Cronus Ampora... is bored. He is bored as fuck, and on top of that... sexually frustrated as shit.

On a whim, he decides to purchase a 'get laid fast and easy' product. A pheromone enhancing pill, which promises to make anyone lower than him on the hemospectrum fucking beg for his dick.

From there, things- well... escalate.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter 1

Yes, there is art in here, I understand if you dislike/hate this fic for whatever reason, but PLEASE don't attack me for it on my sfw accounts. Thank you! :)

Cronus scrolled up and down the article, a glaze setting in his eyes. He hadn't even brushed his teeth, or gotten dressed yet, and he had already found himself on "the weird side of the internet." that currently being a site promoting 'pheromone enhancing pills.'

"If you’re horny- so are they!"

He chewed on his lip, skimming through the rest of the summary.

*Makes your partner both submissive and receptive! ;) They evolved to be yours. Its in their WONDERFULLY warm blood. And now's your chance to capitalize on it.*

He sat back in the bed, his eyebrows perking. His gaze drifted to one of Kankri’s sweaters, discarded in the corner. A stone settled in his stomach as he remembered his beloved boyfriend wouldn't be coming home tonight... He was stuck at the university. Again. Great.

He rapped his fingers on his thighs, navigating to the "Any questions?" tab.

User: So, I have a bit of an inquiry.

Customer Service: Oh?? Please, ask away!!

User: So... say I had a partner with a more... unconventional blood type?

Customer Service: A mutant, you mean?

User: Yeah, yeah, a mutant.

Customer Service: Well, I don't really know how to answer that. I've never had a case like it. What's your blood color, if you don't mind me asking?

User: Violet. I'm a seadweller.

Customer Service: Oh!! I see.. Hmm.. well, I would say that.. it would probably do something., at the very least.. Pheromone makeup isn't directly related to the pigment of blood., but., more a natural consequence of evolution.. Highbloods killing all the rusts who didn't do what they wanted., and all.. I don't really know!! But please get back to me with the results.. This is quite interesting..

User: Hmm... Alright, sure thing.

Cronus puffed out his cheeks and stroked back his hair. Eh, nothing beat loneliness like a little
impulse shopping. So...

Why not.

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Cronus plucked absent mindedly at his guitar, the apartment being a little too quiet for his taste. These were on of the rare moments he regretted dropping out of senior year, if only because he was left with nothing to do.

But... nah, he couldn't go back.

His father was a teacher at the academy he had left, and he couldn't stand to see the look on that man's face if he proved him right.

Hmm... speaking of school, Karkat would be home soon. Maybe he could convince the kid to watch a movie with him or something. Probably not, though. For whatever reason, Karkat insisted on hating him. Maybe he hated everyone, but that didn’t mean Cronus had to like it. Eh... well.. it wasn't the worst thing in the world-

He nearly jolted off the couch as the doorbell rang. "Coming!" He steadied himself, and left to open the door. He was greeted with a package and a clipboard. He took the box, eyes lingering on the label.

‘Pheromone enhancer.’

Oh yeah. That.

He signed the guy’s paper and returned to the living room. He took a knife to the box, emptying the contents onto the counter. He caught it as it began to roll off. Turning the bottle in his fingers, he released a soft sigh. What’s the worst that could happen. He takes it- he gets sick- he sues. At least a lawsuit would give him something to fucking do. Whatever. He twisted open the lid, shook a pill into his palm, and swallowed it dry.

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“KANKRI, I'M HOME!”

Cronus glanced up from his computer as Karkat threw open the door to the apartment. “Heh, sorry squirt, but Kan is out for the night,” he responded, attention returning to his screen.

Karkat groaned, eyes rolling. “Great, so who’s gonna make dinner?”

Cronus volunteered begrudgingly. He spent ten minutes or so heating up canned beans, and tossing chopped tomatoes and carrots on the side. It was a half assed meal at best, but half assed was better than no assed, damn it.
The two of them ate in silence, Karkat staring at his plate and Cronus staring at Karkat.

He looked so much like his brother. It was almost scary in a way.

Cronus fiddled with his fork, chin resting on his palm as he examined him. His gaze drifted over his lips, his eyes.

He was startlingly pretty, even compared to his brother. He somehow looked more fragile. Delicate.

He wondered what he would look like on his knees, begging for him oh so sweetly-

Oh god fucking damn it. He would have smacked himself if he was alone, fucking- god damn it.

He shoveled beans into his mouth, turning away from Karkat. A burning shame had settled in his chest, making his blood heat. He hated this. God he fucking hated this.

He... ok... he wasn't a terrible person for thinking that way. After all, it only made sense for his psychology to get... confused, right? He was just Kankri but short and angry. Not to mention, perfect black rom material. Not that…. Fuck, he was doing it again. He shouldn't even be thinking this shit. No- no, god damn it, he needed a smoke- or some porn, or something. He glared at Karkat from the corner of his eye, a frustrated hiss escaping him.

Karkat glanced up at him, continuing to scarf down his meal. “What’s got your panties in a twist?”

Fuck, he hated that kid.

Fuck, he hated that kid.

If only he could wipe that smug fucking look off his face... but what could he get away with, he wasn't sure. ‘If you’re horny, so are they,’ right? Haha. Wouldn’t that be precious. Seeing Karkat all red faced and flustered. The thought was nearly irresistible.

He set his glare back on Karkat, lip curling.

He let his mind wander... fucking the kid over the table. Making him beg for it. Scream for it. He’d bite him... scratch him up real fucking pretty.

Hah... well, at the very least, if that pill was full of shit, there could be worse ways to figure that out.

Karkat glowered back at him, cocking an eyebrow. “The fuck is your… problem...” He trailed off, breath hitching. He blinked, going stiff against the back of his chair.

Cronus let a chuckle rise in the back of his throat. God, he wanted to put that kid in his fucking place.

Karkat gave a sharp gasp, a flush rising to his cheeks. “I- I need to go to the bathroom-!” He blurted, jolting to his feet.

“No,” Cronus growled, eyes utterly latched on Karkat's form. Fuck… he should probably just let this go.
“-What-?” Karkat stared Cronus down, his entire body stiff as a board.

Cronus twirled his fork in his fingers, tapping his foot on the floor restlessly. “You can hold it. I made you a nice dinner, and I don’t want it going cold. Now sit down.”

Karkat kept that angry gaze on Cronus, his breath catching in his throat. His gaze drifted down to the table, a shiver running up his spine. "F... fine..." He sank into his seat, holding his breath.

Cronus couldn’t help but chuckle. “Good boy,” he muttered, gaze lingering on Karkat's trembling form.

Karkat jolted some at the name. "I..." He trailed off into a whine, doing his best to avoid eye contact.

GOD, that was fucking satisfying. How many years had he wanted to see that? All of them? Yeah, yeah, all of them. Was it smart to keep pushing this? No. Was it worth it? Well… he would just have to find out. Cronus rose to his feet, a soft chuckle rising in the back of his throat. "Awww... what's wrong, chief?" He murmured, strolling around the table. "Something the matter?"

Karkat released a warbled moan, hiding his face against the table. "N... no..." he said, folding his arms over his head.

Cronus pouted, running a hand over his mouth in thought. "Alright. Well... in that case... I don't suppose you would mind helping me with the dishes?"

Karkat stared at Cronus out of the corner of his eye, releasing a shaky breath. He reluctantly rose to his feet, having to brace himself on the table.

Cronus took a sharp breath as he noted the distinct patch of red that had formed in Karkat's sweatpants. He went still at the sight, a soft breath escaping him. "fuck..."

Karkat covered his face with his hands, another sharp keen escaping him.

OK- well. This was certainly a situation he was in right about now. Fuck… after all the time he had spent imagining something like this happening. He gave a steady sigh. "... You want... help with that?"

Karkat slumped onto the table at the offer, as if a wave of relief had washed over him. Still, he said nothing.

"Chief... you're gonna have to tell me what you want if you expect to get it..." He drew closer, cradling Karkat’s hips in his hands. He gently ran his hands under Karkat's shirt, reveling in the warmth he seemed to radiate.

Karkat managed to look over his shoulder, face fixed in a deep pout. "P... please..." He whined, grinding his hips against Cronus.

Cronus just stared at him for a long second, as if having to verify this as reality. He cleared his throat, taking a step back to wipe the sweat off his forehead. "Fuck, fuck, um... yeah. Please... what?" He asked, swallowing the lump in his throat.

Karkat groaned, rolling onto his back. "I... just... fuck me-!" He grunted, his desperation slipping into frustration.

"Um- haha-" Cronus ran his fingers through his hair, a steady sigh rolling from his lips. He undid
his belt with one hand, the other pushing Karkat to the table.

He just kept those glassy eyes on him, giving a few quick twitches.

Cronus laced his fingers under Karkat's waistband, a deep groan rising in his throat. He met Karkat's oh so impatient glare, and then pulled the sweatpants to the ground.

Karkat gave a pleased groan in response, his breaths becoming more quick... erratic.

Cronus wound his bulge around his fingers, a deep hum rising in his throat in response.

Karkat gave an angry hiss, bucking his hips back against the table. "Just- Nnng- FUCK ME!"

Cronus stared at him dully, raising an eyebrow. He gave a couple soft tisks, fingers fixing around Karkat's soft thighs. "Is that any way to talk to Daddy?" He began kneading them with his thumbs.

Karkat whimpered, shoulders bucking back against the table. "N... no..." he managed, resigned.

"Good boy..." Cronus muttered. He dragged his hands up Karkat's legs, settling them on his hips. "You wvanna try askin' nicely this time?" He grunted, fingers shaking as they gripped Karkat's skin.

Karkat gave a quick nod, lips parting pathetically. "P... please... please, please, please..."

"Please wvhat?"

"... please... fuck me."

Cronus groaned in response, finally grinding against Karkat's sopping nook. He reached down a hand to free his bulge from his boxers, and allowed it to squirm inside the boy.

Karkat keened, his back arching in response. "Oh fuck, oh fuck oh... FUCK!" He cried, legs latching around Cronus's waist. He gave little chants of "oh god," and "fuck- FUCK," as he continued.

Cronus grit his teeth, breathing a chuckle. "Yeah... fuck, how's that feel?" He whispered, his fingers digging into Karkat's waist.

"Ah... god..." Karkat managed, eyebrows tweening upwards.

Cronus smirked, giving another short laugh. "You like it? You like taking my bulge, hmm?"

"Yes... god, fuck, yes~!" Karkat responded, his hands moving to his hair.

"You wvanna be my cute little slut?" Cronus teased, grazing his lips over Karkat's neck.

Karkat trembled, whining to the affirmative. "Please..."

"Such a good boy..." Cronus muttered, trying to isolate whatever spot was making Karkat whimper like that...

Karkat's head rolled back at the compliment. Every nerve in his body seemed alive with pleasure... so much so, that he felt as if he might simply stop functioning.

And then-
Karkat gasped, back shooting into an arch as Cronus hit his sweet spot with startling precision.

Cronus caught on quick. He released another harsh laugh, and began simply assaulting it.

Karkat began practically thrashing on the table, reduced to moans and spasms. He was somewhere in between screaming that he couldn't take it... and fucking begging for more.

Cronus groaned at the sight, managing to speed his pace up further. Fuck... yes... now this. This is what he needed. He thrust his hips forward quickly and erratically, letting his head roll back on his shoulders as he ravished Karkat's nook.

It wasn't long before it began to spasm around Cronus's bulge. Karkat keened, loud and hard, as his entire body seemed to go tense. He held his breath, only a frustrated whine escaping as he finally came. He gave a few sputtering moans, going slack on the table. He stared into space, red starting to gush from his nook.

Cronus cursed, instinctively pulling back as to not soak his legs with slurry. He took heavy breaths, staring at Karkat... completely, and utterly, wrecked.

The slurry formed a sizable puddle under the table, which Cronus realized, to much grievance, he would be expected to clean up.

After a few seconds of staring, he drew nearer. "You up for more?" He whispered, planting kisses over Karkat's cheeks.

Karkat nodded, but did not break from his daze.

Cronus gave a deep sigh of relief. He slid his bulge back into Karkat's dripping nook, and began to build up a steady pace.

Karkat gave a few bucks and twitches in response, gaze still utterly fixed on a single point in space.

Cronus cursed under his breath, feeling himself near release as his bulge reveled in the heat that was Karkat's nook. "Fuuuckkk..." He hissed, head rolling back on his head. "Oh god... oh... shit-"

Karkat jolted once more, eyes widening at the sensation of slurry flooding his nook. A warbling moan poured over his lips, eyes rolling back in his head.

"Fuck, fuck fuckk..." Cronus groaned, milking his orgasm for all it was worth. Once finally satisfied, he slumped over Karkat's chest. He took quiet breaths, still clinging to Karkat's torso. He planted soft kisses over his chest, a deep hum curling from his throat.

Karkat's eyelids finally slid shut, his head hitting the table.

Cronus pulled out, slumping back into a chair. He stared over the scene, as if unable to register what had just happened. His gaze lingered, locked on Karkat's nook, now oozing purple. After a few more seconds, he managed to stand. He hoisted Karkat up, a shaky laugh escaping him. "Let's... get you to bed, alright, chief?"

Karkat said nothing, only going lax in Cronus's arms.

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Karkat groaned at the sound of his alarm clock. He rolled over, before smashing the snooze button.
He vaguely recollected the events of last night, but dismissed them as a dream. He knew himself well enough to know that he would never be Ampora’s fuck toy. He pulled off his pajama bottoms to get changed, and froze in utter shock at what he saw; a dripping nook- and violet stained thighs.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!! I hope you all enjoyed, and if so, please don't forget to comment! It really means the world to me! :>
User: So, I, uhh, tried it. It *worked*.

Customer service: Ahh,, you’re the seadweller with the mutant, right?? I think I recognize your quirk..

User: Yeah, that’s me. Um. So yeah, he uh… um. Yeah.

Customer service: =;). I’m glad to hear it. Do you have any other questions?

User: Um… yeah. One, actually. Say I *wanted* him to be… you know, horny, but when I *wasn’t* around? How *would* I go about that?

Customer service: I actually know the answer to this one.. It’s a little bit gross.. You sure you want to hear it??

User: Sure.

Customer service: Pre-material.. That stuff is totally infused with pheromones.. Just stick some in his food.. It should last a few hours at least,, normally direct ingestion will ensure the effects don’t die down until he swallows/is filled with cum around the same place on the hemospectrum as the pheromones that set him off..

User: Oh. *wow*.

Customer service: =:/ Yeah.. it’s a little fucked up,, I know..

Cronus was interrupted from the conversation by Karkat entering the kitchen.

The kid noticeably avoided eye contact. He grabbed some bread from the fridge, and returned to his room, failing to acknowledge Cronus’s existence.

Kankri was out cold in his bedroom from last night’s studies, so Cronus figured it was probably up to him to feed the kid again. He went to the fridge and took out last night’s leftovers, before pulling the lid off of the tupperware. He gave a sideways glance at Karkat’s door, and then took the food into the bathroom.

He put the beans on the counter, and stared at himself in the mirror, before giving a smirk to reassure himself. He imagined Karkat, as soon as he got home, running to Cronus with tears prickling his eyes, and immediately grabbing the seadweller around the waist, then grinding his sopping nook against Cronus’s leg. “Fuck me, please, oh god, fuck, please,”

Cronus eased his bulge out of his sheath, giving a pleasant sigh. He slowly began stroking small strands of prematerial into the meal. He heard Karkat’s door open again, and quickly stuffed his bulge back into his pants. He then rinsed his hands and snuck back into the kitchen, taking the food with him. He glanced up to see Karkat shuffling through the fridge again. “I made you lunch.”

Karkat turned, lip curling with a classic snarky expression. Before he could say anything, however, a flush seemed to rise to his cheeks. He backed up against the fridge, gaze fixing on the ground.
Heh. Cronus realized he probably had pheromones on him currently.

“T- thank... you...” He managed, grabbing the tupperware, and stuffing it into his backpack.

Cronus chuckled after him and returned to the couch.

Karkat hid his face in his sweater, his breath falling heavy as he tried to deny his current situation. Trying to somehow, in all encompassing possibility, believe that he hadn’t been brutally fucked by his brothers matesprit, and, more importantly… desperately trying to deny that he wanted it to happen again. His entire body felt feversishly hot. He managed to stare ahead of him, eyebrows furrowing. He jumped as someone sat, no not sat, fucking LANDED on the seat next to him.

He glared next to him at Gamzee, a scowl slipping onto his face.

“Hey- my main brother, what the… what’s been motherfucking got you all sulking like that?” Gamzee his arm around Karkat's shoulders as he stared up at him, clearly high as a kite.

Karkat growled, squirming away. “Fucker- leave me alone!” He snarled, sulking further into the corner of the bus seat.

"Aw, come on bro... don't be like that." Gamzee grinned and chuckled, Snuggling his face into Karkat’s chest.

His nook pulsed. Karkat froze for a second, before violently pushing Gamzee off of him and curling up into a ball. He shook his head, refusing to make eye contact. “Just… don’t. Please.” He managed

Gamzee frowned, but heard the twinge of desperation in Karkat’s voice. "I... alright, bro..." He raised his hands in defense, slowly slinking away.

*It had been a predictably boring day, and Karkat was finally starting to be able to take his mind off of last night... and sex in general. He sat by himself on the roof of the school, trying to ignore the harsh winds. He rummaged through his backpack, managing to find the lunch that Cronus had backed him. A pit formed in his stomach at the sight. He held it delicately, a rush of emotions filling him. Cronus had made this for him... it was a gift in a way. He popped open the tupperware, a shaky breath escaping him. He stuck his fork into the beans, and took a bite as big as the utensil would allow. Wow. Somehow, it even kind of tasted like him... Karkat kept eating, but when he was about half way done with it, he froze.

Oh god.

A deep... pulsing was the first thing he felt, followed by that vicious heat again. He dropped the food to the ground, his breath hitching in panic. He tensed his legs, his bulge prying it’s way out of his sheath.

He sprung to his feet, and fucking sprinted to the nearest bathroom. He didn't dare so much as pause, out of fear that someone would catch him. He threw the door open, and lunged into the closest open stall, locking it behind him.

**His hands trembled as he felt his nook starting to leak into his jeans.
Hesitantly, he pulled down his pants, closing his eyes briefly. He bit his lip, shame beginning to set in him. He decided he had better get this over with rather than run the risk of trying to go about his day in his current state. He wrapped a hand around his bulge and let out a strangled sigh, pumping up and down coarsely.

Of course, he started thinking about Cronus. He imagined the seadweller fucking his throat mercilessly, calling Karkat a whore, a toy, and his perfect little slut. Karkat bit into his thumb, holding his breath. He thought about the things that Cronus had told him last night.

Karkat grit his teeth as he felt a near painful orgasm wash over him. He couldn’t help the slight moan that escaped him, his material falling into the toilet. He grabbed some toilet paper and rubbed off his hands, thighs and nook, but noticed that for some reason, his bulge wasn’t retracting. Karkat frowned and held it, tensing up at the sensation that clouded his mind. The bell rang far too loudly for Karkat’s liking, making him jump and curse. He released his bulge, before quickly grabbing some toilet paper and placing a few large wads in his underwear. He then pulled up his pants and made his way to class.

Mr. Ampora groaned at the sound of the second bell, pulling his head from where it rested on his desk. He started counting off attendance, having to crane his neck to see Karkat in the far corner, per usual. But something was not quite usual.

The kid looked like he must have a fever, as his face was bright red with that disgusting blood of his, and he looked like he was sweating. The teacher frowned, and started passing out the assignment to the class.

Karkat squirmed, legs crossed, trying desperately to keep himself from leaking any more into his pants. His breath fell heavy, and it took all his energy not to just beg someone to fuck him already. His eyes were taken from their spot on the desk as Mr. Ampora tossed a paper onto it. Karkat stared up at him, and fuck, he looked just like Cronus… he smelt like Cronus…

“You’re not lookin’ so good, Karkat.” Dualscar muttered.

Karkat’s lip trembled, giving a quivering exhale. “I’m sorry, sir,” He murmured, eyebrows tilting up in desperation.

Mr. Ampora frowned at this unusual response. That couldn’t be good. He decided to keep moving, not wanting to catch whatever the kid had.

Karkat stared back at him, biting his lip. “Wait, sir…”

Mr. Ampora turned around, looking at him expectantly.

Karkat looked down at his lap. “Nevermind…” he muttered.

He wanted to fucking cry.

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Karkat stared at his desk for the majority of the class. He gripped his bulge through his jeans, under the desk where he hoped, no, fucking prayed that no one would notice… it felt like he would go absolutely mad if he didn’t… Oh god, he felt it leaking through his pants.
He looked up at Mr. Ampra, and his grip tightened. He started moving his hand over it, and sighed quietly. He looked over the class to see if anyone had noticed, aaaand, fuck.

Gamzee was staring at him.

Karkat turned away, flushing.

Gamzee only gave a concerned frown, before turning back to his work.

Karkat, in turn, returned to his own project. That being his bulge. He slowly slipped his hand under the waistband of his pants, and rolled his eyes back at the sensation. He knew he couldn’t cum in the middle of class, there is no way in hell he could get away with that. But damn, did it feel good to be in the process.

He closed his eyes for a second, before frowning at the sound of footsteps approaching him.

“Your handout,” Mr. Ampora muttered and put out his hand, reading over those from the rest of the class.

Karkat just stared up at him, not knowing what to say or what to do.

Dualscar’s eyes shifted to the abandoned worksheet on Karkat’s desk. “Oh for fucks sake, what’ve you been doing for the last thirty minutes?” He groaned, clearly exasperated. The man took note of Karkat’s hands under the table. Great, the little shit had been on his phone, hadn’t he. God, he never got how Cronus put up with this kid. “What’s in your hands?” Dualscar asked.

Karkat looked away, eyes wide. “N-nothing, sir,”

“Show me.”

Karkat’s hand shook as it withdrew from his pants, red premarital lining his palm and fingertips.

Dualscar's eyes widened in realization. “See me after class,” He hissed, snatching Karkat’s blank worksheet from the table.

Karkat wanted to fucking shank himself.

Chapter End Notes

Whooo! Okay! SO! This is a thing.
that exists now.
Isn't that just fantastic.
You can probably predict what's going to happen in the next chapter, so stay tuned for that~
I wanted to ask you guys, do you prefer when I use troll vocabulary, (matesprit, ablution trap, etc,) or the human words? I have slightly mixed feelings, but I'd be happy to change it to whatever you guys would like. Please, post in the comments below!
If you enjoyed, please don't forget to give Kudos!
*Dualscar stared at Karkat from his desk, the bell dismissing the other students for the day.

Karkat trembled as the room slowly cleared out, leaving only him and the teacher.

Mr. Ampora stood, closing the doors to the room, and then shutting the blinds. He returned to his desk without so much as glancing at Karkat. “Come here.”

Karkat rose to his feet, trembling, and approached Mr. Ampora.

“I want you to tell me exactly why you were masturbating in my class.”

Karkat opened his mouth, but couldn’t find any words he would dare utter. “What do you want me to say?” He croaked.

Dualscar stood and approached Karkat, backing him into a desk. “The truth.” He grabbed him by the chin and bent over to whisper in his ear. “You were so horny you just couldn’t fucking wait, right?”

Karkat stared at his teacher, shocked at where this seemed to be going. His nook pulsed. He nodded his head slowly. “Yes sir,” he managed.

Dualscar grinned and released a low chuckle. “But you don’t really want to touch yourself… right?” He asked.

“Are you... suggesting an alternative?”

“Damn fucking straight.”

Karkat took heavy breaths. “Please, sir.”

“Please, what?”

Karkat groaned, his bulge writhing in his pants. “Please, turn me into your pretty little sex doll… use me as a fucking bucket, god, please!” He begged, a lump forming in his throat as tears prickled the corners of his eyes. He wanted this so fucking bad.

Dualscar looked him up and down, a smirk forming on his lips. “Haha... slutty little thing, aren't you?” He grabbed Karkat around the chest and picked him up, before dropping him on his desk. He latched onto Karkat's pants and pulled them off his legs, discarding them to the corner.

He stared down at his prize, and noted that his thighs already seemed to already be stained violet. It didn’t take a genius to figure out what happened, considering his student’s company… he would
have to chew Cronus out about this. He left the scene shortly and recovered his phone from his brief case, before pulling Karkat’s knees apart and taking a few photos.

Karkat first tried to cover himself at the sound of the artificial camera shutter, shaking his head in embarrassment.

“Calm down, it’s not going on the internet or anything.”

“Who… who are you going to show it to?”

Dualscar landed a sharp swat on Karkat’s thigh, making him bite his lip and turn away.

“Good whores don’t ask questions… and you want to be a good little whore… right?”

Karkat nodded, eyes squeezed shut.

Dualscar buried his fingers in Karkat’s sopping nook, the mutant moaning up pure ecstasy.

“Yes, sir!”

“Good boy.” Dualscar opened his belt and slipped down his pants with the other hand, before easing his bulge out of his sheathe.

Karkat looked down at it and groaned in desire, his hips bucking against the fingers. “God… fuck yes, fill me~”

Dualscar tisked and shook his head in mock disappointment. “Do you really think you’re in a position to be giving orders right about now?”

Karkat whined as the fingers were retracted. “No… no sir…”

“Very good. So why don’t you beg instead? It’s much more befitting, for one of your class.”

Karkat paused at the statement. He... he had gotten hemophobic undertones off of Dualscar in the past, but... never anything this blatant. Normally, he would be pissed as all hell at this revelation, but god, in this moment, it just felt so right.

“I… please sir, please give me your bulge…”

“Don’t be acting shy now... “

“I want it really, really bad! I just want you to fill me, please, sir, I want your cum!”

Dualscar smirked. “Beautiful.” He pulled Karkat’s hips to the edge of the table, and thrust his bulge in mercilessly. “Is this what you hotbloods are really like, then? Just little whores in disguise?”

Karkat groaned, his body rewarding him with intense sparks of pleasure, one, after the other, after the other… “Yes, sir…” he slurred. He would gladly say whatever Dualscar wanted him to. Hell, he would probably let him keep him as a slave if it meant he could have his cock. God, he loved it...

“You shameless little bitch…” Dualscar grabbed onto Karkat’s hair, and forced him to curl upright, the other hand keeping his hips in place.

Karkat moaned, loud and honest, his eyes losing focus as dualscar's bulge lashed inside him. And
then the tip hit that spot inside him. He jumped, legs tensing, as a wanton keen curled its way out of his lips.

Dualscar met eyes with him for a second, his face twisting into a wicked grin, and assaulted that spot.
Aaaaand, there went Karkat’s sanity. He collapsed onto the desk, spasming at the sensation coursing through his veins. This was it. This is the best thing that would happen in his life. All future attempts at happiness would be overshadowed easily by this feeling lighting him up like a christmas tree. Oh god, oh god-! Oh so quickly, he felt himself cumming, holding onto Dualscar as he cried out.

He struggled at words, only a broken “ma-master!” escaping his lips, as red fluid released from his bulge, painting his stomach.

“‘ts got a nice ring to it,” Dualscar growled, feeling release nearing him. “Beg for it, beg for my fucking cum~”

“Yes, yes, sir, please, use me as your royal bucket, I want it, I want it, sir!”

Dualscar dug his nails into Karkat’s hip, thrusting into him sporadically, before gritting his teeth and releasing inside his student.

Karkat lay limp on the table, barely conscious, as purple fluid slowly leaked from his nook.

Dualscar sighed, leaning back in his chair and staring at his work, before propping a cigarette between his teeth and lighting it accordingly.

Damn.

He wished he had a bucket to empty the kid out with… poor thing.

Dualscar looked the boy up and down, a small sense of accomplishment settling into his mind. “I’d like to make a habit out of this, If it’s all the same to you. No quadrants, just you, me, and that pretty little nook of yours.”

Karkat met his eye and shuddered, swallowing and nodding slowly.

“Perfect. Now let’s clean you up and send you home, shall we?”

Chapter End Notes

Ugh, thank you guys so much for reading! I do have some idea of where I want the plot to go with this, but if you have any ideas, PLEASE post below, don't be shy! I think it would be a lot of fun to see where you guys might want to take this, and I would be happy to add in some kinks for my lovely readers!
Thank you, and I hope you enjoyed!
Okay, yo, here's the deal. In hindsight I realize I went a little overboard with the incest shit in this chapter. So... if you're at all like, not even in the mood for this, just... skip the chapter. All you need to know is that Kankri gets involved. *thumbs up*

Cronus tapped his foot on the linoleum tile of the kitchen, waiting expectantly for Karkat to return home. He had managed to get Kankri out of the house, sending him to the store for things they already had. Now all he had to do was wait.

Karkat didn't walk so much as wobble home, his hips stiff, and a bloated sensation in his stomach. He was wearing a pair of Eridan's pants that Dualscar happened to have on hand, and as shitty as that was, it would be a hell of a lot easier to explain than the disaster that was his jeans.

He finally was able to make his way up to the apartment. The boy punched the code into the number pad and opened the door.

Mr. Ampora had given him... instructions on how to get the remaining genetic material out of his seed-flap, so he was going to do that, asap.

"KANKRI, I'M HOOOOME!" He called, pulling off his shoes and walking into the kitchen. He froze.

Cronus looked at him from across the table, staring at him expectantly. "Sorry, kid, but it looks like Kan is going to be out for a little while." The seadweller cracked a grin.

Oh no.

Fuck that.

He was bloated as it was, and he didn't even want to think about taking another bulge until that problem was solved. He walked past the seadweller without a word, and made his way into the bathroom. He crossed over to the toilet and sat down accordingly. He pulled the little note that Dualscar had written him out of his back pocket, and took a deep breath.

He reached his fingers into his nook, before scissoring them apart slowly. Nothing happened. He pulled them apart further, and gave a quiet whine, violet material releasing from his seedflap, and splashing into the toilet.

He gave a shaky exhale and pulled his fingers from his nook, revealing his purple coated hand. Absent-mindedly, he stuck the fingers in his mouth, the taste sending a shiver up his spine.

Karkat continued to lap up the material on his hand and wrist, eyes going hazy.
User: It didn't vwork.

Customer service: Seaudweller w/ mutaunt, right?

User: Yeah... didn't vwork.

Customer service: Whaut... didn't work?

User: I put the pre-material in his food like you said, but vwhen he got back from school, he wasn't horny or anyfin...

Customer service: You're kidding. You sent him into public like that?

User: ... Vwas that a thing I should not have done?

Customer service: Aund school none the less... fucking hell... No, thaut waus au thing you should NOT hauve done!

User: Vwhy not?

Customer service: Why do you think? He's going to be leauking pre-material aull over the plauce, he's going to smell like a bitch in heaut to aunyone with a keen nose, aund he's going to be begging for auny bulge that comes his wauy! There is no wauy he's not getting suspended for that...

User: oh. did I fuck up?

