

sweet dreams i'll always share with you

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/49826104) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/49826104>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Lifesteal SMP
Relationship:	Ashswag/Reddoons (Video Blogging RPF) , Ashswag & Reddoons (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Ashswag (Video Blogging RPF) , Reddoons (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Domestic Fluff , Alternate Universe - Magic , minidoons , Short & Sweet , Literal Sleeping Together , not necessarily romantic , Cuddling
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of cutthesky's lifesteal fics
Collections:	Anonymous
Stats:	Published: 2023-09-03 Words: 639 Chapters: 1/1

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by Anonymous

Summary

Red can transform into a plush version of himself (a big Minidoons). Shenanigans ensue one day as Ash and Red wait to fall asleep.

Notes

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

Red and Ash sat on their fluffy bedroom carpet, surrounded by midnight snacks and leftover piles of miscellaneous resources they'd given up on sorting into storage for the day. The two were tossing silly banter back and forth as they waited to fall asleep.

“Ash, we know you love me for my charming looks and my adorable personality and wit. Here, I can prove it for you-”

Ash leaned back and rolled his eyes. “Don't say ‘we’, you're making things up. I would love for you to shut up forever, actually.”

Red's smile only grew bigger in response. A snap of his fingers, a big poof, and his annoyingly self-assured grin turned into the blank-eyed cartoon “•U•” of his plush form. The stuffed Reddoons, half as tall as Red's human height, landed on the carpet with a muted flop.

Ash poked the plushie. His finger easily sunk into the dip of fabric and stuffing.

Red's inanimate expression bent inwards, unchanged: he was deliberately not moving.

Ash frowned. He lifted the big round plush up between his hands to make eye contact.

“This proves nothing, you know. You’re way less insufferable like this.”

Red, still wearing his static cartoon smile, limbs and tie dangling, said nothing.

Ash pinched his large stuffed cheeks. He pressed his hands together, squeezing and pulling Red’s wide face, scowling.

At the continued lack of reaction, Ash huffed and patted down Red’s plush body, checking for injured seams and fixing up Red’s uneven stuffing distribution. Satisfied, he squeezed Red hard to his chest, tucking his chin over the top of Red’s fuzzy head. He buried his face into the watermelon-red fabric.

“Caviar shampoo again... you are so pretentious sometimes. Where do you even get this stuff?”

Ash mumbled into the cushiony darkness.

Silence. Red didn’t move a single bit.

Ash lifted his head. Feeling petty, he fiddled with Red’s plush limbs, shaking his stubby hands and tugging on his short legs. Red hadn’t yet figured out how to give his plush form opposable thumbs or walkable legs, and the lack of mobility was the main reason he didn’t like to stay in plush form for very long, despite “the advantages of having no biological functions”. Ash twisted and folded Red’s felt tie with aggressiveness that’d easily spark protest from the appearance-obsessed “businessman” if it were one of his human ties.

Still no reply. Ash pouted. He straightened the little felt tie and went back to muffling his voice into the top of Red’s head.

“Ugh. You’ve made your point, come back already,” Ash grumbled.

With an exaggerated magical poof, Red transformed back into his human form in Ash’s arms. He was laughing merrily into Ash’s chest. Ash felt his shoulders untense with familiar ease.

Red wrapped his legs around Ash, locking himself into the man’s lap. His voice came out soft in Ash’s pajama shirt.

“See, Ash, you love me for my irreplaceable charm. You could never get rid of me. I’m your number one most beloved and adorable partner in the whole wide world.”

Red folded his hands together behind Ash, matching the way Ash’s arms held onto him tightly.

“Mmm. Maybe. Whatever.” Ash muttered low in his throat, relaxed.

Red giggled, eyes crinkling. He traced light circles atop Ash’s back and felt him softly loosen up around him.

“I love you too, Ash.”

Ash tiredly hummed in response. His chest vibrated with contentment. His breathing gradually evened out, and Red’s hair tickled the underside of his chin.

The pair rocked back and forth for a while. Their shared warmth and subconscious alignment of slow breathing finally lulled them to drowsiness. Ash and Red rearranged themselves into their soft blanket. Holding each other, they dozed off to the bubbling music of flowing water and the sweet

smell of cherry blossoms floating in through the window.

End Notes

this took me so long to finish writing

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