

On the hot garbage pile in which I fucking sleep

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/46357258) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/46357258>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
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:	Non-Graphic Violence , actually , no , graphic description of violence , Murder , Blood and Violence , Stabbing , Hiding a Body , jesus christ - Freeform , the FR in SwagDoons stand for Funtional Relationship , Ashswag has a knife , for funny reasons , Roses and Smoke Week
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-04-09 Words: 1,653 Chapters: 1/1

On the hot garbage pile in which I fucking sleep

by [Scared_Rodent](#)

Summary

Ash closed his eyes, as if he could stop his brain. It would be amazing. And yet he couldn't; so he remembered and remembered, and remembered.

Roses and Smoke week, day 2: swap + horror

Notes

Have fun
I guess
:')

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

Ash killed someone, anyone, everyone. He saw the blood all over himself and trembled at how it tainted his wedding ring

He killed the man in his bathroom, he's bleeding out now. Breathing no more, with his head dipped in his own pooled-up blood, the only proof for his alive state now that it was no more was the involuntary muscle fibres twitching in the red water.

Ash looked down at him from his position at the side of the tub. Thank god he died closing his eyes. Ash thought, rubbing his face, feeling his legs weak, he dropped himself onto the tile, shivering at the sound of dripping water, oozing painfully thick through his contracting veins

Thank God, he thought, *Thank God*. And the bruise on his left eye softens, at least he's gone. Now that he's gone...

Ash looked back at the bloodied knife, then at the bandages up his arm. What now? He thought. His other arm strained at the shoulder blade; hung aimlessly from the base of his torso. The man broke it, he's not getting it back soon. Ash sighed, there was a mutter when he looked up, unable to realize how long he had been sitting on the ground with his knees folded against his chest.

"Ash?" Ash looked at himself, then at Red—standing in the doorway.

Ash looked like shit and Red looked awfully normal about the nightmare he created in their bathroom

"May I take a look?" He asked, pointing at the bathtub only to step back immediately the moment he realized Ash's light flinched when he tried taking a step closer.

Ash adjusted his posture, considering his options before nodding "Yes,... yes you may" he rasped, and watched as Red closed in.

"Oh wow," he whistled "That's... hm. You didn't hesitate, huh? How many is that? Eight? Nine on the chest? Surely four on the abdomen. Some several more superficial cuts on the neck and the left wrist. Yup, he's done good" Red rubbed his chin and Ash shivered at every word he said.

"I'll get the tools" Red started, turning through the doorway. He is awfully normal about the mess in their bathroom

Ash closed his eyes, as if he could stop his brain. It would be amazing. And yet he couldn't; so he remembered and remembered, and remembered.

The sound of rattling metal blades came first, cutting Ash from his thoughts, then the cackling of glass bottles, and the rustles of black plastic bags when Red dropped everything onto the tile, ready to work. Ash stared at him

"Don't you have anything to ask me?" He asked, pale, with the look of a creation from those Tim Burton movies. Shaking, barely alive as if what is lying dead should have been him, not the foreign man in the bathtub. What happened? Who was it? Why? Nothing at all? Ash stared and said it. "Nothing at all?" Red closed the door behind him. Let it shut. Uninterested

"So who was it?" He asked, Ash could tell Red was only asking for the sake of him. Patiently waiting as he slumped backwards, leaning against the porcelain tub

"A lover... I moved him here. The path to the kitchen is a fucking mess"

Ash reached into the water, toying with a single strand of hair, poking through the side. Ash looked at it, red, he thought, oh so red when they argued and fought.

So red when Ash busted his head with his ashtray. Or when he smashed that damn bottle of tequila against Ash's head, nearly blinding him.

It was so red when he slammed Ash's head against the counter, or when Ash nearly pushed him off the railway.

It was so red; so god damn red when they fought and fought and nearly killed one another when Ash stabbed him with a fucking knife.

It was so red, so incredible red because he was an asshole, because they both were sinful assholes in this trapped relationship

And yet oh,

Oh....

Oh how he loved him

Ash reaches through the water, holding the dead man's hand as Red watches. He slips the golden ring off the cold finger and into his pants pocket.

"I killed him" Ash felt his stomach turn, vomiting the content onto the floor as he snuggled further into his knees, sobbing.

There was a hand on his head, arms pulling him close and into himself.

"God damn it, God Fucking Damn it. I stabbed him, I did it, and he's dead now. I can't believe it, shit" Ash rubbed his hair, still soaked in the blood of the man he had just killed a second ago.

"Take a second to breathe, Ash. I need you to stay calm, alright?"

Red soothe.

