

fun times with bacon: episode one

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fun times with bacon: episode one

by [fruitboxed](#)

Summary

Does being tall make you incapable of looking at your shoes to make sure you at least look remotely representable? Bacon isn't that much shorter than the man, but it was the only reason he could think of. Google doesn't show any results.

Damn.

Bacon meets a weird customer and tries not to punch him in the face.

day 4: coffee shop/flamefrags

Notes

baconswag week found [here](#)

i'm a week late and i will continue to be late

aromantic part inspired from crowskulls on tumblr I CANT FIND TH EPOST RN IM IN CLASS RIGHT NOW ILL FIND IT LATER

friends with detriments part from [here](#)

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

The guy in front of him is a lunatic.

Bacon is a hundred percent positive no man walks into a coffee store missing one shoe. It may be a slight bit concerning that their customers were getting way too slack and comfortable here. He's not even sure if that's allowed, if that goes against health violations, but every time that bell rings, it's more money that calls out to him. He doesn't care what the customer is wearing (well, unless they were naked) and he doesn't remember outfits of his customers. But Bacon's eyes lingered on his shoe and his feet, thankfully covered by a sock with a *hole*, and he winced to himself. *What the fuck.* Bacon doesn't judge people. This is a judgement free zone.

It is, however, getting really hard for him not to. Bacon doesn't like going back on his words, but this might be the one time he makes an exception. *Does being tall make you incapable of looking at your shoes to make sure you at least look remotely representable?* Bacon isn't that much shorter than the man, but it was the only reason he could think of. Google doesn't show any results.

Damn.

The only other person in the cafe was his annoying classmate FlameFrag who refused to leave the cafe. It isn't Bacon's business, but having a physical attachment to the place your classmate owns and not speaking a word to him must be classified somewhere in the list of symptoms for an illness. He's made theories before, been on this exact path, before landing on the conclusion Flame just had too much money to burn, or he had a fever that burnt all six of his braincells. Whatever. Money is money.

The man doesn't say a word, and neither does Bacon feel inclined to. They both knew what day it was—Tuesday, if he wasn't too tired that he already forgot—and they knew it was a horrible day. Bacon might be the worst communicator ever, but at least he isn't telling customers *Happy Tuesday! Isn't the weather lovely today?* like a broken radio stuck on loop. He has higher standards than that, he thinks to himself, standing in a coffee-stained shirt and a random pair of shorts that were definitely part of the cafe's uniform. He swear he does have high standards!

The weird customer, who Bacon decides he shall now call Sir Grimace Shake for his purple hair, stared at the menu. Bacon turned around. He does not want to make eye contact with him today, not ever. Unfortunately, he was on his own, doing a solo shift to squeeze whatever money he could for college. Stupid ass education, he silently grumbled. Now he's stuck with a weird shoeless guy as a weekend shtick.

Well, he wasn't completely alone, there was also Flame, who, coincidentally, looked concentrated on an assignment that was due...is that the one from *three months ago?*, and it didn't look like he was going to help Bacon anytime soon. Damn. He really was going to be on his own. It's okay! Bacon is fine! He can do this—

"You have any recommendations? I've never drank coffee, not that I would need unhealthy stimulants to keep me awake, but I've had six hours of sleep in the past two weeks and I need

to drown myself in something or die." Sir Grimace Shake states, not pausing once to stop rambling.

Bacon blinks slowly, trying to grasp what he just said. Nevermind, scrape all that "this is fine" mentality away.

"Wow. *Wow*. You walk into a coffee shop and—Nevermind. I'd recommend the grimace shake because you look like one, Sir Grimace Shake," he quips, letting his mouth fire off insults before his brain halts to think about the consequences of bullying his customers away. Fun! He can already foresee the one star angry rating on google reviews and the fun, exhilarating conversation he's about to have with his manager about *respect* and *good customer service* again.

Sir Grimace Shake stares at him, Bacon unfortunately noticing his eyebags and lack of proper clothing choices—not only is he missing a shoe, he is also wearing a black shirt and white shorts. *White shorts*. If he thought Flame was weird, this was a whole new level of geeky. This guy has clearly not heard of shame and that irks him.

This was going to be a fun day. Inhale, exhale. He still needs this job. He does not want *punched a customer* staining his portfolios.

Sir Grimace Shake scowls at him, and he, to the benefit of absolutely no one, speaks. "Damn. I think I would rather have died of sleep deprivation. You're one of *those*, huh? The minute I saw those ugly ass shorts I knew you were a freak. I bet you watch asmr eating videos in the back when you're supposed to be working, huh? And, I am *not* a grimace shake, do *not* compare me to that monstrosity of a drink."

