

if you were a waiting room i would never see the doctor (i would sit there with my first aid kit and bleed)

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by [treacherouna](#)

Summary

"Jesus, it's even worse than I thought. What the hell did you do?"

"...What?" He feels stupid like this, sitting on the floor covered in blood and unable to move with Red staring down at him, looking as pristinely clean and put together as always. It makes him shuffle uncomfortably, before the sharp pain from his side makes him remember there's more important things to worry about than how small he feels right now.

or: ash is injured, red helps

Notes

well holy hell thank you for the support on the last one it was incredibly motivating LOL

i used to be really stressed at the idea of writing a swagdoons fic in lifesteal setting cause i had no idea how to properly fit it in canon or even a canon setting and then i just realized i could. not do that. and just make shit up on my own as i go. it's really freeing when that realization hits my brain cause i'm a major perfectionist when it comes to my writing (which is why i'm so slow at it) that i can never just unclench and well. consider that this idk

also sorry mapic for being the villain here or something consider him being chosen like me playing darts to see which member is most likely to jump ash for no reason and it just coincidentally happened to be mapic (nothing to do with the amount of zam streams i've watched in the last two weeks /s) (ok at the time of posting this that doesn't make much sense) (yes i write my notes in advance) (I HAVE SHIT TO SAY I DON'T WANT TO FORGET OKAY)

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

Somehow it always comes back to this. Him getting his ass kicked by one of the other server players who've decided to make him their victim of the day, more often than not stealing one of his hearts, leaving him to respawn and lick his "wounds" for longer than he probably should. He's not helpless when it comes to combat, he's just not as good as the server's finest, so he'll be proud of himself for even putting a dent in their armor.

He guesses he should be grateful that he managed to escape them today with his seven hearts still intact, but he's not sure if suffering through all of his injuries was better than losing one of his hearts and respawning without them. Respawning in it's own right wasn't a breeze either, it left you feeling the pain of all of your previous injuries and sore all over, so you end up being bedridden against your own will either way. He could push through this period with relative ease — being on a server like this for so long had you learning how to take care of all kinds of wounds and injuries, potion effects and how to treat it all on yourself. Even with just a day's rest, with the help of some health pots and sheer will he'd be able to get back on his feet in no time.

Today was not one of his luckiest days. It's always the worst when he doesn't get to wake up at his base with a horrible headache post-respawn, and instead has to walk the whole way back to his base after getting attacked thousands of blocks away from it. His injuries never help, but right now they're especially bad. His armor basically gave up on him during the fight after being left with no XP bottles, so he ended up taking a few more hits and arrows than his body can really handle. He thinks he looks rather pathetic like this, covered in blood, limping his way through the server with an arrow stuck in his shoulder — but he also knows no one on the server cares enough to make fun of him. Any potential witnesses would just see him and laugh it off, moving on with whatever they were doing previously.

He doesn't know if he's ever been more happy to see his base in his life. It was nothing grand — mostly used for just the essentials of storage and shelter — but it meant safety, however temporary it may be. It also meant he could finally rest, considering most of his leftover energy after the fight was now spent up from walking over here, and all he really wanted to do was pass out for the next twelve hours. Unfortunately for him, he had to take care of the injuries currently strewn across his body before anything else, or he'd be in even deeper shit.

The first thing he does after getting in said base is take off his armor, because in this state they were more just scraps of metal than anything actually of use in protecting him. He did it *very* slowly considering every muscle in his body was screaming in pain. After finally getting all of it off and throwing it off to the side — no clue where exactly, that's future Ash's problem — he thinks he deserves a break before properly getting to work. Of course, his bed or any comfortable furniture is too far away, so he just slides down the wall and sits down on the wooden floors. Not the most comfortable of places, that's for sure, but still somewhere he can rest, even temporarily. He decides to "rest his eyes" for a moment, too, as the exhaustion was *really* hitting him.

Shockingly, he does not end up falling asleep, just in a numb, limbo like state of being, but gets torn out of it anyway by an unwelcome sound entering his ears. Footsteps. Much closer than they should be.