Customer service: Yes. Yes you did. Now, aus to why he's not horny, he probaubly got fucked by someone auround your blood color before you got the chaunce.

User: ... oh my god.

Cronus closed his laptop and fished out his phone, before clicking on his dad's contact.

UA: hey.

CU:<< Ahh, Cronus, I wanted to talk to you actually.

UA: right. about what?

CU:<< About Karkat.

UA: you fucked him, didnt you.

CU: << Yeah.

UA: YOU RAGING CUNT.

CU: << I did nothing you didn't.

UA: PSHHHHHHHHH... I DIDNT FUCK HIM

CU: << Yes you did.

UA: ... nuhuh.

CU:<< Cronus, I know you did and so do you. You're fooling no-one.
CU:<< ...

CU:<< ...

CU:<< Cronus, what is taking you so ever loving long to type?

CU:<< ...

CU:<< You are still there, right?

UA: ........................../¯´/)  
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CU: << Ahh.

UA: FUCK~YOU~

CU: << Cronus, calm down.

UA: THAT IS THE LAST TIME I AM EWVER SENDING HIM TO SCHOOL LIKE THAT AGAIN!!!!!

CU: << ...Care to elaborate?

UA: HE VWAS ONLY HORNY, 8ECAUSE I *MADE* HIM HORNY!!!

CU: << ... you drugged him, didn't you.

UA: NO. NUHUH.

CU: << Okay, that's really fucked up, even by your standards.

UA: I DID NOT.

CU: << Yes you did.

UA: NO- ok, it's not like that. I... not exactly.

CU: << ... Really now. Explain.
UA: I... fuck, my cum makes him horny, ok?

CU: << Ok- what? What?

UA: fuck, it's this whole thing, i got this thing off the internet- and it makes my cum make other people horny.

CU: << Are you drunk?

UA: no- it's. weird. its based on like, pheromones and shit. ya know, science.

CU: << ... alright? I... I don't think I have any more questions.

UA: yeah, idk. it makes him really submissive and stuff. it's pretty great.

CU: << so you turned your cum into a sex drug. Is that what I'm supposed to be taking from this.

UA: eh, yeah, pretty much.

CU: <<... Cronus. how do you suppose he would react if he were to be taken... off of it?

UA: wdym?


UA: eh, he'd probably be a little bitch about it? knowing him.

CU: << fuck. oh, fuck fuck fuck fuck

UA: ???

CU: I fucked him, Cronus. And if he decides to go fucking blabbing about it- I'm fucked. Haha, oh god, I am so fucked.

UA: oof- um-

CU: << FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK

UA: dad, calm your shit. wve can wwork this out. maybe he wwon't be mad? idk, he might evwen wwant to do it again.

CU: << ... Cronus. You can't stop.

UA: wwhat?

CU: << You have to keep drugging him, or- jizzing in his juice box, whatever the fuck you did. At least until I can remedy this. As of now, I have no power, and he could fuck my life just like that. If he wants me... it will give some of that power back. Just give me time for damage control, and I'll find a way to remedy this.

UA: uh... yeah, ok? i... i can do that.

CU: << Good. I'm counting on you.

*Cronus closed his phone and leaned back in his chair, letting out an exasperated sigh.*
The bathroom door opened, and out stepped Karkat.

Cronus stiffened and noted that Karkat had purple on his lips and chin.

His bulge also seemed to notice.

Karkat walked towards his room, but before he could escape behind the door, Cronus stood, and grabbed him by the wrist.

"You have something on your face." He muttered, cupping Karkat's chin.

Karkat stared up at him, and gave the most perfect "OH SHIT" expression he had ever seen.

Cronus dragged his tongue across the boy's chin, pausing to kiss him.

*Oh god, it tasted like his dad-*

Karkat groaned, and pushed closer up to Cronus.

"Follovw me." Cronus lead Karkat into the master bedroom.

Kankri slept in his own room, as he feared that despite his romantic relationship with Cronus, it would be too *intimate.* The plus side was, that meant Cronus could keep little 'secrets' in his room. He instructed Karkat to sit on the mattress, before reaching under the bed and pulled out a shoebox. He dumped the contents onto the mattress.

Karkat's eyes widened at the toys, including a sheath plug, a vibrator, a dildo, a fleshlight, and... an anal plug. He wasn't even surprised.

"Sh... nothing too much yet... I just want to make you feel good."

Cronus pushed Karkat to the bed. He picked up the vibrator, and pulled down Karkat's pants... n... they were Eridan's...

His bulge seemed to like that.

He rubbed the tip of the vibrator around Karkat's nook, before pressing it in.

The boy groaned, head lolling back.

Then Cronus turned it on.

Karkat stiffened, and moaned deep and loud, toes curling.

"Hah, you like that, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, I do~"

*sir?*

Cronus narrowed his eyes and grabbed Karkat by the hair. "Don't call me that." He growled. He didn't want to be called anything that Karkat had picked up from Dualscar.

"I... sorry... what should I call you?"

His mind raced for a second. "Daddy. Call me daddy."
Karkat groaned in approval. "Yes, Daddy."

Cronus cracked a smile, and turned the vibrator up.

Karkat mewed in response, hips bucking forward.

Cronus pulled the waistband of his pants down and fished out his bulge. "Open your mouth."

Karkat did so gladly, bending forward, and dragging his tongue across the underside of Cronus's bulge.

Cronus groaned. "Yeah, yeah, keep doing that."

Karkat swirled his tongue around the tip, his hands holding the rest in place.

"Yeah... you love daddy's cock, right?"

"Yes, daddy!" Karkat chimed, sucking on the side.

"And daddy loves your sweet little lips around it..."

Karkat moaned in response, starting to take Cronus in his mouth.

Cronus felt the younger gag, but when he tried to pull out, Karkat grabbed onto his hips, and forced more of Cronus down his throat.

"Oh... fuck yes..." Cronus growled, grabbing Karkat by the hair, and pulling his head further down. "You're a real... fucking slut... you know that?" Cronus asked, thrusting in and out of Karkat's mouth.

Karkat hummed in agreement.

"Ah... good boy..."

The two jumped in unison at the sound of the front door opening and closing.

"Cr9nus? I g9t the things you required~"

"Oh shit..." Cronus hissed, and scooped the unoccupied toys back into the box. "Hide," He whispered to Karkat, and stuffed his bulge back in his pants. He left the bedroom and went to greet his boyfriend.

"Hey there, Kan, Hovw did everything go?"

"Ah, adequately, I supp9se... th9ugh there was this 9ne sales tr9ll that really ru66ed me the wr9ng way,"

Cronus leaned against the kitchen table, and nodded, pretending to listen to his matesprite's woes. He wasn't. He was thinking about fucking him. He looked him up and down a couple of times, but Kankri was too focused on his story to notice. He wanted to bend him over right here, right now. Teach him to be fucking grateful again-

And then he stopped talking.

That had Cronus's attention, as silence was a very rare occurrence when it came to his partner.
Kankri stared blankly at the ground for a second, legs clamped together and squirming. "Ah... my... apologies... um... as I was saying."

Cronus briefly wondered why he didn't just run to the bathroom, but then snickered in realization. This was a test for Kankri. If he ran off and masturbated to get it over with... well, he wouldn't exactly be sticking to his code. He would just be another animal, falling slave to his primal urges.

He figured he might just test his boyfriend as well. However, he had a sneaking suspicion that his lover would fail...

Cronus slowly moved closer to Kankri, and placed a hand against his cheek.

"Wha- Cr9nus, I d9 n9t feel that it is appr9priate f9r y9u t9 be-"

"Shhh. It's okay," Cronus whispered, backing Kankri against a wall. "Just relax, Kan. It's been a rough week. Let me make you feel better~"

"Ah... Cr9nus... h9wever... tempting it may be..."

"Just say yes."

"...yes..." Kankri's response was more of a strangled whine than anything. He didn't know what had gotten into him, and his expression twisted to one of horrified confusion for a brief second... but for some reason, he just... didn't want to argue. He chalked it up to being too tired... but another part of him, the part of him that was making his bulge twist right now... and his nook ache... wanted this... Still, he must act as a staple for self control. If nothing else, then to set an example for Karkat's sake. "Wait... Cr9nus..."

The seadweller silenced him with a kiss on the lips.

"9kay."

"Perfect."

Cronus took the other by the hand, and was about to take him into Kankri's room, but the Mutant stopped in his tracks. "If we're d9ing this, it's g9ing t9 6n y9ur 6ed, n9t mine."

"Wait, Kan,"

Kankri opened the door to Cronus's room, breath heavy. It smelt like sex. But then again, that was probably just him.
Cronus bit his lip, and followed his lover into the room.

Karkat froze, covering his mouth with his hand. It was Kankri. He closed his eyes in terror as he felt his older brother sit down on the bed he was hiding under. This was it, he was going to get caught, pants-less, with a vibrator in his nook, and there was nothing he could do to stop it. He considered pulling it out, but he wasn't sure how to turn it off, and if Kankri didn't hear it now, he most certainly would without the walls of his nook muffling the noise. That, and it felt fucking amazing.

Kankri took deep breaths, calming himself. He wasn't going to initiate anything. It would just be Cronus. It's not dirty if you don't actively contribute... right..?

Cronus sat between Kankri's legs, and ran his hands under his sweater, pulling it over his head. He then glanced up at the redblood, meeting his eye, before pulling his pants down his legs, and to the
Karkat stared at the discarded clothing in disbelief. No way. There was no way they were fucking...

Cronus looked down at Kankri's unsheathed bulge, and took a deep breath. He had to do this right. He actually had a relationship to worry about here.

He kissed Kankri delicately, and pushed two fingers inside him.

Kankri moaned into Cronus's mouth, grabbing onto his back. "I l9ve y9u," He mumbled.

"Yeah, lovwe you too."

Karkat trembled under the bed, his hand moving to his bulge. He wasn't actually going to touch himself to the sounds of his brother being fucked... was he? Yeah... yeah, he was.

Cronus pulled his fingers out of Kankri, and brought them up to his lips. He was planning on sucking them clean himself, but Kankri beat him to it, caressing his fingertips with his tongue. "Heh... good boy..." He murmured, then stiffened in fear of triggering another lecture. No such lecture came.

Cronus relaxed, led his bulge to Kankri's nook, and pushed in.

"AAAH~ FUCK, CR9NUS--<3"

Of course Kankri would be loud in the bedroom. Kankri was loud in general.

"You pretty little lowblood nook is so nice and warm..." Cronus groaned, willing to push this. He wanted to see what he could say before Kankri stopped him.

"Yes, yes, fuck, a6use my n99k, I want t9 feel it!"

And... yeah Kankri wasn't going to stop him.

Cronus chuckled in Kankri's ear. "Fuck... all this time with your celibacy bullshit... and really, you just didn't vwant me to know you vwere a little vwhore, isn't that right?"

Kankri said nothing.

Fuck.

Cronus might have actually hit a nerve there...

"Don't get me vvrong though..." Cronus tried to correct himself. "I think I like you a lot better like this."

"G9d, Cr9nus... I'm n9t a wh9re..."

"Oh, really?" He growled. "Then vvhy don't I just leawve you here? After all, if you're not a vwhore, you vwouldn't need my cock."

"N9! D9n't g9!"

"Then say it."

"I... I'm a wh9re. I'm y9ur wh9re... g9d, I'm such a filthy d9g!" Kankri announced, a lump forming
in his throat.

"And you're perfect." Cronus added, cupping Kankri's cheek.

Kankri inhaled, and nodded, some of the shame fading away.

Karkat in the meanwhile, was shocked. No other words. Just shocked. His big brother was a cockslut. His... big brother was a cockslut too... Karkat pumped his hand up and down his bulge, listening to Kankri's moans, Cronus's words. He wondered...

Slowly, Karkat pulled himself out from under the bed, to see Cronus absolutely pounding into Kankri's nook. Neither of them seemed to notice him. He slowly sat up, and not knowing how else to get his attention, grabbed onto his brother's bulge.

Kankri looked up at him, stiffened, and managed a half scream, half moan. Cronus turned to Karkat and covered his eyes with his hands.

"FUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCK, KARKAT, IT'S NOT WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!!"

Rather than argue, Karkat instead continued to pump his hand up and down his brother's cock. "It's okay..." He crawled onto his brother's lap, Kankri far to shocked and confused to fight it. Kankri's bulge twisted, and found it's way into Karkat's nook, pushing alongside the slender vibrator.

"N-n9-" Kankri muttered, but his words faded away as Karkat started moving his hips. Cronus snickered, silently praising the kid for what he perceived as pure genius. He started thrusting into Kankri again, earning strangled moans.

Cronus then reached between Karkat and himself, finding the vibrator and turning it up to it's highest setting. The two brothers moaned in unison, Karkat rocking his hips forward, effectively bouncing on his brother's cock.

"Fuck, Kankri!" Karkat moaned, grinding his hips onto the other.

"Ah... wait, Cr9nus, sl9w d9w, I'm-" Kankri was cut off by his own orgasm. His bulge spasmed inside Karkat, pumping their shared color into him.

"Ahhh... fuck yes..." Karkat moaned deeply, the fluids stretching his nook and making the vibrations all the more intense. He continued riding his spent brother without hesitation.

Cronus grabbed onto Kankri's hips, and desiring his own orgasm, began to ravish him.

"C-cr9nus-"

"Say you're my vwhore, say it!"

Kankri moaned at the request, "I'm y9ur wh9re, Cr9nus!"

"And I'm- I'm your pretty little bulge slut!" Karkat chimed in.

Cronus grit his teeth and held his breath, slamming his hips inside Kankri one more time, before spilling purple into him. He sighed deeply, content, and pulled out of his lover.

Karkat removed himself from Kankri and started licking and sucking at Cronus's bulge hungrily.
The seadweller sighed and leaned back, petting Karkat's hair.

Kankri propped himself up on his elbows and stared at the scene in front of him. He crawled over to his brother, and without a second thought, started pumping the vibrator in and out of his nook.

Karkat moaned, rolling his hips against the movement. "Yes, please, Kankri, fuck me!"

Kankri continued, the words settling into his mind. His younger brother... begging him for...
"wh9re!" Kankri growled, and dug his fingernails into Karkat's thigh.

"Ahh... Yes..." Karkat responded, slumping against Cronus's lap, still licking at his bulge.

"Y9u filthy, putrid, dirty little bitch." Kankri pumped the vibrator in and out of his brother, faster and faster.
"I am, I am!" Karkat moaned in agreement, bobbing his head submissively.

Kankri landed a swat on Karkat's thigh. "Y9u're disgusting," he hissed.

"Kankri- ahh- Fuck, I'm close!"

Without pausing to think, Kankri removed the vibrator, and forced it cleanly into his brother's wastechute.

Karkat's eyes widened in confusion at the sensation, his bulge twisting up and his nook tensing, before spilling red material onto the sheets. He shuddered, tensing his nook, trying to find something for it to grab onto... but instead he found the toy sticking out of his asshole. God... fuck yes... He relaxed and placed his head on Cronus's lap, purring sweetly.

"Vwow, Kan. I didn't knovw you had it in you."

"Karkat..." Kankri muttered, voice shaking in disbelief. He turned his brother over to look at him, Karkat smiling serenely.

"Karkat, I'm s9 s9rry!-"

Karkat shook his head, and pulled Kankri down into a kiss. "Don't be," he muttered.

"I didn't mean it! The things I said! Y9u... y9u're n9t disgusting- y9u're-"

"-Perfect." Cronus supplied.

"Perfect."
Chapter 5

Kankri stared at his ceiling, wide awake as he had been for the past four hours. He couldn't stop thinking about Karkat. Or Cronus. But to his dismay, mostly his brother. He couldn't help it, his nook just felt so good around his bulge. It wasn't his fault. I-in fact, Cronus was the one who started all this, if anyone was to blame it was him! What he did was unacceptable... he should leave.

*but where would you go?*

No where... no, he couldn't. If he left, he would either have to leave Karkat alone with that sex maniac, or worse... take him with him. They would get caught eventually, and then they would be deported back to afterus. He didn't even want to think about that becoming a reality.

A shiver ran up his spine as he realized that the two were completely at Cronus's mercy... they couldn't leave, no matter what he did to them.

*be glad he's so good to you.*

Kankri rolled over and shut his eyes. He couldn't sleep, but he could at least he could pretend.

Cronus was up earlier than usual, and started making breakfast. He figured he owed it to the two for the time they showed him last night. He... also needed to drug Karkat with his pre-cum again, or he would have to answer to his dad and a potential lack of phone service. Fuuuuck, he had to think about what that customer service troll had told him though... he didn't want to risk Karkat getting suspended, or worse... He would have to come up with a plan... He cracked two eggs into the pan.

Karkat groaned and sat up, stretching, his nook fluttering pleasantly. He stood.... and fuck, he still had Kankri's cum in him. He got dressed and started walking to the bathroom, smiling at Cronus on the way.

Cronus greeted him with a smirk in turn, and looked down at the pan. He heard the bathroom door close, and bit his lip. "Uh... Karkat, listen, we need to talk about something," "Yeah?"
"Uh... my dad told me about what happened yesterday, and-"

"-Oh god."

"No, no, it's okay. I just... vwant to make sure you don't... vwell, leak... all over yourself again. This isn't punishment, just precaution. Follow me."

Cronus led Karkat back into the master bedroom, and pulled out the shoebox again. He reached in and retrieved the sheathe plug.

"You... oh god..." Karkat murmured.

Cronus closed the door, Karkat sitting on the bed and removing his pants.

"Do you vwant me to put it in?" Cronus offered.

Karkat nodded, a bead of sweat forming on his forehead.

"This might hurt a little."

Karkat hissed as Cronus pushed the tip in, slowly but surely, burying the toy in Karkat's sheathe.

"Are you good?"

"...Yeah..." Karkat responded, his bulge starting to pulse under the pressure. "Do I have to keep this in all day?"

"Yeah. Sorry, Chief..."

Karkat grunted. "It's okay." He paused. "What about my nook?"

Cronus bit his lip. "Vwe have cotton balls in the bathroom. I'll... help you out."

The two left to the restroom, Cronus looking down at the teen, eyes hazy.

He sat Karkat on the toilet, and pulled the cotton balls out of the cabinet. "You can close your eyes, if it helps."

He took some of the fluffy material, and started pushing it into the boy's nook.

Karkat whined, toes curling, as he felt the cotton being stuffed into him, piece by piece. Just when he thought that Cronus was done, he added another one. And another one... and- "Stop... please," Karkat whined.

Cronus looked him in the eye and smiled slightly. "All you needed to say." He ran his tongue over Karkat's nook, sending a wonderful shiver up the boy's spine.

"Now... let's go have breakfast, shall we?"

On their way to the kitchen, Cronus paused and knocked on Kankri's door. "Hey, bud, I made breakfast. Come and eat, will you?"

Kankri groaned, but stood and opened the door regardless. "Alright... thank y9u f9r c99king, by the way..." He said and brushed past his lover to take his seat at the table.

Cronus smirked. Thank you. Hah.
The three sat down, Cronus staring at Kankri from across the table as he started eating the precum-laced eggs.

All of a sudden, Kankri stiffened, and grabbed his sides. "Oh my god..." he muttered, a red flush rising to his cheeks.

"Kankri, are you okay?" Karkat asked, brow furrowing.

Kankri stared at him for a good five seconds, before releasing his torso. "Yeah, yeah, I'm fine." He responded, quite unconvincingly, and continued eating.

After a few more bites, Karkat was squirming in his own seat, but Cronus chose not to draw attention to it. The kid probably just thought it was the sheathe plug. He continued eating his own food.

"Hey, Karkat, you should probably get going right about now. Pack your stuff, and I'll get your leftovers as lunch."

Karkat nodded and stood, scrunching his face together at the sensation for a bit, before returning to his room.

"Psst, Cr9nus, s9mething is very wr9ng," Kankri hissed.

"Uh... vwhat is it?"

Kankri looked down, eyes going slightly hazy. "I... Cr9nus..." He whined.

Cronus noted that Kankri had started rocking his hips against the chair. He chose to pay no attention to it, and instead picked up Karkat's plate and found a tupperware to scoop it into.

The kid returned with his backpack slung over his shoulder.

Kankri turned around in his seat and looked up at his brother, breath hitched, and tears actually starting to prickle his eyes.

"Fuck me," He whispered.

Karkat looked down at him. "I- I..."

The older mutant buried his face in his hands, trembling, little please escaping his lips.

Cronus chose to intervene. He pushed the eggs into Karkat's hands. "Go catch the bus." He muttered, and lead him to the exit.

Karkat glanced back at his brother once more, before closing the door behind him.

Cronus turned and looked Kankri up and down. "Tell me vwhat you vwant."

Karkat sat down in his usual place on the bus. He tried not to pay attention to the people around him, and instead focused on the sound of the wheels thudding against the asphalt road. It was almost able to distract him from the aching in his sheathe. He closed his eyes and sighed, trying to ignore the feeling into submission.

**

"YES! G9D, PLEASE, FASTER!!!"
Cronus grit his teeth, grinning, and dug his nails into Kankri's hips. "You read my fucking mind," he hissed, picking up the pace.

Kankri moaned, hips twitching in Cronus's grip. He couldn't exactly... see Cronus in this position, stomach down on the table, but his voice was more than enough to set him on edge.

"Fuck, I've wanted to do this to you for so fucking long," Cronus murmured. "Maybe next, I can tie you up, vwait for you to finally get desperate enough... until you're begging me to take you however I want." He dragged his fingers down Kankri's ass, until he found his wastechute. "Remember vwhat you did to your brother last night?"

Kankri groaned, shivering at the thought.

"FUCKING ANSWER ME, SLUT!" Cronus growled, and slapped him across his ass.

"Y-yes, daddy, I remember," Kankri managed.

"Good boy... he sure seemed to like it, didn't he?"

"Yes daddy~"

"I bet you wanna know what that feels like too... don't you?"

"9h... 9h, yes, daddy, I d9!"

"Of course you do." Cronus reached his fingers down, and coated them with their combined prematerial. He pushed one finger in, slowly.

"Aaaah, fuck~" Kankri cried out, curling his head back.

"Yeah, yeah you like that, don't you?"

"Yes, daddy, I do!"

"Good vwhore. But then again, you'd like anything I did to you, right?"

Kankri groaned. "Yes, fuck, daddy~"

"And vwho do you belong to novw?"

"I bel9ng t9 y9u, daddy!"

"Vwould you fuck your brother for me? Take him nice and good, until he's a moaning vwreck?"

Kankri grit his teeth, shivering.

"I thought I told you to answer me,"

Kankri groaned, but said nothing.

"Say it, say that you vwant to fuck your brother! You vwant to turn him into a little cock-slut yourself, don't you?"

"I- I want t9 fuck my br9ther, daddy, I want t9 see him bec9me even m9re 9f a wh9re than I am~" Kankri managed, tears prickling his eyes.

It isn't right... he shouldn't be thinking about Karkat like that...
Cronus pumped the finger in and out, and then added another. "Vwhat do you vwant me to do to you?" Cronus demanded, moving the digits at an unforgiving pace.

"Fuck, Cr9nus... I want y9u in my wastechute! please, put y9ur bulge in there~" he whined.

"Perfect," Cronus removed his fingers and pulled his bulge out of Kankri's nook. He fed it in slowly. "Oh, fuck, yes..." He groaned.

Kankri buried his head in his arm, breath steadily speeding up.

Once Cronus was fully sheathed, he started a steady pace.

Kankri moaned and began moving his hips against Cronus.

Cronus let out a low chuckle, and rested his chest on Kankri's back. "How much do you vwant to make you cum... just like this... no nook, no bulge..."

"Please... please d9..." Kankri pleaded.

Cronus grinned and slowly sped up the pace. "You know, I'm starting to think that this was your calling... under me, begging for my cock..." he licked a trail up Kankri's neck. "vwhore." Kankri shivered, his hips still bucking up into Cronus's touch. "Daddy... I..."

"Aww, come on, doll face, I'm only pointing out the obwvious. You're my pretty little bulge slut, just like your brother."

Kankri gave a low trill, shaking his head slightly.

"Don't be like that... say it with me now... vwhore, vwhore..."

"Wh9re... wh9re..."

"Y9u're a vwhore, Kanny." The way Cronus said it... it was such a comforting tone... like he was giving a complement.

"I'm... I'm a wh9re, Cr9nus!"

Cronus's pace sped up. "That's daddy's good little boy, you vwant daddy to cum inside your little vwhore ass, right?"

"Ghn, yes daddy, yes, PLEASE~"

Cronus growled and slipped into a sporadic pace, before grabbing Kankri roughly by the hips and spilling into him.

Kankri groaned, muscles relaxing. Slowly, Cronus pulled out, breath heavy. "You didn't finish..." He muttered.

"I-s9rry, daddy,"

Cronus tisked, and left into his bedroom.

Kankri rolled over and sat up, out of breath. For some reason, even though he didn't orgasm, he felt satisfied as fuck...
Cronus returned from his room, holding the vibrator from yesterday.

Kankri moaned at the sight, his right hand absent mindedly playing with his bulge.

"Lay dorwn," Cronus ordered.

Kankri did so, resting his back on the table, his eyes still on Cronus.

Slowly, he pushed the toy in Kankri's wastechute, and began a steady pace. After Kankri seemed comfortable, he turned up the dial.

Kankri moaned, hips bucking into the toy. "Yes, yes, please~"

"You're such a dirty fucking vwhore, you knovw that Kanny?"

"AHH, CR9NUS~"

"Are you cumming? You really are filthy..."

Kankri nodded, little keens and pleas escaping his lips. "I- AHH, FUCK~"

Kankri's bulge twisted, and a gush of red material released onto the kitchen table. He groaned, content, and closed his eyes, purring quietly.

Cronus smiled and rubbed his hair, before getting a towel to clean up the mess.

Eventually, the bus paused, and a couple of kids came on, one of which being Gamzee. Karkat scooted over in favor of his friend sitting next to him.

The purple-blood smiled and sat down. "are you... feeling better, than yesterday?"

"Uh... yeah. I am." Karkat responded. He was lying for the most part, but he wasn't nearly as grouchy about the whole thing, so that kinda counted?

"good, good. you know... if you... need... anything, you can come to me..."

"I wouldn't."

Gamzee chuckled. "but you could. and you might."

"Right." Karkat rolled his hips as subtly as he could. God, the plug felt so god damn awful... but he knew he had to keep it in. Or he would be a fucking embarrassment all over again.

Gamzee rested his head on his friends shoulder and chuckled. "You know how I have a good sense of smell... right, brother?"

Oh god.

Karkat turned to meet his friends eye, horrified.

The bus slowed to a stop at the school and the doors opened.

Gamzee gave Karkat a cheerful grin, before standing and shuffling out through the doors.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

What did you guys think of this chapter? Any critique?

If you made it to chapter six, thank you so much for reading, btw! I really appreciate it!

Mr. Makara stared down at his papers, taking a harsh puff of his cigar. He clicked his pen a couple times, before making a few scribbles only he would understand. His ears pricked up at the sound of a slight knock on his door. "Come in," he muttered, blowing smoke out his nostrils.

Gamzze slid open the door, rising a grin from his father.

"Gamzee! How are you, motherfucker?" he asked, cracking his neck.

The boy strolled into the smokey principal's office, hands buried in his pockets. "Fine, motherfucker. Doin' just fine. I..." He glanced at the floor, eyebrows furrowing.

"You forget to bring sopor again?"

Gamzee shook his head. "No, no. It's... not about that, motherfucker."

"Then what are you here for?"

Glancing at the floor, Gamzee took a seat at his father's desk. He took a deep breath, squinting his eyes shut. "Are... are heats real?"

Ghb paused, before bursting into a low chuckle. "Depends what kind of drugs you're on."

Gamzee met his father's eye, the color draining from his painted face. "Would... would sopor..."

"Pshh, no, motherfucker, calm down. I'm talking aphrodisiacs."

"... what?"

"Love drug, motherfucker. You know, make a brother get all hot and bothered."

Gamzee frowned, biting the inside of his cheek. "Oh... Kurloz told me about those."

The large man sucked on his cigar. "Yeah, motherfucker's got himself a steady supply." He flicked the tip of his smoke into his ashtray. "Why are you asking?"

Gamzee bit his lip. "A... a friend of mine has been acting... weird as motherfucking shit."

"What friend?" Ghb asked, eyes hazy through the smoke.

"Oh, uh, my buddy, Karkat."

"You think he's in heat?"
Gamzee gave a tense shrug. "He uh... he smells like... slurry He did yesterday too... and he's been acting... horny as a motherfuckin' barkbeast."

The large man leaned over his desk, staring Gamzee in the eye. "He's a mutant, right? If any mother fucker is going to be getting their heat on, it's someone with a genetic misfire."

"So... you think he is?"

"I don't motherfucking know. I do have a question though..." The man took a deep breath through his cigar. "Are you asking because you're curious, or because you want to take that sweet nook for yourself?"

Gamzee's ears pricked up, a deep flush settling over his face. He fumbled to stand, not meeting Ghb's eye. "I-sorry-"

Ghb lunged from his seat and grabbed Gamzee by the collar. He said nothing, only taking a slow puff of his cigar, keeping those dull eyes on his son. Expression fading into a sneer, he gave a low chuckle. "Thought you knew better than to walk away from me, motherfucker." Ghb jerked Gamzee forward, before flinging him back into the chair. "Now... where were we."

Hearbeat pounding in his head, Gamzee struggled to regain his composure. "I'm sorry-" He mumbled, gaze focused on the ground.

Ghb rolled his eyes. "Not an issue brother. Just... entertain me. Why- did you want to know?"

"Dad...I..."

"Motherfucker, anser me."

"I want to fuck him."

Ghb grinned. He released his son, and paced around the desk in an almost predatory manner. Gamzee shied away.

"And are you going to?"

Gamzee bit his lip. "Motherfucker, I... I think so. I mean, if he wants-"

"Gamzee, he is a MUTANT. If you want something from him, you are motherfucking ENTITLED to it!"

The younger shook his head slightly. "You know I don't think like that, motherfucker..."

Ghb growled slightly. It was because of the motherfucking sopor. He knew his son had the initiative in him to take what motherfucking DESERVED- HAHA- maybe he would just have to snap him out of the high that had robbed him of his assertive motherfucking nature.

Gamzee seemed to relax slightly as his father cupped his cheek in his hand.

"Sorry," The highblood muttered, before digging his fingernail into the pressure point under Gamzee's jaw.

"MOTHERFUCKER!" Gamzee screamed, batting his father's hand away. "WHAT THE MOTHERFUCK WAS THAT?" He demanded, eyes wild.
"What do you want to do to the mutant?"

"I WANT TO F**K HIM, WE'VE BEEN OVER THIS!"

"And you're going to, right?"

"YES, MOTHERF**CKER, I AM GOING TO F**K HIM!"

