

posters

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posters

by [drain \(orphan_account\)](#)

Summary

red forgets to take down some posters.

Notes

made for a friend! they gave me basically the entire prompt for this. didn't beta read at all but it's okay we move

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

it was 3:26 pm, and red was sat slumped across his couch. every five seconds, he'd sit up to check the time, sigh, drop his phone and fall back again.

spacing out, he let his attention fall upon the pretty, ceramic pots upon his windowsill. their contents – beautiful, weeping lantanas – were what had really caught his eye, though. red stared deeply into their petals, observing how the color faded out to white near the center, how the flowers clustered together to form a spherical sort of shape. their color, a bright lilac, seemed to remind him of someone. the same someone who he'd been expecting for the past half hour.

red had been unable to think about anything but his guest, ash, all day – not that he wasn't usually like this – preparing every little thing to the man's tastes. his mind trailed back to the time, and he leaned forward to grab his phone. just as he wrapped his hand around the device, the doorbell rung.

red jumped out of his seat, dashed up to the door, and swung the door open.

"hey!" red grinned, staring excitedly at the other man.

ash laughed at his eagerness, smiling fondly, "red! what's up?"

"nothing much," red allowed ash inside, continuing as they walked to the couch, "honestly, i've just been preparing all day."

snickering, ash sat down, "really? am i that important to you?"

"i mean..." red laughed awkwardly, "whatever you wanna think, man."

both talked there for a while, red finding himself flustered again and again. he praying in his head ash didn't notice, or at least wouldn't ask if he did. because god, he didn't need anything awkward between them. surely, ash would never look at him the same if he knew.

"so, do you wanna go upstairs?" red asked, smiling.

ash nodded, and red immediately stood up and started walking, gesturing for him to follow.

they reached the top of the stairs, and red flicked the landing light on before opening his bedroom door.

the minute the door swung open, ash could see a couple posters. from the distance he was at, ash couldn't exactly make out what they were about, though one in particular...

was that him?

he'd never know, because immediately, red was slamming the door back shut, mumbling things to himself.

for a solid minute, both were silent, until ash found the courage to ask, "what just happened...?"

"it's nothing, ash, i just, i forgot to clean my room," red spewed out excuses. ash just stared at him.

"you forgot to clean?" ash snorted. "dude, you literally told me you spent all day preparing."

"well... i guess i missed a spot?" red smiled weakly. ash still wasn't having it.

taking the doorknob into his hand, ash muttered. "man, do you think i'm some kind of perfectionist? i literally do not care, red-"

this time, ash got a good look at red's room. the walls. the posters. everything. he stared in shock at several images of himself performing, some coated in stickers.

"...i didn't know you were... a fan?" flattered, ash stared at red. both were visibly flustered – red even more so.

at a loss for words, red swallowed hard, every sentence he tried to formulate fading away immediately.

ash smirked. "hey, it's fiiine, i appreciate it. it's kinda cute."

red froze in place, looking away slowly. ash had to hold back a giggle at the way he blushed, and he had to resist the urge to mess with him any more.

"whatever," red gritted his teeth, "let's just sit down."

ash followed red, who was still blushing profusely, into his room, and sat down beside him on his bed.

"seriously, red, i don't mind." ash put a hand on the other's shoulder, "i find it sweet of you."

"a-ash, you don't understand," red sighed. "it's not just, like, a normal fan thing,"

tilting his head, ash continued to listen. there was a fondness in his eyes, one that red found a warm sense of comfort in. he wished he could relish in it longer, before his nerves kicked in again.

"im... i love you, man." red winced, expecting ash to immediately reject him, walk out, and never talk to him again.

instead, ash leaned in, hugging red tightly. he felt red's shaky arms wrap hesitantly around him in return, and he pats his back gently. "i love you too, red."

sighing with relief, red shut his eyes, relishing in the other's warm embrace. there was affection in their silence, both smiling against each other's shoulders.

red could feel ash's heartbeat pounding against his own chest, just barely slower than his own, racing pulse, and the two sat there for a while until they slowed.

"so, is there anything you wanna do?" ash smiled softly, moving back to look into red's dark eyes.

red shrugged, "not really. uhh, do you wanna... play a game or something?" he gestured to his nintendo switch, sitting docked beside his monitor.

"sure," ash nodded, watching as red stood up to turn on the console.

End Notes

did NOT know how to end this one fellas. you can tell how I gave up so bad in the last 200 words its crazy

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