

fun activities to do with the person you're stuck under house arrest with

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/50751691) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/50751691>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Lifesteal SMP
Relationship:	Ashswag & YeahJaron
Character:	Ashswag , YeahJaron
Additional Tags:	Surgery , Medical Inaccuracies , Lifesteal SMP Season 4
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-10-11 Words: 1,824 Chapters: 1/1

fun activities to do with the person you're stuck under house arrest with

by [oneirogen](#)

Summary

Open heart surgery doesn't even rank up high in the number of weird shit he's done on this server. Maybe approaching the top tens, if he's being generous.

Notes

credit to [core](#) for the original idea ("c!ash and c!jaron probs did open heart surgery while on house arrest together") and thanks to midori from the swagdoons server for inspiring some parts about their general incompetence/malpractice here.

additional cw: non-consensual drug use in the context of minecraft, where the drug is a potion and ash doesn't actually agree to its use during the procedure but is too out of it to protest.

Honestly, the blame for this could be laid entirely at Parrot's feet.

It's not like Ash *wants* to be under house arrest, let alone with Jaron of all people. He's bored to death, alright, and most of the foundation of *the mothership* has been built already, progress for the Wormhole has hit a slow patch, and what's a guy got to do to get some enrichment around here?

Open heart surgery probably doesn't even rank up high in the number of weird shit he's done on this server. Maybe approaching the top tens, if he's being generous about it.

“Nice set of lungs,” Jaron says, as though he has any fucking clue what healthy lungs are supposed to look like.

“Thanks,” Ash wheezes out past the blood in his lungs which is by now, crawling slowly up the back of his throat and clogging his nostrils in a really gross, wet way, “I stole them from the president.”

“We live in an anarchy server,” Jaron tells him mildly. “The closest thing we have to a president is whoever’s trying to break-slash-takeover the server at any given moment,” and then he picks up the saw.

The noise it makes is shrill, dissonant, burrowing into his teeth. He feels the first *crack* of bone, which hurts like a bitch the same way all broken ribs do, and winces when Jaron tugs at a particularly stubborn piece. The sensation hits him like he's being thrown into lava, sharp and burning.

From this angle, all he can see is Jaron’s silhouette, light hitting the back of his head and turning his features into dripping ink, and the parts of his arms that aren’t plunged into Ash’s chest cavity. Blood streaks spread towards his elbows, carefully rolled-up sleeves contrasting with the way he’s been handling the tools – just minutes before, he’d cut too deep into Ash’s skin and pulled away with an “Oops” when Ash had hissed, unfortunately familiar with the feeling of being stabbed in the lungs.

It’s not that bad of a cut. Probably deeper and longer than it should be, which means they have even less time before Ash starts approaching critical levels of blood loss. The important part is that it’s *wide* enough.

“Here, hold this,” Jaron tugs lightly on the flap of skin he’s holding. Ash takes it from him, hooking his numb fingers into the layers of tissue and folding it back so it doesn’t get in the way.

There’s too many pain signals coming from where he’s literally being vivisected to focus on much of anything else. It makes his surroundings feel softer than it should be. The bed they’d put together for this only vaguely registers as damp, blood dripping into it gradually and making the sheets stick to his exposed skin.

Jaron makes a considering noise as he pokes at – *something* inside of him. Ash scrunches up his face, uncomfortable. “What *was* that?”

“Looks like nerves. I could pull them out I think, hold on-” he trails off into mumbling. Ash tilts his head to the side and watches as Jaron rummages through the barrel next to the bed with a look of utmost concentration on his face.

“Dude.”

“...I swear I put it back in here.”

Ash huffs out a breath and pretends every exposed edge of his chest doesn’t immediately light on fire with the action. “If you ruin this for me, I’m stealing your cobblestone generator.”

“Bold of you to assume I wouldn’t just make a new one. Ah– here it is,” Jaron picks up the scalpel triumphantly, leaning back over Ash as he cuts

he cuts

he cuts

he cuts

he cuts through

he cuts

through the

he cuts *through* the

he cuts through the

through

he *cuts*

“Stop doing that.”

“Stop doing what,” someone says flatly.

Oh, that’s him. He sounds like he’s dying, which he is.

“You know, the– glitching out like that,” The person standing over him – Jaron, his brain chimes in a second too late – says, wiggling his hand in a way that all of Ash’s internal organs *really* don’t like. It takes a significant amount of effort to lift his head, heavy and filled with cotton-fuzz, and when he peers down at his chest it’s to the sight of Jaron struggling to pull his hand away from where it seems to have glitched right through and into Ash’s skin.

The ‘not in the process of being cut open’ part of his skin, that is.

Jaron tries to tug his hand out again, and Ash winces when the motion causes his skin to tear. He’s pretty sure he just felt Jaron’s fingernails press against his sternum. “Oh my god, just use the scalpel.”

“I mean, there’s basically no difference between that and what I’m doing right now.”

