### Six Feet Under

**by** Reitheflaxseed

**Summary**

[Main Gumlee]
The land of Aaa has been torn apart by war against the return of the Lich, the fight leaving Aaa victorious but with heavy casualties. Marshall Lee abandons the Land upon hearing of the self-sacrificial death of his Lover, Prince Gumball, broken hearted, and hoping to just forget and start over somewhere else. But that was 8 years ago, and Marshall returns by the call of fate, discovering so much more than he hoped to
The night wore a velvet dress of darkness and ebony, suffocating the dank, dingy alleyway of the city in a thick layer of humidity. Yet, the city seemed to be filled with a light grey undertone under the bright moonlight, allowing for clear sight with the assistance of broken, inconsistent street lamps. Marshall trod down the dirt ridden streets, kicking up small rocks under his combat boots as he made his way down to his weekly hangout spot just beyond the northern outskirts of the city of thieves. His hands shoved deep into the pockets of his black coat, he dug out a packet of cigarettes and placed a joint between his lips. He sighed, approaching a Tan young man swathed in robes of maroon and pale yellow, fiddling with his phone against a dark brick wall.

“Got a light for me, hot stuff?”

Marshall muttered, voice tame and rusty, red eyes still downcast beneath his fringe of dark locks. He watched as the youthful redhead peered up from his device, mouth slightly agape in shock before curving into a small smile.

“Mr Abadeer?”

“Yeah, just Marshall Lee will do Kiddo, I ain't that old yet..”

Marshall chuckled gently, tilting his Chin forward as the younger man kindled a small flame on his fingertips, lighting his senior’s Joint. Marshall inhaled deeply, tasting the nicotine on his tongue briefly before letting out a cloud of smog. The redhead coughed briefly in response, drawing out a menacholic smile from Marshall

“You still the Flame prince, Atlas?”

“Just as much as you're still a vampire”

A small space of comfortable silence. It's been 8 years since Marshall last set foot in Aaa.

“...Fire Kingdom doing okay?”

“Ish. We really had to start from scratch after well, everything went down I Guess. Thank glob we are basically lava and for the Humanizing Serum from Prince Gumball. Bless his -- soul...”

Marshall’s left ear twitched at the mention of the Candy prince, the cigarette not leaving his lips as he yet again drew a shaky breath. Atlas noticed his change in demeanour and decided to hold his tongue, clearing his throat as he realised he had unintentionally hit a nerve that should have gone numb with time. Marshall flung his smoke onto the ground, watching as it coughed out a splutter of ash. 8 years later and the wound was still fresh.

“How about the Other Kingdoms? They doing alright without, well…. um”

Marshall started as calmly as he could, walking yet again, watching his feet as he heard the flame prince tag along behind him. His head was a mess with all the memories he wish he didn't remember.

“Yup. Slime kingdom was fine the last time I checked, the ice kingdom is still cold as fuck, the breakfast kingdom was trashed and the entire west of Ooo is basically a dump site....”
“The… Candy kingdom?”

Marshall proffered, noticing how Atlas had ungracefully avoided mentioning the state of the area

“Oh uh..um.. like I said. The humanizing serum was all that we really had to build up Aaa again so.. it's basically populated with mostly Humanoid candy people as of now.”

“Huh. That's pretty weird. Rad”

Just like Bubba was

Was what Marshall meant to say, but the name was caught like bile in his throat. He turned a corner, the flame prince following suit as they reached a musky, wooden building, dripping with moss and algae.

“Wow. Looks like they didn’t bother to redecorate.”

“Yeah. Fiona said she liked it just the way it was. I'm proud of my baby girl. She really brought the business in”

Atlas chuckled, smiling as Marshall swallowed hard. 8 years. 8 years since he last saw everyone. Since he saw his own Sister Marceline and Simone and Fiona. Since the 4th Great War. Since Bubba-

The doors swung open, and Marshall was greeted by the sound of Familiar jazz and dark, polished wood floors. Patreons littered the area, unfamiliar faces and nonchalant stares. Marshall Gulppe, popping the collar of his flannel two buttons down as he sauntered into the bar area, settling himself down onto the stool. It was strange, seeing some once elemental creatures now in their human forms, their previous selves only vaguely identifiable with specific nuances of their signature characteristics. They were all around him, some still candy people or slime blobs or even animals, but mostly human like. The Great War DID wipe out 80% of Aaa’s original population after all. He sighed, well knowing how much he needed a drink as his brain processed this.

“Marshall?”

Came a high pitched squeak from the corner of the bar, and the Vampire smiled as a bright eyed, bushy tailed Blonde greeted him with almost teary eyes.

“Hey Fi--Oooff-!”

Marshall felt his lungs constrict as the girl literally launched herself over the bar counter to hug him, burying her face in his neck and leaving him with a mouthful of her blonde luscious locks

“Where have you been dude?? Oh my glob i have so much to tell you about!!”

She hopped foot to foot excitedly as she gave Marshall’s arm another squeeze, looking to Atlas excitedly as the redhead smiled and took a seat next to the both of them. Marshall smiled tiredly, but was geniuely happy to see his old buddy again, but looked to Atlas for some help.

“Maybe next time babycakes, Marshall looks pretty worn out…”

“Awww come on Atlas~ Marshall!! You'll tell me won't you? Where have ya been? We all thought you died, you butt…”

She said with a laugh, but a slight hint of sadness in her voice. The same old Fiona, a strong and
happy front even in the face of tragedy.

“We missed you.”

Time had clearly made fine work out of her; she had a sporty, yet curvy build, gentle sloping hips and a chest that would make any other woman jealous. Her eyes were the same dark, curious blue, golden locks now out of her rabbit hat and cascading down her shoulders and back.

“Heh… I missed you too Fiona. But… this is still a lot going on that I need to process… maybe next time when this has all sunk in…”

Marshall mumbled sheepishly, patting the gentle arm that rested on his own as he smiled to Fiona, earning himself a hard slap across the face.

“Yeah. I deserved that.”

The vampire winced, groaning softly.

Atlas sighed as Fiona scowled and took a deep breath, looking Marshall directly in The Eye.

“Darn straight you did… you left us to worry Marshall… all of us.”

She stormed off into the back room and Atlas pat him gently on the shoulder as a bleak sign of comfort. Fiona had every right to be angry after all.

“I'll get you a drink…Bloody Mary?”

“Sounds good man. And actually…a glass of cranberry vodka doesn't sound too bad either”

Marshall sighed, placing a hand on the burning print on his grey-blue skin. He felt alive. Around him, it seemed the world had moved on and along, as if Marshall Lee Abadeer didn't matter, whether he existed or not. There were a few curious stares here and there, some kindles of recognition, but hardly anyone else seemed to want to strike up a conversation. And somehow, Marshall was relieved of that. He watched Flame prince shake up his cocktails for a while, before feeling a pair of eyes on him. He tilted his head to the right, and spotted a man, maybe just around his physical age take a seat at the end of the bar. 23...24 maybe. Gentle violet eyes and a head of soft pink hair, skin pale and white and sickly, looking him over before quickly glancing down at his lap.

It couldn't be.

“Here are your drinks--”

Marshall spun back around, jolted from his thoughts as Atlas slammed his Two drinks onto the counter and smiled warmly. The redhead blinked as he briefly glanced over to what Marshall was staring at, spotting the Man dressed in a Pale pink cardigan and beige slacks.

“Oh… yeah that guy has been a regular For a while now..”

“…..name?”

“No one knows actually, he rarely talks. Just… Drinks. Usually a strawberry margarita…”

Marshall ran a hand through his dark hair, chewing on his lower lip intensively as a million questions buzzed through his mind. Frustration and doubt ate at him. It couldn't be. It wasn't, was it? There was no way in heck that was Bubba Gumball.

The candy prince was 6 feet under.
Atlas noticed his discomfort and gently rested a hand on Marshall’s arm, realising that the latter was trembling. He spoke carefully, phrasing his soft words with a sharp tone.

“Marshall… that ain’t Bubba. I’ve said before that Candy humans are all over the place now and… well, You well know that the Candy prince is in a better place right now…”

“Ye-yeah… Sorry I just…”

Marshall started slowly before sucking in a deep breath and relaxing his shoulders. He went silent and drank the shades of red from his Bloody Mary till it was half gone, all in one go before wiping his lips with the back of his hand.

