

## business major (derogatory)

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## business major (derogatory)

by [dontrollthedice](#)

### Summary

Etho liked to think of his life as a sound engineering major as typical: slight caffeine addiction, a decent number of friends for an engineering major, more work than he knew what to do with. That was okay; that was normal. Everything was normal.

Up until a man in the music building started waving at him every morning.

### Notes

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

Maybe all this caffeine hadn't been a great idea after all.

Etho rubbed his eyes, relishing in the brief moment of coolness before the warm air inside the music building greeted him.

Music had been his artform for all his life. When life got too hard, he could always count on sitting down at a piano and plunking away at it, if just for a small distraction from the responsibilities that came with being a sentient human being. Or in this case, when tests in his engineering classes were coming up and he couldn't stop thinking about damn parameters, music anchored him back to his senses.

That being said, all the caffeine he thought would be helping him through the exam had kicked in too early, and in his haste to get to class, he had forgotten that the cacophony of sounds from the

music building practice rooms was always horrendous, no matter how skilled everyone was individually.

Damn it. Etho held his head and took a moment to lean against the wall.

The door flung open beside him. Someone walked in, and judging by the stopped footsteps, they stopped for him.

Well, it'd be awfully rude to leave them without any form of acknowledgement. Etho looked up for a brief moment and waved.

The man in front of him blinked but gave him a dizzying smile and waved back. He walked further into the building and disappeared into the main lecture room, sparing Etho from further social interaction.

Etho settled back against the wall and shut his eyes.

Dizzying smile. Maybe Bdubs and Xisuma were right on the whole "caffeine isn't good for you" front.

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Etho was a sound engineering major.

That meant he straddled the line between art major and engineering major so tightly the line might as well be a tightrope walk. But for all intents and banter purposes, he was an engineering major who happened to have a background in piano and music composition. That was how Bdubs explained it to him anyway when he and Doc first learned he would be a sound engineering major.

Now as a third-year, he was used to Bdubs prodding at him for abandoning his musical roots (though he still had a set number of required music credits), Doc teasing him for his less intensive labs (which was bullshit, considering they were taking the same labs), and Iskall for spending all his money on new sound equipment (which was probably the only valid tease of the whole bunch. His roommate knew all). It was all banter, of course; he just happened to be the easiest target sometimes.

But for as much shit he got, he knew there was one major he could always punch up to.

"Hey, at least I'm not a business major," Etho snorted during dinner. "I haven't stooped *that* far."

Bdubs coughed out a laugh, then devolved into a string of giggles. "Oh my god, could you imagine?" he said. He slouched over and deepened his voice. " *'Hey, I'm Etho, and my greatest passion is resumes.'* "

"I don't even sound like that," Etho sniffed, but Doc and Bdubs were too busy giggling at themselves to pay any attention to him.

God. How the hell had he survived secondary school with these two by his side?

Etho popped a grape into his mouth and listened to the sounds of the world.

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Sometimes, Etho wondered why he chose the schedule he did. As early as he had woken up for secondary school, waking up before noon as an adult felt so much worse.

Adult. Was that even the proper word to describe him?

Etho didn't have much time to ponder that before he noticed the figure moving in front of him.

Oh. It was that same man waving at him, offering him yet another sympathetic smile. Now that he wasn't half-dead, Etho could see he was around the same height as him and the man made the great weather choice of wearing a blue sweater beneath a painter's smock. It was always cold outside, after all.

But Etho wasn't loaded on caffeine this time. Why did the smile still knock the wind out of him?

Etho mustered up the best wave and eye crinkles he could before walking down the hall to his classes as nonchalantly as he could. In the meantime, he pulled out his phone and texted the best medical professional available.

**Etho [9:01]** hey stress am i having a heart attack?

**Stress [9:01]** luv i havent got the slightest clue based off that

**Stress [9:01]** wait HEART ATTACK??

---

"I can't believe you thought you were having a heart attack," Stress grumbled when Etho returned to his dorm later that day.

