

Of Maybe Ghosts and Rotted Friendship

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Of Maybe Ghosts and Rotted Friendship

by [ros_is_writing](#)

Summary

Rat's shoes were round Mary Jane's, but recently his footprints were leaving treads, as if he was wearing boots.

Notes

This was supposed to be spooky but then they both just started being such cunts. It's not my fault I promise

Edit: yes, I do know that Arathain and Mouthpiece are two different characters. Me two months ago writing this did not lol

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

Rat swore there was something here. There was something following him, lingering in his footsteps like an unwelcome shadow. Rat's shoes were round Mary Jane's, but recently his footprints were leaving treads, as if he was wearing boots.

It was eerie, but Rat expected that. The second Arathain started fucking *glowing* right before he died, Rat was expecting something exactly like this. He used to be scared, used to run to press his back against a wall to be absolutely sure that whatever was following him couldn't attack him without him seeing it coming, but the panic had faded as time went on. Now he just nodded when the ghostly eyes that accompanied whatever the thing was showed up. Sometimes he waved. Yeah, he was used to it.

Rat settled into his bed, blankets pulled up to his ribs, but not any further. He scanned the room, looking for his shadow, his partner in their weird dance they were doing. There was something ironic to Rat being the one to kill Arathain, and Rat also being the only one who could bring him back. Or who could kill him permanently.

Despite knowing Arathain well (Rat would *like* to say he knew him well), Rat wasn't sure what he wanted. Death or a second chance at life. Not that Rat would comply with what he wanted anyway- He was still holding onto that damn grudge.

Or maybe Arathain liked the break from living. Maybe he'd prefer to stay in life-death limbo for a bit longer. But that didn't mean he had to follow Rat around for god's sake.

Like he was summoned by the mere thought, a pair of glowing white eyes appeared in the corner of Rat's vision. Right in the shadow of the staircase, two eyes were visible, but cast no glow. If Rat turned to look at them completely, he knew they would disappear. He had tried that one before.

In that sense, he wasn't actually sure if they were real or not. There was nothing to prove that the eyes were really there. But then again, there was nothing to prove that they weren't.

Rat opened his mouth to greet the disembodied pair of eyes, but was rudely interrupted by the sound of iron against stone. Not the bad kind. Well, maybe bad, if you considered the source of the noise was Clownpierce.

The noise startled the eyes and made them blink of existence like a snuffed out candle. Rat sighed disappointedly, he was *trying* to understand why he was being shadowed like this. Stupid Clownpierce...

“Can you not opening the door that hard?” Rat shouted up the staircase to where Clown had just thrown the door open.

“Can you not make the doorknob out of iron?” Clown returned, voice chock full of sassy annoyance. “I’m replacing it right now. Say hello to your new wooden door knob.”

“Stop!” Rat screeched over the sound of Clown changing his door knob. “Now the outside and inside door knobs don’t match!”

“Who is gonna be checking that?” Clown asked. “No one pays attention to that.” As he spoke his voice was getting slightly louder, meaning he was likely coming down the stairs. Rat had a spiral staircase down to his bedroom, for security purposes.

“Me!” Rat exclaimed as Clown rounded the corner into the room. “I pay attention to that! And this is my house! My opinion matters!”

Clown just laughed and started setting his stuff down. For the time being, they shared a bedroom. Mostly because Clown refused to use the villager beds like Rat did (pampered bitch), and then he had ever so nicely shared his hidey-hole bedroom with Rat. After that Rat had made it nicer (because he had *taste* , thanks) and now it just belonged to both of them.

Lots of things had happened since Clown got here, he was a “strong force of nature” as he claimed. Rat snorted at the thought and rolled onto his side. He ended up facing the empty corner of their bedroom. Rat kept swearing he was going to put something there, but he couldn’t figure out what, so for now it was just a shadowy corner. He could at least put a lantern in there, now that he thought about it.

Then the eyes reappeared when Rat blinked. They were in the center of his vision this time, which is probably the boldest that they've ever been. Rat was so surprised that he didn't do anything other than stare for a second. The noise of Clown shedding his armor snapped him back though, so he waved. Rat thought about saying something, but didn't under fear that he would scare the eyes- the thing, off.

Did he want it to stay?

