

## boogie woogie boogeydubs

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/39269289) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/39269289>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Graphic Depictions Of Violence</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">3rd Life   Last Life SMP Series</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Bdoubleo100 &amp; Ethoslab</a>
Character:	<a href="#">EthosLab (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">John Booko   BdoubleO100</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Boogeydubs</a> , <a href="#">Canon Compliant</a> , <a href="#">Boogeyman Curse</a> , <a href="#">Canon Dramatization</a> , <a href="#">Dialogue from the Actual Episode</a> , <a href="#">Violent Thoughts</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-05-28 Words: 1,523 Chapters: 1/1

## boogie woogie boogeydubs

by [donnerstag](#)

### Summary

“The Boogeyman’s about to be chosen,” Etho said, and he’d been advancing up the stairs, mismatched eyes trained on Bdubs, and Bdubs found himself backing up. He liked Etho, he really did, great guy, but—

He stumbled a little when the stairs ended and left him on level ground. Only a few steps later his back pressed to dirt.

...

They’d been told they would know when the curse hit, and they’d been told they’d feel some bloodlust, but none of that even came close to describing what just settled over him.

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tl;dr a short ramble dramatizing a portion of bdub's last life episode one from back when it first came out, posted in honor of s3 real confirmed on god. bdubs struggles to not kill his good buddy Etho Slab for roughly 1500 words. god i can't fucking wait for more bdubs.

there is a somewhat(?) graphic description of imagined/fantasized violence but none that actually happens within the events of the story. more of a “better safe than sorry” tag

Etho stood several steps below him on the rough-hewn stone stairs, pickaxe slung over his shoulder; his face was hard to read at the best of times but now it was worse, obscured in the shadows at the unlit bottom of the steps. Bdubs couldn’t see into the darkness behind him, but he could feel the faint breeze from the open cavern coming past him into the claustrophobic little tunnel they’d dug.

“The Boogeyman’s about to be chosen,” Etho said, and he’d been advancing up the stairs, mismatched eyes trained on Bdubs, and Bdubs found himself backing up. He liked Etho, he really did, great guy, but—

He stumbled a little when the stairs ended and left him on level ground. Only a few steps later his back pressed to dirt. He could see Etho’s face a little more clearly up here, closer and better lit; it looked like he was smiling under the mask, eyes glinting with anticipation. He still held the pickaxe in hand, lazily, like he’d forgotten it was there. Bdubs realized a moment later he was still holding his own as well, clutching it to his chest like it’d be able to protect him.

Etho was still just watching him. There was a soft *click*, echoing between the two of them as their comms began the countdown.

“Oh, it’s going right now,” Etho remarked.

The timer ticked down from 3...

“Oh no, oh no.” Bdubs stowed the pick and discreetly shuffled around for something else, anything he could put between himself and Etho if it came to that — not torches, some logs, maybe...

2...

“So Bdubs is about to get chosen as the Boogeyman, here,” Etho said. He was still smiling, probably. It seemed like he was always smiling, always so calm, always so impossible to read.

1...

“So d-did you have, um,” Bdubs started, and then he felt it.

Oh *god*.

They’d been told they would know when the curse hit, and they’d been told they’d feel some bloodlust, but none of that even came close to describing what just settled over him. He felt—he felt hollow. He felt like his skin didn’t fit. He felt like his bones were full of gunpowder, and he felt like he was dying. He felt like he’d never sleep again, like he could run for days without stopping. He felt Red, almost—nearly Red, like standing on the edge of a ravine, like the disquieting shiver while staring down a sheer stone wall dropping away into the dark.

Bdubs took a breath, gave a relieved little laugh and smiled at Etho. He felt... fine. He was fine.

(But he *itched*.)

“Nope, not me,” he lied with a grin, and as Etho shook his head he quirked a brow at him, accusingly. “Is it *you*?”

“No!” Etho insisted. He was already turning back down the stairs into the cave. And when he saw the back of his neck, exposed in the low light from the furnace, Bdubs wanted to break it. He wanted to bury his pick in his spine and—

“You’re making me nervous,” Bdubs said, half-teasing as he peered down the stairs after him. Etho carried a torch now, lighting up the cavern at the bottom and the visible half of his pale face. He inclined his head, gesturing for Bdubs to join him down in the dark, quiet cave. Alone.

