

## solivagant

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## solivagant

by [perimortem](#)

### Summary

sometimes, mornings at the monolith were cold

### Notes

hiiiiiiiiiii hello, i just really wanted to write about eggs. blame eggtober on tumblr. they look so yummy and orange

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

Sometimes, Bdubs didn't see Etho for days at a time.

One could assume that by having him living in his *actual basement* he would, in fact, spend more time with his dear friend, —— but Etho could be a quiet guy when he wanted to be. He liked his solitude. His space. Bdubs understood it; how could he not? He'd known him long enough to.

Etho was like a stray cat. He'd come back when he wanted. He'd leave, too, when he wanted.

And as long as he was happy and safe? Bdubs didn't mind having an absent roommate now and then.

...But sometimes, mornings at the monolith were cold.

Bdubs felt it as soon as he woke up. The chill that swam in the air, seeping through his collection of snug fluffy blankets and straight to his bones, filling his lungs. He huffed indignant, throat rough with sleep, icy hands gripping to pull the duvet higher up his nose bridge. It didn't work, skin cooling the fabric instead of the other way around.

**BAH.**

No matter; he knew what it meant when his bedroom was this cold.

It meant that the basement was even colder.

It meant warm tea.

It meant breakfast.

*It meant Etho.*

Determination swelling in his heart, he swung his feet over the side of the bed, making haste to shove them into his pink bunny slippers before the cold could snap it's jaw around them. He had stuff to do!

He grabbed the moss cape hanging from his bed post, snuggling into the eternal plants once they made contact with his skin. Encased in foliage and comfortable, Bdubs made sure to pick up one of his blankets before he left the room. His nicest one, too. Worn in so that it wasn't stiff, but with minimal holes. The perfect blanket, if you asked him.

And boy, did he consider himself to be a bit of a blanket expert.

The monolith did have a kitchen, of course. It was small, the space square with birch cabinets and surfaces pushed flush. Sneaky ivy had begun to take over, pushing through cracks in the stone, hanging from the corners and the windows, — nature reclaiming what was once theirs — but the room did its job. It had a furnace, a hob, a sink.

And a small wooden table for two, which Etho was sat defrosting at.

“Mornin’, sunshine,” Bdubs laughed. Etho had his head in his arms, silver hair cascading against dark oak. He did not move as Bdubs entered the room, a responding grunt the only sign of him even being present. “Oh dear, ——— *poor Etho*. That’s the consequences. Living in the basement of a stone tower finally started bitin’ back.”

Etho lifted his head, just the slightest, to furrow his eyebrows and peer at Bdubs over his arms, fixed with a scowl. He dropped it again once satisfied his message had been received.

Bdubs wasn't put off, ——— “Awww, grumpy, are we? Here, here,” he moved closer, draping the blanket across Etho's shoulders and back, tucking it in at his sides until it was draft-proof. An Etho burrito, all cosy. “You sit there and think of new places to live.”

“Mmmf.”

With a satisfied laugh and a nod of his head, Bdubs began to fall into routine. The kettle was filled by the sink, then he lit the flame low on the hob and placed it on top. He pried open the cupboard to his left, pushing various boxes aside until fingernails curled around Earl Gray. He didn't bother asking if Etho wanted a cup, too. The answer was yes, with one sugar.

“Thanks, ‘dubs,” it was muffled by a mouthful of table, with a certain softness to it that was often found in 6am Etho. The early hours of the morning were not Etho hours. Bdubs had observed it with humour over the years.

“You’re welcome, grumpy,” Bdubs smiled. Despite his words, he didn’t want Etho to find another place to live, not really. He enjoyed having him around, close by. If the monolith was where he wanted to stay for now, — even in the damp, dark crypt that smelt of mould and zombie flesh, — then he was more than welcome.

Besides, he liked their cold mornings.

Wouldn’t trade them for the world.

While the kettle gently whistled away on the stove, he took to staring out of the window. The sky was bleeding orange and pink, chromatic and dripping like an oil painting as it ate away at the last few remaining traces of night. Maybe the day would be warmer, he wondered. Bdubs turned back to look at Etho, watched the way the sun quietly crept into the room and ran slices across his hunched frame. Hopefully it would be.

