

Kiss me in the corridor, but quick to tell me goodbye (You say that you're no good for me)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/47717869) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/47717869>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Kaboodle SMP , Lifesteal SMP
Relationship:	Ashswag/Clownpierce
Character:	Ashswag (Video Blogging RPF) , ClownPierce (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	i found out Ash is gonna be on KSMP and rushed the fuck out of this , the inherent homoeroticism of These Fuckers istg, i dont rly know what to tag this tbh , The Author Regrets Everything , The Author Regrets Nothing , lifesteal season 3
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-06-07 Words: 1,088 Chapters: 1/1

Kiss me in the corridor, but quick to tell me goodbye (You say that you're no good for me)

by [Mx_Artemis](#)

Summary

Ash is no stranger to evil, nor is he a stranger to ClownPierce. Honestly, is it such a crime that he wants to catch up with him?

Notes

title from Ghost by Halsey
i literally wrote this fic in like 3 hours at most. im normal /s

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

“ClownPierce! You’ve changed.”

“Ashswag. What are you doing *here* of all places?”

Ash shrugged and grinned. “Moving around. You know I always do.”

Clown glared back. “Why *here*?”

Ash laughed, and *gods*, it had been a while since Clown heard that laugh. “You know I can track you. I can track *anyone*, if I wanted to. Is it a crime I wanted to catch up with you, my dear clown?”

Clown forced down his emotions. “Creep.” He sneered, but made no move to back away. Ash didn’t seem upset over the taunt.

“Oh, please.” Ash rolled his eyes. “We’ve both done much worse things. And I know, my dear clown, that *you* certainly have — here as well.”

“You’ve done some research, then? What, are you stalking me?” Clown nearly laughed, but didn’t. It wasn’t how it used to be between them. There was a layer of tension that wasn’t there before.

Instead of the laugh he would usually – or rather, used to – get from an ‘insult’ like that, Ash glared at him. “We both know I know more than the average player. Person. Whatever.”

“And you use it to its fullest advantage, my dear god.” Clown drawled, daring to move a bit closer to Ash.

“Godling. Demigod. Whatever you want to say. I’m not *actually* a god.” Ash corrected.

Clown reached up towards the other, almost touching, but pulled away at the last second.

It was silent for a moment before Clown asked, “Does it matter?”

Ash raised an eyebrow. “Does it?”

The silence returned, and this time, lasted longer. Clown wasn’t sure if it was uncomfortable or not. Ash didn’t seem to mind, and if he didn’t, then Clown didn’t either.

Eventually, Ash spoke.

“You’re different here.” He said, something almost wistful in his voice.

“People change.” Clown retorted, his voice hardening again. Of course he’d changed. He had to.

Ash huffed. “You know what I mean.”

“Do I, my dear demigod?”

“Don’t fucking test me, Clown. You know what I mean.”

Clown hummed in discontent. “Go ahead, talk. We both like your voice.” He grinned, though Ash couldn’t see it. Either way, he knew Ash knew he was.

“You’re still weird, I see.” Ash noted, but did in fact keep talking. “You’re... different, though. Less evil for fun, more evil because you genuinely like hurting people. What the hell are you even trying to do here?” Ash didn’t wait for a response, and it seemed like he didn’t actually want one, “You kill more, too. You killed a lot back then, but at least you got something from it.”

Ash didn’t have time to react before a scythe was at his throat. He found that, in all honesty, it didn’t scare him. Sure, Clown was different now, but Ash still knew him, and he still knew he wouldn’t kill him. Not so quickly, at least.

“Don’t talk about that fucking server.” Clown spat.

Ash pushed the scythe away. Blood beaded up on his fingers, and he wiped it off, never breaking eye contact with Clown.

“Touchy subject, my dear clown?” Ash had found a weakness.

A glare from ClownPierce was enough to make almost anyone back off. But Ashswag was no normal person. He kept pushing. He could push pretty hard if he wanted to. Sure, Clown would eventually push back — but not yet.

“At least you got something from your kills then — *there*. An extra heart, a reward for being better. What do you get from your kills here? *Pleasure*?” Ash spat.

Clown didn't respond, and Ash knew he'd won.

“I know you too well, my dear clown.” Ash purred, his still-bleeding hand sneaking up to brush against Clown's mask. A streak of purple was left there, and it made Ash feel... *something*. Clown made no move to wipe it away, and that sent another rush of hot emotions through him. Ash wondered if Clown was feeling the same.

“But that's not all, is it? Your homicidal tendencies aren't the only thing that's gotten worse.” Ash was praying he conveyed disdain, that his voice didn't betray him.

“Do you just have fun hurting people here? You killed an entire commune without a thought about it.” It was an accusation and a fact all in one.

“I did think about it, actually. I gave them a chance! They made their choice, I responded.” Clown shrugged, like it was nothing. Ash didn't care, but he really could pretend to.

Ash scoffed. “You're insane. What is *wrong* with you?”

Clown started to respond, but Ash waved his hand. “Shut the fuck up. I don't really want to hear it.”

“What's the point of what you're doing here? The- The manipulating, the lying, the tearing people apart. What's the fucking point?” He asked, and just a hint of desperation crept into his voice. He tried to ignore it, and prayed Clown would too. Yes, Clown had lied and manipulated and used people before. But this was different. Here, it had genuine consequences. Here, it wasn't easy to be revived. Here, people could *really* die.

“Does there have to be a point?” Clown retorted, and his scythe closed the distance between the two of them again.

“Yes!” Ash snarled, and that desperation grew ever louder. “Why the *fuck* are you like this?”

“People change, Ash.” Clown answered slowly, calmly, and it made Ash even more furious.

“You're *so* messed up.”

“Does it matter?”

Ash decided to stay quiet, but Clown kept pressing. Finally, Clown was pushing back. Retribution. A constant tug-of-war between them, neither of them keeping the upper hand for long. “Does it? It never bothered you before.”

Ash took a small breath, forcibly controlled.

“No, it doesn't.” He whispered.

Clown grinned. “That's right.”

And can Ash say anything at all, really? He's had his own fair share of messed-up power trips

before. There's not much different about what Clown is doing here. Intimidating, threatening, killing. Ash has done the same before. Unfair advantages and leverage he shouldn't have. Yet he uses — used — them anyways. Honestly, neither of them were better than each other. Wasn't that why they'd worked together in the first place?

“So, do I have to keep you out of my way, or are you with me here?” Clown asked, and *finally* reached out to touch and followed through on it. His gloved fingers grazed Ash's throat, and Ash didn't dare move.

“You won't hurt me.” Ash said.

“Won't, or won't have to?”

“Won't.”

Clown would never admit it, but they both knew Ash was right.

End Notes

i will be So fucking normal over ashswag on the ksmp istg. So fucking normal

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