Etho snorted and set his backpack down. "I can't believe you're eating my ice cream again."

"What did you think would happen when you let me into your dorm?"

"I don't know, that my own cousin wouldn't fall in love with my roommate and eat all my things?"

Stress huffed and threw her spoon at him, the two dissolving into laughter when the spoon clattered against the floor.

The events of the day went unspoken, but Etho put a hand to his heart nonetheless.

Normal. Huh.

---

It didn't take long for Etho to notice the man standing outside the main lecture room every morning.

And every morning without fail, the man's back would straighten at Etho's presence when he noticed it, despite how small Etho knew he made his presence. His lips would pull into a kind, warm smile, the kind offered to friends and family, not to strangers. But most of all, his eyes would

glitter a special kind of way that entranced Etho every time he made the poor decision of glancing at them.

Etho couldn't help it; his best friend was an art major, his cousin arranged flowers in her free time, and his roommate was the type of person to find beauty in nature. Their influences had rubbed off on him too much, if this was any indication.

But he realised this sort of attraction was vain. It was more akin to how people viewed the sunset rather than how Bdubs froze up around Scar when he thought nobody noticed, or maybe how Iskall treated Stress a tad more gently than the others.

So Etho held his chin up and waved with as much nonchalance as he could gather.

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It was about the fifteenth day of back-and-forth waves when Etho realised he didn't even have a name for this man.

Were they friendly enough for Etho to ask? Did Etho even want to ask? He must've been kind if he was going around waving at strangers, but...

That was too much conversation for him to handle at nine in the morning. Etho did his usual wave and passed by without much incident.

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Routine broke in the form of conversation. Not conversation with Etho, but conversation nonetheless.

"Listen, Cleo," the man said, his voice sterner than Etho had ever heard it. "I'm telling you this as your friend and your peer. Egging a dorm building with all these campus police around isn't a good idea. Besides, egging a dorm building isn't a reliable way of getting it renovated. It's more likely you'll be making everyone who lives there suffer for a couple months."

Cleo, the bastard Etho knew she was, only smiled at that. "I see no downside to this. Either the building gets renovated, or people inside it suffer."

Cleo had laughed all the way to conquering the Monopoly map when they had played it with a couple of their other mutual friends. Etho had no trouble believing she would pull something like this.

(And if he was being completely honest with himself, some of those dorm buildings *were* sorely in need of renovations...)

"... Okay, let me rephrase," the man said. "This building won't get renovated, and you're subjecting Joe and False and all of our other friends to foul egg smell. Come on, you care about Joe and False, don't you?"

"Oh, please," Cleo snorted, "We both know Joe could survive a nuclear explosion without even

knowing it happened.” She paused. “That being said, I care for False deeply, so I will not. By the way, hi, Etho.”

“Hey, Cleo,” Etho said, already edging towards his usual hallway.

“Etho?” the man said. His disarming smile was back, and this time, it was accompanied by a light chuckle Etho couldn’t help but think suited him nicely. “Nice to finally get your name!”

Cleo’s gaze darted between the two of them, her egg plot seemingly forgotten. Or, more likely knowing the kind of person she was, buried for later. “Oh, you two know each other?”

That was a complicated question. Etho answered that with a shrug.

“Okay, well... I’d better get going if I wanna make it to class,” Cleo sighed.

The man’s smile sharpened into a smirk. “Do you really wanna?”

“Actually, no. I don’t wanna! You know this, Beef!” Cleo sighed yet again before bidding the two a farewell and taking her steps towards the exit.

By the time he heard the door swing shut, Etho was already halfway down the hall, pulling his mask higher up on his reddening face.

One smirk. That was all it took for Etho to crumble.

Etho shut his eyes. Come on, where did all his engineering knowledge go? Linearity, the Euler method, those *damn series*—

God. He needed coffee.

