

## On the open road

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# On the open road

by [di\\_fairy](#)

## Summary

“Anyways,” he says, tugging slightly at the length of rope, “where are we goin’?” Because if Ash has decided to technically kidnap him to take him on a post graduation road trip, he at least deserves to know where they’re going.

“No idea yet. Just go until we get lost.”

## Notes

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

“Ashswag.”

“*Reddoons.*”

Waking up, with his hands and ankles bound and a makeshift gag shoved in his mouth, is not the most pleasant way to wake up. Waking up, bound and gagged, in a moving vehicle, with zero memories of how he'd ended up in said car,

It is, unfortunately, not the weirdest thing Red has been through. He has gone through weirder. *Ash* has put him through weirder.

It's a godsend that *Ash* hasn't decide to be a bitch and take his glasses. Red likes to be able to see when he's being threaten, *thank you very much.*

He goes to say something -a quip about the weather or most probably a complaint about how *Ash* isn't him very gentlemanly, and couldn't he of at least asked him out on a date before taking him wherever he happens to be taking him. Undignified gibberish is the only thing that leaves him mouth (thanks to the gag); it does, however, make *Ash* pay attention to him.

It's with an eye roll that *Ash* pulls them over to the side of the road, and ungracefully tears the gag away from Red's face. He's twisted in his seat, one hand gripping the head rest and the other hovering in the air (not hesitantly, never hesitantly. *Ashswag* does not hesitate and Red will be a dead man the day he does).

Red grins at him, and wonders when *Ash* got his licence.

“Don't look at me like that,” *Ash* responds -which, rude. Red has a very pretty face in his opinion. Maybe it's the fact his glasses have fallen halfway down his nose. It takes a lot of head tossing and Red is sure he looks ridiculous, but he manages to get the glasses back where they are supposed to be. When he looks up, *Ash* is smiling a little; the same look he gives Red when he starts talking about capitalism.

“What is wrong with you?” Red just winks.

“Anyways,” he says, tugging slightly at the length of rope, “where are we goin'?” Because if *Ash* has decided to technically kidnap him to take him on a post graduation road trip, he at least deserves to know where they're going.

“No idea yet. Just go until we get lost.”

"You're just as bad as I am," Red says, huffing out a laugh, because out of the two of them Red has always been the one with no sense of direction (both metaphorically and literally). Mazes have been Red's enemy since he's been born for that reason.

"Oh believe me, I'm much worse." And Red doesn't find that hard to believe.

If he'd be the one to get stranded on a island, *Ash* would be the one to end up in the ER simply because he can. If someone asked Red who was the most likely to disappear of the

face of the earth and turn up months later, he would have answered Ash. Because Ash always has some kind of scheme going on, and nothing he does is ever truly random.

Ash might be trying to get lost, but Red knows there's a reason to it (Red wishes he was allowed to be in on Ash's schemes again).

“Drive away then, my dear Ashswag!” Ash sticks his tongue out at him as he pulls out back onto the highway.

This is not how Red expected his gap year to go, but he isn't complaining.

## End Notes

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