three almost kisses and that one time you made sure nothing could interrupt

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1621.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Y/N (reader insert), Getting Together, Other
Fandoms:	A Heist With Markiplier, In Space with Markiplier
Relationships:	Illinois (A Heist With Markplier)/Reader, Illinois (A Heist With Markiplier)/You
Characters:	Illinois (A Heist With Markiplier), Wilford Warfstache | William J. Barnum | The Colonel, Captain Magnum (A Heist With Markiplier), Gender Neutral Reader
Additional Tags:	Fluff and Humor, Romantic Fluff, Friends to Lovers, almost kiss, First Kiss, Desert Islands, Idiots in Love, Mild Angst, 3+1
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of The Misadventures Of Illinois And Y/N
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-10 Words: 2,945 Chapters: 1/1

three almost kisses and that one time you made sure nothing could interrupt

by nightmareofthelake

Summary

You and Illinois are in love with each other. Unfortunately, you are both idiots. [GN!Reader]

1

When Illinois proudly announced that the two of you would be attending an auction again, flashbacks from last time hit you like a tsunami. Luckily for you, you were informed of his plans two weeks in advance and not hours in advance like last time, giving you plenty of time to prepare.

The first thing you did was insist that you wear your outfit from last time and he didn't have to buy you a new one. You accidentally found out how much he paid for it, which nearly gave you a heart attack. The only reason you still had it was Illinois's argument that it was a birthday present and you didn't want to be rude. And yes, you even kept the overpriced ring that could possibly be an ancient relic. The second was to find out more information about the auction. This time it was about a deceased collector whose collection is being liquidated so that the family can pay off the mountain of debt that the deceased had left them. It looks like you might even find it this time as the deceased specialized in ancient artifacts and judging by the thumbnails were the kind of artifacts you're after.

The sight of Illinois in a suit was something you could never get used to. It was just wrong. But it gave you the opportunity to tie his bow tie, which in turn gave you an excuse to get close to him. "Let's go over the rules again," you said as you straightened the bow tie. "Why are we going to the auction?" Illinois sighed. "To find potential pieces for my collection." "What don't we do?" "Do not purchase artifacts of unknown and/or questionable origin." "And?" "And don't give my partner any gifts that cost me more than fifty dollars." The fifty dollars was still a compromise. You wanted to go lower than ten bucks, after all he was still your boss and after all he was obligated to pay you and he paid you well above average, which is why you didn't see the point of expensive gifts. But he insisted that there should be at least fifty. He referred to this as a bonus for excellent work performance.

A look out of the window told you that the limousine had already arrived and was now waiting for you. You went to grab your coat, but Illinois grabbed your arm. You looked at him in surprise. “After the auction...would you like to go out for dinner afterward? It doesn't have to be expensive! We can also just make a detour to McDonald's and get something there.” A gentle smile graced your face. Illinois was always so cute when he was shy. This was a side of him that only you got to see. "I'd love to have dinner with you." You stood in absolute silence for a moment, looking at each other before Illinois slowly walked towards you and leaned towards you. You closed your eyes in anticipation but your lips didn't touch. Instead, you were startled by loud impatient horns. "The limo is waiting," you said, heart racing, and grabbed your coat. "Yeah, we should go now," he agreed, running his fingers through his hair.

In the end, the auction was canceled because two idiots broke in and took a large part of the collection. Instead, you spent the night in the parking lot behind a McDonald's watching the stars while sharing a helping of chicken nuggets.

2

You had asked Illinois for a single day at the beach several times in the past. Just to relax. Well, your wish has finally been granted after a long time, but unfortunately not in the way you would like. Yes, you just found yourself on a beach at sunset, but instead of sipping colorful cocktails and enjoying the view, you were stuck on a deserted island in the middle of nowhere with a treasure map that made no sense.

"I give up! The map is useless!" you called to your boss who had climbed up one of the palm trees hoping to get a better view of the island. You, on the other hand, had the map in your hand and tried to make sense of the scribble. "I'm afraid I have to agree with you there," Illinois admitted while clambering down the palm tree. "I'm not even sure if we're on the right island anymore." You sit down on the sand and bury your face in your hands. The adventurer sat next to you and fanned the cool air with his hat. "At least we can enjoy the sunset." With a sigh, you looked up and you had to admit that the sunset here was particularly beautiful. At least there was a nice moment you could share with Illinois. "We should take a vacation and just go somewhere that isn't dangerous," you murmur as you rest your head on his shoulder. Illinois said nothing and just silently took your hand and gently squeezed it.

