

Dark outside, a moonlit night

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Dark outside, a moonlit night

by [BearAndHoney](#)

Summary

Of two people who hide their worst and bit and claw and tear at those who expose them to the world. An argument, that come slow, time to learn how to fight, how to hurt.
Love is the thing that keeps us going. Addictions are the thing that keep arguments going.

Notes

Huhu,

This is the longest oneshot I have written for lifesteal. And like most of it was written on a phone, because I have gone mental with this sickness (read: a cold) that has been plaguing me.

Trigger Warnings: (Detailed in the End Notes)

- Drug Use/Drug Addiction
- Implied Underage Drug Use/Drug Addiction
- Alcoholism
- Drug Overdose/Misuse
- Vomiting
- Blacking Out
- Death
- Very Minorly Implied Eating Struggles/Disordered Eating

Stay safe!

- Bear

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

There was an uncomfortable silence that greeted Ash as he opened the door to the apartment he shared with Red. Red was generally not a quiet person, talking loud and proud and in the tiny space they shared Ash could hear Red talking even at a normal level when they stood at opposite ends.

Usually when Ash returned home, the sound of music and various cooking equipment being used could be heard. His boyfriend was the one between the two that had better, read any at all, cooking skills and was doing his best to make do with what the limited income of Ash's shitty job brought them in terms of income.

But today there was absolutely nothing of that sort. As he crossed the threshold, Ash called out into the discomfoting quiet for Red. Maybe he was just listening to music over headphones or something and hadn't heard him open the door.

“Red? I'm home!”

The door to their tiny space that called itself 'bathroom' opened.

Red looked devastated and furious. Looking past him Ash could see the cabinet beneath the sink open and utter dread filled his stomach. He knew that hidden inside, behind cleaning supplies that neither of them had ever used, but that had been left there by the previous owners, was a bag containing...

“Drugs? Is that were all our fucking money goes to, Ash?”, he held up the bag, pills and powder packages and needles jostling, “How long did you think you could hide this from me? How long have been popping pills, shooting whatever the fuck is inside of this up your veins! Answer me, Ash!”

“Red that's not what this is, I-”

“*Oh, it's from whoever was here before, oh it's not what this looks like, oh you misunderstand, Red. Bullshit. Tell me!*”

“Really, it's not. This is just-” He was pleading, begging.

„How. Long.” Each word, digging cutting deep into Ash.

“Nearly five years.”

And suddenly there was silence again. Red's mouth opening and closing, eyes blown wide open.

“You're turning 21 next month.”

“I know.”

„We have been together for three years.”

“I know, I-”

“You have been taking drugs since you were 16.”

“That's when I started doing them more regularly, Red, please-”

“That's when you started... *fuck.*”

“Please we can get past this, just-”

“Are you high right now, Ash?”

And Ash was silent. He said nothing, but that was enough of an answer for Red. He let himself slide down the door frame, the plastic bag dropped off to the side, head buried in his arms.

No sound could be heard, but the way his body shook was indication enough. For a long moment the air was only filled with Red's shaky breathing and the humming of their broken AC.

“H-have you,” Red's voice broke for a minute, “do I even know what you're like, not on drugs? Have you been sober *once?*”

For whatever reason it was that question that ticked off Ash. Blind rage rising in him, hot and uncaring for the damage his words would inevitably cause.

“Oh, *you* want to talk about being sober?” He laughed without an ounce of humour. “Do you want me to pretend that you don't drink? That the reason you can't keep a job is because you can't keep sober for even a day? I have seen what you hide from me, *Reddoons!*”

Even now he could smell the alcohol coming from Red, the slightly yellow tint of his pale skin, eyes bloodshot with more than just unjustified tears.

“How long has it been since *you* haven't been under the influence? Fucking hell, I can see that you've had a drink or three or ten again! At least I *have* a fucking job in the first place, you pathetic, drunken piece of shit!”

“Oh. You're going there: What else could I expect from a drug addict. You're just avoiding the question.” There was no emotion in Red's voice. A flat and monotone statement that aggravated Ash even further.

“Don't you dare to turn this back around to me! I wasn't the one to bring this up! I have kept silent for so long! The whole reason why none of your friends know how bad it has gotten again, is because I have been covering your ass since I was in high school! When you fucking *lied* to that therapist, I was there, backing up your bullshit story!”

Ash choked on a breath, tears stinging in his eyes. Balling his hands into fists, feeling his fingernails cut into his palms. His vision darkening slightly on the edges, vision slowly but surely blurring more and more.

“I have been there for you... for so, *so* long. We used to be so strong together. Just you and me against the world, remember? *Don't you love me anymore?*”

All the anger vanished, replaced with a sadness so strong, he could do nothing but cry where he stood. The tears completely obscured his vision, turning Red into nothing more than a vaguely human shaped blob of colours. His mind was fuzzy, and he could feel himself swaying in place, trying to keep his balance.

“I miss a time, we have never lived. I want to build up an empire with you, live as kings. We were meant for something better. I fell in love with nothing more than a promise.”

His cheeks felt numb to the point that the tears that fell from his eyes didn't register. He felt the slight wet of what was probably blood on his fingertips, but even that didn't register in his mind as something wrong.

Then he heaved, the bile that had been rising to his throat spewed over. Nausea that wouldn't stop, making him cough and heave and throw up the few pieces of apple he choked down.

Finally Ash lost his balance, not that he could tell where he had been standing before, blood rushing through his ears the only thing audible, the world narrowed down the sound of his frantic heart beat and the burning of stomach acid in his mouth.

