Slick Assassins

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Slick Assassins

by EdgeKuns04

Summary

An edgelord kid in a paranormal town aspires to be the greatest assassin and hates everyone, even the weird paranormal friends he teams up with.

Notes

Copy/Pasted from the AO3 site, transferred over. Until AO3 comes back, I'll keep making chapters, even posting a few new stories occasionally if I get the idea.

Chapter 1: Hit4Hire!

Tom Slick, almost 10 years old and a very antisocial child, comes home from school, fucking annoyed by all the idiots at school.

Sandra, Tom's mother, yells at him from the garden, "So, how was school?" She's on the phone with a friend from the mall.

"Yeah yeah, I'm going to my room." Tom dashes upstairs, opens his door, and slams it shut. Tom's room is a complete edgelord's fantasy with gore, a weapon cabinet, and a hit list of people he hates and wants dead. Just as Tom is about to get on his laptop to go on Call of Duty and call someone the n-word for the shits and giggles. A loud rumbling sound is heard.

"Ugh, for fuck's sake!" Tom gets off of his chair and yells out the window, looking directly at the construction crew, "CAN YOU FUCKERS STOP THE FUCKING RUCKUS?!" His voice booms to the crew, their jackhammers and drills making completely pointless noise. "Assholes." He mutters, glancing at the calendar. Tomorrow is his 10th birthday, and God, is he annoyed about it. He knows his parents and sister are gonna be so gushy about it.

Tom goes to bed, snoozing the night away and imagining the Gough Family's dead bodies like a wholesome dream from hell! He twists and turns on the bed, hearing the constant construction even at night, and occasionally Angelica laughing at Max's TikToks for an hour.

The Next Day, Tom wakes up to his dad, Robert, with a party hat, a confetti cannon blasting confetti on his bed, and a banner: "Happy birthday, champ!" Tom yells at his father, "Can I get my sleep? God..." His eyes are barely awake.

"Come on, we hired a clown for you!" Robert drags Tom out of bed, turns off the lights, and an annoyed Tom walks downstairs. "A fucking clown? Why?!" Tom stares at them in disbelief.

"Look, he was so desperate! We felt bad!" Robert retorted, claiming it was worth it! Sandra is seen cooking French Toast and gasps upon her son's arrival, "Aw, is the little assassin up today?"

"What the fuck does it look like?" Tom yells out, much to his parents' giggles, "Well, the clown's here!"

Angelica rushes downstairs, "Mom, where is the perfume?!" Her blonde hair is a total mess, and her eye twitches at Sandra's fancy breakfast.

"Oh, it's your brother's birthday!" She tells Angelica comically, "Here's your perfume!" Sandra throws a perfume bottle at Angelica's hands, and she runs back upstairs!

Suddenly, a goofy little clown jumps through the window into the house. "Yabba Doody Dooo!!!" He gives a cheesy performance in his ridiculous blue-and-yellow polka-dot jumpsuit and cone hat. "Where is the birthday-"

Tom rolls his eyes, staring at a wall, waiting for this stupid birthday to end. He watches the clown attempt to impress Tom. "Meet Pogo! We hired him from the shelter!" Robert chuckles, gesturing at Pogo to do acrobatics!

Pogo nervously glances at the kitchen, sees a bunch of knives, and drools at the idea of cutting himself. "Oooh! Ms. Slick! Can I touch it?!" Pogo rushes over, touches the tip, and drools.

"Sure! Make sure you clean off the blood after!" Sandra sits with her husband to watch the performance.

"Oh god, what the fuck is he doing?" Tom sighs as Pogo juggles knives. "Haha! Look, what do you call a knife juggler?!"

"What?"

"A Slashuggler!"

"That was awful," Tom says in a deadpan tone, and Pogo bursts into tears. "Oh, I'm so sorry! I suck at jokes!" The knives fly into the air and cut his skin open, but then he regenerates from the damage. "I just wish I was useful. I guess I'll go!" Pogo walks up to the door.

Tom suddenly hears a loud bang outside; a construction machine is about to crush the house with a large boulder hanging from the crane. "Gough!" Tom yells at the neighbors, snarling.

