

chase me (the world is our oyster)

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by [chrysalizzm](#)

Summary

Phil swirls the flute, hums. “You having fun? What’ve you been up to?” he asks, mischievous, and Dream rolls his eyes back, because he knows exactly what Phil’s trying to get at.

“You saw the whole thing on TV, I know you did,” he accuses, nudging Phil. “Even if you didn’t, I’m sure Techno told you. It went fine!”

“Fine, except for your officer,” Phil says, all too smug.

Dream is a renowned art thief, and he's got a particularly persistent Interpol officer on his tail.

Notes

heyo! welcome to yet another big project i have planned: the 32au series :] im writing one fic per every canonically character on the dsmp, in order of when they joined, each one set in a different au. first up, of course, is dream, who's in an art thief au!

i wrote this in the middle of a tornado warning please dont flop

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

He's sitting at one of those brisk, glittering parties that spill out all over a twilit lawn, smelling of champagne and gold and frescoes, when the Angel sidles up to him with a half-empty flute in his hand.

"Dream," he says with the kind of polite distance reserved for the unfamiliar, dipping his head. Dream nods in return, and after a moment, Phil softens. "Thanks for showing up, mate," he says, easygoing. "Means a lot."

"Thanks for inviting me." Dream keeps his tone perfectly civil. He has a reputation that precedes him, and these sorts of get-togethers, with an overwhelming majority of the sparkling guests comprised of familiar faces, are usually meant for networking. Even disregarding all that, Phil's a good friend.

Phil swirls the flute, hums. "You having fun? What've you been up to?" he asks, mischievous, and Dream rolls his eyes back, because he knows exactly what Phil's trying to get at.

"You saw the whole thing on TV, I know you did," he accuses, nudging Phil. "Even if you didn't, I'm sure Techno told you. It went fine!"

"Fine, except for your officer," Phil says, all too smug.

"Bold words from a man whose son hero-worships me," Dream grumbles back. It's a stretch - tackling him into the lawn whenever he stops by is hardly worship - but he'll take what he can get. "I could brainwash him into playing YouTube at full volume on his speakers on Sunday mornings or something."

"You say that like I don't do that to him," Phil shoots back primly, reaching out to tweak Dream's cheek. Dream squawks, and Phil guffaws. "Yeah, mate, I'm talking about the Interpol officer. What's up with him? Thought you said you and the rest of the Hunters took care of it back in February."

Dream returns to observing the party. He'd thought it was taken care of in February, too. His metaphorical resumé boasts him as a gentleman thief, an occupation rapidly losing steam in this Technicolour scene of blood and betrayal and broken bones, but for the most part, the circles that Dream operates in respect his decisions to remain solely in art theft. The other Hunters, however, don't have those limitations, and when Pandas had suggested taking care of his little "stalker problem" more permanently, Dream had looked the other way and let them set up his heist in the Wyoming countryside without a word. Sure, he'd been shot thrice for his efforts by said problem and had to be carted away by Warden and Halo, but he'd managed to see Siamese and 404 tossing the officer off the cliff that the mansion jutted off of before he blacked out, so he can hardly be blamed for being optimistic.

Phil raises his eyebrows when Dream twists to look at him, and Dream sighs, thumbing through one of the feathers looping around his mask. “In my defence,” he begins, “this was my first show in three months. I might’ve been, um, a little rusty - ”

“You were a mess, mate,” Phil tells him cheerily.

“Okay, I *was* kinda rusty, but still, it was nothing special, just standing dramatically on the roof for a couple minutes until the police got there. I had the Renoir already. I was getting ready to head out, when I hear someone cock a gun behind me, and immediately I’m like, ‘Oh, well, fuck me,’ and I turn around to see who it is.” Dream puts his face in his hands. “Guess who it was.”

“Fundy,” replies Phil, smirking. Dream throws him a dirty look.

Nothing special happened after Fundy’s whole “I’m alive, bitch” spiel; Dream saluted him and jumped off, sprinted across the lower roof of the foundation amidst Fundy’s surprised curses, dove off the squat square building entirely and into Pandas and Warden’s waiting arms. They marched him straight into a car with a police siren barred across its roof before speeding away, stripping out of their uniforms as they went. Dream made sure to turn and flip Fundy off as they booked it, and he’s certain he heard Fundy scream. In hindsight, it was funny; in the moment, Dream thought he was going to have a panic attack.

“Dead man walking,” muses Phil, throwing Dream out of the fresh and slightly bruising memory. He purses his lips and ducks so he’s out of the earshot of eavesdroppers, murmuring, “You want me to deal with it, mate? Free of charge.”

Dream stills.

When the Angel offers, you take it seriously. Phil never does things by halves, and if Dream wants Fundy to disappear, he knows Phil will make him disappear. It’s happened before, when the Interpol agents who want Dream’s head get a little too close to making good on their promises. If Dream only says the word, at this pretty party with its crystals and chandeliers, Phil will smile like a stranger and trail off into the night, his eldest son strumming a guitar on the patio and his partner tapping away hesitantly on the sleek grand in the ballroom, its bay windows thrown open. Around them, certainly, similar vows are being made.

Dream flashes a grin at Phil and says, “Nah, I got it covered. Thanks, though, Phil, really.”

Phil backs off easily, smile just as genial. “No problem. Enjoy yourself, dude, alright?” and off he goes into the twinkling night, disappearing between satin skirts and suits and string lights.

The truth is this: Dream saw betrayal, even hurt, in Fundy’s face, the night with the Renoir. The truth is this: Fundy has chased him longer and with more patience than any other agent, and every time they’ve met, he’s wanted to talk. The truth is this: Dream turned a blind eye because he didn’t want to see what became of the officer with the flaming hair and ambitious eyes.

Sometimes, people in Dream’s line of work build a pipeline to the top of the other side. Sometimes, they have foxholes.

Dream thinks he’s sniffed himself out a fox.

next up will be george! see yall then :]

((cups hands)) pls.... gib comint,.. if u enjoyed ,,,.

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