

i wouldn't blame you if you turned around

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i wouldn't blame you if you turned around

by Anonymous

Summary

sometimes things don't go the way you want them to. it's a story clown has heard time and time again.

clown can't count on one hand how many times he's seen redden like this. standing strong at twenty hearts, people around him assume that there's really no way to topple one of the strongest on the lifesteal smp. but fortunately, there's a lot the people on the server don't know, and clown's made sure it stays that way — that no one else on the server can ever see redd slumped over in a chair, a bottle of some random alcohol clown doesn't have the patience to memorize clutched in his hand, head resting on the surface of the table. it's not the first time he's seen redd like this, having worked himself into a drunken stupor, and it won't be the last. so clown does what any good sort-of-maybe-possibly-friend can do, and he moved the bottle of— fireball, of course it's fireball, out of redd's grasp.

as expected, it takes the man a few seconds to realize his alcohol's been taken, and clown can hear a groan of protest, but he doesn't listen to him.

"redd, what the fuck?" clown mutters, a bite to his words that he knows even a drunken-redd can't miss.

"...s all good, man," redd responds after a moment of silence, a lull in conversation — if it can even be called that — too long for comfort.

clown shakes his head, a sigh on his lips as he moves to the nearest enderchest and pulls out a

shulker box, and then a water bottle from within it. he deposits everything back and slides the water across the table.

"im not drinking this /shit/, man." redd manages. clown scoffs.

"like hell you aren't." he shoots back, pulling off one of his gloves, grabbing redd's face, and tilting his jaw back, prying his mouth open with his thumb. redd surprisingly doesn't fight back as clown tilts the bottle and water comes pouring out from it and into redd's mouth. redd gurgles for a moment, looking half-dead and half-something-else, before he grabs the bottle with a weak grasp and pulls it away from clown to finish on his own.

clown counts that as a victory, small as it is. he takes a step back and slips the glove back on, heaving a concerned sigh as he stares at redd.

redd blinks at him.

"what the fuck happened, redd?" clown asks, his voice softer than usual, and he knows redd will miss that, at the very least.

"...s ash," redd responds. his voice sounds heavy, sad, and clown's fingers twitch.

"what did he do?"

"more like what i—did," he chokes back, a laugh escaping what clown can only assume is a battered throat. the guy looks like he'd been crying his eyes out beforehand anyway, and the fireball surely didn't help.

"what did you do, redd?" clown manages to keep his voice steady, not raising it even the slightest. redd's shoulders move into a shrug.

"...ruined things, for the last time," now, redd is resting his forehead on the surface of the wooden table, and clown watches as he starts to shake. a broken half-sob of a noise is released and clown shuts his eyes for a moment. okay.

"i... i did something bad, said something bad, and he said— said something too, and... fuck, clown, i ..."

"this has happened before. you know it'll resolve—"

"NO!" redd shouts, noise muffled by the table. clown takes a step back. "he— he said, 's over now, 's all over, can't fix.... not now."

"redd." clown moves towards him again, setting a hand on his shoulder. if he knew himself better, clown would recognize the feeling of heartbreak that builds up inside him, hearing just how hurt redd is— redd isn't supposed to feel like this. he's supposed to be strong, charismatic and funny but now... it's as if he's just a shell of himself. and it's fucking ridiculous. all of this is. ashswag comes in again, screws redd up, but of course it's mutual. clown has never seen a couple so destructive of themselves the way ash and redd were. "let's get you to bed. sleep this off, talk about it in the morning."

"i—" he can hear the way redd falls apart, voice cracking. it stings clown, burns through him like something violent. "—i want him...."

"i know. and we can talk about this tomorrow." clown's voice has softened considerably. he tries to show sympathy but he's not sure how well it bleeds through. his fingers twitch again as redd lays a

hand over clown's, squeezing the gloved digits in his own.

"i thought i was doing better." there's a bitter noise that escapes redd after he says that, a sad, broken thing that makes clown tilt his head.

"redd. let's go." he urges. redd is still for awhile. but when he finally moves, clown counts it as yet another victory. he has to sling redd's arm over his own shoulders, and wrap an arm around his waist as he moves him through another room, and towards where he knows his bed is hidden. he shovels the dirt away and sets redd down, sitting next to him. neither of them make any move to get away from the other. redd's hand moves to clown's and they lace their fingers together. redd looks disheveled, suit vest unbuttoned at the top, shades pushed atop his head, hair messy and tangled. clown ignores the way it makes his heart pang.

"i js't wanted to be... good for him," redd says, breaking the silence and squeezing clown's hand. clown breaks his hand loose and gently lays redd down in the bed, pushing him down by the shoulders and standing to tuck him in. redd's grasp comes to rest on clown's wrist, and he swears he can hear a pathetic little plead from the man's lips. so he obliges to the imaginary, and sits himself down next to the bed, back pressed against the exposed bedframe and mattress.

redd falls asleep with his hand laced with clown's, and clown does not rest even a moment. when redd wakes, clown is nowhere to be found, save for another water bottle and an instant health pot on redd's nightstand.

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