Mr. Makara grabbed his son by the wrist and pinned him to the wall, resting his head in the crook of Gamzee's neck. "Make me proud."

Gamzee grunted, wrapping his free arm around his dad's back in a moment of spades driven lust. "will MOTHERF**KING do-" he hissed.

The highblood grabbed the boy by the chin and kissed him, leaving the taste of smoke and booze on his son's tongue.

*

Karkat stared at his lunch, hiding in the corner of the locked and empty classroom. He couldn't stand to face Gamzee after that, and he didn't want to risk running into him. He had managed to stay as far away from him as possible for most of the day, but to his dismay, there was little he could do to stop the stream of thoughts that had polluted his mind. He squirmed in his seat, his nook pulsing around the cotton balls at the thought. He started eating his lunch as an attempt to distract himself, pausing between bites as he could feel his fluids soaking into the cotton. A whine bubbled up in his throat, and a hand went to the plug in his sheathe. He slowly started rotating it in place, groaning at the sensation of the plastic rubbing against his swollen bulge.

His breath hitched, hips bucking into his hand as he slowly picked up the pace.

*BANG*BANG

Someone knocked on the door.

Karkat stiffened, jumping in his seat, hand tearing away from his crotch.

*BANG*BANG

He figured it was probably Ms. Pyrope... who's room he was currently occupying. It would be such a dick move not to let her in.

*BANG*BANG

Hesitantly, he opened the door.

As soon as the lock clicked out of place, the door was thrown open, the force knocking him to the ground.

Karkat hissed, curling up as he stared at the boy above him. "G-Gamzee-?" He muttered, sitting up.

"I've been looking for you, best friend." The purple blood approached Karkat as he began to stand, before placing a foot on his chest and violently pushing him back to the floor. "I was starting to get worried you wouldn't... take me up on my offer."
Karkat's eyes widened, his heart rate picking up to a rapid pace. "You... what the fuck happened to you?"

Gamzee chuckled, sitting on the mutant's waist and burying his face in Karkat's shoulder. "Oh come now, brother... I know you need this even more than I do."

Karkat struggled briefly to get the clown off him... He... Cronus didn't say he could... His thoughts were cut off as he felt Gamzee's breath on his neck... his teeth... on his neck... He looked down at his friend, noting an almost animistic look in his eye. Karkat's blood went cold, a shiver running up his spine.

"Stay." Gamzee ordered. The purple blood stood, and kicked the door shut, before locking it. He turned to look back down at his friend. "I love you," He mumbled.

Karkat shivered. "I love you too..."

The clown grinned, leaning back down over the boy. "Just wait 'til I'm done with you~" Gamzee ran his hands under Karkat's sweater, before pulling it over his head.

The mutant curled his toes, the rush of cold air sending a vulnerable chill up his spine.

The purple blood made quick work of Karkat's pants, his gaze catching on the sheathe plug. He narrowed his eyes and ran his tongue over the knob. "Ampora..." he growled. Gamzee grabbed Karkat by the hair and pulled him up roughly. "YOU'VE BEEN FUCKING AN AMPORA, HAVEN'T YOU?"

Karkat's eyes widened, as he met Gamzee's enraged stare. "I-I'm sorry-"

Gamzee let out a dry chuckle, leaning against Karkat's neck. "Hah... it's... okay, brother. I can make you forget about them~"

The purple blood returned to Karkat's crotch. He ran his tongue over the plug once more, before gripping it in his teeth, and pulling it out slowly.

The mutant keened, throwing his head back in pure ecstasy at the sensation. His legs trembled as his bulge finally spilled out of his sheathe. "Fuck yeees~"

Gamzee smirked, dropping the plug onto the floor and grabbing Karkat's bulge in his hands.

Karkat shivered, tears forming in his eyes at the sheer relief that was being granted to him.

Gamzee continued working the mutant with his tongue, slowly pressing two fingers into his nook-He paused, eyebrows knitting together. He grabbed onto the matted fiber, and slowly pulled out couple of cotton balls. "You have got to be motherfucking kidding me." He reached his fingers further in, earning a desperate moan from Karkat, as he pulled more and more of the material out. "Mother... FUCK! I can't reach it!" He hissed, his fingers buried to the knuckle, grasping for the remaining cotton that tickled his fingertips. He growled, and added a third finger... then a fourth...

"Gamzee- FUCK~" Karkat whined, hips bucking in response.

"Just... hold on." Gamzee stretched the fingers together and apart, before pushing them down to the knuckle.

Karkat keened, hips bucking against Gamzee's touch. "Fuck- More! Please~"
Gamzee glanced up at the boy, before biting his lip, and pushing the first part of his hand inside.

Karkat nodded, moaning in approval. "Fuck yeah... gnn~ keep going!"

The clown continued pushing in, until he felt his fingers against more of the cotton. He grabbed it, fingers pulling on the connected pieces and slowly dragging them out.

"Is that all of them?" Gamzee asked, flicking the cotton to the ground, and licking his fingers clean.

"I-I think so..." Karkat murmured.

"Perfect." Gamzee reached into his pants and pulled out his bulge, stroking it rhythmically.

Karkat's mouth actually began to water at the sight, hips bucking slightly in anticipation. "Please... just, fuck me~"

"Desperate already?" Gamzee asked.

"Yes... yes, fuck yes, make me yours!" Karkat moaned, spreading his legs as far as they would go.

"Heh... you wanna be mine? My little pet?" Gamzee stroked the tip of his bulge along the lips of Karkat's nook.

"Yes! I do! Please, please, please!"

Gamzee groaned, finally pushing his bulge into Karkat's waiting nook. "Then beg like the motherfucking bark beast you are."

Karkat moaned, bucking his hips. "Please master, fuck me raw, I want you to use me! Make me see white, master, I want it so bad!"

The royal blood chuckled, starting a steady pace. "What a good little pet~" He grit his teeth, grinning. "I think you deserve a reward."

Karkat released a warble as Gamzee started thrusting into him at a ridiculous rate. "AHHH!~ FUCK!" He yelled, back arching as waves of pleasure raced up and down his nervous system.

"So, what do you say, pet, do you like that?"

"Master, yes, yes, please, more!"

Gamzee chuckled. "Is that all you can say? HAH, you're starting to sound like a broken record... you stupid motherfucking whore..."

Karkat nodded, the words only seeming to bring pleasure to his ears. "Yes~ yes, master, I'm your dumb fucking slut!"

Gamzee released a deep groan, his grip on Karkat's hips tightening. "You really love being below me don't you? Maybe next I should just put you on a leash and make you act like the motherfucking bitch you are,"

Karkat keened, the fantasy seeping into his mind. Gamzee holding him on a leash, while Cronus fucked him nice and deep with his fingers. The mutant purred quietly, relaxing slightly.

Gamzee chuckled, and began to stroke Karkat's bulge.
Karkat's smile broadened somewhat, and he gave a slight moan.

The purple blood grit his teeth. He needed a better reaction than that. He pulled his bulge out, drawing a frustrated whine from the mutant beneath him.

"Please, put it back in, master~"

"Shhh, don't you motherfucking worry... I'm going to give you something better." The clown pushed three fingers inside the mutant once more, before stretching them apart, and then adding a fourth.

"MASTER, YES~"

That's what he was hoping for. "Oh, yeah, you like it when I stretch your nook like that huh? You want me to wreck you?"

"Yes, yes I do!"

Gamzee snickered, forcing his hand into the mutant.

Karkat moaned, legs shaking. "Yes..." He murmured. His eyes widened as the purple-blood started pumping his hand in and out of the mutant, pace speeding up quickly. "Master, master, I'm cumming~"

"Then cum, you filthy fucking toy. MOTHER FUCKING CUM!"

Karkat moaned, bulge twitching, as he did so gladly. Red material burst from his nook and bulge, coating his thighs and stomach. He collapsed onto his back, staring at the ceiling as bliss.

Gamzee continued at a slightly slower pace, helping his friend ride out his orgasm. And then he continued.

Karkat struggled to lift his torso, meeting Gamzee's eye with a confused stare. "Gamzee-"

"MOTHER-FUCKING-MASTER." The clown corrected him, his pace only speeding up. "Just because you came doesn't mean I don't own you anymore,"

"Master... I-" Karkat mumbled, his nook twitching around the hand, sensitive from his orgasm.

"Oh? What was that?" Gamzee asked, near doubling his rate.

"I- I can't take much more!"

"Oh you will. I will motherfucking make you take more, and then some!" Gamzee growled, eyes wide, managing to move even faster. "You're my TOY, remember? If I want to do this to you all motherfucking day, then I will." He hissed. "And besides... the noises you make are so motherfucking sweet, brother.

Karkat whined, legs twitching in Gamzee's grip. "I- I... it's too much..." He murmured, his nook far too sensitive for the pace Gamzee was trying to set.

Gamzee stared down at him. "What did I just MOTHERFUCKING SAY?"

Karkat's eyes widened as he felt a hand swat his thigh. He released a warble, toes curling, as it hit again and again. "Master~" He gasped, clenching his fingers into a fist.
"Oh? What was that?" Gamzee asked mockingly as he continued back at his previous pace. "Is someone ready to be a good little pet?" he demanded, slapping Karkat's inner thigh once again.

"Ahh~ yes, Master!"

The royalblood groaned and pulled out slowly. "Then come and accept your motherfucking treat."

Karkat moaned slightly, crawling onto Gamzee's lap and running his tongue along the underside of his bulge.

Gamzee groaned. "Yeah, you love the taste of my motherfucking cock, don't you?"

Karkat hummed to the affirmative, sliding his lips up and down the organ.

The highblood gave a slight moan, rubbing Karkat's horns while controlling the pace he set. "Open your mouth."

Karkat did so immediately, tongue lolling out of his mouth.

"Good boy," Gamzee muttered, sliding his bulge in slowly. He gave a hushed moan at the sensation, continuing through Karkat's gags. He began a steady pace, forcing the majority of his bulge down Karkat's warm throat. "Fuck~" He hissed, rolling his hips at a faster pace.

Karkat did his best to please the highblood abusing his mouth, rolling his tongue around the appendage lashing in his maw.

"Mother fucker, you are mine!" Gamzee growled, his grip on Karkat's hair tightening. "My little mutant toy, my freak of nature pet~"

Karkat nodded enthusiastically, bobbing his head down Gamzee's length.

"You're not even a troll, you're just a pretty little cock slave,"

The mutant moaned at the words, rocking his hips against Gamzee's leg.

"FUCK! You want my cum, huh? You want me to motherfucking fill you?"

Karkat hummed, eyes wide in anticipation and excitement.

"MOTHERFUuuuuuuucK~" Gamzee moaned, forcing Karkat's head all the way down his shaft, before releasing a rush of purple down his throat.

Karkat made sure to clasp his lips tight around the tentacle, not to allow any fluid to escape. Bit by bit he swallowed it.

Gamzee sighed, slowly pulling out of the mutant's mouth.

The boy beneath him struggled to catch his breath once the bulge was free, bits of purple leaking out of the corners of his mouth.

Gamzee tucked his bulge back into his pants, and lay down on the classroom floor, cuddling the mutant. "I love you~" he murmured, a sleepy tone to his voice.

"I love you too."
Mr. Makara stared idly at the security monitor, stroking his spent bulge.

Redglare had Darkleer set up cameras all over her classroom, to help ensure "JUST1C3" would always be present in her office.

It was just his luck that was where Gamzee decided to fuck the living daylights out of that mutant whore. A grin formed on his lips. He was starting to like this Karkat kid.
"Motherfucker, are you... are you good?"

Karkat nodded, rolling his hips in an attempt to make the plug more comfortable. He had insisted that Gamzee help him put it back in, paranoid he would start leaking again. "This... we're still friends right?"

Gamzee chuckled. "Of course... well, if you think so."

Karkat nodded, glancing at the ground. "Fuck, I just wish you didn't see me like that..." he murmured, slumping.

Gamzee glanced at Karkat. "You're not... mad are you?"

Karkat shook his head. "Just fucking embarrassed. Shit, you know I'm not going to be able to look at you the same way after that, right?"

Gamzee hesitated. "Is that... really so bad?"

Karkat frowned, twiddling his thumbs. "Do you want to... make this- a thing?"

Gamzee smiled, glancing at his lap. "Yeah. I would like that. We should probably... do it a little differently next time though."

Karkat glanced over to his friend. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Gamzee shrugged. "I didn't mean to get so... aggressive. My dad just got me all motherfucking riled up. Sorry."

"Don't worry about it, really."

Gamzee smiled at him. "We should... probably be getting to class."

"Right. Who do we have again?"

"Oh... Mr. Ampora?"

Karkat's blood went cold. "Oh."

Mr. Ampora stared down at his attendance sheet, his heart sinking slightly at Karkat's absence. He gave a soft sigh, cracked his back, and began the lesson.

Karkat and Gamzee tried to sneak into class as quietly as possible, but to no avail.

"Karkat... Makara." The two heard Mr. Ampora call. "You're late. Do you have a slip?"

"Ha, haha," Gamzee chimed. "We would if you could just let us 'slip' by? You get me?"

"You're terrible," Karkat muttered.
"Karkat," Dualscar added, meeting his eye. "Detention." He gave a snide smirk, sending a shiver up the boy's spine.

"Hey, motherfucker, what about me?" Gamzee asked, frowning.

"You're off free, Makara. Mostly because your dad scares the shit out of me," Dualscar stated, rising a chuckle from the class. "Get to your seats."

Karkat swallowed, and followed accordingly.

The teacher began passing out the assignment, instead giving Karkat a note.

The mutant frowned and read it.

This lesson is pretty much bullshit, the school board is full of morons. You don't have to do it if you don't want to. Play on your phone if you want, I don't care.

Karkat raised an eyebrow, looking up at the Ampora.

The man shrugged, and returned to his desk, beginning his lecture.

The class went by rather quickly, and Karkat did as his teacher asked. He played on his phone the whole goddamn time. The bell rung, and Karkat remained in his seat, far too well into the habit of staying for detention.

That is, he would have stayed, if Gamzee hadn't grabbed his arm and started dragging him out of class.

"Gamzee?" Karkat asked, pulling out of his grip.

Gamzee stared at him, wide eyed. "I don't like the way that motherfucker was looking at you!" He hissed. "I tasted Ampora on you today, look, if that guy is doing anything to you he shouldn't be, my dad can-"

Karkat stopped him. "Gamzee, it's fine. He didn't do anything wrong. Don't get so- worried."

Gamzee nodded, glancing away from his friend. "Yeah, yeah, who was it then? Please don't tell me it was Eridan,"

"No... it. It was Cronus, okay, now SHHH, and don't even think about... look, just let it go, okay? It's cool." Karkat started walking back into the classroom. "See you tomorrow, asshole," He chimed lovingly, before closing the door behind him. A trill of excitement ran through him as he felt the knob click locked behind him. He also noted that Mr. Ampora seemed to have closed the blinds.

Dualscar stared at him from across the room, leaning casually against a window sill.

"Uh, listen," Karkat started. "I don't... I'm just here for detention, okay?"

Dualscar's brows knit together, looking the boy up and down. "So you just... don't want to."

"Not... really."

Dualscar sighed, turning his back to the student. Damn. He was fucked. He was so fucked.
Karkat took his seat, avoiding eye-contact with his teacher.

The man pulled out his phone, and sent a message to his son.

**CU:**<< Cronus.

**UA:** wvhat

**CU:**<< You said you would drug him.

**UA:** yeah and i fucking did

**CU:**<< He's acting nothing like he did yesterday. At all.

**UA:** ... i think i know wvhat happened.

**CU:**<< What.

**UA:** someone got to him before you? its wvhat happened to me yesterday. after you fucked him, he just wasnt in the mood wvhen he came home.

**CU:**<< ... Fuckin' Makara.

**UA:** ur kidding.

**CU:**<< *You're, and no. I'm not. I don't suppose you have a suggestion to... remedy- this situation?*

**UA:** *UR* and maybe? Idk. The Makaras are still lower than us on the spectrum, so he should be a little horny? i think that's howv it wworks?

**CU:**<< I am... you know what. Fine. Ok.

**UA:** I... fuck, don't worry, we'll figure this out. Um... also, can you get him to bring home his tupperware today? I don't wvanna have to buy more.

**CU:**<<... of course.

Dualscar glanced up at Karkat. "Hey. Cronus wants to make sure you return your Tupperware. Do you... have your lunch with you?"

Karkat paused. "Uh, no, I left it... somewhere, can I go get it real quick?"

"Go ahead." The man watched him go, a sense of guilt beginning to brim on his conscience.

Karkat left towards the exit, opening the door, pausing at the sound of someone scrambling away from the exit. He looked out, and saw a shadow running around the corner. He... wanted nothing to do with whatever that was. He jogged down the hall to Mrs. Pyropes room, stiffening as he saw her sitting at her desk. "Uh... hello, Mrs. Pyrope."

Redglare continued sniffing her papers. "h3llo, K4rk4t." She muttered.

Karkat swallowed and crossed over to the classroom's far corner, grabbing his abandoned food.

"Le4ving th1ngs 1n my cl4ssroom, I s33."
"Uh, sorry, Ma'am."

"4nyth1ng 3ls3 you would l1k3 to apologize for?"

"Um..."

She sighed and covered her face with her hands. "You know wh4t... n3v3rm1nd." She muttered, dismissing him.

He sprinted for the exit.

Dualscar stared down at his desk, chewing on his lip. He... maybe he could work out a deal with the kid. Get him out of detention- fuck, he'd be willing to become the kid's booze supplier if it meant he would keep a lid on this... fuck... fuck...

He glanced up at Karkat as he strode over to his desk and dropped the lunch next to his backpack.

The kid sat down, burying his face in his hands.

"What's the matter?" Dualscar asked, standing and approaching him.

"I'm a fucking whore," Karkat grumbled, collapsing on the desk.

Dualscar swallowed, taking a breath through his cigarette. "And is someone making you feel shitty about that?"

Karkat glanced up at him, taking an angry huff. "So you agree, then."

Dualscar blew out his smoke, looking Karkat in the eye. "Now- I... I didn't say that." Dualscar sighed, running his fingers through his hair. "Kid- listen. You didn't do anything wrong, alright. And... there's nothing wrong with wanting sex."

The boy glanced at the table. "It's just... embarrassing."

Dualscar hummed. "What about it?"

Karkat shivered. "I... I don't know. I feel like I'm doing it all wrong. I... it should be... private... special."

"Listen- kid..." Dualscar leaned back on one of the desks, huffing. "There's no... 'wrong way' to do sex. A... As long as everyone involved is on the same page... fuck, it's no one else's damn business. So if they decide to judge you, that's their problem, not yours."

Karkat nodded slowly, fiddling with his thumbs.

Dualscar sucked on his cigarette some more, before rubbing Karkat's head. "Look... again, you aren't 'doing it wrong.' And as long as you're enjoying yourself, no one can say otherwise. So... Did you enjoy yourself yesterday?"

Karkat nodded, cheeks flushing at the memory. "Uh- Yeah... I did," He murmured, clearly embarrassed.

Dualscar scoffed. "So who the fuck cares? You had fun, I had fun, seems like a win-win. Nothing to feel bad about."
Karkat smiled slightly. "I... wasn't just thinking of yesterday."

"Oh?" Dualscar asked, taking a puff of smoke.

Karkat gripped his arms. "I... *fucked Gamzee at lunch!*

Dualscar nodded. "Oh. Did you... have fun?"

Karkat nodded again. "But... I did it... in Mrs. Pyropes, and I'm pretty sure she knows, and god, I feel like she—FUCKING HATES ME NOW—"

The man grinned, chuckling slightly. "Karkat... trust me. She's no prude, I'm sure she'll get over it. She has... plenty of sex."

"But not in classrooms!"

"Ghb would vouch to the contrary..."

Karkat went pale. "You're kidding."

*Dualscar shrugged. "Hey, who's judging?" He ran his hand down Karkat's cheek. "... Also... I suppose now's a good a time as any to mention... you were fuckin' fantastic yesterday."*

The boy shivered, leaning in to Dualscar's touch.

Mr. Ampora stood, holding Karkat to his chest. He hummed, starting to sway with him. "... I told you I wanted to make this a habit, didn't I?" he whispered into his ear.

Karkat whimpered slightly as the man rubbed his thigh against his crotch, making the plug roll against his bulge. He moaned, wrapping his arms around the older man.

**Mr. Ampora pushed him down onto a desk, before pulling down the kid's pants. He chuckled at what he saw. "I see Cronus sent you prepared," he noted, gripping the sheathe plug in his fingers.**

Karkat gasped as the man rubbed it around, putting more pressure on his bulge than ever. He squirmed, toes curling.

Dualscar continued, kneading the organ roughly, and drawing more hushed moans from Karkat. "Fucking beautiful," he muttered, before kissing the boy passionately. He slowly pulled the toy out. "So, you wanna be my gorgeous fucking pet, kid?" he breathed, starting to stroke his bulge.

Karkat's breath hitched, hips beginning to roll. "Yeah... yeah, I would," He muttered, clutching his teacher's shirt.

"Perfect," The adult pulled Karkat's legs onto his shoulders, leaving him full access to the mutant's nook and bulge. He bent down and dragged his tongue up the slit, rising a moan from the boy. He grinned down at the kid, and began to suck on his bulge.

Karkat keened, hips starting to rock.

Dualscar reached around, and slipped two fingers into his nook, curling them against the walls.

"You're so fuckin pretty like this, you know that?" The Dualscar asked, searching around Karkat's nook for his g-spot.

"T-thank you, sir."
"Yeah... you love it, right?"

"Ahh... yes, sir~"

Dualscar planted a few soft kisses along his thighs. "... And you know you can never tell anyone about this... right?"

"F- yeah... yeah, of course," Karkat responded, letting his back rest against the desk. "... Not like I would want to..."

Dualscar could swear he felt a weight lift off his chest. "Good boy," He whispered, continuing to kiss over his nook. "You're such a perfect little mutant slut for me..."

Karkat's lip curled at the words. However, his irritation quickly crumbled as Dualscar stroked his nerves in the most amazing way. "F-FUCK! Sir~" He moaned, hips rolling against the fingers.

Dualscar put his mouth back on the bulge, glad to have gotten away with his comment, speeding up the pace of his fingers.

"Fuck... sir, I- I think I'm close-" Karkat murmured, legs shaking.

Mr. Ampora grinned, and removed his fingers and mouth. "Well, we can't have that, now can we?"

Karkat swallowed, nodding slightly.

Dualscar traced kisses up Karkat's chest, before dragging his tongue up the boy's neck.

Karkat shivered at this, a trembling moan escaping him.

Dualscar kept teasing him for a couple minutes or so, until it was clear that Karkat had backed away from the edge. Once the coast seemed clear, he started playing with Karkat's bulge again. Eyes going hazy, his mind began to wander. Slowly, he lead the tentacle to Karkat's nook.

Karkat glanced up, a flush rising to his cheeks. "Sir?" He muttered, his question trailing off into a whine as the man began to stuff it in. He moaned, the organs pulsing in unison. He shivered, staring at the ceiling. And then he felt it. The cool seadweller bulge being pushed in alongside it. A moan bubbled up on his lips, vision going blurry, as the feeling submerged his mind.

Dualscar chuckled, starting a steady pace. "Having fun, kid?"

The boy nodded, releasing a warble as he stared off into space.

_and I didn't even have to drug you_, Dualscar reminded himself, a smug smirk spreading over his lips. He sped up his pace slightly, gripping Karkat's hips. "You're fucking fantastic, you know that, kid?" He murmured, teeth grit.

Karkat whined, hips beginning to twitch, his bulge and nook contracting.

"Ahh, fuck-" Dualscar muttered, slipping into a sporadic pace as he felt his orgasm approaching. "I want you to cum for me, fill your own fucking nook like a filthy animal," He hissed, slamming into the boy again and again. "Cum! Cum you little bitch, cum around your teacher's bulge!"

Karkat whined, his bulge and nook spasming into release, his teacher close behind.

Dualscar groaned, filling the boy with his slurry. He pulled out, collapsing down onto one of the chairs. He caught his breath slowly, Karkat sitting up. "That... stuff I said at the end, you know I
meant that in the best way possible, right?"

Karkat shivered, nodding. "It's all good."

Dualscar smiled and stood, tucking his retreating bulge back into his pants. "I got you a present this time," he said with a chuckle.

"Lucky me," Karkat muttered, staring off into space.

Dualscar pushed his way to his desk, and reached under it, retrieving a bucket.

The boy sighed in relief, knowing he wouldn't have to walk back home with two loads of material in his seed flap.

The teacher placed it on the ground and pulled Karkat onto his lap, reaching into him with two fingers, drawing a whine from the boy, and then spread them apart.

The boy moaned as the material rushed out of his flap, falling into the pail. He shivered, staring down at his and his teachers shared material. Dualscar removed his fingers, Karkat taking hold of them, licking them clean.

"Good boy," The man said with a smile. He put Karkat back down on one of the desks, and crouched under him, beginning to clean him up with his tongue, rising hushed moans from his student.

The two got dressed, Dualscar deciding to keep the bucket under his desk for the Janitor to find. The cleaning trolls were usually bronze at best, so he wouldn't face any trouble. Besides... their combined material almost looked... fuchsia. No troll in their right mind would try to complain about a royal bucket.

Karkat got his stuff together, walking out of the classroom and freezing at what he saw. Gamzee.
The purple blood stared at him from down the hall, his hands buried in the pockets of his school uniform. Karkat wanted to shy away at his friend's cold expression. The purple blood turned, and began to walk down the stairs, the mutant staring after him. Karkat decided to make his way home.

Dualscar glanced up from his papers at the sound of a car alarm. He rolled his eyes and tried to focus despite the incessant noise, but it just wouldn't go off. And then he realized. That was his fucking alarm! He stood, listening closely to be sure. Oh fuck, he heard glass break. The man dropped his pen and started sprinting towards the parking lot, rushing down the stairs and pushing through the exit. "HEY, WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU'RE-"

He met eyes with the Makara.

The boy stared at him, eyes dark and wide. He swung the baseball bat behind his neck, blowing a bubble out of his chewing gum.

Mr. Ampora's heart caught in his throat, blood running cold.

Gamzee wound up his swing, smashing in two of the windows, before giving one dangerous stare back at the teacher, and walking across the empty lot, his bat dragging behind him on the concrete.

Chapter End Notes

sorry if this was shitty, I didn't have as much time to work on it, but I really wanted to update. BECAUSE PLOT PROGRESSION. I was celebrating easter with my parents all weekend, so I couldn't do much. :/. Thanks for reading!

also, shitty drawing acquired!
Kankri sighed, slicking back his hair with water in the mirror. He cracked his back and hissed, hoping he was presentable enough. He left into the kitchen and picked his shoes off the ground. He stared down at his plate on the table, before retrieving a Ziploc bag from the cabinet.

Cronus glanced at him over his laptop. "Hey Kan, whacha doing?"

"Please, Cronus, I'm going to school."

Cronus paused, eyebrows knitting together. 'don't tell me you sent him into public like thaut,' he stood, eyes fixing on the eggs Kankri was putting in his backpack. His blood went cold.

Kankri checked he had everything together. Content, he started heading for the door.

Cronus felt time seem to crawl to a slow around him. "Wvait!" He jerked forward, managing to grab Kankri by the wrist.

"9h f9r crying 9ut l9ud, Cr9nus, what are y9u d9ing?" he asked, turning to face Cronus.

"You can't go."

"What? Y9u can't be seri9us."

"YOU CAN'T GO, ALRIGHT!" Cronus shouted, pushing Kankri away from the door.

If Cronus made Kankri give him back the eggs, he would probably figure out there was something wrong with them. And, god, fuck no, Kankri would figure out he was being drugged, and EVERYTHING WOULD JUST GO TO SHIT FROM THERE-

"Alright then, WHY N9T?"

Cronus grit his teeth. He couldn't think of anything, fuck... "I... Uhh..." You'll probably just fuck someone at school. Just like your fucking brother, "Listen, it's been a rough week for you, why don't you just... take it easy for a while?" Cronus asked leisurely.

Karkat having sex with people at school... he could handle that. But he wasn't going to let Kankri sleep with random assholes... no... no, fuck that.

Kankri shook his head slightly. "D9n't be ridicul9us, I need t9 g9!"

"Bull fucking shit," Cronus hissed. "Ewven with an education, no one vwould hire you," He muttered. "IT'S NOT LIKE IT MAKES A FUCKING DIFFERENCE!"

Kankri snarled and recoiled. "N9! I'm N9T just g9ing t9 LAY D9WN and 6e s9me high6l99d's PRETTY LITTLE FUCKT9Y!"

Cronus held on tight, pushing Kankri to the wall. "Oh, really? You sure had a different sentiment this morning!" He paused as he got a text notification. He reached into his back pocket, fishing out his phone.
CU:<<... I need a ride home.

UA: Sorry, pop, a little busy rn

CU:<< With what?

Cronus choked as Kankri tried to make a run for it. He grabbed him by the sweater, tripping as he yelled.

Kankri snarled, thrashing as they crashed to the floor.

"LET G9 9F ME!"

Cronus hissed, pulling himself on top of Kankri, successfully pinning him to the floor. He needed to get him to stop fighting, fuck, and there was only one way to do that...

"This is for your ovwn fucking good."

He kissed Kankri roughly, his bulge slowly twisting out of it's sheathe.

Kankri pulled into it despite himself, reaching up and digging his claws into Cronus's back.

"Stay the fuck there," Cronus muttered, standing, and returned to his phone.

UA: vwacillation.

CU:<< ... Good luck with that.

UA: Right. So vwhy do you need a ride?

CU:<< The Makara totaled my car.

UA: vwait, vwhat? vwhich makara?

CU:<< Gamzee. He fucked it up really bad.

UA: did he back into it or somefin?

CU:<< He beat the fuck out of it with a baseball bat.

UA: holy shit.

CU:<< Yeah, so can you come pick me up? I'm feeling a little unnerved, if that wasn't painfully obvious.

UA: uhh, yeah, fuck, i'll figure something out. just, fuck, be careful, okay? those guys are fucking lunatics.

CU:<< Thank you. I love you, Cronus.

UA: lowve you too dad. don't do anyfin stupid.

Cronus stared down at Kankri, biting his lip. He couldn't just leave Kankri alone here... no, fuck that, there was no way he was going to risk him taking that food to school. He crouched on the floor, glaring into Kankri's eyes. "You wvant to take a little car ride vvith daddy?"
Mr. Ampora tapped his foot on the sidewalk, cursed the school board for their 'no harpoons' policy. He wondered if he should hide...

He stiffened, the sound of heavy footsteps ringing through the hall behind him. He turned, eyes wide, as the door opened.

"Ampora."

"Makara."

Ghb glanced at Dualscar's car and snickered. "What happened there?"

"Your son, happened there." Dualscar muttered, giving a glare at Ghb.

"... Did Gamzee do that?"

"Sure did. He sure did..."

