

A Little Moment Of Soft Silence

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/41370471) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/41370471>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Lifesteal SMP
Relationship:	Ashswag/Reddoons (Video Blogging RPF) , Ashswag & Reddoons (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Ashswag (Video Blogging RPF) , Reddoons (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Nightmares , Fluff , something about soft swagdoons not working and I agree , How Do I Tag , Not Beta Read , It was hard .
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-08-30 Words: 643 Chapters: 1/1

A Little Moment Of Soft Silence

by [Voidest0](#)

Summary

Everything hurts a little too much to remember and there are nightmares around the corner.

Red comforts Ash. Neither of them will mention it in the morning.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Red is laying in bed. He would really like to be sleeping but Ash crashed at his base and he's a little too tense to sleep. Red is staring into the shadows of his ceiling, tracing the lines of the planks above, when he hears a soft whimper.

It's a pathetic sound, and the first thought he has is that Ash should get better at killing people. Then he realizes that the floorboards haven't creaked, and harm doesn't usually come to the assassin, so unless Ash is very quiet, he's still in bed. As Red listens closely, a soft gasp echos through the halls of his empty base.

He slowly puts puzzle pieces together. As the last one slots into place Red understands the Ash is having a nightmare. Red is quiet as he slips out from under the covers. He walks to the spare room, each creak from the floor a deafening sound. He gently, gently, eases the door open.

Ash has his bed shoved against the wall with the window. The window, against Red's advisement, is open. The moonlight that spills into the room paints everything a pale blue. Ash is curled in the center of the bed, laying on his side facing the door. His eyes are squeezed shut and his hand is clenched in the sheets. Whatever his dream is, it doesn't seem pleasant. Red hesitates at the entryway, not wanting to intrude. I walked all the way over here, might as well. He thinks and why

not? But his thoughts get the better of him and he goes to leave the room.

His hand is on the doorknob and he is half-turned, but fate has different plans because Ash wakes up. Ash stirs, shifting in the sheets. Red hopes that Ash will, go back to sleep, go back to sleep, but against everything ever Ash blinks his eye open and the first thing he sees is Red, who's framed in the doorway, light from the hall glowing softly behind him.

What Ash thinks is, is he trying to kill me? But Red's not armed, not even wearing armor. Ash's brain hurts. Every time he shuts his eyes the world comes crumbling down and all his dreams are about things he never really remembers, but always knows hurt. And he's really tired of trying not to die. Always living but never really alive. He's so tired. He's been staring for too long he thinks dimly. Ash reaches an arm out and whispers
"Please." It drags against his throat like it doesn't really fit there, but he's so tired and if Red wants to kill him, Ash wants Red to hold him while he dies.

Red hesitates, but whatever Ash stares at him with makes him comply. He crosses the room and sits on the edge of the bed. Ash drags him down slowly, Red going willingly but hesitant. Ash hates that dying scares them this much. He fears the place it brings. Red fears the powerlessness it causes. Eventually, Red is curled on the edge of the bed and Ash is crammed against the wall.

"This bed was not made for two people." Red murmurs. His voice sounds tired. Ash suspects that he hadn't slept. He chuckles quietly in return. Although it's an odd position it's not uncomfortable, and Ash drifts slow and gentle. Red is warm against his side and Ash thinks that he is at least, if not happy then content. He closes his eye and everything grows dark. He insistently doesn't let himself fall asleep despite the ever growing urge. He needs to be sure that Red sleeps. Almost as if sensing his thoughts Red says soft,
"Sleep. I will too." Ignoring that Red is probably lying, Ash is satisfied and lets himself shut down. He doesn't have nightmares. Just a little moment of soft silence.

End Notes

Help. I don't know what I'm doing. Enjoy this ig. Ignore the typos pls. ^_^

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!