

## pajama pants

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## pajama pants

by [Corvid404](#)

### Summary

“I should probably head home,” she said. “It’s late, you probably weren’t uh, expecting overnight company.”

Etho pulled at his hoodie string. “No, no, it—it’s fine, really. I don’t think it’d really be, um, safe for you to walk home at this time of night.”

She hummed, scooting the tiniest bit closer to Etho. “I’m a big girl, I can handle myself.”

He opened and closed his mouth a few times, before he gestured to her jeans. “I don’t think it’d be fair for you to sleep in those.”

She waved him off. “Eh, I’ve fallen asleep in miniskirts and itchy dresses. It wouldn’t be the end of the world.” She inched the tiniest bit closer until their shoulders were touching. “Anyway, what’s this about?” she asked, gesturing to the TV.

Etho makes for a very nice pillow, apparently.

### Notes

hello! to clarify the romantic and platonic tags for cletho: they are not explicitly in a romantic relationship yet, however their actions can absolutely be construed as romantic and one can argue the seeds for one as sown.

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

Cleo sighed, her brain slowly but surely turning on. She didn't remember falling asleep, nor... where she was? The first thing she processed was someone going on about Garfield being adopted to an amusement park mascot. She heard the word *Garfield*, though, and that was enough to pull her eyes open.

The room was very dark, and decidedly *not* her dorm with Joe on account of the rather large TV several feet in front of her, the space between her laying spot and the TV separated by a coffee table. A few potted plants sat on the table and the TV stand. She shifted in place, trying to get a hand beneath her to sit up—sideways wasn't an ideal perspective.

Then a hand that was *absolutely not hers* started to scratch at her scalp, and she blinked a few times. A blanket was tugged around her shoulders, a pillow pressed behind her, and... the hand returned to gently toying with her hair.

“Sorry, I'll—I'll turn it down. Sorry.”

Oh. That's where she was.

“Etho?” she croaked, “Wh... What time is it?”

Etho was quiet for a solid moment before he replied. “Two twenty eight. You uh, I think you fell asleep around midnight.”

She pushed herself to sit up, suddenly finding one side of her face to be much warmer than the other. “Shit, ah, sorry,” she mumbled, scrambling to put a bit more distance between herself and Etho. In the dark, it looked like he had wrapped himself in a pile of pillows. “Didn't mean to uh, fall asleep...” *in your lap*.

Etho had decidedly turned his head away, absently toying with the hem of his hoodie. “It's... It's fine, really.” He gestured to the side of him that looked like a dark pile of pillows, and as a lighter frame came on in the video, the pillows turned into Bdubs. “You both kind of got the same idea, I think.”

She couldn't help snickering at that. Right, right. They'd been watching a movie after getting coffee, and it was eleven, so they were going to watch another. Bdubs must've fallen asleep first and she hadn't noticed.

“Well, you're a very good pillow,” she stated, and didn't miss how Etho's eyes went wide and he ducked his head. She playfully poked his shoulder. “Maybe not these bony little arms, but clearly you're a good enough pillow to sustain a bonafide Cleo power nap.”

Etho still did not look back at her, eyes trained on the video as a Garfield comic panel came up, depicting him scratching a chair. “Look, Garfield's being haunted by his sins,” he mumbled.

Cleo rolled her eyes. “And look, Bdubs is asleep sitting up. I'm honestly not surprised.”

“I'm gonna go, um, put him in his own bed,” Etho said, carefully standing up and picking up Bdubs.

She grinned, although kept her comments to herself. It was sweet, was all, that Etho cared so much about his friends' getting their sleep. He vanished down the hall, and Cleo was left alone on a couch that was not hers but she'd still fallen asleep on. In her jeans—ew. Her legs were already feeling scratchy, but she highly doubted Etho or Bdubs owned anything her size, even if she accounted for Etho's ridiculous height.

By the time he returned, she had wrapped herself in the blanket that had at some point in her nap been draped over her, and grabbed one of the throw pillows to hug in front of her. Etho uneasily sat back down on the far end of the couch, fixed entirely on the video.

It wasn't until a screenshot of Twitter was plastered on-screen, and the narrator politely complained about receiving less than savory responses to his question of where in the dark ride people had jumped out to make love, that either of them spoke up again.

