

i'm on a sugar crash i ain't got no fuckin' cash

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by [AnonymousBat \(AnonymousAnimals\)](#)

Summary

Redd tries to surprise Ash for his birthday! It's not his birthday.

Notes

same universe as flying high, set before in all technicality. completely separate plots though. very slicey lifey. posting it here cause it is technically part of an au that has explicit content + general sugar daddy au vibe.

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

Ash doesn't know for absolute certain, but he doesn't think his dorm was full of roses when he left that morning. He could be wrong, but it felt like the kind of thing he would notice, even hungover to hell for a Monday eight a.m.

Still, he comes back after two classes and a lunch break, ready to work on some homework before dashing to his job, and there are roses everywhere all the same. They're scattered all across the floor on his half of the room, a bouquet of them on his desk along with a large box, and a garland of them is draping from his bed. Of course accompanying his fleet of red roses is Redd himself.

Redd's only state of undress is the fact that his suit jacket is unbuttoned and his tie is undone- he probably thinks it makes him look sexy, but Ash thinks it makes him look like he got dumped at homecoming. His eyes light up still when he spots Ash, a giant grin on his face as he swings his legs around to jump off his vantage point. "Ash, baby!"

“How did you even get in here?” Ash demands, more baffled than angry. “Dorms are students and guests only.”

“Jaron let me in.”

“I’m gonna kill him,” he mutters. He leans his backpack against the wall, kicking roses to the side to make space. “What is all this?”

“It’s your birthday,” Redd says brightly, and. Oh, yeah, Ash forgot about that.

“It’s not my birthday,” he says, feeling only a little bit of guilt. “My birthday isn’t for another two months.”

Redd’s bright grin fades. “What? You told me it was today. I had it on my phone.”

He looks so pathetic that Ash actually feels bad. “Yeah, I lied about that. I told you a fake birthday when we met in case you were a crazy stalker.”

Redd blinks a few times. “Ash, it’s been eight months.”

“Yeah,” he says. “Uh.”

Redd waves his hand, his smile already back. “Well, happy Monday. Come on, I got you something.”

“Aside from the roses?” Ash kicks one. “There’s going to be petals in here for ages. People live here, Redd.”

“I’ll hire someone to clean up.” Redd dismisses the thought with a wave. “Present now.”

Ash is curious despite himself. Redd’s presents are very often hit or miss, but he seems excited about it. He assumes his present is in the large, suspicious box on his desk. He pulls his knife out of his drawer and flips it open, ignoring Redd’s low whistle.

The box is wrapped nicely, and Ash makes an attempt to save the paper. Knowing Redd, it was probably gilded or something, and the paper is pretty anyways. The cardboard is plain, so he can’t figure out what store or something Redd bought it from.

“What the fuck did you get me?” Ash mumbles, pressing the blade against the packing tape. Redd just laughs, leaning back against the wall.

He knows what it is the second the box is open, and his throat feels dry. He cuts the box down to recycle it later, revealing more of the built PC. It’s definitely not a pre-built- Redd is stupid, but he’s not cheap. Ash runs a finger against the edge of one of the monitors Redd had also provided, and taps at the mechanical keyboard.

“Oh, my God,” he whispers.

“Happy Monday.” Redd leans in to press a kiss to the side of his head, but Ash pushes him away by the shoulder.

“No way. Absolutely no way. How much did this cost?” The keyboard looks personalized, with purple lettering on black keys and Ash’s name on the side. Not to mention the cost of graphic cards, which Ash has complained about enough that Redd would have gotten him a nice one. What would Ash even *use* two monitors for?

“Do you really want to know?” Redd asks, one eyebrow quirked up.

“More or less than my tuition this semester?” Even the mouse looks expensive. How do you get an expensive *mouse* ?

“... More,” Redd admits. “A lot more.”

Ash recoils from the computer. “I can’t accept this.”

For the first time in this entire conversation, Redd looks off put. “What? No, hey, yes you can. You’ve been saying for ages your laptop needs replacing.”

“My laptop is fine, I was being sarcastic.”

“Your laptop has a crack down the side that makes a solid third of the screen unreadable,” Redd huffs. “Relax, Ash, it was a birthday present.”

Ash hates Redd sometimes. He has so many cons that Ash wonders how he puts up with him. Redd’s number one annoying trait is that he’s rich and materialistic. The flowers are one thing, but a computer that could pay for school is another. “No. I won’t take it.”

Redd rolls his eyes. “You say that about everything. Look. You need it- your laptop can’t even handle C shrimp or whatever without bluescreening half the time. I won’t get you anything else for the rest of the year, I *promise* . But you take presents that are useful to you. That’s the deal.”

Ash glares at him, but Redd just grabs a rose and puts it between his teeth with a smarmy smile. “It’s a damn nice PC,” he says, muffled through the stem. “You should at least try it out.”

He sighs, and he starts to arrange the computer how he wants it arranged. Redd watches him in silence as he works, but the few times Ash glances over, he doesn’t necessarily seem bored or impatient. He isn’t even playing on his phone, just watching Ash with an even gaze and a smile.

If Redd isn’t going to hurry him, Ash is going to take his time. He makes sure everything is plugged in and connected three times, and he nearly boots the thing up before pausing. “Hey. I’m sorry I lied about my birthday.”

Redd waves a hand. “Don’t worry about it. Smart play.”

Ash hates him. He has, in addition to his terrible list of cons, a non-insignificant amount of pros. For one, he’s much younger than sugar daddies tend to be, which does put Ash at ease. He’s only three or so years older, and the closeness in their age has tricked Ash’s brain into seeing him as a peer rather than an other. Unfortunately, he’s also hot.

He’s also funny when he isn’t being annoying, and understanding most of the time, and has never once pushed Ash to do more than accept a fancy present. There really were worse men out there, he figures, and as much as he’d love to see the abolishment of capitalism, he does like having money to buy food.

Ash stands up from his chair. “I’m sure you have plans for us, and set up is going to take me like three hours.”

“I’ve got nothing but time,” Redd says with a shrug. “I took today and tomorrow off work. I was planning on taking you bar hopping, but since you *lied* about your birthday, you’re not legal so it’s no fun.”

Ash huffs. "I hate American drinking laws."

"You're the one who came over, baby." Redd tosses his rose across the room. "We can do whatever you want. Happy Monday for you, after all."

He thinks about it. "How about a movie?"

He almost expects Redd to scoff at him. Redd's hobbies are all things like polo and wine tastings, which he usually drags Ash along to because there's nothing else to do. This seems almost too lower class to even mention to Reddoons, who could probably just buy the movie theater.

"That sounds great!" Redd grins brightly. "I've been wanting to see that new Knives Out movie? The one with James Bond?"

"Uh- yeah, I've heard that one's good," Ash says, watching in a bit of startled awe as Redd makes for the door.

"I'll call my driver," he says, already pulling out his phone.

"I'll buy popcorn," Ash offers, just to at least float the idea.

"Nah, man, I'll get it for you. Unless you really want to." Redd is holding open the door, gesturing him out into the hallway. "I'll have these roses cleaned up too, alright? Wouldn't want Jaron to step on a thorn."

Another aggravating con of Redd is that he is sweet, and it drives Ash crazy.

A pro is that Ash knows for a fact he's seeing other people, so it helps him keep himself unattached.

"Fine." Ash grabs his keys and his phone from his bag, and he follows Redd out.

End Notes

fact one about swagdoons is they are gay fact two they are insane

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