Ghb released a deep chuckle, approaching the vehicle and kicking the wheel. "Wow. I didn't think the kid had it in him."

Dualscar gave a dry laugh. "Tell me you're not letting him just... get away with this."

The large man turned, hands buried in his pockets. "It would be hypocritical if I wasn't. Believe me, Ampora, I've done a lot worse shit than busting up someone's car."

"I don't doubt it," Dualscar muttered, leaning against the brick wall of the school. He pulled out a pack of cigarettes, and propped one between his teeth.

"So, what'd you do to piss him off?" Ghb asked, gesturing for Dualscar to pass him a smoke.

Dualscar did so begrudgingly. "I doubt it would be wise to tell you."

Ghb lit his cigarette, passing his lighter to Dualscar. "Did you give him a bad grade? We had a deal about that, remember?"

Dualscar shook his head. "Don't worry, your precious little boy still has a perfect A." He muttered bitterly.

"So, then I'll ask you again, what did you do?"

The Ampora shied away as ghb leaned in close enough he could smell his breath.

"It's only a matter of time before I find out, motherfucker. I bet you'd prefer I heard your side of the story rather than his."

Dualscar grit his teeth, trying not to make eye contact. "I..." he hesitated, looking away from the looming figure. "I... had a little... fling... with the kid he's flushed for," he mumbled, sucking on his cigarette.

Ghb hesitated, before bursting into heavy laughter. "You fucked the Vantas brat?"

He nodded, rolling his eyes.

Ghb grinned, teeth grinding over his cigarette. "Are you the one that's been drugging the motherfucker, then?"
Dualscar stiffened. Fuck. Oh fuck, *fuck, fuck...* "No."

The Grand Highblood cackled, throwing back his head. "You know, that kid was a real good moirail for Gamzee before you went and did MOTHERFUCKING that."

fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck

"I know aphrodisiacs when I MOTHERFUCKING see them, don't play dumb!"

Dualscar was debating if he could outrun this guy, when out of the corner of his eye, he saw Cronus's violet car pull into the parking lot. "Excuse me, but my ride's here," He mumbled, backing away slowly.

Ghb grabbed him by the arm. "Don't go off and run away from me now," he hissed. "I was just about to commend you. Finally… my boy has something to MOTHERFUCKING fight for.” He drew in nearer, a lazy smirk gracing his face. “And fight he will.” With that, the Grand Highblood released Dualscar, giving a wave and a sneer, before stalking back to his car.

"Vwhat vwas that?" Cronus asked as Dualscar slid into the passenger seat.

"The Makaras know. They know about... the..." Dualscar trailed off, his eyes drifting to Kankri, laying down in the backseat. What the fuck, were his wrists tied up? "Um. They know about the thing."

"The thing?"

"I'll fill you in later."

*Kankri whined slightly from the passenger cabin, adjusting his wrists. "Hello, Mr. Ampora," he murmured.

Dualscar stiffened at Kankri's tone. "Is he..."

"Yes. Yes he is."

Dualscar turned, making eye contact with the boy as Cronus pulled out of the lot.

Kankri stared back at him, face down on the seat. His hips began to roll, a whimper escaping his lips.

Dualscar turned away from him, staring at the roof of the car. He was too fucking old for this, he thought, his bulge starting to unwind from his sheath.

Kankri gave a few pathetic mewls, desperately trying to regain Dualscar’s attention.

“Cronus…” Dualscar muttered, a frustrated edge to his tone.

“Mmm?” Cronus muttered, focused on the road.

"Pull over."

Cronus paused, glancing at his dad. "Wwhy?"

Dualscar glared at the sunroof, hissing through his teeth. “I think you can fucking figure it out.”

A flush rising to his cheeks, his eyes wandered back to the road.
“Cronus.”

Cronus gave a steady exhale. He flicked on his blinker, and pulled off the street. The tires bumped against the dirt as he parked.

Kankri whined from the back seat, rubbing his crotch against his calf. “Oh god…”

Dualscar pushed open the car door, walking around to the back seat.

Cronus gripped the steering wheel, staring at Kankri through the rear view mirror. His eyes drifted to his father as he pulled himself into the passenger cabin. Cronus released a steady breath, before unbuckling his seat belt, and crawling into the back.

Dualscar met his gaze, his eyebrows raising.

“I wvould hate to be excluded,” Cronus muttered, pulling his shirt over his head.

**Dualscar's eyes lingered on his son's chest, before drifting to Kankri's crotch. He dragged Kankri onto his lap, and then started to slip the boy's pants down his legs.**

Cronus leered at the scene, fishing his bulge out of his pants. God… was this actually about to fucking happen.

Dualscar yanked Kankri's bound wrists up with one hand, the other sliding up and down Kankri’s bulge. A cocky smirk spread across his face at Kankri’s expression.

He shivered, hips bucking into the touch. "Fuck, yes, please! Please fill me!"

Cronus's ears pricked up at the request. He pushed away his father's reaching hand and dug two fingers into Kankri’s nook. He met eyes with Dualscar, a competitive sneer spreading over his face.

A keen bubbled up in Kankri’s throat as the fingers moved in out, up down, and fuck, they were getting faster. "Ahhh~ Daddy, it feels so good!"

"Oh yeah? You wvanna come around daddy's fingers?"

Dualscar paused, going tense. He looked away from his son in favor of staring at the ceiling. His son had a fucking daddy kink. He couldn't help but wonder if he was somehow responsible for that. "So, you like being called daddy, huh?" he muttered, rubbing Kankri's bulge roughly with his thumb.

Cronus glanced up at Dualscar, running his tongue over the fingers. "Yeah... vwhat of it?"

Dualscar chuckled. He could hear his heartbeat pounding in his head, fueled entirely by shame. He managed to swallow it. "Have you ever considered... switching things up a bit?"

Cronus paused, meeting his father's eye.

"Come to daddy."

Cronus groaned, slipping his fingers out of Kankri, rising a whine. He climbed over him, wrapping his arms around his father's neck.

Dualscar abandoned Kankri's bulge in favor of grabbing his son roughly by the chin and mashing their mouths together.
Cronus groaned against the lips, feeling Dualscar's tongue slip into his mouth. His eyes widened at the sensation of his bulge slipping into Kankri's nook, rising a quivering moan from Kankri.

"So, what do you say? Want to call me daddy?" Dualscar murmured, breaking away from the kiss to fish out his bulge.

Cronus grit his teeth, nodding. "Yeah, yeah I think I would,"

Dualscar chuckled. "Good boy..."

Cronus chirred, the words making his bulge swell inside Kankri's pulsing nook.

Dualscar began to stroke his cock against Kankri's wastechute. "Do you think he's ready for anal?"

"Ha, we did it this morning actually. Should be all nice, and prepared for you, daddy," Cronus hissed the last word, beginning to thrust into Kankri below him, his bulge twisting and winding.

Kankri's back arched, eyes impossibly wide as Dualscar began to feed his bulge into his wastechute. All he could do is moan, staring off into space as the highbloods used him.

Dualscar grunted, digging his fingernails into Kankri's back. "What a good fuckin' pet," He hissed, his bulge burying itself into Kankri's wastechute.

Cronus chuckled, his hips rocking at a steady pace into the phased out mutant. "I'm inclined to agree."

Dualscar raised an eyebrow, reaching around and grasping Kankri's bulge, drawing a gurgle from the boy. "Haha... you pick 'em well."

Kankri keened, his nook greedily accommodating Cronus as he slipped in a couple of fingers in his nook, spreading him wide.

"Are you close, little slut?" Dualscar purred, speeding up his wrist movements.

"Ahhh! Yes, daddy! I am~" He moaned, eyes losing focus.

"Then cum for me. Cum for me, you FUCKING SCUM-"

Kankri gasped for air as his nook clamped down on Cronus, his bulge spraying slurry into Dualscar's palm.

Cronus grit his teeth, thrusting with reckless abandon. He hissed as he felt himself tumble over the edge. A groan escaped him as he released his slurry into Kankri's nook. "Aaaah~ Fuck~"

Kankri went limp, a slight purr rising in his throat as his eyes slowly shut.

"Good boy," Dualscar murmured, removing his bulge from his wastechute. He placed him gently on the seat of the car, before meeting eyes with Cronus. "Do you want to have some more fun with daddy?" He growled, crawling over to his son.

Cronus took a heavy breath, dragging himself away from Kankri and lying down against the door. He chuckled. "You make it so hard to say no..." he trailef off, Dualscar running his hands over his son's torso.

"You're so fucking pretty, you know that, Cro?"
Cronus shivered, giving a dry laugh. "I like to think so, but my peers don't seem to share the sentiment." He murmured, chest feeling heavy as he thought back to the countless rejections.

Dualscar scoffed. "They clearly haven't seen you like this," He muttered, licking a trail up Cronus's thigh.

Cronus shivered, staring up at the ceiling as he dug his nails into the seat. "No, I guess they haven't..."

He chuckled and spread open Cronus's nook with his fingers, giving a shaky sigh at the sight. He ran his tongue along the folds, earning a groan from his son. "Tell me, do you want daddy's cock?"

Cronus gave a steady exhale, nodding slightly. "Fuck yeah... I want that thing inside me," Cronus hissed, bracing himself against the seat.

Dualscar chuckled, rising to his feet. He leaned over his son and fed his bulge into the waiting nook.

"AAH! FUCK! DAD!" Cronus keened, eyes scrunched shut as his father closed the space between him.

"I love you," Dualscar hissed, fully sheathing himself. He paused, making sure his son had time to adjust. "Does it... feel okay?"

Cronus nodded, unable to meet Dualscar's eye. "Uhuh... yeah, it really does~"

He sighed softly, and began a steady pace.

"Fuuuuuuuck~" Cronus cried, hips rolling up into the thrusts.

Dualscar groaned, burying his face into Cronus's shoulder. "I love you so fucking much," He muttered, voice quivering.

"... Pops?" the boy mumbled. "You good?"

Dualscar clutched his son, and sped up slightly. "Yeah, yeah of course."

Cronus sighed, relaxing, and let his legs curl around Dualscar's waist. "I love you too," He murmured.

Dualscar gave a shaky smile, meeting a more determined pace.

"Ahhhhhhh~" Cronus moaned, grinding his hips enthusiastically. "Fuck, dad, I think I'm close~"

Dualscar nodded, pace becoming more sporadic. "Yeah, yeah, me too," He muttered, rocking against the boy.

"FUCK!" Cronus cried, nook pulsing around the bulge inside him, as purple fluid burst from his entrance. He trembled, keening as his father helped him ride through his orgasm.

Dualscar grit his teeth, a gasp escaping him, as he felt himself reach release, his slurry pumping into the boy under him.

Cronus gave a whimper, deep breaths escaping him.

Dualscar sighed. He pulled out of Cronus, and collapsing between him and Kankri. He reached into
his breast pocket and retrieved his cigarette pack and lighter. "Wow."

Cronus chuckled, the noise trailing off into a whimper, as a swollen feeling began to rise in his stomach.

Dualscar's ears pricked up. He turned over, and stared down at the slight bump that had formed on the boy's abdomen. "God, FUCK- I'm sorry." He muttered, running his hand over the bump.

Cronus shivered, staring back at his father. "Don't worry about it."

Dualscar grit his teeth, cursing himself silently. He pulled up his pants, stumbled out of the car, and slid into the driver's seat. "Do you think you can wait 'till we get home?"

The boy nodded, sighing. "Yeah. I love you, pops."

"Love you too."

Cronus wobbled into the Ampora manner, arm wrapped around his father for support. Kankri followed them, breath short, as they made their way up Dualscarsion stairs. A troll in an olive suit awaited them at the top.

The butler looked the three up and down. "Welcome home, sir. Should I set up a room for your guests?"

"Yeah, do that. And don't call me sir, please," Dualscar muttered, the word having taken on a much different connotation over the past couple days.

The olive servant shrugged. "Master, then, perhaps?"

"Ah, fuck, that's even worse, never mind," He muttered, handing off Kankri to Dualscar. Dualscar continued down the hall, leading Cronus to the first available bathroom. He pushed his son inside, a feeling of immense guilt washing over him.

Cronus closed the door, and sat on the toilet. His hands quivered slightly as he reached into his nook, beginning to spread it apart. He gasped, a rush of fluid escaping from his seed-flap. He slowly removed his fingers, staring at them. He shook his head, and stood to rinse them in the sink.

Dualscar waited patiently, tapping his finger on his arm. He slowly drifted into thought.

I'm fucking disgusting.

He swallowed, digging his nails into his sleeve.

Cronus won't even be able to stomach the thought of you after what you did to him...

He was torn from his self hatred by the sound of the bathroom door opening.

Cronus returned, wiping his palms off on his pants.

"Uh... what do you want for dinner?" Dualscar asked, avoiding eye contact.

Cronus shrugged. "Soup or something would be nice."

Dualscar nodded. "Yeah, yeah, okay, soup, I can do that," He mumbled to himself, walking toward the kitchen to inform the chef. "Go find Elfrid, he'll show you to a room."
"Wvait, dad, I'm not spending the night."

Dualscar paused, heart sinking. "... Why not?"

"Vwell, for one, Karkat's probably at the apartment right about novw, vwonering vwhere the fuck vwe are..."

"He could come too! It could... it could be like a family bonding thing!" Dualscar struggled, desperately trying to somehow remedy what he had done.

Cronus raised an eyebrow. "And vwho's going to get him here? I 'aint gonna drive there and then all the vway back, not happening."

Dualscar buried his hands in his pockets. "It'll work out, okay? Just text him, hell, I could send Elfrid to get him!"

Cronus sighed, slicking back his hair. "You knoww vwhat... fine. If it's so important to you," he reached into his back pocket and pulled out his phone. He paused, realizing he should probably take a pill tonight- if he wanted anything fun to happen. Fuck, they were at the apartment.

UA: Ey, you're uh... probably vwondering vwhere vwe are.

CG: FUCK YEAH, I AM! WHAT GIVES?

UA: Nothing fancy, just at my dad's place. Kan and I, vwe're, uh, gonna stay the night, and uh, do you think you could get here somehow? the address is 1943, Orchid lane.

CG:..... FINE. I CAN GET A FRIEND TO DRIVE ME.

UA: groowvy!

CG: PLEASE. FOR THE LOVE OF FUCK, NEVER SAY THAT *EVER* AGAIN.

UA: `(. Oh. Um, also, vwhile you're there... do you think you could grab somefin for me? In the cabinet, there's a pill bottle. Doctor gave it to me to help with headaches, nofin special.

CG: YEAH, OKAY. SEE YOU SOON, I GUESS.

UA: See ya.

Karkat groaned, staring at the ceiling. He was low key pissed that they didn't even bother to CALL him. Fine, whatever. It's not the shittiest thing he's done. Kankri clicked on Gamzee's contact.

CG: HEY, ASSHOLE, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD GIVE ME A RIDE? MAYBE?

TC: oH, uH, sUrE tHiNg, BrO. WhAt PlAcE dO yOu AlNd NeEd To... MoThErFuCkIn Be GeTtInG tO?"

CG: THE AMPORA'S. 1943, ORCHID LANE OR WHATEVER.

TC: oh. the AMPORA'S huh?

CG: ... WHY ARE YOU TYPING LIKE THAT? IT'S REALLY FUCKING OMINOUS WHEN YOU DO THAT.

TC: HoNk.
CG: MUCH BETTER. KINDA. YOUR QUIRK STILL SUCKS THOUGH, HAVE I MENTIONED THAT? UGH, WHATEVER. SEE YOU THEN, I GUESS. BYE.

TC: bye.

Karkat stuffed his phone back in his pocket and stood to get his stuff for the night. He paused at the kitchen cabinet. He slid it open, and fumbled inside for a bit. He recovered a pill bottle, and turned it in his hand. Pheromone supplement/enhancer, blah blah blah, he didn't care. He put the bottle in his pocket, and returned to collecting his things.

Gamzee stared at his screen, rage bubbling up in his throat. He scowled, standing, and went to go get his keys. He gave a sickening grin as he picked them up off the floor. He had the motherfucker's address. He grit his teeth, suddenly in a much better mood, and left to go pick up his BEST motherfucking FRIEND.

Chapter End Notes

Hey! Sorry if the writing got a little sloppy at the end, but hopefully the art will make up for that! I hope you enjoyed! <3!
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Karkat stared down at his phone, biting his lip as he read over the texts he had sent Gamzee. He just... wanted to talk to the fucker, if nothing else. He wasn't sure what that look the indigo had given him meant, and he was... almost scared to find out. He needed to be sure their relationship was still... okay. He rested his chin on his palm, waiting patiently for Gamzee.

Gamzee trudged up the stairs to the apartment, hands dug deep into his silken pockets. An almost disturbed sense of horror seemed to overtake him as the noises he heard coming from the classroom returned to him. The moans, the name-calling… and even worse, the apparent fact that his beloved Karkat loved every second of it. He banged his fist on the door, pausing and resting his head against it, a snarl rising on his lips.

Karkat unlocked the knob, examining Gamzee cautiously. He shook his head, stepping out of the way to invite his friend inside. “Uh, come in.”

Gamzee did as requested with little hesitation, eyes drifting around the apartment. Everything smelled like seadweller.... oh fuck, it smelled like sex too. He grit his teeth, trying to contain how deeply he loathed his current surroundings.

"Um... so what happened earlier? What was that... look?"
Gamzee remained quiet, slowly turning to face Karkat. “That… look?” he murmured, voice shaky. “Do you really think I’m the one who needs to be giving an explanation right now?”

Karkat looked away, crossing his arms over his torso. “You were stalking me, weren't you?”

Gamzee gave a dry huff. "I told you I didn't trust the motherfucker. AND FOR GOOD REASON, it APPEARS!" The indigo leaned forward, bracing himself on his knees. “What… changed? What the fuck did he do to make you WANT that?”

Karkat scowled, eyebrows knitting together. "Look who's talking! You're the one who fucking FISTED me! Calling me pet and shit, who the fuck do you think you are?"

Gamzee growled, standing. "WELL YOU SURE DIDN'T SEEM TO MIND IN THE MOMENT!"

Karkat rolled his eyes and looked away. "Yeah, and I didn't! I didn't mind when you did it, and I didn't mind when he did! So stop being a hypocritical asshat, and just drop it, okay? I AGREED TO IT! THERE ISN'T ANY PROBLEM HERE!"

Gamzee hissed, beginning to circle around Karkat. "YES THERE MOTHERFUCKING IS!" His breath went harsh, uneven, and his hands rose to his head. "HE DID SOMETHING TO YOU, I KNOW HE DID!" Gamzee retreated into the kitchen, eyes wide as he felt himself become submerged in the scent of sweat, sex and Ampora. "You weren't LIKE this before! Don't you think it's odd that all of a sudden, RIGHT AS HE SEEMS TO BE TAKING AN INTEREST IN YOU, you can't manage to keep it in your pants? He's... he's not a good motherfucking guy." Gamzee took a shaky breath, eyes seeming to lose focus for a second. "Am I not enough? Am I so little to you that you would want him?"

Karkat shook his head. "Fuck... it's not like that... I... Gamzee, its really fucking hard. I just... I feel like I can't reject them."
Gamzee shivered, running his hands along his arms. "Can you try? I just... motherfucker, I feel like they're taking advantage of you. You don't owe them anything, you know that, right?"

Karkat sighed, joining him in leaning against the counter. "I do though. I... fuck, I haven't told you what it was like on Afterus, not really... trust me, I really have nothing to complain about right now."

Gamzee bit his lip. "Listen, that's great and all, but... it doesn't mean they can just... use you like that. I... heard. What Mr. Ampora was saying to you." He grit his teeth. "I know you probably think I'm not one to talk right now... but, I think he really did mean that shit. Fuck, I've heard him and my dad talking before. Motherfucking disgusting. You know that Eridan's fucking genocidal, right? Did you ever wonder where he got it from?"

"Well, Cronus isn't like that. He couldn't be, he took us in. If he really thought I was scum, he would have left me and my brother to rot."

Gamzee scowled. "Just because he thought you were worth keeping, doesn't mean he respects you. If he RESPECTED you, he wouldn't... he wouldn't be using you as a sex toy."

Karkat gave a dry laugh. "Again, you're the one who was calling me like, 'pet' and shit earlier."

Gamzee looked at the ground, frustrated. "I apologized though, didn't I? I just... after I tasted their on you, motherfucker... I felt like I could protect you if I was possessive. Like you wouldn't go back to them." He gave a shaky chuckle. "I guess it didn't work."

Karkat glanced at the floor, a sense of guilt rising in his mind. "I'm... I'm sorry."
Gamzee gave a disappointed nod. "I... I get it. Just, promise me you won't let them... keep motherfucking taking... using your good self?"

Karkat nodded. "Okay. Okay, I won't." He felt a bitter twinge in the back of his throat as he said the words, feeling like he might have to go back on them.

"I love you."
"I love you too."

Gamzee took a deep sigh, almost hacking as that scent filled his lungs yet again. "God, it reeks of motherfucking heresy..."

“Heresy? Ha, what the fuck does that even mean...”

“Whatever the fuck I want it to, I’m the son of the messiah.”

Karkat gave an off beat laugh. “Your dad is not a messiah.”

“And you’re not religious,” Gamzee muttered. “You have no messiah.”

Karkat shrugged. “Well you have me there, I guess.” He paused. “Did he really convince you he was... a prophet?”

“Didn’t need to. The writing’s on the motherfucking wall.” Gamzee smiled idly. “You haven’t seen what motherfucking magic he is capable of...”

Karkat pursed his lips, clearly not convinced. “Aha... um... right. Anyway... so, uh, when do you want to leave?”
Gamzee stared back down at the mutant, eyes lidding. “… I… this is an awful motherfucking idea.”

Karkat gave a dry laugh, before biting his lip, sighing. “There… really isn’t a good alternative.”

Gamzee took a sharp breath, eyes fixing on the boy. “I could think of a few things…”

Karkat shrugged. "It... it would cause more trouble than it's worth to just ditch. I still live with Cronus, you realize. There would be fucking consequences.” His hand drifted to hold that of the clown. “I don’t... want to fight you about this.”

Gamzee swallowed. “Yeah... yeah, I don't want to be fighting no brother neither.” He gave a quivering sigh. "Listen... I'm sorry bout what I all up and motherfucking did to you.”

Karkat shrugged. “I… don’t mind, really?”

Gamzee swallowed. "Did you... like it?"

"... Yeah. I did."

Gamzee chuckled, shrugging. "What... do you think a motherfucker could... you know, improve on?"

Karkat smiled, shrugging. "Maybe just... less... fists?"

"You want me to be gentle?"

"That would be nice... yeah."

Gamzee's hand drifted slowly to Karkat's thigh. "Real... soft like, huh?"

Karkat glanced up at him, trying to read the clown's expression. "Yeah... real... light..."

"I can work with that."

Karkat gasped as he felt the clown's breath on his neck, suddenly going weak at the knees. Before he saw it coming, a hand was palming him through his jeans, the other pushing him back onto the table.

Gamzee stared down at him, licking his lips. His hands crept under Karkat's sweater, slowly bunching it up at the shoulders, before Karkat sighed and allowed it to slip off him. "I'll be nice and careful, brother, nothing but sweet touches from me, understand?"

Karkat seemed to relax, nodding slowly. "I trust you."

Gamzee gave a shaky breath as he felt Karkat unsheathe against his shirt. He crouched down, investigating the bulge. The clown held the squirming tendril, and lapped at it gently, rising a groan from Karkat. "I just want you to be happy, motherfucker," He mumbled, running his fingers across the bulge gingerly. "I just want what's best for you."

"I know," Karkat responded, cupping Gamzee's cheek. "I know."

Gamzee purred slightly, continuing to suck at the bulge. He glanced up at the mutant, before standing, and stepping out of his pants.
Karkat lay down on the table, preparing to feel Gamzee pushing into him, but was met with no such sensation. Instead, he felt the cool walls of Gamzee's nook sliding around him. "Ahh~ Fuck~"

Gamzee purred, resting his head on Karkat's chest. "I thought this would be a nice change of pace for you, motherfucker."

Karkat nodded, eyes rolling up slightly. "Uhuh, yeah, it really is."

Gamzee began to grind his hips, the tendril in his nook pulsing pleasantly. He gave a shaky moan, leaving a trail of sloppy kisses up Karkat's chest. "I love you so much, motherfucker~" He mumbled, before starting to suck on Karkat's collar bone.

Karkat gasped slightly, covering his face with his forearm. "I love you too!"

Gamzee detached himself from the skin, revealing a reddening hickey. "Do you wanna... be with me?" Gamzee asked, starting to lap at the bruise. He adjusted his hips, and then began to bounce them up and down Karkat's bulge.

Karkat whined and grabbed onto one of Gamzee's horns in an attempt to ground himself. "Mhm! Yeah, yeah... what quadrant~"

Gamzee grinned, a giddy feeling taking over him. He sped up his pace, outright purring against Karkat's chest. "Do we really have to pick?"

Karkat chuckled slightly, and wrapped his arms around the purpleblood, giving a shaky sigh as his bulge started to twitch. "Ah~ Fuck, Gamzee~"

"Motherfucker, you can cum in me if you want..." Gamzee hummed, rubbing his cheek against the Karkat's chest. "I don't mind."

Karkat nodded, his legs beginning to twitch. "Aaahhhhh, FUCK~" The mutant cried, back arching as his bulge began to pump fluid into Gamzee.

Gamzee groaned, going limp on his lover. He sighed, content, and pulled himself up to Karkat's face, planting a kiss on his lips. "I love you~"

Karkat took heavy breaths, wrapping his arms around Gamzee. "You're amazing."

Gamzee smirked, giving a slight shrug. "I'm glad you think so." He pulled himself off of the redblood's retreating bulge, and sat down in one of the dining room chairs.

Karkat managed to curl up into a seated position, panting slightly. He investigated the clown, noting that his bulge was yet to curl back into his sheath. He slipped off the table and onto his knees, before dragging his tongue along the underside.

"Motherfucker, you don't have to do that," Gamzee muttered, pushing Karkat away. The mutant shook his head. "Let me. I... you deserve it."

Gamzee hesitated. "You... want to?"

"I really... fucking... want to."

Gamzee paused, running his palm along Karkat’s head to rest on his horn. “Then who am I to stop a motherfucker?”

Karkat grinned, scooting in closer, before bringing his mouth back to the organ. He sucked on the
side, it leaving an indigo trail across his face. He rubbed the tip between his thumb and forefinger, helping hold it in place as he worked.

A moan bubbled up in Gamzee’s throat, his grip tightening around Karkat’s horn.

The mutant gasped around the flesh at his lips, shivering in response.

*master…*

He hesitated at the voice, but chose to disregard it. Ever so cautiously, he brought his index finger up to Gamzee’s nook.

Yet again, the clown stopped him.

Karkat’s eyes drifted to his cold gaze, and a shiver ran up his spine.

Gamzee said nothing, only directing Karkat’s hand back to the base of his bulge. “Just keep those wicked digits in front, alright, brother?”

Karkat frowned, detaching his mouth from the organ. “Why don’t you want me touching your nook?”

Gamzee paused. “If it’s so important to a motherfucker, then go right ahead.”

The mutant shrugged. “It’s… not like I had my heart set on it, I just want to know, is all.”

The clown rolled his eyes, chuckling. “I just… a motherfucker gots to be attempting some new motherfucking area sometimes, you know?”

“… Say that again?”

Gamzee sighed. “Look, I just… it makes me think of some other motherfucker when I get digits all up in me, and I don’t want to be doing that while in the presence of your sweet motherfucking self.”

Karkat frowned, turning his head to the side. “Being fingered… *reminds* you of someone?”

“You know what, I would really appreciate a change in subject right about motherfucking now, so let’s get on that, alright?”

The mutant decided he should… probably leave that for another time.

He licked his lips before opening his mouth, taking in as much as he dared. The sensation of it tickling the back of his throat was somehow pleasant… His eyes went hazy as he held his breath, sucking on it intently. He wanted Gamzee to cum so fucking badly… preferably on his face. Fuck, those pet fantasies slipped back into his mind. As much shit as he had given Gamzee for it, the idea of being his little bitch on a leash made his nook ache.

The indigo grit his teeth. He gave a shaky exhale as his back arched, digging his claws into the chair. "FUCK! Karkat, aaaaaaahh, Karkat!” He moaned, legs tensing.

The mutant removed the organ from his mouth and continued pumping it, focused on the way it moved and twitched in his fingers.

"Mhnn~ MOTHER-FUCK!” Gamzee cried out as he felt release hit him like a train, spewing purple onto Karkat's waiting face. The indigo tensed up, breath hitching, as Karkat continued to pump the
organ with his hands, effectively allowing Gamzee to ride out his orgasm. "I love you, I love you, fuck, Karkat..." He murmured, toes curling, high off the sensation the mutant was giving him.

"I love you too," Karkat responded, releasing the bulge and swiping some of the purple off of his face. He absentmindedly stuck the finger in his mouth.

Gamzee stared down at the mutant as he cleaned off his face, a slight groan rising in his throat. He slipped off the chair, holding Karkat's face in his hand. "What are you trying to do? Get me horny all over again?" He whispered, smiling. "Let me..." He dragged his tongue up Karkat's cheek.

The mutant shivered, leaning into his touch, and wrapping his arms around the clown. "I'm yours..."

Gamzee hesitated, meeting Karkat's eye. "I can live with that..." He said, smiling slightly. "We're... equal though, alright, motherfucker?"

Karkat's heart actually sunk a little. "I..."

The clown raised an eyebrow. "I mean, unless you don't want that?"

Karkat shivered, resting his head on Gamzee's chest. "I... I don't even fucking know anymore." He knew it was better to be equal, but... for some reason, there was this little voice in the back of his head telling him he didn't deserve that equality. He shivered, clutching Gamzee's shirt. "I... we need to go."

The purpleblood nodded, glancing at the ground. He didn't want to let Karkat stay with the Amporas, but he wasn't going to fight him over it. He stood and helped Karkat to his feet, pulling his keys out of his pocket.

Eridan fumbled with his controller, his screen illuminating his glasses. "COD DAMN IT, SOL! WE'RE ON THE SAME FUCKING TEAM, ASSHOLE!" He screamed into his microphone, the mustard blood having just tossed a grenade at him.

"Heheh, oop2."

Cronus wrapped his knuckles on Eridan's door, pushing it open slightly.

"Wwhat is it, dad?"

"Ahem."

Eridan glanced up at the doorway, eyes widening at what he saw. "CRO??" He ripped off his headset and ran to greet his brother. "IT'S BEEN FUCKING FOREVER!" he yelled, throwing his arms around the greaser's neck.

Cronus chuckled, rubbing Eridan's hair. "Long time no see, bud,"

"DO YOU HAVVE ANY IDEA, HOWW LONELY IT IS HERE WWITHOUT YOU??"

