

## You're the B.E.S.T.

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## You're the B.E.S.T.

by [orphancrow](#)

### Summary

It's the Team B.E.S.T. boy band AU no one asked for nor needed that turned into queerplatonic Ethubs fluff. Enjoy. <3

### Notes

Team B.E.S.T. boy band AU. bc I needed to purge this idea from my brain after watching [this fanvid](#) on repeat for far too long in order to get some other work done. You're welcome.

Happy for anyone else to run with this if they feel so inclined. Inspired by mid-late 90s boy bands bc I am An Old. Also I had more of an idea for this before my brain just hit Ethubs go brrrr and here we are.

Team B.E.S.T., it's fair to say, were an odd band. Not many could boast at being sacked by the Backstreet Boys after opening for them once because they had outdanced them. Bdubs didn't care though. They'd played in front of a packed arena, and the publicity from the sacking did them arguably more favours than not. Now everyone knew what kind of live band they were, and suddenly they were playing much bigger venues.

But that's what you get for being a band that doesn't really fit anywhere. Not quite pop enough for boy bands, not quite heavy enough for the rock crowds, with too much dancing for either, with a ton of catchy songs that got instantly lodged in your brain. That was the genius of Team B.E.S.T. Annoy people enough and you got a following, which was why they'd been hired in the first place. People loved them.

That, and the stubborn resistance to having a cohesive look, which is all any record label wanted these days. If they wanted to make it as a boy band, they had to look like one, not like a group of cosplayers who'd just stepped out of an anime convention. But that was where their appeal lay. They weren't like the rest. They stood out in a sea of identical white-clad boy bands, miming their very average pop tunes on television for hoards of screaming girls.

Plus, they could *really* fucking dance.

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Bdubs had perfected the art of looking longingly at Etho on stage while they performed. It hadn't been deliberate when it started, but when the crowd began screaming whenever they got close, they started playing up to it. After all, a little gay teasing never did anyone any harm. And if anyone decided to get scandalised by it, well, the more publicity the better.

It wasn't like there wasn't a relationship there, to be fair, though neither of them ever specified exactly what kind of relationship it was. There were rumours for days, of course, especially when Bdubs would spend too many interviews and photoshoots sprawled all over Etho in some manner, or otherwise cosying up to him. Etho was his rock, and that, as far as Bdubs was concerned, was all that mattered.

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Etho's arms gently fell around his waist as Bdubs looked out over the sunset, taking a break from several hours of rehearsals. Bdubs might have closed his eyes and smiled, feeling the slight chill in the air soothe the aches from his body. The dance they were working on was tricky, but they'd get in a few weeks. They just needed to practice.

Bdubs might have shivered as Etho rested his head on his shoulder and sighed. "You sound as tired as I feel."

Etho shrugged. "You get used to it."

"I guess."

"At least we're nearly done for today. Skizz was suggesting a restaurant down town if you're keen," Etho said.

Bdubs shrugged. "If you're going, I'll go."

"I didn't say I was going," Etho said.

"I know. I'm just happy wherever you are, Etho, you know that," Bdubs said.

"Sap," Etho laughed as he pulled him into a tight hug before letting him go. "Come on, one more hour then we can get out of here."

"Alright, alright, I'm coming," Bdubs said as he followed Etho back inside.

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They definitely needed a break, Bdubs thought, as they finished up the dance rehearsals weeks

later. It had been worth it, of course, because they were now ready to unleash it at their next live shows, but boy was it tiring. He needed time to regroup and build his energy again so he could be the loud charismatic frontman the band needed.

This quiet side, though, the side that loved being nestled close to Etho in the back of the car while Skizz and Tango drove them across the country, that was a side few got to see. He sort of wished they'd spent the extra money for a tour bus, but apparently that was far too extravagant for a couple of midwest shows. They weren't that big yet.

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"Looks good out there tonight. We're dropping the new dance, right? After Moonlight?" Tango said, coming up behind Bdubs as they peeked out at the gathering crowd.

Bdubs nodded. "Yes, that's right. After Moonlight. So I can serenade Etho."

Tango laughed. "That's every song for you, Bdubs, or didn't you notice that?"

"Oh, I know, Tango, but sometimes you need to make it special. So everyone knows it's a serenade," Bdubs said.

"You know what? We've been buddies for years and I still can't work you two out," Tango said.

"We're band husbands, what more do you need to know?" Bdubs said as if that was enough.

Tango shrugged. "Yeah, fair enough. Also I think it's time we were dressed. We got call in fifteen."

Bdubs didn't need to pull out his gold pocketwatch to know the time. "Yeah, it's fifteen. Come on, then. I gotta go make sure the roses are perfect."

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It wasn't easy to work in a serenade in the middle of a dance number, but that's why this routine had been so tricky. They had to get the timings right. But it worked like a charm, and right on cue, Bdubs fell to his knees before Etho, a single rose in hand, crooning up at him, unaware of anyone else but him.

It was one of those moments that was both genuine, but also an exaggeration. Their love was nuanced and complex and full of intimacy that most people just didn't understand outside of it being romantic, which it wasn't. It transcended that. It was felt keenly in the rush of adrenalin as they came off-stage, and Etho was cheering and pulling him into a hug as they finally retreated backstage, feeling the magic they'd created together.

Bdubs didn't notice until they'd crashed in their hotel room that Etho still had the rose, leaving it on the bedside table as they lay beside each other, utterly spent. Etho was almost asleep, just enough for Bdubs to slip his mask down just a little and kiss his cheek before he settled down, closing his eyes, as Etho tangled their fingers together. Bdubs was happy wherever Etho was, and that's all he needed out of life.

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