

## when your roommate won't leave (his name is on the lease)

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## when your roommate won't leave (his name is on the lease)

by [sweatybearherolamp](#)

### Summary

He wasn't scared of Bdubs, he was just being cautious.

And it was awkward. Etho had tried to kick Bdubs out, and he'd refused. They'd settled on a fence that Etho had put up. He was supposed to be in charge here, Bdubs was the red one. Bdubs was supposed to sever all of his allyships.

or; how to cope when your murderous roommate wants to be bfid (best friends in death)

### Notes

its 3am and i started this oct 28th. a gift. a treat.

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

He was by the river and he'd stolen his jacket. He ignored the bite of the cold water as he aggressively scrubbed at what could be a blood stain or just redstone.

It would probably be easier and just better all around to light a fire, heat up some water and *actually* clean the jacket. But, between the smoke being a pyre directly to his location, and how the cold water kept him from getting lost in his thoughts (and kept him from lowering his guard), he'd just have to suffer.

Bdubs was red. And had asked him to be red. Demanded it, really, and while he'd threatened to *take* those lives, Etho knew he couldn't. Physically more than emotionally, while Last Life had made him akin to a rabid cat it hadn't improved his combat skills *that* much. Only just enough for Etho to be a little more careful with turning his back, and keeping his shield at the ready.

He wasn't *scared* of Bdubs, he was just being *cautious* .

And it was *awkward* . Etho had tried to kick Bdubs out, and he'd refused. They'd settled on a fence that *Etho* had put up. *He* was supposed to be in charge here, Bdubs was the red one. *Bdubs* was supposed to sever all of his allyships.

But here Etho was, furiously scrubbing blood and redstone and berry stains out of Bdubs' jacket while he slept on his side of the base. It was actually laughably easy to get the jacket from Bdubs, he slept like a *rock* . Which would be useful if Etho wasn't the one who was supposed to have his guard up.

And it also solidified that he couldn't *really* kick Bdubs out. He'd be permadead within the hour, and that wasn't very fun.

Also, Bdubs kept saying how he couldn't- *wouldn't* kill Etho. And Etho should return that courtesy, right? If Bdubs was going to let him live relatively unbothered (beyond the death threats, but that was manageable), Etho should probably return the favor right?

That's what partnerships are, right? They take care of each other. Etho could do that.

Which is why he was cleaning Bdubs' jacket. And letting him live in the castle, and thinking about what to make for dinner after Bdubs woke from his nap.

Sweet berries and steak sounded like something. People did that, right? Put fruit on meat, basically? Etho could do that. After carefully hanging out Bdubs' jacket to dry, and viciously attacking it with a stick in a crude attempt to get it to dry faster, he settled on collecting berries.

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He'd made it back home with little trouble, skirting past the voices in the distance, he didn't have time for shenanigans, regardless of how fun it was to mess with Scar.

That thought alone almost made him double back, but he had a *plan*. He was going to make steak with a sweet berries glaze and hang Bdubs' jacket in front of the fire so it was warm and hopefully not any mustier smelling than it normally was.

Bdubs wasn't in bed when he made it back, a quickly scribbled note of 'back soon, i left something in that chest for you ;)'.

Etho could tell from a mile away it was trapped, and it took less than a minute to disarm it and squirrel the TNT away. Bdubs had left it on his own side too, so if it *had* gone off it would have messed up his side more than Etho's. It was also barely enough to kill him, but Etho certainly wasn't going to tell Bdubs that. Bdubs had to learn by himself.

After lighting the fire, he settled Bdubs' jacket across a chair. He'd turned away for barely a second before he smelled smoke, and unceremoniously stomped out the small flame that had caught on the edge of a sleeve.

Bdubs probably wouldn't notice. Etho, *carefully*, resettled the jacket, and kept a wary eye on it as he went to prep the food.

Now, how did he want to go about this? He'd heard of "glazes", where they slathered the steak with a sauce and that sounded well within his capabilities.

He should probably put it on before he started cooking the steak, right? So it cooked into the meat?

Twenty minutes later, with a significantly smokier room and *intentionally charred* steak, Etho carefully plated it. He dropped some sweet berries on top, for *garnoi*.

His face dropped as he realized that he'd have to make *another* steak, since communal eating was also something Bdubs apparently enjoyed, but...

Bdubs has been gone for a *while*. And Etho didn't really want to go through grinding up the berries and having to constantly watch the steak so it didn't catch on fire *again*. He preferred his steaks charred on one side from being a bit too close to the fire, none of this fancy shmancy stuff.

Etho didn't actually know if Bdubs even liked "glazes" on his steak, but after the effort Etho put in he better appreciate it.

While Etho watched his own steak cook, his mind wandered slightly. They were partners, and partners took care of each other. And Etho had seen the way Bdubs had been fidgeting all day, nervously watching Etho and how he kept fiddling with his sword.

