

foreguess

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/45636133) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/45636133>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Major Character Death
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Lifesteal SMP
Relationship:	Ashswag/Reddoons (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Ashswag (Video Blogging RPF) , Reddoons (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Roses and Smoke Week , Alternate Universe - Horror , Alternate Universe - Modern , Alternate Universe - Supernatural Elements , Established Relationship , Past Character Death , Reanimated Corpse , Inner Dialogue , Daydreaming , Dreams vs. Reality , Kissing , Necrophilia (kind of) , Unconventional Format , puppeteering an undead body , Car drives , Mystery
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Felix_J #rosesandsmoke , Part 28 of on humanity and the deadliest smp
Stats:	Published: 2023-04-05 Words: 1,369 Chapters: 1/1

foreguess

by [Felix_J](#)

Summary

I'd never go on dates just like that, after being married so long, you know that, Ash? Red'd move his head on the seat, and he wouldn't be able to see his eyes through the sunglasses. *What's even the point of that kinda date?* He would continue, not really *ask*, because of course he has to poke and argue, it always goes in a loop. Even though he knows, and he agrees with Ash.

Thanks, Red, Ash'd answer and break it, because there'd be something in his stomach that's so *soft*, there *is*.

roses and smoke week, day 2: swap | **horror**

Notes

you Can't just hold out to me horror on a platter and expect me to not fuck shit up

roses reference not on day 1? apparently damn

Ash drives himself, takes the driver's seat before he can, even though the car's not his, it's Red's. He thinks, *and he finds that endearing, right*, and pushes Red's glasses farther up his nose before buckling up. Red just tilts his head to the side.

Mine or yours? Ash wants to ask with a grin. There's no separate his or his *place* anymore. That's, that's funny. Left hand on the wheel, right hanging off. He doesn't look at Red.

He *should* look at Red.

Lovely date, he'd say, *I didn't know you had it in you, Reddoons*. Then he'd lean in, and he does, he really wants to, it's just that his eyes are closed, and it only takes a second. Eyes on the road. One eye, at least.

What he'd do is lean in, and also raise a couple of fingers off the wheel to help make his point. Red would chuckle, and clasp his hands, and reply with something like, *yeah, I've got experience. Not with you, mind you*, which would turn into Ash laughing uncontrollably. He doesn't, he has his teeth pressed to his lower lip.

Red would finish anyway, *I mean experience in figurin' it out as I go*.

Ash would nod, *sure, sure*, with another cackle, and Red'd nod back, as if content with the single simple fact that he agrees. Ash doesn't often do that. It's not the point that Red doesn't have good ideas, that he *does*.

Turn. Ash stops at a red light. That's *bad, bad, he has to pay attention to-*

He breathes out and relaxes in the seat, closes his eyes for another second or two.

I'd never go on dates just like that, after being married so long, you know that, Ash? Red'd move his head on the seat, and he wouldn't be able to see his eyes through the sunglasses. *What's even the point of that kinda date?* He would continue, not really *ask*, because of course he has to poke and argue, it always goes in a loop. Even though he knows, and he agrees with Ash.

Thanks, Red, Ash'd answer and break it, because there'd be something in his stomach that's so *soft*, there *is*. He drops his right hand, squeezes Red's, gets a squeeze back. The metal's a nice press against his fingers, although he wishes now it could be left hand to left hand, to click their rings together and pretend he didn't.

Not like it'd ever be the same, he'd mutter. *What's even the point*. It would be bitter... it *is* bitter, the thought in his head, so he wipes it. It wouldn't be bitter, just a small fall, waiting to be caught.

Red would look for too long- yellow, green light. Ash has no problem only using one hand.

What... Of course it would be different, doesn't mean it wouldn't be worth it, Red would reply.

Ash's eyes dart over. "You think?" It sounds raw in the dead silence of the car, and his throat feels wrong after some time of just, not talking.

Red would, think that. And he'd put it down to *what's important is the person*, and then, twist and turn, *it's their mind, and experiences, and identity*, and anything to break the words he'd have said, twist away from the idea that's *really* taking place here, because Ash can't think about it.