Pogo whistles as he walks out of the house with a mopey expression, until suddenly the rock is tossed right at him!

"Oh, my god..." Pogo gasps in horror, flinching at the upcoming hit until he's comically sent into the air from the rock being shredded in half by Tom's gun. Pogo lands in Tom's hands, quiet for a moment before Tom cups his face like a weirdo.

"Stop that," Tom growls, threatening to cut up Pogo.

"My Hero-"

"You wanna be put up for adoption?"

"No, please, anything but that!" Pogo whimpered.

Tom stares at Pogo and hatches a very mischievous idea. "Say you have no home?"

"Yeah?"

"I have a deal." Tom's smile widens at the thought.

"ANYTHING! I'm desperate here. Someone's out to get me! And I'm all alone!"

"Well, lucky for you. You're in touch with the baddest assassin around." Tom yells, basking in his ego.

"You? You're a kid!" Pogo stammers, confused by what Tom says.

"A prodigy is the word you're looking for. Now, if you want to put that pathetic frown upside down. I say, you stay with me, and you'll be taught how to kill. Your first goal? Kill the Goughs?"

Pogo took a minute to scan the scenario. He had no home; his only "friend" was this random kid who proclaimed he was the baddest motherfucking assassin around. I mean, when has help ever gone wrong? Pogo flashes back to several times help has gotten him lost in the woods, with a spider beast seducing him or a bloodthirsty gargoyle nearly eating him whole!

"Okay..." Pogo whimpers. He signs a verbal contract to be a kid's pet. What could go wrong?!

"And I want cash in return." Tom sternly demands.

"What?!"

"You heard me. If I got a pet clown for hire, you'll have to pay rent. Now let's go. You don't wanna be homeless!" Tom teased, watching Pogo flinch at the sound of being homeless again!

Chapter 2: We're Clowning Out!

Chapter Summary

> Tom and Pogo are going to attempt the heist of a century by killing the Goughs! Mainly to teach Pogo to stop being a little bitch!

"Okay, Pogo. Ready for some training?" Tom mocks Pogo's cute appearance, his goofy face, and his walk.

"What's the training?" Pogo nervously asks, expecting some deranged shit, just before his very eyes, Tom coughs. "Home Alone Operation, We're gonna stay up at night, sneak into the Goughs house, and kill all of them!" Tom cheers, making a dramatic motion with his arms. He opens the cabinet of weapons and corpses displayed everywhere.

Pogo looks at him like he's insane. "Where did you get all of this?! HOW?!" He screams at Tom's absurd collection, but he makes a pfffft expression.

"Because I'm an assassin, Pogo. Now you want training or not?" Tom asks sternly, and Pogo nods.

"Now catch, like from my birthday!" Tom tosses a knife at Pogo, and Pogo stumbles and catches it, only for it to slice his arm off. He chuckles, "Shit. Just an arm!" He tries to grab his arm with his other arm, but fails comically. It just falls off. "Whoops!"

"Ugh, you're pathetic!" Tom rolls his eyes, walks near a corner, and digs through the trash. "Come on, where's the gun?!" Tom throws out a rubber duckie, a screaming Dorito, and a rubbery spiked lasso! "Aha!" Tom grabs the gun, and Pogo gasps, "It's the real thing!" "Why the FUCK do you have a gun?!"

"Cause self-defense? I'm a child." Tom teases Pogo awkwardly, not understanding why Pogo gives a shit. "Now hold it. Think about your worst moments." Tom suggests, making Pogo's adrenaline spike. Pogo remembers so many horrible things that he almost immediately shoots himself!

Tom watches Pogo's corpse fall on the carpet, blood dripping everywhere, and his face reads dismissive of the dead clown. "Yawn." He squats down, poking Pogo's body with a long staff. "Come on, dumbass!"

Pogo suddenly screams after being jolted into consciousness, screaming about someone digging into him and a mysterious man driving him to Area 42! "Please, no more!!!"

"Fucking sick," Tom smirks at what just happened. "So you're really immortal, huh?" Tom's smile widens, and Pogo knows what that means.

