

overdosed on sugar and holiday high

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overdosed on sugar and holiday high

by Anonymous

Summary

“Morning Ash,” Red greets, supported with a small wave.

And as an afterthought, Red adds,

“Merry Christmas.”

Because he’s soft like that, then to balance the statement, he continues,

“Can’t believe you’re still working during the holidays like some capitalist contributing to society.”

Notes

my quick, short attempt at a fluffly christmas swagdoons fic, enjoy!!

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

Reddoons wonders aimlessly around the snow littered street, bare trees hung with strings of small light bulbs illuminating his path with a soft, warm glow. His footsteps leaves a trail behind his wake, boots crunching against fresh thin layers of snow, and he feels the coldness sweep into his bones despite the layers of clothing wrapped around himself.

The snow gradually falls upon rooftops and onto his face as well, dusting his worn out beanie white like flour coating dough, covering its fading colour of red after the years of usage. Wearing shades isn't exactly ideal in this weather, but Red can always justify that its another safety precaution for his eyes to curious individuals.

Red walks past several stores on his improv journey, each being equally dressed in Christmas attire ranging from a variety of iconic designs such as the glistening golden stars, candy cane stripes circulating pillars, and trees with colourful baubles along the branches. He experiences glimpses of other people's lives on his walk, witnessing a child hold hands with her parents as she happily skips along the concrete path, bags of wrapped gifts dangling from the parents' free hand. A couple links their arms together tightly to fight winter's freezing grasp with expressions of pleasant adoration. A man hurries off to a cab, presumably wishing to visit his family at the last minute.

Perhaps his walk isn't as aimless as he had initially thought it to be as he slowly approaches a corner cafe, not so different from the other establishments surroundings it in terms of the vast decorations, yet standing out in Red's mind with familiarity. Surprised about the fact it was still open on this day, his feet carry him to the front door, opening it with a subtle chime twinkling throughout the entire room, notifying the staff of his presence. The cafe itself is small in size with comfortable booths in earthy brown tones lined against glass windows. The place isn't as considerably popular compared to the other cafes standing outside, though it still holds important memories in Red's mind, which all's to blame on the male standing behind the counter.

Bags under lilac downturned eyes visible in the cafes lighting creates a tired and bored expression on his face, and dark purple dyed hair was tied into its usual messy braid with the streak of pastel similar to his eye colour contrasting against the rest. His lips are drawn into a gentle resting position nearing a frown, teeth toying on the bottom in his concentration. The black apron he was wearing had his full name, Ashswag, in bold on a little name tag, cutesy purple flowers on the borderlines. Red can only imagine how many customers have been confused with his name, questioning if that was actually what they were supposed to refer to him as.

(He probably shouldn't talk much, because his name is literally the first colour of the rainbow).

As the male looks upwards towards where Red is standing, he nods once in greeting as recognition draws upon his face. Distracting himself with a chore as he waits for Red's arrival to the front.

Red doesn't mentally comment on the light skip in his step to the front, falling into a routine of causal smugness. Due to the cafe's lack of popularity and other business competition, there were no customers waiting in line. Instead, the few number of people were scattered around the area, tucked away in booths or dining tables blooming with floral decor, enjoying their own warm morning coffee and preparing themselves for the day.

“Morning Ash,” Red greets, a small wave supporting the gesture. Ash’s attention is focused back on him, his face holding concealed wonder to his next course of action. There's also a hint of wariness, to which Red beams internally at.

And as an afterthought, Red adds,

“Merry Christmas.”

Because he’s soft like that, then to balance the statement, he continues,

“Can’t believe you’re still working during the holidays like some capitalist contributing to society.”

Since even on Christmas day, where everyone is meant to be happy and celebrating with families and friends with the magical holiday spirit, Red would never refuse the opportunity to throw teasing remarks at Ash.

Red likes to believe that he sees the corner of Ash’s lips lift ever so slightly, eyes swirling with amusement after rolling in a circular motion.

“Guess you really have no life then if you choose to spend today visiting my humble workplace. Shouldn’t you be preparing yourself for tonight's gathering?”

“Why can’t I visit my favourite lifesteal member regularly? Must I really call you in advance to announce my arrival?” Red rests his elbows on the counter, propping his head in his hands in such an informal manner to contradict his statement.

“All you ever do is bother me on the daily, even when I’m working,” Ash responds, mirth dancing in his eyes as he settles the blue cup he was previously cleaning down, tucking the cloth into his apron, full attention on the person in front of him.

Red grins, reminded of his first encounter with the man, where he had stumbled upon the cafe’s opening in search of a midday coffee after finishing another draining commission, and other customers were buzzing with excitement for the new business.