“Get me a strawberry margarita.”

He choked out, pinching the nose bridge between his eyes.

“Marshall, I don’t think that’s a good idea…”

“Not for me. For him.”

“Oh.”

Atlas wiped down a glass and set it on the bar top, glancing at the pink gentleman at the end of the bar yet again before looking back to Marshall. This didn't bode well with him in the least either. But before Atlas could even protest, Marshall had scribbled down his phone number on a napkin and handed it to him.

“Thanks buddy…”

Marshall smiled half heartedly as The flame prince then prepared the sweet cocktail and dropped a fresh Strawberry into the drink. The younger man could only nod in acknowledgement, heading over to the candy person and setting the drink down. Marshall did his best not to stare in that general direction as the patron was startled and insisted he didn't order this. The way he moved his arms as he spoke seemed almost animated. The Flame prince quietly chuckled and pointed at the vampire, signalling his time to act. Marshall took a last swig of the shades of his drink before smirking confidently at the young man at the end of the table, meeting his violet eyes, mesmerised by the sight of the younger Candy person as a blush crossed the pink male’s pale cheeks. He lifted his glass of now grey alcohol and chuckled as the other man flushed a deep hue of pink.

The gaze was torn as quick as their eyes met, and Marshall heaved a soft sigh of relief as the candy man graciously accepted the drink and wrapped his thin fingers around the neck of the glass, tentatively taking a sip, eyes still downcast.

Atlas returned quietly to his Bartenders duties after that, and Marshall started on the shades of red of his cranberry Vodka. It wasn't Long before he felt the burn of alcohol in his empty stomach and he groaned softly, stealing a glance yet again to the candy man, only to find the rightmost barstool empty. There was a piece of paper beneath the glass along with a half eaten chunk of that strawberry in the drink. Floating over, Marshall struggled to read the incomprehensible cursive, only partially due to the alcohol in his system.

Outside. 11.15pm
Red

“Ah.. Jeez.”
Marshall chuckled breathlessly, only partially amused, but he wasn’t sure if it was because if he didn’t laugh he would cry. Cute. But oh, such effort.

Chapter End Notes

Heyooo
Thank you for reading the first chapter of this fic ^_^ it's been a while since I really felt like writing anything, so this pairing was really what made me feel the urge to write again!

Do leave a Kudos if you enjoyed it and comment your opinions on the story! I really love hearing from everyone :>

See you in the next chapter! <3
Chapter Notes

**WARNING oh SHit the smut and angst starts now prepare yourself**

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Marshall stepped outside through the back door, the door loudly creaking as to announce his exit. He was Glad no one saw him leave and would even make an effort to stop him. Glancing around, he spotted the man who pegged himself “Red” standing just around the corner, a red scarf swathed around his neck as he looked down at his own feet, shuffling slightly. Marshall smiled briefly and soundlessly floated over, landing on his feet right before the slightly shorter man.

“Hey handsome.”

Marshall spoke smoothly, looping his thumbs through his belt loops as he saw Red look up rather timidly, half his face behind the red scarf. In the light of the flickering street lamp, Marshall noticed how Long Red’s lashes were, and how he was not as thin and sickly as he had appeared to be, all bunched up in the corner of the bar like that. He was pretty lean, but had some muscle in there, Marshall observed as he looked him over head to toe.

“What's the hurry?”

He teased, smirking as the man seemed to get even smaller, not speaking up in the least. So Marshall was rather surprised when Red grabbed his hand and led him into the nearby alleyway, shoving him against the brick wall almost carefully, with thought out precision.

“Woah…hey man if you wanna rob me I'm just saying I'm so broke I can't even Pay attention…”

The Vampire laughed gently as he felt the pink haired man suddenly lean over to caress the slight bulge between his legs, warm breath ghosting past Marshall's neck.

The rational part of Marshall's brain told him this was too good to happen so quickly, and that he should be at least mildly shocked. But the other part of him licked his lips and decide to treat himself to an easy, well deserved reward. After all, he was getting what he wanted in the end anyways, much easier than expected. This was just one of the hundreds of hookups he has had in his entire 1012 years of existing

So when Red got onto his knees and tugged down Marshall's pants, the vampire didn't object in the least.

“Glob... you really want it huh. Cute.”

Marshall mumbled incoherently, gently threading his fingers through Red’s head of pink hair as the latter carefully took the head of Marshall's flaccid cock into his mouth, never breaking eye contact. Marshall hummed in content, watching as the man before him sucked his tip almost rythmicly, one hand pressed to Marshall's pelvis for support, the other gently tugging at the base of his cock almost passively. He groaned, letting out a soft sigh as he let himself get harder while Red seemed to be taking his time with the whole show, almost as if he was savouring every moment of it.
Marshall tried to stop his brain from working but the more he looked at Red, the more he thought of The Candy prince. The more he tried to stop thinking about how Bubba used to suck him off, the more he consciously thought about everything. The loud, lewd and sloppy sounds Bubba used to make with his mouth full, and how he would take Marshall to the hilt and have him spilling over the edge in minutes.

“Hha…ack…Sorry sweet cheeks..you're gunna have to do better than that to get me off..”

Marshall grunted, the image of Bubba scoffing down his entire cock hungrily burned into his field of vision as he glanced down at the Candy person slowly adjusting his position, hardly making a sound. Marshall gently grabbed a fistfull of Red’s Hair, tipping the male’s head back gently before forcefully thrusting his cock into the Latter’s mouth.

“Breath through your nose….mmm.. slowly..”

Marshall went slow at first, watching as the man before him seemed to gag briefly, beautiful violet eyes tearing up slightly as the vampire picked up the pace.

“Yeah…. good boy...hhha.. oh glob…”

Marshall groaned as Red seemed to start to choke a bit, pushing back against Marshall's pelvis almost hesitantly as he shut his eyes and tried to keep up. The Vampire felt his fangs slowly coming through as he peaked, his hips now moving at a much quicker pace while Red bobbed his head obediently and gave a soft, occasional moan against Marshall's hard on.

“Hhha…you look so much like him… fuck..ohh Bubba…”

Marshall sighed as he moaned deep in his throat, doing his best not to go overboard as he felt himself close to climaxing. Soon, he felt a deep sinking feeling in his gut as he closed his eyes and mumbled a quick notion for Red to pull away. But the man only gave Marshall's thigh a slight squeeze before leaning back slightly, spit dripping down the corners of his mouth as pumped Marshall's hard member. The Vampire was frankly too exhausted from everything to even care, and simply watched, panting briefly as he came into Red’s mouth with a silent grimace. The candy man swallowed easily and lapped up the mess he made, still relatively silent as ever as Marshall absentmindedly stroked a calm hand through his thick head of pink locks, coming down from his high with Bubba’s name on his lips.

Marshall never saw him again after that day.

Chapter End Notes

Ahhhhhhahhh I hope everyone gets what is going on so far-

Please leave a kudos if you like this work! I love hearing questions and opinions in the comments too so do leave your thoughts here as well :D enjoy the story and see you all in the next chapter :>
Marshall spent the next few weeks after his timely experience at the bar just shuffling through the things in his home in the cave. Everything appeared to be just as he left it, all except for a thin layer of dust that had settled over his furniture and a few dead rats and lizards. He could barely remember what it felt like to rest on his couch and just do nothing. But he was used to not being home much, after all he would spend days on end at Gumball’s palace just making love, eating red and drinking pink and helping the candy kingdom run errands-

Marshall would like to think he was almost a good and useful citizen that had some form of purpose in his life before disaster struck.

He would have loved to say that his strange encounter with Red was like a passing cloud to him, but Marshall couldn’t lie. That candy man was gorgeous, even through his haze of incoherency and 8 years of unsatisfied libido, this Marshall knew. The Vampire was never really attracted to anyone else after the war, and he honestly didn’t remember how good it felt to be serviced like that, by an exceptionally handsome individual at that. Regretfully, Marshall did wish he was sober enough to remember their conversation if they even had one; because despite everything, he wanted more than just- that.