"Vwovw, I didn't knovw you missed me so much!"
"Okay, noww don't get cocky or anyfin," Eridan retracted. "It's just... been a wwhile, you knoww?" He muttered, adjusting his glasses.

Cronus grinned. "Yeah, vwell, you and I can hang out later if you vwant! I'm spending the night."

"You better bet wwe're hanging out!" Eridan proclaimed, grinning at the thought.

Cronus rubbed his hands together, chuckling. "So, vwhat do you vwanna do? Howv does football sound?"

"Cro, you knoww I am god awwful at that game."

"Haha, vwhy do you think I picked it?"

The two turned as Elfrid entered the room.

"Dinner is served," He murmured, eyes shifting in abject horror at the disaster that was Eridan’s room.

"Oh, fuck yes, I'm hungry as shit!" Cronus announced gleefully, backing into the hall. "Race you to the bottom!"

"Fucker, you havve a head start!" Eridan shouted, stumbling after his brother.

Kankri stiffened, eyes jumping to Cronus as he slammed his hand down on the table.

"HA! Beat- cha!"

A sense of loathing built in his gut as he recollected their fight. How the seadweller had tied him up and forced him in the car... and then let his father take advantage of him. He wanted to vomit.

Eridan rolled his eyes, seating himself across from Kankri. "Cheater." He pursed his lips, glancing at the mutant across the table, silently wishing for Cronus to re-introduce the two. He… had barely even met the guy. "So, um, Howv's it been going, for you, Kan?"

Kankri snickered. "Well, y9ur 6r9ther just PULLED ME 9ut 9f sch99l, s9 n9t that great."

Cronus gave a half hearted laugh. "Um, vvell, I'm not goin' to school, either…"

"Haha, yeah, and look wwhat happened to you!" Eridan teased, smirking.

The greaser chuckled. "Hey, still doin’ better then your sorry ass, ain’t I?"

“Oooh, yeah, so glubbin’ artistic n shit, howw could I evver livve up to that?” The young seadweller responded, sarcasm dripping from his words.

Dualscar glanced at the two, long since seated at the head of the table. He clicked his ringed fingers on his wine glass, staring at his reflection through it. "...Did you… tell your brother that you're moving back in?" he mumbled off the top of his head.

"WWAIT, YOU ARE?" Eridan asked, fins perking up in glee.

"Vwait, I’m vwhat?" Cronus demanded, lip curling up.

Dualscar stiffened, eyes shifting to the ground. "Right… I… um. I was… hoping we could… you know, maybe reunite the family a little…” Dualscar rambled, before taking a bite of salad.
“Dad… no, I… I practically have my own family at this point.”

“Doesn’t mean you have to break up ours…” He swallowed. “Would it really be so bad, even just to consider it?”

Cronus looked away. “I mean… I. I guess I get kinda lonely at the apartment all the time…. still, It’s nice havin’ my own place.”

“You mean 9ur 9wn place.” Kankri spat, lip curling.

The seadweller frowned at his boyfriend’s harsh tone, raising an eyebrow.

“I mean… Technically, I still own your apartment. It’s… not really your place…” Dualscar reminded his son.

Cronus rolled his eyes. “I meant like, privwacy vwise.”

Kankri narrowed his eyes. “What is there t9 keep private fr9m him?

Dualscar raised an eyebrow, giving a fake cough and pointing to Eridan as subtly as he could.

The mutant scowled, glaring down at his food. "All 9f y9u are fucking disgusting."

Eridan frowned, glancing at Cronus.

"Vwhoa, Kan, calm down there, vwill ya, babe?"

The redblood sneered, shaking his head. "D9n’t fucking call me that…” He dug his fingers into the table, standing. Wvhere… wvhere… wvhere… The words seemed to echo in his mind.

Dualscar met his eye, pointing back at Eridan again, slightly less subtly.

Kankri instead snarled, flashing Dualscar a middle finger. “I’m n9t y9ur fucking wh9re!”

Eridan seemed to recoil in his seat at the word, looking between Dualscar and Cronus in search for an explanation.

Dualscar’s fins lay flat on his head, eyes darkening. “Sit… down.”

Kankri instead backed away from the table, his middle finger still ever so prominently raised in the air. “Y9u want me to fucking live with y9u after the car ride? Y9u can’t be seri9us…”

Dualscar’s skin seemed to crawl with antipathy.

“Dad? Wwait, wwhat is he talking about?”

Kankri snickered. “Yeah, why d9n’t y9u tell him, dad? 9r are y9u afraid y9ur precious little b9y will turn 9ut like y9u, if he knew?”

Dualscar’s eyes shifted to Cronus, and simultaneously, they stood. “I want you to think very carefully about what you say next.”

The mutant’s gaze flickered between the two, and he breathed what could almost have been a chuckle. “Was that a threat, Mr. Amp9ra?”

“Dad, wwhat the fuck is goin’ on here?”
“Eridan. Go to your room.”

Kankri’s eyes fixed on the young boy, his heart seeming to catch in his throat as he realized Eridan was probably the only reason he wasn’t being assaulted right now. “What are y9u trying t9 keep secret fr9m him?”

“Do NOT play this game with me, Vantas!”

“Dad?”

Kankri continued staring at Eridan, beginning to pace around the table, as if daring either of the seadwellers to make the first move. “I think he deserves t9 kn9w what his daddy d9es when he’s n9t ar9und, d9n’t y9u?”

Dualscar shook his head, chuckling. “Grab him.”

Cronus glanced at his father, before lunging at Kankri.

The mutant managed to avoid the attack, stumbling backwards into the table.

The greaser pinned him down, gritting his teeth as the redblood began to thrash in his grip.

"N9! N9, let me g9 RIGHT THE FUCK N9W!!"

Dualscar was quick to join his son at the table, grabbing one of Kankri’s shoulders and forcing him to his feet.

The two began to drag him down the hall, Eridan staring after them in total disbelief as they headed into the game room.

Kankri cried out for help, Dualscar forcing him face down on the pool table. He hissed as the mutant started trying desperately to buck him off. "Hey, Cro, do me a favor and grab that extension cord over there."

Cronus bit his lip, his bulge seeming to take an interest in the request. “… Yes… Daddy…”

Dualscar froze, staring at him. He felt his sheathe swell slightly.

Cronus looked away, eyes wide with instant regret, and turned to retrieve the wire.

Dualscar took a steady breath, re-adjusting his grip on Kankri.

“LET G9 9F ME, Y9U DISGUSTING, PUTRID-“

“Ask nicely, and I might consider it.” Dualscar muttered, grunting as Kankri began to kick at his shins.

“FUCK Y9U!”

Dualscar’s eyes flicked to Cronus as he returned with the cord. He noted the embarrassment his son seemed to be wearing. The seadweller swallowed, deciding he could at least play along… for Cronus’s sake. “Good boy... now, tie him up real nice for daddy, sound good?”

"N9!!!" Kankri screeched, writhing in Dualscar’s grip.

Cronus seemed visibly relived at his fathers reciprocation, but slightly troubled at his boyfriend's
predicament. He did as asked.

Kankri sobbed into his sweater as his wrists were bound, a sense of dread and downright horror bubbling up into his mind. Oh god, oh fuck, he shouldn’t have pissed them off, should not have pissed them off… “Please let me g9…”

Dualscar hesitated, running his hands down Kankri’s sides. “Do you think you’ve learned your lesson?”

Kankri scowled, biting the inside of his cheek. “Yes… daddy, I’ll be g99d, I pr9mise…”

Cronus glanced at his father, raising an eyebrow.

“Forgive me… but that wasn’t horribly convincing, now was it?” Dualscar grunted, resting his head in the crook of Kankri’s neck.
The mutant rolled his eyes. “Alright, and h9w d9 y9u supp9se I sh9uld… c9nvince y9u, then?”

The man sent a shiver up Kankri’s spine as he released a slow chuckle. “Actions… speak more than words, you know.”

Cronus bit his thumb, nodding slowly. “You wwere pretty rude just nowv, vvouldn’t you like to make it up to us?”

Kankri took a sharp gasp as he felt Dualscar’s hands running under his sweater. “Fuck-y9u-”

Suddenly, the seadweller’s soft touches turned into an angry grip. “I’m sorry… what was that?”

The mutant whimpered, trying to squirm away from the man. “Fuck- I…” He could feel Dualscar’s breath on his neck again. “fuck… me…?”

The seadweller grinned, giving a dark chuckle. “That’s more like it…”

Kankri buried his face in his sleeve as felt his skinny jeans being tugged down his legs.

Dualscar smirked, running his hands along Kankri’s nook, but found that his bulge was still firmly in place. “Ahh, come on baby, don’t you want to unsheathe for me?”

“Dad, I’ll take care of this,” Cronus interjected, stepping out of his pants and boxers.

Kankri’s eyes shifted to the greaser’s unsheathed bulge, and his mouth began to water. “Ahhh?”

He whined, his bulge beginning to twine free from his sheathe.

“That’s a good boy…” Dualscar muttered, running his fingers along the slick organ.
The mutant’s hips began to buck despite himself, his eyes losing focus.

Cronus sighed and dropped to his knees. He crawled down under the table, and started licking at his boyfriend’s bulge.

“F-f-fuck! Cr9nus…” Kankri trailed off, his nook beginning to ache with want.

“Do you still want us to let you go?” Dualscar mumbled, grinding against Kankri’s hips.

Kankri shook his head, a moan bubbling onto his lips. “N-n9 sir! D9 whatever y9u… want…”

The man grinned, slipping his ringed fingers into Kankri’s nook. “That’s what I like to hear…”
Kankri gasped for air, keening at Dualscar’s touch. “Daaaaaaddy~”
Cronus sucked harder on Kankri’s bulge, rolling his hips against his calves.
Dualscar’s eyes drifted up and down the mutant, his smile faltering. In a moment, his fingers were gone.
“Hmm?” Kankri mumbled, glancing at the man over his shoulder.
“Cronus. That’s enough.”
The greaser hesitated, swallowing around Kankri’s bulge one last time, before standing. “Dad?”
Dualscar glared down at the boy, shaking his head. “He doesn’t fucking deserve it.”
“But- but daddy!”
“You didn’t seem very grateful for the last time we did it, so how can I expect you to be grateful now?”
Kankri began to buck his hips in a desperate attempt to change the man’s mind. “I’m s9rrry… fuck, I’m s9rrry, I’ll d9 anything, please!”
The man sneered. “Then impress me.” He reached into the pool table, retrieving the violet twelve ball, and tossed it at him.
Kankri stared down at it, whimpering.
“…Dad?” Cronus asked as the man left for the door.
Dualscar paused. “He has to remember how much he needs us.”

Gamzee stared across the violet estate, a sense of dread bubbling up into his mind. He wasn't... actually just going to leave Karkat here, was he? He glanced over at the mutant, and returned his gaze to the floor. Well, he definitely wasn't going to drag him back into the car, kicking and screaming.

Cronus opened the front door, his breath catching in his throat as he met the Makara’s glare. "DAD!"
Dualscar frowned, standing from the dinner table.
"DAAAAAAD!!!!!!"
He placed his spoon on his napkin, before leaving to see what the problem was.

Eridan sighed and slipped out of his seat, taking this as an opportunity to excuse himself. He paced down the hall, heading towards his room, when he heard a peculiar sound. He paused, making sure it wasn't his imagination. A definite moan rang steady in his ears. He identified the source of the noise, and approached the game room, before opening the door and peeking in. What he saw made his face flush violet.

Kankri braced himself on his bound wrists, slowly attempting to ease his nook onto a purple billiard ball.
The seadweller stood there, frozen as he watched the scene play out.
The mutant rubbed himself on the orb, rocking his hips back and forth, before sinking onto it. He repeated this process, bit by bit, while dribbling translucent red onto the green felt of the table.

Eridan gave a hushed gasp as he felt his bulge unwind from his sheath, his ringed fingers clutching the door frame.

Then they made eye contact.

The seadweller slammed the door shut immediately, and sprinted down the hall to his room.

Eridan hugged his knees, calling Sollux over his headset.

"What i2 it, a2hole?"

Eridan said nothing, staring into space. "... Sol-" He gasped, voice quivering. "You-you knoww Kar's brother?"

"Yeah... holy 2hit, are you okay?"

Eridan hung up.

Chapter End Notes

UGH! Sorry, I feel like this chapter doesn't have very much polish. I'm going to be editing it throughout the week, but I just needed to get it to you people! It's also totally not my fault, my browser became unresponsive, and I had to force quit it, so I lost a TON of changes. :( Anyway, I hope you liked it! Also, thank you so much to everyone who's commented and left Kudos, it really means a lot to me!

ALSO: NOTE TO DICTIONARY WRITERS: MAKE MORE FUCKING WORDS FOR DOOR! IF YOU ARE TRYING TO EXPLAIN A SCENE THAT TAKES PLACE IN A DOORWAY, IT IS SUPER HARD!!! He rested against the door, he stood in the doorway, he clutched the doorknob, he rung the doorbell, DO YOU SEE WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE!!?? GAAAHHHH, FUCK YOU!!!!!
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dualscar stared down at Gamzee, both rage and terror building in his chest. "Get off of my property."

Karkat frowned, giving an uncomfortable chuckle. "Uh... sir?"

Dualscar scowled, grabbing Karkat by the sweater, and began to drag him inside. "I take it your little friend didn't exactly tell you what he did to my car."

He raised an eyebrow, turning back to Gamzee. "No? Wait, what did you do?"

Gamzee looked away, hands buried in his pockets. "I... um, I kinda dinged it up a little-"

"YOU BEAT THE LIVING SHIT OUT OF IT WITH A BASEBALL BAT!" Dualscar spat, bearing his teeth as he tossed Karkat inside.

Gamzee gave a shaky sigh, meeting Karkat's gaze, before glancing at the floor. "Look, I'm just here to drop him off, I don't want to start anything."

Dualscar bit the inside of his cheek, nodding. "Yeah, yeah, well it's a little fucking late, kid, not gonna lie. Now get the fuck off my porch."

Gamzee sighed begrudgingly and turned to leave. He paused, a sense of dread setting in his gut. He couldn't let this man do that shit to Karkat again... no... "Mr. Ampora?" he glared at the man over his shoulder. "Do you believe in instant-karma?"

Dualscar narrowed his eyes.

Gamzee turned, hands clenched into fists. "You know... what goes around MOTHERFUCKING COMES AROUND?"

Dualscar took a step back.

"Careful," Gamzee hissed. "If you keep MOTHERFUCKING taking, you might lose something real fuckin' close to you."

Mr. Ampora slammed the door shut.

"Oh my god..." Karkat muttered, staring through the peephole as Gamzee's car rolled out of the driveway. The dread rising in his throat sent his blood cold. "What the fuck?" He asked, turning his back to the door, a hand clutching his head.

Dualscar sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. "That's it. I'm leaving."

"Leaving what?" Cronus asked, frowning.
"The school. The Makara's fucking run the place, I'm going to get killed if I stay... fuck, god, I have to pull Eridan out too, there is no way I'm letting him any where near that psycho fucking family."

Karkat pursed his lips. "Um... what about-"

"Fuck, you too, no, no, you are not going back there, do you understand?" Dualscar asked, beginning to pace around the lobby, heart pounding in his chest.

Karkat stared at the ground, a lump forming in his throat. He wanted to argue… he would miss everyone so much... but he felt as if it wasn’t his place to disagree. "Okay."

Dualscar sighed. "I have to find another job... fuck..."

The Empress had installed a system that forced all classes of citizens to work, but were given salary depending on blood color. She claimed that this helped people not feel pressured into one occupation over another, and installed trickle-down economics, so that the lower castes could still be employed by the higher ones, while the high-bloods were still forced to be productive members of society.

It was... not that popular among the rusts, and kinda started leading to a civil rights movement, which the Condescension downright loathed. She tried to blame it all on Afterus, as she felt her citizens were mirroring the Alternian Signless.

Though, she blamed most things on Afterus.

But, to be fair, the Alternian Empress had demanded the majority of Beforus's sopor as terms for their... ‘treaty,’ forcing the society to reserve it's supply for medical use only.

Some use it recreationally, despite it being extremely illegal.

The Makaras were a special exception, however, the Condescension having to turn a blind eye, as if she didn't, the family would surely send a league of their loyal followers to destroy her government.

~ANYWAY~

Cronus bit his lip, nodding. "Eridan's not going to like this..."

"Well he's probably not going to like a juggling club through his skull either, so I think he'll be willing to compromise. Oh, also, Karkat, you live here now." Dualscar added in quickly, wanting to get it out of the way.

Karkat swallowed. "Oh."

Dualscar gave a thumbs up, glad that Karkat seemed to be taking the information better than his brother had.

Cronus sighed. "Vwho's gonna break the newvs to Eri?"

Dualscar glanced at the ground. "I'd better do it... Cronus, you get Karkat a room, alright?"

Cronus nodded, before leading Karkat up the stairs.
Mr. Ampora sighed, and began to follow them, before pausing, and staring down the hall towards the game room. He glanced up at Cronus and Karkat, before striding down the passageway. He opened the door, eyes focusing on Kankri, laying limp on the pool table, tears and saliva leaving streaks across his face.

*He trembled as Dualscar approached him, and ran his fingers through his hair.

"I'm... sorry."

Kankri said nothing, eyesight unfocused, only a strangled whine escaping him.

Dualscar huffed, eyes searching around the pool table for the twelve ball he had provided. It seemed to have disappeared. He grit his teeth, and turned Kankri around, before pressing on his stomach. "You're gonna have to work with me, here."

Kankri nodded, taking shaky breaths, and clenching the walls of his nook together. Slowly, the orb began to emerge.

The Ampora helped ease it out, the ball plopping onto the table. "Fuck... I can't believe you actually did it..." he muttered, investigating the pool ball. "I'm sorry. This is gross... you must feel gross."

Kankri nodded, legs shaking, copious amounts of red dripping from his nook.

Dualscar reached over and picked him up, carrying Kankri out to go find a bathroom.

"Hey, uh, I don't suppose you got me those pills I asked for?" Cronus asked, scratching the back of his head as Karkat threw his backpack onto the bed.

"Oh, yeah," Karkat responded, fishing the bottle out of his pocket, before tossing it at Cronus.

Cronus caught it, smiling, and removed the lid. He shook one of the pills into his palm, and turned it in his fingers, before placing it on his tongue.

"Does that feel better?" Dualscar asked, massaging shampoo into Kankri's scalp.

"Yes, daddy..." Kankri mumbled, bulge thrashing in the water.

"You... don't have to call me that all the time."

Kankri gave a slight nod, sniffing. He pulled his hand out of the water and started wiping the dried tear-streaks off his face, the salty crust irritating his skin.

Dualscar ran his hands down Kankri's sides, resting his head on Kankri's shoulder. "Are you still upset?"
"N9, Dualscar."

"Good. Are you happy you're going to live with me?"

"Yes, Dualscar."

**The seadweller chuckled, tickling Kankri's neck with his breath. "Are you mine?"

Kankri's gut sank, hands clenching into fists. He closed his eyes. "Yes, Dualscar."

The man sighed. "I do want you to be happy staying here... but I can't have you going crazy like that again, do you understand?"

Kankri nodded, hands trembling.

"Tell me, Kankri, what do you want right now?"

Kankri sunk deeper into the water. "I... I want y9ur 6ulge, daddy."

Dualscar nodded, petting Kankri's face. "I'm happy to hear that. But I can't give it to you..." The man began to stroke the base of Kankri's horns, making him trill. "You're going to have to earn your privileges back."

Kankri whined, his hand going to his crotch. "Please, daddy! I'll make you feel g99d, I pr9mise!"

The man tisked. "I need you to prove to me how much you want it first."

Kankri shivered, clutching his hands into fists. "H9w? H9w d9 I pr9ve it?"

Dualscar grabbed him by the chin. "You'll have to wait a while... and want me every fucking second of it. Do you understand?"

Kankri nodded. "Yes, daddy."

"Good." Dualscar released him and stood. "Finish cleaning yourself up, and don't go anywhere. Got it?"

Kankri gave another nod, sinking further into the water.

With that, Dualscar left to go find his son.

Cronus stared down at Karkat, biting his lip. He wondered if... haha... fuck yeah. He sat down next to Karkat, staring at him, and shut his eyes briefly. His mind wandered back to the car ride, and began to linger on his father. No, no, Kankri. He would focus on Kankri. Kankri... getting fucked-

*"What do you want, Cronus?" Karkat asked, staring at him. 

Cronus swallowed. "I... I wvas, uh, hoping we could maybe..."
"You want to fuck me, don't you?"

Cronus paused. "I wvould... uh, yeah."

Karkat sighed, nodding. "I never would have guessed," He murmured, sarcasm dripping from his lips.

Cronus smiled, and let Karkat onto his lap, cradling his hips. "Miss me, huh?"

"Mhm," Karkat murmured. "I... did."

"I bet you were thinking about my bulge... weren't you, babe?"

Karkat gave a shaky exhale, his bulge sliding out of it's sheathe. "I've already done this three times today... can we... take it slow?"

Cronus nodded. "Vwov... you... sure get around, don't you?"

"What can I say?" Karkat murmured. "That first night... you did something to me." He paused, thinking back to the promise he had made Gamzee... He frowned. "Cronus, you're not... using me, are you?"

Cronus stiffened. "Nah.... nahh.... haha. Nope."

Karkat sighed. That was about the least convincing thing he had heard in his life... but, he'd believe it if it meant he could get what he wanted. He slid off his pants and lay back on the bed. "So? Do what you fucking want."

Cronus nodded, and slipped a finger into Karkat's nook. "Slow... right?"

"Yes, please~"

The door creaked open.

"Oh! Uh, dad," Cronus muttered, standing. Violet rushed to his face, despite himself.

"Cronus, I want to talk with you." Dualscar grabbed his son by the wrist and lead him down the hallway, taking him into the master bedroom. "I want you to tell me what you've been giving these two."

Cronus gave a slight chuckle, and scratched the back of his head. "Um... it's not so much vwhat I've been giving them... and more of vwhat I've been taking." He reached into his pocket and retrieved the pill bottle. "I... got this on the internet... and, vwell, it fucking vworks, obvviously."

Dualscar took the capsule and turned it in his hand. "... Holy shit..." He murmured, reading the label. "That's fucking brilliant..." He cleared his throat, and glanced at his son. "May I?" He asked.

"Go ahead."

The man opened the container and shook some of it's contents into his palm, before swallowing them accordingly. He sighed. "I suppose I should tell you now... the Makara's know we've been
drugging them."

Cronus swallowed, the color draining from his face. "They're gonna fucking kill us, aren't they?"

"We have guns, Cronus. We have guns. Hopefully they'll just forget about us once they stop seeing us at the academy."

Cronus nodded. "Agreed."

"So... what did you put in Karkat's food that made him so... horny?"

**Kankri stared at reddish bath water, rubbing his nook gently. He was a fucking whore... He threw his head back, taking a shaky breath. His attention was torn from the bathtub as the door opened, in walking Dualscar, and behind him, Cronus. Kankri moaned at the sight, adjusting himself to better view the highbloods entering.**

Cronus glanced at his father, before undoing his fly, and letting his bulge out.

Kankri purred and crawled out of the tub, before gripping the organ, running his tongue along the underside.

Dualscar chuckled, and fished out his cock, before crouching over Kankri and leading it towards his waiting entrance.

Kankri cried out in ecstasy, the walls of his nook greedily accommodating Dualscar. "FUUUCK~" He cried, resting his head against Cronus's thigh. He sloppily sucked up pre-material dripping from Cronus, moaning between licks.

"Fuck..." Cronus murmured, his bulge tensing under the stimulation.

"Cronus..." Dualscar warned.

Cronus pushed Kankri's head away and took a deep breath. "Okay, I'm okay." He allowed Kankri to get back to work.

Dualscar quickened his pace, grabbing Kankri roughly by the thighs. "You're so fuckin' perfect like this..."

Kankri thanked him by tensing the walls of his nook a couple times, his mouth a little too occupied to speak.

"Ahh~" Cronus hissed, covering his face with his hands. He stiffened, and pushed Kankri away, forcing his bulge back in his pants.

"But- but daddy!" Kankri whined, desperate to have that taste in his mouth again.

Cronus just shook his head, before seating himself on the counter. "Sorry, Kan."

Kankri gave a sob, burying his face in his arms.
Dualscar grit his teeth, feeling his bulge start to twitch, and pulled out of Kankri.

"N9... n9, please!" Kankri gasped, turning around, fists shaking.

Dualscar sighed. "Let's go, Cronus."

"N9!"

Cronus slid off the counter, petting Kankri's hair, before following his father out the door.

"Please..."

Dualscar slammed the door shut.

"...Dad..." Cronus muttered, a hand going to his crotch.

"We'll take care of that, don't worry," he promised. "Where's Karkat, anyway?"

---

CG: GAMZEE.

TC: Hi... KaRkAt.

CG: WTF WAS THAT.

TC: :?

CG: DON'T FUCK WITH ME, ASSHOLE, YOU WERE ACTING SCARY AS SHIT JUST NOW!

TC: ... 

CG: WELL?

TC: you know i dont like those fuckers.

CG: IS THAT THE BEST EXCUSE YOU’VE FUCKING GOT? CHRIST, GAMZEE, AND DID YOU REALLY SMASH UP HIS CAR?

TC: m...a...y...b...e

CG: GOD FUCKING DAAAMN IT, GAMZEE!!!!!! HOW DO YOU EXPECT THIS TO WORK OUT? THERE IS NO WAY THEY'RE GOING TO FORGET THIS BULLSHIT! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? HEY, DUALSCAR, WHY DON’T YOU MEET MY NEW BOYFRIEND, HE'S THE ONE WHO DESTROYED YOUR PROPERTY, AND THREATENED YOU IN YOUR OWN HOME! I'M SURE HE'LL BE JUST ECSTATIC ABOUT THAT FUCKING RELATIONSHIP!

TC: he doesnt have to MOTHERFUCKING know

CG: GTG, HES HERE
Karkat put his phone aside and stared up at the two seadwellers, his stomach sinking. Oh. Oh god. He felt his bulge slither out of it's sheathe... fucking hell, was the mere sight of these two enough to turn him on now?

"Karkat... why don't you come over here," Dualscar muttered, undoing his fly. Karkat stared at him. Oh fuck. Oh fuck...

CG: GAMZEE, WHAT DO I DO?

TC: what? whats he doing?

Dualscar ripped the phone out of Karkat's hands. "It's rather rude to just ignore someone like that," He muttered, reading over the texts. His eyes drifted back down to Karkat.

TC: ... bro?

TC: motherfucker, you're scaring me.

carcinoGeneticist has blocked terminallyCapricious.

Dualscar stuffed the phone into his back pocket. "I thought I made it clear that you're going to stay away from that family as possible?"

Karkat stared into space, a feeling of despair settling into his chest. "I... yes... sir."

The man cupped Karkat's cheek. "Good. Now then... let's have some fun," Dualscar suggested, his bulge getting antsy.

Karkat opened his mouth obediently, sticking out his tongue.

Cronus moved next to his father, biting his thumb as he held his bulge.

Karkat sighed, and began to palm himself through his jeans.

"Fuck..." Dualscar muttered. "Follow me." He paced into and down the hall, walking into the master bedroom. "Lay down on the bed."

Karkat glanced at him, and did so accordingly.

Dualscar rolled his eyes. "Take your fucking pants off first."

Karkat unbuttoned his fly, fingers shaky, before sliding his jeans and boxers down his trembling legs.

Cronus sighed, seating himself between Karkat’s legs.

“S-slow, please,” Karkat reminded him, breaths shallow.
“Sure thing, babe.”

Dualscar chuckled. “Was I too rough earlier?”

Karkat hesitated, biting his lip.

“I suppose I just wanted to leave an impression.” He said to his defense, retrieving his bulge.

“Then goal achieved, sir,” Karkat murmured, taking his teacher’s member in his hands, and sucking on it gently.

Dualscar sighed, and pet Karkat’s hair. “You’re such a good kid, you know that?”

“Thank you, sir,” Karkat mumbled, chills running up his spine as Cronus slowly moved inside him.

Cronus grit his teeth, resting his head on Karkat’s chest, and gripping his sides as if he were holding on for dear life. “Fuck… “

Karkat moaned, his nerves tingling in pleasure. “I fucking love you…”

Dualscar grinned. “Which one of us are you talkin’ to?”

“Both, I love you… both…” Karkat trailed off as Cronus began to play with his bulge. Karkat whimpered, toes curling, as he struggled to keep a grip on Dualscar’s cock. “Ahh~ Daddy…” He mumbled, hips beginning to twitch.

Cronus grinned, pausing his gentle thrusts in favor of making his bulge lash back and forth inside the boy under him.

"AHHHHH~" Karkat whined, his back arching at the sensation. "Oh fuck, fuck FUCK!" He cried, scrunching his eyes closed.

“Are you close, babe?” Cronus murmured, laying his cheek on Karkat’s stomach.

“Mhm!” Karkat managed, holding his breath in anticipation.

Cronus was tempted to speed up, but chose not to, wishing to respect Karkat’s request. “I lowve you,” he said instead.

Karkat gasped, legs tensing, as he felt himself tumble over the edge. “Daddy~” He moaned, pumping Dualscar’s bulge as he came.

Cronus groaned as the walls of Karkat’s nook seemed to pulse around him, spurts of fluid escaping the entrance with every thrust. “Fuuuuuu-u-uck~” He moaned, gripping Karkat’s torso and holding his breath, feeling release wash over him.

Karkat gave a quivering warble, his fingers still playing with the man next to him.

Dualscar sighed, not nearly as close to orgasm as he would like to be. “Now, now, Karkat.” He murmured, Karkat’s eyes appearing drowsy. “You still have a job to do… be a good boy, and make
“Your teacher cum.”

Karkat’s ears pricked up at the request, the energy returning to his eyes. “Yes, sir!” Karkat pulled himself out from under Cronus, and crouched under Dualscar, caressing him with his tongue. He rubbed his nook on the sheets as he worked, leaving red and violet stains. “Please cum on my face, sir, I want to know what it feels like~”

“Fuck- kid-” Dualscar hissed, biting his thumb and digging his claws into his pillow.

“Will you? Will you please, sir?”

“Yeah, -fuck-, I’ll cum on your face, if you like… cover you in royal slurry, is that what you want?”

Karkat bobbed his head up and down enthusiastically. “Yes, sir! God, I want proof that you own me, that I’m your little bulge slut~ Please, please cover me!”

“You know-” Dualscar grunted. “Just what to fucking say, kid-” And with a final groan, he came.

Karkat scrunched his eyes shut as he felt the rush of fluids hit his face. He panted quietly, and began to lick the purple off his cheeks, much to Dualscar’s entertainment.

