

**we might just get away with it, the altar is my hips (even if it's a false god, we'd still worship this love)**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/55407472) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/55407472>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Lifesteal SMP</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Ashswag/Reddoons (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Ashswag (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Reddoons (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">Roses and Smoke Week 2024</a> , <a href="#">roses and smoke week 2024 (allison's version)</a>
Stats:	Published: 2024-04-23 Words: 1,656 Chapters: 1/1

# we might just get away with it, the altar is my hips (even if it's a false god, we'd still worship this love)

by [allisonthepenguin](#)

## Summary

### roses and smoke

day six | gods / disciples

“One more thing,” Ash whispers in the night.

“Always.” Red says back.

Ash tilts his head to stare at Red. His amethyst eyes, decorated with shimmering silver flecks are familiar, and something for Red to admire for the rest of eternity, for all the time he has to be with Ash. Ash looks at him, emotions in his eyes.

*Love, maybe. Trust.*

*“Worship me,”* Ash whispers.

*And so he does.*

or, believe in god? sure, i'll believe in you.

*title from false god by taylor swift*

## Notes

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

A twist of fate, a thousand moments leading to it.

He's not sure what made him step into the temple that one day, not sure what kept him coming back to the same place without the guarantee of something ever coming of it.

He remembers, though.

He remembers the first time he ever saw Ash's face. The god of void and trickery, the god with the countless admirers and the endless offerings. The very picture of eternity— being powerful forever and the years that stretch beyond that.

The god of void and trickery.

A braid of obsidian hair, shifting into a deep purple amethyst to match the hues of his eyes. Soft chocolate skin that shimmered with something special, something magic and something not mortal. And his eyes-

*Amethyst, silver flecks. Iridescence and scattered stars, forgotten galaxies and power and electricity- condensed into something beyond comprehension and something indescribable. Something to remember and hold sacred.*

Life and everything it holds, death and the strangling hands of dying, drowning. Something simple yet humming with power, steady until—

Ash moves, a slight tilt of his head as he considers Red.

In that simple moment, his life falls apart.

Noticing the way his whole form shifts and *glitches*, power and something inhuman, something godly that betrays his mask of being human, or his attempt to at least. Something like that.

“I have a proposition.” He says confidently, bordering on brashful.

Ash stares at him but Red stares back and he's not scared. He knows Ash like the back of his hand, knows the person standing in front of him, his memories and his past essentially his own after being so devoted to the god.

“You're not like the others.” Ash says after a pause. Voice melodic and simple and smooth and saccharine, honey-sweet and dripping with nectar. Every part of Red is tempted to give in- to start bowing in front of Ash and apologising for even being in his presence.

But he doesn't, and instead stands there, waiting.

A minute, a few more, until Ash opens his mouth again- and tilts back his head, laughing loudly in the emptiness of the temple. “I'm Ash,” He introduces himself like Red doesn't

know his name already, doesn't know everything about him.

The corners of his lips curve upwards in a pleased grin.

"I'm Red," He says. "And I'm hopelessly devoted to you."

—

Something pulled them closer.

Maybe it wasn't obvious in all the tiny moments, all the little actions they did for each other. As simple as "*I bought you roses*" or "*I killed someone for you*". Late nights conversations and time spent sitting in the middle of nowhere.

Somewhere untouched by humanity.

Moonlight and the stars shining above and both of their tongue's loosened by something akin to the unguarded words you say to something you trust. The moon is full tonight, after all, and the stars in the sky sparkle brightness.

*The moon is pretty tonight, isn't it?* Red mumbles without thinking, before freezing and turning his head to face Ash.

The god, *his* god, is blushing and vulnerable- and something human manages to rise up in the cracks paved over by the flow of power. Ash takes his face in his hands and kisses him, softly, gently, before pulling away as quickly as he kissed him.

*I didn't mean it- not in that way.* Red stutters out, brain short-circuited.

Ash looks at him strangely. *I did.*

—

"I love you." Red confesses, one night in the silence of Ash's temple.

Ash tenses, and Red stares at him, confused. "Ash-"

"What do you want from me?" He interrupts, turning away so Red can't see the tears streaming down his face.

"What-?" He says the only thing he can think of, confused. "I don't want anything."

Ash shakes his head, turning towards Red. He watches the tears blurring Ash's features, running across his cheeks. "You always do."

"What-?" He repeats again, before realisation hits him. *Oh.*

Ash studies him in the silence. In the shadows cast over his face by the towering pillars, he suddenly seems so much older than he looks and Red looks back at him. Looks back at the god of void and trickery.

So powerful, and yet—

Ash seems lonely. Hundreds of thousands of people flock to his temples around the world, offering gifts and getting on their knees in prayer. He has countless admirers, people who would do anything for him, but he still wants something else.