It was a Monday night, not like Marshall had any use for time and dates after all, he was immortal. But he was standing shirtless in his kitchen, busy grinding up some tomatoes in a stock pot that evening when he heard his phone vibrate on the kitchen table. Floating over quickly, he hastily picked it up to see that an unknown number had texted him

**Can I see you tonight?**

Marshall cocked a brow, pausing before replying

*Who is this?*

...

...

**Red.**

Marshall almost dropped his phone as his intuition jeered him. The boy from 3 weeks ago had actually kept his number.

**Please?**
Marshall almost shocked himself with the lack of hesitance in his reply.

**The Candy kingdom**

There was a strange longing tugging at Marshall's heart strings as he saw Bubba's smile, speaking the curt replies on his screen. The sudden rush of adrenaline practically begged him to respond irrationally as he turned off the stove and grabbed his valuables, throwing on a ripped tank top before literally gushing out his house in a mad dash to the Candy kingdom.

And the sight that greeted him was infallible.

Houses built out of simple cherry red bricks and marshmallow, everything with a lost sense of identity and individualism. For a town where everything was made out of Candy, there seemed to be a lack of quirkiness and charm, and from a distance, everything was--- normal.

Yet, there were beggars on the street, huddling close under flickering lampposts, bent out of shape by the war. There were shell shocked banana Guards who seemed human enough, but were laying on the pavement and scuffling away from nothing, a look of fear and sadness in their teary eyes, clearly having been laid off their duties due to a lack of rehabilitation. There were houses, yes but there were also ruins. There were families having candle lit dinners in half built or run down candy houses, candy children who seemed orphaned and were sharing a loaf of bread right next a house with obvious relative grandeur. Marshall realised the clear contrast in economic inequality, and it scared him to think that without a ruler, this was what the candy kingdom, a domain once praised for its equity and efficiency, had come to.

A power hungry, self competitive capitalist state where the rich ruled the poor.

Marshall was getting lost in his thoughts, trying to identity the candy kingdom by some significant landmarks of the past but failed to find them. Heck, even the royal palace seemed to be nothing but a pile of candied rubble and burnt sugar. Slowly, hesitantly, he approached the palace, the only thing he still recognised. He trod slowly, eyes hot and head heavy at the notion of recalling the time he spent here with his friends, his Bubba.

But just as Marshall was ready to go full on reminiscing, he felt a curt yet purposeful tug at the back of his top. He gasped silently and looked over his shoulder to see Red, clad only in a thin white shirt and the same beige cardigan and baby blue bermudas.

“Oh…Hey there.”

Marshall spoke softly, as if he was worried if he was any louder Red would dart away, tail between his legs. Now completely sober, Marshall was now fully aware of how much the smaller male looked exactly like Bubba. The same pink whiff of hair, downcast, violet eyes, gentle Cupid bow lips and Long lashes that seems to catch every ray of light that chanced upon them. He held his breath, watching as Red parted his lips to speak.

“....I'm sorry...I really wanted to… see you again….Mr.. um..”

His voice was a smooth, delightfully Low tenor, nervousness making it so his speech was fragmented, almost as if he was embarrassed by what came out of his mouth, but his words seemed to only be barely audible. Marshall smiled as he saw a heavy shade of pink flush across Red’s countenance and gently brushed a stray lock of hair from Red’s eyes.
“It's Marshall Lee...and it's okay, sugar. I really wanted to see you too…”

Marshall said with a strange form of relief that he knew not came from where, knowing that Red finally came to know his name. Red seemed to gape for a while, a slight hint of foreign recognition his eyes, but it faded fast and he gulped as Marshall lay a hand on his hip carefully. He seemed to almost lean into his touch, rather infatuated. The Vampire found it strange to say the least, but hardly had time to protest as Red spoke up again.

“I-I know you are taken… and this is selfish of me to ask if but… I'm so lonely”

Marshall cocked his head slightly and rubbed the back of his neck, uncertain of what exactly was going on. How could someone so gorgeous like Red be so alone? But more importantly;

“I'm…not taken. Well, more like my significant other and I were separated by...unfavourable circumstances.”

Marshall spoke up before pausing momentarily, suddenly hyper aware of the fact that Bubba Gumball was dead and he was never coming back. There was no alternate universe he could run to, there was no more order in the kingdom he felt most at home at. It was time to move on and he was sure Bubba would find his concept of mourning absolutely ridiculous.

“Well… it was a Long time ago, and I rather not talk about it”

Red looked like he had something to say in protest, but he opened his quaint, pink lips to speak before swallowing his words to say something else instead.

“....I'm sorry”

“Stop apologising.”

“Sorry..”

Marshall sighed softly and leaned over slightly to plant a gentle kiss to Red’s lips. Effectively silencing him. Word must have got around fast about his previous relationship.

“It's…not your fault. So don't be sorry. I'm Glad to be with you tonight…”

Marshall cooed, voice suddenly velvet as it fell a few octaves. He smiled triumphantly as Red visibly shuddered, violet eyes glazed over with some elaborate hint of lust as he looked towards Marshall. The Pink haired man seemed uncertain but looped his hands around Marshall's neck, and in the middle of the silent Chaos and ruin of the Candy kingdom, they kissed, slowly and uncertainly, both trembling with a need that came from absolutely nowhere. Everything was broken and splitting at the seams as Marshall felt Red slide his tongue into his mouth, tasting like cotton candy and Sin, lust and marshmallows and everything that tasted as sweet as temptation.

Things were moving too quickly as the kiss escalated into something a little more intense, Marshall slowly rubbing his knee against Red’s crotch as he devoured the man’s lips hungrily, enjoying the submissive whimpers that came from his younger counterpart. In the middle of the road. Red held on to Marshall’s arms, gasping against his lips as he felt the Vampire give his bottom a squeeze. He flushed heavily, breathing bated as Marshall slowly pulled back, Red’s lower lip between his teeth as he gently tugged, sucking the red from his swollen lips. Red shuddered, a hot flush and electrical current that went straight to his groin as Marshall licked his fangs and smirked lazily, eyes red seductive slits.

“You wanna take this somewhere else, baby?”
Marshall asked kindly, his hand against the small of Red’s back, slipping up the back of his t-shirt to trace the groove of his spine. The candy man bit his lip, his ears red at the use of the pet name as he timidly nodded and noticed some candy folk pointing and staring.

“I-I…i don't really have a home…”

“It's okay. Just… somewhere quiet… where we can be alone...yeah?”

Red blushed harder at this statement and was urged on by Marshall to his shack by the royal stables. Marshall was surprised as he saw the entire royal stable, host to at least 30 horses was empty, and the only form of life seemed to be the rundown shed by the entrance of the area. Marshall watched as Red unlocked the candy bark shed that wasn't much bigger than a singular horse stable, but had a bed for one, a cupboard and a table, a lone light bulb hanging from the ceiling. He followed suit as Red removed his shoes and walked to the centre of the tiny room, wringing his hands slightly in apprehension. Marshall decided to break the awkward tension first and tugged off his Tank top, folding it neatly over a chair before slowly peeling the beige cardigan off Red’s shoulders. Through the thin white top, Marshall could see the toned expanse of Red’s chest, his pert, pink nipples slightly erect as the vampire slowly undid the buttons to his blue bermudas as well. He wanted this now.

“Tell me if you want to stop. Yeah?”

Marshall mumbled against Red’s neck, gently pressing his hand against the slight bulge in Red’s pink boxers, cupping it gently as he rubbed. He kissed along the shorter man’s nape, humming softly in approval as Red nodded and gradually placed a hand on his chest, groaning slightly, swallowing his moans as much as he could. Red was only just a few centimetres shorter than Marshall, and had no problem at all leaning up to kiss the Vampire full on the lips in a rash act of need. Marshall moaned slightly, seeing his anticipation and led him to the bed, pressing him down into the creaky mattress and hearing him squeak slightly in shock.

“Haa… Jeez. You are so cute…it's like you're a little virgin..”

Marshall lamented fondly, tracing a knuckle across Red’s cheek as he continued to gently rub him through his boxers. Red flushed hard and arched his hips into Marshall's touch, moaning with bated breath as his violet eyes wandered across Marshall's God of a body before meeting his predatory gaze.