Immediately, he feels like letting out a groan and whimper all at the same time for having to deal with someone coming to his base. All that comes out instead is a small noise of frustration he barely heard himself. It could be anyone, from Jaron coming over to bother him or Mapic coming to finish the job from earlier, and he *really* did not feel like dealing with anyone right now. He wasn't even sure if he could get up to properly answer the door. Thankfully, his uninvited guest somehow knew this and opened the door themselves. When he finally opened his eyes and saw just who the intruder was, he felt like groaning even more.

Reddoons. An interesting character on the server, especially in relation to him, never exactly enemies nor allies, an in between only they knew and understood. Not his favorite person in the world, but at least it wasn't Mapic. Incredibly annoying to deal with, however. Especially if he gets how he thinks he'll get after seeing him like this.

"Jesus, it's even worse than I thought. What the hell did you do?"

"...What?" He feels stupid like this, sitting on the floor covered in blood and unable to move with Red staring down at him, looking as pristinely clean and put together as always. It makes him shuffle uncomfortably, before the sharp pain from his side makes him remember there's more important things to worry about than how small he feels right now.

"I saw your fight with Mapic from a distance. I figure you must have provoked him somehow if he decided to jump you in the middle of the day."

"What, didn't feel like helping out? And... It's Mapic. No matter what you have or haven't done, if he wants to, he *will* attack you." Red hums in agreement at the second part.

"Yeah, didn't want to get involved in all that. What I did feel like, however, is helping you out with *this*, which is why I followed you back to your base."

He gestures towards Ash's crumpled form on the floor and Ash already regrets not kicking him out immediately instead of humoring him. Something about Red just makes him feel like he has to listen to what he has to say, even if only to talk back and argue with him.

The sun coming from the open door behind him kind of makes Red glow like some kind of angelic being coming to rescue him. He looks... Really beautiful.

He wipes that thought from his brain as soon as he processes it (and how accurate it really is).

"You know, I'd really rather be alone right now." He says this as a last resort on making Red leave — but, honestly, he's kind of glad he has someone more experienced willing to help with his injuries. He can deal with Red and his behavior for an hour or two if he's helping him.

"Tough shit, you and I both know there's no way you're dealing with all of those on your own. You're minutes away from falling asleep, even with the amount of pain you're in right now."

He's right, of course he is, and in Red saying that he gets reminded of just how tired he really is. His eyelids suddenly feel like weights.

"Hey, no falling asleep on me, especially now. Come on." He nudges him with his foot, then moves to close the door. By the time he walks back to Ash, he's already grabbing his arm and trying to pull him to his feet, Ash hissing in pain throughout the whole thing. Surprisingly, Red is

actually being as gentle as he can while still trying to pull him, and a part of him deep down finally relaxes. Subconsciously, he knows he's in good hands. But he's not willing to admit it out loud just yet.

As soon as Ash drops down on his bed Red turns and starts rummaging through his chests, looking for where Ash keeps his medical supplies.

"Behind you. To the left." He murmurs, exhaustion really setting in.

After Red gathers the appropriate amount of bandages, disinfectant and whatever other things he'll need to fix Ash's current physical state, he turns back to him and lightly shakes him awake. He murmurs a complaint Ash is too out of it to hear, but he thinks it's about him falling asleep every twenty seconds.

"I'm gonna have to get that arrow out of your shoulder before anything, and it's gonna hurt like hell. Okay?"

Ash nods, trying to prepare himself for the pain he knows is coming. He thinks about how his shoulder won't even hurt a few weeks from now and he'll be able to function normally. Just have to get through it getting disinfected and bandaged. Easy.

Red counts down and he starts taking deep breaths in and out. If Red grabbing his other shoulder and the arrow itself in order to pull it out didn't hurt, him actually pulling it out was painful enough. He couldn't help the yell of pain he let out, although Red didn't seem to react and just reached for the disinfectant and some gauze to stop the bleeding.

"You doing okay?"

He nods, continuing his deep breathing from before. He gravely underestimated the severity of his injuries if he thought he could do all of this on his own.

"I, uh... Don't really know what to say to distract you from the pain, sorry. But I can talk to you until the bleeding stops. What were you doing before... Mopic?"

With Red holding the gauze on his shoulder he realizes that his face is... Much closer to him than it's ever been, at least in recent memory. He takes notice of his eyes and wonders if they were always that specific shade of hazel. Actually, has he always been this attractive? Maybe he'd been actually missing out on not taking Red seriously back when they first met and all the man did was flirt with him to piss him off. He's still the same, there's just a lot more threats in between. He stands behind both.

