Presents

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Presents

by TheEmcee

Summary

Contrary to popular opinion, Faraday wasn’t as stupid as he acted. He knew when to say what and when to do what, and when it was a bad idea to make his very existence known. As such, he knew it would never be a good idea to piss off Red Harvest if at all possible. So when Red Harvest started bringing him small, dead animals every day, Faraday was more than a little confused.

Notes

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the characters or the fandom.

A/N: I absolutely LOVED 2016’s Magnificent Seven. I haven’t enjoyed a good Western like that for quite some time, and I fell in love with the seven guys. And naturally, my fanfic brain got to thinking, and that’s how I came up with this. It’s male slash, so if you don’t like, then don’t read. If you do read, let me know what you thought by leaving a comment in the towel section down below. Enjoy!

~…~

Presents
Contrary to popular opinion, Joshua Faraday was not as stupid as he tended to act. He acted stupid, did stupid shit, and said stupid things because that got people to underestimate him, and that was always a good thing. While he was good with Ethel and Maria, he did enjoy having a little bit of an upper hand when he got into a scrap. Acting stupid allowed him to gage people, study them closely, see them for who they were without their guards up. Granted, he was still known for being a fast draw and accurate as hell. But there was a difference between hearsay and personal experience.

After the whole Rose Creek situation was over and done with, and Faraday would never stop being amazed by how the whole gang survived and were up and running roughly two months after the fight, the seven of them decided to stick together for a little while. Faraday didn’t have any living relatives and as he didn’t really have a place to be, he remained with the group. In truth, they were all outsiders, outcasts, people with no real place in the world and nowhere to turn to. It just made sense for them to stick together like the ragtag group of misfits that they were.

That didn’t mean that he was entirely comfortable around them all yet. Faraday knew that if he pissed any one of the group off bad enough he’d be looking down the end of a barrel. But in all honesty, none of them worried him more than Red Harvest.

The kid was quiet, kept mostly to himself, and was lethal with his bow and his tomahawk. While Faraday could, to a certain extent, predict how the others would react to whatever bullshit he spewed from his mouth, the same couldn’t be said for Red Harvest. The Comanche wasn’t particularly fond of white men to begin with, and whenever Faraday would crack a joke or say something loud and obnoxious, which was often, Red would send him a glare. At least, that’s what it looked like to Faraday. Honestly, it seemed as though Red Harvest only had two expressions: angry and bored.

It had been very clear from the get go that pissing Red Harvest off was not a very good idea for anybody to do. Faraday knew when to gamble it all and when to play it safe, and with the youngest member of the group, it was best to play it safe.

And yet, when Red Harvest started dropping the bodies of dead animals down at his feet around the fire every evening, Faraday was completely flabbergasted. He had no idea why Red Harvest would all but throw a dead animal at his feet after he had got off hunting. It’s not like the kid did it for everybody; Faraday was the only one who received such special treatment.

After it had happened twice, Faraday blinked up at the kid dumbfounded and asked, “What’s that for?”

Red Harvest stared at him with a look that made Faraday feel as though he were being judged before answering, “Food.” Then, he turned and went off by himself, having always stayed away from the group but close enough that he would be able to alert them of any danger should there be any.

Sam and Goodnight both chuckled at Faraday while Vasquez poked the animal, a rabbit, with a stick.

“Well, well, well, it seems as though you have an admirer, Faraday,” Goodnight said before taking a bite of the beans Jack had cooked over their fire. Faraday finished chewing his spoonful before replying.

“What makes you say that?”
“Why else would Red Harvest be sweet on you?” Goodnight asked.

“Could be he thinks Faraday is helpless,” Vasquez said, chuckling softly. Everyone else shared a laugh while Faraday scowled.

“I am not helpless,” he bit out.

“Whatever you say, guero. But I’m not the one who screamed like a girl when a spider crawled across my lap the other day,” Vasquez teased.

“Hey, that spider was bigger than my hand. Anyone of you would’ve done the same thing. And I did not scream like a girl,” Faraday snapped.

“Sounded like it to me,” Sam said.

“I have to agree,” Goodnight added.

“Oh, shut up,” Faraday grumble. He poked at the dead rabbit with his boot before asking, “Anyone know how to cook rabbit?”

The sound of laughter echoed in his head all night long when he finally tried to get some sleep.

Weeks went by and Red Harvest continued gifting Faraday with dead animals every night. Sometimes, he would even sit beside Faraday and cook them for him, never explaining himself or smiling. Hell, Red Harvest didn’t even seem to notice the others laughing at them and sharing knowing looks, but Faraday noticed. It annoyed him and embarrassed him all at once. He wasn’t a helpless child; if he wanted to, he could probably go out and kill something and cook it, but he didn’t need to.

Every night around the fire, there was always enough to go around. They all shared in their spoils of the day. Even when they were in a town for a few days, they sat and ate together just like they did at Rose Creek. Some things didn’t change after the fight for that little town, and he didn’t think they ever would.

