

Southbound

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by [ros_is_writing](#)

Summary

“We could always use the above ground station,” Planet said in the same tone of voice that they used before. Nonchalant, bored even. Like they hadn’t just suggested an actual crime.

“No.” Bacon said immediately. “That’s illegal.”

“What’s illegal?” Jaron asked.

Notes

This has been sitting in my finished folder for an entire month. I literally forgot about it nooo

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

“Seriously?” Bacon asked. “No one has money?”

Bacon’s question was met with silence while Jaron and Planet expertly avoided his eyes. The three of them stood under the illuminated sign of a lone pizza restaurant. It was nearly eleven at night, barely anyone was out but them.

Finally Planet said, “we just bought pizza man, what do you mean.” Jaron nodded absently, still looking to the side like the brick building was the most interesting thing ever.

“You have no other money?” Bacon shook his head in disbelief. Running out of money was bad. Running out of money while you’re an hour and a half walk away from home is worse.

“Nope,” Jaron said dismissively, popping the P. He took his hat off and ran a hand through his hair like everything was fine. Which it was in fact not.

“Just used it on pizza,” Planet repeated. His deadpan expression made Bacon’s eye twitch.

“Okay,” Bacon sighed. “Our transit passes are out of rides and no one has money to buy new ones. How are we getting home?” He posed the question like the other two would do anything to solve the problem. That likely wouldn’t, but Bacon was used to that by now. Friendship is a strong force.

The neon sign above their heads blinks absently while Bacon waited for his friends to say at least *something*. Jaron once again avoided his eyes, but this time Planet held his gaze.

“We could always use the above ground station,” Planet said in the same tone of voice that they used before. Nonchalant, bored even. Like they hadn’t just suggested an *actual crime*.

“No.” Bacon said immediately. “That’s illegal.”

“What’s illegal?” Jaron asked.

Planet ignored him in favor of tilting his head and arguing, “it’s an hour and a half long walk back home if we don’t.”

Bacon narrowed his eyes at Planet, of course he had to make this difficult. Bacon would normally be down to use the above ground station, do some crime, whatever. Except, today was a Friday, meaning the above ground station would be crowded. It smack dab in the middle of the theater district! There would be people there, that was just a fact.

“Guys,” Jaron interrupted their mini staring contest. “*What’s illegal?*”

“We’re gonna sneak into the station,” Planet told him, which really explained nothing. He was just saying words.

Over Jaron’s confused and shocked noise, Bacon reexplained: “the station’s easy to sneak into because it’s above ground. You just climb the fence and drop onto the tracks. But we’re *not* doing that because it’s *illegal*” he enforced with a firm look at Planet.

“Hour. And a half. Long. Walk.” Planet emphasized with his hands. “I’m not walking that far!”

“And I’m not getting arrested!” Bacon jabbed Planet in the chest with one finger. Planet stumbled backwards like he’d been hit and then started bitching about it immediately.

“I don’t know...” Jaron’s voice was practically the nail in Bacon’s coffin. “I kinda agree with Planet.”

“Oh my god,” Bacon sighed. Now they *had* to do it. If two of them agreed, then the third person was overruled. They had established that a long, long time ago.

“Okay!” Bacon exasperated. He tossed both hands above his head. “Don’t blame me when we get arrested!”

“How would we get arrested?” Planet asked. “We’re good at being sneaky!”

Well clearly he hadn’t thought this one though. “The above ground station is in the middle of the *theater district*,” Bacon emphasized. “There will be snooty rich people with the police on speed dial. It’s a bad idea!”

“The theaters don’t let out until eleven thirty,” Jaron waved Bacon off. “If we go fast all the suck-up people will still be inside. And I really wanna sneak in now.” He waggled his eyebrows at Bacon and got an eye roll in return.

“Exactlyyy” Planet grinned and high fived Jaron. “See?” He pointed at Bacon like he was proving

a point (which he kind of was). “We know what we're doing!”

Bacon sighed in defeat. “Okay, fine. Let’s go.” He started walking towards the above ground station, dragging the other two behind him by their wrists. Planet twisted his wrist out of Bacon’s hand immediately. Jaron slid his hand up to link arms with Bacon, prompting Planet to run around Bacon to link Jaron’s other arm. Wow, okay. So he wants to link arms with Jaron but not Bacon? Rude.

“How do you even know about the above ground station thing?” Bacon asked after a minute of walking in arm-linked silence.

“I saw Vitalasy do it once!” Planet chirped, skipping now.

“Why were you with Vitalasy?” Jaron asked.

“Because he was with Subz.”

“Why were you with Subz?”

“Because *I was with Subz*, I’m allowed to hang out with people,” Planet looked at Jaron sharply. “That doesn’t explain why Bacon knows how to do it though!”

Now Bacon had two sets of curious eyes on him. Yeah, he wasn’t sharing that.

“I know how to do it because I’m a naturally talented individual,” he flaunted. “I don’t need anyone to show me, I just know how.”

“Yeah, okay,” Planet scoffed.

“How come I don’t know about this?” Jaron asked. “I’ve lived here longer than both of you combined.”

“I don’t know man,” Bacon shrugged. “You don’t hang out with the right people.”

“And the right people are Vitalasy and Subz?”

“Vitalasy and Subz are *never* the right people.”

“Woah, hey. Don’t be rude, people have feelings.”

Jaron yanked on Planet's arm, causing him to yank back and pull Bacon by proxy. Bacon yelped and stumbled towards the other two, unbalancing the whole group. They managed to not fall over, but it was a close call for all of them. Once they all got decently stabilized they erupted into nervous laughter, and pushes on the shoulders. Then Jaron opened his mouth and said something dumb, and they slipped back into comfortable chatter again.