"Please don't rat me out!" Pogo whimpers, hoping to god Tom doesn't berate him for Pogo's immortality, but he's thrilled. "Mad? You're the perfect punching bag! Now let's go. Sun is setting!"

At Night, a masked Tom, disguised in a black, ninja-style suit, and a stupid-looking Pogo in a clownfish costume waddle up to Gough Manor.

"The Goal's simple. Kill Everyone." Tom orders Pogo. He shakes, afraid they're just going inside like it's no big deal!

The doors kick wide open, revealing the antique design of the Goughs with all the fancy, gothic furniture and overly creepy corridors that come out of a fucking slasher film where the killer jacks off to raping the victims because why not!

"LET'S GO!" Tom rushes down a corridor and gasps upon seeing a burglar try to steal a TV from Hollis. He looks at the kid like an idiot. "Why don't ya scram, kiddo!"

Tom casually swings his knife for a dramatic moment and applause; he lunges at the burglar and stabs him in the chest! The burglar stumbles to the floor, bleeding out while Tom stands on top of him. Tom kicks him in the chest, and the burglar is shoved to the wall with a red bump forming on his head!

The burglar tries to get up, but Pogo jumps on him, slams down a comically large toy hammer, and clumsily falls back. "Sorry!" Pogo chuckles, "They call me a Pusscrobatic!" He chuckles lightly and looks at the injured burglar. "Sorry, Tom! I'm not letting them take me!" He bashes his head with the toy hammer and lies on the ground dead with X-shaped eyes!

A few burglars hear the ruckus and enter the living room to find Tom dancing in front of them, Pogo rotting on the old carpet, and a burglar drooling by the TV! They freak out at the kid's deranged antics and bolt, leaving the front door wide open!

Pogo gets up from his temporary death and watches Tom rush out of the manor with a bag slung over his shoulder. "Come on, clownface!" Pogo gasps and jumps into the bag with his toy hammer! They leave off with Gough slowly waking up with an angry growl, "God damn it! Shadow, I told you-"

After Gough storms downstairs with a candle in his wrinkled hand, he finds a bunch of burglars and a stolen TV! "IT WAS HIM! IT WAS ALWAYS HIM! That brat! Fuck!" He makes a loud sighing sound. "BARNABY! WHERE ARE YOU?"

Barnaby the Butler comes from the kitchen with an annoyed glare. "What, man?! I've been cleaning the dishes since 4 AM!"

"I don't care! Get me a new TV NOW, or you're FIRED!" Gough screams at Barnaby, then walks away!

Tom returns home, and Pogo goes to bed as Tom tosses him in. "That was a good heist!" Pogo chuckles, giving a thumbs-up! Tom comically rolls his eyes. "Okay, that was our first target. Now who's next?" Tom walks to the whiteboard and scribbles a hit list of people's lives to ruin!

Chapter 3: No Girlz Allowed!

Chapter Summary

> Tom goes to the mall and finds a comically desperate gnome in debt to abuse because Barry deserves it!

"Oh, Max. You're soooo cool!" Angelica giggles, rubbing her head against Max's arm. Tom stares at them, extremely annoyed.

"Hey, fuckbirds. I'm right here!" Tom interrupts Angelica loudly, dropping his backpack and watching the two basically make out.

"Ugh, it's my dumb brother. What?!" Angelica yells at Tom, annoyed by the interruption.

"Can you fuckers do it elsewhere? You guys are always moaning!" Tom mocks the couple, glaring dead on at Angelica.

"Oh, sorry, are my moans not feminine enough?!" Angelica defends herself, crossing her arms as Max sticks his tongue out dopeishly.

"No. I get a boner hearing it. Pogo gets nightmares over it!" Tom points to Pogo, his eyes rolling at the thought of Pogo being such a fucking pussy over the most standard vanilla sex he has ever heard.

"But, Sex is scary! Waaaaa!!!" Pogo cries comically, jets of water falling from his eyes and flooding the kitchen behind him!

"Please, you never got laid." Angelica scoffs at Pogo's childish tone. "Tom, get this fucking suicidal threat out of here before it's you next!"

