

## **\*High\*way robbery**

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## **\*High\*way robbery**

by [TheComicalOverlord](#)

### Summary

Schlatt meets a hero.

Schlatt reveals his identity to that hero.

Schlatt takes that hero home with him.

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This is mainly for my friend xyz lmao. But also. It's a thing i wrote B)

Schlatt was always one to be big. bold, grand gestures were always a must for him. So why was it that in front of this- this *hero* , this hero that was not even great, or grand at all, he felt so small?

And worse, why did it not feel bad to feel small for once?

“You aren’t getting out of this alive, you fucking *Sonic Kinnie*,” he grunted, taking a step towards the hero.

He offered nothing but a smirk, “Is that the best you can come up with? Really? I get that one a lot.” He leaned against the wall, oddly not taking action- heroes always took action first.

He rolled his eyes and clenched his fists. He could handle this. He could *handle this*. He was a top villain, he could handle a hero who was *literally the bottom of the barrel*.

“I say what I see.” He defended, and punched the wall next to the hero. He didn’t offer the first actual hit, only trying to gage what the hero would do.

“So, The Ram? A big shot,” the hero spoke idly, not commenting on the punch, but Schlatt could tell he was nervous by the way his eyes kept not-so subtly flicking to the fist by his head. “Kinda funny how they sent me to fight someone who’s supposedly a top villain. Maybe you aren’t as high and mighty as they say, hm?” There was a waiver to his voice.

Schlatt removed his fist from the wall, and shook the brick dust off of it, making sure his hand was clean before talking to the hero. Trying to show he could care less about this conversation.

“Or maybe they sent someone expendable. I don’t even know your hero name,” he chuckled evilly, “Think about that?” He looked back at the hero who was on the wall.

He seemed a lot more scared then when they’d started.

“For someone considered dangerous, you haven’t dealt a single blow to me,” he quipped, and then added as an afterthought, “I go by Blue Flame.”

He bristled, both at the observation and the straight forwardness of the hero.

“Heroes usually take the first blow,” he attempted to look into the hero's eyes, “Speaking of which, why haven’t you?”

The response was almost immediate, “Wouldn’t want to hurt that pretty face of yours, would I?”

Schlatt pursed his lips, at a loss for words for a time.

“Pretty?” He said quietly. He couldn’t think of anything else to say.

A genuine chuckle burst from the other's mouth, "Geez dude, are you genuinely that desperate for validation?" There was an air of sadness to it, but it was mostly an insult.

Schlatt's ears went down, and his arms stiffened into his side, "W- *No- I just*, You know, that's. Very unprofessional of you."

The hero didn't seem scared anymore, and certainly didn't seem to be taking it seriously.

He just leaned back against the wall with a small laugh. "You know, I actually thought I was gonna die there for a moment."

Schlatt grumbled for a moment, then he looked away. "Who's to say I still won't?"

"You haven't yet."

He sighed. "Get out of here. Tell 'em I ran off or something."

He walked away.

"SO YOU SURRENDER!?" The hero shouted after him as he walked away pathetically.

"YEAH, YEAH, WHATEVER YOU WANT!" He waved him off as he sprinted through the cover of darkness.

That was the first time Schlatt had met Blue Flame.

The second time happened very differently.

It was raining, for one thing.

Schlatt was pissed off that he'd decided to commit crime without checking the weather forecast,

but there wasn't much he could do about it now.

The alarm in the bank sounded, signaling a hero was coming to take care of him.

He just sighed, and shoved a couple more dollars into his bag, before dropping a hundred on the bank teller's desk, "Keep the change, eh?" He left the bank.

He would not have given the teller the hundred if it wasn't to tell that joke. He'd been planning this entire heist just so he could tell that joke. Is that stupid, and obsessive? Or is it just true dedication to his craft? Probably both.

Once out in the alley behind the bank, he noticed a certain hero. Just... casually smoking behind the bank.

"The fuck." He whispered, feeling like he was the one that was high.

"Oh. Fuck." Blue Flame looked at the Ram. His eyes seemed to sag with tiredness, and Schlatt realized suddenly that the hero wasn't wearing his mask.

"...Why are you even here?" He skirted around the very obvious elephant in the alleyway.

"...I'm supposed to be stopping you.... buuut i didn't want to." He shrugged, but it was easier to read him now that his face was unobscured

Schlatt, for the first time in his life (or so he likes to think) made a decision entirely based off of impulse. He took off his mask.

It hung loosely in his hand at his side, and the heroes eyes widened at the sight.

"Oh, *god*, *that* was a really dumb decision," Schlatt said out loud to the hero.

The hero snorted. "Sure was," he held out his hand, "You can call me Connor."

Schlatt took his hand. “Uh. Schlatt.” He quickly slid his mask back on.

“You should probably...” Connor slid his mask back on, and snubbed out the blunt on the ground, leaving it there on the wet concrete.

“Wow, real hero you are. Saving the world, and killing it at the same time,” he joked.

“I am so fucking high right now,” Connor said lightly.

“...That you are. Do you need like, someone to-“ he looked off to the side, “Like, take you home or something ?”

Connor, as if in response, headbut Schlatt in the chest, and let his face stay there.

Schlatt chuckled nervously. He had a very high hero sitting on his chest. And he now knew that hero's identity. And that hero now knew his. What a day.

And now he was about to take that hero home.

“Where do you-“ Schlatts ears pricked up at the sound of Connor snoring. He pulled an unimpressed face. “Great.”

He patted the heroes hair, before pulling his hand up and staring at it, “Holy fucking shit that’s soft. What conditioner does this man *use* ??” He stared at his hair in awe.

After a while at reveling in Connors oh-so soft hair, he contemplated on how to get him home.

He didn’t exactly know where the hero lived, so he had two real options. Ditch him here, or take the hero to his house.

He looked at the sleepy high man on his chest, who looked, frankly, adorable.

“Guess I’m taking a hero home with me tonight.” He sighed, and picked Connor up bridal style, carrying him the few blocks over to his house.

He didn’t bother opening the door properly, and instead just pushed it slightly and it fell off its hinges. He’d fix that later. It’s fine.

He carried Connor into his bedroom and set him down on his bed.

He felt an odd sort of feeling worm it’s way into his chest.

*Wouldn’t it be lovely to wake up beside him every day?*

He dismissed it with an eye roll, a hero and a villain? Much less a hero and A villain who’d barely even spoken? The thought was laughable. So he laughed.

Then he went to sleep on the couch.

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