Dualscar nodded, smiling. He glanced at the crack under the door, biting the inside of his cheek as he realized Elfrid had started turning off the lights in the halls. “Fuck, what time is it…” he turned, eyes fixing on the analog clock he kept on his bedside table. 10:34. The seadweller pinched the bridge of his nose, sighing. “Alright, kids, time for bed.” He hesitated, before realizing Kankri was still probably in the bathroom. He reached into his back pocket, retrieving his phone, and sent a text to Elfrid.

CA:<< Hey, I hate to ask you to do this, but one of the mutant kids is in the bathroom. Take him to his room, will you? Oh… and, uh, brace yourself… he’s kinda… you know. Nude… And… horny?

SB: Haha< Sir< I’m 40 sweeps< I have no sex drive< I doubt I will be shaken>

CA:<< I know you don’t, Elfrid, I know you don’t.

Dualscar placed his phone on the nightstand, before grabbing a pack of earplugs. He passed some to Cronus. “Sorry, kid, they’re designed for seadwellers.” He bit his lip. “Listen. No matter what you hear tonight, don’t leave. You are not permitted to leave this room, do you understand?”

Karkat frowned, taking this as more of a warning than a suggestion. “Yes, sir.”

“And… don’t wake me, okay?” With that, Dualscar clapped his hands, closing the blinds to keep out the sun, and began to fall asleep.

**Kankri rolled in his bed, a solid three fingers in his nook, hips rocking into nothing. He needed
sex.... fuck, fuck, he needed it... slowly, he removed his fingers and climbed off the mattress. He trembled, tears prickling the corners of his eyes, and crawled over to the door, opening it slowly. He stared down the darkened hall, breath catching in his throat as he felt his bulge thrash between his thighs. "PLEASE!" He cried out, praying someone would respond. He shivered, waiting, but was met with nothing.

slowly, he dragged himself into the hall, trembling, and attached himself to the first door, red beginning to drip down his leg. He shook the knob violently, but alas, it was locked. So was the next one. And the one after that. And the one after that... all of them. Every goddamn door was locked. Kankri collapsed to his knees at the end of the hall, a sob leeching into his voice as he begged, pleaded for the attention he so desperately needed. "I'M S9RRY!" He cried, hating himself so much for the display he made at dinner. He needed them, he'd do anything for them, so long as it meant he would be filled. He continued sobbing, screaming for someone to help him, but at this point, he was mostly talking to himself.

That is, until he heard a door creak open.

"The fuck is all this racket?" Eridan asked, groggy, as he trudged down the hallway to confront Kankri.

Kankri's eyes widened and his heart skipped a beat in pure, unadulterated glee.

Eridan stopped dead in his tracks as he got a good look at Kankri, and realized how painfully naked he was. And the fact that Kankri was bounding towards him like a hound to a steak. He began taking fearful steps back, heart catching in his throat, and turned to make a run for it.

Before he could, Kankri attached himself to Eridan's leg, staring up at him, teary-eyed. "Fuck me, 9h please master, fuck me!"

Eridan gave a strangled yelp, trying to free himself from Kankri's grip. "Get the fuck off me!"

Kankri did so without so much as a hesitation, sitting back on his heels.

Eridan tried to calm himself, blinking a few times in attempt to make sure this wasn't a dream. He stared down at Kankri, and... oh fuck, there was his bulge, the tip pushing out of his sheathe cautiously. He wasn't sure if he should be turned on or terrified. Eridan grit his teeth. "Look, fuck, okay, we need to get you help..." he turned away from Kankri, rising a distressed whine. Eridan shook his head, and continued down the hall, before knocking on his father's door. "Dad, somefin's wrong wwith Kan!" He called.

Karkat sat up, staring at the source of the noise.

"What? What's wrong with him?" He asked, a concerned tone shifting into his voice.

Eridan stiffened. Why was Karkat in his dad's room...? He shook his head, focusing back on the task at hand. "He's not acting right! Get dad!"

Karkat shook his head. "He told me not to wake him!"

Eridan scoffed. "Kar, this is a fuckin' EMERGENCY! Get him up already!"
Karkat said nothing, laying back down on the bed.

"Kar?"

"I'm... sorry. I can't."

Eridan groaned in frustration. Since when was Karkat such a fuckin' teachers pet? He could call Elfrid... no, no, fuck that, there was no way he was tainting that sweet old man's innocence.

He gave a shaky breath and turned back to Kankri. "Wwhat do you need right noww?"

He regretted asking.

Kankri ground his sopping nook against his heel. "Fuck me, 9h please, master, just fucking wreck me already, please!"

Eridan rubbed his temples and turned away, taking a deep breath. "I meant like wwater or something, jesus..."

"Cum! Please let me have y9ur cum~"

Eridan groaned. "You knoww wwhat... just... fuck, followw me." He lead Kankri to his room, and sat on the bed.

Kankri whimpered, hips rocking as he stared at Eridan from the floor.

"Alright... so... howw the fuck is this supposed to wwork?"

Kankri sighed, and crawled onto Eridan's lap, rising a hushed gasp from him. "Just relax~" he purred, reaching his hand down and palming Eridan through his pajama pants.

Eridan sighed and bit his lip, nodding. "Yeah, yeah, alright..." he lay down on the bed, heart pounding in his chest, as he felt Kankri slide his pants down his legs.

Kankri latched his mouth onto Eridan's squirming member, rising a hushed gasp.

"Fuck... oh... fuck..." Eridan mumbled, his legs tensing up, beginning to shake.

"Does it feel good, master?" Kankri hummed, pumping the organ roughly with his fingers.

Eridan nodded, holding his breath. "Fuck... slow down a bit, wwill you?" He asked.

"9f c9urse, master!"

The seadweller sighed, the touch turning soft and gentle. "Yeah... yeah, just like that," he slurred, staring down at Kankri. He bit his lip. "I feel like I should be doing somefin, here..."

Kankri nodded, eyes half lidded. "Do whatever you want to me, master~"

Eridan shook his head, chest tensing. "Fuck, no, like... is there anything you wwant?"
Kankri purred, nodding. "Fucking wreck me, please, I want it, I want you to hurt me, use me like the trash I am, please-"

"OKAY, WHOA! Holy shit, do you hear yourself right now?" Eridan took off his glasses and put them on the bed, before rubbing his eyes. "Just... tell me if you want me to do anything normal, alright?"

Kankri stared off into space, as if registering what was being asked of him. "Do you... could you touch my horns?"

Eridan sighed, smiling. "There we go." He began to stroke the base of the nubs with his thumb, rising a moan from Kankri, Kankri returning his attention to Eridan's bulge.

The seadweller sighed, resting his cheek against Kankri's head. "That feels really... really nice," he murmured, snuggling into the older troll's hair.

Kankri nodded, a warm feeling bubbling up in his chest. "Eridan?" He sniffed. "You're... really kind."

Eridan smiled. "Thanks... you too?"

Kankri began to lap at Eridan's cock again, cradling the seadweller's hips.

"So... what was going on at dinner?"

Kankri hesitated. "I was... angry. At your dad... and your brother."

"Why?"

Kankri sat back on his heels, staring at the ground, the emotions rushing back to him. He covered his mouth with his hand, shaking his head. "I'm their fucking whore..."

Eridan frowned, sliding off the bed. "Whoa, whoa, Kan... it's okay, shhhhh... shhh..." The seadweller hugged Kankri, patting him on the back.

Kankri returned the gesture, his nook beginning to pulse at Eridan's touch. He gave a shaky moan, and pushed Eridan back against the bedframe, returning to his bulge.

Eridan hesitated, stopping him. "You're... sure you're okay with this?"

Kankri nodded, eyes wide. "I need it~"

The seadweller pursed his lips, and let him go. "I... okay."

Kankri dragged his tongue along the length, his tongue sweeping up pools of precum as he went.

"Ahhh~ Kan~!" Eridan murmured, curling up and covering his face with his hands.

"Please, master, cum on me!"

"FUUUUCK-" Eridan moaned, his bulge giving short spasms, before spraying purple onto the tongue of the waiting mutant.
“Aaaah~” Kankri moaned, slumping in between Eridan’s legs. “Thank y9u, master…”

The seadweller trembled, blinking, as if confused. “I… oh god… Cronus is going to kill me…” he facepalmed, collapsing onto his bed. “WWHAT THE FUCK DID I JUST DO?” He yelled at himself, registering that he just came on the face of his brother’s boyfriend.

Kankri pursed his lips, and stood, pushing Eridan onto the mattress. “Please d9n’t regret it…” he shivered. “Y9u… didn’t d9 anything wr9ng.”

Eridan gave a shaky sigh, scrunching his eyes shut. He hugged Kankri tight before swallowing the lump in his throat, and allowing himself to drift asleep.

The Empress clicked her nails together, humming to troll Nicki Minaj as it blasted through her speakers. Her ears pricked up at the sound of a notification. She reached over to her phone and picked it up, clicking on the text from Darkleer. Her eyes widened at the sight of a bucket filled to the brim with Fuchsia slurry.

CT: Hello, Mrs. Empress. I hate to... Introdu, but a member of the cleaning staff found this... object under Mr. Ampora's desk. E%cuse me for saying so, but I am a little concerned for the young empress.

CC: Holy carp.

CT: Ah, yes, holy carp indeed Mrs. Empress.

CC: OH SH--ELL, NO! COD CLAAAAAM IT, AMPORA!!!

The Condescension, stood, face flushed pink. "FEFERI!"

Chapter End Notes

OOOOHKAY, NEW CHAPTER, NEW, LONG ASS CHAPTER.

Thank you for reading, and all that jazz! And hey, if you've made it this far, that means you probably have some thoughts on the fic overall! Please share them in the comments below, I LOOOOOOVE reading what you people have to say!
"BUT I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!" Feferi cried, throwing her arms out in exasperation.

"OOoooooooo, riiiiig(t, so t)(is bucket )ere just filled itself, )m? And wit)( Ampora none t)(e less, hat)( t)(ee no standards?"

"Mom? Could ya maybe krill out, a bit?" Meenah asked from the corner of the room, feeling the woman was being too harsh on the youngest pixies.

The Empress scowled. "Until I get a proper expfination, I will not 'KRILL OUT!'" She groaned, and pulled out her phone, before forwarding the photo to Dualscar.

CC:T)(E FUCK IS T)(IS?
CA:<<... Oh... Oh... That's... not what you think it is.

CC: O)(, REEEELY????? T)(EN W)(AT, EXACTLY, WOULD IT BE?
CA:<<... It's... mine and the mutant kid's, I promise, Feferi has nothing to do with it.

CC: PROVE IT.
CA:<<.... If... you insist.

Dualscar sighed, and attached one of the photos he had taken of Karkat.

CA:<<There, are you happy.


CA:<<Well, I guess it doesn't matter anymore. I'm quitting.

CC: W)(at? W)(y?
CA:<<One fucking word; Makaras.

CC: A)(. Yeah, t)(at makes sense. Listen, purple buoy, I'll give you a month to find a new job. But after that, I'm going to have to cut your salary.

CA:<< I figured.

CC: Thanks. Sea you later, Ams)(ora.
The Condess sighed in relief, laying back on the couch. "Nevermind. You can go to your room, if you want, Fifi."

"I FINK I WILL!" Feferi announced, standing, fists clenched, as she stomped out of the living room.

Meenah watched her sister go, before shifting her gaze to her mother. "Umm... so, what was with the bucket, then, anyway?"

The empress grinned, chuckling slightly. "It was Ampora's, and one of the Afterus mutants."

Meenah's fins pricked up. "Dualscar's pailing with a Vantas?" she murmured, beginning to pick at her fingernails.

"Yeah. )A)(, maybe we s)(ould get t)(em to record it or somefin, that'd be s)(ore to )urt t)(is revolution bulls)(it!"

Meenah bit the inside of her cheek, a grin forming on her lips. "Yeah, yeah, that'd be great. And imagine the looks on the Beforus Vandasi when they see it! Priceless!"

The Empress smirked. "Better t)(an krilling em' t)(at's for sure. It's awfully )ard to make a martyr out of a porn star. )A)(! T)(at bitc)( Alternian version of me s)(ould be taking notes!"

Meenah's smile faltered, her chest falling heavy at the mention of the strong political discourse reining between the two dimensions. It... was pretty shit. Both Beforus and Alternia knew very well who would win in a war, and Afterus used this knowledge to practically abuse Beforus with their increasingly unreasonable treaties.

It was commonly referred to as the 'Wicked Twin Dimension', and with good reason. It appeared that for every Beforian citizen, there was an Alternain counterpart. Well... that is unless the alternate version of yourself got killed. This was... usual.

"So, do you actually want to do it?" Meenah asked, staring her mother dead in the eye.

The Empress paused. "I was joking w)(en I said it... but t)(e idea's not )(al bad, if I'm )(onest."

Meenah grinned, nodding. "So, are you gonna suggest that chute-lickin' grub-fucker a new line of employment, or should I?"

Cronus groaned, cracking his back, before sitting up. He stared down at Karkat, lying between him and his father. He pet Karkat's affectionately, before grimacing as he noted the purple that lined the corners of the kid's mouth. He pulled himself out of the covers before picking his clothes off the floor, discarding the earplugs.

Kankri. He needed to find Kankri.

Cronus opened the door, pacing into the hall, hands buried in the pockets of his jeans. He peaked his head into his boyfriend's room, blood going cold as he found it empty. "Fuck, fuck, fuuuuck," He returned to the walkway, dialing Kankri's number. After a minute or so, he was taken to the
voicemail. Kankri must not have had his phone on him, he would either hang up immediately to prove a point, or pick up in favor of giving a lecture. "Kanny?" He called quietly, continuing his search.

Then he saw it.

A smear of red on the carpet at the end of the hall. He approached it, crouching down and running his fingers over the stain. Yeah... that was defiantly pre-cum.

Cronus stared back down the passageway, eyes fixing on little drips and dribbles of the substance, seeming to make a trail. He followed it to... his brother's room. Cronus reluctantly opened the door, eyes drifting to the bed where Kankri and his brother lay. Oh fuck... oh fuck, what had he done.

Eridan groaned, opening his eyes at the sound of the door opening. "C-cro?" He mumbled, pulling himself from Kankri's grip. His eyes widened in realization, face flushing purple. "Oh- oh no..."

Cronus thought his brother might actually start crying. "Hey... shh, shh, it's okay..." he sat down on the foot of the bed. "Wwhat happened?"

"Listen, Cro, I- he, god, I'm so sorry..."

"No, no, I'm not mad, just... vwhat happened. I want to make sure you're okay..."

Eridan covered his face with his hands, crawling to the far corner of the bed. "He just wwanted it so fucking bad, I tried to get dad, but- but, Kar wwas there, and he wwouldn't wwake him- and god, Cro, he wwas so fuckin' desperate..."

Cronus bit his lip, heart twisting in pity and remorse. "Is there anything I can do?"

Eridan shook his head, averting eye contact. "You promise you're not mad?"

"Promise." Cronus reached over and shook Kankri awake, slowly pulling him out of bed.

"Mhh...?" Kankri mumbled, groggy and confused as he rolled off the mattress.

"Listen, Cheif, don't tell dad about this, okay? He vwould probably flip his shit if he found out you had sex, and I don't vwant him putting any heat on Kanny, here."

Eridan gave a shaky sigh, nodding. "I wwas afraid... wwell, that you wwere gonna tell him."

Cronus made a zipper gesture over his lips. "I didn't see nothin'. Nnow... take it easy 'n stuff, talk to me if you need to. I'm always here."

"Thanks."

And with that, he closed the door, Dragging Kankri after him. "Hey... Kanny," He mumbled, Kankri to his room.

Kankri just bit his lip, grimacing, and buried his face in Cronus's shoulder.

Dualscar sat up, cracking his back as he did so, and stretched his arms. His gaze drifted down to Karkat. "Rise and shine," He mumbled, stepping out of the sheets.

Karkat groaned, curling upright. "Good morning, sir."
"How did you sleep?"

Karkat bit his lip. "Pretty good, except... well, Eridan woke me up."

Dualscar's mouth went dry. "What?"

"He said there was something wrong with Kankri..."

The man's jaw tightened, hands clenching into fists. "Why the fuck didn't you wake me."

Karkat turned, brow furrowing. "You... told me not to."

"Listen to me. If Eridan ever needs anything, ever again, you tell me. I don't care what I say, this stands under any circumstance. Do you understand?"

Karkat nodded, twiddling with his fingers nervously. "Yes, sir. I'm sorry."

Dualscar ran his fingers through his hair. "Pick up your clothes, and get back to your room. Elfrid will call you when breakfast's ready."

"Can I... take a shower?"

Dualscar nodded. "Sure, whatever, do what you have to," He muttered, a bitter twinge to his words. He peeled his pants off the floor, stepped into them, and left to go find Eridan.

"Kanny... vve should... talk."

Kankri shrugged, staring at the floor, eyes dark and unresponsive.

Cronus bit his tongue. "Wvhat are your boundaries here. Like, set in stone, vwhat is taking it too far?"

Kankri gave a raspy laugh. "If I didn't kn9w better, I'd think y9u cared."

"Vwha- Kanny, vwhat does that mean? Of course I care!"

Kankri slung himself from his slouched position, back curling up against the chair. "I was fucking begging y9u, Cr9nus. I was fucking begging y9u t9 let me g9." He leaned over once again, giving a dark chuckle. "All y9u care about is sex, and making y9ur daddy pr9ud."

"How fucking dare you!" Cronus spat, standing from the bed.

Kankri gave a dry smile. "S9 y9u think that using me as a fuckt9y is g9ing t9 fix 9ur relationship? H9w p9etic."

Cronus shook his head. "You think that's why I took you in from Afterus? Huh? So I could fuck you? Our 'RELATIONSHIP' vwent a fucking SWEEP, vwithout so much as a fuckin' kiss! And did I complain? A little, but I mean, COME ON, you AGREED to by my matesprite, but... it never felt like you vwere."

Kankri growled. "S9 y9u think that using me as a fuckt9y is g9ing t9 fix 9ur relationship? H9w p9etic."

Cronus's eyes widened in rage. "You vvanna talk about feeling used, huh? Hvow do you think I felt? I knovw the only reason you stayed vvith me vwas because I had money!" Cronus bit the
inside of his cheek, breath shaky. "But that didn't matter to me, because I fucking loved you."

Kankri gave a grimacing chuckle. "You're wrong. As hard as it is for me to believe right now, I fucking saw something in you."

"Yeah, I was such a great listener, right?" he muttered bitterly. "Five hours straight. I fucking counted, that is how long you've rambled on at me before." he ran his fingers through his hair. "Say what you will about me, but I've made sacrifices for this relationship."

"So what? You think I love you sex because of that?"

Cronus shook his head. "I just wish you'd be grateful. Stop taking me for granted all the time."

"Well, that's not relevant anymore. I suppose. I'm leaving."

Cronus froze. He swore his bloodpusher felt like someone had jabbed a needle through it. 
"...What?"

Kankri stood, hands on his hips. "Goodbye, Cronus."

"Where will you go?"

Kankri paused.

"If you leave now, I promise, I will revoke your green card."

Kankri turned. "You wouldn't."

"Oh, I would. The green card I got for you. Cronus giweth. Cronus... can taketh away."

Kankri bit his lip, shaking his head, heart falling heavy as he began to realize how futile this was. He couldn't leave.

Cronus sighed, opening his arms. "C'mere."

Kankri looked away, before gritting his teeth, and shuffling towards the seadweller.

Cronus wrapped his arms around Kankri, nestling his head into the boy's sweater. "I love you, Kanny. I'll always love you."

"Then st9p y9ur fucking dad next time." Kankri whimpered, nails digging into Cronus's t-shirt.

He remained silent. "Unless... unless you want it."

Kankri sighed, nodding. "Deal." He paused. "I love you too."

Dualscar knocked on Eridan's door, pushing it open slightly with his knuckles. "Eri?"

Eridan glanced over at him, pulling off his headset. "Hi... dad."

The man strolled into the room, hands buried in his pockets. "Is something the matter?"
Eridan glanced at the ground, fiddling with one of his rings. "Dad... wwhy- wwhy wwas Kar in your room?"

Dualscar stiffened. "I... uh, he was... havin' a nightmare, so... I let him sleep in my room."

Eridan bit the inside of his cheek, glaring at his father. "Karkat has too much pride to ask somefin like that. Stop lying to me."

Dualscar turned away, running his fingers through his hair. Fuck......... fuck, what could he say... "Fine. There were roaches in his room, and he had to move. I didn't want to tell you, because it would gross you out."

Eridan shook his head. "Wwhatever. I'll ask him about it later."

Dualscar rubbed his sweaty palms off on his pants. "Alright. Now, uh... tell me, did anything... happen last night?"

Eridan paused. "No."

"Karkat said you were asking for me."

"No."

"Eridan, what happened."

"Nothin."

Dualscar grabbed his son by the shirt, pulling him forward. "That mutant fucker VIOLATED you, didn't he?"

Eridan shook his head, eyes widening. "N-No!"

Dualscar pushed him back onto the bed, standing. "Don't fuckin' lie to me, boy."

Eridan scowled, fins laying flat on his head.

Dualscar stared down at him, anger boiling in his gut. "My sweet... baby boy..." He hissed, snarling at the thought of Eridan laying down while Kankri used him.

"Dad, stop!"

Dualscar's gaze shifted to his son, and his expression melted. He sat on the bed, before pulling his son into a hug. He rocked back and forth, muttering little things Eridan couldn't quite catch.

"... Dad?"

"I love you so, so, so, so much, Eridan…"

Eridan nodded, hugging his father back. "I... love you too, dad."

Dualscar took a shaky breath, scrunching his eyes shut. His heart seemed to twist in anger and confusion. "What did he do to you?"

Eridan said nothing, just shaking his head. "It's okay. Please, please don't be angry."

_This is all your fault._
"Really, I'm fine! It was... nice, even?"

You got greedy, and look what happened.

"... Dad?"

You SICK, PERVERTED, FUCKING-

"Holy shit, are you crying?"

Dualscar took steady breath, blinking, before pulling away from his son. "I'm... yeah, I'm fine." He gave a pained smile, before standing. "I love you, Eridan. I love you with my whole heart."

"... Love you too."

Dualscar nodded and stood, his hands shaking. Slowly, he retreated from the room.

Eridan reached over for his phone, before making a call. "Hey, uh, Sol? Can I talk to you about something? I just... have something that I really need to get off my chest and I don't know who else to talk to."

"2eriou2ly? Ii'm not your fucking Moiirail, dip2hiit. Talk to KK or somethiing, Li don't care."

"I can't! He's part of the glubbin' problem!"

"Oh, great, lemme gu22, you a2ked hiim out, he 2aiid no, becau2e you 2uck, and now you're coming to me about your boyfriend problem2."

"No. Okay, something is seriously wwrong. Ugh, wwhere do I start...."

"Wait, doe2 thi2 have to do wiith that call you gave me la2t niight? Wtf wa2 up wiith that?"

"Do you really wwant to knoww? Because I'm not so sure you do."

"Biitch, I'm not a fuckin' wwriggler, I can handle it."

"I... um. I saw his brother... uh. Hmm. He was. He was uh..."

"Touchiing hiim2elf? I feel liike you're tryiing two 2ay he wa2 toucihing hiim2elf."

"It's more than that. He was tied up... and, and on a pool ball, and I think my dad is behind it, and then last night, he was... oh, glub, I can't even say it!"

"Okay, 2low down, fuck, he wa2 tiied up?"

"Yeah. He started like... freaking out at dinner, so Cro and my dad took him to the game room, and I thought they had just like, I dunno, shooshed him and left him to calm down or somefin, but then... I walked in there, and his hands were tied up, and he was trying to fit a pool ball in his nook."

"Holy 2hiit, wait, thi2 ii2 KK'2 brother we're talkiing about?"

"Yes, sol! Kankri, I'm talking about Kankri!"

"But he'2 celiibate!"

"No. Not anymore at least, I think something broke in him, he's been acting crazy! Maybe he's in
"Heat2 aren't real, 2tupid. Okay, 2o, you are being 100% 2eriou2 riight now?"

"Yeeees, I am!"

"Okay. I2 Karkat 2afe."

"... I... I don't knoww."

"Go check on hiim. Riight now."

Eridan put down the headset, standing, and wandering into the hall to find his friend.

"Ahhhhhh... Cr9nus~"

"Hovw's that feeling, babe?"

"Cr9nus... it feels... amazing..."

Makeup sex probably wasn't the... healthiest way to mend a relationship, but right now, it was all the seadweller had. He played gently with the folds of Kankri's nook, trying to find what made him moan loudest. He was currently grinding his heel against his sheath, in a desperate attempt to keep his bulge in place. He didn't want any pheromones involved this time. Or... as little as possible. He hoped it would be more... meaningful, if it was Kankri doing to talking, not some drug. Though... realistically, there's no way that he could keep all of them out of Kankri's system.

"I love you so much, Kanny..."

"Then shut up, and use y9ur m9uth 9n me!"

Cronus did so, lapping at the folds of his lover's nook, suckling softly at the flesh.

"AAAAH! Yes~ YES!" Kankri took hold onto Cronus's horns and lead his mouth up to his bulge. "Ahh, 9pen up wide, 6aby."

Cronus's fins fluttered, his mouth slipping around the appendage.

"FuuuuUUUCK! G99d 69Y, Cr9nus!"

Cronus shivered, his knees going weak at Kankri's words.

"Wh9's the wh9re n9w, hmm? Liking the taste 9f my c9ck, are y9u?"

Cronus glanced up at him, shivering. This was hurting his ego... just a, just a little bit.

Kankri's legs laced around Cronus's back, pulling him closer. He dug his nails into Cronus's horns, using them to force the Ampora's head down his length.

Cronus detected sadism.

"Y9u 9we me this, fucker. D9n't give me that l99k."

Cronus glanced at the floor, nodding, lips still pulled tight around the bulge in his mouth.
"MmmMMhhm!" Kankri's toes curled as he ground his crotch into Cronus's face. "Ahhhh~ yeah, use y9ur t9ngue- FUCK!"

Cronus did so reluctantly, rolling the bulge in his maw while expertly dodging his teeth. Is this how Kankri felt? It was... fuck, this was embarrassing.

Kankri gave a telling moan, hips bucking against Cronus's lips. His throat felt so fucking cool around him, and god was it amazing. "I'm in c9ntr9l n9w, 6itch, understand me?"

Cronus swallowed, nodding again. Fuck, Kankri was more pissed than he thought. He... this kind of anger, that's not what he sounded like, was it? He just wanted to spice things up a bit, earn a nice reaction... feel powerful? This was going full on spades, and he didn't like it one fucking bit. He wanted to keep Kankri in a nice shiny red quadrant, and that's it. Was that too much to ask for?

Kankri grit his teeth, hands move to the base of his horns, gripping them tightly. "Ahh- fuck, this is what y9u fucking get, wh9re,"

Cronus paused, breath hitching as he felt Kankri's claws drag down his scalp. Ooooh, oh shit, that was blood, oh fuck, he was bleeding. He pulled back, gasping, and wiped his mouth off on the back of his hand. His hands rose to his hair, a violet sheen rubbing off on his fingertips. "Wvhat the fuck, chief!? I never made you bleed, that ain't fair!"

Kankri glared at him, eyes darkened. "6itch, y9u tied me up, kicking and screaming, f9rced me int9 the back seat 9f y9ur car, where y9u pr9mptly let y9ur FATHER fuck the living daylights 9ut of me, 6ef9re tying me up YET AGAIN, n9 less than an h9ur later. FUCKER, Y9U CAN HANDLE A FEW SCABS!"

Cronus swallowed. "Okay, the vway you say it, it sounds pretty bad... but you did... ask me to pull ovwer, Kanny."

Kankri bit his lip, scowling. "I... " His brow furrowed. He was... right. He had asked for it, begged even. Even if he regretted it... he couldn't hold Cronus to that. "S9rry... I'll... g9 find y9u s9me disinfectant 9r s9mething. I will return sh9rtly, please d9n't g9 anywhere."

Kankri stood, pulling up his pants, before wandering into the hall. The butler would probably know. He made his way down the steps, eyes catching on Dualscar, the man smoking while drinking what appeared to be scotch.

Dualscar's gaze fixed on him, a snarl forming on his lips. "Sit down."

Kankri bit his lip, scowling. "I... " His brow furrowed. He was... right. He had asked for it, begged even. Even if he regretted it... he couldn't hold Cronus to that. "S9rry... I'll... g9 find y9u s9me disinfectant 9r s9mething. I will return sh9rtly, please d9n't g9 anywhere."

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Dualscar's gaze fixed on him, a snarl forming on his lips. "Sit down."

Kankri bit his lip, scowling with the sleeve of his sweater. "I... uh, Cr9nus is hurt, I need t9 get him someth-"

"I said, SIT DOWN."

Kankri swallowed, grabbing a seat across from Dualscar.

Dualscar folded his hands over his face, glaring across the table. "Words... cannot express my contempt for you in this moment."

Kankri snickered. "The feeling is mutual."

Dualscar grit his teeth, clutching the edges of the table as if making an attempt to restrain himself. "I don't think you understand... what you just did."
"Well, then I suppose you should enlighten me."

"It was his first fucking time, for christ's sake! He's a kid. Kankri. It's not fair to drag him into this."

"This? What do you mean 'this'? Your attempt to turn me into a sex doll?"

Dualscar rolled his eyes. "You're exaggerating."

"I'm not sure I am. Mr. Ampora, with all due respect, you are... cruel. I'm afraid of what you're trying to do to me."

"Afraid?" The man laughed, taking another chug of his liquor. "Honey, you don't have anything to be scared of... I'm tryin' to give you a good life, here."

Kankri raised an eyebrow. "9h... really?" He chuckled, shaking his head. "Forgive me, but I find it rather difficult to believe you have my best interest in mind."

"Hey, I gave you a bed, didn't I? I've fed you... hell, I've been feeding you for a sweep now. Everything that Cronus has given you came out of my pocket!" He sucked on his cigarette, eyes hazy. "Doesn't that... deserve a little thanks?"

Kankri narrowed his eyes. "I don't owe you shit. They were gifts, with strings attached."

Mr. Ampora raised an eyebrow. "You don't owe me, huh? Spoiled fucking bitch, you owe me EVERYTHING. You owe me your education, your home, and the clothes off your back."

Kankri growled, standing. "You're calling me spoiled? Fucker, you were hatched with a silver spoon in your mouth. I worked harder than you have in your entire life, just to stay alive. And through I appreciate your generosity, the only difference between you and I, is that I got the short straw. You didn't earn your wealth, Mr. Ampora, it was given to you."

Dualscar grit his teeth, standing. "Do NOT underestimate my life. It's not been a pretty ride."

"And even if it was just bad luck that got you where you were, do NOT forget who took you out. It was my good will that saved you, nothing more, nothing less." He chuckled. "Some people just won't appreciate what they've got until it's taken from them. So let's start with those pretty little clothes, shall we? I'll make you appreciate me. I'll teach you to be fucking grateful, you fucking scum!"

