

daisies

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/46869034) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/46869034>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Lifesteal SMP
Relationship:	Ashswag & Reddoons (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Ashswag (Video Blogging RPF) , Reddoons (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Royalty
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-05-01 Words: 635 Chapters: 1/1

daisies

by [w_ nter](#)

Summary

Red has never claimed to be an honest man. Yet, where the daisies bloom purple, deception is a distant friend.

(or: red, ash, and reverence.)

Notes

rau discord saw it first but figured i'd finally post this guy over here :)

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

Red has never claimed to be an honest man.

He isn't. He knows this. He is a liar and a cheat and a fraud, and he's heard it from people at the end of his sword and almost-friends as he forced them to kneel on the tiles of the throne room and someone he thought he loved, once, as they laid on the cold floor of a prison cell. At some point, he lost the distinction between their thoughts and his own, and the titles are woven into the fabric of his being, nowadays, fundamental. So, he does not claim to be an honest man.

Still, he claims to be a knight. Sir Red of Soluna, and the name has a ring to it, doesn't it? Sir Red of Soluna, knight to Queen Delilah. Sir Red of Soluna, knight to Queen Delilah, liar, cheat, fraud, never who he says he is.

No ring to that, but he never uses all his titles, anyway.

So, it is not Sir Red of Soluna that walks the overgrown pathway as it slips through the kingdom wall, and it is not the knight to Queen Delilah that carefully avoids the wildflowers with his footfalls, and it is no one in particular, really, that wanders the wilderness with the sun in his eyes and the grass soft underfoot. It's just Red, just a man that's meant to be dead, just someone that the world forgot for a few years. No one in particular.

Daisies blanket the hills, freshly bloomed.

In the distance, they shift from white to purple, a gentle fade up the sides of one of the smaller hills, and Red knows this without needing to look at them. Were they always like that, he wonders? Or have they shifted in the recent years, a stain bleeding out across the landscape? Which came first, the chicken or the egg? The deity or his coven?

He draws nearer to it, and his eyes are on the pathway, on the grass, on the daisies, and it pulls him in, magnetism, an undertow, and the daisies shift color underfoot.

At the top of the hill, even the grass is starting to muddle in its hue, not quite fully purple, and the shade of the tree falls over his back, and energy hits him like a shockwave and it is suffocating and omnipresent and home.

He stops, and he waits, and he stares at the ground, unblinking, even as the outer edges of incomprehensibility creep into the upper edges of his vision.

Ash's touch is so impossibly gentle where his twenty-thousand-single hand cups the bone of his jaw and guides his head up, drawing away before Red can fully decide if it ever happened at all, and it goes incorporeal before Red can reach out and grab it. Instead, he is faced simply with impossibility, eyes and limbs and the void and a force that calls him closer and all of it purple, violets and irises and lavender and the soft touch of lilac on tiny wild daisies. The world around him fades away, recedes from his perception until it disintegrates, until it never existed at all.

Ash whispers something inconceivable in his ear, and he breathes in the negative space and tastes ozone on his tongue, and there is nothing left he can do but sink.

His knees hit the not-dirt, grainy and rough and soft and smooth, and he does not feel them sting through the enrapturement, and Ash reaches out with infinite hands to keep his head afloat, and his body forgets how to breathe.

In the face of unimaginability, Red kneels, and he says his god's name like it is a promise and an oath and a relinquishment, and the reverence in his voice is so terribly, terribly honest.

End Notes

the royal au brainworms are horrendous

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