

## i love you, i made you tea

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## i love you, i made you tea

by [oh\\_snapperss](#)

### Summary

Etho reappears, and Bdubs catches the scent of the tea they used to drink wafting through the air. Earl Grey for Bdubs, and some sort of strange lavender lemonade tea Bdubs is pretty sure Etho makes from scratch. He has yet to try it, as he's content to keep to the known, but one of these days he'll try it. Maybe.

### Notes

i wanted to write this months ago, but couldn't find the words. it's here now. i posted this on tumblr two weeks ago, but given the response, i wanted to keep it here too.

for tuna. thank you for understanding the hot tea concept with me. (one of these days i'm going to make you tea too).

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

It's a no-sleeping night, Bdubs decides.

Nights like these are rare—Bdubs isn't known as the sleep king for nothing. Some nights, however, Bdubs just... can't rest. Some nights, his thoughts win out, and sleep is nowhere to be found.

Nights like these, Bdubs likes to set up a campfire and stargaze. It's a tradition he's developed over the years, typically accompanied by Etho, but the last few months he's done it alone, in silence and a solitude he doesn't exactly mind, but certainly doesn't love.

Tonight, he sets up just outside of the monolith, campfire crackling away and a couple logs set out to sit on. The stars aren't out just yet, but the sun is setting and he's settled in for a long night of wandering thoughts.

Soft footsteps sound behind him, and Bdubs turns to see Etho, mask on and carrying several blankets. He doesn't say anything, but places the blankets on the ground before disappearing back in the monolith. Bdubs waits, slightly apprehensive. They've not talked a ton since Etho turned up in the basement a few hours previously—it's not that they *weren't* talking, more that neither of them knew quite what to say, given the last few months.

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(Not.)

“Mind if I join you?” Etho extends one of the mugs towards Bdubs, and Bdubs takes it gratefully, hands curling around the heat of the mug. Then Etho sinks to the ground on the other side of the campfire, legs crossed. He places his mask on the log next to him.

*I love you, I made you tea.*

For a moment, they're both silent, watching the sky above. Stars begin to blink into existence, the moon rising from its place of slumber. And then—

“Where'd you go?” Bdubs fixes his gaze at Etho, still not used to the fact Etho is *right there, finally*.

“Here and there. My own world, mostly. Did some projects. Got a horse. Got chased by another giant cat. You know how it is,” Etho's voice is steady, but Bdubs catches the wistfulness in his voice.

*I missed you, I'm sorry for leaving.*

“You gonna head back there?” Bdubs winces at the clear pleading in his voice. *Please don't.*

“Nah, I got things to do here,” Etho keeps his tone light, sipping at his concoction and sighing in contentment. “I reckon it'll be a bit before I head offworld again.”

“That so?”

Etho hums quietly. Casting his gaze upwards again, Bdubs notices how still the woods are, tonight. Typically the trees are filled with the noise of creatures scurrying, bushes rustling, and monsters groaning in the distance, but tonight the earth is quiet, like it's holding its breath. Waiting for something.

“You know... I would have given you the life. If I'd known.” Etho blurts it out, and Bdubs' gaze snaps over. He's staring at his own mug, and Bdubs is reminded of a time when they'd done something similar, only with a fence separating them, and the threat of... well, Bdubs looming over them.

Bdubs clears his throat once, twice, before he trusts himself to respond. “No you wouldn't've,” and he knows he's right. “But I wouldn't have either.”

There's another long pause, but Etho moves slightly closer, shifting out of where the campfire smoke started blowing in his face. "Yeah... I guess not. But I am sorry."

"I know." Bdubs closes his eyes to listen to the campfire crackling. *He tries to forget another lifetime, when the campfire wasn't close enough to feel its full warmth.*

The moon is farther in the sky now. Bdubs shivers slightly at the chill creeping into his bones, that kind of cold that a campfire cannot drive out. Seconds later, he feels a blanket around his shoulders, wrapping him with care he's not truly felt since before Last Life. Etho's hands linger for a moment, holding the blanket around him until Bdubs' hands brush his to hold it in place, then retract.

*I love you. I want you to be warm.*

Etho shuffles backward, but not to his original place. This time he rests an arms length from Bdubs, laying on his back to gaze up at the stars. His mug is empty, over on the ground across the fire. He always finished his tea first, fast enough to where Bdubs was almost sure he'd burned off his taste buds ages ago.

Bdubs finishes his own tea, now lukewarm, and... *god, Etho is beautiful.*

His breath catches at the way the moonlight is reflecting in Etho's hair. His eyes are full of the stars, mask thrown off to the side somewhere across the campfire, and Bdubs can't help but reach a hand over to Etho, lightly dragging his hand through his hair. Etho leans into it, craning his head slightly to move into Bdubs' touch.

"...m not gonna leave like that," Etho mumbles, "not again," and Bdubs feels a part of him crumble.

"You... you left me. Alone." He doesn't move his hand from Etho's hair, but pauses his movements to gather his thoughts. "You left me, and I waited and waited, and the *moon*...."

Bdubs doesn't look up at the sky, now. "It *fell*. And you weren't there for the start of the season, or anything..."

*I love you, and you weren't there.*

Bdubs shivers under the blanket again, and this time Etho pushes himself up, moving to sit against Bdubs. His arms wrap around Bdubs, holding him tightly against his chest. Shifting, Bdubs lets himself curl into Etho.

"That's not gonna happen again."

Bdubs can feel Etho's heartbeat, with his head resting against Etho's chest. It's steady, much steadier than the last time he felt it. "Promise?"

"Promise," Etho presses a kiss against Bdubs' hair, lingering a moment longer than necessary before pulling back.

They both know Etho will leave again, for months. But it's clarity, at least, and Bdubs trusts Etho to at least tell him next time.

*I love you. I want you with me.*

Bdubs turns his head up towards Etho, and Etho meets him. His hand brushes Etho's face softly as he pulls him into their first kiss in months.

*I love you.*

And overhead, there's a shooting star.

## End Notes

thank you for reading! HUGE thank you to shepscapades for drawing art of this fic and making me cry. in the best way.

and thank you to the monolith server as a whole. you guys know who you are. <3

my tumblr!

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