

bang the doldrums

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by Anonymous

Summary

- > *fix up my spare room for my friend while he's in town on a job*
- > *second night with him there i hear someone rummaging around in the kitchen*
- > *think my friend needs something*
- > *get up*
- > *go to the kitchen*
- > *turn on the light*
- > *its my ex husband*
- > *he's eating my sandwich*
- > *the one i made for lunch tomorrow*
- > *he didn't even make his own sandwich*

Notes

ethubs???? in this economy???? more reasonable than you might think

this was written for a good friend of mine who's having a hard time of it right now. credit to him for the text in the summary which was the prompt of this fic, but also like. etho moving into bdubs' basement was Hysterically funny i couldn't not write something to tag off it even if it was jossed twelve hours after i finished it

also technically this is "you don't remember life series when you return to your home server" canon

why is it that every other fandom i write super angsty things first and then for hc/life series it's just silly goofs first and foremost

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

Okay, listen, it wasn't that Bdubs was starting to regret inviting Ren to stay over. It was just like, he'd have to start setting some ground rules about modifications to the base just to make doubly, triply sure that Ren wasn't letting the power go to his head.

Oh, who was Bdubs kidding. Ren was absolutely going to let the power go to his head. At least Bdubs still had the secret basement— for now, at least. He was going to have to figure out how to keep that hidden from Ren for at least a little while longer.

It was the first time in a while that Bdubs was sleeping in his tower and he was just about to drift off to sleep, the sound of settling diorite a soothing lullaby, when a sound that was decidedly out of place for his base at dusk jerked him back to full wakefulness.

For a moment he wondered if it was Scar and Grian, back again to terrorize him with their fake creeper outfits— but the sounds weren't even close to creeper sounds, and Scar had been scarily good at imitating those. Maybe it was Ren. Maybe Ren needed something and didn't want to wake Bdubs for it. That was mighty conscientious of him, but Bdubs had sworn himself in service to the king, so it really wasn't any trouble, even if it was starting to get dark outside.

So Bdubs grabbed his hoodie and headed back down the stairs. His sword was ready to be equipped— you know, just in case! Maybe it wasn't Ren! Maybe it *was* Scar— and this time Scar would taste diamond for daring to disturb Bdubs'—

It wasn't Scar or Ren.

Two soul torches were lit either side of the barrels holding Bdubs' food stores, which wasn't quite enough light to illuminate the person standing there, but Bdubs knew Ren and he was familiar enough with Scar and Grian both to know whoever this was was none of the above. “Hey!” he yelled, grabbing his sword. “Get out of my food!”

The person jumped and whipped around, revealing— “Etho?!” Bdubs almost dropped his sword in surprise. Etho hadn't come with them into the new world after the disaster that was the end of last season, and honestly Bdubs hadn't been sure he'd see Etho again until the next seed, if at all. The familiar old fondness curled in his chest and he felt his face start to split into a grin— at least until he noticed the sandwich clutched in between Etho's hands.

The sandwich he'd been planning to save for tomorrow's dungeon work.

“Hey, that was mine!” he snapped, and even in the low light he could see the corners of Etho's eyes crinkle the way he did when he was about to start laughing.

“Haven't seen me in six months and that's what you have to say?” Etho remarked, and Bdubs forced away the feeling of wistfulness that rose in him when he heard Etho's voice again— it was the principle of the thing, the thing being Etho *eating his sandwich* and also! Waking him up at dusk! *Etho!!!* It didn't matter how much Bdubs had missed him, this was egregious! “Swing your sword at me and then yell at me for eating the only food you're keeping in your base... a nice way to treat your guests. You didn't even leave me a bed in your basement— by the way, it's filled with

mobs, you should consider getting more light down there.”

Of course *Etho* found the secret basement. If *Bdubs* hadn't known for a fact that *Etho* hadn't been on the server for the last few months— he didn't even need to check the numbers, not that he'd ever checked the numbers before, no sir— he would have said *Etho* was the one who built it for him. Alas, some mysteries would remain willfully unsolved. “It's spooky! Ambience, you know!” *Bdubs* said, and then, “When did you get here and why did you decide to move into my basement like a weird little gremlin and why did you wake me up you *know* how late it is—,”

“Yeah, sorry about that last part,” *Etho* said easily, taking another bite of the sandwich. “Genuinely thought you weren't home. I came by to ask but you must not have heard me, I assumed you'd gone to sleep at another build site so I just went downstairs. It's a nice ambience down there, even with the skellies,” he added, with those smiling crinkles in the corners of his eyes. “My compliments to the architect.”

“Well, if I ever meet them, I'll let them know you said so,” *Bdubs* said, before biting hard on his tongue as he realized that *Etho* thought *he* was the one who built the basement. Heat flared in his cheeks immediately.

Etho just laughed, the quiet familiarity of it warming up the space, and finished the sandwich. *Bdubs* felt his eye twitch and decided, then and there, that he was going to firmly suppress all the feelings he had been feeling about missing *Etho* since they'd arrived on the new server. “Right. Well, since you're here and awake— *Bdubs*, can I live in your basement for now? I just returned from voluntary exile and I don't exactly have a home at the moment.”

Bdubs rolled his eyes up to the sky. *This man*. At this point he had to know *Bdubs* would never say no to him, even despite all their history and the fact that he had another house guest. Heck, *Etho* could turn to him and say *hey if we were in a hardcore world and I got tasked with killing someone so I could live through the night would it be okay if I killed you* and *Bdubs* would probably be surprised he asked first. Grumbling, he said, “Yes, *Etho*, you can sleep in my creepy secret basement. Don't tell *Ren* how to get in. And don't sneak into my food stores at—,” he checked the clock in his right hand—, “two thirty in the morning, last time someone was behind a door in my house *Scar* scared ten years off my life with his new creeper suit.”

“Oh, I can't wait to hear that story,” *Etho* said, a smile in his voice, and *Bdubs* huffed as he turned away.

“Yeah, well! It'll have to wait, cause like I said it's two thirty in the morning and you are clearly *not* a creeper, so I'm going back to bed, where I was when you so rudely awakened me by eating my food.” He paused, one foot on the staircase, and said, “D'you need a bed? I've got tons of wool, I can make you one.”

“Nah, I've got one. Thanks, honey.” *Etho* laughed when *Bdubs* nearly tripped over his own feet missing the next step. At least he was faced away so he could try to compose himself before turning around.

“Just for that, you'd better replace that sandwich before you go back downstairs!” *Bdubs* yelled. As an afterthought, he added, “And don't leave too early tomorrow! I wanna hear about voluntary exile! And what you've been doing for the last six months!”

Bdubs was halfway up the stairs before he heard *Etho*'s murmured “Missed you too, *Bdubs*,” and *Bdubs* had to keep moving before he did something really stupid, like go back downstairs and ask to hear those stories now, or stay up all night to light up the basement so *Etho* could have a safe night's sleep.

They had time for all the rest of that.

End Notes

when will minecraft add sandwiches these are the things i want to know

i'll put this in a series with my other hc/life series work later i don't have a clever name for it atm

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