

You Are Brilliant, and the Universe is Hiring

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You Are Brilliant, and the Universe is Hiring

by [KingdomKey](#)

Summary

Speptide 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 [A Con Artist](#), [A Mafia Boss](#), [An Arsonist](#), [A Hitman](#) and [A Delinquent Cause A Scene Outside Of A Bar](#) by [hyperbolic](#)

Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Red and Spepticle are planning the biggest scam both of them have ever pulled off.

And it all started with a leap of faith.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“So, you want me to...steal anything?”

“Precisely.” Red grinned, “It’s a simple in an out job, doesn’t have to be anything important either. It just has to be something recognizable enough for Zam to know it’s his.”

“I dunno, sounds sketchy to me. What’s the catch?” Spepticle crossed his arms, eyeing him.

“Well, eyes are gonna be on you, kid. I am claiming you’re my brother after all.” Red grinned, “Good on you for catching on quick.”

Spepticle rolled his eyes, reaching for his headphones. He pulls them over his head, listening to the soft music playing in them. It’s not like he hadn’t expected it; he was the one to agree after all. It was a deal worth taking. Especially when he got more out of it.

“GET BACK HERE!”

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.

He takes a sharp corner, spotting a man in a red suit walking out of a building. Alongside him were those freelance journalists Spepticle had seen walking around the streets pointing a microphone at him.

“Sir, just one moment, all I ask is a *bit* of your time-”

“I told you I’m busy. Has your news station never heard of scheduling a time?” the man scowled.

“You’ve just finished work! I’m sure you can squeeze me in!”

“I have someone to meet right now.”

“Really? You have a girl waiting for you at home?”

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.

The man in the suit looked down at Spepticle, “Uh...”

“Play along.”, Spepticle whispered demandingly.

“...Why, yes, this *is* my brother!”, at least the guy knew how to think fast.

“Then you might want to know he tried to steal something from a store.” the second officer accused.

“I only picked it up when you guys chased me! It was some dumb old plush anyways!” Spepticle shouted, “I was going to get my brother to buy it for me!”

“Right, well, maybe buying there isn’t worth it.”, the man chuckled, “I’ll buy you something better. If that’s all, then I suggest you leave before I do something *drastic* .”

The second officer opened his mouth, only to be stopped by his buddy. Spepticle watched satisfied as the officer apologized, dragging her partner away. With them off his back, he focuses on the other annoyance.

“So, who’s this guy?” Spepticle asked, pulling off his best annoyed look.

“No one important.” the man waved his hand, “Now, what’s this about some sort of plush toy?”

“Just an old slime, but red! I thought it looked adorable, but then those cops came out of nowhere and accused me of stealing!” Spepticle described, wishing he had taken the plush before the cops caught him.

“Then I’ll just get you a custom made one, problem solved.”, the man said, “Now, if you’ll excuse us, me and my brother have to do some shopping.”

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?”

“I live by Avenue Q.” Spepticle said, “But uh, might not want to drop me off there.”

“Why?”

“Look behind us.”

He had already spotted the reporter trailing them in their buggy, but it seems like the man in the suit hadn't noticed. He glanced at the rearview mirror before flooring it again.

“God, I hate nosy reporters.”, the man groaned, “We're going to my place. What's your parent's phone number?”

“Hey! What makes you think I live with my parents and not by myself?”

“You look like, twelve.”

“For the record, I'm seventeen.” Spepticle informed him, “And I don't have anyone for you to call.”

“You're a minor and you live alone?”, the man frowned.

Spepticle nodded, blinking once he saw the man's icy blue eyes. He hadn't realized that the man had been wearing shades. Really, who wears shades along with a bright red suit? That had to be the oddest fashion choice ever-

Wait a second.

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

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

The scam starts, as Spepticle and Red talk to the party goers about being "brothers".

And by the end of it, they figure things out.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“So, I just have to steal something of his?”

“Anything you can get your hands on, just don’t get caught.”, Red confirmed.

They parked by a large mansion, something Spepticle would only dream of ever going to. They exit the car, as Spepticle adjusts his new outfit. It was quite like his old one, though the quality of the clothing was much better. He trails Red like a shadow, admiring the small garden out in the front.

“How many are going to be at this party?”

“Just a few close friends.” Red stated casually, “Don’t worry about names, they’ll introduce themselves.”

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.

“Ugh, they’re probably going to try and prank me.” Red sighed, “They do this to whoever comes in late.”

“Well, if that’s the case, *I’m* in going first!”

“Wait, Slep-”

Spepticle sprints past Red, ignoring the man’s startled shout. Like hell he’s going to be the one pranked! He throws open the door with a big grin on his face. He turns, blowing a raspberry.

“Ha! You’re the one getting pranked now, Red!” Spepticle laughed.

Spepticle could see Red’s eyes wide behind his sunglasses. Spepticle smirked, glad that he wasn’t the one who’d get pranked. He turned around, suddenly remembering who he was facing and why he was there.