“Mm...i...I wouldn't know anyways… Hha.”

He responded briefly, threading a hand through Marshall's touch as he reached down to grope the obvious bulge now forming in Marshall's skinny jeans. The vampire made a mental note of the ambiguous response but was too turned on to really care less. He growled softly at this and leaned over to kiss Red, tasting his sweet lips as he let the candy man slip his hand between his legs.

“Hhaa…!”

Red Gasped as Marshall rubbed slightly harder and grinned against his lips, pressing their mouths together erratically in a series of non committal, irregular pecks. The younger man whimpered, voice coming out in a soft groan

“Mmm-!..Marshall…”

The Vampire groaned as he heard his name roll off Red’s tongue like that. A mental image of the Late candy prince coming apart beneath him suddenly flooded his thoughts, and Marshall was this close to calling his name in response.
Dead.
He is dead Marshall Lee

Rather aggravated but somewhat desperate, Marshall was just about ready to start tugging more of
the Red’s clothes off when their passionate exchange was interrupted by a loud thud just outside the
shed, followed by a series of monochromatic taps and dirt scuffling.

“Oh jeez- I forgot to set up Lord Monochromnicorn’s pen-”

Red swallowed and sheepishly pushed Marshall off him unwittingly, scrambling to zip up his pants
and stumbled out the door in a frenzy. Marshall blinked, the Steed’s name like a bolt of familiarity as
he floated above the bed. It was rotten and an untimely entrance, but it made Marshall's throat grow
dry. After all, the unicorn was Gumball’s loyal steed and was untamed by no one except The prince
himself. So how…

Curiosity getting the better of him, Marshall looked out the door, watching as Red gently patted the
dark creature on the nose and kissed its forehead. The unicorn neighed and made a series of taps and
scratches in morse code, frantic almost. But Red didn’t seem to understand or even notice, simply
leading it into a stall and closing it up. Marshall scrunched up his nose in confusion, wishing he
could understand morse well enough to catch what the unicorn was talking about half the time. But
now his dick was hard and Red was coming back, and it wasn't Long before the pink candy man
climbed back onto the bed and straddled Marshall by the waist, rutting his groin against Marshall's.

As more clothing was shed, Marshall ran his hands across the perky nipples of Red’s chest, the
translucent white shirt now clinging to the sweat slicken, sexy body of the candy man. Broad
shoulders, narrow hips and a flat tummy that seemed to undulate like soft ocean waves with every
movement.

All he saw was Bubba.

He watched as Red moaned for his attention, burying his face into Marshall’s neck as he sat between
the vampire’s legs and rubbed their cocks together, panting softly, body writhing, whimpering as
Marshall kept a firm grasp on his bare ass, giving the back of his thigh a encouraging squeeze.
Marshall grunted in pleasure, closing his eyes as he threw his head back and rocked his hips in time
with Red, hearing the man’s voice ring by his ears breathlessly

“Marshall… Marshall..hhhAaa..”

“Glob…”

Marshall groaned Long and deep, Red’s chest trembling against his as he released first, coating Their
members in his thick white fluids before relaxing onto the Vampire’s body. Marshall could taste his
scent, so sweetly disgusting as he sucked on Red’s neck, groaning albeit loudly as he reached climax
shortly after and came against Red’s stomach.

“Mmmm...you're so hot. you know that?”

Marshall whispered huskily into Red’s ear, nipping his earlobe gently as a show of affection. He
pressed his lips to Red’s jaw momentarily, and listened to the even breathing of the pink haired man,
running his hand across the smooth contours of his back and his perfect ass as they rested.
Everything was silent for a while as they came down from their high, and Red mumbled a soft
‘Thank you’ after a few minutes before pecking Marshall on the lips, moving his matted fringe from
his forehead. Marshall just smiled, cupping the side of Red’s face with one hand and stroking his
cheek with a thumb.
He was gorgeous. Bubba was gorgeous.

Chapter End Notes

Mmmmmmm I promise there is actually plot to this--- just gotta...get these feels outta the way first and build up...ya know- :3

Please leave a kudos if you enjoyed this work and would like for me to continue! I really enjoy seeing your thoughts and opinions on this story too so do leave a comment too~ see you in the next chapter! :D
Marshall drew in a deep breath, stretching his back slightly as he tilted his head to look at the pale pink back of his companion for the night. It wasn't like reality hadn't hit him like a brick multiple times already with the fact that he was basically gradually going to have pity sex with a guy that looked eerily like his dead lover, but Marshall still kind of hated it when he caught himself wishing the circumstances were different.

A cigarette and a half later, and Marshall felt like he was ready to face this reality- well, or whatever the fuck was going on. He couldn't just get up and leave after all. Red was clearly not asleep and Marshall knew he didn't want things to end this way. So Marshall gently rested a hand on Red’s slim waist beneath the covers, prompting him to turn and face him.

“So… you into Vampires huh.”

Marshall remarked with a slight chuckle, careful to leave the vehemence out of his tone. Guilt slapped him in the face though as he noticed the other male jolt slightly at his sudden touch before slowly turning to face him.

“...I'm into you.”

Red’s voice came out smooth and soft, just barely above a Whisper, but yet, seemingly surged with confidence. He cautiously inched fourth towards the vampire beside him with some coaxing, violet eyes fixated on Marshall's red ones.

“Haha… you're honest, that's cute.”

Marshall chuckled breathlessly, opting not to put his arms around the smaller man as Red cuddled up against him. He chose to instead nuzzle his nose into Red’s head of fluffy pink hair, inhaling the intoxicating scent of vanilla and bubblegum and sweat and melted candy corn. The words that left his lips next were unplanned, but Marshall couldn't stop himself.

“You're really my type kiddo.”

“…..”

Silence was his only response after that, but Red didn't pull away.

Everything seemed so distantly familiar, yet so horribly misplaced and fucked up. So Marshall simply continued to lay on his back on Red’s small bed, drawing in the warm, dense summer air and breathing out toxins as they watched the smoke spiral into the ceiling.

Red awoke the next morning in a start, already expecting to see an empty space beside him in his bed. So when he tilted his Chin to the side to see an absence of Marshall Lee, he tried to swallow whatever disappointment there was and move on. Marshall didn't seem like the kind to commit anyways, and rational logic told Red that he shouldn't ever involve himself with such possibly promiscuous individuals, but something attracted him to Marshall. Despite everything, Red knew that he knew this Vampire. Marshall seemed to be the constant, the only face he truly did recognise, but
could never put a name to until last night.

He felt like he knew everything about this obscure individual, but common sense told him he knew nothing.

Heaving a soft sigh, Red brushed off the scent of nicotine and sex still lingering in the room and sat upright over the side of the bed. He was groggy with exhaustion and his head felt light, his body sticky with sweat. Everything was a blur, but in a warm, fuzzy kind of way. He pulled up his pants from last night and threw on a random shirt, grimacing as he noticed that his white shirt from the night before was soaked in sweat—amongst other things.

It was sad really, that Red had no memories from before the war. It seemed like all the other candy people knew who they were and where they came from; Starchy the donut hole was the local jack of all trades, and Muffin top was a weight trainer at the gym, just to name a few. But here he was, a candy person without a past, purpose or future.

There was only Marshall Lee.

“Some rotten fate I have…”

He mumbled to himself, stretching his arms and deciding that he would head down to the river spring to shower and clear his head before thinking about Marshall again. So he gathered up his old clothing from the week and stepped outside into the early morning rays, the entire candy kingdom bathed in a light blue tint of sleepy sunlight. He walked barefoot past the stables, only to do a double take as he saw a shirtless Marshall standing by Lord Monochromicorn’s stall, a hand tucked into his jeans pocket, the other holding a cigarette, poised between his lips. ‘Elegant’ was the only word Red could think of as he watched Marshall suck in a breath from 10 feet away, messy ebony hair askew and jeans riding Low on his thin grey hips, showing off the fine trail of hair leading from his bellybutton to his crotch; something Red never really did have the chance to fully appreciate. His back was arched slightly as he heaved a sigh, the smoke shrouding his handsome countenance in an air of lethargy. Red quickly pulled his eyes away, too nervous to admit that he was staring, but then he heard footsteps crunching, red eyes fixated on him.

