

sleep well, i feel you've ruined me forever

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/39701436) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/39701436>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	3rd Life Last Life SMP Series
Relationship:	EthosLab & BdoubleO100
Character:	Ethoslab, BdoubleO100
Additional Tags:	Cuddling & Snuggling , Huddling For Warmth , Fluff , Ambiguous Relationships , Canon Compliant , staged at roughly around the end of session 5 , right after scar went to red , can be romantic , can be platonic , can be whatever.
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-06-17 Words: 614 Chapters: 1/1

sleep well, i feel you've ruined me forever

by [cobalt_shade_of_blue](#)

Summary

heart swells / pacific daylight time - los campesinos!

One blink and everything he knew could be gone. So was the reality of this world. Cold and unforgiving.

It could have all gone so much worse, at least. Bdubs isn't on red anymore, he still has a couple lives- It was tolerable.

Notes

was yearning at 4 in the morning which is never a good combination. still not over last life ethubs. enjoy.

The late autumn-air was freezing cold, unbearably so. Etho wasn't expecting to sleep anyways, he never could quite get the chance to. He had to keep an eye out, had to watch his back — one blink and everything he knew could be gone.

So was the reality of this world. Cold and unforgiving, much like the wind blowing through the windows.

He sat on the spruce-plank stairs, digging his boots into the ground a little. "Must be nice to have a warm fuzzy coat."

The goat bleated— in agreement, or maybe just because that's a thing goats do.

“You don't understand a word I'm saying, do ya?”

No response. He pat the goat on the head, before standing up to try and return to his spot right by Bdubs' bed, where his one and only jacket was bunched up as a pillow, and he got the woolen blanket.

He sighed as he laid down against the grass, looking up at the ceiling. It could have all gone so much worse, at least. Bdubs isn't on red anymore, he still has a couple lives- It was tolerable.

Something tugged at his heart as he thought of how he got Bdubs another life, more specifically the aftermath. How he barely had time to pick up the stray enchanter before Bdubs ran over and pulled him into a tight hug. One small sign of gratitude he could still feel, warmth against his skin that he tried his best to cling onto.

The bed next to him creaked- or maybe it was the wind blowing the branches of the trees. But the shuffling and tossing could only be explained by a restless Bdubs- a rare sight.

He hesitated before opening his mouth, the words caught in his lungs. “You uhh- you good?” he asked, barely above a whisper, in case he was still asleep.

Bdubs grunted in response, shuffling over to face Etho. “C'mere,” he mumbled, with no real explanation, patting on the bed.

Etho raised an eyebrow, but obliged, sitting down on the bed.

“Not like that, dummy,” he muttered, and pulled Etho down so he was laying right beside him, “n grab that blanket, 'm cold.”

Etho froze up for a second, unsure of how to react. He leaned down and grabbed the blanket, along with his jacket for an extra layer of warmth, and as he returned back up he could feel an arm drape gently on his waist, as well as the warmth of Bdubs' snuggling closer to him

He awkwardly shuffled to drape the blanket across the both of them, and found himself moving closer in the process, curling up close.

“Better,” Bdubs mumbled. Etho couldn't tell if it was a statement or a question.

He didn't care, he decided.

He just leaned into the warmth of Bdubs' arms, the two inseparable on the shitty twin-sized bed they threw together ages ago and haven't bothered to improve upon since.

It would never be this good again, he knew. Things would only get harder, and eventually, this would all be gone. Bdubs would die, like he did before, and scraping together another life for him would grow into more and more of an impossible task. With Scar as a red on the loose, they were both targeted.

He could feel a breath on the back of his neck, and a soft snore from the man sleeping behind him. It snapped him out of his thoughts for a second.

They were alive, for now. It was another night of many in the cruel world they called home, but it was warmer than most.

Etho knew this closeness would be the death of both of them.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!