#### You Are Brilliant, and the Universe is Hiring

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at <a href="http://archiveofourown.org/works/52244392">http://archiveofourown.org/works/52244392</a>.

Rating: <u>General Audiences</u>

Archive Warning: <u>Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</u>

Fandoms: <u>Lifesteal SMP</u>, <u>Minecraft (Video Game)</u>

Relationship: Reddoons & Spepticle (Video Blogging RPF)

Characters: Reddoons (Video Blogging RPF), Spepticle (Video Blogging RPF),

<u>PrinceZam (Video Blogging RPF)</u>, <u>Pangi (Video Blogging RPF)</u>, <u>Ashswag (Video Blogging RPF)</u>, <u>Woogiex (Video Blogging RPF)</u>, <u>the</u>

others are here, But not too important to tag

Additional Tags: Brothers, Fluff, Families of Choice, Unconventional Families, Crack

<u>Treated Seriously, Spepticle: That's a good brother figure right there!, mafia, Mafia isn't important but it's plot relevant, Theif!Spepticle, Mafia</u>

Boss!Reddoons, They scam SO many people, I'm in love with the

headcannon that they are brothers, i need more content of them, Red's the older brother and Spep is the younger one, I don't make the rules here

Language: English

Stats: Published: 2023-12-17 Completed: 2023-12-19 Words: 2,557 Chapters:

3/3

# You Are Brilliant, and the Universe is Hiring

by **KingdomKey** 

| Summary |
|---------|
|---------|

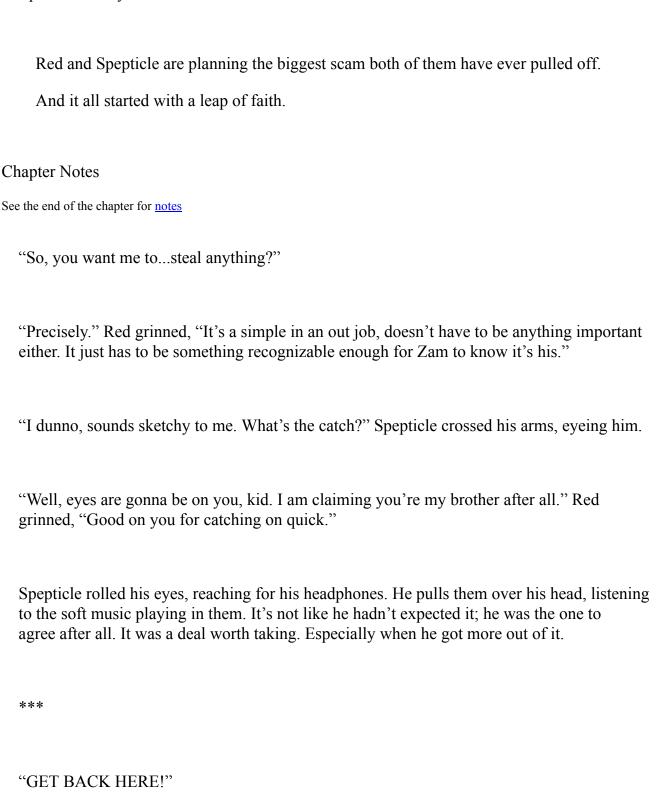
Spepticle just needed an alibi, and Red needs to win a bet.

Both of them run into each other (literally) and find a lot more than just an accomplice.

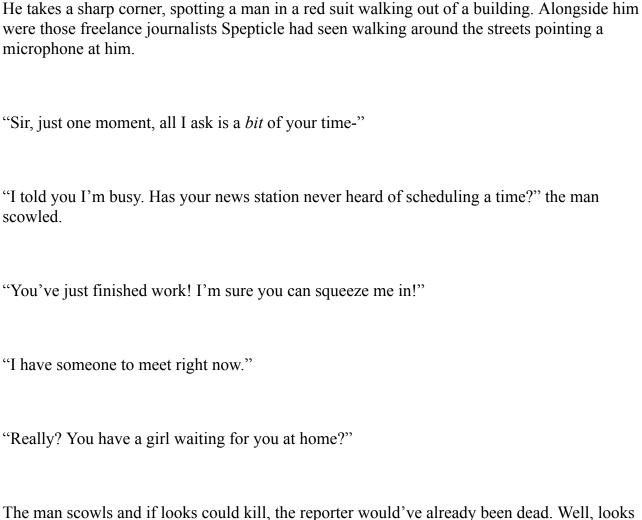
• Inspired by <u>A Con Artist, A Mafia Boss, An Arsonist, A Hitman and A Delinquent Cause A Scene Outside Of A Bar by hyperbolic</u>

## **Chapter 1**

### **Chapter Summary**



He ran down the alley, jumping over dumpsters and climbing the fence. The cops were probably right on him. He'd just need to find somewhere to hide.

