

vibing with the homies

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vibing with the homies

by [voidcreature1100](#)

Summary

Just a short, fluffy, slice-of-life fic ft. trans Etho in a modern AU, for my beloved mutual Cobble :D

Notes

Might make this a series?? Idk I have ideas and I think it would be nice to give Cobble Etho content once in a while :>

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

Etho looks around, debating whether or not he should continue window shopping on Main Street. It's getting a bit late in the afternoon, and he should really probably go home soon, and-

"ETHO!"

He turns, looking around quickly for any sign of who had called his name. He realizes a moment too late that he only knows one person who can catch his attention that well in a crowd. Etho has exactly 2.3 seconds after this realization to brace himself for impact before one BDoubleO slams into his chest for a tackle hug.

Air forces its way out of Etho's lungs, and he's left feeling a bit winded. "Oof- BDubs, be gentle, my binder hasn't come off for a while," he says, tapping lightly on his friend's shoulder. The bag on his arm slides down uncomfortably.

BDubs pushes away from his chest almost immediately, eyes narrowed into a glare. "Ohhhh, if you've been wearing it for too long again-!"

"No, no, I know you'd kill me," Etho reassures him with a huff, shifting the bag back down towards his hand. "Just approaching the time limit. I was thinking I should head home soon, actually. Are you busy?"

"Aw, are you asking ol' BDubs out?" BDubs teases. "Naw, I just got off work, actually! The guy who runs the place is weeeiiiird."

"Oh, c'mon, Doc's not that bad," Etho chides. "He's fun once you hang out with him a bit. My place, order in?"

"Yeah, sure. And don't you start on me! He's tall! And a little bit scary! Not that I'm scared of him or anything, of course." A pause. "His arm was cool, though."

"Right? It's fascinating how it works, with redstone and all that-"

"Redstone! Really?"

"Yeah! I'm not really sure how he even got access to the stuff." Etho shakes his head. They've started walking towards his apartment, but he's really starting to feel the press against his ribs. He mayyybe should've started heading home sooner, but he'd seen a jacket he really, *really* liked, and besides! If he hadn't stopped to buy it, he wouldn't have run into BDubs. Or, well, BDubs wouldn't have run into him. So everything's fine.

The climb up the stairwell to his apartment puts even more strain on Etho's lungs, and his mask isn't helping. He winces. He'll need to take a long break from his binder after this—he's not looking forward to it, but he does like having his ribcage intact.

BDubs flops onto his couch, sprawling out like he owns the place. *He might as well*, Etho thinks wryly. *He's over often enough. Maybe I should start asking for rent money.*

"Pick what kind of food you want!" Etho calls as he retreats to his room.

"Chinese!" BDubs shouts back immediately. "Wait, no- Indian! Or-" Etho shuts the door with an affectionate sigh.

He dumps his bags on his bed and then goes to root around in his closet, pulling out some oversized sweatshirt or another. With a deep breath, he pulls off his shirt and binder, staring steadily ahead as he puts on a clean shirt and the hoodie. His mask is a bit sweaty too, so he grabs one of his extras and tosses the old one in a pile of laundry that may or may not be washed soon. His breathing gets a little easier, and the dim light of his room almost feels comforting.

Deep breath. He's okay.

Doing a final scan of his room and finding nothing that he needs and nothing out of place, Etho returns to the couch. He flops down next to BDubs, who is now sitting up and staring intently at the coffee table.

"You make your decision yet?" Etho pokes.

"...Indian." BDubs replies. He still doesn't look away from the coffee table.

"What'd the table ever do to you?"

"It stole my mother's favorite pair of earrings," BDubs says without missing a beat.

Etho bursts into laughter. "It did *what* now?"

"Yeah, yeah, laugh all you like. You heard me." BDubs finally tears his gaze away from the table, settling back into the couch with a grin. "You gonna order that food, or what?"

Etho goes to grab his phone off the coffee table, but his hand only slaps bare wood. He rolls his head to the side with a groan. "...My phone is still in my room."

It's quiet for a moment. Neither of them move to get up.

"You want me to go get it for you, don't you," BDubs sighs. He's already standing up.

"Yeah, I do." Etho shoots him a cheeky grin.

BDubs returns shortly with his phone, and Etho orders their regular stuff from the regular place. With a double order of naan, because he wants some before BDubs eats it all. BDubs flicks through different shows on Netflix, ever indecisive.

"Gimme the remote," Etho commands, nudging at his friend's leg with his foot.

"No."

"Give it to me, you're never going to pick anything."

"Yes I am," BDubs replies, a little too fast.

"No, you're not."

"Am too!"

"What are we watching?"

"..."

"Thought so. Hand it over."

Reluctantly, BDubs drops the remote into his outstretched hand. Victorious, Etho navigates to the 80s teen rom-com selection and picks one at random. He glances over, and BDubs is glaring at him.

"What?"

"How is it so easy?" BDubs pouts.

"You just pick one. I don't know what you get so hung up on," Etho replies lightly. He drapes his legs over BDubs' lap, and that seems to settle him down.

Being trapped underneath his legs, BDubs makes Etho go get the food when it arrives a little bit into the movie. He spreads it out on the counter and gets out some dishes, and they quietly serve themselves before returning to the living room. Etho brings the naan and sets it on the coffee table, keeping an eye on how much BDubs is taking.

In all honesty, the movie doesn't even end up being that bad. It's cheesy, of course—what rom-com isn't?—but it's the right level of investment and comfort for Etho. BDubs is very near asleep by the time it's finished, and Etho knows he's not letting BDubs try to get home like that. He lets the credits play quietly as he cleans up their dishes and the food, storing the leftovers in the fridge and trying to keep the dishwasher as quiet as possible. Given that the thing must be at least 10 years old, it's a bit difficult, but BDubs still seems serenely sleepy when Etho returns.

He shakes BDubs' shoulder gently, and BDubs cracks an eye open in return. "You okay here, or do you want to sleep with me?"

"Mm... gotta cuddle with the homies." It's about as much of a coherent response as Etho expected, but he still has to stifle a laugh.

"My bed, then?"

"Mhm."

"Got it. You want different clothes?" Etho asks.

"Mhm."

"Alright. C'mon, we gotta get up. I think I still have some of your sleepy clothes."

"Pr'bably," BDubs mutters, reaching out to grab both of Etho's hands and pulling himself to his feet.

Etho is right, and he finds some of BDubs' pajamas amongst the mess that is his dresser, and he tosses them to BDubs so he can change in the bathroom. Etho finds his own pajama pants—soft, just the right amount of warm, and best of all, from the men's section!—and changes before collapsing into bed. BDubs joins him shortly after, checking to make sure he's all good to come out of the bathroom first.

"D'you have work tomorrow?" BDubs asks quietly.

"Nope, I'm free the whole day."

"Good." And just like that, Etho is pretty sure BDubs is out.

With a smile, Etho shifts and turns a little to get comfortable, and then drifts off into sleep himself.

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! Kudos and comments are much appreciated :D

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