The roses were too traditional, Ash would tell him, then, and it'd be the opposite thing, or the same

thing as Ash driving Red's favorite car that he bought before they got even engaged, which he loved to make them argue was just *his*.

Red would grin, and *yeah*, it would make it exactly the same feeling. *Sometimes you need a touch of traditional romance in your life, Ashswag. That's probably what's missing from there.*

There *would* have been too many roses, and they would've left them at the restaurant, but it would've been the gesture that mattered anyway, and they'd both know that. So much red. So fucking much red. He'd probably just have prickled his fingers on the bouquets.

He avoids it by speeding past the next red light. Fuck that. Red'd roll his eyes at it, but here he doesn't have to notice, so he doesn't. It, maybe it just doesn't *happen*.

Easy.

Red doesn't say anything at it, so might as well.

Ash pushes him, leg to leg, without turning, 'cause it's the point that he *can't* turn, would make it too physical and too real and he'd have to concentrate on... he *has* to concentrate on the road.

What's that for, Red'd complain.

"For not talking." Ash mutters.

You're not supposed to distract the driver, Ash, Red'd cackle. *You know, accidents happen.*

"Don't." His voice comes out raspy. He *needs* to get back and to drink something, and he entertains the idea of getting drunk, although he *probably* shouldn't, not with Red like that on him. Sounds enticing, though. Pleasant.

Red'd nod and tap his shoes on the floor of the car, and then go silent.

It's a minute or so until they've arrived.

Ash thinks a second or two on whether or not Red would try to get out through his side, and Red's already out by then and offering him a hand at the open door of the driver's seat. Ash tries not to look him in the eyes, not *yet*, but takes the hand, leans on it heavily as he gets up. Doesn't say anything aloud. Grips it again, when they get up the stairs.

Hey, what do you think people do on their... what, third dates? Red grins and asks, swinging the clasped hands.

First, Ash replies curtly, *first date*.

Oh, first date? It's a little questioning, but Red doesn't *need* to understand to go with the motion. It's enough that Ash does. Understands more than well, too much. *Well, that'd be, watching movies together, probably. Did I spend too much money on you for a first date?*

Ash cackles. *That's just how you do, Red*. Clang of the elevator opening.

Ash pulls on his hand so they walk in quicker and presses in, against the lacquered wall, to Red.

Now that's more third date material, Red laughs quietly. Ash doesn't like it when he does right *now*, as in, Red just *doesn't*, and the lack of breath against his face when Red's lips have broken into a smile feels like a slap. So he closes his eyes again, and only kisses him then. Red moves his mouth against his, experimental- Ash flinches, full-body, and he's slack completely, and Ash's

pushing back on outstretched arms.

Ding, the elevator opens again. It's their floor. Ash's... Red's already collected himself and pulls on Ash's hand when it's so *tiring* for Ash to walk out by himself.

"It's weird." Ash explains, like he's sorry, like there's someone to apologise *to*. "I, he said I can do speech with some practice, I just..."

Red's leaned against the wall. Ash turns the key in the lock. "Maybe it's easier." He mutters.

You'll never know unless you try, and I've not taken my husband for a quitter, Red says somewhere between a cackle and a huff, except it's hard to tell because he doesn't make a fucking *noise*. In Ash's head, the only thing that's important is that it's happy.

We're only on our first date, remember, he smiles back, and it's *so* sweet, it's just for Red there's nothing really that's *too* sweet.

How could I ever forget, Red shakes his head.

Ash gestures for him to walk in, introductory. In his mind, of course. He just waits, really, but it doesn't *matter*.

Locks the door behind him, behind them. Turns around, slowly.

Red's taken the sunglasses off, clicking them closed before hanging them on the shirt. Ash *doesn't* want him to do that, and he thinks there's only a *little* push he needs to do so they go back on, just...

He keeps staring into Red's eyes, the pitch black eye sockets.

"Now, what are good looks like that doing in my flat?" He asks with a flat chuckle, before dropping the keys on the radiator without looking.

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