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That man— *Beef*, Etho corrected—presumably had an entire conversation talking Cleo out of egging a dorm building. Was that the role he usually took in friend groups? The kind parental figure who took the time out of his day to wave at concerningly caffeinated strangers, yet struck the hammer down on risky ideas? Etho could see Beef as that sort of person.

“Etho?”

At the same time, he had been so quick to tease Cleo. Was that a close friendship thing, or would he do that with anyone? He hadn’t been so quick to tease Etho, but Etho would barely consider himself an acquaintance. Still, he was playful. Gentle, but playful nonetheless. The energy he carried with him was so gentle.

“Dude, Etho.”

On a spectrum between chaotic and strict, Etho would place himself firmly on the chaos side. Wouldn’t that make such a fun dynamic? The push and pull between banter and reason? Hell, if it worked for Bdubs and Scar, he didn’t see why it wouldn’t work for—

“Etho!”

Etho blinked, then focused his gaze back on the concerned friends in front of him.

Right. He was in the library with Doc and Bdubs. He was supposed to be cranking out labwork with Doc while Bdubs agonized over textures. They were seated across from him, right in the prime position to see him dissolve into his own mind.

Etho shook his head and sat up as far as his scoliosis-ridden back would allow him. “Sorry, what were you saying?”

“Dude, Bdubs was calling your name for a really long time,” Doc said, his brow furrowed. “You okay?”

“Oh, um...” Etho blinked the last of the thoughts away. It wasn’t like his mind was supposed to wander that far anyway, like an unleashed dog. “Yeah, I’m fine. Just tired as always.”

“You know, you’d be less tired if you actually went to sleep on time,” Bdubs scoffed.

Etho rolled his eyes. His mind dimly supplied something related to paint water, but it seemed the neurons weren’t quite firing today. Not on time, at least.

“Okay, wait a second,” Doc said. He narrowed his eyes and leaned forward. “You didn’t even mention Bdubs drinking paint water. That means something’s really wrong.”

Bdubs puffed his chest out with him. “Yeah! Why wouldn’t you—Hey, wait, that was one time! And mostly Scar’s fault!”

“Four times,” Etho muttered.

Bdubs took a breath to argue, then shut his mouth once he realised there was bigger prey to catch. His gaze changed, something that would’ve been more subtle had Etho not known him for this many years.

Oh no. This couldn’t be good.

“So,” Bdubs said, drawing out the last syllable. “What’s going on in that noggin of yours, Etho? It’s not often you don’t take opportunities to take cheap shots at me.”

“They’re not cheap if they’re true,” Doc snickered.

“Hey! You shush!”

Etho crossed his arms and kept his gaze down. God knew what his friends would do if they figured out his own mind was betraying him. It was illogical, it was vain, but somehow he couldn’t logic his way out of this conundrum.

Distantly, he wondered if Beef was a more logic-driven or emotion-driven person.

“What’s ailin’ ya, buddy?” Bdubs asked in a way that was more patronising than helpful. “Bad grade? Paper coming up soon? New love?”

Doc snorted. “Good one.”

Sometimes, Etho wished he could disappear into his seat. This time, he wished he could disappear with the entire universe.

“He’s—He’s turning red,” Bdubs said, to which Etho pulled his mask up higher, as if that would render Bdubs colourblind. The teasing lilt in his voice was gone, replaced by pure observation. That wasn’t fair; Doc and Etho were supposed to be the scientists here.

Doc paused. “Wait, really? New love?”

Realistically, it wasn't *love*. Etho couldn't love someone he knew nothing about. But what he did know about Beef... god, he liked it too much. He had never liked something more. Even Doc and Bdubs, his closest friends, had to worm their way into his life. What made this guy so different?

