plates. Bdubs made as if to follow suit, slowly leaning forward as Etho twisted his hair into an ever-lengthening braid.

"Hang on," Etho said gently as he reached the end. Bdubs paused his leaning as Etho grabbed out the string and tied a bow at the bottom of the plait. "There you go."

"Very pretty," Cleo said.

"Why thank you Cleo," Bdubs replied.

"It's funny," Tango teased. "Sometimes we could almost mistake you two for friends."

"We are not friends. He is my mortal enemy," said Bdubs. "He blew up my Crastle."

Etho smiled. "You're my best enemy."

"That's it, I'm gonna burn down your woollen castle," said Bdubs.

"No you won't," said Etho.

## End Notes

Another of these posts which I [originally put on my Tumblr](#) but thought should go here as well. Hope you enjoyed!

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