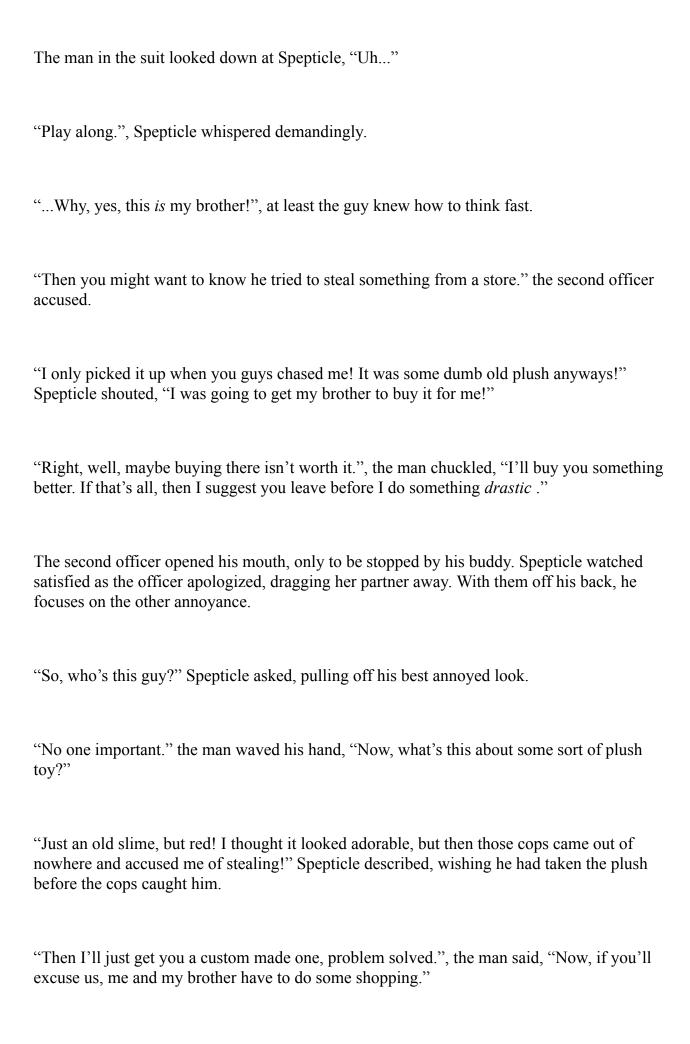


The man scowls and if looks could kill, the reporter would've already been dead. Well, looks like the man in the suit had something in common as well. But that gave Spepticle an idea. He zeroes in on the man in the suit, taking in a big breath.

"BIG BROTHER!"

That startles both the man and the reporter, their heads snapping towards him. Spepticle himself practically tackled the man, hugging him. As if on instinct, the man returns the gesture. Something about it made Spepticle's heart beat, as if this was a natural occurrence. Weird. The police officers had already caught up, though they stopped in their tracks once Spepticle was cozying up with whoever the hell he was hugging.

"Oh, you have a brother...?", one of the officers asked nervously.



They walk off, making a beeline to the most expensive car Spepticle had ever seen. The reporter tries to follow them, trying to ask them (specifically him) questions about how they were related. Spepticle choose to ignore them, instead marveling at how lucky he had been to run into the man in the suit. Seriously, he couldn't have picked a better accomplice.

They enter the car, and the man in the suit hits the breaks. Spepticle raises the volume of the radio, enjoying the quality of the song. It certainly was better than listening to music from his small headphones.

"So, who the hell are you and why did you help me?" the man in the suit questioned.

"I'm Spepticle! I just needed to get away from the cops and you were right there, so..." Spepticle shrugged, playing with the window roller.

"Don't do that."

"Why? I'm just moving the window."

"My car, my rules.", the man in the suit scowled, "So don't roll the window."

"Finnneeee." Spepticle rolled the window up, "So who are you?"

"You don't know who I am?" the man in the suit raised an eyebrow.

