

see with your two eyes

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see with your two eyes

by [Felix_J](#)

Summary

He's not a god, because the flag Red sails under doesn't believe in gods.

And then he's wrong. In the reasoning, not the other thing.

Notes

i wrote this in just over an hour. feels good to after a few months worth of a break on these two idiots doesnt it

He's not a god, because the flag Red sails under doesn't believe in gods.

And then he's wrong. In the reasoning, not the other thing.

This one person, who's a combination of traits that shouldn't theoretically coexist but were pressed together into one box until they *had* to slot, in a kind of sink or swim, was always bad news. Red knew that. The second he laid his eyes on him — they did on each other, he also knew he was an *interesting* one, and that it was going to be hard to let go. So he didn't. Why would he?

Ashswag by profession is nothing but a wanderer. He's no conqueror, explorer, he doesn't need money- he takes them where he can get anyway, but he seems to exist outside of life, ghost ship captain without an actual ship. He shows up where a smart sailor won't show foot if they're low risqué, where he *should not be at all times* because he physically can't, and before Red knows all

this, he's still intrigued.

His first thought is, *it's a shame he's expendable*, when Ash has made home in the prisoner cell of his ship and has a wide sharp smile on his face, before he takes a step closer and realises the prisoner isn't who he expects him to be. So then, another step, and Red sits down with a hand on the hilt of his sword, *watching*, and asks calmly, "And where did you put my *actual* captive?"

Ash squints like a cat in the sunlight, shrugs just the same way. Gets a sword to his neck, and that doesn't change matters in the slightest.

"You should ask where the guards are, I know *that* much," his voice rolls naturally low, not a pinch breathier than normal. *Infuriatingly*, Red would add on at a later date, if that were to happen again. *It were*. "Not taking credit for anything I didn't do."

"*Sure*," Red sneers.

The guards are found knocked out, and the captive having escaped, and Ash having to spend *quite* a long time proving his highly questionable lack of involvement — that if he actually cared to. By the time all's well and done, Red doesn't find him tied up back in the hold. That is, he doesn't find him at all.

Ash is glaringly smart *as* well as undeniable eye candy, latter of which he has to admit *semi*-sadly, and as much as Red does to him, an interest to Red he *takes*. And that one... Red regrets less and less, until it all turns to dust, because for once since leaving the navy (read: running from the navy) he isn't bored anymore.

The news of their escapades spread slowly. Some even go as far as to extol Red for the sheer attention that *Ashswag himself* gives him. Red takes care of their *motivation* before Ash can. No blood is spilt. Really. A lot of threats are told. Not many more enemies acquired.

He still doesn't have Ash's... some sort of power, and he's sworn to never call it *magical powers*, figured out, hasn't even seen *his own damn rival* outright use it, without looking back with the happiest smile and retort on the tip of his tongue that he can't prove anything, a door opening in his face that Red first locked up empty.

As he isn't all-powerful, he isn't here. This isn't a place he can reach.

"You can't prove that to me," Red mumbles. "I can't see anything."

"*Shh*," there's a warm, overly warm breath in his face. He wants to cringe. He does. It—

He makes a small, gurgling noise, and Ash *obviously has to hear it, he's in his damn face, but why does he have to be?*

Red shivers. He really does try to push it down. There are hands circling around him, and he wonders for a second how Ash can see anything in this pitch blackness, before he remembers with slight surprise.

"How much can you *bleed?*" Ash mutters, distracted for a second with the fruitless activity of trying to swipe his clothes clean. Red's happy with it, the second of rest. "Don't *move*," that one's a hiss.

"You're the one moving," he protests. It comes out kinda small, now.

"Oh, so *now* you agree I am here?" The moving comes to a halt, sharp. That isn't much better, the

difference makes his head spin. "I see how it is, Captain Red."

"You still shouldn't be." He should stop talking. That, because there's something spasming in the back of his head, or is it the *front*... But alas, he *shouldn't* instead with his pride and everything else imaginable that's on the line. "I'll... I'll figure you out... one day. *Ashswag*." The liquid has finally made its way down to his mouth freely, so he's choking on it. Ash moving him close must've opened something up.

Ash's one hand flickers over the raw... "*Can you not!*" Red groans, and the feeling's all wrong, that's not how a touch is supposed to register.

"It's all gonna be fine," Ash whispers, and then his fingers leave him be, but Red has nothing to look at so the strange *gentleness* in his voice keeps ringing. "It's... *gonna be*..." and it's *gone*, and there's only strain that remains, husky.

Red thinks he used to hear this sound somewhere.

Ash finds his face again, with two shaky hands, one holding up his chin, the other *shakier*, poking like he's blind, *well, there's not much to see*, probably, *in the dark of the small, horrendously cramped even, room of the hold on a ship that is an enemy of Ash's — and he can't keep himself from thinking this kinda reminds him of the first time that they met —* and something's touching Red's... face. The place where the eyes supposedly are, on a human being.

Squench. That's the sound, it's what he thinks happens. He groans, just quietly, and really the pain is nothing dissimilar from that annoying migraine that's been going ever since the last torture session he had to endure — which's no vacation.

Red... turns his eye. Except, that's not his eye, and what he can *see* is strangely too much, field of view too large, and if he really tried, or tried not much at all, he could probably spin it all the way 'round into his own skull, and see through that too.

This way, he sees Ash put another shaking hand up to his own face, and he gets to watch the blood drops in multicolor.

He thinks, if Ash was a god, his would be ichor. It's just red.

"Why did... why do you..." He's supposed to say, *don't*, or, *it's enough, that's enough, you should have done nothing in the first place*, or something, but *excuse* him for being out of his mind, he can't put a sentence straight. His chin can't keep still under Ash's that one hand that has its grip iron but *still* manages to shake.

"You need them more than me," Ash's grin is thirty-two teeth and they're all smeared.

He pushes the second eyeball into the mess of Red's sockets with *just* too much force.

Red stares at the single earring on his lobe up close, when he pulls him chest to chest completely, both arms around his body.

"I have other means," Ash breathes. "*Better* ones."

And then it's as if they were never in the cell to begin with.

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