

## sir thats my emotional support human

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## sir thats my emotional support human

by Anonymous

### Summary

god!ash sleeping while hugging red to his chest like an oversized plushie. send post

[-tumblr post by @/cutthesky](#)

“I think I deserve compensation for my services,” Red says, muffled. Ash only grumbles and tightens the hold he has around Red, like he isn’t slowly cutting off Red’s air supply.

Honestly. The nerve of this guy. First he drags Red over here without any explanation and now he’s smothering Red under two layers of blankets and a tangle of limbs because “it gets cold around here,” (which Red had quickly found out, was only partly a lie,) so *clearly* the solution was to kidnap a whole grown player and use him as a space-heater instead.

Red will not be looking too closely at the fact that he’d gone with Ash without actually resisting in the first place. *Shut up, chat.*

“10 ingots per minute? Or maybe 15. I can be reasonable, Ash, that sounds like a reasonable deal right?”

“Void,” Ash presses his face further into Red’s hair, absolutely *ruining* the style he’d perfected this morning. “Do you *ever* stop talking.”

“Sometimes,” Red tells him cheerfully.

He turns his head slightly, relieved when the new angle no longer makes his earrings press uncomfortably into the side of his neck. Ash mutters something that’s too low for Red to hear, even pressed right next to each other, but he can’t be bothered to ask him to repeat it. Probably something about how grateful he was to Red for being *so* cooperative and lovely and amazing about being used as essentially a giant plushie. A guy could dream.

“Is this normal for gods? Do you usually drag people into your weird nest of blankets—” because calling this a *bed* would be too generous, “—to cuddle them? Are you *lonely* Ash?” Red laughs slightly, and almost misses the way Ash flinches, so minuscule that he would have dismissed it as a glitch if it had been any other scenario.

Red clears his throat. “Ash?”

“I just wanted some sleep. Is it too much to ask for some *sleep*. “

“In this server? Yeah, I thought you knew better.”

They lapse into silence, Red idly tracing a nail over the vein-like, purple lines of codes glowing on Ash’s skin.

“...And no,” Ash says, voice low and soft with sleep, “Just you.”

It takes Red a moment to realize what he’s talking about, and when he does it’s been quiet for too long and there isn’t anything profound he can say to it anyway. Not that he really needs to. Ash would understand.

“It’s cool, I can be like - your emotional support guy.” he pats Ash’s arm and Ash sighs, obnoxiously loud and *right* next to his ear because he’s an *asshole*, and Red is never doing anything nice for him ever again.

“Stop talking then.”

“Buy my silence. Permanently. Or for a stack of netherite ingots per— ow ow ow I’m *kiddin’*, I’m kiddin’—”

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