And well. If Bdubs was thirsting for blood Etho could certainly *help* .

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They were settled on opposite sides of the fence, both sitting on their beds and facing each other. Etho chose to ignore for now how many times he'd seen Bdubs wipe his hands on the sheets, and absently wondered if he'd have to clean those too.

"So..." Bdubs cleared his throat, "This is... Good."

"Good," Etho practically chirped. It really had taken him a while to get the steak together, ignoring how many times he'd had to throw unsalvageable attempts over the back walls.

Bdubs took another bite, and suppressed another cringe. It certainly was something. The steak was charred in some places and completely uncooked in others. He hoped it balanced out and he wouldn't get food poisoning.

"Listen, Bdubs," Etho started, petering out slightly as he tried to think of how to put into words what he was thinking.

"I was thinking, you know, if you're having any... *Murderous urges* , perhaps of the Red Life variety, I could help you with that? Wouldn't want you murdering me in my sleep, after all."

That was. A lot more blunt than he'd been planning, but oh well. No time for tact when you're trying to save your failing marriage. He hadn't been aware their marriage was failing, or that they were married at all, but Tango had made an offhand comment about them being married before.

“Whaat?” Bdubs pretty much shouted over the short distance between them. “Me? Murderous? *No*, *never-*”

Etho quietly waited for him to stop his rambling, before eventually just interrupting his frantic objections.

“So! How do you want to do this?” Etho shifted to the side, unsubtly reaching for his sword, already thinking of a hundred and one ways he could get a life for Bdubs.

Etho pretended not to see how eagerly Bdubs placed his steak aside, he really *was* blood lusting, huh?

“You- you want to give me a life?” Bdubs said, hands flexing where they rested on his thighs. “You’re gonna give up one?”

Etho blinked.

“What? No, of course not!” Etho huffed slightly, crossing his arms. “I said I’d *help* you, not let you turn me yellow!”

“How else am I supposed to interpret that!” Bdubs shrieked, waving his arms around. He dropped his voice in a spot-on (read: awful) imitation of Etho. “I’m Etho and I want to *hELP* my good friend Bdubs, who is suffering from murderous urges because he’s Red- Which!” Bdubs voice went back to normal, “I’m *not*, *by the way* .”

Etho blinked with his one eye, the red one continuing to stare unerringly into Bdubs soul. (Etho had explained several times that it wasn’t an x-ray soul searching eye, and it didn’t give him any advantages when it came to telling when people are lying, which just simply couldn’t be true-)

They stared at each other for a few more seconds, Etho’s brow furrowed as he seemed lost in thought.

“Do you- do you *want* me to give you a life?” Etho finally said, voice thoughtful.

“Wh- well, no, I don’t- you don’t need to give me a life, Etho, don’t- I can take care of *myself*, alright?” Bdubs watched as Etho frowned, he could tell by the pinch between his eyebrows and the way his mask crinkled oddly. He had a different mask he wore when they were out and about, one that wouldn’t flex as much around his expressions, but in the castle, between the two of them, it didn’t matter as much.

According to Etho, anyways, which didn’t make much sense because Bdubs was a *red* life, surely he should be more worried around him?

“As your husband-” Etho started, with 100% surety in what he was going to say, completely ignoring Bdubs’ spluttering ‘*what do you mean ‘as your husband’*’, “I think it’s my obligation to help you and save our marriage.”

Bdubs paused for a moment, inhaling deeply. Sometimes, Bdubs had learned, Etho got these ideas into his head. Like sweet berry glazes and marriage. Whatever.

“Look, don’t feel- don’t be *obligated*, to help me, Etho, just-” Bdubs paused again, scrunching his face up slightly in thought. “Why were you so nice to me today?”

Etho blinked up at the ceiling. “Well- you haven’t killed me yet and you haven’t really stolen or destroyed my stuff either.”

Bdubs chose not to mention he actually *had* been trying, and had just been conveniently foiled.

“But in the end, you’d still kill me?” Bdubs asked.

Etho exhaled loudly, puffing out his cheeks and mask. “You’d still kill *me*, wouldn’t you?”

“Of course,” Bdubs lied, the absolute surety that he’d always pull his punches with Etho because Etho would hit back ten times harder slowly diminishing with each day on red, the need to see blood spilled regardless of *who’s* growing.

“Then we have an understanding!” Etho hummed, nodding.

Bdubs nodded in agreement, suppressing a sigh as he picked at his steak. He was definitely going to get food poisoning.

## End Notes

etho calls garnish garnoi and you can pry this from my cold dead hands. anyways obsessed with the idea of bdubs just going along with whatever etho says because sometimes hes just Like That. and etho's thought process being a complete enigma even to himself. also im trying to get back into posting stuff bc i have three other things i want to post (2 sbi sdv au fics and one hermit tommy fic) and im thinking im just going to have to start accepting not everything can be as Polished as i want it to be kasdjkl sdfjds

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