Kankri backed away, circling around the table as Mr. Ampora approached him. "We're not doing this again."

"Oh, but we are dearie. Fuck it, you'll sleep naked on the floor tonight, if you don't behave yourself."

"Y9u're drunk."

"And I'm serious."

"Dad?"

The two turned, staring up the steps as Eridan emerged.

His eyes danced between the two, a pit forming in his stomach as he surveyed the scene. "Ww... wwhere's Kar?"

Dualscar frowned, leaning back up against the table. "I... uh..." He shook his head. "Check the
guest bedroom at the end of the hall."

Eridan nodded, but stayed very still. "What's... going on here?"

Dualscar glanced over at Kankri. "Nothing you should be worrying yourself about."

Eridan paused, meeting Kankri’s panicked gaze. "Hey, uh, Kan, do you wanna... play some video games with me, or somethin?"

Kankri nodded, keeping his eyes on Dualscar as he slowly made his way up the stairs.

Dualscar bit his thumb, saying nothing.

Karkat hissed as the sizzling water hit his chest, reaching for the knob to turn it cooler. He adjusted the dial slowly, until he felt a warm spray against his skin. He leaned against the back of the shower cell, staring through the crystal-cut glass into the enormous bathroom.

This was the life of luxury.

Part of him was actually glad he got to stay here.

No more hot water battles for him!

He reminisced back to a time when he thought that Cronus's apartment was the best a person could get. When he was used to sleeping on dirt floors, and tent bottoms. He closed his eyes, nostalgia washing over him as he remembered sleeping in a tree fort he and Kankri had built, waiting patiently for his brother to return home. He would come back with food, and sometimes even little bits of candy or cakes. It was probably stolen, but Kankri insisted he had paid for it with well earned money.

"Where'd you get the money from then, hmm?"

Kankri would always dodge the question.

"I bet you're a hitman or something! And you just won't say, so that they won't be able to interrogate me!"

"D9n't be ridicul9us."

"Alright, then tell me!"

He would always dodge the question.

Cronus hissed as he dabbed toilet paper on his scalp, the wounds stinging like hell from all the product he put in his hair. He was intent on waiting for Kankri, but it had been almost half an hour now, and he was starting to get antsy. He sighed, and slowly made his way out of his bedroom’s private bathroom, before peeking his head into the hall. "Kanny?"

He got no response. Reluctantly, he paced quietly out the door, almost as if he were afraid of getting into trouble. He tiptoed down the staircase to see what appeared to be his father, passed out under the table, cradling a bottle. Oh shit. Oooooh, shit. "Dad?"
Dualscar remained unresponsive.

Cronus hurried down the steps, pulling the bottle from his father's grip and reading the label. Yep. That was whiskey. He put the liquor on the table. "C'mon, let's get you to bed."

His father muttered something, but didn't protest as Cronus took a hold of his torso, helping him stand.

"How much did you drink?"

"Cro... I'm a terrible father."

Kankri seated himself on Eridan's bed, fiddling with the hem of his sweater. "Thank you...

The seadweller sat next to Kankri and ran his fingers through his dyed hair. "What's... what the hell is going on?"

The mutant gave a steady exhale, glancing at Eridan out of the corner of his eye. "I'm not going to drag you into this."

"But, Kan, I can help you!"

"Well if you have to pick a side, I want it to be theirs." Kankri sighed, covering his eyes with his hand. "I don't want you to get trapped because of me. And... honestly, Eridan? You're just a kid. I'm not going to be responsible for fucking up your relationship with your father."

Eridan frowned, staring at his rings. "I could talk some sense into him."

"No you can't. He'd just use your naive nature to dismiss any argument you would bring forward. I appreciate your kindness... but... if all the people, you're the last one who wants to get on his bad side."

Eridan huffed, crossing his arms. "It's not right."

"Hah. You have me there, young Ampora, you have me there." Kankri stared at the ground. "I need to gawk my r9m. Thank you, Eridan. And... I'm sorry for the display I made last night."

Purple rushed to Eridan's face at the mention, biting his lip. "I... uh. It's fine?"

Kankri nodded, before departing to go get the disinfectant.

"Shh... shh, dad, it's okay..."

The man took shaky breaths, covering his face with his hands. "I am so... angry, right now..."

Cronus nodded, hugging his father around the shoulders. "I know, I know..."

"Don't fucking papa me."

"Sorry."

"Cr9nus? I... g9t y9u the..." Kankri trailed off, pausing in the doorway.

Cronus gestured him over to the bed, and cautiously, he did so.
Dualscar's hands shook as his gaze shifted to the source of the noise.

(Say you're sorry!) Cronus mouthed, patting his father gently on the shoulder.

"Sir... I'm... s9rry?"

"I want to choke you right now."

"Please... d9n't." Kankri murmured. Cautiously, he sat down next to the seething man. "I'm really, really s9rry."

"You wanna make it up to me?" The man grabbed Kankri by the hair, pulling him in.

Kankri gasped, tensing. He shook his head, feeling a warmth beginning to rise in his stomach.

"Aww, come on. Don't give me that... just yesterday, you were fucking begging for my cum. Don't you remember?"

The tension in Kankri's shoulders seemed to melt away as a shiver passed through him.

"Dad! No."

"Dad, yes."

Kankri's eyes went dull. "Ahhh...?"

"See? He agrees with me." Dualscar smirked, gripping Kankri harder by the head.

Cronus scowled. "Kankri? Do-you-vwant-this."

"Uh... uuhuh..."

"You knowv vwhat? No. C’mon, vwe’re leawving."

Kankri didn’t move, shaking his head.

“Kanny?”

“I want it, Cr9nus, I want it really... really bad.”

Dualscar sneered, his arms snaking around Kankri’s waist. “Well, you heard him, love.”

Cronus glanced at his father and bit his lip, remembering how tortured Kankri seemed the last time they had denied him. "Dad?"

The man grinned, pushing the boy onto the bed.

Kankri purred, his nook clenching into itself.

Dualscar kissed a trail up Kankri's neck, gripping him tightly. "You're so warm... you're so warm, and you're all mine~"

"Aaah!"

"Dad, be nice, okay?"
Dualscar threw his son a glare, sneering. "What do you say, Kanny, want me to play nice?"

"I d9n't fucking... care..." Kankri gasped as Dualscar nipped his ear. "D9n't... st9p..."

"Dad." Cronus warned, fists clenching.

The man sighed. "FIIIIINE. But only because I love you~"

The greaser rolled his eyes. "Lowve you too..."

Dualscar smirked, returning his attention to Kankri. He rested his lips on Kankri's neck, and allowed a steady exhale, sending a cold shiver up Kankri's spine. "I... fuckin' hate you..." Dualscar slurred,

Kankri moaned, his bulge twisting in his skinny jeans.

"I hate, you, Kankri Vantas. I hate you... with every bone in my body..."

The mutant shivered, heart aching in what seemed to be reciprocation.

Cronus frowned, but stayed silent. He... wasn't sure what to think of that.

"Then fuck me already."

Cronus gave a dry laugh. "Yeah, I'm not going to wvatch this." He slowly finger-gunned out of the room. If Kankri and his father were going spades... well, he wanted nothing to do with it.

Kankri watched him leave, taking a shallow breath as he was left alone with the drunk.

**Dualscar seemed to be glaring into Kankri's soul, pinning him to the bed. He dragged his hands down to Kankri's waist and began to peel off his pants. "I want to make you... scream."**

The mutant gave a lazy smirk. "Then d9... y9ur... w9rst."

At that, the man forced apart Kankri's legs, and sank his fingers into his nook.

Kankri gasped, his back arching. "That the 6est y9u've g9t?"

Dualscar gave a rough chuckle. "If I didn't know better, little mutant, I'd think you were trying to antagonize me."

The boy gave a sly shrug. "Wh9 kn9ws? I might 6e."

The seadweller sneered. "Aww, come now... you don't have to do any work to make me hate you... Just be yourself."

Kankri took a deep breath as Dualscar twisted his fingers, hands going to his head as if to ground himself. "Yeah, keep at that..."

"Haha, I'm glad my little slut is enjoying himself~" The man landed a sharp smack on Kankri’s thigh.

"Aaaaaaaaah~"

Dualscar grinned, his hands moving under Kankri’s sweater. Slowly, he stripped it off the boy. The seadweller stared down at the fabric, before folding it and pushing Kankri to the side.
“... What are y9u d9ing?”

Dualscar took the cloth to the closet, before stuffing it onto the top shelf, where the mutant would surely not be able to reach it. “I told you, didn’t I? You’ll sleep naked on the floor like the dog you are.”

Kankri squirmed at the thought, his breath hitching. “6ut… hmmMmm!”

Dualscar returned to the bed, pushing Kankri down. He brushed his fingers along the mutant’s cheeks, admiring the flush that graced them. “So fucking pretty.”

“Thank y9u... daddy.”

Dualscar grinned, burying his face into the crook of Kankri’s neck. “It’s really damn hard to stay mad at you, you know that?”

Kankri shivered, his hands slowly tracing up to Dualscar’s fins. “What if I want y9u mad at me?”

Dualscar’s smile faded. “Then you’re underestimating me.”

Kankri paused, glancing up at him.

The man grinned once again, his hand going to Kankri’s bulge. “Aww, don’t be scared. I wouldn't want to hurt my little slut~”

The boy’s eyes widened as he felt the fingers fasten around him, a quiet moan escaping him.

"You're such a good boy, Kankri."

The redblood purred in response, rolling his hips into Dualscar's palm.

The man smiled serenely, fingers drifting to Kankri's nook. "So... fucking beautiful."

The mutant said nothing, only snuggling into Dualscar's chest.

The seadweller smiled, rolling over on the bed, Kankri now resting on his torso. He swallowed, rubbing Kankri's cheek with his thumb. "Turn around."

The mutant hesitated, but did as requested, now face to facing the seadweller’s bulge. His eyes widened as he felt a tongue drag across his nook. Kankri gasped for air, legs twitching at the sensation. "Ahhh!"

The man smirked, tracing his hands to rest on the boy's quivering thighs.

Kankri bit his lip, eyes focusing on the bulge twisting in front of him. He held it, still trembling from the tongue at his folds. Slowly, he began to pump it, and was able to bring the tip into his lips.

As Dualscar was quite a bit taller than the mutant, he wouldn't be able to get a whole lot in his mouth. However he worked enthusiastically with his hands.

"Mhhhh! Good boy, Kankri!” Dualscar managed, hips beginning to buck subtly.

Kankri hummed, rolling his tongue around the tip as he worked.

"FUCK! Kid~” Dualscar gasped, running his fingers along the folds of the boy's nook. He covered
his face with his hands, downright moaning into them. Slowly, he returned his mouth to work.

Kankri began to grind his hips into Dualscar's mouth, licking at the bulge in his hands with reckless abandon.

Dualscar held his breath, lips pursing against Kankri's nook as he felt his bulge begin to contract. He dragged his tongue up and down the slit, the scent and taste seeming to consume him. "K-kid… Ahhhh, FUCK!"

Kankri scrunched his eyes shut as he felt the liquid hit him, the bulge in his hands pulsing hypnotically. He began to lick the fluid from his cheeks.

Dualscar sighed, leaning back to rest, before returning to Kankri's nook.

Kankri keened, gripping Dualscar's hips with his claws. "Yes, yes! MmmHhhhm, thank y9u, daddy~"

The man smiled, sucking up a bead of red fluid rolling down Kankri’s nook. "Thank me when I've made you cum. Here, just... sit on my mouth."

Kankri backed up slowly, and did as requested. "Y9u... d9n't need t9 d9 that f9r me."

Dualscar said nothing, pulling the mutant onto his lips.

Kankri trembled, bracing his weight on Dualscar's chest. "Ahhhhh~ I l9ve it, g9d, I l9ve it, daddy."

The man gave a thumbs up, not pausing for a moment.

Slowly, Kankri's hips began to rock against Dualscar's tongue. His eyes drifted to the ground, a weight seeming to form on his chest as he slowly recognized his position. A sense of confusion began to build in his gut, the mouth at his nook becoming all too vivid.

But he didn't move.

Oh, no he stayed put.

Why? Because, despite the confusion and surreal nature of the situation, this was his reward. He earned this, and he wasn't turning around now.

He bit his lip, wrapping his legs around Dualscar's head as if to retain some control.

At this, the seadweller paused. After a moment, he seemed to think nothing of it, and continued.

Kankri grit his teeth, burying his face in his arms as he felt orgasm rapidly approaching.

Dualscar seemed to take notice, and chose to slow down, in favor of making this nice and sweet for his little mutant.

The redblood gasped, legs clenching as he finished, red spurting onto Dualscar's lips and dribbling down his cheeks.

The man continued regardless, helping the mutant through the orgasm.

"Ahhhh, fuuuuck~" Kankri whined, twitching at the touch.

The seadweller pet him affectionately, sucking gently against the sensitive folds.
“AAAAHhhhhaaaa~” The mutant's back arched, another short spurt of liquid bursting from his nook and bulge. He tensed his muscles, eyes wide, before going limp.

Dualscar smiled, running his hands along Kankri's sides, before gently pushing the boy off.

Kankri rolled over onto the bed, panting quietly.

The man cracked a smile and snuggled into Kankri's hair. "I love you~"

The boy said nothing.

Dualscar sighed and rolled off the bed, clambering over to the closet and reaching up to grab the sweater. He swallowed, slowly pacing back to the bed.

The boy stared up at it, frowning as it was handed to him. "What happened t9 sleeping naked 9n the fl99r?"

Dualscar hesitated, shaking his head, his heart seeming to twist. "... I..." he sat down, resting his head on Kankri’s shoulder. “I forgive you.”

Kankri clutched the wool, taking a shaky breath. He turned to snuggle his face into Dualscar's hair. "I... f9rgive... y9u t99."

Cronus rubbed his eyes, resting his head on the table as Elfrid put a plate in front of him.

“You must be hungry.”

The greaser nodded, digging his spoon into the oatmeal. “Thanks.”

The butler nodded. “You are very welcome, sir,” he replied, before making his way up the stairs.

The seadweller stayed silent, stirring his food.

~bzzzz~

He glanced up at the noise, frowning.

~bzzzz~

Slowly, Cronus stood, pacing around the table to the source of the sound.

~bzzzz~

He crouched down, eyes fixing on what appeared to be his father’s phone. It must have fallen out of his back pocket he was laying on the floor.

~bzzzz~

He picked it up, pressing on the home-button to light up the screen.

It was from Meenah.

He bit his lip, glancing back up the stairs, and entered his father’s password.
CC: hey, listen, amshora. I hear you’re outta the job. So, i was thinkin’. If you can manage to get back in bed with the Vantas, maybe ask him if you can record it. I am asking strictly for political reason.

CC: so.

CC: what do ya say?

CC: wanna get frisky on camera?

Cronus’s toes curled. Meenah… wanted that? She would want to see him in a sex tape? His fins fluttered at the thought.

CA: deal.

CC: lovely.
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Kankri's eyes fluttered open at the sensation of something rubbing against his horn. He moved, frowning, to find whatever the source was, but discovered he was inhibited by a pair of arms wrapped around him snugly. Cautiously, he turned his head to see Dualscar, seemingly passed out. Kankri tisked, shifting his head ever so slightly so that Dualscar's cheek was no longer rubbing against the nub.

His head began to fill with the events of the past couple hours, and near sighed in relief as he realized he was fully dressed. His nook fluttered at the recent memory of Dualscar's lips against it, and an involuntary purr began to rise in his throat.

At this, Dualscar seemed to snuggle closer into him, but did not wake up.

Kankri tried to stifle the noise, in fear of waking him, but it only made it come out as a croaking mess. So, he let it continue. He silently debated escape... but, somehow, the arms wrapped around him made him feel so safe... so loved. Slowly, he drifted back to sleep.

*Karkat lay down on his bed, staring at the ceiling. His hair still damp from the shower, he could feel moisture seeping into the pillow. His eyes drifted to the T.V that lay across from the bed, but he slowly dismissed the idea. It would probably be airing nothing but political bullshit or stuff for wrigglers. And on the off chance he was able to find a romcom, odds are, he would have seen it a million times.

So, he sat in silence, beginning to reflect on his day. His mind wandered to Dualscar, and his toes curled. "I'm your good little slut..." He murmured to himself, grinning. He glanced at the door and ran his tongue over his teeth. He... had nothing better to do.

**Karkat pulled the blankets over himself and slipped his thumbs around the waistband of his jeans, pushing down his pants and boxers. "Master..." He purred, fingers beginning to stroke at the entrance to his sheathe. He eased his bulge into the open.

The boy stifled a moan, running his fingers along the subtle ridges coating the underside, reveling in the way he could apply pressure to the soft ribs of cartilage. His mind wandered back to the day before, in desperate search for something to think about while he touched himself. His bulge seemed to shudder in his fingertips as he remembered Dualscar stuffing the organ inside his nook. His hips bucked into the air at the recollection, and wishing to reenact it in any way possible, he began to feed his bulge into his entrance, taking steady moans as he did so. It hurt at first, having to strain his bulge in order to find the flexibility. Like trying to touch something with the tip of your tongue, that was just out of reach. It seemed to press too tightly to the top of his nook, and threatened to slip out at any moment, there being little leverage to help him. Determined, Karkat grit his teeth, stuffing his fingers along side his pulsing member in desperate attempt to keep it in place.

It wasn’t as good as when Dualscar did it to him.
Though… he supposed little could be, Dualscar seeming to set his nerves on fire wherever he laid his fingers. A desire began to set in him as he realized he wouldn’t be able to replicate the touch. He needed him… he needed him to feel like that.

He whimpered, rubbing his bulge roughly in his nook in desperate attempt to pacify the longing beginning to rise in his gut.

Karkat covered his mouth with his hand, hissing into his palm. He imagined Dualscar, leading him naked through the halls on a leash. And toys, yes, oh, yes, he would be stuffed to the brim with toys~

He took a steady gasp, scrunching his eyes shut in an attempt to better picture the scene he was setting for himself. Dualscar would play with him… he’d make him cum again and again and again~ And when he was done… He’d make him lick every bit of material from the floor.

Karkat bit his lip, his bulge beginning to writhe in his nook. *That’s it...* He thought to himself, rolling his hips against his fingers.

-creeeaaaak-

He turned to face the door, his heart seeming to skip a beat in excitement.

It was… Eridan.

Karkat looked down at himself, brow furrowing, and realized it would be obvious to anyone with eyes what he was doing. He hissed, hanging his head.

Eridan held his breath, face flushing as he stood frozen in the doorway. “Hey… Kar?” He whimpered, crossing his legs.

Karkat stared Eridan up and down, and as if through guilt by association, the Ampora appeared very… very … attractive in this moment. His bulge twisted in his nook and OH GOD THAT FELT FANTASTIC- “AaaaahhhhHhh~, Fuuuuuck!!!!~”

Eridan’s knees nearly buckled at Karkat’s keen, clinging to the doorframe. He stared, mesmerized, as Karkat squirmed, hips bucking into nothing.

“Ffffuck~ god, more, please~” Karkat moaned, his free hand balling into a fist as he gripped the sheets.

Eridan said nothing, staying very still. God, he wanted to rip that fucking sheet off him…

Karkat met his eye, back arching in pleasure as his eyes went hazy. “Don’t just… fucking stand there~” He managed, grinding his nook against the sheet caught between his legs.

Eridan stared down at him, slowly walking over to the bed, a flush beginning to rise to his cheeks. “Kar… I…”

Karkat stifled a moan as his nook pulsed around his bulge.

Eridan did his best to avoid eye contact, running his hands over his arms. “Do you want me to leave, or somefin?”

“Please… stay…” Karkat managed, shaking his head.

Eridan bit his lip, quivering. “I… do you… wwant me to do somefin?” he murmured, taking a
shaky breath as he felt his bulge beginning to take an interest in the situation.

Karkat gasped, nodding, his chest shaking. “Yes… I really… fucking do…”

Eridan broke eye contact for a moment, in favor of staring at the ground. “Okay?” He squeaked. “What do you want???”

“Do I really have to fucking spell it out for you?” Karkat spat, his muscles going tense. He removed the sheet to reveal himself.

Eridan almost jumped, staring at the dripping red mess with fixation. His bulge slithered out in a second.

Karkat held his member in place, stroking it with his fingers. “I want you to fucking abuse me… I want you to go crazy on me, fuck me, use me… make me yours…”

Eridan trilled at the request, a hand going to his crotch.

“So? I’m waiting.”

Eridan had a moment of hesitation, before reaching to his fly and unzipping it with shaky fingers.

Karkat watched, sweat beading his forehead, as he continued to touch himself. His bulge seemed to throb in his hand, whether it be in anticipation or frustration, he wasn’t one to tell.

Eridan held his cock and silently compared it to Karkat’s. The violet’s was longer, it seemed, but Karkat’s was thick... swollen. Dripping. His hips squirmed at the sight.

"The fuck are you waiting for?” Karkat growled, a hungry ache beginning to spread through his nook, eyes locked on Eridan’s bulge.

Eridan shakily began to crawl over the mattress until he was poised over Karkat. He paused, and then in a rush, he kissed him. It was quick, and uncoordinated, but now it was out there.

Karkat’s eyes widened in surprise, the touch going by so quick, he wasn’t even sure it had happened.

Eridan flushed, looking away in embarrassment. "Fuck, I'm sorry- god, I..." Eridan trailed off as Karkat cupped his chin, meeting his eye.

Karkat slowly brought their mouths together, snaking his tongue along Eridan’s teeth.

Eridan shivered, frozen, and allowed Karkat to do as he pleased.

Karkat ran his tongue gently under Eridan’s, encouraging the violet muscle to slip out of his mouth. Karkat caught it in his lips, sucking on it as if it were candy.

Eridan whimpered, his hands perching on Karkat’s shoulders.

Karkat broke from Eridan’s mouth, in favor of getting a good look at his reaction.

Eridan’s cheeks were painted violet, his lips shiny with saliva.

Fucking gorgeous.

Karkat pulled his sweater over his head, discarding it with little regard. He raised an eyebrow at
Eridan, who was still entirely clothed.

Eridan hesitated, swallowing. “I…” He felt a rush of insecurity begin to bubble up in the back of his mind.

Karkat pulled him in, running his hands under the seadweller’s shirt. He dragged it over his chest, before tossing it to the ground.

Eridan glanced down at himself, arms crossing over his chest.

Karkat pulled them away, examining the boy in excruciating detail.

His thumbs traced along Eridan’s soft belly, working their way up to where his rib cage ever so slightly shown under his skin.

“K-kar…” Eridan protested, hands going to cover his stomach.

“Shut up, I want to see you.” He ran his hands along Eridan’s jeans, before beginning to pull them down his hips.

Karkat stood, staring down at the seadweller. “Fucking beautiful…”

In an instant, Karkat's hand was on Eridan's bulge, pushing the violet back onto the bed.

Eridan whined, shivering, laying flat on his back. "Is... fuck, wwhat should I do?"

Karkat snickered. "You're the one in charge here, remember? Do whatever sick, twisted desire pops into your head, and do it like you mean it. I want you to... leave an impression."

The violet curled up, shaking his head slightly. "God, Kar, I don't knowww why you think I'm that kinky, but honest to god, I'm not! I... I'm not sure wwhat you wwere expectin', really... but, you seem to have a better grasp on it than I do. Wwhy don't you... you knoww, take it from here?"

Karkat pursed his lips, slowly weaving his fingers into Eridan's dark locks, seating himself on the bed. "I... Hmm. It feels... off. I dunno, I just... I..." Karkat scowled, trailing off. He pinched the bridge of his nose in a rather dramatic fashion.

"Kar... Just tell me. You're naked in front of me for god's sake, there is nothing you could say to make this any wweirder."

Karkat sighed. "That's just it, I don't fucking believe it myself... but... I... I think I... Hmm. I... fuck, you're fucking royalty, okay? I'm not going to... you're better than me. Does that make any sense?"

"Umm.... not exactly?"

Karkat bit the inside of his cheek. "I'm starting to think... there might be something to the spectrum? Even though I'm at the bottom of it- no, because, I'm at the bottom of it. I don't know if it stems from some deep sense of self loathing, which makes it feel consistently satisfying when other people also express loathing and abuse towards me, or if it's just relaxing to feel like someone else is in control, and any fuck ups are none of my business, and not my problem. I know I'm fucking weak, and mutated, and probably shouldn't exist, and I am so SICK of people trying to get me to just brush it off like it's nothing, like I'm not any of those things. They're trying to get me to be happy through ignorance, but I don't want that! So when someone totally fucking dominates me, and reminds me of all the bullshit that this universe decided to fuck me over with, it feels like they get it. Like they're not just some pandering asshole who wants to pretend that everything about
everything is perfect, even though no, everything about everything is fucked! But it also feels safer, because, damn, here's this person who's better than you in pretty much every way, and likes very much to make this clear to you! And they actually fucking care about you, and protect you and shit, even though they are clearly superior! If anyone's going to salvage the mess you've made of your life, it's them, right? Hahha, So, yeah. I want you to prove that you're better than me, so that I can feel a little bit better about my sad fucking existence! Does this make any sense to you?"

Eridan bit his lip. "I... I think so?"

Karkat sighed, shrugging. "So... do you think you could... you know."

Eridan shivered. "I... I could try???

Karkat lay back, pinning his bulge to his stomach. "Then... go for it."

Eridan paused, before cautiously running his thumb along Karkat's bulge, sighing.

"Fuck, Eridan..." Karkat muttered, holding Eridan's hand.

"Listen, just... gimme a bit." Eridan bit his lip, practicing applying pressure to the soft ribs of cartilage. "Tell me what you're feeling."

"Impatient," Karkat grumbled, his bulge twisting in anticipation.

Eridan glanced between Karkat's nook and his face, before sighing and slowly bringing his hips to Karkat's. "So... do I just?"

"Jesus fucking Christ, just put it in."

"Okay, okay... fuck..." Eridan slipped his ringed fingers around Karkat's waist, slowly leading his bulge to the nook. "Oh... oooohhh, fuck..."

Karkat rolled his head back, hands going to his hair. "Yess.... yes, more..."

Eridan shuddered, Karkat's hips rolling up into him. "Ff-uck- okay-"

“Put me in my fucking place… Fuck me, fuck me, use me…”

Eridan bit his lip, curling up against Karkat’s chest. He soaked up the heat Karkat seemed to be radiating, lost in the surreal feeling of slick skin against his. He rested his cheek on Karkat’s ribcage, shivering as the sound of heartbeat filled his ears. He ran his thumbs along Karkat’s grubscars, feeling his heart flicker in pure, unadulterated affection.

Karkat moaned, his hands dragging around Eridan’s back to pull him in closer.

“I lovve you!” Eridan blurted at the touch, hands shakey in excitement.

“Then move faster.”

Eridan whimpered, nodding, and began to clumsily rise his hips up and down.

Karkat shuddered, sneaking a hand down to play with his bulge.

Eridan swallowed, lips parting at the sight. He began to roll his hips, fascinated by the way Karkat bucked and moaned in reciprocation.
“Yes, fuck, keep doing that~” Karkat rasped, feeling his calves begin to go numb from tensing.

Goosebumps raced over Eridan’s arms at Karkat’s tone, time seeming to slow to a crawl.

The subtle -pop- Karkat’s sopping nook made as it ground up and down on Eridan’s cock rang in his ears.

Karkat stared into space, breath falling heavy as his hips rolled desperately.

Eridan’s eyes widened, pupils blown.

“MORE~”

I the sound of Karkat’s cry broke him from his trance. He exhaled through his nose, not having realized he was holding his breath.

“PLEASE, master, more ~” Karkat sobbed through grit teeth, high off the cool tentacle twisting and curling in his nook.

Eridan pushed his glasses up his nose, before grabbing onto Karkat’s knees, and slamming his hips back and forth at the most ambitious pace he could muster.

Karkat keened, back arching. “Yes, yes yess~”

Eridan remained silent, eyes stern and lightless. He parted his lips, a shaky exhale escaping him.

Karkat whined, head rolling back as he met Eridan’s expression. “Master…”

“You brother was callin’ me the same thing, you knoww.” Eridan muttered.

Karkat frowned, tilting his head to the side. “What? When did that happen?”

“Last night. He was actin’ just like you, as a matter o’ fact…” He trailed off. “I guess noww’s a good enough time to ask. Wwhat were you doing in my dad’s room last night?”

Karkat rolled his eyes. “If this is your attempt at dirty talk, your technique really needs some fucking work.”

Eridan shook his head, biting the inside of his cheek. “This is my attempt at getting some fuckin’ answers.”

“Well, sorry, but I’m a little busy fucking you to give a play-by play. And I’m pretty sure Terezi’s the only one who would find an interrogation sexy.”

Eridan scoffed, looking away.

“So let’s change the subject, shall we? Howabout we focus on… the way your dripping cock is driving me fucking crazy… how I was hatched to be your depraved little slut… begging for your bulge, your cum~”

Eridan’s eyes lidded, swallowing.

Karkat continued grinding his hips against Eridan, eyes flickering upwards. A coy smile shifted onto his lips as he studied Eridan’s expression. “So… aren’t you going to continue, master ?”

Eridan shuddered, as Karkat pulled him in.
Karkat gave a shaky exhale, hot breath dancing over Eridan’s fins and making them prickle. “Please? Just for me?”

And suddenly, Eridan was moving again.

Karkat whimpered, rolling his head back, eyes going glassy. “Ahhh!”

Eridan felt a thick hunger begin to rise in his chest. In an action void of rational thought, he dragged his tongue up Karkat’s neck, feeling a growl start to rise in his throat. His glasses slipped down his nose, and he discarded them with little care. He was nearsighted anyway.

Karkat met his eye and melted. God, he looked like his father…

Eridan pushed Karkat’s chin up so that he could leave a trail of kisses along his jawline.

“E-Eridan~” Karkat mewled, scrunching up as the boy found a ticklish spot on his neck.

“Cute…” Eridan murmured, his voice seeming to have dropped an octave.

God, now he sounded like him too…

Karkat felt his neck go slack, head bobbing uselessly against the pillow as Eridan continued grinding. “Faster, god, fuck, faster~”

Eridan’s lip curled, glaring down at Karkat, his movement ceasing all together.

Karkat blinked up at him, wide eyed. For an instant he looked innocent. Innocent and needy. “P-please?”

Eridan glanced upwards, sighing, and did his best to meet Karkat’s wishes, tuning his pace to a steady beat.

Karkat moaned, his back arching, hand on his bulge speeding up. “I love you, god, fuck, I love you~”

Eridan hesitated, blinking. “You do?”

Karkat nodded, not out of sincerity, but enthusiasm. “Ahhhh, please keep going~”

Eridan shuffled some, his heart fluttering. Leave an impression. That’s what Karkat wanted, right? “You’re so… beautiful…” He cooed, running his fingers along Karkat’s cheek.