“Morning bubblegum.”

The nickname somehow triggered something inside Red and his ears started to ring for a second, vision blacking out for just a few seconds as he tried to steady himself.

“Woah- be careful… you'll hurt yourself.”

Marshall exclaimed gently as he steadied Red, a strong arm around his waist as Red gripped the clothes basket. There was a sudden wave of contrite that seemed to wash over Marshall’s face for a second as those violet eyes met his, but it was quickly replaced by concern again as he leaned in to kiss Red on the forehead, combing his pink locks aside.

“Sorry about leaving you to wake up alone...i just needed some time to think. Still a dick move though...no excuse.”

Marshall sighed with a small smile, and was relieved to have it returned with a non-committal shrug on Red’s behalf as the shorter man flushed.

“It's fine...thank you for staying the night.”

“I wanted to.”
Red flushed even more, but just nodded as Marshall threaded their fingers together and kissed his hand briefly.

“Hey...you don't mind the smoke yeah?”

He asked softly, chuckling as Red responded with a curt shake of the head.

“I don't mind it…”

“Mmm...then..”

Marshall tilted Red’s Chin up slightly and pressed their lips together, gently sucking on his New counterpart’s soft, luscious Cupid's bow. Red let out an unintentional moan, melting into the kiss as he rested a hand on Marshall’s chest. But a rooster crowed in the distance, and Marshall pulled back rather regretfully.

“Ack..I have to head back before the sun rises, honey...or you know, death and all that jazz…”

He laughed softly and looked to Red one last time with a gentle, lazy smile, before floating backwards towards the dark forest.

“You have my number yeah? I want to see you again.”

Red simply nodded in response, and blinked as Marshall changed into a Bat and fluttered off into the distance, disappearing just as the warm sun replaced the cool Colours of the night and warmed Red’s skin. It was only then did he realise that he was crying, and nothing could stop the overwhelming tears that trickled down his face, his heart filled with emotions he didn't even know why he harboured.

***************************

“Um… Atlas, right?”

The redhead blinked, hearing a soft, unfamiliar voice at the bar. He was surprised to see the Gumball lookalike, glancing up from his strawberry margarita, speaking to him.

“Ahh.. yeah. That's me.”

He smiled warmly, walking over to address the man directly, with a pleasant and comforting smile.

“What can I do for ya?”

Red swallowed and seemed to hesitate before asking in a voice no louder than a Whisper

“Could I ask… if you know who ‘Bubba’ is?”

Atlas raised a brow in question as he bent down to get a clean glass to polish. He silently wondered if Marshall had already gotten a taste of Red already in the weeks before.

“Bubba? As in Bubba Gumball.?”

“I should… assume so.. Is there any other?”

Atlas paused in slight disbelief, nodding slowly

“Huh...as a candy person I’d thought you'd know your own Ruler but…Bubba Gumball was the late
ruler of the Candy kingdom about 8 years ago, till just after the Great War.”

Atlas took a good look at Red and squinted, causing the candy man to shift uncomfortably under his scrutiny.

“Huh...in fact, I would say you look a heck like him. Which is ironic..in its own way.”

“O-oh… okay. Thank you..”

“Don't mention it sir.”

There was a small space of silence as Atlas went back to polishing glasses, and Red decided to try and prod for more

“Um...D-do you know anything about Marshall Lee..? I'm not seeking any personal information or trying to be rude...I just..”

Atlas turned and paused, opening his mouth to speak before closing it.

“I...I'm sorry sir but I don't think I tell you much more than what's obvious, a bartender’s code of honor. Mr Abadeer is a Musician and is about 1012 years old...he is a nice person at heart despite his looks and he left Aaa right after the War... and just returned the night you first saw him here actually..”

“Ah, yeah... I get that. Thank you though.”

Red said softly, albeit a little disappointed he didn't find out anything he didn't know about Marshall or how the Candy prince was related to his current lover of 2 months.

“I heard my name?”

Came a gentle, familiar coo from the back of Red’s left ear and a pair of cold hands came to rest on his waist. He jumped slightly, almost knocking over his drink, and Atlas just sighed and turned around as he saw the invisible Vampire slowly take shape.

“M-Marshall…”

“That's Ma name~ Don't wear it out~”

He said with a toothy grin, giving Red a quick kiss on the jaw before getting into the seat beside him.

“Oh my… you're soaking wet..!”

Red exclaimed as he looked over the Vampire beside him, paying way too much attention to the way the water droplets dropped off his sharp jawline or slithered down his neck.

“Ah~ its fine. It's not like I'll get sick or anything…”

Marshall shrugged off his wet outer leather jacket and hung it up before returning to his place by Red side, where Atlas stood waiting.

“...What?”

“Marshall… please don't do this. You are going to hurt more than just yourself this time.”

Atlas stated curtly, glaring at the Vampire before him. Marshall narrowed his eyes slightly and gave a
small warning hiss. Red blinked in confusion and gaped slightly, looking down at his lap slowly as he saw both Atlas and Marshall turn to face him.

“You're making him uncomfortable, Atlas.”

Marshall's hand was cold and gentle as it rested comfortably on his thigh. Red felt slightly calmer but also felt sick.

“Fiona, could you help me watch over Red for a while?”

Atlas simply called out, and Fiona skipped over to the counter and quite literally hauled Red off his seat, immediately introducing herself and exclaiming how she was going to teach him bar tricks and show him off to her friends. Red didn't even have the heart to protest, but simply smiled a small smile as Marshall glowered over the circumstance.

“What do you want kid.”

Marshall sighed in resignation, slicking back his wet hair as he looked to the rather peeved flame prince.

“You know exactly what I'm trying to point out here dude...you can't just date someone because...well.”

“Who I choose to spend my time with is not your concern.”

Marshall challenged, posture straightening as he stood up from the bar stool. Atlas sighed softly and dropped his gaze, not wanting an argument in the least.

“I'll talk to him sweetie, I heard enough to Guess where this is goin’”

Came a soothing southern drawl from the inside of Atlas’s apron pocket, and out stretched Cake, yawning as she ruffled her tail and plonked herself on the table between Marshall and The flame prince.

“Cake?”

“That's right sucker, haven't see you 'round in a while now have we- and oh my dear lord almighty you landed yourself a fine work of the Candy kingdom yet again now, haven't you now Marshall Lee.”

She purred, gaze turning to the gentleman dressed in maroon skinny jeans and a beige Shirt with a pale pink quiff. He was laughing gently with some older women, Fiona sparking a loud conversation about dirty laundry and safety pins

“Looks like your type.”

“Shut up.”

“Well sweetie, I wouldn't say this is a huge problem, but I don't think you've told your new candy Boyfriend here the entire story…”

She sing songed, keeping her eye on the seemingly impatient Marshall.

“You do know that the kid don't even remember who he was before this and where he came from, right? That little sugarplum didn't even know who Bubba Gumball was until just now.”
“You fuck- what did you tell him?”

Marshall hissed, eyes suddenly lighting with an irrational, accusational angry flame as he leaned over the table and stared down Atlas, who simply chose to walk into the kitchen and away from the chaos.

“Now now Marshall, Atlas ain’t said nothin’ about who Bubba was to you… but I think you should really talk to your sweetheart about all this… especially since he does look like a carbon copy of our dear prince.”

Cake rationalised, placing a gentle paw on Marshall's balled up fist on the table beside her. He had his walls up, defences high, and she knew there was no use trying to probe him further for the full story.

“He seems like an absolute angel, and I think the last thing you wanna do is break his heart…no?”

Marshall was silent for a while, turning his head away slightly before heaving a sigh and grabbing his cigarette tin in his leather jacket

“I need a damn smoke..”

He mumbled before he exited through the side door to the porch of the bar, storming right past Red who was happily chatting up a conversation about bottle caps with some Cougars. The candy man’s expression immediately fell as he saw Marshall storm out and he quickly excused himself, falling in step with The Vampire just as they reached the outdoor porch.

“Marshall…?”

Red said softly as he saw the Vampire do his best to light the cigarette in his mouth with trembling hands, the lighter sparking a few times before burning the joint. It was only after Marshall took in a deep breath of nicotine did he turn to face Red, his Cadaver grey features a shade paler if that was even possible.

