

A Shame

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/32887690) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/32887690>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF , Dream SMP
Relationship:	Alexis Quackity/Wilbur Soot , Alexis Quackity & Wilbur Soot , Alexis Quackity/Karl Jacobs/Sapnap , past Quackity/Karl Jacobs/Sapnap
Character:	Alexis Quackity , Wilbur Soot
Additional Tags:	Kissing , Sort Of , Sexual Tension , based of dsmp characters not ccs!! , Kinoko Kingdom on Dream Team SMP (Video Blogging RPF) , Las Nevadas on Dream Team SMP (Video Blogging RPF) , based on that one fanart where wilbur asks q if he's engaged , Neck Kissing , quackbur , Possessive Wilbur Soot , but like hot
Language:	English
Collections:	Anonymous
Stats:	Published: 2021-07-29 Completed: 2021-08-06 Words: 2,873 Chapters: 2/2

A Shame

by Anonymous

Summary

“What— What the hell was that?” Quackity asked, taking another step back to add some distance.

“You didn’t stop me.”

“What?” He sputtered. “I *literally* just did.”

“Mmm, took you a little while though, didn’t it?” Wilbur hummed, swiping the pad of his thumb against his bottom lip. “You tasted good.”

[chinese translation](#)

Notes

a short quackbur fic where quackity is at an event for Kinoko Kingdom and Wilbur shows up.

disclaimer: if either of the content creators involved say that they are uncomfortable with romantic ships involving their /character/, then this fic will be deleted. as i’m aware,

shipping their characters is fine, but if i'm wrong someone let me know.

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

Chapter 1

The ball was impressive: a perfect mess of red concrete and spruce wood, with vines crawling towards the mushroom ceiling. Warm lanterns hung around the edges, and the waiters served food that was far better than anything Quackity could ever imagine. All in all, it was a perfect introduction to society on Kinoko Kingdoms part.

Las Nevadas's introduction party had taken a different route. It was filled with loud music and flashing lights, and drinks served with little paper umbrellas. He had stayed sober, of course. and spent the night mingling with other leaders. Despite the differences, Quackity had no regrets. It had gone perfectly, and he made tons of new contacts and connections.

Unfortunately, Kinoko's ball was going just as great, Sapnap, George, and Karl flitting around the room and making their own connections.

They had yet to speak to Quackity, and he had a feeling they didn't plan on it.

He was sulking, and he knew it as he sipped on non-alcoholic fruit punch, leaning against a stray table. His mood had been shitty ever since he had gotten the blood red invite last week, and the rest of his week didn't help much.

The party goers seemed happy, and he recognized a few key faces.

Eret and Fundy, representing the Greater SMP, were speaking quietly in the corner with a few of the locals who had been invited. Philza and Technoblade spoke amongst themselves, most of the other invitees giving them a large berth. Ranboo and Tubbo, representing Snowchester in matching suits, were joking around with Tommy, wearing his usual business outfit.

Quackity had ditched his suit jacket some time ago, and he tugged at the collar of his dress shirt. He needed air.

He stayed where he was anyway.

He had an easy view of Karl and Sapnap, speaking to some nobody. Sapnap rested a hand on Karl's shoulder, and they looked like the picture perfect couple. No one would even notice that they were missing a member.

The three of them were still engaged, technically. Nothing had ever been said in between them, not a word, not a letter, not even a fucking chat message, and Quackity was pissed. They didn't even bother to speak with him, despite this being a political debut.

He didn't even know why he got a fucking invite.

"Quackity," a smooth voice said from behind him. Wilbur.

Quackity didn't turn around; he already knew what Wilbur looked like and he didn't need the reminder. He would be wearing a dress shirt under that god awful trench coat, and his combat boots which had seen better days. And unfortunately, he would look as ravishing as always. His hair would be tousled as if he had gotten straight out of bed, and he would be wearing that dumb smirk of his that made Quackity want to slap him, and he would look *fucking ravishing*.

"Wilbur," he sighed, breaking his gaze from Sapnap and Karl. It was getting pathetic, anyways. "What do you want?"

"Well. This is a political party, isn't it? I'm here to talk politics."

"I'm not letting you join Las Nevadas." Whoever Sap and Karl were speaking to moved away, and the two of them spoke quietly together, smiling dopily all the while.

"You're engaged to them, right?"

The question was sudden, and Quackity swallowed, breaking his gaze once again. "What?" Wilbur's voice was a lot closer than it was before.