It was almost infuriating. No matter how many angles Etho tried reverse-engineering his feelings from, the same outcome was produced: he just happened to like this guy. There was no thought or reasoning behind it. It was a pure dumb heart moment, which he *knew* could be explained by higher chemical processes but Stress the damn chemistry major wasn't answering his texts—

"Who?" Bdubs said, his eyes almost sparkling with newfound excitement. "You've never been *interested* in anyone before. Who's the unlucky guy?"

"More like who's the new Scar we have to keep hearing about?" Doc snorted.

"You think you're so funny."

"What can I say? I'm hilarious."

"I hate you."

And this was the moment the two would segue into unending bickering until Etho intervened, right? That was how their dynamic worked. Doc and Bdubs would argue, and Etho would sit back until they decided to come to reality.

But unfortunately for him, all three of them shared a certain coordination when the situation called for it. It came up often when Etho and Doc had a lab together, and Etho distinctly remembered it coming up with Bdubs during their friend group's round of Knife Monopoly. It was all too easy to forget Doc and Bdubs shared that same teamwork instinct.

“Hey, it's okay,” Bdubs said, plopping down in the seat next to Etho. He slung an arm around his shoulders as if that would help things at all, but his voice was softer. “Falling for people is normal, you know? It's a good thing you're not immune to feelings. Tell us a little about them.”

“We won't tease you too much,” Doc snickered, but his gaze was devoid of the usual chaos that surrounded him.

His friends cared. They genuinely cared about him for god knew what reason. Etho could indulge them just this once.

“Well,” Etho began. He shrunk back into himself when Doc and Bdubs leaned forward. “He... He has a really pretty smile?”

And that was true. Maybe that was the worst part. Etho shrunk even further remembering it.

“Do you know how little that narrows it down?” Doc said.

“Shut up, Doc, it's adorable,” Bdubs said with a scowl. He patted Etho on the head like one would pet a dog on the street. “Awh, look at our boy! Discovering the joys of love!”

“Kind of overrated, actually.”

“Yeah, you're right. But look at you! Isn't Etho with a crush so adorable?”

A crush. That was what it was, wasn't it? That damn conversation had been the crossover from

aesthetic appreciation to a full-blown ridiculous crush he couldn't shake off.

"You're making fun of me," Etho murmured into his mask.

Bdubs confirmed that with a grin and another patronising pat on the head.

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"Hey, Stress, what would make me a candidate for a heart transplant?"

Stress regarded him with a scrunched nose. "Hi, Etho. Nice seeing you in the gardens today."

Etho took a seat on a stray boulder, careful not to trample the plants.

If Stress wasn't in Etho and Iskall's dorm room, her dorm room, or classes, there was a good chance she was tending to the plants in the school gardens. Which was beyond Etho, if you asked him. She was a chemistry major, nowhere near the realm of horticulture or plant sciences. But the agriculture department seemed happy to let Stress nurture their garden with the other horticulture students, so Etho let her be.

(And occasionally picked a flower for himself. He knew his way around plants just as much as she did; he wasn't doing any damage.)

"I don't know why you're asking me this," Stress said, keeping her gaze on the row of plants in front of her. "I know about as much as you do, Etho."

"Okay, how about brain transplant?"

"Well, you'd need a brain in the first place, I think."

Etho huffed, smiling when Stress laughed. "How come you're only mean to me?"

Stress only giggled in return. "Don't be upset that you're special. But everything okay, love? You've been... *keen* on asking questions about your health recently."

No. He had a crush on someone. Not just anyone, a near stranger. That spoke for itself.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Etho said, stretching his feet against the dirt. "But sometimes I wish I was a rock."

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Maybe if he ignored his feelings long enough, they'd evaporate like his hopes and dreams of finishing his degree.

"Hey, Etho!" Beef called, giving him that same dizzying smile as if it wasn't nine in the morning.

"Hi," Etho croaked out before ducking his head and rushing to his class.

Nope. He was stuck with this curse.



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There was something to be said about taking early labs as an upperclassman, but Etho's brain was fried enough as it was. Luckily, he had just enough power to bully his friends into making the same decisions as him.