"Nothing much, really. Just running around gathering resources. Wanted to expand the base a little."

Red hums, then launches into a rant about his own base — thousands of blocks away from here, much grander and well thought out, but still hidden if what Red's saying is anything to go by. Ash doesn't really interrupt him, mostly just shortly commenting whenever he feels the need to. With Red doing most of the talking right now, he feels the fuzziness of sleep coming back.

"— Okay, take your shirt off."

Well, that's one way to get him more awake.

"Absolutely not."

"How the hell do you expect me to clean or bandage any of your wounds if I can't reach them properly?"

He feels the need to say something and fight back, but he knows Red is right. He looks like he knows that as well, staring at him triumphantly. Ash feels like hitting him.

He spends a good amount of time trying to convince himself that it's not that big of a deal, taking his shirt off and being basically naked in front of Red of all people — though, if it were to happen in front of anyone, he guesses Red would be the safest option. It's not like he hasn't seen him in worse or more personal situations. After finally mustering enough strength (mental and physical) to do it, he does it, trying to be fast but failing after the pain reminds him that he does indeed have injuries and bruises all over his body — and that there's basically an open wound right on his shoulder. Red sees him struggling and helps him pull it off, throwing it off to the side. He immediately presses the gauze back on his bleeding wound, without even glancing at what was revealed moments ago. Ash feels a bit offended at that before realizing that his wounds are much more important.

"Hold that."

He does as he's told, watching as Red grabs another piece of gauze, pouring the disinfectant on it and starting to clean the other wounds littered across his body — with his face being first. Their faces are even closer now and he swears he can see freckles on the other man's face. The pain from one of the cuts on his face getting cleaned snaps him out of those thoughts, making him hiss in pain. Red mutters an apology.

After getting most if not all of his cuts and scrapes clean and disinfected, Red moves his attention back to his shoulder, taking away the bloody gauze in Ash's hands and grabbing a new one (with some bandages) after making sure the wound was properly cleaned. He moves even closer in order to start bandaging it.

"...Why are you helping me?"

Red looks up at him without stopping what he's doing, tightening the bandage around his shoulder. He's never heard his voice in such a soft, reminiscent tone.

"You know why."

He can suddenly feel the heat of lava and the smell of sand again. He vaguely sees an image of Red in his mind, suit ironed and hair styled to perfection, but... Still Red. Still the same man that's in front of him right now, the same man that followed him for way too long without making a sound just to make sure he wouldn't bleed out on his base's floor — because he *knows* him, clearly better than he once thought.

He thinks he understands a lot more things now.

Eventually, Red finishes his bandaging job with a little bit of tape to keep it from unwrapping and finally moves away from Ash. He can breathe easier now — although, he realizes he's still shirtless and reaches over to grab his shirt and put it back on. Red isn't even paying attention since he's busy with putting away all of the leftover supplies.

The exhaustion is hitting him again, and, really, there's nothing stopping him from falling asleep now that he's well taken care of, so he doesn't really try resisting, only moving into a more comfortable position. Red can figure out how to get back to his own base on his own. Plus, he was much richer than him and Ash didn't really own any valuables in the first place so he doesn't care

about him being left alone in his base. What's he gonna do, kill him? He had his chance.

After Red is done with putting away and organizing the little amount of medical supplies Ash has left, he turns around to see him long gone. He can't help the sigh of disappointment that leaves him. He doesn't try waking him up again, only moves to put another blanket over his sleeping form. Realistically, he knows Ash will be fine — he's the one who personally cleaned and bandaged all of his wounds, but he still can't help but feel worried about him. He looks around for a second, looking for any comfortable furniture he might have and sees a simple wooden chair next to the bed. Dreading his life choices, he moves it away a little bit and sits down, trying to get comfortable for the next few hours.

(He wakes up with a sore neck and his knees hurting like hell, but to a shy and flustered Ash who's incredibly shocked at him willingly staying the night. He thinks it's worth it.)

End Notes

obviously the logistics for this are ass i did basically no research on this and literally forgot he even had an arrow in his shoulder in the middle of writing this do not take advice from fanfiction for the love of god

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