

The BEST Roommates

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/39313836) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/39313836>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	3rd Life Last Life SMP Series
Relationship:	Bdoubleo100 & Ethoslab , BdoubleO100 & Ethoslab & Skizzleman & TangoTek , Skizzleman & TangoTek , Team BEST are friends and roomies
Character:	BdoubleO100 , Ethoslab , TangoTek , Skizzleman
Additional Tags:	They're roommates with the rest of Team BEST! , modern AU I suppose , purely fluff and hanging out , also Etho is trans it may be kind of subtle but he is
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-05-30 Updated: 2022-06-01 Words: 756 Chapters: 2/?

The BEST Roommates

by [WintersWishing](#)

Summary

A collection of short stories about Team BEST being roommates and going about their daily lives, in a modern setting with urban fantasy elements!

Plants + Friends = Smiles

Chapter Summary

Etho's been in the sunroom all morning, and Bdubs checks in on him!

Chapter Notes

Bdubs and Etho fic for a friend!! Just something short and simple and sweet here, but I may add more chapters if I think of more ideas for stuff to write and, y'know, manage to write it!

(I also do not post on AO3 too much so formatting may be a bit weird)

"Etho! Are you still alive in there?"

The man looked up, toward the shouting beyond the door. "Yeah?"

"Oh thank goodness," He could faintly make out through the wood, sort of a sigh. "Can I come in?"

"Well I don't know about that, you only ever come in uninvited," He quipped, turning back to a plant he was trimming.

The sun room, where most of their plants were kept, wasn't too expansive, but it wasn't quite anything to scoff at either. There were large windows to let in natural light, a nice oak bench, a few standalone seats, so many plants — if you asked Etho, it was one of the best places to be.

Though that may be due to the fact plants couldn't overwhelm him with noise, unlike his housemate who sauntered in after a minute of contemplation.

Bdubs knew Etho's limits though, so the chances of anything too bad were slim enough to be more than comfortable.

"Have you been in here all morning?" Bdubs questioned, looking around at the different types of blooming flowers and sources of natural remedies. "Skizz told me you ate some pancakes then disappeared."

Etho only hummed at that, clipping a dead stem with his shears. "Maybe," He responded, rather unspecifically.

"Yeah, well, your alarm went off earlier," Bdubs returned with a chuckle, also nonspecific considering Etho had alarms for many things throughout the day. It seemed to hit the other, and he clarified, "For your voice training."

Another hum. "It can always wait until later," He shrugged, gently moving a few leaves aside.

"Alright," Bdubs murmured and, glancing back, Etho saw him moving to sit on the bench. As sun caught on the other's hair when he settled against the cushions, Etho sighed then placed down his shears.

Removing his gloves as he made his way over, he wondered, "So, was that all you came in for?"

"I mean I did want to see what you were up to today," Bdubs shrugged, looking up at him.

Etho took a seat next to him, leaning on his shoulder just as he had so many times in the past.

"Mostly tending to plants, but now I'm talking to you," His smile came through in merely his tone, and he could feel the other's shoulders loosen as he smiled back.

Code to Success

Chapter Summary

Tango finishes applying a patch fix to his latest game in progress, and exits his room to find an empty house.

Chapter Notes

AKA Tango gets a surprise meal after getting lost in his work! Success, satisfying hunger!

There was a sigh, then Tango leaned backward in his chair as he yawned, arms stretching over his head.

He huffed as he went lax against the cushioning, then got up and went to open the door. "Hey, anybody home?" He called, poking his head out from into the hall. "Skizz, you said you wanted to try Decked Out 2 next, right?"

He stared out into the hall with bright red eyes, stepping out then leaning against the door frame.

No response.

Humming and hawing, Tango turned to his computer to check the time. It was barely past noon, so Etho probably wasn't home at the moment, and Bdubs might be out.

Skizz sometimes did the weekly grocery shopping after lunch, and it was a weekend as well.

...When was the last time he'd eaten, anyway?

He decided to investigate a bit further, maybe cook something.

He figured he'd check the sunroom first, doing a quick walk around the middle table before going back out.

There weren't too many doors - the room he shared with Skizz, the sunroom, Etho and Bdubs' room, then the bathroom - before it opened up into the living room. So, he was in the kitchen in minutes, through the archway leading into it.

He moved to check the freezer for something instant, being met with a blue post it note on the door.

"Tango," He shouted his own name, which was written in all caps. He made a scating noise as he skimmed the note, murmuring, "Breakfast sandwich in the microwave, yada yada, groceries, medication stuff- love, Bdubs." He noted that love was spelled L-U-V instead of L-O-V-E.

He chuckled a little; Yeah, that was Bdubs.

He turned to the microwave, opening it then lighting up when he, indeed, saw a breakfast sandwich.

"Man," He sighed, closing the door to set a run time. "How long was I even working on that thing?"

Tango didn't have an answer, but at least he had a solution. He would have to remember to ask someone to do another test for his game, whenever they got home. He filed away the thought for later.

At least, if nothing else, he had a solid meal now. He was content with that.

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