

# ALOIS X POPSICLES

Alois Trancy was always an annoying character. He was rude, impulsive, had a weird high pitched voice, and liked to parade around his mansion licking everything within reach, including ceiling.

But not even Alois's bratty bipolar nature, would keep away him. Or her. Or whatever the popsicles preferred pronoun is. Honestly I don't want to get tumblr or the feminists angry at me...

ANY WAY BACK TO THE STORY:

It was a hot summer day. Or possibly spring depending on when the timeframe of Black Butler 2 takes place. Alois sat in a chair outside so he could yell at his servants, namely Hannah, because screw Hannah. It was at that moment that Alois realized the truth: That despite his booty shorts, he was still dying from the heat.

"CLAUDE" Alois screeched in his annoyingly high pitched voice, he then waited for a whole five minutes, before becoming impatient, and screaming for his lazy butler again.

"CLAAAUUUUDEEEEE I'M HOOOOOOOOOOOTTTTT"

"Not at all by my standards" Claude muttered, appearing by his master's side, and pushing up his glasses to signify his higher intelligence.

"OOOOOOOOOOOH BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURN" Yelled Grell, the redhead pervert who was hiding not so well in the bushes, waiting for the moment where he could self insert.

"Claude! I ORDER YOU TO MAKE ME LESS HOT!" Alois yelled. Claude sighed.

“Want some lemonade?” Claude said “Oh wait was that invented yet? Ya know what, I don’t care. I’m a demon time doesn’t apply to me.”

“FREEZE THE LEMONADE!” Alois yelled “ICE ISN’T COLD ENOOOOOOOUUUUUUUUUUGH”

“But...why?” Claude asked.

“Because” Alois said “I’m Alois”

“Well” Claude said “I guess that's true actually wait no it isn't but I'm not aloud to say that because...contract”

“WHATEVER!” Alois yelled, before sticking his tongue revealing his contract seal for absolutely no reason. Seriously, what was his cover story for if some outsider saw? Tongue tattoo?

Claude sighed, and briefly contemplated slitting his wrists with the demon sword. He then thought about killing Alois, but decided not to, because it was against the “contract” and he couldn’t be showed up by sebastian again. He sighed heavily “Fair enough I guess” He said, then he walked off into the kitchen.

When claudé came back out about ten minutes later, alois was wearing a giant neon sign that said:

**CLAUDE-SENPAI NOTICE ME!!!!!!!**

Claude had no idea what “Senpai” was supposed to mean, but for some reason he still cringed eternally, and had a strong desire to strangle his master. He wanted to kill Alois a lot to be fair, but apparently it wasn’t “Good etiquette”.

Claude set his tray full of weird frozen rectangles with sticks in the end, in front of Alois. Alois picked it up by the stick end, and eyed it suspiciously. “Claude, how the hell am I supposed to eat this?”

“Just lick it like you like the bottoms of my shoes” Claude said “Maybe somebody will realize that you’re important if you wave our contract seal around enough.”

“What was that” Alois said, turning his attention back to his lazy butler.

“Nothing”

“That's what I thought” Alois said, turning his attention to the mysterious popsicle that was now starting to drip onto his fingers. Alois lifted it up to lick it like Claude suggested, when just then something fell from the sky and landed right on the table in front of him.

It was the pesky Phantomhive, and his butler, Sebastian. Sebastian was the

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Of demon butlers. At the very sight of him, Claude could feel how utterly terrible of a character he was. He turned to the bushes, to see the pervert suddenly holding binoculars and a camera. Now his presence at the manor made sense, but it was still odd. How did he know that Sebastian would be here? Plot convenience?

“Sebastian why are we in Alois’ back yard?” Ciel asked, turning to glare at his butler with disappointment.

“I just stopped so we could say hello! Well not to Grell but...To everyone else! After all Ciel, you are the main protagonist, and if you don’t make an appearance in this fanfic then it could hardly be called a fanfic!” Sebastian said, secretly hiding the cat that followed them from Ciel’s manor behind his back.

“Fanfic?” Ciel echoed. “You mean to say this is but a work of fiction? Made by a fan? Fan of what?”

“My” Claude said “Look at the fourth wall. It’s in pieces”

“Well if I couldn’t break the fourth wall a couple of times, what kind of a butler would I be?” Sebastian said, awkwardly bowing, then doing a sassy hair flip.

Just then, Grell leapt over the bushes he was hiding behind, waving a bunch of red duct tape around. "If something's broken I can fix it dear bassy"

"Well" Sebastian said, lifting up Ciel like a sack of potatoes "Looks like it's time for us to go"

"WAIT NO BASSYYYYYYYYY" Grell yelled, but it was too late. Sebastian, still holding Ciel like a baby, leapt up into the air, disappearing into the atmosphere.