"Hey, I'll have you know, Pogo is a pro-suicide clown! That's metal if you think about it. He helps me with killing people I loathe, doing my laundry, and signing contracts from the government for free money. He's basically a slave, but white!" Tom proudly grabs Pogo, spinning until he turns into liquid and spills onto the floor with a loud honk. Angelica rolls her eyes. "Well, you're going to the mall. We can't have my brother hanging with a retarded clown with those clothes. What would the jocks at school think?!"

"Why?!" Tom yells back with an annoyed glare before hearing Sandra from the garden, "Aw, let her! She wants to be with you for the day!" Sandra says with a chipper attitude! She walks into the living room with a mop to clean Pogo's corpse and puts it in a bucket. Angelica and Tom are comically kicked out for the day.

"So... Do I get to fuck you?" Max teases playfully.

"Aw, you have a way with words!" Sandra giggles to herself.

At the Mall, Angelica runs off to the clothing store, ignoring whatever Tom does with Pogo. "Bye, dipshits! I got a new coupon to spend this perfume on!" She rushes into the store, leaving them alone.

"Okay, so I'm just gonna go!" Tom shrugs until Pogo hears something, his ears popping out like a satellite dish, then points to Angelica, who's about to pay over a million dollars in clothing!

"Look, it's a gnome!" Pogo points over, giggling at the small green body waddling through the store.

"Fine, I guess we can kill him to make up for our assassin skills! Let's go!" Tom and Pogo charge into the store to kill the mysterious gnome.

"Ugh, this place smells like shit!" Barry puffs a cigar and catches his awful breath, making some people sprint away. "Yeah, please, I don't wash myself anyway." He scratches his ass. "Come on, there's gotta be money from here! The Mafia will rape my ass if I don't... Haha!" He spots a dumb girl's credit card on the counter just as she heads into the dressing room. "YES, THIS WILL SOLVE MY DEBT- OW!" He gets launched against the wall and groans in pain, "Who the fuck did that?!"

Pogo spits his tongue, wielding his big toy hammer, and Tom stands with a gun. "Nothing personal, bitch." He smirks at Barry's small size. "Aw, is he hurt?"

"What would you like to know, bastard child?!" Barry grits his teeth. "Why don't you losers scram?" Blood flows from his wrinkly, disgusting nose!

"Oh, boohoo! Unlike you, I'm rich as fuck!" Tom casually reveals the stack of money his sister stole for clothes. Barry's eyes widen, dollar signs flashing. "You're r-r-rich?!"

"Rich with flavor too!" Pogo laughs, gets in Barry's face, and tries to dance with him, but Barry slaps him, and Pogo frowns and walks away.

Barry goes into a monologue about the implications of this kid being rich: "If he's a rich kid. Then I could mooch off of him and GET OFF OF MY DEBT and leave these losers poor! AHAHAHAHAHAHA! IT'LL BE THE BEST PLAN YET!" Barry cackles for a solid moment. "I'll join you! Anything!"

"..." Tom glances at Pogo with a shit-eating grin. You would only know that grin for the most fucked shit ever!

"Yeah, just let me go to the dressing room and... What the FUCK?" Barry chokes as Tom puts a leash on Barry. "Just told my sister to buy me a leash! Welcome to the family, Barry!"

"I DIDN'T CONSENT TO THIS!" Barry screams, trying to flip Tom off, but Tom rolls his eyes. "Aw, is the widdle doggie mad?"

"I'M GOING TO FUCKING CLAW YOUR-" Barry begins to curse like a sailor, "I'M GONNA RAPE EVERYONE YOU KNOW..." Tom basically zones out Barry's retarded screams. Pogo interjects, concerned, "Should we really have a gnome in our business?"

"Of course! Free Slave. Look, he's already getting used to his chain!" Tom points to Barry getting pissed on by a dog. Barry wails, "I DID NOTHING!" He stops wailing when Angelica leaves and responds with a creepy grin, "Who's that hot- Ow!" Barry gets bashed by Pogo's toy hammer. "Bad Gnome. Bad." He chuckles at Barry's wound.

