

(hello) my old heart

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by Anonymous

Summary

What he doesn't ask is why Ash chooses, over and over, to step through that door, through Lifesteal and Earthbound and the wastelands of an apocalypse. The void knows how many other worlds they've followed each other through without a second thought.

Notes

context is that red has a series (two) videos of revisiting minecraft 1.0. you don't need to actually watch the videos to read this i think but i would highly recommend it regardless

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

oh, i want to find a home - and i want to share it with you.

Ash shows up in his world in the middle of what Red liked to think of as summer, a few days after he had collected his latest batch of wheat and right as a heavy rain sweeps through the plains and drives them indoors, huddling together and limbs knocking into each other because the Hidey Hole really wasn't built with more than one person in mind.

"Where the fuck have you been," Ash managed to gasp out between heaving breaths, hair dripping water and flopping all over his face.

“I think we’ve got more pressing concerns going on,” Red nudged him closer towards the running furnace, grimacing at the water puddling into the gaps between cobblestone. “Like what you’re doing to my property value. Did you bring the entire storm in with you?”

Ash blows a raspberry at him, which has the expected effect of getting hair in his mouth. Red grins at him as he struggles to brush the strands away, strangely warm despite the wind howling outside and the rain gradually leaking through the ceiling.

“How did you even find your way in here,” he mutters into the dirt, several nights later when the sky is clear enough that they’ve decided to spend the night outside. The torches flicker and waver but they’re safely enclosed within the circle of bright light, and not even the possible threat of monsters is enough to deter them from lazing around outside and wiggling in the patch of dirt to make parodies of snow angels.

It’s not a question that he really expects an answer to, or more accurately it’s not the question he actually wants an answer to, because he already knows how Ash found his way here; it’s second nature, an unthinking habit to leave a ‘door’ of sorts, cracked open for Ash to crash through with all the exuberance that usually accompanies a thunderstorm.

What he doesn’t ask is *why* Ash chooses, over and over, to step through that door, through Lifesteal and Earthbound and the wastelands of an apocalypse and the void knows how many other worlds they’ve followed each other through without a second thought.

Why did you look for me, he doesn’t ask, and Ash says, “you’d have to try harder to keep me away,” which isn’t really an answer. Or maybe it was, and Red was just overlooking something. Maybe living in an old server with no one to speak to except the slowly growing wheat had stripped away some of his social skills.

He startles slightly when Ash’s hand sweeps into his vision, easily tugging his glasses away from his face. When he tilts his head towards Ash, mouth already open to start complaining, Ash is running his fingers over the indents in them with a careful reverence that steals all the half-formed words in Red’s throat.

“You could’ve taken it to someone better to fix it.” Ash tells him.

“Ehhh,” Red draws the noise out, “you did a fine enough job with it.”

He lets out a huff of air that’s almost a laugh, folding the frames with a *clack* and tucking it into the front of Red’s shirt. There are stars reflected in his irises when he holds Red’s gaze for a breath too long, mouth tilted up into a smile.

Red isn’t sure what he’s looking for but whatever it is Ash seems to be happy with it, rolling back and smearing more dust onto his cheek.

“Is this like, your retirement arc or something,” Ash calls down from where he’s perched on the roof of the Hidey Hole – which is becoming less of a hole dug out of the earth and more of an elaborate cobblestone structure with each passing day.

Red pauses, turns around from where he's tending to the farm and shrugs. Something like nostalgia and the beginnings of lethargy biting at his heels had been what'd driven him here, to an old world with nothing much going for it except it's emptiness, but fuck if he knew why'd stuck around either. He'd excused it to himself as needing to be around for the next batch of wheat to be harvested, and then he'd needed to clear out the cavern behind his house, and there was the *next* batch of wheat, and it had kind of just, kept *going* like that. There isn't an explanation he can give, because there isn't one.

Ash takes it as the non-answer it is, because they've always understood each other even when staring down the other over the sharp edge of a sword, and hops down from the roof. He takes the tools Red throws in his direction easily, cloth wrapped around the wooden handle and stains already smeared into the fabric.

It's unforgiving work, trying to handle a farm. Sweat drips down his face and arms as the sun slowly inches up the sky, though the water is thankfully cool around his feet, trousers rolled up to avoid tracking water everywhere into the house later. From next to him, Ash goes through the same repetitive motions with barely a noise of complaint even though there's absolutely no reason for him to be here except that Red is, and there's dirt clinging to their fingers and Ash looks iridescent, glowing under the sunlight, and his crops are *thriving*, alright, so he can't really be blamed for the next words that slip out of his mouth.

"I love you," Red breathes out, like he's trying to clean an open, festering wound. No one had ever warned him that you could love someone so much that the sheer weight of it could hurt, but he's here now; Ash turns around, eyes wide but unsurprised and takes hold of his hand, farm water and all, like he knows.

They don't have seasons in the plains as much as they have two monsoons, gradually shifting in intensity through the year. *Hot and rainy, cold and dry*, Ash recites like he's remembering words from a half-forgotten memory, and Red is too busy trying to replace the worn-down ceiling areas of the Hidey Hole with more cobblestone to really question it beyond *what are you even talking about, can you help me out over here man*. They patch the roof and Red tells him he's surprisingly helpful for a freeloader, Ash filches another iron ingot when he thinks Red isn't looking and Red retaliates by tripping him into the water when they're outside later, laughter bubbling and Ash grinning at him even through drenched hair—

And, well, life is good.

End Notes

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