"Why the hell did I take this 8AM with you?" Tango groaned as the two stumbled out of their 8AM lab. An 8AM lab. Tango's question was incredibly valid.

But Etho was a bastard through and through. If he wasn't bothering his friends, he wasn't living.

"Because you love me," Etho cooed, to which Tango gave him a tired glare.

If Tango had pushed further, Etho might've reminded him that this whole arrangement had been his fault. It all began when they had been assigned to the same lab section of their freshman chemistry course (Why Etho had been required to take chemistry as a sound engineering major, he had no clue), and Tango had shouted, "Dibs on lab with Kakashi!". Etho had looked around in confusion for a while before realizing he was the person Tango had called dibs on. It all turned out for the better anyway: he and Tango were equally competent, and they had saved each others' asses many times over.

But alas, Tango had not pushed further, and Etho did not get the chance to give him an aggressive reminder of their history.

"I'm gonna crash on the road, get run over, and then Impy and Zed will be down a roommate," Tango said as they walked down the stairs of the math building. "What're you gonna say to them when their beloved roommate's gone?"

"You're welcome."

"Actually, yeah, probably. I can see that happening."

Once they stepped through the door to the first floor, their shoulders relaxed.

The first floor of the math building was essentially a lounge for all the math majors to cry in during finals week. But when it wasn't finals week, people from all types of math disciplines (and the neighboring engineering buildings) congregated around the tables and seats to relax, share test score woes, act like the normal human beings they could be once in a while. This was a safe area, like a save point.

Tango's face brightened—never a good sign. "Oh, this should be good."

Etho turned to see which poor soul would get the brunt of Tango's teasing today: Xisuma, Impulse, or Cub. Those were the only three in their friend group who both frequented the math building and would ever subject themselves to waking up this early.

He saw none.

"Hey, art kid!" Tango called with a wave. "Whatcha doin' in the math building?"

Beef was here. Why was Beef here?

"Prereqs," came Beef's sad answer, but he still mustered the strength to shoot them a bright smile

and wave.

“Oh, shoot, have fun with that.”

“Thanks, I won’t.”

Then Tango grinned and said, “Oh, thanks for the stew, by the way! That’s, like, the only nutrition we’re getting for the rest of the month.”

Beef huffed out a laugh. “No problem, but you guys really gotta take care of yourselves more.”

“Who are you, Bdubs?”

“Nah, not quite.” Beef glanced down at his phone, then pocketed it. “I’d better get going. Bye, you guys!”

“See ya, Beef,” Tango said before walking out of the building.

And Etho... learned a lot from that conversation.

“So,” Etho said, his voice just slightly strained, “Beef can cook?”

Tango blinked. “Well, yeah. Are you guys not friends?”

Well, not quite. Really, Etho didn’t even know if he could call them acquaintances if they’ve never held a conversation before. But he still had his pride to uphold, and as much as he loved Tango, he didn’t trust him to not be a bastard about this.

“I don’t know him too well,” was what Etho eventually decided to say.

“Oh, dude, you’ve *got* to try some of his cooking,” Tango said, a renewed energy in his steps. “I know his name is Beef and all, but he makes some of the best vegan stuff in the world.”

Etho stopped walking. “His name is Beef and he’s vegan?”

“Well, vegetarian. He says he loves animals too much and all that.”

A juxtaposition? *And* the guy loves animals?

Etho chuckled to himself and stopped against the wall of the math building. “Yeah, sorry. Give me a minute to scream?”

Tango let out a confused, concerned chuckle but stopped with him anyway. “Yeah, sure, go ahead.”

Etho buried his face into his hands and softly screamed.

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“You, uh... you okay, bud?” Tango asked.

Etho answered by taking a giant swig of coffee from his tumbler.

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“Hey, Etho!”

He could do it this time. If Beef knew his name, it wasn't strange for Etho to know his. It wasn't weird. He was overthinking this.