"REEEEEEEJECTED!" The triplets yelled in unison, coming out of literally nowhere, then disappearing out of Alois's vision before he had a chance to yell at them again.

"Well" Alois said, as Grell fell to the floor in a puddle of his own tears "What just happened?"

"I Believe that is what we call 'comic relief' master. It's the entire point of the triplets existence." Claude said, placing a dictionary on the table.

"Claude, I find this dictionary offensive" Alois whinned.

"But...HOW???"

Alois then snapped his fingers, and pointed at Hannah, who pulled out a can of bug spray, and started viscously spraying it at Claude.

"WHAT THE ACTUAL HELL???" Claude said, waving away the cloud of disgusting smelling air, choking on it.

"Well" Alois said "It's time for me to eat this dramatically!"

"But...Why bug spray???"

"Because" Hannah said "You're a spider. Plus we already tried the mustard gas..."

"Mustard gas?" Claude and Alois asked in unison.

"Read the manga Claude" Alois said, dramatically putting on sunglasses.

"BUT! BUT!" Claude said "ALOIS JUST EAT THE FREAKING POPSICLE BEFORE IT MELTS AND YOU FORCE ME TO CLEAN IT UP!"

“OK” Alois said. He dramatically lifted the half melted rectangle up, and started licking it. Alois then attempted to bite into it, but it was so cold, he felt like someone punched him in the teeth. The angry “Boy” (We all know he’s a trap) threw the popsicle halfway across the back yard, then turned, enraged, to his sorry excuse for a butler.

“YOU BETRAYED ME!” He screeched “HOW DARE YOU!”

“Your fault for trusting me in the first place” Claude shrugged, then pushed up the glasses he should probably get fixed because they fall down so much.

“WELL! I! AT LEAST I’M NOT A SPIDER!” He yelled. “Or am I? The anime doesn’t really explain that does it?”

“Read the manga! It’s better because you’re not even in it!” Grell said, suddenly deciding to be important again. “It’s just a tragic love story between me and my darling bassy!”

“Tragic?” Sebastian said out of nowhere, still holding a bored looking Ciel “The only thing tragic here is that ugly face of yours”

“BASSY YOU CAME BACK!”

“My young nuisance dropped something.” Sebastian said.

“No, I didn’t ‘drop’ it, it ‘slipped’ out of my pocket.” Ciel said. He walked over to the table, and picked up a bag full of money. “I’m actually surprised you guys didn’t steal it, but ok.”

They then lept into the air, and out of my fanfic once more.

“Well. Claude. Make me another popsicle”

“But I thought it was too cold?”

“JUST GIMME MORE”

10-20 minutes later

Claude walked out, slightly confused by the time laps, holding another tray with popsicles on it.

“Here ya go ‘your highness’” He grumbled sarcastically, setting the tray down.

“Claude saying ‘ya’ isn’t fancy enough. Stop hanging around those annoying americans.” Alois said, adding “Not that there's anything wrong with Americansahaha...”

“Wow” Claude said “We’re just going to ignore that you said that.”

Alois rolled his eyes, and picked up the popsicle. He started licking it, but then after a few moments realized something was of.

The popsicle tasted kind of weird. “Claude this popsicle tastes weird” Alois whined.

“Doubt it” Claude said dismissively rolling his eyes. Suddenly, Alois started coughing violently. He then fell backwards off of his chair, dropping the popsicle onto the ground.

“Oh whoops” Hannah said “I think someone put poison in the popsicle”

“Well, that's inconvenient” Claude said.

“HELP!” Alois shouted “I think i’m  
dyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyiiiiiiiiiiiiinnnnnnnnngggggggggg”

“Or you just have a cold” One of the triplets said, again appearing out of literally nowhere.

“Well...” Alois said, “It would be more dramatic if I’m actually dying”

“Nah” Grell said “I don’t think anyone would care if you did die. Also your names not on the death list...I think I actually have no idea I left mine at the Phantomhive manor when I was stalking Bassy earlier.”

“Wait” Alois said “I’m too important to die. I have plot convenience.”

“ONLY UNTIL THE END OF THE SECOND  
SEEEEEAAAAASSOOOOON” Shouted a distant Ciel. “WHICH, BY  
THE WAY YOU STOLE FROM ME!”

“Pffft” Alois said, picking up a different popsicle off of the tray.

"I actually like these Claude. MAKE ME MORE"

Claude sighed "Fine I'll make more"

And so Alois became obsessed with popsicles. He would eat several each day, mostly as a way to show off the mark on his tongue. This most likely wasn't healthy, but hey, at least it's more sanitary than him licking a bunch of tea cups right?