

you know it's easy; bodies lying in the sand

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/54313699) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/54313699>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Lifesteal SMP
Relationships:	Ashswag/Reddoons (Video Blogging RPF) , Ashswag & Reddoons (Video Blogging RPF)
Characters:	Ashswag (Video Blogging RPF) , Reddoons (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	References to Ancient Greek Religion & Lore , Inspired by The Fall of Icarus (Ancient Greek Religion & Lore) , God Complex , Ambiguous/Open Ending , Morally Ambiguous Character , Character Study , Drabble , Not Beta Read
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of the gnawing way I miss you
Stats:	Published: 2024-03-07 Words: 688 Chapters: 1/1

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by [hearts4seishiro](#)

Summary

From murky shadows appear first a silhouette, then unnaturally bright purple eyes. Reddoons languidly turns around, ignoring how everything primal in him is screaming and begging him to run.

Or; On Ashswag, Reddoons, and self-proclaimed godhood.

Notes

swagdoons takeover!!!!!!!!!!

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

It's silent, *too* silent as Reddoons stands in front of the obsidian altar. Reddoons knows all too well the energy that hums faintly. Reddoons also knows the warmth, he knows *who* is the source.

Usually, the warmth is nothing more than an afterthought, barely noticeable. But for some reason, today, the heat feels *burning*. From murky shadows appear first a silhouette, then unnaturally bright purple eyes. Reddoons languidly turns around, ignoring how everything primal in him is screaming and begging him to *run*.

Ashswag is staring at him, eyes piercing like light through glass. Reddoons swallows dryly. He is frozen in place, though out of fear or devotion, he does not know. Candlelight flickers off the artificial smoothness of Ashswag's face, dancing shadows across his face. The air around Ash warps irregularly, the very code of the world shifting to accommodate him as Reddoons stands there, face-to-face with someone whose very blood thrums with pure power, someone who ends nations when he snaps his fingers.

"*Kneel.*" Ashswag's voice is tinged with an unknown language unintelligible to human ears, a second voice behind it, barely there but ever-present. Godhood sounds good, *powerful* in Ash's voice, sharp edges of violence and blood and viscera hidden barely peeking through silky smoothness.

Reddoons drops to his knees. The hard marble floors are unforgiving underneath him, dull pain seeping through where his legs are connected to the floor, nothing he isn't used to. He tilts his head up, staring up at Ashswag.

Ashswag has a grin painted across his face, something mixed with both pleasure and satisfaction, as he walks even closer. "You look *divine* like this," He drawls, circling Reddoons like a predator would stalk his prey, eyes boring holes into every inch of him. He returns to the far side of the room, still staring, leaning against a pillar.

"Don't—" Reddoons eyes are straining, adjusting to the darkness. "*Shut up, Ash.*"

Ash's eyes crinkle in mock amusement before he strides across the room, footsteps echoing off cold marble and tangling his fingers in Reddoon's hair. Ashswag runs his fingers through it, before tightening his grip and yanking harshly. The strained yelp that wrenches out of Reddoon's lips only spurs Ash on, squatting down so that they're at eye level.

Ashswag's gaze is cold, but the power that emanates from him is *fiery* hot, *scorching*, as Reddoons scrambles to back away from the waves of heat threatening to peel his skin. "Don't tell *me* what to do, Redd."

Ashswag leans in even closer, so *impossibly* close Red feels like he's standing in the face of the sun, bending unwillingly to the ever-beating heat that cannot be killed. Redd grins.

Reddoons forgets, just in that second, how much Ash can read off his face. "You can be the Icarus of my story, Redd." Ash smiles, but there's none of what previous warmth was left, his eyes unchanging, overseeing. Ash's hand traces shapes over Reddoon's helmet, fingers reaching underneath to touch skin. His hand is cold and hot at the exact same time, touch gentle. (*It is painful all the same.*)

"Try to reach me." Ash's tone is taunting yet cautionary. "You'll burn."

Reddoons scoffs, pushing Ash's hand aside. "Can I get up?"

Ashswag hums noncommittally, and turns around, vanishing back into the murky expanse. "See ya." Reddoons watches, and with a hollowing, sinking feeling coiling in his gut, he realizes that he is *in far too deep*, and that he *would* in fact— follow Ash to the ends of the world.

(Icarus realises he has flown his man-made, mortal wings too close to the sun. The wax from his wings drips and sears dark red marks into his skin that he knows will never fully heal. He closes his eyes and hopes the pain will be temporary.)

(Reddoon's skin is peeling off, the heat so strong it's unbearable, hollowingly excruciating. He lets go of his wings and opens his arms, hoping the Sun would grab onto him and pull him up. He smiles and shuts his eyes as he feels warm arms wrapping around him, but suddenly he's falling, falling, falling back down.)

End Notes

thank you for reading! please leave a comment to lmk what you think of this cause its barely coherent lol.. erm lifesteal isnt that big of a fandom but i really like the characters and dynamics etc so thanks for the support friends!!!

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