“Hi, Beef!” Etho called.

And the smile he received was so brilliant it rivaled the sun.

---

This aisle at the grocery store definitely wasn't the best place to ask this, but Bdubs seemed hellbent on annoying him at any given opportunity.

“You think I should say something to Scar?”

“Should've done that years ago, Bdubs,” Etho said, not taking his eyes off the ramen packaging. He grinned beneath his mask when Bdubs huffed.

And really, that was the honest answer. Scar and Bdubs's rivalry had started their first year in art school together, and the only reason Etho knew this was because Bdubs had stormed into his dorm on the first day and immediately started yelling about some wizard idiot who knocked over his paints. Since then, Bdubs had put way too much effort into his creations in the classes he shared with Scar, citing some need to “get back at him” for whatever crime he had committed lately. Etho didn't know when that had morphed into their friendship-kind-of-relationship, but he got the feeling Bdubs didn't know either.

“Okay, well, it's not years ago,” Bdubs said. He tossed a pack of granola bars into his basket. “I'm asking you what you think I should do now.”

“We've been over this so many times. Just tell him.”

“That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard.”

Etho rolled his eyes and decided *fuck it*, he's having ramen for dinner for the whole week. He dumped a good chunk of the store's ramen stock into his basket, ignoring Bdubs's groan at that. “I don't know what else to tell you, Bdubs. You've known him for a real long time at this point, and you know a lot more about him than I do. You're the one who has to decide when it's time to say something.”

Bdubs pouted at that. “But I don't wanna!”

“You can't just expect him to do something when you're not doing anything either.”

“If I ignore him long enough, maybe he'll say something to me.”

“No.”

“Well, okay, wise guy, let's see *you* make some moves on someone,” Bdubs huffed.

Etho opened his mouth to retort back, but unfortunately, Bdubs had a point.

How long had he been playing this greeting game with Beef now? Three months? Months had passed, and Etho still hadn't had the initiative to start a conversation beyond their usual greetings. It would've been comforting to blame Beef for part of this, but Beef was the one who initiated their daily greetings in the first place. If Etho wanted to tease Bdubs about never being confident enough to make a move beyond their routine banter, he would be a hypocrite.

Actually, he was okay with that.

"The difference here is you and Scar have known each other for years," Etho said.

Bdubs huffed out a laugh. "I was joking, but actually... Why haven't you said anything yet? You don't really seem like the kind of guy to just fall for some random stranger."

Good lord.

They had known each other since secondary school. Bdubs would catch on immediately if Etho tried to lie, so...

Etho whistled and picked up a can of... cream of mushroom soup. Whatever the hell that was.

Mushroom. Beef was apparently a vegetarian. God damn it.

"Oh my god," Bdubs breathed, "you're actually crushing on a random stranger."

"No, I'm not."

"Yes, you are. Since when did you ever care about cream of mushroom? Idiot." Bdubs snatched the can from his hands and placed it back onto its proper shelf. "Not your flavour profile, by the way."

"Thanks."

"No problem. But, like... not to detract from our current topic, but—"

"You're totally detracting."

Bdubs huffed and kicked him. "Let me for a second, this is important."

There was no humour or chaos in his words anymore. Bdubs was looking at him blankly, the way he did when he was about to address something serious. And as much as Etho loved antagonising him, he couldn't call himself a good friend if he brushed off Bdubs's feelings with jokes.

That didn't mean he couldn't try.

"For once?" Etho joked weakly.

"No. You know what I mean."

Etho fell silent.

"Falling for someone you don't know is okay," Bdubs said. "You're not risking a friendship or anything. And it's kind of poetic, you know? Not knowing anything about someone except that you like them, learning about someone piece by piece and falling for them even more... That's absolutely okay. You don't have to keep running from your feelings."

“Neither do you.”