“What are you looking at?” Clown asked, now in his sleep clothes. “Oh! Is the ghost back?”

Rat looked over his shoulder at Clown. “Yes. How did you know?”

“You get really shy when he's around, it's cute.”

“I'm trying not to scare it!” Rat yelped. “You've never been haunted before, you just don't understand.” Rat threw a pillow at Clown, and then laughed when he struggled to dodge it.

Clown rolled his eyes, then turned towards Rat with a mischievous expression. Rat rolled back over in anticipation, he did *not* want to see whatever Clown was about to do. Or say.

“Hey ghost!” Clown called towards the corner. “I'm gonna sleep with your boyfriend!” Without giving Rat a chance to even process what he just said, he launched himself onto the bed next to Rat, partially on top of him.

“Hey!” Rat exclaimed, limbs flying while he tried to knock Clown off. “You have your own bed! And the ghost isn't my boyfriend!” There were way too many things wrong with what Clown just did, but he was focusing on the two most important ones.

“Yeah, I have my own bed, but you're warm!” Clown explained. “And I'm cold. Because I'm-“

“Because you’re netherborn,” Rat finished for him. “Yeah, I know. Just get another blanket, come on. There’s a solution for your problem.”

Clown just giggled and tucked himself further into Rat’s side. They had established a *long* time ago that their communal love language was being as mean as possible to each other. They held absolutely nothing back, even in the smallest situations. If the thought popped into Rat’s mind, he made it meaner, and then said it straight up. Chances were (not even a chance, a guarantee), it would make Clown laugh like he was choking, and then return with twice the venom. The rules were that if they weren’t arguing, then they weren’t really having a conversation.

Rat grumbled and started poking and prodding at Clown to fix the position he was in. He was somehow managing to make a regular bed more uncomfortable than a villager bed. Which was hard, because those things were awful.

“You’d think that you specifically would have a general understanding of how to share a bed with someone,” Rat muttered while he blindly moved Clown around behind his back. Clown let himself be flopped around, just kept a vice grip around Rat’s shoulders with his face tucked into Rat’s neck.

“Branzy decides what’s comfortable, not me,” Clown said snippantly. “And why do *you* know how to share a bed with someone?” He asked with a sharp grin that Rat could against his skin. It was a weird feeling, but not uncomfortable.

“That is absolutely none of your business,” Rat scoffed, but memories of white hair and soft, ink black skin floated across his mind anyway. He pushed those down in favor of poking Clown’s arm until it wasn’t cutting off his air supply.

“Are you going to do anything about the ghost?” Clown asked after a moment of silence.

Rat thought. Hypothetically, there *was* something he could do about the ghost. He had the effigy, that had to be worth at least something. But would that be helpful for him? He certainly didn’t want to help the ghost, especially if it was Arathain. If there’s one thing Rat bitchily prides himself on, it’s his ability to hold a grudge. And he was going to hold onto this one until it killed him.

“I don’t think so,” Rat eventually answered. “If it wants something from me it can *ask* using its *words*. ” He directed the last part towards the corner where he saw the ghost last.

“If not, it can go away,” Rat sniffed.

“Okay,” Clown started. “Do you want *me* to do anything about the ghost?”

Rat snorted, “what could you do? You’re Clownpierce, you have a giant *blood scythe* , what’s that going to do?”

“And who made me that ‘blood scythe’?” Clown asked cheekily, nosing Rat’s neck again.

Rat scoffed and rolled away from Clown, the bed wasn’t very big but he managed.

“Go to sleep,” he told Clown, now face to face with him. Clown rolled his eyes and mocked him, but did settle into the pillow contently. Under the blankets, Rat tangled their legs together and closed his eyes.

He really did mean what he said, if the ghost wanted something, it was going to have to be direct. Rat wasn’t going to go out of his way to solve the ghost’s stupid mysteries for no reason. He had his own problems to work with. That being said though, it would be helpful if he eliminated the ghost from the situation entirely...

That night Rat didn’t dream of gold eyes and treaded boots, or even red lipstick and sharp metal. Instead his thoughts rested on something a bit more... explosive.

End Notes

Can you tell I didn't know how to end this lol

(I've been working on it since July, I needed to get it out of my drafts!)

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