

## you and me

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by Anonymous

### Summary

redd doesn't mind the way the burns feel. ash jumps on that.

### Notes

swagdoons my fucked up little guys.

the first time it happens, redd believes it an accident, even if ash putting his cigarette out on red's exposed arm is just the type of sick power-trip thing that ash would do. redd just wanted to give him the benefit of the doubt, because it was easier to deal with than whatever the fuck else it would mean. but no, when it happens, he watches the look in ash's one uncovered eye flicker from redd's lips to the burn as redd yanks his arm away with a loud yelp, and redd knows that he can't really give ash any benefit of any doubt anymore. everything the guy does seems intentional and well thought out. so aside from shooting a glare from behind his shades at the guy, he doesn't acknowledge it.

the second time it happens, redd nearly turns around and smacks him. he doesn't, to his credit, because what kind of a partner would he be? but what kind of partner comes up behind him, wraps an arm around his waist, rests their head on his shoulder, and presses the lit cigarette to redd's collarbone and twists? if redd did hit him, he's sure that at least it would be warranted. so sucking in air through clenched teeth, his eyes close, and he deals with the rising heat throughout his body at the lingering feeling of a burn against his skin as ash pulls it away. the guy has the audacity to

press a kiss to redd's jaw as he slips away and off into the house behind him. and redd just stands there, processing what the heck just happened. he's seething, he realizes flatly, shaking with something akin to rage, a low fuzzy feeling in his stomach, but he's not... necessarily angry over it.

when it happens a third time, redd thinks he's about to lose his mind. they're sharing a cigarette outside, passing it back and forth, leaning against the outside wall, chatting idly. nothing important was being said, least of all something that would deserve a reaction like the one ash gives him. it's done during the quiet part of their conversation, ash turning to fully face redd, and grabbing redd's wrist — turning his hand over, and jamming the lit cigarette against the skin of his wrist. redd stumbles back, pulling his arm along with him and out of ash's grasp, and he notices that ash's face is flushed, his lips parted in a slight pant, and redd feels his own face positively burning.

one thing leads to another, and they're making out. one of ash's arms are hooked around redd's shoulders, his free hand rubbing at the new burn on redd's wrist with— what, desperation? god. redd doesn't care, because he's pulled ash in and close to himself, kissing like his life depends on it. he's being crowded against the wall by the taller, the cigarette long forgotten on the ground under their boots.

when they break apart to breathe, redd notes the look in ash's eyes. it's crazed, which is the best possible word to describe it, and he doesn't think he's ever seen ash look at him like that. redd is struggling to catch his breath, acutely aware of the pressure ash is putting on his burn, scraping the edges of his nails against his pulse point, before bringing it up to his lips and kissing it. they don't break eye contact, and redd is, well, red in the face. ash gently drops redd's hand, turns away from him, and leaves wordlessly. where he's going, redd doesn't know, and he doesn't really care to find out. he just knows that neither of them will acknowledge this ever, but he hopes— god, he's hopin' that it happens again.

and it does. over and over again, enough that when reddoos slips his shirt off and over his head, and tosses it aside, slipping his shades off — he stares at himself in the mirror, he trails his eyes over the many burn marks littering his skin. they're small, round marks that cover mostly his arms and his chest, some around his neck and collarbones. it makes his heart thrum as he admires them. he wets his lips with his tongue, tracing a finger over the dots, connecting them as if they were stars and him an astronomer.

he puts his shirt back on and steps outside to have a cigarette of his own. he holds it in-between his index and thumb, lighter flickering as he lights it. he can hear footsteps approach behind him, and he turns, leaning over the bannister, a lazy smile tugging at his lips. ash makes a move towards him, but redd holds out the cig to him, and lowers his collar to expose the skin of his neck better. ash's eyes light up with something he can't name, and he watches as he takes the cigarette and puts it out on redd. it's a satisfying burn, one made even better by the way ash kisses him.

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