

## and what I paid for my sin

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## and what I paid for my sin

by [immolxtion\\_stxtion](#)

### Summary

He's got Clown wrapped around his finger, bats his eyelashes and says all the right words and does all the right things to make Clown think he's in love. He's got the chain removed from his ankle, the ability to sit in the living room and cross his legs and read a book like this was a vacation and not a kidnapping.

“All the light's going dark and my hope's destroyed.”

**Animal trap | Captivity | “No one will find you.”**

### Notes

I am so fucking insane about these two that it isn't even funny. They should be able to rip each other to shreds.

Title is from Face Me by The Plot In You, setting is loosely inspired by Cabin Fever and Evil Dead.

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

Clown follows an incredibly specific routine, Redd has learnt. It's taken him way too many months of waiting, of counting sunrises and sunsets and nights spent forcing himself not to recoil off of the couch every time Clown winds their limbs together, rests his head on Redd's shoulder like they're

a couple.

Every other month or so, he leaves.

The first few times, Redd wasn't awake to experience it, had his food drugged, or his water drugged, or his *him* drugged, because as he's come to learn, Clown really doesn't like taking no for an answer. That much is . . . well. It's saddeningly, painfully, horribly obvious. He's felt the cuff on his ankle and the bars on his door often enough to know that much.

That's why, after he tried starvation, and insults, and fighting, and even just straight up trying to kill Clown, Redd's come to the most obvious conclusion there is: play pretend. He plays nice, plays pretend, garners trust. It's almost like a business deal, in that way. Reddoons gives Clown what he wants to see, and gains the tiniest amount of freedom.

Just a smidgeon of freedom turns out to be enough. It turns out to be really nice as well, because he's gotten tired of the baby-proofed, *Reddoons-proofed* room he's been stuck in. He gets to sit in the living room, eat at a dining table, use a proper toilet. Freedom is nice. It's really nice.

That's why he wants it bad enough to take a risk.

He's got Clown wrapped around his finger, bats his eyelashes and says all the right words and does all the right things to make Clown think he's in love. He's got the chain removed from his ankle, the ability to sit in the living room and cross his legs and read a book like this was a vacation and not a kidnapping. He knows how Clown lives, how he works, when he leaves the house to go and get the very necessary groceries when you're trying to keep two people alive in the middle of nowhere.

So Reddoons kisses Clown on the cheek goodbye, offers his hands up for cuffs that never come, and he *plots*. Not that he hasn't been plotting for a while, it's just that he needs to make sure all of the details are clean, ironed out like one of his old shirts. He plays Clown's affections like a fiddle, waits an hour and a half by reading books, and doing housework, and all things picture-perfect, and then he spills water on the breaker box, feigning accident.

Wires crack and spark and sputter, and Redd pretends to be oh-so concerned, swearing under his breath and muttering things like *Clown will never forgive me, how can I fix this?* right up until the lights go out. He counts the seconds into minutes until half an hour passes, and then Redd stops pretending, because if there are cameras, they shouldn't be too much of a problem. He knows how the damn things work, knows that ones with self-contained data are expensive, and experimental, and that he now has until Clown figures out his place is off-grid and comes rushing back.

By the time that happens, Reddoons will be long gone.

Maybe it's fucking stupid of him, but he has nothing he needs to bring with him, nothing beyond the clothes on his back, and the few granola bars he shoves into his pockets. Clown may trust him, but not enough to keep the steak knives out in the open and unlocked, and there's not enough time for Redd to try and figure out how he can get something sharp to bring with him. He has his wits, and his cunning, and his shitty, probably expired granola bars, and it will have to be enough.

The first few months of his freedom from the bedroom, Redd had teased the idea of going to the bathroom with a stomach ache, staying in there and complaining with a vengeance before screaming *honey, I think I'm in labour!* Sure, he might not *have* the facilities to make a baby, but he could probably play on Clown's adoration, his obsession, his desperate, desperate desire to take care of Redd, and force his hand.

*Oh no, he would have complained, letting Clown break down the bathroom door and cradle Redd's body in his arms. My family has a history of complications during childbirth. You have to take me to a hospital, Clown. What if I die?*

For what it's worth, Redd thinks he would have had about a fifty percent chance of it working. Even if it didn't, it would have been funny as hell.