—The kettle grew louder, pulling him from abstract thoughts to turn it off and get a pair of mugs out, a tea bag dropped in both. One with two sugars and one with one. Hot water and milk were added, before he grabbed the singular and placed it on the table in front of Etho. A gentle prod to the shoulder roused his friend from his half-slumber.

“*Oooh*. Tea.”

“Yes. Breakfast?”

“...Eggs?”

“And toast?”

“You’re the best, Bdubs.”

“I know, I know. Ya wouldn’t get this level of hospitality elsewhere, lemme tell you that,” Bdubs stood proudly, chest pushed out and hands on his hips in hubris. Speaking just *slightly* too loud. “Only hereeee at the monolith!”

Etho laughed, the sound far too giggly as he unstuck himself from the table and sat up a little to stare into his tea. He still had his usual mask on. “Might have central heating elsewhere, though.”

“HEY!—,” he instantly deflated. “— you want ‘breddfast or not?”

“Yes Bdubs, o’mighty Bdubs. I want breakfast,” Sarcasm lethal, Etho practically sang his words.

“Then shuddup!” Hmph.

“Okay, okay,” Etho shrugged, finally pulling the fabric down from over his face. It wasn’t that he didn’t want Bdubs seeing him without it, no, no, he’d seen Etho’s face enough times to not blink twice about it anymore. It was cold, though, and masks helped with that. He peered down, letting the rising steam replace the warmth lost.

Bdubs smiled fondly at him.

Turning back towards the stovetop, he bustled around the kitchen, gathering a frying pan, a carton

of eggs, bread and butter. Once the pan was hot he added a small splash of oil that sizzled and bubbled in all of its glory. Then he cracked two eggs directly on top. perfect rich tangerine circles, all glossy like glass as they reflected the light. He added the lid to the frying pan and turned the heat to low.

Bdubs liked cooking, especially for people he cared about. There was something nice to it, being able to show your appreciation through the gentle act of providing. The way it said ‘here, I made you something to eat. Now you can have an easier day.’ It was simple, but it made a world of difference.

“Want help with something?” Etho had appeared at his side, mug of tea clutched between two palms, still wearing the blanket like a cape. He had his mask back on.

Bdubs didn’t bother hiding the way he jumped at the sudden interruption. “Wha—! *oh*. You’re alive now? Phft. Yes, yes, you can do the toast, actually,-----” he paused, round eyes blinking once in thought before he grabbed the loaf and placed it on the other surface by Etho. “-----don’t you burn it like you did last time.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Bdubs,” Etho placed down his tea, getting to work on the toaster as if it were some form of intense redstone and not a normal household appliance. The corners of his eyes crinkled with silent laughter. Mischievous.

“Mmmhmm, very believable. Why’re ya smilin’ then?” The egg whites were nearly done, having gone from milky outlines to a solid form.

“M not smiling. You can’t see me smiling.”

“Oh, you are,” Bdubs flickered between watching the eggs and watching his friend struggle to get the slices of bread to push down. He finally achieved it after the third try, before turning to face him. He looked like a ghost, desaturated and draped in cotton. Revenant; haunting his home.

Helping him make breakfast.

“Maybe,” Etho tilted his head to the side, staring down at him under his lashes. Rocking lightly on the heels of his feet. Definitely grinning.

*Stupid stray cat of a man.*

On the outside, Bdubs scrunched up his nose in retaliation, holding eye-contact as if it were a challenge. But on the inside... he was basking in every second. Every minute that ticked by on the golden clock. He knew it was only a matter of time before they finished cooking. Before they ate. Before they both went about their separate days. But for now... he would memorise his rare morning as if it were a holy scripture.

The toast popped up. Both men leapt a mile.

The eggs!

He grabbed the pan, yanking the lid off in a cloud of water vapour. They were fine. Just fine. A little crispy around the edges, ---- but that was okay.

They sat together as the growing sun rejuvenated the room and ate them, nonetheless, with a little bit of black pepper and salt.

And they felt warm.

## End Notes

thank u for reading. i'd like to write more, esp ethubs as i think they're so soft. maybe something longer too! if u have any comments or thoughts, bad or good, leaving them would really help kick my adhd in the ass.

<3

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