

## **i felt the sun rise up (and swallow me)**

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## **i felt the sun rise up (and swallow me)**

by [nhojungle \(not just dreamers\)](#)

### Summary

*They take the scenic route to the horse course, an attempt to avoid as many people as possible. It mostly works, as he only runs into Pearl and Gem, giggling together about some sort of scheme. They smile and wave in greeting, but are too busy to stop and chat. Perfect.*

*Bdubs is waiting when he gets there, hands flapping rapidly before he's even dismounted Giddy. He lets Bdubs talk himself out, rambling about all the things Etho's missed while he was busy pulling his hair out over the texture of the air, or something.*

### Notes

hihi this one goes out to everyone who's still crying over last life!!! i sure know i am.

unlike normal, i have not beta for this fic. they don't know im posting it <3 (hi teej if u read this). i just rllly wanted to post this on sunday but alas, tumblr voted no.

i dont have much to say so im sorta rambling. idk how many ppl actually read the notes. enjoy the fic <3

work title from some kind of disaster by all time low.

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

He's had a lot of bad days recently.

Ask anyone on the server, and they'll tell you, "Oh, Etho? Yeah, he's not very social. You don't see him much."

He doesn't tell many people the real reason he hides. How the light is so bright it makes his bones ache. How the world is so loud it makes him want to bury himself in the dirt and never come out.

He covers his face so people don't see the bitten and raw skin of his lips. He covers his hands to stop himself biting his knuckles raw. He covers most of his body to stop the feeling of the outside, making his skin burn.

Some days, it's not enough.

There have been a lot of those days recently.

Days spent curled up in bed, hands buried in the shorter hair at the back of his neck, tugging a comforting rhythm to calm himself down, even as he shakes apart.

He likes the seclusion of the shattered savannah. He couldn't handle being in one of the busier areas of the continent.

Iskall is a godsend, he muses, as he wraps bandages around his knuckles. *He'd been doing so well.* Every morning (or afternoon, whenever they wake up,) they come to check on him, leaving food and water beside his bed, asking in a soft voice if he needs anything and not getting upset when he can't respond.

But today he needs to visit Bdubs.

He'd promised a while ago that he'd help more with the horse racing track, and he keeps delaying, keeps finding other things to do, away from people.

Away from Bdubs.

And he loves Bdubs, he really does. But, well...

Bdubs is loud.

There's no denying it. It's one of the things he loves about him, truly. But it's a lot. And everything has been a lot recently. It's taken a week for him to even think about returning to the main continent, returning to Bdubs.

And he misses him, he really does. That's why he's hauled himself out of bed, ready to tackle the outside world, armed with his gloves and a pair of ear plugs that Ren had gifted him a while ago but he'd been too scared of judgement to use them in public.

They're a nice design, clearly made with his non-human features in mind (something he supposes Ren can relate to a lot). They stay in place well, a gentle hook over the top of his ears just in case they fall, to stop them getting lost. They're surprisingly easy to forget about.

And, best of all, they keep things *quiet*.

He makes his way down the savannah carefully, pushing his thumb against his jaw as he goes.

He clicks his tongue happily when he sees Giddy in the safe dirt pit he left her in. (He adds a mental note to build her a proper stable at some point). Giddy perks up when she sees him, and he greets her with a gentle scritch to the top of her head.

They take the scenic route to the horse course, an attempt to avoid as many people as possible. It mostly works, as he only runs into Pearl and Gem, giggling together about some sort of scheme. They smile and wave in greeting, but are too busy to stop and chat. Perfect.

Bdubs is waiting when he gets there, hands flapping rapidly before he's even dismounted Giddy. He lets Bdubs talk himself out, rambling about all the things Etho's missed while he was busy pulling his hair out over the texture of the air, or something.

Eventually though, Bdubs' excited rambling rises in volume, painful even with the ear plugs, and he winces, hands coming up to cover his ears.

Bdubs falls silent instantly, and soon enough he appears in Etho's field of vision, gently removing Giddy's reigns from his tight grip. He ties her reigns next to Lulu's, giving Etho time to calm down.

