

## blunt rotation

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/43470336) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/43470336>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Multi</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Hermitcraft SMP</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">EthosLab/ZombieCleo (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">EthosLab (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">ZombieCleo (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">John Booko   BdoubleO100</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Hermitcraft Season 9</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - College/University</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Recreational Drug Use</a> , <a href="#">Texting</a> , <a href="#">EthosLab-centric (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of <a href="#">monolith college roomies</a>
Stats:	Published: 2022-12-07 Words: 2,829 Chapters: 1/1

## blunt rotation

by [Corvid404](#)

### Summary

They were quiet for a moment as Cleo finished the nails on his left hand, then made a grabbing motion and said, “Gimme,” to his right hand. He carefully set his left hand on his leg and offered up his right hand. The song changed to Renegade by Paramore, and she cast a side-glance to the TV but didn’t say anything. Etho hummed along.

As the song drew to a close, Cleo wrapped up on his right hand, and Etho became very aware that she’d been leaning incredibly close to him. He leaned back, putting a bit more space between them.

“So, uh,” he started, “How long until this dries?”

Etho's roommates left for Thanksgiving, so he invites Cleo over to get high and hang out.

### Notes

hi! i didnt want to mark this as mature, but i figured i'd give yall a warning for some Aggressive making out. happy cletho

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

Etho didn't mean to keep staring into Bdubs' and Ren's empty rooms. It was just so odd, being the only one in the apartment. Sure, there were some obvious upsides—no one else to contend with for bathroom time, and not having to worry about waking anyone up, being the main ones—but even that felt odd and incorrect. He'd never really lived alone, he'd always had either his family in the house or, now, his roommates.

He just needed someone to talk to. It was a little past four in the morning, so he wasn't expecting anyone to respond, but...

**Etho**

*what're ur thoughts on weed?*

**Cleo**

*its fun sometimes!*

**Etho**

*do you wanna hang out and get high this saturday?  
everyone went home for thanksgiving break except for me*

**Cleo**

*sounds like fun! do you also wanna get coffee?*

**Etho**

*no, caffeine + weed makes me really paranoid and anxious*

**Cleo**

*gotcha  
i'll see u saturday night :)*

**Etho**

*awesome!! :)*

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Etho went over his checklist one last time. Snacks and drinks? On the coffee table. Blunts? Pre-rolled and sitting in a little wooden box. Movie? He picked out a bad one. He'd also taken the liberty to tidy up his room as best he could. Everything was about as nice as he could get it, he was just waiting for—

*Knock knock knock!*

He walked over to and opened the door at a very reasonable pace. "Hi Cleo."

Cleo frowned up at him. "Hi?" She stepped inside and set her purse and coat down. "You seem... oddly cheery?"

He frowned. Was he not a cheery person? He thought he was. He decided to brush that aside, leading the way to the couch.

"Anyway, I hope you hate *The Emoji Movie*," he started, sitting down and grabbing the TV remote.

"Oh, it's dreadful," she affirmed, taking a seat next to him.

He passed her a blunt and a lighter, only for her to wave him off and produce her own lighter. “If it’s worse high, we can just vibe,” he suggested.

She nodded, taking a hit then passing the joint back to him. “Sounds chill.”

Etho was honestly amazed that they managed to sit through almost forty minutes of the movie. To be fair, neither of them were really watching it. By the time the joint was smoked down to nothing and they both were pleasantly stuck in place, the movie was nothing more than background noise that occasionally interrupted their conversation. He wasn’t sure *how* the topic of appearances came up—he was pretty sure it traced back to them both being in sweatpants—but Cleo’s eyes suddenly lit up.

“Can I paint your nails?”

He blinked. “What?”

She grabbed his hands—they were both sitting cross-legged on the couch and facing each other—and sized up what little he had in terms of finger nails. “I think you’d look good with black nails, they’d contrast your hair really nicely. Oh, or pink! Pink could be cute.”

He snickered. “Do you just keep nail polish on you at all times?”

Cleo hummed. “I keep little bottles of black, pink, and dark blue in my purse because I tend to chip my nails a lot and those are my favorite colors.” She laced their fingers together, and Etho felt very calm and collected about that, for certain. “What do you say? I think you’d look good.”

