

## efficiency! efficiency! the call of perfection

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by Anonymous

### Summary

two guys in a semi-illegal factory becoming too wrapped up in their own creation

“you don’t think,” red speaks, tempted to let the words end there because it would be a sentence in itself, “we’re going too far with this?”

he doesn’t mean it, not really and not in a way that matters to either of them. it’s been a long day. it’s a reminder for ash to stop obsessively checking their system over and over, because it’s been sixteen hours and red likes their project, likes watching it grow and the cash rolling in and the ever increasing sourness on the admins faces but sitting around in a cart, waiting for lava drip down was driving him crazy.

he thinks he can hear it in his sleep. he needs to *move*.

he twists up the blueprints in his hands - not that it matters, being crumpled in the first place. ash takes it from him and smooths it out again. again. they’ve had to change the layout four more times before they were both satisfied with how it’s working. the cart keeps rolling, the trash builds up, and red is going to kill someone if he has to afk here for a second longer.

49 is stamped on the top right corner in red's handwriting. a transitional number. it's their best one yet and it's still not enough.

red has heat and dust filling his lungs and overwhelming, ever-encompassing ambition at his fingertips. he picks up the wooden stub they're using as a pencil and a clean sheet of paper. fingertips brushing his shoulders, ash leans over him as red scratches in 50 with a carelessness that doesn't match the way he's gripping the pencil.

"we're business men," ash reminds him. his voice is the crackling of lava. surrounded by cauldrons and the noise of bubbles spitting, trash pieces rattling and rolling like stones above their graves, red's staring at a prototype god. "no such thing as *too far*. too little, maybe." he grins and it looks like a heat mirage.

"too little," he echoes. *not enough*. red's inclined to agree.

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