There’s someone at the door, a chair raised above his head. Spepticle instantly recognizes the man as Zam from the photos Red had shown him hours before. If anything, Zam looked more concerned than anything.

“You know, maybe you should learn to *think* before doing things.” Red scolded, already beside him, “Hello, Zam. Wonderful that your prank was going to be killing me.”

“I was just gonna knock you out.” Zam pouted, putting down the chair.

“Who’s the kid with you, Red?”, one of the other occupants asked.

“Oh, this is Spepticle,” Red smiled, “My brother.”

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!”, Branzzy 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.”

“Sameeeee, Leo grinned, “It’s such a shame that no one here knew how to.”

“First to call dibs!” Pangi shouted, plopping onto the couch belly first.

“Hey, this is my party! I should go first!” Zam pouted.

Spepticle watched as the partygoers began to cheer as Zam and Pangi got into a fist fight. He found himself cheering as well. The adrenaline had hit him hard, and he wished he had met these people sooner. It was like he belonged.

He laughed as Pangi got punted across the room. Spepticle could get used to this.

“Is Spepticle *actually* your brother?”

“Yes, I’m sure. I double checked.” Red rolled his eyes, “It’s not like it was hard to.”

“I know, I know. But considering past events after your dad died...”, Vitalasy trailed off, “At least he seems like a good kid.”

“They’re also hounding the poor kid.” Ash frowned, watching as people crowded around Spepticle.

“He’ll be fine, I told him what to expect.” Red shrugged.

“You told him? Last time you brought someone, you let them get knocked out by Spoke.”
Ash snickered.

“Pfft, what? Of course I wouldn’t say anything to a friend, that shit’s hilarious. My brother is a different case.”

Vitalasy raised an eyebrow, “Really?”

“Yes, really. Spep’s...”, Red cut himself off, forcing himself to take a drink.

Maybe he’s already gotten attached to the kid. But- look at Spep! He was an orphan child who’s living by himself. Red could see a drowning ship a mile away, and he’d rather not have to watch the kid go down the same path he had been. So, instead of letting the kid go off on his own, Red decided to take him under his wing.

He’s lucky his two friends don’t comment on his sudden quietness. At least his actions were speaking louder than his words.

“How was the party?”

“It was fun!” Spepticle grinned, sitting down.

“That’s good to hear. You looked like a deer in headlights once I left you.” Red chuckled.

“That’s literally anyone meeting people for the first time.” Spepticle rolled his eyes.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever you say. You said Avenue Q was the street your apartment was in, right?”

Spepticle blinked, “I wouldn’t call it an apartment, per say...”

“Spep, that entire street is just apartments. Don’t tell me you live in an alley.”

“...”

“*Spep*.”

“I don’t have anywhere to go!” he raised his hands in defense, “I almost have enough money to buy an apartment anyways!”

“But right now- You-”, Red frowns, focusing on the road, “How about I take you to my house?”

“What? But that wasn’t part of our deal-” Spepticle gawked.

“I know, it’s just that- I can’t just let a kid like you stay on the streets!”

“I’ve been doing just fine on my own.”

“You shouldn’t have to.” Red argued, “Look, you need a place to stay, and I need to keep up the charade that we’re brothers to the others. What’s to say we can’t just...extend the deal?”

Spepticle ponders over Red’s explanation. He did need a place to stay and being Red’s younger brother certainly had advantages. Besides, actually having someone to call family was nice.

“I wouldn’t mind.” Spepticle shrugged, “So the deal’s still on?”

“I guess it is. We’re already at my house anyways.”

“What!? So fast?”

“I know a few shortcuts around the city.” Red said, “By the way, did you steal anything from Zam’s party? I still need to win that bet.”

“Ha, you think I forgot about that? Take a look at this!”

“What, did you get something big- THE FUCK?! Is that Zam’s crown!?”

“Yup! It was super easy to take it too!”

“I need to know this story – Zam is *never* going to live this down.”

Chapter End Notes

A/N - Lmao I meant for this to be a 2 parter but I have more ideas so we're getting another chapter eventually-

Bonus Chapter!

Chapter Summary

Just some little add-ons to the story :)

Red : Guess I win the bet ;)

{ *Red sent image: iwin.png* }

Zam : WHAT

Zam : WHAT

Zam : WHAT

Zam : FUCKING HOW

Spoke : BRO WHATTTTTTTTTT

Woogie : Congrats!

Jumper : How'd you do it? I never even saw you near Zam.

Red : Well, you never said I couldn't get outside help.

Red : Luckily my lil bro was the perfect person for the job.

Pangi : SPEPTICLE TOOK IT??? HOW

Red : He said when he was braiding Zam's hair.

Red : So he just "set" the crown aside for later :)

Zam : GOD DAMMIT

Zam : BEGINNERS LUCK

Ash : wow

Ash : weve just met him and hes already scamming people and committing crimes

Ash : he really is your brother

Red : Yeah, he is.

Red : I wouldn't trade him for the world.

"Wait, do you think we could actually be brothers?"

“Y’know Slep, 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!”

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