"I think I've made an awful choice staying with these two..." Barry mutters, walking down the sidewalk with Tom and Pogo as they buy ice cream.

"We should get him neutered." Tom suggests with a sly, mischievous grin, "Talks a lot, don't you think?"

"Yeah... I still need a job though! Your mom told me I sit around all day!"

"Then get a fucking job? Lol?" Tom punches Pogo's arm and walks away with Barry still chained to the leash.

Chapter 4: Get a FUCKING Job, Pogo! (Part 1)

Chapter Summary

Pogo is a no life bitch who needs to get the hell up and get a job! So that's what he does!

It was an average afternoon in the Slick Household. Sandra had just finished making pancakes. "Children, I've made- BARRY!" She yelled at that stupid slob of a gnome.

Barry burped and threw a soda can at Sandra. "Get me beer! Hahaha, women." A gross smell emanates from him, making the garden shriek and pass out. "AHHHHHHH! HELP WE'RE BEING RAPED!!" The flowers scream for oxygen until, suddenly, Barry opens the window and throws trash onto them. "That's a job well-"

"God, you smell like shit!" Tom slaps Barry, leaving a usual red mark on his face.

"What is it to you!" Barry angrily screams, looking at an annoyed Sandra with the belt and Tom rolling his eyes, "Take a shower, fucking dweeb!"

"No! This is unfiltered aura! You let Pogo mooch off of you!" He diverts the situation, trying to make the fact that he smells like shit any less disgusting! Barry's belly is bulging out of his unbuttoned, smelly shirt with food all over it!

"Says the guy who hasn't even stopped watching the Gnome Lockers!" Tom retorted smugly; a flashback suddenly plays from last night when Barry unzips his pants and starts sobbing about his dick size: "Waaaa!!!! Not only am I in debt. I have a small weiner. How will I ever get my lockmate!" He sobs at the TV like a pathetic worm.

"Oh, Clerise. I will definitely not rape you or kill your kids tomorrow because I'm a registered serial killer that happens to have a Vampire gene! I hope you accept me for who I am, not what I will do to you!" His awful Transylvanian accent is heard from a distance. Clerise sobs at the shallow wedding ring like it solves the burning house in the background, with the grandmother screaming, "HELP! WE NEED TO PURGE THE SUPERNATURAL! CLERISE, DON'T!!! FUCKING BITCH!" She screamed as loud as she could, but no one answered.

"I forgive you!" Clerise and Mason make out sloppily, giving Barry a hard-on! "Oh man, it's happening again..." Barry whimpers, getting ready to unzip just as the make-out gets a little touchy! Suddenly, Barry hears hysterical sobbing. Angelica is right there: "Oh, Mason! How dreamy of a vampire you are! Waaaaa!!!" She comically sobs, her tears filling the couch from the emotional breakup scene amidst the house fire, the death of the grandmother and accepting a literal registered murderer and future rapist!

Angelica notices Barry staring right at her with those yellow, crooked teeth, a rose in his mouth. "I heard you like blood-sucking vampires- Ow!" He gets slammed by a pan from the kitchen and then repeatedly spanked on the ass by Angelica. "Pull your pants down, and I'm reporting your ass to the Gnome Mafia! Understood?" She threatens Barry, who shakes under the couch. "Okay, mommy- I mean Tom's sister!"

"Good." Angelica storms upstairs, leaving the entire living room a fucking wreck, with destroyed curtains, lubricant on the counters and a sudden gunshot coming from Tom's room, which means Pogo attempted suicide, as usual. "That fucking clown gets in the way of everything!" Barry screams out loud.

"But it was for assassin training!" Barry's grin widens, clearly thinking Tom would buy that bullshit fucking lie.

"Cut the shit, Barry. You and Pogo..." He points accusingly at Barry and a drunk Pogo on the couch, singing " Twinkle Twinkle Little Star in a creepy tone.

"I'll never hang with that loser of a clown!" Barry shakes his head, refusing even to let Tom beat his ass if it meant following the rule.

"I'll give you some money... Gnomes like money! Right?" Tom smugly showed Barry a thousand dollars in his wallet, hypnotizing him. "Okay, okay! I'll do everything you say!"