He's gone with the backup plan, though: blowing the shit out of the fuse box, and then going through the weakest link in the house's chain of command. While not necessarily *flattering*, per se, it's working, if Redd considers *working* to involve his torso getting stuck while he's halfway out of the kitchen window. It was the most reasonable choice, because every other window has bars on them, and the bathroom window is even smaller and higher up, and he's not interested in becoming a chimney sweep.

Hence the kitchen window, which is very clearly not working out for him right now. The trim is cutting into his circulation, squeezing a tight line around his stomach and back until he can't help but feel claustrophobic, trying with everything he has in him to wriggle free.

Dishes clatter when he tries to get leverage on the counter, toes kicking at whatever dirty and damp stuff was left in the kitchen sink until his socks are no longer perfectly dry, and he manages to press the tips of his feet to cool metal. Between that, and letting all of the flight go out of his bones, Redd manages to slip free, faceplanting to unforgiving dirt with a hit that has his shoulder aching in pain.

Fresh air feels like a blow to the gut, and Redd doesn't get up just yet, because even just laying on the ground and staring up at the mid-afternoon sky feels so incredibly beautiful. It's *freedom*, birdsong and the smell of dirt in his lungs making him realize just how awfully, painfully unbearable that damn cabin was. Hell, it probably has mold in it

Laying on the ground like he is, Redd is squandering time. He heaves himself to his feet, feels how the grass is uneven under his socked feet. It's not going to be fun to go running through a forest in nothing but socks, but he still doesn't know where Clown put his shoes, and he's not willing to steal a pair of Clown's.

There's no blatantly obvious road out and away from the clearing the cabin Redd's spent achingly long months in, so he looks for footsteps, tries to deduce the most logical path out and away. He ends up settling on the same way the door faces, because there's no way the cabin was built for the very reason of keeping him captive, so a road has to be in that direction. It would be illogical for it to be any place else.

He doesn't have enough time to debate the merits of paths and roads any longer, so Redd grits his teeth, and he heads into the forest. Pine needles and bits of branches scatter the ground, rough bits of rocks digging into his feet every few steps. It's not going to be a fun journey, but he'll take whatever he can get, because rocks are better than captivity.

A couple minutes in, when the chirping of birds and screaming of insects has just started to become annoying again, he spots a dirt trail, one that leads to a dirt road. That has to be where Clown parks his car, where he finds his way out and to the main roads.

Redd doesn't follow it.

If he takes the travelled path, the way Clown knows, because he uses it to leave and come back, then he runs the risk of being seen—of being recaptured. He'll follow it from the forest instead, far enough out that the chances of being seen dip down below half, with enough time for him to slip

deeper into the woods if he hears a car coming. He just has to be logical, here. It's how he's made it this far.

He uses his head, uses his brain, navigates through endless trees while keeping the position of the sun in mind, just in case he gets lost. He climbs over downed logs, fights the urge to bitch about any sharp stones that dig into his feet, and tries his best to be smart about things, until he's feeling slightly more confident. Maybe that's what ends up being the start of his downfall.

Frequent glances at the ground become less and less frequent, until Redd's focused more on keeping a straight path and trying to ignore the exhaustion settling into his legs and his lungs. The nipping pain of sharp things underfoot becomes secondary to the act of walking, the way Redd tries to convince himself to keep walking for just a few minutes more, because he needs a head start, and Clown has a car.

Sharp things underfoot become so horribly, horribly minuscule in the blink of an eye that Redd almost misses complaining about them. Metal depresses under his heel, and then there's a sick, meaty sound that doesn't even register when put against the knives that force their way into his ankle, veining up his calf to his knee until he's tasting dirt and *screaming*.

Friction burn from the chains hurt less than this. Getting the loose links of the chain whipped against his back hurt less than this. Not-so-accidentally nicking his hand while chopping vegetables and then having broken glass embedded in his foot hurt worse than this, and he *swore* he was dying that night.

There's a bear trap snapped shut around Redd's ankle, and he can't even care about how the hoarse shout of his voice could give him away in a second, because he's in a fucking *bear trap*, and he's probably going to bleed out before Clown even gets close to returning home. His hands shake against the dirt, scrabbling against leaves and rocks and branches in an attempt to get away, but they're so weak it does nothing.