"Nope."

The man frowned, "Look, I'm a busy man so I don't have time to entertain a kid. Where do you even live so I can drop you off?"



Spepticle had heard many stories during his time on the streets. While he kept on the straight path, there were always whispers on the narrow one. Where a man had rose from the ashes left behind by a brilliant fire that set the Underworld ablaze. One with bright red hair and a strange fashion style.

"...I guess I could tell you, my name." the man in the suit said after a minute, "I'm Red. Red Doons. If you'd like, I'd like to propose a business deal that would benefit both of us."

So Spepticle might've bitten more than he could chew.

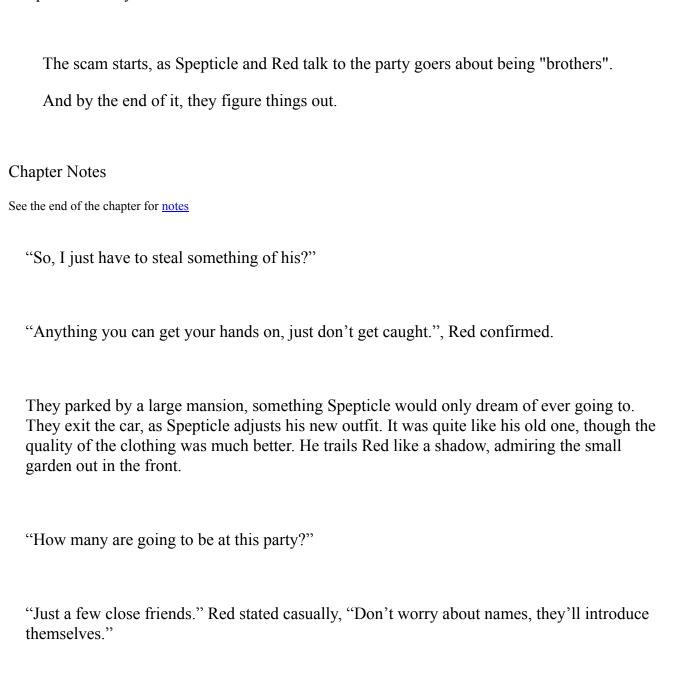
"Deal."

Chapter End Notes

 $\mbox{\sc A/N}$  - Sorry for not updating my other fics, got busy with finals. Here's this new fic to compensate  ${<}3$ 

## Chapter 2

### **Chapter Summary**



Spepticle nodded, following his "brother" to the mansion. He glances at the window, noticing the figures by the window. They're hidden behind the curtains, but he's sure that their eyes are on Red.

"There're people by the door." he states.



The room had gone down in chaos once Red announced his younger brother. Now, while Red was out socializing with his friends, Spepticle was stuck in the middle of the couch with eyes all on him.

"I can't believe Red didn't bother to introduce you to any of us!", Branzy pouted, "You're absolutely adorable!"

"Thank you...?" Spepticle said hesitantly, glancing at the man in the clown mask at the other end of the room.

"Don't worry about Clown, kid. He's always skeptical of strangers." Leo waved his hand, "But ignoring him, when'd you learn Red was your brother?"

"A month ago, found a letter left by my mom explaining a lot." Spepticle said, reciting what Red had told him, "Actually, I was kind of nervous to meet him at first."