“It’ll be fucking *faster* instead of watching you fail at this for the next ten minutes.”

“..We wouldn’t have to deal with this at all if you could just control your lagging,” Jaron grumbles, even as he picks up the scalpel again.

Ash is starting to get used to the pinch-sting of the initial cut, and the startling awareness of having cold metal dig inside of him as it’s dragged further along his flesh, dipping between his ribs at some points. It still doesn’t stop him from squirming – Jaron’s fingers being stuck where it most definitely *shouldn’t* be stuck isn’t helping either.

“It’s a medical condition. You’re being discriminatory, what would your chat think of you?” Ash tells him. It basically is, isn’t it? It’s not like he can help it.

“I’m about to *give* you a medical condition if you don’t stop moving,” Jaron says, and that’s all the warning Ash gets before a weakness potion is being splashed over him.

He's like, ninety-percent sure some of the glass shards don't disintegrate and instead just fall merrily into his chest to start integrating with the ecosystem in there. It's a secondary thought – if he thought everything was fuzzy before, it's nothing compared to now; his limbs are basically non-existent, the blood loss and weakness effect combined enough to make him feel like he's floating, the world a mosaic of dull color.

The pain in his chest isn't dulled in the slightest, because nothing in this server is kind. There's a reason why he hadn't agreed to using a weakness potion in the first place.

Blood drips down the side of his mouth and trails down his neck. It's an uncomfortable feeling, but he can't raise an arm to wipe it away, and he sure as fuck isn't about to ask Jaron to.

“This is a terrible alternative for anesthesia.” Half the words come out garbled. He's not even sure if his mouth opens, but the sounds come out, so it must have.

“I know,” Jaron tells him casually, which is ominous in a way that he'd be suspicious of if his brain wasn't currently the equivalent of pumpkin pie that's been stomped all over and turned into mush. Jaron's back to pulling things out of his chest again – more pieces of ribs, long stretchy fibers and cords of sinew, fingers pressing deeper into the wound and picking out what looks like a piece of his lung, and–

His heart, dark red and pulsing weakly. The veins and arteries connected to it don't stay that way for long – Jaron cuts through them with the kind of ease that Ash has grown used to seeing from anyone on Lifesteal.

He doesn't see much beyond that, vision going spotty and dark but still aware of the hands in his chest; exposing him like an insect pinned to a board, pressing against flesh and muscle -- there's really no way to describe the distinct, viscerally uncomfortable sensation of having something *inside* of you, pressure where it shouldn't be and pulling at tendons and blood vessels – and he twists as much as he's able, some instinctive part part of him wanting to get away from the feeling of foreign and *wrong*–

When Ash comes back to himself, he's lying on a bloodstained bed – soaked would be the better word, considering the sheets are no longer white – and Jaron's standing over him.

He reaches a hand up to his chest and feels fabric instead. His hair and clothes, fresh from the respawn, are starting to stick to his skin again, covered in the leftover blood. The entire area smells of it, a metallic tang in the air so thick that he can taste it in his throat.

“Do you wanna keep it?”

It takes Ash a moment to realise what he's talking about, and another second to remember how to form words. “Yeah, sure.”

Jaron tosses the heart on top of the barrel, where it lands with a wet thump. Blood coats his hands, viscous and trailing down his fingers. He wipes them on his trousers and then takes off his hat to set it aside with more care than he'd shown when handling Ash's goddamn organs.

“Cool, there's a jar somewhere in that barrel.” He pats Ash's shoulder, and though the touch is light by their standards it feels like Jaron's just taken a knife to dig into the point under his collarbone, the skin more sensitive than it should be. “Move over, it's my turn.”

Later, Parrot shows up halfway through as part of his usual check to make sure they're still obeying the rules of house arrest.

“Sup,” Ash tells him. Jaron lifts an arm up to wave, not even vaguely in Parrot's direction. Ash uses the hand that's not currently holding a section of skin in place to turn his arm the right way.

Parrot looks at the – well, the *everything* in front of him, including but not limited to the copious amounts of blood and the gaping wound in Jaron's chest.

For a long moment, the only noise is Jaron's whistling breaths and his chat babbling faintly from within his hat.

“What,” says Parrot.

“We're chilling,” Ash informs him helpfully. Jaron makes a noise that could either be an agreement or a sign that they really need to get a move on before he dies of blood loss. They've got a health pot somewhere, but it'd be annoying to waste it on something like this.

Parrot shakes his head, letting out a long breathe. Ash is fairly certain he's suppressing a scream. “Okay, I don't care. I just- No. You're both idiots and I'm leaving. Bye.”

“I don't know what he expected from us,” Jaron mumbles, having lifted his head slightly to watch Parrot go.

Ash turns back to him and shrugs. “Yeah. Anyway, how many ribs do you want me to cut out?”

Jaron flops his head back, immediately wincing when it jolts the rest of him. “How many do you think will let me twist in a way that'll freak out my enemies?”

“All of them,” Ash says, and then presses the scalpel down.

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