“Is everything okay?”

Red tried again, slowly approaching Marshall and successfully locking their arms together by their elbows. There was a pained silence before Marshall spoke up, trying to sound confident, but the crack at the end of his sentence betrayed him.

“Baby...you know I love you..right?”

“Hmm..well y-yeah I mean… of course..”

Red replied immediately, only taken aback by the nature of the question, but knew something like this foreshadowed something worse. Marshall was silent for a little longer, and Red rested his head against his shoulder, humming softly, patiently.

“Red...you asked Atlas about Bubba, correct?”

Marshall said slowly, sliding his hand around Red’s waist as the shorter man jolted and flushed a shade of dark red

“A-ah…h-he didn't tell me much except that He was a prince...I'm sorry, don't get mad at him-I didn't mean to pry...I just wanted to know-- “
Red was cut off as Marshall gently pressed their lips together, soothingly rubbing Red’s side as he sighed softly and pulled back. He smiled at the fact that Red had subconsciously defended Atlas before himself and nuzzled his nose into the crook of Red’s neck, inhaling his scent deeply.

“No… its fine, you need to know.”

Red inhaled sharply, unsure of what to say and instead decided to wait for Marshall to explain.

“Bubba...was the prince of the candy kingdom. The fairest in the land, the kindest of heart...heck, he even sacrificed himself to create a Serum that could revive the people of Aaa and make them human...which is probably the reason for your existence to be honest.”

Marshall paused to smoke, and Red held on tightly to the arm around his waist, nodding as he tried to stop his head from spinning with all this New yet seemingly familiar information.

“And well...he was my lover. My Boyfriend, Best Friend...worst enemy frankly but- he is gone. 8 years ago I put him in the ground after he gave himself up for the greater good, whatever that is.. and I left Aaa in search of relief. I didn't find any; but I was hoping I could forget. But fortunately, the unfortunate happened and i… well i met you.”

Marshall smiled a smile that was all teeth but devoid of humour, and Red could only nod dumbly and turn to look away, Marshall drawing in another breath of toxins as silence enveloped them.

“...you still...love him. Don't you?”

Red asked softly, hearing Marshall give a spluttered choke as he coughed out a cloud of smoke before looking to him, mouth agape, red eyesight glowing behind the grey fog.

“W-why would you say that…?”

The candy man gulped and leaned off Marshall, his head spinning slightly at the notion that Marshall was playing bluff. He walked about half a step before he felt his knees give way, only to be caught by Marshall’s firm grasp around his waist.

“Woah- hey babe…!”

Red immediately yanked himself free, stumbling against the wooden banister of the porch. Outside, the rain continued to pattered down relentlessly, its sharp crackle of silent lightning punctuating the monochromatic silence as Red stood, breathing softly, choking back the tears that seemed to slowly gather in his eyes for reasons he didn't quite understand.

“......”

Red gulped and just hung his head, trembling slightly as he let Marshall gently pull him closer and sigh, carefully bringing him into his embrace.
He felt Marshall gently placing his Chin on His own head, a hand gently rubbing down the small of his back.

“Is that all...you have to tell me?”

Red spoke softly, scared. For some reason there was a new, fresh image of an Angry Marshall Lee in his head, fangs bared and voice dark and spiteful, hateful words without logic, only meaning to harm and hurt. He never wanted things this way

He thought that with Marshall, things seemed to just make a lot more sense, and his personality that
made up who he once was was coming back to him bit by bit. With Marshall, he remembered. Or at least, he saw fractions of what his life once was.

So when the Vampire simply nuzzled his nose with his own and looped his arms around Red’s waist, the Candy man simply nodded and took whatever he heard as an answer, deciding once again that he would put all his faith in the man who miraculously gave his existence some marvelous, yet mysterious meaning.

“Well...you look just like him, Red.”

Chapter End Notes

Hhnnnn idk how I feel about where this is going but I have a feeling it's gunna be bad before it gets worse before it gets better- :'>

Please leave a kudos if you enjoyed this work and would like for me to continue! I really enjoy seeing your thoughts and opinions on this story too so do leave a comment too~ see you in the next chapter! :D
Seeing Red 03

Chapter Notes

seXy tImes oh god what am I doing to these poor baBes- /cries I'm such an evil author/

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

There was a party that night at the bar, which Marshall used as an excuse to get Red to finally go out on a proper date with him with all of his friends around. Never did he expect Red to ask Atlas these things about Bubba and have this entire evening turn into a silent identity discourse.

As they continued to stand outside the bar, rain pattering down relentlessly, Marshall kept his arms around Red, sensing the younger man’s slowly going rigid. The Vampire knew that if he wanted Red’s trust, he was going to have to come clean.

“Marshall...I would like to go home…”

The candy man spoke gently after a moment more, cold hands gently prying at Marshall's hand on his hip.

“Red, Baby...please I-”

Marshall stuttered out, letting Red go because he knew that Bubba didn't like it when Marshall used force. He hated that whatever he knew about Bubba was what he simply assumed about Red, but he couldn't help it.

Red continued to walk briskly away from The Vampire, arms around himself as he hung his head. Marshall hesitated before quickly catching up to him, stumbling over his own feet and stammering out excuses.

“It's raining now and you could get sick and I- I need to talk to you. We need to talk…”

“I'm….really tired Marshall. I just don't wanna think anymore..”

His voice seemed drained, exhaustive. Guilt washed over Marshall like a tidal wave.

“Okay…at least… let me give you a ride home..yeah?”

Marshall suggested softly, heaving a silent sigh of relief as Red gave a hesitant nod in response and let Marshall lead him back into the bar to gather their things. Marshall had placed his leather Jacket over Red’s shoulders and kissed his forehead as he placed his helmet over his pink head to shelter him as much as possible from the rain. He brought round his old motorcycle, feeling his whole body get drenched ice cold with the rain as Red simply clambered in the back and clung to him. Warmth emitted from Red’s chest to Marshall's back and everything seemed horrifyingly okay.

They rode in relative silence back to the candy kingdom, the rain splattering against them and soaked their clothes.

“Red…”
Marshall said after a few moments, only to receive a hum of acknowledgement a few seconds later.

“I...I didn't fall for you just because of your looks you know.”

Red had tensed up, but he wasn't responding

“I mean... you're flipping gorgeous just like Bubba was...it was one of the reasons I approached you but... why I wanted you to stay in my life was because of so much more…”

Marshall decided that it was best for silence now as Red shifted slightly and only clung tighter still, and drove through the candy kingdom to the royal stables. He parked in one of the horse stables and watched as Red hoped off and removed the helmet. Behind his now mussed up pale pink locks and the night time shadows that danced around the walls, Marshall saw that he was crying, his tears reflecting the moonlight off his salt stained face.

“Red- h-hey…”

“But I'm just like him? Right...? Like Bubba…”

Marshall fet his heart strings knot at the sight of Red wiping his tears away with the back of his already wet sleeve, pale pink skin flushed and glowing under the dim street lights.

“Baby…”

Marshall clambered off the bike, but didn't know what else to say. Because somewhere in his heart he still yearned for the candy prince, whether he liked it or not. And some part of him wasn't sure anymore, if all Red’s idiosyncrasies were Bubba’s or if the Vampire himself was just projecting his previous lover onto him.

“...Don’t cry anymore okay? I'll put you to bed…”

Marshall said gently and was pleasantly surprised as Red launched himself against him, burying his face in the wet crook of Marshall's neck, their warm bodies pressing against one another through wet cotton.

After some unceremonious tear wiping and prying of the younger man off Marshall, they peeled off wet socks amd shoes. Red had pulled off his wet shirt and dumped it in a corner, further proceeding to take off his skinny jeans and boxers in a jiffy before yanking on some clean ones. Marshall stood there albeit awkwardly, scratching the back of his neck and looking at his toes as Red now sat on the edge of his bed and fiddled with the hem of his boxers. After a few moments more of silence, Marshall heaved a soft sigh and walked over to Red, smiling a willy smile as he tucked a hand into his pocket and pressed his lips briefly to the Corner of Red’s mouth.

