

games to play on work break

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Fandom:	Lifesteal SMP , The Sandman (Comics)
Relationship:	Ashswag & YeahJaron (Video Blogging RPF) , Ashswag/Reddoons (Video Blogging RPF)
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Summary

"A boring place is what it is. *Hell*." Jaron says, and it might sound a little bitter. Ash gives him a blurry look. "No, why do you look at me like that." They've stopped asking questions, (Jaron knows asking questions is not a good thing, and generally, he doesn't care). "You *think*, that was such a hot resort, and Satan is the greatest of 'em, you're *curious*, right."

Notes

can be read as some sort of (checks notes) urban fantasy lifesteal au, i guess. feat. demon jaron, (mentions of) lucifer red, and embodiment of delirium ash

anyway, repeat my mistakes and watch the sandman (tv)

Kind of a miracle he has Ashswag around enough to get used to his presence. Not a good one, but

not really a bad one, just strange, and isn't that his whole *point*, to be?

His first thought the second Ash opened his mouth in his presence that very first time was, hm. Might've been along the lines of, to hell with it. But there was the definite belief he would not see him again, wouldn't have to hear the sounds curling around his ears, or see the look that pushed some wrong buttons if he even tried to return it.

He was wrong, and so he was here, paying for his mistakes. Lord forgive him for ever being this wrong.

Lord assuredly will not, so he takes the matters in his own hands, and does *nothing*.

Ash squints at something behind him, even when he talks to him, and his words feel like they *jump*, every time, here-there, just like all of his attention. Jaron's still not sure *how* comfortable he is having it at all, so he'll live with the fact alright.

"The owner of this place has a type, huh?" Ash's head jerks.

Jaron tilts his head so it looks like he wasn't thinking of him in the slightest, and entertains the idea for a few seconds of not answering at all. Then, he concludes he's too bored for that.

"Type of what, what'd you mean?" He leans back, slightly, and misses the long chair back he gets on the opposite side of the bar table.

He could probably just get off into the dark corner of the room, away from the slightest shade of his responsibilities, and, as importantly, of Ash. He doesn't, for some reason, before Ash grips his wrist in a death lock, and then he doesn't have much of a choice.

"Home, place, this is a home, right?" He flicks his free hand. Jaron's look follows it, unconditional.

"This, Ashswag, is a nightclub." He enlightens him, or, tries to. He doesn't really know why he bothers. Sometimes it's easiest.

Ash shakes his head. **"It's *your* place, you all, like, like *Hell* was! Right."** It's not a question anymore. He keeps squinting.

Lux feels more like a place Ash would thrive in, and he *kinda* does, blurs in with the lights. Jaron sits, firm and easy, in his seat, and knows his drink's not been spiked, and it's all just *Ash*.

Ash lets go of his hand.

Jaron hunches over a bit, against the table, cracking his knuckles. Ash stops twitching and moving and working overall like an image in a bad tv, just grins, curious.

"Y... Yes, it's kind of the place." He nods. "It's *his*, at least."

"Yeah, *his*." There's something that lurks in Ash's eyes at it, in the tone itself, and if it was a *lot* of different other people Jaron would be a little... not worried, but he'd know it would mean trouble for them, instantly. Like this, he just laughs.

Ash blinks at him, and the buzz is gone, all confusion now. Almost childish and completely non-threatening. **"What'd you..."**

"You..." He shakes his head, and it feels like letting go, or getting a balloon stuck inside his lungs,

which's actually pretty different, but he's *light*. He guesses he remembers just *what* Ash actually is. It's good to remember, sometimes. He's way too used to just avoiding anything with the title of Endless. "I'm not gonna tell you. What to do." He chuckles again. "But you're looking to hook a *very* big fish there."

Ash's squint relaxes, finally, to closed eyes, and there's a split smile on his face. **"Have I shown you the Mothership yet, Jaron? That's one thing that's gonna catch some fish."**

"Your whole half of the flat is piled with papers with scribbles. So yeah. You probably have."

Ash shakes his head, and his eyes don't open, still. Probably daydreams about his whole... *thing*. **"It's different up close, Jaron. I should take you sometime. I got remodelling tips from... ah."** He bites his lip sharply, and then he seems to *distort*, and Jaron's not sure what happens there, exactly, but he doesn't *need* to be. Doesn't mean he doesn't quirk an eyebrow.

"Dream big, is what I mean." Ash giggles. **"Dream... 's a good thing, you know, in small quantity."**

"You'd know." Jaron nods easily and holds up a hand. The barman is very obviously, *to him*, human, and that's some of it. Lux isn't really a place for any of them who left Hell when the Morningstar did, no, but Jaron's... fine.

"To hell with *Dream*, to... Hell, that's how this place looks like." Ash snaps his fingers. **"That, yeah."**

"A boring place is what it is. *Hell*." Jaron says, and it might sound a little bitter. Ash gives him a blurry look. "No, why do you look at me like that." They've stopped asking questions, (Jaron knows asking questions is not a good thing, and generally, he doesn't care). "You *think*, that was such a hot resort, and Satan is the greatest of 'em, you're *curious*, right."

A glass clicks. Woogie gives them a toothy smile, and his figure hovers above them, like he's trying to not intimidate, but definitely try out the role of an unspoken bodyguard. Jaron chuckles through his teeth, and he's off, helpfully, to the other side of the bar table.

"Red? I'm *very* grateful to Red." Ash says. **"This is the prime place. Hell's such a hard spot to get into, you know. Always has been."**

Jaron stares.

Talking to Ash, he thinks, is like trying to stick your fingers into a current to redirect it.

"I know." He mutters. "Hard place to get out of, too."

Ash nods a few times too many, and raises a glass. **"To having this an even *better* place, then."** His smile is like one of a smug cat.

He downs Jaron's drink in one go.

The liquid looks like it twists into purple, probably *not* under the heavy lighting.

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