He wants love, pure and simple. Something free from the responsibilities that come with his powers and his roles, something free from the suffocating fog that smother the rest of the world. Something to keep like the softest whisper of a shared secret, something innocent and free of all bonds.

Red's never going to be innocent, never going to be something as pure as a newborn lamb.

But he'd happily give Ash the love that comes with no expectations, the nights spent curled up next to each other without the worry of what to do the next morning. He can't give Ash much of anything, because what could a god want from a mortal?

But somehow- he's Reddoons, and that's enough.

He closes his eyes, and **remembers** .

*Ash tells him that he's enough in the nights where they stare at the stars and lie in a grassy meadow in the middle of nowhere, where they wait for the sun to rise. He finds daisies in between the long strands of grass.*

*Weaves the flowers through Ash's hair, tangling his fingers in the soft silky strands. Ash tilts his head upwards from where he lies on his lap to meet Red eye to eye, and Red smiles softly and mumbles something about the flowers being every bit as pretty as Ash is.*

*Ash blushes and Red swoops downwards to kiss him, and it's simple.*

"Reddoons," Ash whispers, and his voice is slightly strangled. Red reaches out to brush a stray lock of hair behind Ash's ear from where it fell out of place, but as he stretches out a hand Ash stops it in midair with his own and holds it tight, clutching it in his own as he holds on like Red's the only thing keeping him there.

Red lets Ash hold his hand, and clings to him as if he can hold Ash together.

“I love you like I’ve never loved anyone before—” Ash starts, still holding Red’s hand as he begins to speak. “

Red looks at Ash, bathed in the glow of the moonlight cast over Ash’s temple.

“Love, you- scare me, sometimes. But if I’m being honest, you make me more powerful.” He continues, voice beginning to flicker as the edges of his body become akin to smoke- something impermanent and ever-changing. Red holds on tighter, and Ash calms down slightly, smoky edges sharpening.

“You give me something to fight for,” Ash confesses. “Something to lose. And- I don’t ever want to lose you, I couldn’t even imagine the thought of losing you. That’s something that I could never deal with, and every moment I keep you next to you as if I could keep you from drifting away.”

Red’s silent for a second, and Ash turns away before Red pulls him back towards him and holds him close, bodies pressing against each other. “Ash, I’m never going to leave you.” He promises. He holds Ash close and lets the god press his face into the soft fabric of his suit, tears soaked up by the velvet material held so close.

Ash lets out something between a laugh and a sob, half-hysterical. “That’s what everyone says,” He whispers into the shelter of Red’s embrace. “They tell me they love me, they say they’ll do anything for me and give me the world. But- everyone leaves in the end, because I just don’t matter.”

He pauses for a moment, then continues. “If I disappeared, it wouldn’t bother anyone else. People would grieve, sure. But they’d miss the familiar practices of going to my temple and praying to someone during the holidays. Everyone would move on eventually.”

“Ash,” Red shakes his head at the very suggestion. “I would be broken beyond repair if you left. I’d be the person who couldn’t go back to what they were, because I am all yours and no-one else’s- I’m nothing if I don’t have you.”

The wind whistles in his ears and Ash stares at him.

“Are you sure?” He asks.

“For the rest of my life.” Red responds. He never before understood the concept of marriage- it seemed frivolous, an aimless bond that implored you to place all your trust, give all of yourself to someone else, someone who you’d give everything to.

As Ash looks at him in the dim moonlight, a thought flashes through his mind.

*I understand now,* he thinks.

“One more thing,” Ash whispers in the night.

“Always.” Red says back.

Ash tilts his head to stare at Red. His amethyst eyes, decorated with shimmering silver flecks are familiar, and something for Red to admire for the rest of eternity, for all the time he has to be with Ash. Ash looks at him, emotions in his eyes.

*Love , maybe. Trust .*

“ *Worship me,*” Ash whispers.

*And so he does.*

—

You watch them from a distance, standing so far from them that the only thing you can see is a blur of amethyst and crimson. They stand seemingly still, from anyone’s perspective. But for some reason

—

You know that they smile at each other, embrace in moonlight and kiss each other with the softness that only comes with understanding and time.

People call them *Ashswag* and *Reddoons*.

*What are they?*

A million things, people will say. *Business partners. Enemies, rivals of their own making. A god and his disciple.*

*Best friends.*

*Lovers.*

*They’re Ashswag and Reddoons,* someone says. Smiling in the light.

***And maybe that’s enough.***

## End Notes

so, i am well aware that it's not... quite roses and smoke week anymore. but i never did finish the prompts (by that, i mean i never uploaded them) because my computer crashed and died on me!! couldn't handle the power of the *swagdoons* i suppose. oh well, it's fine tho because i did have the writing done already!! enjoy this- day six, and i promise that day seven will come soon.

either today or tomorrow. enjoy this writing <3

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