“You should get some rest. Please cover up and don't let your feet get cold...I'm sorry about tonight sweetie. Night night.”

Marshall gently ran his palm across Red’s smooth, beautiful face, ready to say goodbye. But Red had caught him by the arm, looking down as he stammered, face clearly a deep shade of Crimson.

“Wait. I...I want to... have S-Sex…”

Marshall swore his jaw had just unhinged itself

“Red…”
“Please-!”

Red’s voice had come out a little more desperate than he had wanted it to.

“I-it’s cold...and its raining and you are soaking wet and I can't let you go back in the rain because I love you and I'm so alone and I don't understand anything. I want you to keep me warm tonight and I want to feel you, your heat, your breathing because everything feels good when I'm with you, Marshall, and my existence makes sense when you are here so just-”

Marshall walked over to slowly cup Red’s blushing face, cutting the younger man short as he hiccuped in between tears.

“.....”

The Vampire felt a spear of trepidation pierce him, but Marshall wasn't really thinking straight and he had sparked a thought that may be improbable but this was his waking opportunity to test his theory.

“Red… I love you too..But I-”

Red started it off with a predatory kiss, lithe hips already grinding onto Marshall's as he whimpered slightly, hands grazing the pale grey skin of Marshall's arms. He was off the bed, trying to capture Marshall’s lips with his own as he felt those strong arms against his waist and the smooth, broad chest beneath his hands. Seconds later Marshall was shrugging off his wet flannel and Red was fumbling with the vampire’s belt, and everything was a heap on the floor as Red pressed Marshall to his creaky bed frame and watched as those glowing red eyes danced across the expanse of his pink body. He wasn't going to let the Vampire escape.

“Marshall…”

Red’s voice was soft as he gently caressed the slight bulge in Marshall's boxers, satisfied as he heard the older man Groan slightly in pleasure. Oh Glob he could feel how Big Marshall was and how he was warm and smelt like musk and graveyards and cigarettes in the falling rain. All smells he knew he'd ever smelt anywhere else before.

“Mmmm…”

Red’s breath caught in his throat as Marshall slid a hand to his bottom in return and gave it a slight squeeze before rubbing down his flank.

“Glob...are you sure about this Red…?”

Marshall murmured as the candy man pressed their lips together in a messy kiss, and Red just nodded frivolously, nibbling bravely at Marshall's upper lip. With that, Marshall grabbed Red’s hips and switched positions so the younger man was under him, face a dark Crimson as Marshall tugged down his boxers and watched Red’s half hard cock dribble Precum in anticipation.

“Cute…”

Marshall chuckled as he gently kissed down Red’s chest to his pelvis, nibbling a mark at his hipbone and savouring the way Red’s fingers curled slightly against the bedsheets as his breath hitched. The Vampire gently spread Red’s legs apart and nuzzled his nose to his knee as he breathed out slowly.

“Hey, is this your first time?”
He saw the way Red hesistated, paused even, before nodding.

“I-I'm not sure…”

“It's fine either way…we will take it slow yeah..?”

Marshall hummed, licking a stripe down Red’a inner thigh to the base of his dripping member, giving it a few small pumps as his sucked gently on the base. Red had whispered softly but gave no resistance except a ankle around Marshall's lower back, urging him closer still. Marshall then proceeded to kiss down the space between Red’s cock and his ass, reaching his gorgeous hole. Red was made of Candy, so bless his soul his hole was smooth and warm and bleached oh so perfectly, pretty and pink like the rest of him. Marshall licked his lips, fangs peeking out slightly as he grinned and went down like a predator. He licked in flat, even strokes for a while, holding Reds plump ass cheeks apart and watching in amusement as the younger man gasped and shifted his hips in protest, voice coming out in no more that a squeak.

“Hh-ha! Marshall..! Wha---”

The Vampire hoisted Red’s ass up with ease and muttered a gentle

“Relax baby..”

Before continuing to press his tongue into the tight heat, not really tasting anything but cotton candy and sweetness as Red gasped in pleasure and bit down on his knuckles, his hole twitching in anticipation as Marshall pulled away briefly and admired his work after what must have been a minute or so.

“Hhaa… Refreshing..”

He said in a voice that was dark and husky sending a shiver down every vertebrae of Red’s spine. Marshall continued to hoist Red’s hips up as he gently pressed his thumb to the now wet opening, watching as it gave way to some prodding as he rubbed it teasingly. The Vampire looked down to see a very embarasssed candy person, his face so flustered it was almost a bright red. Marshall chuckled and planted a gently kiss to the tip of Red’s aching cock, noticing how the younger man was watching his every move, violet eyes half lidded with lust and need and fear.

“Ima needa prep you…”

Marshall mumbled as he spit into his hands and coated his fingers well, smirking as he saw Red shudder and his cock twitch slightly at the gesture

“I don't have lube right now but...I'll be gentle”

Marshall cooed softly as he lay Red’s hips back down and slid into the space next to him, flipping the younger boy gently on his side as he spooned him slightly from behind. He lifted one of Red’s thighs up gently and kissed the back of his neck, grazing his fangs across the unmarked surface as the Boy before him whined softly. He was trembling slightly, but stopped as the Vampire used his free arm to pull him closer into his chest. Marshall paused before slowly easing in a finger, nuzzling his nose against the back of Red’s ear as the candy man gasped slightly.

“Sshh...I'm here baby…”

Marshall hummed as he felt Red wriggle around slightly in discomfort, his entrance tightening.

“Ima make you feel really good later… but you gotta relax… trust me.”
Red gave a curt nod in response and tipped his head back onto Marshall’s shoulder, breathing ragged already. The Vampire then proceeded to slowly move his finger around for a while, letting Red get used to the feeling. He was surprisingly soft for a virgin, and was taking it pretty well. Red was giving the occasional gasp and slight moan, but 3 fingers later, Marshall felt like Red was prepared, and the Vampire knew he was ready, his own member already stiffened in his boxers.

“Ma-Marshall…”

Red called out meekly as The Vampire took his fingers out, feeling himself now strangely empty. The older man hummed softly in acknowledgement, peeling off his boxers as he continued to pepper kisses along Red’s nape from behind

“I wanna see your face…when you fuck me..”

Surprised by the sudden use of Vulgarities, Marshall found himself blushing slightly as he complied and leaned over the younger man once again. He saw the way those violet eyes trail over his entire being and quickly leaned in to steal a kiss from Red before reaching for his pants

“Gimme a sec...gotta get a condom..”

Marshall explained briefly but was stopped as Red held his wrist, once again blushing slightly as he dare not meet Marshall's gaze.

“You're clean right? Then… it doesn't matter. I'm yours anyways…”

Red's voice was a soft drawl, one that made Marshall question everything as the Candy man smiled a soft, sweet smile that made everything fall into place.

They made love that night. And Marshall didn't sleep a wink.

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaahhhh they are gonna BaNg this Clift hanger was cruel but necessary I'm sorry :'>

Please leave a kudos if you enjoyed this fix and want me to continue! :> do leave a comment too so I can see your take on the story so far~ see ya soon :D
3am.
4 cigarettes later.
Marshall couldn't take it anymore.

He glanced down at the soft head of messy pink locks curled up in his chest, breathing soft and regular. Red was sweet, beautiful, sexy and smart and kind...and Marshall saw no reason to keep this going except for the fact that, it was all too familiar.

He loved Red. He loved Bubba. But they were slowly converging into the latter and Marshall hated himself for even thinking that.

Heaving a soft sigh, Marshall floated up and out the bed carefully, pecking Red on the nose before flying out in his jeans once again. He settled by Lord Monochromnicorn’s stable, seeing the beast calmly curled up in a pile of fresh hay.

“Pssst. Yo Monocode.”

He whispered softly, stepping back as he saw the animal awaken, snorting slightly in what must have been contempt before striding over to meet Marshall. The black steed tapped its hoof on the floor a few times and Marshall simply ran a hand through his hair in defeat.

“I'm sorry man… I dunno what you're trying to tell me here but...Can you do a simple yes no?”

The dark horse seemed to narrow its eyes at Marshall, clearly upset by him but never the less giving a curt nod in response.

“Okay um…Did Bubba...ask for me before he..you know.”

