

show me that you're Goliath and i will play David

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show me that you're Goliath and i will play David

by Anonymous

Summary

Ashswag plays god for Reddoons.

Notes

What's up swagdoons community? This is my first published fic in the Lifesteal fandom...so let's start this off with a bang.

Based off of Ashswag becoming god again and written mostly before I even watched the Zam vod where they interacted. ALSO ghostpajama's [swagdoons art](#) and totallynotrico's [swagdoons blowing smoke art](#) were rotating in my brain 25/7 when I wrote this.

CCs if you're browsin' the swagdoons tag for fun and games: please do not read this on stream.

Warnings: violence, getting shocked, mentions of throwing up, things you'd expect from Lifesteal

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

- Inspired by [pick my bones clean, 'cause i'm all yours](#) by Anonymous

The sky split open with lightning so bright Red could see afterimages even with his special sunglasses on. The ground beneath his feet rumbled and groaned with a roar louder than a thousand lions. The air filled with the screeching and whistling sounds of the Ender Dragon's death, exploding through his eardrums.

"...I'll give that a five outta ten," Red said. "C'mon. The dragon noise is overrated! You won't be gettin' any Bedwars players with that."

Ash scoffed at him. "You've got to be kidding me. The bodies of your friends are strewn around you, struck down as easily as one would kill a fly, and you're just standing there?"

Red eyed the spot where Mapic used to be. "I wouldn't say *friends*, necessarily. Thanks for the cleanup."

An iron sword impaled him neatly through the heart. "Sore loser," Red grumbled, and wiped the particles of his popped totem from his suit jacket. He didn't want any more soot stains than necessary, alright? The heady feeling of absorption and rapid regeneration crashed through his limbs, but like any normal person on Lifesteal, Red barely batted an eye. With a little effort, he managed to pull the sword out, the wound closing quickly after. "Here's your one-punch-man sword."

"Thank you," Ash said. He riffled through his enderchest, retrieved a totem, and handed it to Red. "Wait, wait, watch me again. I'm gonna try something else."

A deafening boom emitted from Ash. Combined with Red's new flickering vision, he had to admit it was better than the Ender Dragon sound. "Hmmm. Seven outta ten."

Something hard hit his shoulder and he immediately felt the urge to throw up. Abandoning all facades of being unaffected, Red dropped to his knees and tried to clear his swirling *and* flickering vision. He was too busy retching to speak, so he held up nine fingers instead.

Ash grabbed his chin and unceremoniously pushed a cup of milk to his lips. Once he was sure Red wasn't about to hurl his stomach all over the grass, he stepped back.

“Definitely better,” Red wheezed. “Gotta—take ‘em by surprise.”

“I want a ten out of ten.”

Red shook his head and grinned. “Impress me.”

The sharp, sparking scent of ozone filled the air. Ash’s braid whipped up as his feet left the ground. Red could feel his own hair standing on edge, anticipating a storm.

Something monochrome appeared in Ash’s hands. It screamed forbidden, screamed *danger terrifying unknown*, solid between his palms with the gravity of a black hole.

Ah, another piece of bedrock.

Red’s vision warped and shrank until he could see maybe three feet in front of him. His boots caught on a piece of rock he swore had not been there a second ago.

He fell with an ungainly thump on his back. The ozone smell grew stronger, making it harder to breathe.

Ash could kill him again. He could be struck by lightning, swallowed by the earth, his mind turned inside out by a sonic boom.

Red found that those possibilities dulled in comparison to the bright adrenaline that coursed through him. This was *fun*, this was *interesting*, and who was he to give that up?

Yeah, he was terrified. But he knew that when most people started running was where he should stand his ground. With the greatest risks came the greatest rewards.

A knee on his chest, digging into his ribs. Oh, he really was having trouble breathing now. Neon purple rectangles flashed in and out of his eyesight, followed by a pair of glowing eyes. Ash’s eyes.

The question was clear. *Impressed yet?*

Red shook his head.

He was yanked upwards by his lapels, Ash's nose millimeters from his own.

"The sunglasses stay on," Red choked out automatically.

Ash blinked. It only made his eyes seem more like strobe lights. "Yeah, sure dude." He even used his other hand to push them up a bit from where they had been sliding down Red's nose.

"I 'preciate it." Red decided to smile instead of greedily gulping down more air, a decision he almost regretted when he felt lightheaded.

Almost. And he certainly didn't regret smiling when Ash closed the little distance left.