Bdubs unhooked his pickaxe and held it up to his chest again, like he was still a bit scared despite readily following him down the winding stone tunnel. They bantered back and forth as they dropped down into the cool air of the cave, and Bdubs was surprised how easy it felt, pretending to be nervous, acting like he was the vulnerable one here. Etho didn't seem remotely suspicious of him, although it was hard to tell for sure. Always was, with Etho. But he kept turning his back on him, kept close to him, kept teasing Bdubs as if *he* were the Boogeyman. It made it even easier to play up his panicky, uncertain act.

He could wait for them to get lost together, find some cramped hole deep under the earth where the cave dead-ended, and he could corner him against the rough stone and drive his dull stone axe into him until he stopped moving. He could follow him down into the tunnels that wound past open pits of lava, shove him off-balance and let him sink, let him burn. He could find a steep, dark drop hanging off over nothing and just *push*—

He didn't like thinking these things about Etho.

“Should we split? For, like,” and Bdubs struggled, briefly, to find a reason to leave that wasn't about how badly he wanted to see every way Etho's body could break, “...efficiency?”

Etho didn't look up from where he was mining coal. “We can, yeah.”

“Alright.”

It was a relief, but a bitter one, dry and unsoothing—he still *itched*, his skin still crawling with a restless heat. It was fine. He'd just have to find his way out and hope he ran into someone else before they ran into each other again. Etho wouldn't die to him here, not if he could help it.

(He wasn't sure he could help it.)

“Before I leave, though,” he shoved his hands into his gear, “take this, and make a shield.” He tossed a hunk of raw iron at Etho, who caught it effortlessly.

“Thank you—you know, I totally forgot about shields, again,” Etho snorted.

Bdubs nodded, his empty hands twitching as he shoved them back into his pockets and turned to watch the furnace. “Yes, yeah. Don't go caving without it.”

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Their meager supply of iron was still smelting down when Tango and Skizz nearly snuck up on them—and like Etho they both seemed to find the idea that either of them could be the Boogeyman great for a laugh.

Tango and Etho joked about it, about how they were simply waiting for the moment to strike, letting their supposed victims simmer in the anticipation of not knowing what was coming for them. Bdubs chuckled as he stood at the crafting bench, acutely aware of the sword and the axe both easily within his reach, and all the untouched green lives hovering around him in such close quarters—but he was patient. He *itched*, of course, but he was patient.

He slid his new, unblemished iron sword into a scabbard and let it hang at his side, ready and waiting.

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They never did end up splitting off from each other, after the encounter with Tango and Skizz. The

unexplored tunnels ahead were dark, waiting, and he didn't want to venture into them alone; but to go back any other way by himself now meant running into Tango and Skizz, which wasn't exactly a viable option.

And so it was just the two of them again, digging deeper into the caverns. An uncomfortable, edgy prickle ran down his back every time he looked at Etho, every time he saw his chance; And if that meant Bdubs was looking for *any* distractions, well, it wasn't too far off from his usual behavior.

"Here it is," Bdubs swept away the dirt and loose stone, creating a small dug-out for him to crouch in. Etho had prematurely slain the zombie he meant to demonstrate his methodology on, but nothing was going to derail him now. "This is it, see? They can't get me—"

"Oh, the sneak around," Etho nodded, and stepped up to the stone for the demonstration, putting Bdubs at eye level with his knees. "And then you tap my legs?"

"Yes," Bdubs said. "I'm. Not gonna."

But he could. He so, so easily could. He *itched*.

Etho's hadn't gotten armor for his legs yet. It was just the dark cloth of his pants, and then the skin, the muscles and the veins underneath, all unprotected. The iron sword felt heavy in his hands, and if he were to slice through the tendons and arteries running through his legs (and he could, so simple and quick it'd be like butter, a hot knife melting through the fat and the flesh) Etho would simply crumple, fall useless to the stone and from there it would be so easy to *finally*—

Bdubs pushed off the stone and scrambled out of the cramped little dugout, back and away from Etho. He rambled something about the method, about baby zombies and creepers and the downsides. He crossed the open cavern and wove around the torches they'd planted in the cracked stone and the dirt, feeling Etho follow behind. He didn't want Etho behind him, he didn't want him in front of him, he wanted to kill, he just wanted to kill him, he needed to do *something*.

He stood at the yawning mouth of the cavern leading in deeper, facing down the ravine, the crumbling mineshaft, the writhing green corpses attempting to crawl over each other to reach them up in the torchlight above. Etho came up beside him.

"Alright, let's see the *Etho* method for dealing with these guys."

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