Shuffling from behind him. "Are you engaged, Quackity?" Hot breath fanned the back of his neck, and Quackity kept his eyes dutifully on the floor in front of him, fighting off the warmth creeping up his neck.

"I-"

“It’s not *that* hard of a question.”

A hand glided up to rest on his waist, and Quackity blinked a few times, glancing up. No one had noticed them, in their own secluded corner, it seemed. As if on command, Karl’s eyes locked onto his, followed by Sapnap. Fuck.

The hand on his waist moved to the base of his neck, tilting his head back to its original position. “Don’t look at them. Look at me.” The words were murmured onto his skin, Wilbur’s lips brushing against him as he spoke.

“No- I mean yes.” Quackity squeezed his eyes shut for a moment. He wasn’t going to be made a mess by *Wilbur Soot* of all people. “Yes, I’m engaged,” he enunciated.

“A shame.” He began *nibbling* on Quackity’s ear, and *prime* it was not supposed to be that hot. *Wilbur* was not supposed to be that hot. “Truly a shame.”

Wilbur moved downwards, pressing featherlight kisses against the side of Quackity’s neck, his left hand rubbing his shoulder almost comfortingly, his thumb tracing circles against the thin material of his dress shirt. His free hand pulled the collar of his shirt to the right, giving Wilbur more room to work with. Quackity didn’t pull away.

Quackity fought the urge to let his eyes flutter close, taking in a shaky breath. “Wilbur.” His voice was pitched and breathy, immediately making him flush.

“Quackity.” Wilbur muttered between kisses, dropping his hand back to Quackity’s waist, squeezing lightly. The kisses were longer now, sucking and nibbling before moving to a new spot.

What was he doing. *What was he doing?* He was *engaged*, for Prime’s sake. He couldn’t— he *shouldn’t* be doing this.

“Wait— stop.”

Just as he spoke the words, Wilbur stepped back, the warmth that came with him leaving as well. “A shame,” he repeated.

Quackity finally turned around, looking up at Wilbur's face. He was almost glad to find it as equally flushed as his, his hands stuffed in the pockets of his trench coat. He wore a self-satisfied grin on his face, despite the redness spreading across his cheekbones.

Quackity blinked. Why did he have to look so *pretty* ?

“What— What the hell was that?” Quackity asked, taking another step back to add some distance.

“You didn’t stop me.”

“What?” He sputtered. “I *literally* just did.”

“Mmm, took you a little while though, didn’t it?” Wilbur hummed, swiping the pad of his thumb against his bottom lip. “You tasted good.”

Wilbur was going to be the death of him. Before Quackity could get another word out, Wilbur patted his shoulder and strided past him, hands in pockets.

What the fuck. *What the fuck*. Why did he just let Wilbur do that? And the way he just patted his back like that after? The audacity. Quackity ran a hand over his face, groaning.

He looked up. Karl was clutching Sapnap’s shoulder, looking confused, and Sapnap had a murderous glare painted on his face, a melted fork in his fist.

Fuck.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

apparently my italics didn't carry over when i copied and pasted so check out the last chapter if u wanna re read with italics

Chapter Notes

and i'm back!!

this is the FINAL installment (i may do more quackbur if i get requests) but nothing after this cause i don't think i could live with myself if i wrote actual smut about minecraft characters. there is a line that i won't cross, and that line is minecraft smut.

basically they just makeout, but like, hot.

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

Quackity splashed water on his face, glancing at himself in the mirror. His face was still red, and he couldn't tell if it was the lighting or if he was really blushing over *Wilbur Soot*. He hoped it was the former. Luckily, Wilbur didn't kiss him long or hard enough to bruise, although faint splotches of red could be seen dotting up the side of his neck.

He rubbed a hand harshly at them before pulling his collar up and buttoning one of the buttons he had purposefully left open in the beginning of the night.

The door swung open, Tommy walking in. The boy hesitated at seeing Quackity before continuing past him to another sink. "You good?"

Quackity blinked. "I'm alright."

"You look kinda...frazzled, big man."

Quackity wasn't about to tell Wilbur's *brother* what had just happened, so he shrugged. "You don't look to hot either."

He was right. Tommy had deep eye bags and his normally blue eyes were grey, but he generally just looked *tired*. “Not a party person.” He turned the tap off, not bothering with drying his hands or his face before heading to the door. “See you later, Big Q.”