She met his eyes, and she was beaming. How could he say no to that? “Sure, why not, I guess.”

Cleo got up to fetch the nail polish, and Etho finally turned the movie off, switching to the Spotify app and picking the first playlist that caught his eye—Destroy Boys Radio. That sounded fun.

Cleo wasted no time, grabbing his left hand and getting to work as *Vixen* filled the empty air. She’d chosen black for him, which he was fine with. She held his hand so carefully, focused entirely on ensuring she didn’t get any color on his skin.

“Y’know, I used to paint my nails black in high school,” he said, awkwardly reaching over to the coffee table and grabbing a cookie.

She snorted. “Really? The guy who doesn’t own a single pink piece of clothing used to paint his nails?”

“Yup. I think you’re missing the fact that those were the years that if Hayley Williams asked me to sacrifice my soul for her, I’d do it.” He laughed, and Cleo rolled her eyes.

“I think you still would,” she replied, “Just a personal observation, but I’ve seen your Spotify listening. I’d bet twenty bucks Paramore’s been your top artist the last three or four years.”

“Uh... I plead the fifth?”

She cackled, sitting back for a second. “Fair enough, I guess.”

They were quiet for a moment as Cleo finished the nails on his left hand, then made a grabbing motion and said, “*Gimme*,” to his right hand. He carefully set his left hand on his leg and offered up his right hand. The song changed to *Renegade* by Paramore, and she cast a side-glance to the TV but didn’t say anything. Etho hummed along.

As the song drew to a close, Cleo wrapped up on his right hand, and Etho became very aware that she'd been leaning incredibly close to him. He leaned back, putting a bit more space between them.

“So, uh,” he started, “How long until this dries?”

“Hm, thirty minutes I think?”

He nodded, gently shaking his hands out. He didn't think that'd help much, but it did make him feel proactive in the drying process.

It was nice, he decided, sitting there with Cleo. He didn't recognize the next song that came on, but it sounded very jazzy. He wasn't really paying attention to the words, but the rhythm the singer had was nice. The chorus caught him entirely off-guard, though.

“*I'm having sex with a ghost—*”

Cleo giggled, poking him with her foot. “What? Have you never heard this one before?”

“No—” he sputtered, fumbling for the remote, only for Cleo to grab it first. “Hey! Dude, what the hell?!”

“I like this song,” she stated, “It makes me think what actually having sex with a ghost would be like.”

If Etho wasn't bright red before, he was now. The topic didn't *normally* embarrass him, but something about that moment made it feel awkward and uncomfortable.

Cleo kept talking though, entirely unphased. “Like, say the ghost has a dick and you're beneath it. If someone walked in, would they just see your chosen hole being wide open?”

He cleared his throat—this was a perfectly fine conversation to have with someone. “I mean, I'd be more concerned about the ghost, uh, ghosting me. Like, vanishing before I—y'know.”

“Ohh, good point. That'd be awful. Though, that *does* bring up the question of if the ghost enjoys it, too.”

Cleo kept inching closer. Etho didn't think she was doing it on purpose, she'd done the same thing the last few times they'd all hung out and watched a movie. She was just a cuddly person. He'd also never hung out with her high before, so that could've been a factor as to why she crawled into his lap and put her hands on his face.

“I—uh, um.” Etho carefully removed her hands from his face and leaned back. “Cleo, could you like... back up? Please?”

She blinked a few times, before her cheeks went pink and she leaned away. “Sorry, sorry.”

He cleared his throat. “Anyway, uh, I'd sure *hope* the ghost enjoys it. Like, why else would they want to sleep with somebody?”

She shrugged. “To feel alive again? I don't know, do I *look* like a ghost to you?” She lit up, suddenly grabbing his hands. “Oh my god, I skipped the most *interesting* question! Would you fuck a ghost?”

“Uh—what?”

Cleo sat up on her knees, inching closer again. “Let's say ghosts are real, and can have relations

with humans. If a ghost propositioned you, would you say yes?"

