

drinks in new york; 1926

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drinks in new york; 1926

by [whichlights](#)

Summary

drinks in new york; 1926. prohibition has swept across the country, but that doesn't mean the party stops. world class performers, drinks, and more- all at greenwich village, a historical hub of gay activity.

clown and redd have holed up in a townhouse in the village, and have been having a *wonderful* time in new york.

Notes

this is rated mature for

- historically accurate language used to refer to the gay community at the time
- depictions of characters under the influence of drugs and alcohol
- pg-13 makeout scene

probably shouldn't read this one unless you understand the content warnings and know your limits.

Redd's favorite thing about taking Clown out drinking *has* to be that he's an absolute lightweight.

He's still utterly graceful in the way that only a creature of the night can be, but these days, everyone's turned into a creature of the night. Clown dances with his hands above his head, hips

waving in little circles to the swing of the jazz music soaring through the venue. There's a smear of blood on his lip still from the drunk flapper who'd gotten him into this state, but everyone will assume it's makeup, so Redd doesn't worry. He'd gotten the girl in question another drink and set her up at a table with a fantastic view of the stage, so he didn't feel too bad about the fact that he drank from her, too.

Clown looks radiantly joyful as he swings from partner to partner, and Redd is content to watch for now. He never seemed to grow out of his old fashioned fashion sense, despite Redd's protests that it would draw attention, but he was dressed to the nines tonight without a care in the world. He fit right in among even more eccentrically dressed men, looking tame by comparison in some cases- no one cared about a pale man in a corset when the pansy on stage was strutting along in his heels and singing to a chorus of applause.

Redd will admit to himself that he isn't quite sober, and he's pretty sure part of that is the fact that the snack he had beforehand had been on snow, in addition to the whiskey the flapper had been downing like water. Clown is far more far gone than him, though, because he's *laughing*. Redd would never admit to trying to get Clown inebriated just to see him smile without hesitation, but that doesn't make his smile less bright.

Redd leans back in his chair, watching contentedly as Clown dances with another man, head tilted back and laughing in harmony with the saxophone on stage. He spins, the feathery edges of his sleeves flaring out, and he laughs. Redd stands up to catch him before he stumbles into the bar stools or other patrons, and Clown laughs even louder, leaning into his touch and holding onto Redd's arms.

"Dance with me," he says, already dragging Redd away from the bar. "Please, *Roux*?"

He's a weak willed man, he knows- he would do anything Clown asked if he smiled and called him by name. "I'm coming, I'm coming," he snips without heat, sliding Clown's hands into his. He doesn't worry about who sees, which is a *relief*, after so many years of hiding, of fear and doubt, of never quite being sure. This is their space, they're welcome here, and the only heckling they will receive is a gaggle of bull daggers cheering for their coming out.

Clown laughs again, mouth open enough for Redd to see the small poke through of his fangs where hunger hasn't quite subsided, head tilted back to show glimmers of other people's sweat on his neck. He holds Redd's hands gently in his, positioning them together for a waltz, because Clown always wants to waltz when he's drunk or high, no matter the music, and Redd *cannot* deny him.

They sway together on the edges, as to not disturb the more rambunctious party goers, who swing dance in time to the energetic jazz on stage where the performance has changed to a woman in a crisp suit, singing low and deep. He doesn't pay attention to the words as he spins Clown into him with a laugh and a stumble.

Redd wishes he could see this Clown more often, a Clown with joy and light in his eyes, who smiles without a care in the world. He knows this Clown exists in his day to day, underneath the cynicism and sarcasm and paranoia, and he sees glimpses of it when Clown wakes him up at dusk, eyes soft. Neither of them have been completely sober in a few years at this point, and Redd knows even through the buzz that one day it will end. For now, he basks in Clown's smile.

Clown nudges his shoulder with his forehead. "Dance with me," he whines, and Redd shuffles them away from the rest of the partygoers, closer to the back hallways of the hotel that lead up to rooms than the sparkling and effervescent lobby.

They manage to waltz successfully for maybe three minutes, before Redd pulls Clown closer to him, and Clown stumbles after him. He ends up back against a wall, but he could never feel threatened with Clown staring him down. Clown's hips never cease their rolling even as the jazz music is more distant now. Redd rests his hands on his waist, grinning brightly back at him. "Having fun?"

"I'm *so* drunk," he laughs, pressing his face into Redd's neck. "What was that girl drinking?"

"Whiskey," he says immediately, still remembering the taste of her blood in his mouth. "And absinthe. She's having a good night- I think I saw a drag king pick her up."

"Good for her!" Clown laughs into Redd's neck, rolling his hips down hard enough to elicit a gasp. Redd roams his hands up from Clown's waist, the low cut of his shirt revealing bare skin. "You should find me someone who's been downing moonshine."

"I think we both need to find a straight laced first timer who's been downing nothing but water." Redd flips them around to put Clown against the wall, and he laughs, and he laughs back.

"Vampires don't get hangovers," Clown snips, kissing up the side of his neck, to the corner of his jaw. "And you like how whiskey-blood tastes too much to stop any time soon."

"Maybe so." Redd laughs, holding Clown's wrists in his hands. "One day we're gonna have to sober up. Later."

"Later," Clown agrees, head falling back. "I want to go home," he says, hands resting on Redd's shoulders where he holds them.

Redd thinks about their little townhouse- it's in only Redd's name, because despite it all they can't get it together, but they're safe there. The neighbors know them as the nice young men on the corner of the Village, trying to make their way in the world. Redd is not nice, and he wouldn't think anyone his age qualifies as nice, but something warm builds in his stomach at the idea of *their* home. "I agree."

(Clown falls asleep the second his head hits the bed, a ghost of a laugh still on his face. Redd doesn't mind, could never begrudge him a single thing, and simply curls up next to him to sleep the day away. There will be time.)

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