You just sat there and watched the sunset without saying a word. You couldn't remember who turned around first, but suddenly you were looking at each other and your faces got closer and closer. Your lips were only a few millimeters from touching. You were just a head movement away from what you both longed for. At the same time, a cannonball hit the water just meters in front of you, drenching you both in seawater. You looked up in surprise and saw a ship on the horizon.

"Please tell me that's not who I think it is," you moaned in annoyance and frustration. "Captain Magnum," Illinois confirmed. "Maybe we should flee inland before he actually hits us." As if on cue, you saw another cannonball being fired and you ran into the dense jungle hoping to escape the pirate.

3

You ran through the dark maze-like corridors. You've been running for quite a while and you're not exactly sure where you are right now. Everything looks the same and the fear that you've been going in circles the whole time overcomes you. The worst thing about the whole thing, however, was the fact that you didn't even know who you were running from or where exactly you were going. The day started out so harmless.

It was a beautiful summer day and you and Illinois were “on vacation” so to speak. Maybe vacation wasn't the right word. It was much more of a break between adventures because your plane broke down and your flight was delayed by two days. You were in no hurry and instead chose to take this as a sign that you really needed some time off. This included sitting in cute little cafes, drinking coffee and talking about possible new goals. Buy new work boots. Arguing with Illi about why you don't need a 200 euro jacket. In the end you decided to visit an art exhibition.

The exhibition included several different pieces by well-known local artists. You didn't know any of them, but that didn't stop you from marveling at the countless works. Illinois seemed

to feel the same way because he would stand in front of a work for a long time complementing both the composition and the technique and all you could do was listen in silence and marvel at how much this man knew about art.

Then it happened. Illinois was laughing. Everything was good. Everything was wonderful. Then he noticed something in the distance. His laughter stopped. His smile vanished. He looked like he had seen a demon. Then everything happened quickly. He grabbed your wrist and pulled you towards the exit, but something forced him to change direction and you ran deeper into the gallery. You couldn't see who or what was doing this to Illinois, but you were sure of one thing. You've never seen him so scared. Eventually he drags you through a door with a staircase leading down. Once you got to the bottom you saw two hallways and Illinois turned to you with a worried look.

"Listen to me. We have to split up! He's most likely after me and I doubt he'll hurt you as long as you stay away from me!" "But-" you tried to protest, but he placed a finger on your lips, silencing you. "No buts! For once, I want you to listen to me and do what I tell you. This is solely for your good." He removed his finger and instead took your face in his hands. "We will find each other again. I promise it." You wanted to protest again, but the look in his eyes tells you that he won't accept any complaints. You took a deep breath and nodded. "Okay. I trust you." He gave you one final affirmative smile before you walked in different directions.

And so you found yourself in the endless dark labyrinth that sucked every hope out of you with every passing second. Your legs hurt from running and you were exhausted, but you couldn't afford a break. Not unless you knew where the adventurer was. Every step you took felt like you were pulling a heavy load behind you, and a tightness that settled in your chest heralded the onset of a panic attack. It was difficult for you to see in the dimly lit hallways and you felt like it was getting darker with every step. How much time has passed since you broke up?

You turned a corner and instead of finding another endless corridor ahead of you, you ran into what you initially thought was a wall. Only the wall was warm, muscular and difficult to breathe. Two strong hands rested on your shoulders, providing the necessary support that kept you from collapsing like a cheap folding chair on a hot summer afternoon. "Thank God! You're fine!" did you hear the living Adonis statue say You were too exhausted to say anything. Instead, the hands moved away from your shoulders and you were pulled into a tight hug. "I know I have some explaining to do, and I'll do it once we get out of here," Illinois still held you tight, afraid someone would pull you away from him. "I promise you that we will then be a month – no, two months! oh you know what Let's take the rest of the year off and just relax!" The support that the adventurer gave you finally let you relax and catch your breath. Over time, your mind became clearer and the hallway you are in became brighter. You take a deep breath. The familiar smell of leather and linen gave you another piece of security. Your limbs were heavy as lead, but you somehow managed to raise your arm and squeeze Illinois' biceps, after which he released you.