Etho wasn't sure if it was his altered state of mind, or Cleo barely being a foot from his face, or a combination of both that was making his thoughts move so slowly. "I mean, I think I'd want to know more about them before we jumped into it," he settled on. "Also, it'd depend if the ghost was a guy or a girl."

She hummed, absently placing a hand on his knee. "I think I'd fuck a ghost. Just to say I did, y'know?"

He snickered. "Damn, didn't know my friend was a monster-fucker."

Cleo gasped. "Hey! Ghosts aren't *monsters*, they're *spirits*." She huffed, sitting back and crossing her arms. "I'd be a monster-fucker if I wanted to get down with like, a werewolf, or a gargoyle."

He tilted his head. "Well? Would you?"

She paused for a second. "No comment, actually."

He snickered—that was as good as a confession in his eyes. She scrunched her nose and half-heartedly smacked his arm, and a full laugh bubbled up.

"God, you're the *worst*," she hissed.

He tuned back into the music as *Pumpkin* by the Regrettes moved into the chorus.

"Hey, *I'm* not the one who implied they'd get down with a werewolf."

She groaned, smacking him again. "I didn't say that, you dickhead!"

Etho cackled. "Yeah, you didn't, but silence is more powerful than words."

"Then *shut up*," she growled.

"Make me."

He really should've thought about his choice in words a little more. Cleo all but jumped onto him, grabbing his shoulders and locking their lips together. Etho was frozen in place, and *that* he couldn't blame on the weed. This was happening, he guessed. One of her hands shifted to cradle his jaw, and she shifted her weight in his lap. Her lips were very soft, and he suddenly felt bad about never using chapstick because his lips were a mess of scratchy, dry, dead skin. Then again, he wasn't expecting his best friend to jump on his lap and start kissing him.

This was... nice, he decided. She was nice. He let his eyes flutter shut, and as soon as he started to actually lean into the kiss, she pulled back.

All either of them did for an awkwardly long moment was stare at each other and blink.

Cleo broke the silence. "You should use chapstick. Like, how are your lips not cracked and bleeding?"

He felt his cheeks go pink. "Uh, it doesn't bother me that much?"

Her hand was *still* holding his jaw, her thumb gently moving up and down. "Well, it bothers *me*. I'm buying you a bunch of packs of Carmex for Christmas."

Etho giggled, letting his own hand reach up onto her shoulder. “Go for it, I guess, I don’t really see the point—”

“The *point* is so your lips don’t crack and bleed, idiot.” She glanced away. “It’d just—It’d be a shame, for whoever’s kissing you. Blood tastes bad, y’know.”

They both fell silent again. Etho felt lightheaded and like his mouth was full of cotton. The intro to *Black Sheep* started, and he softly tapped Cleo’s shoulder.

“Do you, uh, would you want to maybe—do that again?”

It was Cleo’s turn to turn an aggressive shade of pink. “Are you gonna sit there like a ragdoll, or actually kiss me back this time?”

He huffed. “You pulled away before I could.”

She rolled her eyes. “Sure, sure I did.”

Cleo leaned back in, and Etho gently pulled her closer. He honestly could’ve sat there all night, Cleo straddling his lap with her lips on his. He brought a hand up to her face to mirror the one on his, and she leaned into his touch the slightest bit. His mind wandered to other places, but he kept himself solidly on track and in the present. He was sure he’d apologize profusely when he was sober, but for now, he was content. She ran a hand through his hair, and he hummed softly into the kiss.

Cleo pushed the kiss deeper, and he felt his stomach get hot and fluttery. She shifted in his lap again, this time grinding down, and he made a very soft noise that he hoped she didn’t hear. His hands fumbled to grab her waist, settling on the soft part on her hips and slowly moving down her legs. She was nice to hold, he decided. He brought one hand back up to just below her rib cage and trailed it down her again, the same path as before.

She hummed, seemingly focused on trying to memorize the back of his teeth with her tongue. She pressed down in his lap again, and he couldn’t hide the soft groan that rumbled up. The longer they sat there, the hotter the knot in his stomach got, and the more apparent it was where this was headed. Etho loved Cleo and all, and this was *certainly* an eye-opening moment, but he was not ready for that.