And then some things did change. The nightmares that had often plagued Faraday didn’t occur as much as they used to since pairing up with the other guys. And whether they were in a town or out in the wilderness, he found himself relaxing easier, knowing that the others had his back if the need ever came. But the most drastic change was, of course, Red Harvest bringing him fresh kills whenever he hunted, which was almost every night.

“Has he mentioned why he does it to any of you?” Faraday asked one night after Red Harvest had brought him some kind of lizard. He didn’t know what it was called, but he sure as hell tasted better than having beans for the sixth night in a row. Not that he didn’t like beans; he just liked variety.

“Unfortunately, our Comanche friend has not been forthcoming with his intentions,” Goodnight said, the faintest tell of a snick in his voice. Faraday heard it though, and he immediately regretted bringing the topic up again.

“Maybe it’s some kind of courtship,” Billy offered, glancing up briefly before he turned his attention back to his plate.

“Sam?” Faraday asked. The older male was the only one amongst them with some Comanche knowledge.

“All I know’s the language. If you want specifics, you’ll have to ask Red yourself,” Sam responded.
“Just talk to ‘im.”

Faraday wasn’t sure if Sam was being entirely truthful or not, but he supposed he was right. Unless he actually asked Red Harvest about it, he’d never know. It was just working up the courage to do so. Red Harvest was still a mystery to him and he didn’t want to have an arrow up his butt if he could help it.

He waited until most of the others were sleeping, with Goodnight and Bill being the only ones awake at the fire. Faraday stood up and made his way over to Red Harvest, further away from the rest of them as usual, but close enough to be reachable. The Comanche was staring off into the darkness, watching, listening, as was his way. Faraday couldn’t see any tell that said Red knew he was there, but he had a feeling that the younger man knew without needing to see.

Faraday sat down on the rock beside him and gaze up at the stars for a moment, collecting his thoughts. He didn’t want to sound stupid. Red Harvest understood English well enough, but Faraday didn’t want to confuse him. With his hands clasped on his lap, he finally turned to look at Red Harvest.

“Why do you give me some of your kill?” Faraday asked him. “You don’t hunt enough for the rest of the group unless we’re runnin’ low and Sam asks you to. So, why me?”

Red turned to him and studied him for a long moment. Faraday had to fight to not fidget under the intense gaze. Part of him was intimidated by it, but another part was intrigued. Faraday had to admit that the kid was good looking. Not that he’d ever tell him that, or anyone else as a matter of fact. If he did, Faraday would probably be ostracized from the group, and he didn’t want that. Though he’d probably never admit it, this group was like his family, and if they kicked him out, he’d be left with nothing. Again.

“White men food is for dogs,” Red Harvest answered him after what seemed like forever.

“You’ve said that plenty of times, but why hunt for me?” Faraday emphasized the ‘me’ in his sentence.

“You are not like the others,” Red Harvest said, as though that explained it all. Perhaps it did to someone who was smarter than Faraday.

“What does that mean?” Faraday asked.

“You ask too many questions,” Red Harvest said.

“Yeah, well, maybe if you’d stop speakin’ in tongues I wouldn’t have to,” Faraday said without even thinking. Right after saying it he silently cursed himself. He was going to be sleeping with an arrow in his ass tonight for sure.

“Speak in tongues?” Red Harvest replied. There was a glint in his eyes, one Faraday couldn’t read, but unfortunately his mouth ran faster than his brain.

“It means you’re not makin’ any sense,” Faraday explained.

Red Harvest seemed to ponder that for a moment before he surged forward. Faraday startled for a brief second before he realized what was happening. His lips were being devoured by Red Harvest’s. To say he hadn’t been expecting that would be a great understatement, but it wasn’t unpleasant. Truthfully, he liked the feel of Red’s lips against his own. They were slightly chapped, but still soft, and warm. Better than any woman’s he had ever kissed. And it felt…better somehow, if that made any sense.
All too soon, Red Harvest pulled away from him and Faraday could make out satisfaction and triumph in his dark eyes. It was only then that Faraday noticed he was breathless and craving more.

“Did that make sense?” Red Harvest retorted. Jack had been right when he had called the Comanche a little shit.

“I suppose,” Faraday said after a moment’s hesitation. He was still trying to wrap his around their kiss. “I thought you didn’t like white men?”

“You are not like the others,” Red Harvest repeated. Then he added, “Your spirit is…different.”

“Oh,” Faraday said. “And…you like that?”

“Do you wish for me to speak in tongues again?” Red Harvest countered. Faraday cracked a smile.

“I certainly wouldn’t mind if you did,” he said. “You’re quite good at it.”

For a second time that night, his lips were being smothered by Red Harvest’s and he loved it. Faraday thoroughly enjoyed those lips caressing his own, that tongue dancing with his own, sure and swift and domineering every time.

He spent the rest of the night beside Red Harvest. And if the others snickered and laughed when they woke up and saw Faraday cuddled by being the young warrior, he didn’t pay them any mind.

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