

## **I think I'm drowning, asphyxiated**

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# **I think I'm drowning, asphyxiated**

by [Zero\\_Pax](#)

## Summary

Day 1 of Roses/Smoke week: Roses/Smoke.

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The sun was setting behind them, warm reds and pinks reflected in Ashs eyes, the purple similar to the ocean. Redd was transfixed on him. The smoke that floated away from the cigarette smelt familiar yet made him feel like he was choking. It was suffocating, in the best way possible.

## Notes

Title is from "Time is Running Out" by Muse !! It's never acknowledged but my version of Swagdoons (in nearly every universe) are t4t ☺!

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Link to art -

[https://x.com/Zero\\_Pax/status/1779381844355457072](https://x.com/Zero_Pax/status/1779381844355457072)

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Redd leaned back on the railing, it had been a long, gruelling day of picking up lava in buckets and then making them into obsidian. There were still chunks of the rock stuck in his hair, under his nails and pretty much anywhere you could find them. Ash was in a similar state, though not as dishevelled as he was.

Ash had a slight sunburn over most of his face, making him look permanently flushed, it was kind of cute. Redd knew that he probably had a similar sunburn, though his constant wearing of sunglasses would not help with making him look less of a fool.

It was nice, peaceful. Earlier, he had grabbed some roses from a crate and had been holding onto them for some reason. He felt attached to them, maybe because they somewhat reminded Redd of Ash, though he would never acknowledge that fact out loud. He had put 1 or 2 in his hair, since why not. Ash had tucked one into both Redds and his own pocket, stating that they were for "Their alliance and partnership."

Whatever that means.

Redd was just content with leaning over the sea and watching the sunset with his business partner, who he definitely did not have a crush on. He just had a normal want to be more with Ash, he wanted to be able to kiss him and even just hold hands, that was all. But he would never tell him, never.

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