Quackity nodded, turning back to his own reflection. Was it too late to leave? Sarnap and Karl had already seen the whole ordeal, and despite him seeing Sap begin walking over, the conversation wouldn't be about business either way. It was pointless, being here, if he wasn't going to strike a deal involving Las Nevadas.

But he didn't want to leave, either. Leaving would be admitting defeat. Love and war were more similar than he thought. Quackity didn't lose either.

He stepped out of the bathroom, the warm air immediately greeting him along with the music. Prime, he needed a drink. He had planned on staying sober the entire night, but plans change, apparently.

It wasn't like he planned on Wilbur—

Was that Wilbur talking to Sarnap and Karl?

Hell no. Hell, fucking, no. Quackity grabbed a glass of a red liquid off the table before heading over to his (ex?) fiancées.

Both Sarnap and Karl were frowning, and Quackity couldn't see Wilbur's face, but he would bet anything that the man was smirking. He thrived off of uncomfortable situations.

“What's going on here?”

Sarnap softened his features before turning back to Wilbur and glaring. “Ask him.”

Sure enough, Wilbur was smirking down at the other two. “Nothing much, we're just having a chat.”

Quackity crossed his arms. “About?”

“You, of course.”

Fuck. What was he even supposed to respond to that?

Luckily, he didn't get the chance. Karl, who looked so fucking sad, spoke quietly, and Quackity had to strain to hear him. “Are you really with Wilbur?”

“He doesn't have to be *with* me. Maybe we're just fucking,” Wilbur drawled.

Quackity shot him a glare. “I'm *not*, but why do you care either way?”

“*Why do we care?* Quackity, of course we care!” Sappap said, a pleading look on his face. “He's unstable—“

“He's also within hearing distance,” Wilbur interrupted.

“—and you deserve better.”

“I know I deserve better, but I also deserve better than you two,” he spat, taking a step back. “I'm leaving. Call me if you have business to discuss.”

He turned, striding back the way he came.

Quackity spun idly in his desk chair, staring at the ceiling. It was freeing, *really* freeing, speaking to Sappap and Karl.

He missed them. Of course he did. It had been months since they had...separated, but he still missed what they once were. They were *much* better people than he was, but it was still pretty fucked up of them to do what they did.

Was this closure? It didn't feel like it, but Quackity took it as a win anyway.

“Quackity from Las Nevadas?” A crackly voice on the intercom said. “Wilbur from the void is here to see you.”

Quackity sighed, pulling his desk chair back to his desk to press the intercom button. “Send him in.”

Wilbur strided in, taking off his glasses and sliding them into his pocket.

“What do you want, Wilbur? You aren't even allowed here.”

Wilbur grinned. “And I'm here anyways, right? I don't see you calling the guards.”

Quackity rolled his eyes, suppressing a smile. “Yeah, yeah. What's up?”

“Mmm, nothing much.” He stepped further into the room, peering over the glass wall behind Quackity. “Just wanted to congratulate you.”

Quackity looked at him blankly, and Wilbur turned away from the window to face him.

“For finally saying something to your...fiancé's.”

Quackity frowned. “...thanks.”

“You were right. You deserve better.”

For whatever reason, he bristled at that, standing up. “Karl and Sapnap are far better people than I ever could be.”

“Oh *I know* . Karl had been nothing but lovely to me every since I met him, and Sapnap...despite killing me and my friends, is a good person. They’re good people,” Wilbur drawled, stepping closer.

“Your point?”

“My point,” Wilbur began, “is that we’re the bad ones.”

“What the hell are you saying?”

“We’re terrible people, Q. No one likes us, and we poison every relationship we come across.” He must have seen the glare Quackity was giving him, continuing. “I’m just letting you know that we’re more similar than you think.”

Wilbur was right. Wilbur was almost always right. He had thought about it before, but Karl and Sapnap were far better without him. They two of them were kind, and noble, and caring, and Quackity’s rough edges just didn’t fit with them. Maybe their relationship was doomed from the start.

Wilbur leaned closer, bending down to face Quackity. “The two of us are different. And I think you know it too.” He was close enough that Quackity could count the freckles on his nose.

Quackity didn’t give a shit about whatever antagonist narrative Wilbur was trying to push. “Are you gonna kiss me?”

A smirk. “That depends, Quackity.” The way Wilbur said his name reminded him of honey. Every syllable was enunciated, something darker that he couldn’t recognize dripping off of the letters. “*Are you going to let me?*”

Quackity scoffed, and in one easy motion, he wrapped his left hand around the collar of Wilbur’s sweater, bringing their lips together.