This is—this is worse than the house, because sure, Redd was stuck in the house, but he wasn't in pain, wasn't screaming scrabbling *stuck on the ground* because there's lead in his arms and fire in his leg and blood dripping down into his sock into the dirt. Psychologically dancing with Clown was *fun*, even in the fucked up little way that Clown gets, because Redd could use his brain, and the only way he got hurt when he misstepped was getting put back in that insufferable bedroom.

In an attempt to get his face out of the ground, Redd tries to flip himself over, pushing up onto his forearms and then hands, wincing as his elbows try to buckle. It's hard to think through the tidal waves of pain slamming into his body, but he gets himself up, gets his arms steady, and then flips himself onto his back.

It's a horrible, stupid, *awful* mistake, because his leg has to turn too, dragging the sharp metal teeth of the trap against his bones until Redd's laying flat on his back and screaming his lungs out, choked and broken. Black spots dance their way into his vision, spreading around until they're white spots, and then Redd doesn't quite remember what happens next.

What he *does* remember is waking up with a hoarse throat, a tongue that's stuck to the roof of his mouth, and vague knowledge of how time has slipped through his hands like grains of sand. He's used to the pain, in a shitty sort of way where if he doesn't move, he can almost let himself fade completely out of his body until things don't hurt nearly as much, and his thoughts aren't entirely about death.

They're only *partly* about death, at least, until he hears the sound of leaves crunching under boots, and jerks back to reality. The sun is lower than it should be, dancing near the edge of tree leaves

instead of near the crown of the trees like how it would have been if Redd was watching his time better. He's not going to bleed to death in the woods. *He's not going to die.* Someone's heard his screams, and came to save him.

"Did you really think I wouldn't notice, Redd, *baby?*" Clown says, sickeningly sweet, and Redd's entire body tenses. This isn't rescue. This is objectively *worse* than rescue, especially when Redd's known Clown long enough to sense the undercurrent of anger in his tone, the threads of *upset*.

Agony is still screaming its way through his leg, but he can't bring himself to care about how his nerves are probably severed, and how he'll probably bleed out the second the trap is removed, and how his foot mobility may never come back, because Clown is *mad*, and when Clown is mad there are consequences. There haven't been consequences in a long, long time, not since Redd has learnt to play nice and kiss Clown on the cheek and act like he's fallen in love.

He doesn't say anything else, and Redd's brain may be misfiring on a grievous level, but he still has enough cylinders intact to know that Clown wants an answer. The issue is, he has no answer to give. What's he supposed to say, *yeah, I planned this out for months on end, and thought I could get away with it, because I didn't expect you to booby-trap the forest?* That's stupid. That's suicide.

Redd answers Clown's question in a very easy, very simple manner: he makes a sound that evokes a dying animal, and then goes still on the ground. He doesn't even want to *know* what his voice sounds like, if it'll be cracked and watery or just broken altogether.

His not-answer seems to do it for Clown, though, who crouches down next to Redd's leg. He's close to the trap, too close, and Redd instinctively flinches away, letting out a low whine when it only makes the pain worse.

"Effective," Clown muses, tugging at the leg of Redd's pants until his leg oozes more blood and he screams and the flimsy fabric pulls free, letting Clown look at the damage. "Too effective, really. Are you going to try and run if I set you free?"

Redd doesn't even know if he *can* run. He'd probably fall the second he gets to his feet, making Clown laugh, or get angry, or do something *even more* crazy than bear trap him, like pull out a rifle and shoot him right in the back. Slowly, he shakes his head *no*, hair dragging against leaves with the slow movement.

"Good, good." Calmly, Clown gets up, and walks over to where his head is, brushing back the strands stuck to his face with sweat and tears. "You can trust me, you know? I don't mean to hurt you. It's all just insurance, so you can't leave me."

There's a noise caught in Redd's throat that slips free when Clown's hand dances down to his chin, cradling his face like he's something special, like a lover. Lying on the forest floor, metal dug deep into his leg until it hits bone, Redd is anything but. He's just a desperate man, one who wants to leave.

