fotgotten birthdays and expensiv slaps

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1619.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Y/N (reader insert), Other
Fandoms:	A Heist With Markiplier, In Space with Markiplier
Relationships:	Illinois (A Heist With Markiplier)/You, Illinois (A Heist With Markiplier)/Reader
Characters:	Illinois (A Heist With Markiplier), Gender Neutral Reader
Additional Tags:	Fluff, Can be Read as Platonic or Romantic, Friendship, Mild Angst
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of The Misadventures Of Illinois And Y/N
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-10 Words: 1,711 Chapters: 1/1

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by nightmareofthelake

Summary

Just a quiet day

You did not know why you were still following this idiot into life-threatening situations.

Okay, you actually knew it. You just had nothing better to do and he was dumb enough to offer you a job. Other than that, you pretty much had a crush on him. Well, who wouldn’t? He was handsome, educated and a real-life version of Indiana Jones. Only with more muscle.

You expected it to be one of those days when you risk your lives for an antique artifact. But something was different.

Your flight was without any turbulence, Illinois wasn’t involved in any bar fights, and you were not hunted by any criminal organization. But the strangest thing was yet to come. You saw Illinois O'Connell without his precious hat, which he usually did not take off either while sleeping or while showering.

But now he was standing in front of you. Hair neatly combed back and dressed in a suit. This sight was unfamiliar. A pig walking on two legs looked righter than whatever this was.

"Illi? Are you all, right? Should I call a doctor?" You asked anxiously as you continue to mentally process his sight.

The adventurer just looked at you confused. "A doctor? What are you talking about?"

Instead of answering, you simply point to his suit with a look that was a mixture of confusion, astonishment, and horror.

Still confused, he looked down to find the reason for your strange behavior. It took him a moment to understand what you meant.

"Oh, the suit!"

Well, that had taken surprisingly long.

"I go to an auction and as much as I love my hat and my outfit, I thought it would be more appropriate to stick to the dress code," said the adventurer, as he straightened his bow tie.

An auction? If he makes himself so fancy, then it would have to be an auction for the higher social class. In short, the complete opposite of you. But that made you wonder.

You knew he had money. How else would he finance all the travels and give you a generous paycheck every month? But you never really thought about how much money he really had. Let alone how he earned it!

It was completely impossible that your adventures could finance all this, because after all you did not even know what he did with all the stuff you find. Does he donate it to a museum?

Does he sell it? Does he keep it? If he keeps it, then where? Does he even have a permanent residence? Where does he come from? So many questions and hardly any answers.

You've known him for almost two years, but you knew so little about him. You did not even know his last name after four months.

This man was an Enigma and that made him even more attractive! If that was even possible.

"What kind of auction?" You asked curiously, as you could not imagine any sort of auction that Illinois would go to.

"An art collector died last month and now his family is auctioning off his collection."

"Art collectors? Since when have you been interested in art? "

You never had the impression that he was a fan of anything that would be classified as ‘modern art’. The only art he seemed interested in was those whose ages were in the triple digits and started at least seven. Or the art which he saw every time in the mirror.

"I do not," he admitted. "I know from a safe source that he has collected valuable paintings as well as some ancient artifacts. I hope to find something special for my collection. "

So, he has a collection. Will he show it to you if you ask nicely?

"And what do I do in the meantime?" You ask. He certainly had a job that you could do during this time.

"Well, you come with me, of course!" He said with a smile. "You are my partner after all!"

It surprised you to hear that he actually intended to take you along. After all, he knew very well that you did not know how to behave at such events, and they would easily recognize you as an outsider.

In fact, the thought of going there made you pretty scared. More scared than that one time Illinois and you were hunted by a bunch of mutant monkeys on lions. The difference was not in the nature of the danger, but in the fact that if you had died back then, then at least you have died the hero's death. At the auction you will most likely die of embarrassment.

"But ... so you know ... well ... I do not really ... have the right ... um ... the right thing to wear! Yes! I just have my usual stuff with me and none of that would fit into such an event! "

You hoped that this excuse helped, because you could not think of anything better. That was not even a lie. You never expected that your boss would ever go to such events and therefore packed only things that are comfortable and robust. You were for climbing a mountain, hiking in the forest and even for a sudden blizzard equipped, but not for an evening with rich people!

Illinois gave you just one of his charming smiles that made you melt each time.

"Do not worry, partner. I've already taken care of everything. "

Before you could understand what, he meant by that, you found yourself in the auction room. You were driven here in a chic limousine, and you probably wore your annual salary in the form of a very simple, but unspeakably comfortable outfit.

The auction was quiet.

So quiet that it bored you.

It started with the countless paintings the deceased had collected over many years. There were some interesting pieces here and there, but you were not interested in buying them.

After almost two hours, the artifacts passed over. For ordinary citizens, these would have been very interesting, but you had already seen better. Not all that was of any value to you, and you were starting to get frustrated. A look at your partner told you that he felt the same way.

You were so bored after a time that you became more and more tired and now sat in your chair half asleep. You've just heard that a ring of unknown origin was presented, and you did not think much of it. You had yourself a bunch of rings lying around that you collected during your adventures. They served as a small investment. You could sell them anytime you needed money.

You were about to fall asleep when Illinois suddenly raised his hand to bid, which startled you so much that you almost fell off your chair.

Suddenly you were wide awake, and you tried to understand what was happening at that moment.

The bid jumped moment by moment from a three-digit amount to a five-digit amount and seemed to have no end. Finally, the adventurer bought the ring for half a million and you just sat there. Shocked and confused. But mostly shocked.

Someone needed to have a small talk with this man about responsible money management!

You waited outside when your boss paid and hoped he did not really carry that much money on him. But who knows?

When he came out, you wanted to confront him about the ring, but your heart stopped momentarily, and you did not get a single word out when he took your hand and put the ring on your finger.

"Happy Birthday, partner!" Was the only thing he said.

It was your birthday? The constant traveling and the following jetlag fucked with your perception of time, which meant that you never knew what day or month it was. There is also the slight chance that this also led to you forgetting that you even had a birthday in the first place.

But now you stood there. Completely perplexed and with a ring on the finger, which could finance your pension without any problems. You did not think when you raised your hand and slapped him. Only then did you realize that you had just struck your own boss with half a million. This thought was both surreal and quite satisfying.

"What was that for?!" he asked, holding his aching cheek.

"Take a fucking guess!"

You're waving your hand in front of his face as clue, but also as a kind of warning that you're always ready to give him one more slap.

"I thought you would like it!"

"I would have loved flowers or a card! Even a cup of coffee would have been enough!"

You take a deep breath and try to calm down a bit. "What I mean is that you should not spend so much money on me. If you want to throw me half a mill, then at least in the form of my paycheck! "

Illinois looked like a beaten puppy, and you regret having raised your hand and your voice against him. You have never experienced him so hurt.

"Forgive me. I should have asked you first ..." he said in a low voice. You feel terrible. "It's just that you survived the longest of all my partners. I just do not want you to change your mind and leave me."

You already knew the story of his other partners. That was pretty much the first one he ever told you.

"I won’t leave you," you said after a long pause, which made him look surprised. "If someone told me five years ago that I would travel around the world and voluntarily collect ancient artefacts from caves and the like, I would have laughed at them. But this is my life now and I love my job because it allows me to see the world and experience everything. And apart from that, I have the best boss in the world!"

A smile bloomed on his face, and you could not help but kiss him on the cheek, causing him to blush.

You smile at him again before you turn away. "But now we are looking for a restaurant! The birthday child is hungry!" You exclaim, as you started walking.

Illinois laughed before running after you.