You didn't realize your vision was blurry until you tried to look the adventurer in the face. You feel his warm hands on your cheeks and a light pressure on your forehead. You blink a few times and as your vision cleared you noticed his forehead was pressed against yours. His eyes were closed, his sun-tanned skin was glistening with sweat, and you could smell the

faint whiff of coffee on his breath. "I promise nothing will happen to you," he whispered more to himself than to you. “You survived until now. You survived longer than anyone else." He opened his eyes. "You mean too much to me to let him take you away." You stared into each other's eyes for a long time. The corridor was long forgotten. All your senses were taken over by him. The warmth radiating from him. The smell of him clouding your mind like a potent drug. His breath on your face. His eyes that looked straight into your soul. It was like a spell that you couldn't break.

Slowly he closed his eyes again and tilted his head. His lips were only a few millimeters from yours. You inhale his breath and close your eyes. This was the moment. But before you could lean forward and fully surrender to the spell, a door next to you was violently thrown open. You both jumped aside in shock and panic. Was the door here all along? "There you are!" exclaimed Wilford. You both looked at him in horror, but neither of you was able to say or do anything. “You two are extremely late for your interview! Well, come on in!" Wilford grabbed you both by the wrist and yanked you through the door.

You didn't talk about what happened in the corridor. Neither of you could.

+1

It's mid-August. The sky was painted yellow and pink from the setting sun. Illinois kept his promise. Since the Gallery incident, you've stayed away from adventures and settled in a small town. He gave you you room to breath by giving you a small house on the outskirts of town. Under normal circumstances you would insist on getting an apartment, but since the incident you just needed some alone time. Time to think. Time to understand your own feelings. His house wasn't far. A few minutes walk. He gave you a key. You were welcome at any time. And yet you haven't seen each other in two months.

Those two months were the first time you could really think. Overthink. Losing yourself in your own mind. You realized three things: 1. The carpet in your living room was exceptionally soft and perfect for staring at the ceiling for hours. 2. You miss the smell of leather and canvas. 3. Illinois' entire existence was like a siren song and you struggled every day to resist it.

You only now realized that you had been under his spell since the first time you met and every time you tried to leave, you somehow found a way back to him. You had lost your heart and it was now part of his collection. The only thing that stopped him from possessing both your body and your soul was a single kiss.

One kiss and there will be no turning back.

A kiss to seal the deal.

A kiss to become his holy grail.

Every time you opened your front door and looked out, you could see his house. So far and yet so close. There was nothing standing in your way except your own pride and sanity. But

today you were weak.

You didn't bother putting on shoes. You looked up at the sky and noticed that the colorful play of colors from before was replaced by dark rain clouds. You felt the first drops on your face and closed your eyes. It didn't take long for the light drizzle to turn into a storm. The rain soaked your clothes and your hair was wet and stuck to your face. This was the perfect weather.

Your legs moved of their own accord, carrying you down the street until you stood in front of his house. Lightning and thunder joined the rain and the wind became more ruthless. But you didn't care. Three steps and you were standing at his door. You take three deep breaths. You knock on the door three times.

You heard the footsteps behind the door. Your heart was racing and you felt the adrenaline rushing through your veins. You heard the door unlock and you held your breath. The door swung open and you took the first step. Illinois didn't have time to react as your arms wrapped around his neck and cold lips pressed against his. He stumbled backwards until his back was pressed against a wall. Only when he realized it was you kissing him did he allow himself to close his eyes and return the kiss. Only when he wrapped his arms around you and felt how wet your clothes were did he force himself to break the kiss. He grabbed your shoulders and pushed you away. You were surprised at his sudden abruptness, but the sight that greeted you made every bit of anger in you fade away. His otherwise perfect hair hung over his face, his cheeks red, his lips swollen and his eyes dark. You wanted to lunge at him once more and steal another kiss, but his grip was iron, keeping you at arm's length.

“What happened?” he asked, struggling to keep you at a safe distance. “Why are you wet?” “I couldn’t take it anymore,” you replied while breathing heavily. "I need to see you, feel you, you..." “And that’s why you walked through the rain?” He looked you up and down again. “And that barefoot?!” You rolled your eyes. “How dare I walk barefoot in the rain! This is worse than the time I had to jump off a cliff into the sea! Or the time I had to fight a mutant killer bunny!” Now it was Illinois who rolled his eyes.

You felt his grip on your shoulders loosen and you took the opportunity to approach him again. He didn't do anything to stop you and so you wrapped your arms around him again and hid your face in his neck. Strong arms wrapped around your wet form, pushing you closer to him. “I want to be more than your partner,” you whisper into his skin. In response, he kissed you on the temple. “Were you thinking about a spring wedding or would you prefer fall?” You gave him a light kick to the leg. “Not so fast, my dear! We haven’t seen each other for two months and we have to make up for that time first.” “Whatever you want, treasure!”

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!