"Oh, really? Then join Pogo in being a pilot. Now all of you, out." He casually grabs Barry by the ass and Pogo by his goofy hat and kicks them out of the house!

"Man, the work culture here is insane!" Pogo giggles at Barry, making his eye twitch. "I am actually so fucking cooked..."

"Haha, Silly Barry! We're not gonna be chefs!" Pogo pinches Barry's cheek and lets go. "Whoopsies, not St. Patrick's Day!"

"Kill me, please..." Barry whimpers, "Me too! We're gonna be best friends! Let's go apply at Skyline Airlines!"

At Skyline Airlines, Pogo stands in front of the interviewer, excited, The Interviewer's deadpan expression on display!

"Are you a fucking clown?!" He asks, making Pogo nod cheerfully with a loud bang in his backpack, "Ahhh! He stuffed me here-"

"Oh, that's my emotional support friend, Barry! He's not applying. He's just helping!"

"Uh, huh. What can you do as a pilot?" He stares right at Pogo, making him stammer for a moment. "Oh, I can do balloon animals!"

"AHHHHHHHH!!!!" Barry screams for dear life as Pogo casually pulls his intestines to make a balloon doggie! The Interviewer sighs, "Is that the gnome's insides?"

"Yeah, he even screams too! Wanna see me pop it?" Pogo blushes at the interviewer, inching closer! "Please say yes! SAY YES, SAY YES- Fuck it, I'm doing it!"

"NO NO NO! GUYS, HELP-" The fleshy balloon pops, making Barry die on the spot, and the interviewer laughs his ass off, falling off the chair, "HAHAHAHA!!!"

"Did I do good?" Pogo hopes, excitedly bouncing from the seat! "I call it an art form! You see, it represents like when I popped out of my mom's uterus-"

"You're hired!" The interviewer stamps on Pogo's blurred passport, allowing him to become a pilot! Pogo jumps high, touching the ceiling, with a dead Barry falling to the floor with a thud! "I can't wait to tell Tom! He'll be so happy that I'm making money! When do I go to work?!"

"At 7AM at the Airport!" The interviewer prances across the room, exiting through the back door, and a holographic sign says, "Congrats!"

Back at Tom's House, Tom hears Pogo open his door. "What?" Tom filed his nails, annoyed at Pogo's entrance.

"I got the job! Yay! Got any recommendations? I don't even know how to fly a plane! What if I create the sequel to 9/11?! What if I commit terrorism by spilling soda in the cockpit!" Pogo freaks the fuck out, stammering over his words before sobbing on Tom's black shirt! "I don't wanna lose the job!"

"Quit being a fucking baby! You will march right to the airport, drive that fucking plane and take out our newest enemy!" Tom slaps Pogo and pulls out a diagram with a hit list printed on the table!

"That's your job. You're going to hit these fucking towers. There will be terrorists on board that plane, and I want my first hit to be a complete explosive cinematic set with action, bombs, boobies and of course the immortal cameraman. That's you, Pogo. The cameraman who watches a disaster film and stands there, saying nothing. Now GO GO GO! Because they'll arrive at that plane at 5AM sharp. You DON'T want to miss it." Tom says with a grim expression before laughing, "Haha. You thought I was joking, huh?"

"Wait, you're serious? All of that?! You're actually gonna kill people?!" Pogo is more shocked that Tom wasn't fucking around.

"Yeah?! The Terrorists are gonna be extra sneaky. They know we know they're coming. That's why you're in charge. If the plane crashes, you survive and take the blame!" Tom commands Pogo, nudging his arm and pointing him to the bed, "Now, sleep. You wanna protect the nation, right?"

"..." Pogo stands there for a moment, looking sympathetic. He nods, "I mean, I wouldn't want a plane crash; that's horrible!"
Meanwhile, Barry has been eavesdropping on Tom and Pogo, his smelly breath still raping

the flowers. "Haha, that brat got a job as a pilot? Oh, that's RICH! Hahaha." His laugh echoed, clearly wanting to do something evil!

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