When Red entered the cafe in desperation, the aroma of coffee beans immediately filled his senses, nose twitching at the strong, bold smell and mood instantly being lifted at a potential drink. Reaching the front of the line, Red had his first ever meeting with Ash, and after witnessing his neutrally bored expression and wonderful display of his sarcastic attitude, as all tired baristas must have, he decided to spice up his working life (or make it into a living hell). Despite his ever growing yearning for a cup of coffee because according to his cost benefit analysis, a small sacrifice would be for the greater good of his own amusement.

Which so happens to be by ordering the most complicated monstrosity ever, with Red listing every single addition off the top of his head, which fortunately the cafe supplies. Providing such options was in their fault really, Red is just an opportunist.

It resulted in some weird combination of whipped cream, several various syrup flavours, cookies and cream crumbles, hundreds and thousands sprinkles, and chocolate chips, not to mention the mini marshmallows. That was only the gist of it.

It's appearance alone would make anyone die of diabetes. Of course it tasted just as awful and disgustingly sweet as it looks, making Red want to throw it out numerous times, but witnessing the barista's growing pain on his face when adding every single topping made Red constantly come back with another twisted order.

He also happened to run into Ash out of his working hours when realising they have plenty of mutual friends, coincidentally. Red denies all accusations thrown at him by Ash on being a quote unquote stalker.

Red supposes that was how their weird relationship started to develop, built by unhealthy amounts of sugar and coincidental interactions.

“As much as I appreciate you admiring me, I would rather spend my time doing something else rather than wait for your slow ass.”

“You know it wouldn't hurt you to be a little less cruel Ash, what happened to quality customer service?”

“Fuck customer service if it's you.”

“Aww, glad to know I’m receiving special treatment from you, aren’t you just such a ray of sunshine.”

Maybe Red feels a little more warm inside hearing Ash’s laughter at their own stupidity, though that could be easily blamed on the heating humming throughout the space between them.

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Deciding to be ever so slightly merciful on the barista (and because he doesn’t know how much sugar he can handle at this rate), Red orders a normal black coffee, not missing the way Ash mutters character development under his breath that was obviously meant for Red to hear.

Opting to allocate himself to a corner booth to wait for his order, Red settles himself down and removes his black gloves and beanie onto the table, snow sprinkling onto the wood, and running a hand through his near vibrant red hair. He enjoys the small, peaceful moment, with the quiet murmurs of other patrons and the soft whirring of the coffee machine all background noise. Festive songs are all he’s been hearing lately, so the calmer instrumental versions are a nice change.

As he’s resting his eyes and slowly sinking into the soft cushioning, he hears the quiet footsteps of someone approaching. Peeking out lazily from one his eyes, Red watches as Ash sits across from him in the same booth, his coffee in one hand, slid across the table to him, and a cup of latte in his other with a little Christmas tree drawn with milk, though it appears to have been rushed and lacks the cafe’s usual perfection and precision.

With both eyes open now, Red slowly sips his drink and watches how Ash faces the window, following his gaze and observing the pedestrians crossing the street with unheard laughter spilling out of their open mouths. Untucked hair flows over Ash’s ears which hold various piercings. Red ignores the way his hand lifts ever so slightly as if moving on its own to reach forward, moving the hair back into place and possibly braiding it again into something neater. He quickly hides such thoughts, face remaining clear of emotion and looking directly at Ash instead, resorting into the comfort of their usual banter with his glare and hoping Ash would take the hint.

“Taking my break now,” Ash sighs at Red’s questioning raised brow. Success.

“The cafe literally just opened, some lazy employee you are.”

Ash stares. Red stares back.

Red's face remained indifferent, apart from the blue eyes looking over his shades which hold amusement.

Neither of them mention the implication of Ash's actions, but that's perhaps because they don't need to, already being this close.

Ash scoffs, turning back towards the window and Red silently sips his coffee. He eventually feels a slight stab at his arm by a finger with black nail polish, to which he hums to show attention.

"Merry Christmas Reddoons." Ash mumbles, in such a quiet and un-Ash manner that it confuses Red a little, ears straining at the words and mind playing it repetitively, comparing this current attitude to the snarky one behind the counter. After a moment or two, Red smiles, genuine with teeth and all, and Ash does his own small, honest one back.

"You too, Ashswag."

The two figures quietly sip on their morning coffee, watching snow flutter past the window, content with the other's company.

It's silent between the two, no form of bickering in sight. To the average bystander, it may seem like two individuals doing nothing together.

But they aren't so average themselves, and this quiet moment means a little more than nothing, something more that neither would ever admit.

End Notes

tysm for taking the time to read this mess <3

kinda rushed this work within two days on my phone, so it may appear as a word vomit (i prefer a keyboard tbh, also ignore the fact its past christmas)

merry christmas to those celebrating, and happy holidays to all!! stay safe swagdoonies :]

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