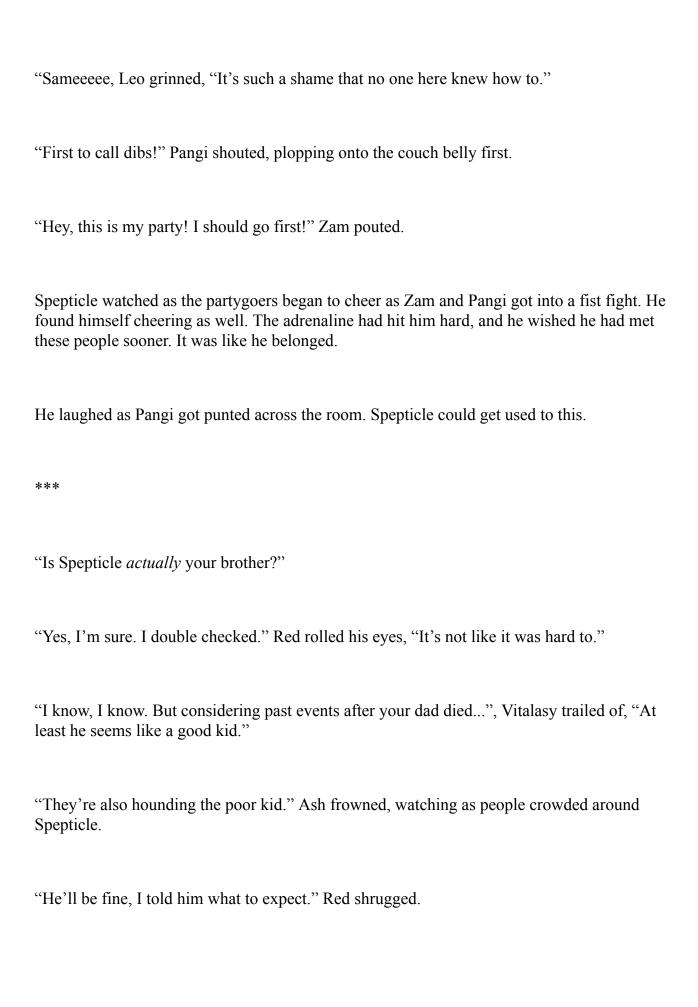
"I wouldn't blame you. With his rep, who'd even want to approach him?" Zam chuckled, "You're pretty brave to actually confront him."

"It's not like he knew either." Spepticle shrugged, "Both of us were kept in the dark the entire time."

"Glad we got both of you." the blonde smiled, "So, have any funny stories?"

"Not yet, but maybe I'll tell you once we get closer~" Spepticle grinned, earning a few laughs, "But how about something else? I can braid hair pretty well."

"Wait, really!?", Mid gasped, "Oh my god, I've always wanted to see how my hair would look like with braids."



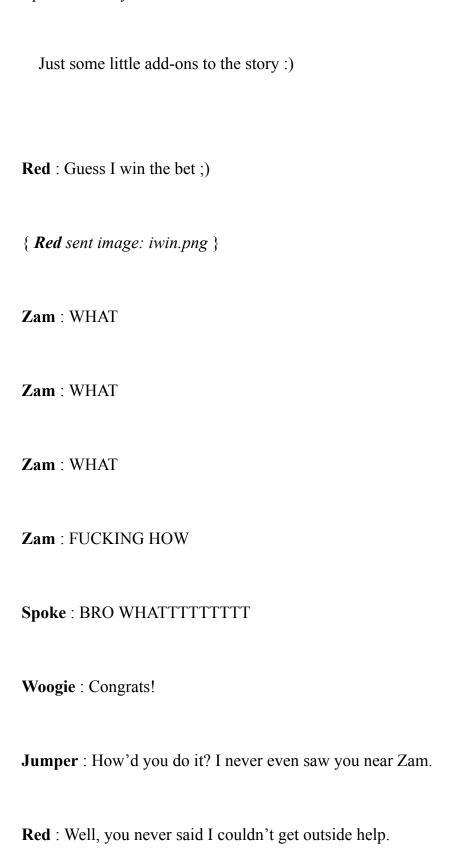






# **Bonus Chapter!**

### Chapter Summary





| "Y'know Spep, it could be possible. But I really doubt it."                                                                  |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| "But look at us! We practically look the same! 'Sides, I never knew my parents, so it'd be cool if my dad was your dad too!" |
| "If we are actually related, I'm going to have words with my dad when I die."                                                |
| "Just a funny thought, it's not like we can actually check."                                                                 |
| "I mean, we could. There're loads of places we could do a DNA check. What sucks is that they cost an arm and a leg."         |
| "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"                                                                                        |
| "I'll grab the masks, but if you get caught I'm not bailing you out."                                                        |
| "You'll eat those words once you get caught!"                                                                                |
|                                                                                                                              |
|                                                                                                                              |

| ease drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their w | ork! |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
|                                                                                     |      |
|                                                                                     |      |
|                                                                                     |      |
|                                                                                     |      |
|                                                                                     |      |
|                                                                                     |      |
|                                                                                     |      |
|                                                                                     |      |
|                                                                                     |      |
|                                                                                     |      |
|                                                                                     |      |
|                                                                                     |      |
|                                                                                     |      |
|                                                                                     |      |
|                                                                                     |      |
|                                                                                     |      |
|                                                                                     |      |
|                                                                                     |      |
|                                                                                     |      |