Marshall sighed softly, curious more than anything, his heart sinking as the dark creature shook its head.

“Is Red… Bubba?”

The Horse snorted before shaking his head fastidiously

“Well then, did he even die?”

Marshall felt his breath come out short as he started to get more confused the more questions were answered. But A shake of a head and tasseling of his mane, Lord Monochromnicorn seemed to have so much more to say. He tapped his hooves impatiently and Marshall groaned in slight annoyance

“Oh okay, I'll take down your codes- just.. go slowly.”

The steed seemed to release a sigh of relief as he started slowly tapping and shuffling his hooves, glancing up occasionally at Marshall as the Vampire tried to keep up and type the digits into his phone. The horse kept it short and took out all the conjunctions. And what Marshall saw in his search bar results was mind numbing.
Red created for you by The Prince.
Bubba gone but he still there
Talk to him
Castle
Lab
Code

“...I…WHERE! Where is Bubba!?"

Marshall said a little bit too loudly, the sudden surge of rage and exhilaration in his voice startling both him and the black stallion. He immediately started fumbling with the lock on Lord Monochromnicorn stable, sharpening one of his fingernails to pick at the lock. He was shaking, eyes prickling with tears at the notion that he could get to hear Bubba’s voice again, hear his laugh and his chastising tone. The world was blending away into the background noise as Lord Monochromnicorn started neighing and stamping his hooves again

“Marshall-?”

A soft voice started the Vampire from his frazzled state and he spun around as he felt a hand rest against his forearm. He growled, swiping at the source of the sound with a hand in his beast form only to receive a small gasp in response along with a grimace of pain.

“....aah--!..”

The Vampire felt his blood boil, determined to get rid of whatever was standing in between him and Bubba this time, only to see through his red tinted vision, Red flinching, holding on to the side of his neck as he cowered in fear, shaking like a leaf. He was only wearing Marshall's leather jacket and a pair of beige boxers as he looked up to Marshall's towering figure, eyes widened in fear.

“Oh...oh shit, Red- I..”

The candy man flinched, trying hard to get away as Marshall floated closer to him, now in his full human form. He was bleeding, a large Gash across his neck to his clavicle. Red oozed out thickly from the shallow wound, and the younger man managed to kick up some dirt before tripping slightly and catching himself. His heart hurt. Everything hurt. He was afraid.

“Ah,,I'm sorry…”

Marshall gulped as Red looked at him, Violet eyes shimmering with tears and betrayal as he sniffled slightly and began retreating towards his shed again, throat constricted as he limped away. But he didn't get very far, and the moment Marshall had decided to rush towards him, he was limp heap on the graham cracker ground.

“Oh glob...Red! Red.. baby..”

The candy man wasn't severely hurt, but he was definitely bleeding and disoriented as he shook his head repeatedly and tried weakly to push Marshall away as the Vampire cradled him to his chest and gently wiped the tears from his eyes.

“I'm sorry- I… we have to get you to Bubba okay? It's gunna be okay..”

“Marshall...I'm fine, it's not severe, I just...my head hurts..”

Red stuttered out softly, throat dry and eyes clouded with disbelief as Marshall gently pecked his forehead and tore out a segment of his own white singlet. The Vampire was careful as he wrapped
the cloth around Red’s neck and chest and worriedly before turning his attention to Lord Monochromnicorn who had somehow Managed to Get out of the stable himself.

“He's in the palace right? Please...take us to him..”

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Here is the point in time in a recollection that one would expect a dramatic, almost overzealous conversation between the new lovers, but there was nothing but silence. Red rested his head quietly against Marshall’s chest, listening to his dull heartbeat and feeling his warmth seep through the cotton of their clothes. He had so many questions, so much he didn’t know or understand. But he was certain that Marshall didn't know much more than he did, and he was clearly stressed. It was strange really, that He was able to read Marshall like a book in the few months that they have gotten to know each other. It was like Red was downloading data, refreshing a memory of some sorts because he never forgot, every single detail of Marshall was etched into his mind the moment it was brought to his attention.

As much as Red would like to think of himself as an individual, uncertainty washed over him, clung to him like a horrible stench as he entered Uncanny valley within his own being. Marshall loved him, loved Bubba, and to some extent that was okay. But as they entered the crumbled remains of what was the Candy palace and Monochromnicorn lead them to a bolted Trap door, the Candy man swallowed hard as small whimper rose from his throat. Marshall glanced down at him with a concerned expression, gently brushing Red’s hair from his face and pecking his lips softly before he spoke.

“Red…Ima need you to close your eyes for a while okay?”

“...Why?”

“Trust me. You… I don't want you to see this.”

Marshall whistled the black stallion over so he could rest Red on his back before stepping infront of the trap door. Red made a sound of protest but gulped as he saw Marshall turn back and smile softly, a smile that melted his heart with every single negative emotion Red had ever known.

Sadness, worry, anger, jealously.

But he shut his eyes, and almost immediately there was the sound of cracking and snapping, candy bark crumbling and the moaning of metal. Red cowered slightly against the black horse and felt it's Long body cool protectively around him. Marshall was groaning slightly and hissed lowly before there was silence again, the only noise the soft click of a light switch.

“...baby..hey, let's go.”

Marshall’s rusty voice was a soft drawl as He gently scooped Red into his arms again and the candy man held on tight to his leather jacket. He didn't want to go. He didn't want to go to Bubba. He just wanted Marshall to take him home and cuddle with him and eat the strawberries they had tended to by the rogue bushes near the stables.He wanted Marshall to show him the different kingdoms and take him to the sea and the marshmallow fields again where they could cloud watch and have a picnic. But he also wanted Marshall to be happy, more than anything else in the world.

So he didn't protest, and simply nodded briefly as they descended down the creaking stairs to what
appeared to be a dimly lit basement. There were large screens, a control panel that glowed softly in
the inherent darkness. Marshall set Red down as he searched for another light switch, which lit up
the entire room with a surge of power as the technology came to life.

“You didn't even bother with the keypad huh. Just tore up the trap door?”

Came a soft chuckle from the corner of the room. Marshall felt his blood run cold, a shiver Travelling
up his spine at the familiar sound of that voice. Soft, smooth, supple and confident. Prudent like the
smell of a freshly baked bread and sweet and thick like syrup. His legs turned to jelly in an instant,
Red giving a small cry of surprise as Marshall fell into a seated position on the floor and looked
around the room frantically. Lord Monochromnicorn neighed and started tapping his hooves
insistently, seemingly distressed as he retreated to Red and Marshall's side. The Candy man's head
swarmed with a fuzziness he could not pin down and his ears rang in his head as he tried to hoist the
Vampire off the floor. He was terrified, and resorted to simply kneeling beside Marshall and hugging
his arm tightly, the smell of cigarettes calming him slightly. All senses were heightened

“I'm Glad you finally came home, Marshall…”

Chapter End Notes

Hey y'all sorry for a lack of updates :'> life has been a wreck recently

I promise an update again in the next week or so :> so stay tuned!

Thank you for your continued support!! Do leave a kudos if you have enjoyed this fic or
want me to continue it! Leave a comment too and let me know your thoughts and
opinions on this :> I love reading comments aaaaa <3

See you in the next chapter!!!! Take a Guess at who Red may be and his relation to
Bubba???? ;>
Aye IM BACK

Okay, firstly, I must address that I WILL BE BACK WE WILL FINISH THIS FIC MY DUDES

I am deeply sorry, though, about my UNBELIVABLY LONG ABSCENCE

I’ve revisited this fic after about 1.5 years and saw all these desperate comments asking me to show SOME sign of life regarding this fic and I felt awful LMAO I didn’t know this was so well received when I forgot about it

THE TRUTH IS- I just haven’t have the time to update, and with my final school years happening in 2017 and 2018, this fic kinda got lost in the process of life as I found newer things to keep myself busy with.

But now, I am a free man, and with my love for Bubbline/Gumlee still burning strong, I ask all of you to please give me a second chance, and for your patience! I will be issuing the next chapter of this Fic within the month, and i promise to deliver :

Thank you all for your continuous support and comments that honestly are what got me this far. I look forward to hearing from all of you again!!

- Rei

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!