He twitched rather violently when it happened, his shout of surprise muffled by Ash smirking. Heck, who wouldn't twitch if they'd just eaten lightning? Liquid fire pulsed through his teeth, down his throat, like a hot drink turned up to a thousand degrees.

At least he thought that was what happened. With Ash, one could never be completely sure.

Greens-and-yellow sparks fell around them—Red's second totem. He hadn't even noticed the burn in his muscles, what with Ash winding a blazing hand into his hair to keep him in place.

Red twisted slightly as an experiment, using his hands to grip onto Ash's arms. Ash's response was to deepen the kiss and strongly imply that Red would have a new bald spot if he kept moving.

That wouldn't do. This was fun, but Red wanted some of that control back. He ignored the fact that he was progressively getting closer to passing out and bit down on Ash's lip, quick and efficient and sharp enough to cut.

Teeth pierced his own bottom lip. Blood, lukewarm and coppery, pooled between them and dripped onto Red's armor. Another dose of lightning—a scorching miniature sun—passed from Ash to him.

He ignored a third totem exploding, instead trying to contain the lightning in his mouth, preventing it from going down his throat.

Then he coughed it back out. The heat was sweltering as it passed by his lips. He wondered, distantly, if this was how dragons felt when they breathed fire.

“You—” Ash broke the kiss. He swallowed the lightning, and miniature arcs of lightning twisted over every part of him, tracing the angles of his face, his hair. For a brief moment, Red thought he could see the outline of Ash's skeleton. “You're fucking insane, you know.”

Red licked the blood off his lips, grinning wide. It tasted like metal and chlorine. He hoped Ash didn't comment on his lack of a response and heaving chest. A man had to breathe, after all.

“Anyways,” Ash said, and shifted his weight so Red couldn't possibly get up off the grass, “how was that?” *Was it impressive enough?*

“Y'know, you can't combine puppy eyes and glowing god eyes,” Red replied, and promptly choked when Ash's iron sword found its home between his fourth and fifth ribs. Again. A fourth totem vanished in a flurry of particles. Red was sure he would've flopped like a fish out of water if Ash wasn't sitting on top of him; he hadn't popped so many totems so close to each other in a while.

Ash withdrew the sword and wiped it off on the grass. “I'm not using puppy eyes. Gods don't need puppy eyes, Red.”

“Those look like puppy eyes to me,” Red muttered. Ash pushed another totem into his hands. “But fine, fine. I'll give you a ten...no, a nine point five outta ten.”

The sword hovered innocently above him.

“Wait, don't stab me! I'll tell you how to get a ten out of ten.”

Ash trailed his fingers idly around Red's neck, faint embers of heat following. "Go ahead, Red. I'm listening."

"Give me four pieces of bedrock."

A thumb on his pulse. Ready to dig in. "No can do. I already offered you a favor. You can cash in your favor for the bedrock, but if that's your request, it's not a very good one."

"How about three?" Red winked at him from behind his glasses, then realized Ash wouldn't be able to see it. "Two?"

"I can't give you two," Ash said. "But..."

This time, their teeth clacked against each other more gently. If that was even possible. Red dragged a hand through Ash's hair, tangling it as much as he could, as payback for earlier.

Ash pressed their palms together. There was a brief, dull warmth, and Red could *feel* the piece of bedrock sitting in his inventory. It weighed heavier than his netherite armor.

Red broke the kiss this time. Most of Ash's hair fell in disarray around his face, broken free from the clasp holding his braid together. A strand of it tickled Red's nose.

This was the sight Red enjoyed seeing the most. Not Ashswag, put together in the most chaotic of ways and hands full of apples from the knowledge tree; not Ashswag, with his arms spread open among the corridors of a massive factory, dressed in a sharp purple suit to match Red's red one; not Ashswag, with the gleaming barrel of a gun pointed at his judge, jury, and executioner, but Ash, disheveled and with a split lip crusted in dried blood, indignant and proud and demanding and vulnerable all at once. No one else saw—no one else *could* see him like this. Red was the only witness, the only receiver, and he would keep it that way forever.

Red propped himself up on his elbows. Ash leaned down to meet him.

"You promised me something," Ash breathed.

Red gave him a winning smile. “Alright. I’ll give you a ten out of ten.”

It began to rain, the beginnings of real thunder gathering in the graying sky. When they kissed again, bloody lip on bloody lip, Red tasted ozone and cool water.

End Notes

Thoughts? Questions? Concerns? I have many for this flaming trainwreck of a pair.
Also during the process of writing this, I became obsessed with lightning. No idea why.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!