“I know. *I’ve* accepted that, but this isn’t about that right now. Ol’ Bdubs will figure it out for himself. This is about you denying yourself the right to fall in love. I know you’ve always been super carefree about stuff, but that doesn’t mean you’re immune to stuff like this. This is your life, you know? Live as much of it as you can, even if that means letting your feelings run over you for a while. You and Doc are so bad at that.”

“Why do you have to be right?” Etho chuckled.

Because maybe for once in his entire life, Bdubs was entirely on the mark with this one. The only thing Etho had really cared for throughout his life was music, his friends, and maybe his academics when he felt particularly ambitious. Caring for another person to this level was above his level of experience. But that was Bdubs’s point: he shouldn’t try to suppress that in an attempt to return to some carefree lifestyle that wasn’t sustainable in the long run.

Right. He was human, and that came with a whole set of experiences that he couldn’t just laugh off like he usually did. Maybe this wasn’t a curse.

“I’m always right,” Bdubs said, puffing his chest out. He deflated upon finding an empty space where his usual favorite soup was. “Damn, they always run out so quickly.”

“I’m pretty sure any other chicken noodle soup will do, Bdubs.”

“You don’t know that.” Despite that, Bdubs began browsing through the various brands of chicken noodle soup on the shelves.

The topic had already shifted. He shouldn’t return to it.

“You’re bad at that, too,” Etho said. “You know, the whole ‘letting your feelings run over you’ thing. When it comes to Scar, at least.”

Bdubs froze, then huffed out a laugh at that. “Nah, you’re right. This whole group is pretty bad at the whole feelings thing, huh?”

Well, at least there was one thing they could agree on. Etho was content with that.

“By the way,” Bdubs said, “you mind telling me who the lucky guy is? We did just have a whole talk about this, and it feels a little unfair you know who I’m talking about.”

Retort about everyone in their friend group knowing about Bdubs’s giant crush notwithstanding, he had a point.

Oh, fuck it. He had been vulnerable enough today.

Etho picked up a can of beef stew and placed it gently in Bdubs’s hands.

Bdubs gave him a blank stare. “The hell am I supposed to do with this?”

“You know... Beef.”

“Beef... Oh, Beef!” Bdubs placed the can back on the shelf with a new grin on his face. “I love that guy! Oh, man, you got real lucky with who you fell for.”

And he really had, hadn’t he? Someone who was friends with a decent amount of his friends, someone he ran into on a daily basis, someone kind...

He was getting ahead of himself. Etho shook away the heat rising to his face.

“It’s kind of funny, though,” Bdubs said. “I never thought you would’ve crushed on a business major.”

Business major. That same major Etho loved ripping on. That major he joked was full of parasites.

“No, no, he’s a *music* business major. He always wants to make sure we get the difference,” Bdubs said. He turned to Etho. “Uh, you okay?”

“Beef’s a *business major*?”

“Hey, *music* business. Did you not know this?”

Etho stared ahead, half-laughing and half-shaking a bit.

Bdubs’s face fell. “Oh my god. You really didn’t know.”

Did that change anything? Even with that knowledge, why did Etho still want to keep learning more about Beef, what inspired him to pursue music business, what he hoped to do in the future with his knowledge? Why did that not change how beautiful his smile was or how breathtaking the colour of his eyes were? Why did Etho still wonder what his hand felt like in his?

“Why do I still like him?” Etho said quietly.

“I mean, him being a business major doesn’t change anything else about him.” Bdubs paused before plucking a couple packs of ramen out of his shopping basket. “You’re not allowed to eat ramen for dinner every day of the week, by the way. Pick something else.”

“Why does life suck?”

Bdubs gave him a sympathetic pat on the shoulder. “Welcome to the club. You get used to it.”

## End Notes

business majors i mean no offense  
though i will be genuinely shocked if theres a business major in the hermitcraft fandom  
reading this rn. hi the two hermitcraft business majors out there!

this has been my brainrot for the past 3 months. sorry :(

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