In the same moment that he started to shuffle away, she quickly pulled back, wiping her bottom lip of spit.

“Sorry,” she mumbled, scrambling off his lap. “Sorry, uh, I didn’t mean to—”

He cleared his throat, sitting up. “No, no, it’s—it’s fine. Um. I don’t want to—”

“—Me neither. I just, uh...”

Cleo trailed off, tapping her fingers on her thighs and keeping her gaze downwards. Etho was immensely relieved they’d mutually backed off—that was a can of worms that he didn’t feel like opening tonight, and a cat he was *not* eager to let out of the bag. He’d have that discussion if it came up, and he’d much prefer to have it sober.

He glanced down at his nails, and frowned. “I think I smudged one of them.”

“Hm? Let me see.”

Etho offered up the offending nail; his right ring finger had an imprint in the finish. Cleo gently held his fingers from underneath, humming as she looked at them.

“I don’t have anything with me to take the polish off, but I think a second coat would fix it. I think it’s been thirty minutes, anyway.”

He nodded, watching as Cleo grabbed the bottle of nail polish again. And like that, she was back to gingerly painting his nails like they hadn’t just been half-way down each others’ throats a moment ago.

The rest of the night went pretty normally. They shared another joint, chatted about their mutual distaste for family holidays—his extended family was the bane of Etho’s existence—and an array of other things as they came up. It felt like one moment it was ten, and the next it was three in the morning and Cleo was yawning every other word.

“It’s cool if I crash on your couch, right?” she asked, leaning her head against his shoulder.

“Yeah, uh, let me get you a blanket.”

In the time it took Etho to stand and root around in various closets in search of a blanket and return with it, Cleo had fallen asleep on the couch. She looked peaceful. He draped the blanket over her as gently as he could, and clicked the TV off—the playlist had long ended, all it had been doing was acting as a dim light. He picked up and threw out what trash he could see, before he made his way back to his room and locked the door behind him.

If he fell asleep with his hand between his legs and his pants haphazardly kicked off, that was nobody’s business but his.

---

***Etho***

*having fun w ur family?*

***Bdubs***

*Yeah!! Dinner was a little tense but when isn't it LOL*

*R u doing okay?*

***Etho***

*fantastic*

*me and cleo got very stoned*

*she painted my nails and also we made out*

***Bdubs***

*WHAT*

*AND DIDNT INVITE ME??????*

***Etho***

*?? to which part*

*the high part or the painting my nails part or the making out part?*

***Bdubs***

*THE MAKING OUT PART*

***Etho***

*didnt know u were into cleo like that?*

**Bdubs**

*I DIDNT KNOW YOU WERE*

*MAN*

*INVITE ME NEXT TIME YOU DECIDE TO GET ALL KISSY KISSY WITH HER*

**Etho**

*okay okay i hear u*

*loud and clear*

**Bdubs**

*Does that give me permission to kiss you?*

**Etho**

*um*

*we'll cross that bridge when we get there*

**Bdubs**

*Im very kissable*

**Etho**

*suuuure*

**Bdubs**

*Did yall have a sleepover?*

**Etho**

*if by sleepover u mean she slept at the apartment yes*

*she left around ten. or thats when she texted me that she went home idk i was asleep*

**Bdubs**

*ETHO. U CANT EVEN BE A GENTLEMAN AND TAKE HER HOME?*

**Etho**

*with what car?*

*besides she left on her own, she probably had stuff to do*

**Bdubs**

*SMH. Tell her to wait for u to wake up next time that's just rude*

**Etho**

*i really dont care*

*when she's in ur lap u can tell her that lol*

**Bdubs**



End Notes

woo hoo !!! cletho oh woo oh yeah!!! also CLETHUBS! OH WOOO OH YEAH!!! (i



promise the roommates will come back the clethubs brainrot has just taken over. u know how it be)

i played w the formatting of the texts to hopefully make it look better on mobile. lmk if its easier to read?

ANYWAY. hope yall enjoyed, leave a comment if u feel so inclined, and have a good day/night <3

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