Oh, two can play this game. If this is how he is going to be, Bacon is going to have to step up his game. He likes nothing more than picking stupid arguments with people who try to get under his skin. This was, in fact, a fun shift, and finally it was not a sarcastic thought. Now, he's caught Bacon's—who was about to fall asleep mid-shift—attention.

"One of those, what? I wish you died of sleep deprivation too, idiot. Glad to know we share similarities! For the record, I do *not* watch asmr eating videos, I actually do my job, and it is my job right now not to punch you in the face because I actually respect customers enough. Are you going to order something or what? Also, *please* get your ego checked. You are not that cool, I promise." Bacon retorts. For good measure, he cracks his knuckles. This was indeed an interesting shift.

"Those skibidi toilet freaks that keep saying *skibidi toilet fanum tax rizzler gyatt grimace shake*. Whatever. Just make me anything, no sugar or any of that shit. I don't want to talk to you again." Sir Grimace Shake relents. *Oh, now this was going down in Bacon's books as a good day, a fantastic one even*. Maybe he would have to omit the skibidi toilet dig though. He was a normal functioning human being who did not watch skibidi toilet and did not say *skibidi toilet fanum tax rizzler gyatt grimace shake*.

Okay, maybe he did do so once, but just *once* for a dare. Sir Grimace Shake did not need to know that.

Finally, Sir Grimace Shake shuts up, and takes a seat. There's ten dollars thrown at the counter, and Bacon is now left alone to conjure the worst drink he could possibly think of. Bitter as hell, to make his life as horrible as possible. He would rub his hands in glee if that wasn't cringe. Or sweet. But Bacon respects many things, like his customers, but the one thing he refuses to change about the coffeehouse's reputation is the quality of the coffee. He is good at this shit. The coffee machines were *his* thing. He's not going to fuck it up for some gig.

It would be incredibly funny, he thinks to himself as he threw a single molecule of sugar into the coffee. It's an order he's most familiar with, it was standard. He's already on auto pilot, spacing out until he realises the coffee was done. Damn. Talking to this guy was tiring, Bacon taking note of his growing fatigue whilst stifling a yawn. *How does this guy even have friends?*

For once, the coffee shop was filled with silence, the occasional shifting of seat of Flame or the sound of the coffee machine operating. It was nice. It was peaceful, and of course that tranquility disappeared the moment Sir Grimace Shake opened his mouth.

Thankfully, it wasn't to talk, but instead to hungrily gulp down half the cup in a mouthful. What the hell. Bacon knew there was something wrong with this guy, but he did not expect it to go this far. Ash turned off his phone he was previously indulged in—was that *subway surfers?*—and stared up at Bacon. Unfortunately, he opened his mouth to talk.

"You added sugar into this, let me guess, a single molecule to throw me off and get off to it later at home thinking about how smart you are? Otherwise it's whatever, Bacon waffles," He shrugged, staring at Bacon's name tag he forgot about.

How the hell he knew Bacon didn't want to figure out, and he refused to reply. He was the one going to get the last laugh. He was not going to give in to the urge—

"I lied. I actually drink coffee a lot. I was the guy three weeks ago who ordered six. That's how I could tell you actually added sugar." He explains to absolutely no one who asked, but Bacon can smell the pride reeking off of him. This man had issues, and he knew how to tempt Bacon into keeping the conversation that was making him go mad going, and that irked him.

He vaguely recalls his employee complaining about a man under the name "the commissioner" buying six coffees to be picked up by a delivery service. This guy had issues. The main one being, "Why lie when you could've just got what you usually order, *commissioner?* My god, you suck at names. What's next, the *cumissioner?* Stupid ass."

Damn it. Whatever. He loses this time.

"Well," sir grimace shake starts, and Bacon groans to himself. Not again. He can already see him stroking his own ego. "I do have one that no one has been able to replicate properly. It's been two years since I've put faith into a coffee shop to do it well. I bet you wouldn't be able to do it, seeing that many have failed. Only I have been able to replicate it." The man has the audacity to grin, while also ignoring Bacon's dig at his name choices.

He hates customers. He hates providing customers. He hates working here. He hates everyone.

"Fine. Bring it on." He relents. It's fine! How difficult could it be, this was extra income anyways—

"Venti, half-caf, triple-shot, caramel, mocha, soy, no foam, extra whip, extra hot, upside-down, caramel drizzle, with seven pumps of caramel syrup and seven pumps of mocha syrup, double-blended Frappuccino." He slides a fifty across the counter. "Keep the change, I'm a nice man." He has the audacity to smirk to himself. Bacon really wants to punch this guy now. What the hell. He's going to have a talk with his manager about serving customers who walk in with one shoe.