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Etho sighed, letting the conversation shift. "Defunctland, the guy makes little documentary-type videos on amusement park rides and discontinued TV shows, usually Disney properties."

She scrunched up her nose. "Ew, is he a Disney adult?"

"Ehh, I wouldn't say that." Etho shifted in place, smoothing down his sweatpants. When did he change into those? "Here—" He grabbed the remote and started rewinding the video. "This one's about an old Garfield ride in Pittsburg."

She hummed, which evolved into a yawn. "This seems like good stuff to zone out to."

He shrugged. "Every now and then I watch his biographical series on the work of Jim Henson. It's fascinating, really."

She lit up, or as best as she could when sleep was doing its best to pull her back. "Really? Can we watch that?"

He snickered. "Are you gonna stay awake?"

"I'll do my best."

Cleo really did try to stay awake. She admired Jim Henson's work so deeply—if she could aspire to have a legacy akin to anyone's, she'd want to be remembered the way he was. Although she wasn't nearly as amicable as he was remembered for being, and she didn't plan much on changing that. There wasn't much she could do to keep her eyes from weighing themselves shut as the minutes ticked by. She kept nodding off and jolting herself back up, only to find herself doing it again

minutes later.

Once again, she didn't remember falling asleep. It just happened. She woke up to the sun streaking in and the gentle rhythm of Etho breathing as she was awkwardly sprawled over him. She kept her eyes closed, content to stay put for as long as she could. It wasn't like Etho would wake up any time soon—it was a Saturday, and if left undisturbed she was sure he'd be out until the early afternoon. Unfortunately, her body was wired to wake in the mornings.

Still, there was nothing stopping her from laying there for as long as she wanted. So that was what she did. One of her arms rested beneath her head, and the other was draped over the side of the couch; her head was resting just above the end of Etho's ribcage, and still her feet barely reached Etho's shins, *damn* that man was tall. One of his arms gently sat on her shoulder, and the opposite leg was bent up, caging her in—she hoped that wasn't uncomfortable for him.

Despite the thin blanket, she was still incredibly warm. Whether that was due to the apartment having good heating or Etho being a living heater, she wasn't sure. She also didn't care, because there had yet to be a morning this semester that she hadn't woken up shivering in her dorm. It was nice to actually be comfortable for once.

She heard a door open and someone walk past, and she finally decided to sit up. She awkwardly maneuvered herself off the couch, much the way she'd maneuver around a sleeping cat, and replaced the blanket over Etho. She would be concerned about the odd way he'd twisted himself up, with his arms and legs sort of thrown everywhere, but then again she didn't exactly sleep in a normal position either. He grumbled in his sleep, fumbling for the blanket and pulling it around himself, rolling onto his side.

She crept towards the kitchen, and found Ren pouring a cup of coffee.

“Good morning,” she said as she shuffled in. “Do guests get coffee privileges?”

Ren hummed. “When'd you wake up?”

She yawned. “Not long ago, I don't think. Etho's still passed out.”

Ren grabbed another mug from one of the cabinets and poured her a cup. “Not surprising. Anything in it?”

She shook her head and took the cup once it was filled. It wasn't bad coffee, if a bit more bitter than hers was back at her dorm.

Ren poured an obscene amount of sugar into his, and she did her best not to glare. “I don't trust people who put that much sugar in their coffee,” she started. “It says a lot about them.”

Ren rolled his eyes, taking a sip. “Well, maybe I don't like it bitter.”

She smiled, lopsided and tired. “And that says something about you.”

He tilted his head. “Like... what?”

She swirled her coffee in her mug. “It's just my opinion, but I think it says that you're a more emotional person. You're driven more by what you *feel* is right than what actually is, and you're more impulsive than a thinker.”

He snorted. “That doesn't sound like me at *all*.”

She shrugged—it sounded a lot like him to her, but she wasn't going to say that. The last thing she wanted was for her friends' roommate to not like her. "Just some thoughts."

"So, what'd you dudes do yesterday?" he asked, leaning back against the counter. "And, uh, more importantly, why are you here and why were you on top of Etho?"

Her face heated up. Ah, yeah, that looked... *very* suspect, didn't it? Her grip on her mug tightened, and she turned her head away. "Don't go getting *ideas* about me and Etho, alright," she spat. "We both fell asleep watching YouTube, and there's not much space on that couch of yours."

