

The Weirdest Reflection

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by [respectable_username](#)

Summary

(Last Life) Bdubs somehow manages to convince Etho that they should try on each others' outfits. Hilarity ensues.

Notes

Originally posted on Tumblr at: https://www.tumblr.com/blog/view/respectable_username/683745909808480256. Though this version here has been given extra editing time since the original was posted.

Etho was rudely dragged from his sleep as something soft and heavy dropped onto his face.

"Oh c'mon man!" He squinted his eye open against the morning sun to glare at his roommate.

"I'm bored," said Bdubs, his back to Etho as he adjusted his hair in the window's reflection. "You sleep too long."

"It's like 8am."

"Exactly. I've had to entertain myself for like a whole 2 hours now!"

Etho grumbled, dragging whatever had landed on him off his back as he sat up, his fingers digging into the soft, green fabric.

"Bdubs, don't you have somewhere better to leave your jacket?"

"Try it on!"

"Why?"

Bdubs turned back to face Etho. A very familiar black headband sat atop his forehead.

"Oh no no no no no."

"Oh come on, it'll be fun!" said Bdubs, snatching Etho's own jacket off the floor and pulling it on. His hands barely made it out the ends of the sleeves.

"For who?"

"Just think of all the pranks we could pull. Think of the look on Grian's face! 'Aww it's just Bdubs. We don't have to worry about him.' 'Aha! No, it's Etho! Run for the hills little man! The PvP master is after you.'"

"You know I'm really not that good at PvP—"

"And anyway, I've seen you looking at my jacket. So green. So soft. So warm. Don't you just wanna wrap it around your shoulders? Feel the soft moss brushing against your cheek?"

Etho hadn't even notice himself rubbing the gentle material between his fingers. He pushed it off onto the bed beside him, half covering it with his blanket as he swung his feet out onto the floor.

"You know it'll never work. One of us is gonna end up dead. Probably you."

"How about if I throw in the clock?"

This got Etho's attention.

"You'll let me wear your clock?" Etho said, raising an eyebrow.

"Sure, sure," said Bdubs as he picked it up off his own bedside table, his smile straining as his fingers brushed along its gilded surface. "Nobody would believe you were me if you didn't have my clock."

Etho pulled the jacket on, a wry smile spreading across his face. The jacket really was as comfortable as it looked.

He held out his hand. "Hand it over."

Bdubs' fingers clenched tighter around the clock.

"Bdubs, you promised."

Bdubs sighed, walking over to Etho and placing it into his waiting hand.

He hesitated, his fingers not quite able to leave its gilded surface.

"Don't you dare lose it! I'll know if you replace it with a different one."

"I won't. I promise."

Bdubs let go of the clock. Etho reached down and hooked it into place on his belt.

"How do I look?" Etho stood up and did a twirl.

"Almost as good as me. So, an improvement."

This earned Bdubs a friendly shove, chucking as he stumbled a few steps back towards his own side of the room.

The laughter stopped as something caught Bdubs' eye. His eyes went wide, an evil grin blooming across his face.

"Oh no no no. I know that look. Whatever it is, no!"

Bdubs looked down at Etho's mask, sitting neatly folded on his bedside table. He looked up at Etho.

"Can I?"

"No."

"It would be funny."

"But it's my mask."

"I let you wear my clock!"

"But it's my mask. People will see me!"

"I can see you right now!"

"Yeah, but you're not people!"

"Hey!"

"It's a compliment!"

Bdubs pouted. "Ok, what about if I wear it just for a minute? Just long enough to see what it'd look like?"

Etho hesitated. "And then you'd give it back?"

"Pinky promise. I won't wear it outside this room."

Etho curled his fingers gently around the small scrap of fabric and tentatively held it out to Bdubs.

"Just cos I wanna see what you look like."

Bdubs giggled as he slipped it over his ears.

It really was an eerie sight, seeing Bdubs' mop of spiky brown hair sticking out of Etho's headband, above Etho's mask, finished off with Etho's jacked sitting at least two sizes too big around Bdubs' shoulders. Like looking in a funhouse mirror.

"Mini me," Etho said with a smirk.

"Hey!" protested Bdubs. "I'm not short!"

Etho pulled Bdubs's hood up over his own head. "Hey Bdubs, what's it like seeing a normal sized

version of yourself?"

"I'm normal sized, you're the giant here!"

He grabbed Etho's arm and pulled him in front of the windowpane. It truly was a weird sight reflected back at them.

"Look at us! Isn't this amazing?"

"We look ridiculous."

"Speak for yourself!"

"Hello homie buddies! How's the rest of the BEST doing this fantabulous morning?"

The pair of them spun around to find a Skizz in the front doorway, a Tango not far behind. Etho quickly snapped his hand up across his face. He could already feel the red rising in his cheeks.

"Should I ask what you two got up to last night?" Tango asked, cocking an eyebrow at the two of them.

Etho felt himself dying inside.

"It was Bdubs' idea."

"Sure it was," said Tango with a smirk.

"Hey, whatever you two want to do in your spare time, it's all cool with me," said Skizz.

"Nothing happ– Bdubs, help!"

"Have you two never wondered what you'd look like in each others' clothes?"

"Uh, no."

Etho would have facepalmed if his hand wasn't already busy hiding, well, his face.

"Can you two give us a minute? We'll see you out in the courtyard."

"No problem!" said Skizz, already dragging Tango out the door.

The door shut. Etho let out a breath.

"Gimme that," he said, snatching his mask off of Bdubs' face. "Of all the years I've known you, this was your worst idea yet."

"Oh please," said Bdubs. "It's been nearly 10 years. I've definitely had worse."

"Nope, this is definitely, 100% the worst."

"Ok, so are you gonna give me back my jacket and clock then?"

"No no, we had a deal. I stick to my deals."

"Oh really?"

"I'm a man of my word."

"The jacket's really soft, isn't it."

"...Maybe."

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