Slowly, Clown pulls back, taking stock of Redd's body and outfit until he feels no better than one of the animals who gets stuck in the same traps. In that soft, dangerous voice of his, he says, "I don't want you to die on me, so we have to take some preventative measures, okay?"

It's not a good sentence to hear, because in the past, *preventative measures* have meant anything from starving, to chains, to a special kind of violence enacted with love woven throughout Clown's voice. At least if Clown kills him out here, he doesn't have to go back. He can take a slow death over lifetime imprisonment.

Hands land on his torso, a gentle palm skating across his hipbone, and Redd *flinches*. Clown hasn't done anything like that, hasn't touched him below the waist, because he seems determined to let Redd come to him, whatever the fuck that means. If this is how it finally happens, with Redd's blood slowly dripping to the forest floor and agony pooling in his veins, at least it would be better than in the cabin, where Clown feigns love.

"Don't," he whispers, forces his throat to work for one small plea. "Clown—"

"Mind out of the gutter," Clown says lightly, pulling a knife out of his pocket. "I want you with me, Reddoons. I don't want you in that head of yours. You know what tourniquets are, don't you? You're smart enough for that."

It's condescending, says more than enough about Clown's familiarity with how Redd works. He should be disgusted by it, by the way that it implies a relationship, implies something between them that isn't one-sided obsession and one-sided loathing.

The tension slips out of his body at those simple, simple words, and Redd decides to hate that fact more.

Cutting through clothes is hard enough with *scissors*, so Clown has to fight with the loose shirt Redd has thrown on, leagues different than one of his preferred button-ups. He doesn't get stabbed though, and he takes that win, even if it's followed by Clown yanking at the strip of shirt until it becomes a strip of fabric. The next part, Redd knows about, due to the occasional spot of research. It's exactly as unpleasant as he'd imagined it being, sitting at his computer and looking down from a near-skyscraper as people milled around below.

Clown shows him no mercy, and the fabric cuts into his leg until it feels like a slow, slow death, one by suffocation. There's no give to the tension, nothing but the unbearable, chewing pressure against his thigh. It hurts, but it's leagues better than the bear trap, so he endures.

He very promptly takes back his statement about enduring the second Clown opens the trap up and removes his ankle, because then he's groaning in pain, trying to move the joint and getting stabbed all over again. It's *habit*, it's *instinct*. He needs to make sure his foot still works, even if it means making the pain worse. Maybe it's dumb of him, but he's got nothing else to his name.

All he gets in response is a soft *tsk*, a noise of disapproval he knows well. Then, Clown's crouching near his ankle, poking at the wound until he hisses in pain and tries to jerk away. It might not have been the right answer in the cabin, but Redd has no frame of reference for what happens when he's in a forest, being checked over by the same man who set the trap that injured him, the same man who will carry him back to the cabin at the end of the day.

Clown stands, tipping his head curiously at Redd for a second. Once he's made up his mind on what to do, he bends back down, wrapping his hand around Redd's calf and standing back up, letting the height difference and his loose grip pull Redd's leg down until it can't go down any further. Then, and only then, does he tighten his grip, making Redd's chest spasm as a result.

"You're going to beg for my forgiveness," Clown says with a deadly sort of softness, hand clamped violently around Redd's wounded ankle. "Until you die from infection, or until you mean it. Whichever happens first, really. Do you understand?"

"I un'erst'nd," Redd slurs, trying so fucking hard not to cry. He ultimately fails, because freedom was *so fucking close*, and now he can barely breathe around the pain of his leg, only worsened by Clown's tight grip. Tears slip down his face, sluicing through dirt and grime until they drip off of his face. "Prom'se, Clown."

Clown scoffs, but there's something tender about the way he says, "Good," that has Redd's heart breaking and reforming all over again, shaping itself into broken little pieces that bleed red and care far more than they should.

Then Clown starts dragging him, and all Redd can focus on is the jagged edges of the agony, and the hardness of his heart, and the way pain threatens to black him out all over again.

## End Notes

It's always fun to write with Clownpierce, because my autocorrect is full of notifications telling me to change Clown to The Clown (without the capitals, of course), and it's so fucking amusing. He is The Clown, changing sentence structure with every unnecessary determiner.

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