"We'll figure a way for this. I'm in this with you, okay?" He reaches for Ash and holds him with gloved hands.

"You should take a bath" he offered "Use the room upstairs while I take care of this. We'll fix this, and it'll be back to normal. Okay?"

Ash nods, tumbling down the stairs before sprinting in and locking the door, vomiting his heart out onto the sink

Red sank the blade through the flesh screeching as it cut through brittle bones. He shakes slightly from the heavy movements. Sweating now as he gathered the pieces into place and tied the bags up cleanly. Ash stopped a minute to watch him before returning to wiping away excess blood on the

wall.

Arms, legs, abdomen, organs, separated and kept in different baggage. Like a biology model, a helpless frog held down onto the silver tray, dissected and watched as it bled out, twitching against the metal surface. Ash thought, he tried not to think much of it. It's for the sake of himself

"Hey, Ash" Red started, holding the dead man's head in his hand. Inspecting something before turning to face him "You scored up quite a handsome fellow, didn't ya? Wanna take a last look at him before we get rid of everything? It's the last thing we have to take care of anyways" He smiled, sickly, with his grinning expression twisted and wrong. Ash can't really pinpoint it, he tries not to. It's for the sake of himself

"No" Ash muttered "I don't want to"

And Red slipped the head back into its bag

Questioning no more

Caring no more

So there they were, crammed into a 2000 puke green Volkswagen Beetle, windows rolled down, and, if it was a normal summer night with stars and moon shining clearly and brightly against the black canvas, they'd be fine—happy, even, content. But it was late, in the middle of a starless night, and Ash was in the back seat, trembling and scared. At least he was clean now, the cleanest he had ever been in a while. Shaking silently.

Red pushed the door open and walked out into the open field. He cuts his shovel through the dirt, kicking piles of trampled weed behind him. This hole should be at least six feet deep, he told himself and went for ten; piling up layers of Earth as if burrowing himself into it. Red couldn't care less. He had better things to do right now

"Can you handle those?" He looked up and stared at Ash from the bottom of the pit, reaching a hand, expecting him. Ash replied, squeezing his palm and pulling him off from the emptied pocket of dirt; he waited for a second to look at Red—covered in mud and dirt, all dirty and bruised

Thank God, Ash can hear himself muttering, *Thank God* .

Red reached for him, tossing the remainder of the dismembered man inside before building the dirt up again, flattening the surface with fallen leaves and random weeds.

"Look at that! All nice and clean" he smiled, "Do you feel better now?"

"A bit" Ash rubs his hair, squeezing himself into Red's hand. The other clutch him tightly, this is where you were meant to be. Somewhere. Nowhere. Ash sighs

Red closed the door behind him, buckled the seatbelt and stepped on the gas. There was a shake as

the car sparkled into motion, rumbling lightly as it hit the road. The vehicle shakes and hiss like a wild animal, trapped and in pain as it tries to break free

"Hey" Red started, his eyes on the road.

"Can I have my ring back?" He asked, pulling over

"What?..."

"The ring"

Quietly now, awfully gently

"Can I have it back?" Ash stared at him, then at the circle tan on his ring finger. It moved when he leaned onto the steering wheel, still smiling softly. Red's bloody now, head, arms, legs, abdomens, separated, bleeding. His wounds agape, Ash doesn't think they'll close. Looking like blood-red mouths opening across his skin

"It belongs... to my lover" Ash rasp, his lover. The one he loved so dearly. The one he stabbed in the kitchen. His lover.

He's

"That would be me," Red smiled, reaching a hand out to toy with Ash's hair.

He flinched at it.

Looking back.

"Even till now you still refuse to see my last face" Red muttered

With his hand in his pocket, Ash offered the thing he had between his fingers.

It wasn't shining. He wished he had cleaned it off the blood before taking it. Red didn't seem to mind though, with a swift motion. He slipped it onto his finger and smiled

"Thank you dear" He looked up and reached for Ash. Placing a kiss on his forehead

Ash hissed, the touch was cold on his skin; almost unbearable. But he pushed through and stared out. Dazed. As Red looked down at him.

He smiled, and Ash blinked. He is in the driving seat now, breathing heavily. He checked the rear mirror and backed into the traffic.

Going the different directions into the light

I did my best to tone down the fic, all of my drafts and Google history for this fic should be CIA monitored. But yeah, It may not be clear what I intended for Ash but it's clear no sane person drives in the opposite direction from the traffic

Anyways, this fic is very much a more fleshed out version of this art right here and might also be the only piece I made for RaS week that is a writing. I have fun with it tho, hope you have fun reading it too:)

|

|

v

<https://twitter.com/dorime105/status/1643974016049479680?s=20>

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