A fifty is a fifty, and this guy must be rich, because no sleep-deprived college student would have this much money to spare. One look at Bacon working extra hours for money and that much is obvious. There is something wrong with him.

Bacon makes the drink with spite, cursing to himself about *stupid purple haired weirdos* and *i want to die please i would rather be anywhere else* and—

"This tastes decent."

Okay. This guy *was* weird. What the hell.

"Also, the name is Ashswag, or Ash or you can just call me the commissioner." The guy—*Ash*—said, as if *the commissioner* wasn't a bad name already.

Bacon blinked. What.

Ash.

His name was Ash.

"Did your brain cells get burned to *ashes* when you were a child? Dude, what kind of shitty name is that?" Bacon mocks, back facing Ash. He cringed to himself. That was a low blow—a bad one. Ash doesn't seem to notice his inner struggles, instead opting for a "no, but was yours?"

"You're the one missing a shoe."

There's a moment of silence from Ash (finally! Bacon one, Ash zero.) the sound of the silence machine filling the cafe once more. Unfortunately, Ash must be incapable of shutting up, because he replies, "I am? Oh well."

What the fuck. To add on to Bacon's mild concern (no that he would ever care about Ash), Ash downed the drink in two swallows. This guy should *not* be allowed into public.

Seeing Bacon stand still awkwardly, Ash threw in a useless input again. "Dude you're so annoying. It's annoying as hell you're the only person who can make this shit. It just sucks you have a large ass ego and you are annoying as hell, Bacon Waffles."

"To pay me to shut up you can paypal me enough to pay off my college funds," Bacon jokes. Maybe he would be able to never meet people like him in this shitty job that barely paid well.

"Okay, whats your paypal account?"

It's safe to say Bacon has never whipped out his phone faster. God damn was that an attractive deal. He doesn't know if he's dead serious, but he is *not* refusing that. A notification went through, and Bacon didn't know how much he was expecting, but the amount that greeted him was certainly a let down.

A penny.

"Gee, thanks. Now this means I need your number to send it back."

"Dude you are the worst flirt ever. Please try harder, but here, send it back if you don't want it," Ash snorts, finishing the rest of the way too sugary drink. Bacon cringes, and he sends the penny back. He doesn't need pity money. And a penny is nothing compared to the worrying debt he has to pay anyways. Bacon sends it back, wincing at Ash's random copypasta text he immediately sends to his phone.

Bacon is *thrilled* for this guy to blow up his phone. Fun!

"I don't swing dumbass. No one is kissing your ass get of your high horse." Bacon doesn't know where his brain-to-mouth filter went, but he would like it back *now*. He doesn't care about his aromanticism much. It's whatever. It's a part of him, and he doesn't really care what people think of it. It's who he is. He's not changing for others. But god damn if he wasn't concerned at his rapid fire mouth babbling his privacy away—he doesn't think someone as fruity looking as Ash would give a shit and Bacon doesn't care, but this is weird. They've met literally an hour and Bacon has almost told him to kill himself thirty-seven times.

"Me too, don't worry, I still think you're as stupid as you were an hour ago. So we're just *friends*," Ash pauses, and the both of them cringe. "strangers, with detriments and pick at each time for no reason? Damn. This is great. Get ready tomorrow morning."

"Yeah. That sounds like something you would do in your free time." Bacon is about to tell him to kill himself and leave when he gets interrupted.

"You guys fight like a divorced couple. Are you done?" Flame gets up from his seat, and—there's a large coffee stain on his computer, dripping onto the clean floor he mopped an hour ago. Fun, fun shift. Bacon and Ash scowl at each other once more, pent-up rage ready to explode.

Inhale. Exhale. He needs this job, he thinks, as he walks to the seat and mops the floor for the seventeenth time. He needs this job, he thinks again, as Ash gets up to leave. Do not punch him. Do not punch him. Ash makes a shitty "Bacon Waffles" joke that Bacon is grateful he doesn't hear properly as Ash exits.

He may need a sign to ban him. God damn.

The next morning he wakes up to a glowing five star review and a seven thousand word long rant in his messages. Yay. the things he does for this stupid job.

End Notes

i'm sorry i wrote this... skibidi toilet bit made me cringe so badly i had to physically get up and go outside on a long walk then come back and finish this. i copy pasted the order from quora i know nothing about coffee

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