It was nothing like the way he and Karl kissed, or he and Sapnap kissed, tender and slow. It wasn’t even like the way he and Wilbur used to kiss, in the crevices of a forgotten ravine.

It was all teeth clacking together, cracked lips and a hint of smoke. Wilbur bit his lip harshly, and soon enough, a tinge of iron permeated Quackity's mouth.

Wilbur pushed him backwards, until his back was against the glass wall, arms encircling his waist. Quackity brought a hand up to Wilbur's hair, pulling *hard*, scoffing in amusement when the older man moaned. "Seriously? That's new. Did you get that from limb—"

"Shut up, Q." He was cut off with a groan of his own when Wilbur reached behind him, yanking on his wings. A few feathers came free, but Quackity didn't mind, arching his back.

Wilbur's mouth tracked downwards, lingering on his neck and sucking skin into his mouth. Quackity stifled a moan, tilting his head back subconsciously. *Prime*, Quackity had forgotten how *intoxicating* Wilbur was.

"Quackity?" The word was practically spoken onto his skin.

"*Mhm*?"

Wilbur pulled away a few inches, his left hand ghosting over Quackity's lips. "*Use your words.*"

Fucking Christ. "Yes, Wilbur?" He gritted out.

"The doors locked, right?"

"*Yes*, it's fucking locked, what kind of—" Wilbur slid his right leg in between Quackity's, and he promptly cut himself off with a shudder.

They had fallen back into their old routine quickly, almost too quickly, but this Wilbur was far different from the old one. His hands were calloused, and rough, slipping under his shirt and gliding across his hot skin.

Quackity felt like he was on fire.

Wilbur's hand drifted into his hair as their mouths reconnected, yanking off the blue beanie and dropping it somewhere. Quackity slid his hands over the expanse of Wilbur's shoulders, sliding his trench coat off in retaliation.

He pulled at Wilbur's hair again, tilting his head back for access as Quackity kissed down his neck, leaving spots of reddish purple in his wake.

"Quackity," Wilbur muttered, his voice low. *Prime*, he would do *anything* to make Wilbur speak like that again.

Wilbur began fiddling with the buttons of Quackity's shirt, pulling away to glance at his work. He was the *absolute* picture of lust, with tousled hair dropping over his face and swollen lips. Pink dusted his cheeks, and the skin on the right side of his neck, unobscured by his yellow sweater, was dotted in purple.

Quackity's breath hitched suddenly, as fingers traced the skin above his waistband. Wilbur, unbuttoned another button with ease, despite only having use of one hand, the other gliding up Quackity's side.

"What can I say?" Wilbur grinned. "I'm good with my hands."

Quackity scoffed. "Seriously? Right now?"

"No time like the present." A finger traced over his neck. "Nice bruises."

"Likewise," he deadpanned.

Wilbur's hand continued on its journey, cupping the side of Quackity's face and letting a thumb trace over his face.

Quackity continued staring straight into Wilbur's eyes as his thumb drifted over his bottom lip, pulling it down before releasing it.

The intercom buzzed. "Quackity from Las Nevadas? Sam from the prison is here to see you about

the new bank.”

Quackity cursed under his breath, calling out “ *gimme five minutes!* ” loud enough so that Slimecicle would hear through the door.

“Five minutes isn’t *nearly* enough time for me to do what I want to do to you,” Wilbur remarked lightly. His hand retreated from Quackity’s face and began re-buttoning up his shirt.

Despite the red creeping up his neck at the implications, Quackity rolled his eyes. “You don’t always get what you want.”

Wilbur’s eyes glimmered as fixed the last button. “I do.” He crouched down briefly, popping back up to place Quackity’s beanie clumsily back on his head, tossing his own trench coat over his shoulder. “Good as new.”

Quackity swallowed as Wilbur finally stepped back, letting him breathe. The man sauntered back to the door, saluting before opening it, waving to Sam who walked in right after.

The creeper hybrid glanced between Wilbur’s receding footsteps and Quackity, who was fixing his beanie and taking a seat.

“What about the new bank?”

“Wilbur’s been alive for two weeks and you two are already—“

“ *What about the new bank?* ”

Chapter End Notes

lemme know what u thought down below!

bye for now sluts :]] (affectionate)

End Notes

thoughts??

requests??

compliments??

leave a kudos if u liked it :\$

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