Distantly he could feel someone shake his shoulders, but he couldn't hear or see them, just felt his body being shook. Blindly Ash waved his hand to get rid of whoever was making him throw up again.

His sense of time had slipped away completely, Ash had no idea how long he had been like this; he felt isolated from the world, like he was standing beside his own body, with a blindfold and something else to cover his ears.

And he was so, so afraid.

“Please. Help me.”

The hand on his shoulders ceased their shaking, pulling him closer, against a pleasantly warm body. A soft fabric rubbing against his cheek, the fast breathing of another person, making him rise and fall against their chest fast.

Ash closed his eyes and let himself give into the black abyss of the void. Vomit lingering in his mouth, arms burning and his heart pumping fast and irregular.

Today I was so close to throwing all progress away and just drowning my misery in the shit vodka from the corner store down the road.

But so far my streak has been going for just over two weeks. I've been seeing that therapist again. Working out other ways to cope with my grief, talking about my alcoholism.

It's your birthday, Ash. Happy 21st birthday, love.

I miss you. More than ever today.

*Yours forever,
Red*

I miss you so much. Every day when I return home to a silent flat, I have to use every bit of my will power not to go out and get new liquor.

My one month anniversary of being sober is coming up in three days. I never thought I'd reach that. This is the longest I have gone without alcohol for a long time. I can barely remember when I was sober for more than 24 hours before this.

If only you were here to witness it with me. I like to think that you'd be proud of me.

Yours forever,

Red

I started my new job today. One of my friends managed to land me an interview and somehow I didn't blow it.

It's not much, the money is even less than what you got, but I can just about manage. No longer will I have to rely on our friends lending me money.

Work was exhausting honestly, I had spent so much time drunk at home that I haven't been active much for a long time. Well besides the daily walks nowadays.

Today is also two months of being sober. Still wish you could be here.

*Yours forever,
Red*

Apo invited me over to his, for a birthday party today. It was just a small group, but it felt nice to finally be included in these things again.

What wonders four months of being sober can do to you.

I don't know if Apo had told the others not to offer me anything. But regardless no one did and I just had soda and juice like a toddler.

When everyone had their glass of sparkling cider, I had some OJ, but it was ~~okay~~ not terrible for me.

Gutz was there too. You would have gotten along so well with them probably.

*Yours forever,
Red*

Half a year. Or 6 months. That's how long I've gone sober now.

~~*How long you have been gone*~~

I was cleaning today and found a ring between the sofa cushions. It doesn't fit me, but it would have been so perfect for you. It even has that purple gem on it. The one that you ~~find~~ found the best.

I put the ring on a string and have been wearing it like a necklace. I think I'll keep the necklace for longer.

Keep a part of you by me at all times.

*Yours forever,
Red*

Eight and half months today. It feels surreal to think about it. That's so long. Almost enough for a whole baby to be born.

Someone moved into the apartment next door. The one we thought would never be rented out. It's

three guys just out of high school. They remind me of when we first moved out.

I think one of them knew you at some point, because he asked about you when he read the sign next to our bell. I haven't changed the sign yet. I also have been wearing the ring necklace every day. Only really taking it off for showering.

*Yours forever,
Red*

Yesterday was my one year anniversary of being sober. Even now I don't know how I have managed for so long.

I miss you so much. Yesterday more than ever. I invited everyone I had met over the past year. Not into ~~our~~the apartment, because that would be too small, but Owen offered his.

I am not gonna lie I spent a lot of that party locked away in the bathroom bawling my eyes out.

I am happy to be where I am now, but I wish that you'd be here with me too.

*Yours forever,
Red*

As I am writing this, I am about to sleep in this space for the last time. Tomorrow I am moving.

Everything is in boxes or already at the new place. I have spent the past days looking at our old things, going through every cabinet and closet and drawer that we somehow fit into this space.

I even found the hair tie you loved so much that got lost and you blamed me for losing it.

Apparently you were right though, I found it at the bottom of my underwear drawer. Don't know how it got there.

A few days ago I hit one and half years. I am proud of myself. I know you'd be too. I just know it.

*Yours forever,
Red*

End Notes

Trigger Warnings:

- Drug Use/Addiction: Ash is a drug addict in this, he used them frequently, daily and hasn't been sober/not under the influence of drugs for a long time
- Underage Drug Use/Addiction: The addiction Ash has started when he was a teenager. Though this leans more towards implied
- Alcoholism: Similar to Ash's drug addiction, Red is drinking daily and doesn't remember a time when he hasn't been drunk
- Drug Overdose/Misuse: Not so much an overdose as a botched mix, though this isn't stated in the text, but the symptoms are presented
- Vomiting: Symptom of Drug Overdose, seen towards the end of the first half of this

- Blacking Out: Symptom of Drug Overdose, seen towards at the end of the first half, leads into ->
- Character Death: Ash dies after a drug he took that day had a bad effect or was marked too low for its actual... punch? High factor? Strength?
- Minor D.E.: Ash very briefly implied that he struggles to eat normal amounts/eat anything at all, but nothing more than that.

Sorry for the large blob of text above, I just like warning people what's up.

The title of this is the (translated) version of a german poem that I know the first verse of from the top of my head. It's called "Dunkel war's, der Mond schien helle" and here is a translation and the original poem it's a lovely poem.

Leave a comment, I love to hear your thoughts or anything else you have to say :D

- Bear

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