It takes a little while, but when he manages to get his breathing under control, Bdubs is back, hands fluttering with the need to reach out, to comfort, but held back by the knowledge that it really won't help.

"*No words today,*" He signs with trembling fingers, and Bdubs smiles, full of understanding. Etho might cry.

"*That's alright,*" He signs back. "*No touching either?*"

Etho nods, following as Bdubs heads towards where the race horses are being kept. Bdubs turns back to face him.

"*I was thinking we could work on the stable today, that sound good?*"

Etho nods, and the pair start working. He follows Bdubs' instructions easily, letting him take the lead on the project. Etho had his fun crafting the redstone to make the course interesting. Now it's his turn to do as he's told. This part belongs to Bdubs.

Building with Bdubs is difficult, despite the years of their friendship. Bdubs is one of the most talented builders he knows, and keeping up with him is tiring.

Soon, he stops trying to keep up, and instead sits down on the workbench, taking materials from the nearby chest and crafting them into the materials Bdubs needs. Bdubs grins when he notices, signing a brief "*thank you.*"

They make good progress, the stable rising around them, Bdubs' distinct build style absolutely beautiful. The build is nearing completion, at least on the outside, as the sun begins to set.

Bdubs immediately starts putting his things away, and Etho finds himself smiling at the familiarity of Bdubs' routine.

Once he's put his things away, Bdubs turns to him, grinning.

"*Sleepover?*" He asks, a hopeful look in his eyes.

Etho considers it for a long moment, weighing up the pros and cons. Eventually though, he nods, deciding that Bdubs knows his limits and won't mind if he ends up having to leave.

Bouncing on his toes, Bdubs claps his hands excitedly, although it's clear he's trying to muffle the sound. He clicks his tongue a couple of times, before making an aborted movement to grab at Etho's jacket, stopping himself at the last second.

"*It's okay,*" Etho signs, "*You can touch now. Just clothes, gentle.*"

Bdubs flaps his hands for a moment, before grabbing Etho's sleeve and leading him back over to their horses.

The ride to Bdubs' starter base is calm, Bdubs chattering away quietly about his most recent project. When he realises that Bdubs' voice is more soothing than irritating, he decides that things are probably going to be okay, at least for a little while.

When they finally arrive, they tether their horses and head inside. Bdubs goes about his nightly routine, changing into his pyjamas before routing through a chest to find some for Etho.

Etho doesn't normally wear pyjamas, instead opting to crash in whatever clothes he'd worn throughout the day, favouring the same few familiar outfits. The pyjamas, however, are also familiar, if a little distantly. The material of them is soft, well worn, long sleeves and pants covering as much skin as he usually has covered.

He gets changed when Bdubs leaves the room to brush his teeth, removing his mask and his gloves too. He tugs the sleeves of the loose material over his hands, appreciating the softness.

He wonders into the bathroom, leaning down to briefly press his forehead to Bdubs' shoulder in greeting. Bdubs kisses the top of his head, before letting him move away.

"Alright," Bdubs finishes brushing his teeth, putting his toothbrush away before turning to Etho. "Bedtime."

Etho smiles, scrunching his nose a couple of times, and Bdubs holds out his hand. After a moment of consideration, Etho takes his hand, surprised to find that he's perfectly okay with the minimal contact.

They climb into bed together, Bdubs making a silly little noise, over exaggerating how snuggly he is. Etho finds himself laughing softly, and Bdubs grins.

Their hands remain linked as they lay down, a bit of space between them as they curl up facing each other. Bdubs hums softly, fiddling with Etho's fingers.

"*I love you,*" Etho signs, with some difficulty since he doesn't want to let go of Bdubs' hand.

Bdubs gets the message, however, as he grins, pressing a kiss to Etho's knuckles.

"I love you too, idiot."

i hope u liked it!!! kudos, comments, bookmarks much appreciated!!!!

alternatively, you can come find me on [tumblr](#) !!

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