Since they were going to the above ground station, they had to walk slightly further than they normally would from the pizza place. It was further by maybe three or four blocks, not bad, just annoying. As they passed their normal station Bacon looked pointedly at the other two, but they vigilantly avoided his eyes like earlier.

Realistically, they could probably cough up the money for at least a single ride pass. On multiple occasions they had packed all three of them into a single turnstile and then ran through at the same time when one ticket was swiped. The machine had sensors to count how many people went through at once, but all it did was beep at them. There were way too many people who did shit like that anyway. In the famous words of Ash that one time: “they can’t arrest all of us”.

But this was more fun, and Planet and Jaron were excited, and Jaron had somehow *never* snuck into a station before, *wow*. If anything, they needed to give Jaron this experience.

“Okay, shush, *shush*,” Jaron clapped a hand over Planet’s mouth to make him stop talking. He pulled it back with a shout when Planet predictably licked his hand, but continued anyway.

“We’re in the theater district, shut up,” Jaron wiped his hand on Planet’s hoodie. “Don’t be suspicious.”

Bacon and Planet immediately started repeating what Jaron said under their breath in a mocking tone, but did indeed shut up. It was best to not draw attention to themselves since they were about to do something illegal. After all, people’s automatic reaction to seeing loud people once is to look for them again a couple minutes later. Which at that point they would likely be actively jumping

the fence.

They did however have the advantage of the station being a little out of the way of the crowded areas. The access to the station was actually down a massive staircase a little to their left, but what they were interested in was the physical station itself.

“Okay,” Bacon started as they approached the fence that separated the tracks from the sidewalk. “Once the train leaves, we wanna climb over and drop down as fast as possible. Most people in the station won’t snitch, but it’s better to have less people there, so the chances are lower.”

“Also if we go as soon as the train leaves, we can be sure that another won’t run us over,” Planet added. Bacon nodded in agreement, then checked his watch. He had to press the button to make the face of it light up, which made Planet and Jaron laugh and make fun of him, but he managed to catch that it was 10:57.

“Okay, the trains run every five minutes so there should be one soon,” he told the other two once they had finished snickering about his watch.

“Isn’t that enough time to jump the fence now?” Planet asked. “We can get down and across the tracks in three minutes.”

Bacon glanced down at the platform. “I mean... there’s not *that* many people there...”

“Mostly teens,” Jaron observed. “Less likely to snitch.” He put one finger in the air like he was stating a scientific fact.

“Check the eastbound,” Bacon suggested, turning to the opposite side of the tracks to read the sign for the eastbound. The three of them lived on the south side of the city, so that’s the train they were looking out for. But they didn’t want to drop onto the tracks only to immediately be flattened by the train they weren’t worried about.

“Also three minutes,” Jaron reported. “I think we can make it.”

“We can make it,” Planet repeated as he began scaling the fence. Bacon stuttered something, but fell silent once he realized that Planet was not changing their mind.

Jaron shrugged and started climbing too. Climbing fences wasn't a foreign experience for any of them, especially chain-links, so Jaron knew what he was doing for at least this part. Bacon started climbing when Planet swung a leg over the top of the fence, hopefully with Jaron in between then, nothing bad would happen.

When Bacon stopped to let Jaron over the top of the fence, he looked towards the platform. No one was pointing and shouting yet, so far so good. A couple people looked up, but they looked back down pretty quickly after. Jaron was right, teens and young adults wouldn't snitch.

By the time Bacon was on the train side of the fence, Planet was gathered into a ball at the bottom of the fence. They waited for Jaron to maneuver himself next to them, then started instructing him on how to get down.

Bacon had seen multiple ways to drop off a fence like this, but he preferred the way Planet was teaching Jaron.

"So once you get down into this crouched position..." Planet was saying as Bacon climbed down to Jaron's other side. "...you wanna unhook your feet and let yourself dangle." Planet did just that with his feet, then shifted his weight side to side so they could adjust their hands.

"Then you loosen up your hands so you can let go," Planet continued. "And then you drop!" With that he let go completely and fell downwards towards the tracks. Once again, no one on the platform looked up. That was good, because they were in a *very* vulnerable position right now.

"I feel a little like a bug," Jaron told Bacon, clearly nervous.

"Stop stalling," Bacon responded, then unhooked his feet like Planet has demonstrated earlier. Jaron sighed and copied him, wincing at the feeling of the fence on his fingers. Bacon had to admit, it was uncomfortable. The metal was thin and often rusty, he hoped the other two had their tetanus shots. Now was a really great time to be thinking about that.

Below them Planet made a surprised noise.

"Hey!" He called upwards. "The train gets here in one minute!"

“Thank you for alerting us about the passage of time,” Bacon grumbled, then tossed himself out and away from the fence. Planet liked to drop straight down because it was easier, but Bacon wasn’t taking any chances with scraping himself on the wall of the train tunnel.

He landed slightly behind Planet, and recovered just in time to see Jaron hit the ground too.

“Okay, great,” Bacon herded the other two towards the maintenance ladder. “Let’s get out of here before a train obliterates us.” The tracks began to shake just as he spoke, so the three of them ran over and climbed up.

Once again, no one on the platform batted an eye, if possible they all looked even more disinterested in their surroundings. Clearly they knew Bacon, Jaron and Planet had just dropped in because they were laughing like mad, but Bacon appreciated the ignorance.

They dissolved into shoulder bumps again, ricocheting around each other like pinballs and laughing like they just won a million dollars. (Oh, how helpful that would be. They wouldn’t even *need* to be in this situation if that was true.)

“Woah, hey!” Jaron interrupted them by yanking the other two back by their shoulders. “Trains here.”

End Notes

I need to write more of them, they’re so silly

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