He smirked. "But Bdubs was in his own bed."

She scrunched up her nose. "Etho carried him there. That doesn't prove anything."

He covered his face with a sip of coffee, and she mirrored him.

"Anyway, we went and got our coffees, then we came back here to watch some movies. Bdubs fell asleep, then I fell asleep and woke back up. Etho brought Bdubs back to his own bed, and I was too tired to go home. Satisfied with that?"

Ren nodded. She was sure he'd interrogate Etho about it later when he woke up. "Etho let you sleep in those pants?"

She rolled her eyes. "I *highly* doubt any of you own sweatpants or anything in my size."

"So you didn't ask?" He raised an eyebrow. "I mean, Etho's not a small guy, I'm sure he could have scrounged up something."

"I just didn't *care enough*, Ren. It's not the end of the world, I'll just go home and change into sweats or something." Her legs itched like hell, and she probably needed a shower or something to accompany a change of clothes. Not to mention her poor back ached from sleeping on a couch.

He huffed. "Yeesh, don't need to be all snappy with me," he muttered, and Cleo was awake enough to at least not spit at him.

"I'm not nice when I'm tired," she replied, "Sorry." She chugged the rest of her coffee, then gently placed the mug back on the counter. "Is Bdubs home, by chance?"

As if on cue, Bdubs poked his head into the kitchen, looking as wide awake and cheery as ever. "Cleo!" he chirped, "Good morning! I, uh, did you sleep well?"

"Fine," she replied. She met his eyes long enough to know he probably had the same question Ren had greeted her with, but was polite enough to hold his tongue. "Just wanted to make sure I saw you before I went home."

Bdubs threw her the widest-eyed, poutiest expression she'd seen on a grown man. He could've passed for a one-year-old who'd just been told 'no' for the first time. "Oh, you're going home already...?"

She shrugged. "In a few minutes, I'll need to find my purse and coat."

He tapped his fingers along the doorframe. "Oh, okay. I was... I was kind of hoping you'd be okay with doing something today?"

She shook her head. "Nah, I'd rather go home and recharge. Love you guys, and all, but I need to

be alone for the rest of the weekend.”

Ren made a noise, and she narrowed her eyes at him. She’d give him some choice words later. There was *nothing* strange about saying she loved her friends. Nothing at all. She hoped he spilled his still-hot coffee all over himself.

“Oh, is Joe not around?” Ren asked.

“No, they’re at some pinball convention,” she replied, “So I’ve got the dorm to myself for the next few days, and by God am I going to enjoy being truly alone.” She made her way towards the kitchen doorway, although she couldn’t exactly slip past Bdubs, who was still standing there and staring at her.

“Sorry,” he muttered, stepping aside to let her leave, his voice low and timid.

“I’ll text you when I get home,” she said, grabbing her purse and coat off the ground where they’d been haphazardly tossed last night.

“Right, right. Talk to you later.”

She looked back at Bdubs, then to Etho who was still passed out on the couch. “Next time, don’t fall asleep on his shoulder,” she said. “Maybe, like, stay awake for an extra hour or two?”

He gasped, planting his hands on his hips. “Hey! I *did* say we should’ve called it at one movie because I had to shreep! I was *already* up an hour past when I like to get to bed.”

She snickered, tossing her purse over her shoulder. “Sure, sure. We’ll talk about this later.”

“Later!”

---

***Etho***

*did u sleep well?*

***Cleo***

*why are all of you asking me that  
yes i slept fine*

***Etho***

*i was just worried!!*

*i’m very bony*

***Cleo***

*etho. it’s fine. my back hurts a little but that’s more the couch’s fault than yours*

***Etho***

*:(  
next time try not to sleep on top of me please though*

***Cleo***

*what? can’t take a good weighted blanket?*

***Etho***

*actually can we drop this*

**Cleo**

*okay okay*

*did you sleep okay?*

**Etho**

*yeah i slept fine*

## End Notes

and here we have some not platonic but not romantic cletho!! we're on our way to clethubs folks!! take note of the spaces between certain messages there at the end, those are on purpose :)

hope yall are enjoying my little clethubs tangent. we'll get back to the roomies and etho being high as a kite soon! leave a comment if u feel so inclined, and have a good rest of ur day/night <3

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