Karkat smiled, biting his lip. “I’m glad I can be pretty for you, master~”

Eridan’s expression faded, his mouth parting. “You knoww… I’d… Kinda been wwantin’ to say that to you for a wwhile.”

Karkat glanced away, hesitating. “You… had…?”

Eridan nodded, his grip on Karkat strengthening. “I wwas alwways so sure you’d get angry… wwell, I wwant you too.”

“Known what?”

Eridan sat back on Karkat’s thighs. “That you wwere like this… That you… wwanted me. And… wwell, I wwant you too.”
Karkat’s stomach lurched. “I… you… in a quadrant?”

Eridan swallowed, glancing at his lap, before nodding. “I mean, we’ve already gone this far…”

Karkat swallowed the lump in his throat. He felt his nook growing antsy. “Okay… red. Right?”

Eridan sighed, nodding, and slumped back onto Karkat’s chest. “Yes… mhm, god, yes, please~”

Karkat wrapped his arms around Eridan’s torso. He glanced at the sky, giving a silent apology to Gamzee. He couldn’t just… reject Eridan… Not after this. He shuddered, teeth gritting. “Red it is then.

Cronus read over the messages between him and Meenah, grinning in excitement. He glanced towards the stairs, wondering how he should break the news to his father. Ugh. This was great. A little part of him had always fantasized about becoming a porn star… but… he was kinda afraid what would happen if no-one liked him. The idea of millions of people rejecting him was enough to steer him away from that career path… but now that Meenah, of all people, was interested… There’s no way he could turn away. He was in this bitch for the long haul.

He would just have to wait until his father woke up.

Karkat moaned, his entire body going stiff from sensation. Red began to leak from his nook, and shoot from his bulge onto his stomach. “Eridan, Eridan, AhhhhH~” He cried, his muscles loosening only to stiffen in half a moment.

Eridan stared, wide eyed, as Karkat trembled, little mewls and keens escaping him. After what seemed like minutes, the mutant collapsed to the bed, breathless.

“Fuck.”

Eridan swallowed, frozen.

Karkat gave a sly smile, his hands going to Eridan’s hips. “Don’t let me stop you… Keep going. Fuck me until you cum, alright, baby?”

Eridan trembled, nodding. He closed his eyes, before holding his breath and moving in and out of Karkat with short, quick thrusts.

Karkat stiffened, breath hitching. A warble escaped his lips.

Eridan grit his teeth, tensing every muscle in his body. He cracked his eyes open, staring down at Karkat’s stomach, splattered with his own material.

“Fill me, master! Fill me, please~” Karkat begged, his hips grinding up against Eridan’s.

Just a… little more…

Karkat’s head reeled for what else he could say. “I love you!”

Eridan gasped, his fingers gripping Karkat’s torso hard enough to bruise. He moaned, hands turning shaky. “Karkat~”
Karkat gasped, hips bucking in reciprocation. “Fuck!”

With a gasp, Eridan came, cool fluid filling the mutant under him. He went limp, allowing trails of purple to escape down Karkat’s nook.

Karkat held him, planting a kiss on his cheek.

“I love you…” Eridan mumbled, suddenly feeling very tired.

Karkat nodded, nestling his face into Eridan’s chest. “I love you too.”

Dualscar released a broken groan, turning over in his bed. God, his fucking head hurt. His eyes drifted to Kankri, lying asleep next to him. His grimace faded, lips parting. He crawled over to him before nuzzling his head into Kankri’s neck. He planted a chaste kiss on his cheek. He sighed, rolling his shoulders, before somehow finding it in him to rise into a seated position, eyes surveying the room. Slowly, he lumbered out of the covers, running his fingers through his hair… fuck, he needed to shower. Later. Coffee first. He made his way down to the dining room, eyes drifting to Cronus, who was currently playing on a phone… wait, fuck, was that his phone? “What the bloody fuck do you think you’re doing…” Dualscar gurgled, clinging to the railing of the stairs as if holding on for dear life.

Cronus jumped, tossing the phone onto the table as if it were a hot rock. “Um, oh, nothing!”

“I’m not fuckin’ blind ya know, what were you doin’ on my phone…”

Cronus cringed, bringing his hands to drag down his cheeks. “Look, pops, I’m sorry, I just… there was a notification, and it was from Meenah, and well, you know how it is with her…”

Dualscar’s lips drew shut to a line, clearly not impressed. “What did she want?”

“Oh… ahah, uhm. She wanted to know if… well, if next time we banged Kanny or Kar, if we could… well, record it.”

Dualscar looked around the room, his shoulders slumping. “And what did you say?”

“Um, I said yes, duh!”

“You didn’t…” He pinched the bridge of his nose, groaning. “Did it somehow escape you that you have a 7 sweep old little brother?”

Cronus snickered, glancing back and forth nervously. “Umm… so?”

“I am going to call it right now… if we post that video, people will fuckin’ flock to it. A mutant, the son of the signless, gettin’ put in his place by seadwellers? It’d make national fuckin’ news… and you want your little brother to grow up knowin’ that his hero and his big brother were just… perverted fuckin’ bastards?”

“His hero?”

“Yeah, me, who were you thinkin’ of?”

Cronus snickered. “You’re his hero?”

“Yeah, remember that cute lil essay he did about me in third grade?”
“Dad. No.”

“Dad yes. Now text her back and tell her the deal is off.”

“… She’s not gonna like that.”

“Yeah, well you used my account, right? I don’t give a damn what she thinks of me.”

“But, but dad! I dunno, I really wwant to do this! Think about it?” He bit his lip. “Kar’s Eridan’s age, and he’ll probably be in it, right? So wvhy can’t Eridan even knowv about it?”

Dualscar stared at the ceiling, groaning. “Because he’s my baby boy, Cronus!”

“Didn’t stop you before.”

Every muscle in Dualscar’s body froze. He could swear he felt bile beginning to tickle the back of his throat.

Cronus bit his lip. "I mean, yeah, sure he's younger, but... is there really that big a difference between me and him?"

"Cronus..." Dualscar hissed. "He's innocent, okay? You... God, you were a sexual mess from the moment you hit puberty. You think I didn't see your internet history?"

Cronus raised an eyebrow, lips pursing. "He's not that innocent. Karkat said he'd hit on him... no, evweryone constantly."

Dualscar rolled his eyes. "Yeah, yeah, he wants his quadrants full, big whoop. He's not after sex like you were, though, that's what I'm gettin’ at here."

"Hovw can you be sure?"

"Because he's my son, Cronus! God, I haven't even mustered up the courage to have 'the talk' with him yet, It'd be too much."

Cronus groaned, shaking his head. "I think he's just better at hidin' it than I vwas. I don't think he's got innocence for shit." He sighed. "Until I'm convinced otherwise, I think it runs in the family."

Dualscar scowled, shaking his head. "I never knew that was something I never wanted to hear you to say."

Cronus sighed, looking down at the phone. "Don't burn this bridge, okay? Like, maybe givwe it a wwhile, but I knowv I can convwince you. This is like... a dream come true, just you wwait!"

Dualscar ran his tongue over his teeth, shaking his head. "Give it to me."

Cronus hesitated, head swimming for an alternative.

"Cronus."

He pouted, resting his cheek on his palm, and slid it across the table.

Dualscar picked it up, fumbling with the key-pad as he entered his password.

CA:>> Hey, Peixes. I need to talk to you.
CC: this can't be good.

CA:>> Yeah. Sorry, princess, but I've got to go back on that deal my son struck with you.

CC: hmm. thought it might've been cronus. there were very little questions for a reasonable adult.

CA:>> Well, you thought correct.

CC: it was almost sad, really. like, not even a 'what kinda porn are we talking here' or a 'how much time do i have before you want me to get it done'?

CA:>> Right. So yeah, it's not happening.

CC: i don't think you undersand. this could fucking end the revolution, don't you want to be part of that?

CA:>> Not if it means throwing my reputation to that of a perverted... disgusting, desperate man.

CC: ppffft, what? prawn stars are generally considered desirable, you know.

CA:>> And you think I'd make the cut? Hate to break it to you, but I'm a little past my prime.

CC: okay, shore, you're not exactly in your orphaner days. but you're not doin' half bad.

CA:>> Hmm.

CC: yeah, thats what i thought. so what's the real problem here.

CA:>> ... It's... Eridan. Listen, I don't want to expose him to any of... this.

CC: whale, then don't tell him. get a warehouse or something.

CA:>> You said it yourself, this could end the revolution. If you think that's not going to go viral, then you are sorely mistaken. If he doesn't find it himself, one of his friends will send it to him.

CC: okay, and why is that a problem.

CA:>> Would you want to see porn with your mother in it?

CC: are you implying that i havent?

CA:>> ... ANYWAY...

CC: ANYBAY.

CA:>> Okay, but like... how would you feel if say, Feferi, were to see that.

CC: eh, she probably has, if i'm honest.

CA: And how does that make you feel?

CC: it makes me eel... fine. i dunno, this stuff is reel, right? i cant construct a false reality for her, even if i reelly wanted to. sheltering eridan isnt going to kelp him. its just going to make it a slap in the face when he reelizes that the world isnt as wholesome as you convinced him it was.

CA:>> He's not ready. It would fucking traumatize him.
CC: i think you're underestimating him.
CA: And I think that you don't know jack shit about my son.
CC: let's just say Feferi has stories.
CA: ... What kind of stories?
CC: haha, you don't know? wooow. i guess she's not enough of a blubber mouth to spread it around then. he went after her.
CA: And what the fuck is that supposed to mean?
CC: he backed her up against a wall and kissed her. wouldn't stop, neither.
Dualscar stiffened, eyes drifting up the stairway to Eridan's room.
CA: Is that all?
CC: yeah. thank cod.
CA: Agreed. I'm so sorry, he won't do it again.
CC: eh, it's fine. she wasn't traumatized or nofin. just grossed out.
CA: I swear he had the best intentions.
CC: maybe. but do you get my point?
CA: Not exactly.
CC: he's obviously feeling desire and shit.
CA: That could have been a romantic gesture.
CC: a romantic gesture woulda been gettin her flowers, or chocolate, or some shit. if he wanted to impress her, that's what he woulda done.
CA: And he has.
CC: perhaps. but she was squirmin. he wasn't doing it for her.
CA: ... I'm so fucking sorry.
CC: i get that, anybay, you're his dad, you gotta have noticed other things like that.
CA: I haven't.
CC: whale, then you havent been baying attention.
CA: You don't know shit.
CC: and you're deluding yourself.
CA: Well, that makes two of us, if you think you're going to be able to convince me to sell out my son's innocence.
CC: maybe not me, but my mom will.


CC: oh, you didn't know? she's in on this too. it was her idea.

CA: >>... Holy shit.

CC: yeah. the empress is counting on you, amshora. you wouldn't want to disappoint her, would you?

CA:>> I'm too fuckin' hungover for this.

CC: i'll make the decision simple. 100,000,000 imperial units. that. is your fucking funding.

CA:>> ...

CC: not to mention, i'm sure my mother would be willing to offer you a veeeeerrrryyyyyy generous retirement.

CA:>> God damn it.

CC: aaaaaaaanndnd, we'll get eridan a therapist. if it helps you sleep at night.

CA:>> GOD DAMN IT.

CC: we'll also be sure to get him into any college you have your eye on. trust me, a letter of recommendation from the empress is quite helpful.

CA:>> FUCK.

CC: so?

CA:>> I... fuck, there's somethin’ else.

CC: what?

CA:>> ... I... I don't want to upset Kankri.

CC: it was him in the bucket, then?

CA:>> No, no, it was Karkat, but he's just a kid. I'm not puttin’ him in porn.

CC: wait, okay, so you pailed Karkat, and where does Kankri fall into this picture?

CA:>> ... I... I'm not gonna describe the situation in detail, but he's in my bed right now, and let's leave it at that.

CC: huh. alright. wasn't he celibate?

CA:>> Oh yeah huh... fuck...

CC: ?

CA:>> I just... I dunno, I feel kinda bad.

CC: wait, he consented though, right?
CA:>> Yeah, yeah, 'course... I mean... hmm.

CC: ... okay, sorry to pry, but you need to tell me what's going on.

CA:>> You heard of these pheromone supplements?

CC: no...?

CA:>> It's like... I dunno, this pill you take, 'n then it makes your pheromones crazy fucking strong... and... like, if someone's lower than you on the spectrum, their body reacts to what's going on with you.

CC: and suddenly it all makes sense.

CA:>> It's fucked up, I know, and I'm sorry, but I'm not... fuck, I'm not doing this to hurt anyone. Which... is why I don't want to put Kankri in any films or shit, because it's a lot harder to erase something like that from your life when the entire fucking planet has seen it.

CC: he's old enough to make that decision for himself. ask him about it.

CA:>> But that's the fucking thing, the only time I can be sure he's off the pheromones is when he's screamin' his head off at me.

CC: whale, stop taking the pills.

CA:>> I want to, but then I have no safety net! If he wants to leave, or fuck up my son, or do god knows what else, I won't be able to stop him.

CC: you're his landlord tho. he has to listen to you, or at least give you the time of day.

CA:>> I'm more than a landlord to him, aight?

CC: whatever. Listen, i was never asking you to make a 100% commitment on this thing, i understand if the roof falls through. so... just try to convince him, and we'll work our way up from there.


CC: it's been a pleasure doing business with you.

Cronus stared across the table, his father placing his fingers on his temples and releasing a guttural groan. Cronus pursed his lips. "Wvhat does that sound mean?"

"FUCK."

"...?"

"SHOOT ME."

".....??????"

Dualscar went limp, slamming his face onto the table.

His son just stared at him.

Dualscar sighed, groaning as he managed to collect himself. He shrugged, hanging his head. "She
convinced me."
"FUCK YES!!"

Dualscar paused, staring at his fingers. "I gotta make a phone call."

"To who?"

"The Empress. I need to make sure I didn't just get duped."

"You think she'll answer?"

"If what her daughter was claiming is true, then yes."

Dualscar clumsily scrolled down his contacts, his lips drawing pursed as a deep ache began to set in his forehead. He hated everything.

The phone hummed with the noise of the dial tone, his palms going sweaty. If Meenah was full of shit, he was going to look so... fucking... dumb.

-click-

"A)((), w)(ale, w)(ale, w)(ale. If it isn't my favorite prawn star."

"... Oh my fucking god."

"W)(at did you need?"

". . . Just. Making sure. This wasn't a prank."

"Ye)(, no. You sound nervous."

"I am."

"Clearly. Guess it's easier to )(ide over text, )(u)(."

"Yes. It. Yeah."

"Fuckin' dork. Anyway, I was readin' over )(er s)(oulder, and I agree wit)( the negotiating terms. So, now we gotta figure out )(ow to get t)(em to do it."

"... Them?"

"Listen, I know you don't want t)(e younger one in it, and I can understand that. But believe me when I say it will )(it )(ome )(arder wit)( our audience if we )(ave bot)(."

"I... come on, he just turned seven."

"Says t)(e guy who fucked )(im on your desk."

"..."

"Sorry, but you're not exactly in the position to be taking t)( moral )(ighground. Anyway, so... you're gonna want to at least butter 'em up first."

"... Fuck, um, okay. What do you suggest?"
"I dunno, give 'em presents or some s)(it. Ask 'em w)(at t)(ey want. You gotta add some sugar, if you want to be their daddy."

"Oh my fucking god."

"')(ey, I speak t)(e trut)(."

"Yeah, okay. Fine. I'll ask them."

"Good. Now, if you don't mind, I'm a little busy. Consider Meena)( your manager from t)(is point on, alright?"

"... Yeah. 'Course."

"Good. Now get to work."

-click-

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for being gone for so long, I've been working on this and the next few chapters for a while. So, I already have like, around 3 chapters that just need light editing, and I will update again!

Also, here's like, 90% of my inspiration for Dualscar's character. http://i2.kym-cdn.com/photos/images/original/000/735/785/53b.gif
http://68.media.tumblr.com/tumblr_mb8r6z0sNp1qlog4u.png
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

-Knock-Knock-Knock-

Eridan hissed, managing to turn himself towards the door at the incessant noise. "Just a minute!" He yelled, his fins fluttering in embarrassment at the thought of someone seeing him in his current state. He rolled out of the covers, before swooping down and collecting his pants from the floor.

Karkat sat up groggily, sighing. "Yeah, be right there." He muttered, somewhat bitter that he lost the cool body next to him. He found his jeans at the foot of the bed and wiggled into them with little struggle.

"Mr. Ampora wishes for Karkat to meet him in the lobby," Elfrid informed the two from the hall, Karkat pulling his sweater over his head.

"Food? Please, Christ, please say it's food," Eridan begged, his stomach feeling like it had begun to eat itself.

The butler paused. "He wasn't horribly specific, I'm afraid."

Karkat shivered, silently thinking he might know what this was about. He rolled his shoulders, before throwing open the door, breath hitching in anticipation.

He nodded at Elfrid, before running down the stairs, Eridan in close pursuit. He slowed at the bottom of the steps, eyes drifting to Dualscar, seated at the head of the table. His gaze shifted to Conus, sat next to his father, before fixing back on Dualscar attentively. "Good morning, sir." He managed, toes curling as his eyes met Dualscar's.

Dualscar nodded, rubbing the dark bags under his eyes. "Morning." He took a long sip of his whiskey spiked coffee. "Have a seat," he ordered, his mug hitting the table with a careless - clang-

Karkat and Eridan did as asked, sitting next to each other.

Slowly, Eridan's hand crept onto Karkat’s, holding it tightly.

Karkat smiled, resting his head on Eridan's shoulder.

Dualscar looked between the two of them, smiling softly. That was sweet. Dawww, Eridan was blushing. He couldn't help but grin.

Eridan met his father’s gaze, before rolling his eyes to stare at the ceiling.

Dualscar chuckled into his mug, taking another savory sip of his bourbon coffee. He glanced between the two again, the blood draining from his face. Oh no. Oooooh… He was supposed to fuck that on camera...

Eridan planted a little kiss on Karkat's head.

FUCK.

Dualscar dragged his hand down his face, lip curling into a snarl.
"... Dad?"

"Fuck -"

"...

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, I’m sorry..."

"Are you drunk?"

Dualscar sighed. "It’s that obvious, huh?"

"... You’re gonna fuckin’ die."

"You underestimate the endurance of a sailor."

"So… it’s true that Orphaners drink a lot?"

"Damn straight. Not... you though... you're not gonna drink anyfin when you get on that boat, you hear me?"

Eridan sighed. "Yeah, dad."

Dualscar’s gaze shifted to the stairwell as Elfrid descended, Kankri close behind. "Great, now that everyone's here, let's get started." He smiled. “Alright boys, I think you two deserve a reward. Anything you want, I’ll get it for you.”

The two mutants met each other's gaze as Kankri took his seat. Their eyebrows seemed to raise in unison.

“… What’s that look?”

“What d9 y9u mean 6y… anything?”

Dualscar shrugged. “Money isn’t a factor, so get whatever the hell you want in that regard… just… you still gotta stay here with me, alright?”

The two remained silent, seeming to slip into thought.

“Haha, and this isn’t like… a one time thing. No need to stress.”

Kankri bit his lip, seemingly come to a decision. “Can… can I g9 6ack t9 sch99l?”

Dualscar paused. If… if Kankri went back, he would no doubt end up telling his friends... And as he learned with Karkat and his subjuggulator buddy, that was a recipe for trouble. “We can… get you something online, if you want.” He paused, his heart aching at the look of sheer disappointment Kankri gave him. "Or... a private tutor... the best homeschooling money can buy!" He glanced at the table, hissing through his teeth. "Look, god, fuck. I'm sorry. I… fuck ."

"I... it's 9kay." Kankri said, trying to remain optimistic. "Thanks."

Dualscar swallowed, glancing over at his son.

“We can… get that for you too…”

Eridan’s ears pricked up, frowning. “Wwhat? Wwait, wwhy?”
Dualscar looked away. “We’re... pulling you out of the academy.”

“Dad, no! That’s… no!”

Dualscar took off his glasses, rubbing his eyes. A steady hiss escaped him. “I didn’t want to tell you like this… fuck, Eridan, I’m sorry.”

He shook his head, staring at the table. “Why?”

“Because the Makaras. They’re… fuck, Eridan, they’d kill you.”

“What? Bullshit, Gam wouldn’t hurt me!”

Karkat swallowed. “Um. He… might.”

Eridan glanced over at Karkat, shaking his head. “What is going on?”

Dualscar gave a slow sigh. “We can… talk about it later, okay? Kankri, is there anything else?”

Kankri swallowed, nodding. “Okay… um… do you think you could get me my computer from the apartment? It has… it’s important to me.”

Dualscar nodded, sighing yet again. “Will do. And what about you, Karkat?”

He seemed to squirm, clearly avoiding eye contact.

“Karkat?”

“I… uh…” He looked at his lap, a shiver running up his spine. “Sir… could I get…”

“Yes?”

“May I please have… a leash, sir?”

The room went very quiet.

Kankri turned to his brother, bewildered. “You want… a leash?”

Karkat nodded, grinding his nook against the seat of the chair.

“Are you… are you fucking serious?”

Karkat glanced at Kankri, biting his lip. “I… yes, I want it real bad…”

Cronus snickered, raising his eyebrows at his father.

Eridan’s jaw dropped. “K-Kar??”

Dualscar’s eyes widened, shaking his head at Karkat and gesturing that he stop. “Eridan, go to your room.”

Eridan ignored his father’s statement in favor of staring Karkat up and down in close assessment.

“Karkat… are you actively trying to degrade yourself?” Kankri interjected.

“Mhmm!” Karkat murmured, breath hitched. “I’m master Ampora’s little toy~”
"AH, FUCK!" Dualscar covered his face, managing to twist his chair away from the table. “Eridan, GO TO YOUR ROOM!”

Eridan stared at him, his hand retreating from Karkat's. “Kar?”

“I’m yours too, you know~” Karkat chirped, snatching Eridan's fingers in his own once again.

Dualscar turned, his embarrassment shifting to a dull anger. “This has nothing to do with him.”

Karkat met his eye, grip going slack.

“Eridan, go to your room.”

The young seadweller swallowed. “I... yeah... okay.” He stood, pulling from Karkat's grip before burying his hands into the pockets of his jeans and retreating from the table.

Karkat bit his lip, staring after him. He... he wanted to stop him, but... he felt he couldn’t. He let him escape up the stairs.

As soon as his brother was out of earshot, Cronus whistled. "A leash, huh? Wvowv, I am looking forward to this, babe..." He grinned.

Karkat smiled, playfully sticking out his tongue.

Kankri grit his teeth. "Please, Cr9nus, and I can't 6elive I even have t9 say this, 6utd9 N9T call my 6r9ther '6A6E!!' P-LEASE!" Kankri’s expression faltered as Dualscar met his eye.

"Don't be gettin' bossy, alright?" He muttered, finding Kankri's tone more than a little on the obnoxious side.

Kankri stared at the table, his resolve melting. "Yes, sir."

"Atta boy," Dualscar grinned, reaching over the table to ruffle Kankri's hair. "Cronus, you probably want to grab some stuff from the apartment. Would you mind running the errands?"

"Not at all." He smiled. "And the pet store is on the vway, so I'm sure I'll be able to find something easy enough."

Karkat’s crotch tightened.

Kankri covered his face with his hands yet again, shaking his head.

Cronus snickered, standing. “Vwell, I guess I'm off!"

"Good fuckin' luck," Dualscar managed, giving a lazy salute as Cronus walked out the door.

Karkat looked up the stairs, swallowing. "I'm... gonna go find Eridan."

Dualscar swallowed. "Okay. But... fuck, just, don't drag him into this, okay? Please... don't try to talk to him about the shit we've been doing. Can you do that for me?"

Karkat paused, nodding. "Yes sir. I understand."

"Good. Go get 'em."

And with that, Karkat departed up the stairs.
CA: Sol.

TA: Yeah?

CA: I don't know. If I can explain. What just fuckin' happened.

TA: ... Well you can at least fuckin' try, spill it.

CA: Kar just asked for a leash, and I can't go to school anymore, and fuck, shit is happening really fucking fast, and like, my dad says Gam wants to kill me?

TA: ... Okay, what? I'm going to need a little bit of context here. Let's start with KK.

CA: Dad was like, offerin' him and Kan presents n shit, and when it was Kar's turn, he starts grindin' on the chair and begging for a leash!

TA: and I immediately regret asking for context.

CA: Also... were... fuck, god fucking, fuck, we also... pailed? this morning, and now we're matesprites???

TA: FUCK. Okay, something seriously wrong here.

CA: I... I dunno, maybe he's just kinky?

TA: Okay, stop that train of thought before it even leaves the fuckin' station. Even if KK was into leahe2 all along, why now? And... consider, that you told me about his brother, I'm on the edge of freakin' the fuck out. You said Kankrii started going crazy at dinner, what was he sayin'?

CA: Um... somethin' like, "I'm not your fuckin' whore?"

TA: How long has this hit been going on?

CA: I don't know.

TA: Okay, lii2ten to me, the most important person in this situation is Karkat, and right now, I am very fucking concerned for him. Your top priority is to get him the fuck out of there.

CA: gtg

TA: What? no, lii2ten, thii2 hiit ii2 important, damn it.

Eridan put his phone on the bedside table, looking up at Karkat as he entered the room sheepishly.

Flashing a tight smile, he gave a slight "... Hi."

"What the fuck is going on?"

"I... you're gonna have to be a little more specific."

"Okay, let's start with this, why the fuck do you want a leash?"

Karkat shivered, running his hands along the sleeves of his sweater. "I thought we went over this? In the morning?"
Eridan picked at his nails, eyes resting on the floor. "I... I understand that you're submissive and whatever, but this... this is taking it way too fuckin' far."

Karkat scowled, shaking his head. "There's nothing wrong with it. It's not hurting anybody."

Eridan's eyebrows raised. "What about you? Kar, you are asking... to actually be treated like a fucking dog. I'm sorry, but that's... that's fucked up! I... I don't know how else to put it."

"I know it is." Karkat sighed, feeling his nook pulse. "That's why I want it. Come the fuck on... you have to know what it feels like... to fantasize like that... I want to be his pet, because I want to know what it feels like... to be owned. To be cared for."

"Okay, you want to be his? I... you mean... my dad?"

Karkat froze. "Never mind."

Eridan rubbed his eyes. "I'm not... I'm not fucking stupid, you know."

Karkat grit his teeth, feeling a wave of shame hit him. He tried to remember back to what Dualscar had said to comfort him... after his encounter with Mrs. Pyrope. 'It's a win win situation, here. nothing to get upset over."

"It's a win-win situation."

Eridan raised an eyebrow. "What?"

"Nothing to get upset about. I... I fucking love the way he makes me feel... they... make me feel... and they love doing it to me. So why are you upset?"

Eridan shook his head. "Because it's fucking scary! You're actin' like you'd throww your life away for this..."

Karkat gave a dull smile, his eyes void of light. "This is my life."

Eridan went very quiet, frozen.

Karkat chuckled, crossing his arms over his chest. "Hey... I can't help that it makes me happy~" his smile wavered. "I could make you happy too."

Eridan's eyes went wide, his lips pursing. "I don't like wwhere this is going..."

"Aww, come on, Eridan... you've got to have some kinks. It's normal! If you would just open up to me..."

"HAHA, NOPE!" Eridan announced, raising his hands next to his head.

"... What?" Karkat murmured, stepping closer. "You want us to be fucking matesprites, right? is it really that much of a stretch to talk about what you like?"

"It... sorry to say, but it feels really fucking... embarrassing? I dunno... I just..." He pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose. "I... fuck, Kar..."

- bzz-

The two turned to the bedside table, Eridan's phone humming.
Eridan fumbled with it, before reading the caller ID. Sollux. Who else would it be.

Karkat raised an eyebrow.

"Hey, Sol," Eridan picked up.

"Oh god damn it."

"Okay, sorry, but you officially have me concerned. What were you doing?"

"Um... nofin, really..." Eridan mumbled, glancing away from Karkat.

"Alright, then don't leave me hanging next time."

Karkat seated himself on Eridan's lap, and ran his hands up his cool sides, slowly tracing them to his fins.

Eridan stiffened as Karkat pushed him back on the bed, a small whine escaping him.

"... everything okay over there?"

"Yeah, yeah, 'course." Eridan managed, attempting to compose himself.

"Right. So. Karkat."

Eridan hesitated, breath hitching as he felt Karkat's tongue drag along his gills. He remained quiet.

"Eridan?"

"Right, right, umm, mmhm~ Uhh... Kar~"

"Okay, you seem really fucking distracted right now. What's going on?"

Before Eridan could muster a response, Karkat snaked his fingers around the phone, hanging up.

"... K-kar..."

Karkat ran his tongue along Eridan's chin, before snagging his lips in his teeth. "That was indescribably rude, you know." Karkat murmured.

"I could say the same to you." Eridan shivered, laying back.

Karkat stared down at him, studying his expression. "If I didn't know better, I'd think you wanted me..."

Eridan whimpered, an arm going over his eyes.

Karkat chuckled, slipping his fingers under Eridan’s waistband.

-bzzzz-

Karkat groaned and picked the phone from the sheets before Eridan could protest. “Hello? The fuck do you want?”

“Kk? What the fuck ii2 going on over there?”

Karkat scowled. “Fuck off, he’s busy.”
“What? No, let me speak to him.”

“Fuck you.”

“Kk, wait! Wait. Log back into Trollian, I need to talk to you.”

“What?”

“About you!! What the fuck is going on?”

Karkat hung up, tossing the phone to the side. “Let’s get back to work then, shall we?”

Eridan shivered as Karkat began sucking on his neck, slowly pushing down his pants and boxers. He felt a flush begin to rise to his face, his fins fluttering uselessly.

Karkat sighed, managing to squirm out of his jeans. “You’re so… perfect…” He murmured, his hips beginning to twist as he seated himself on Eridan’s lap.

Eridan whined as he felt Karkat slip onto his bulge, his breath going ragged and uneven.

Karkat left a trail of kisses along his jawline, rolling his hips until he found a steady pace.

Eridan jerked upwards, breath reduced to an animistic pant.

“C’mon… Don’t you want to use me, baby?” Karkat whispered, hands clinging to Eridan like a lifeline.

- bzzzzzzzzzz-

“Oh, for fuck’s sake~” He snagged the phone, his thumb hovering over the ignore button. He hesitated. “Actually… why don’t you pick up?”

Eridan raised his eyebrows, almost choking at the request.

Karkat gave a mischievous smile, before picking up the phone himself. He placed it next to Eridan’s ear.

“What is going on??”

Eridan shuddered as Karkat continued grinding his hips down on his bulge. “I… Um, what do you… mean?” Eridan asked, breath hitched.

“Where is he?”

“He… uhh, just left…” Eridan murmured, biting back a moan as Karkat dragged his tongue up his chest.

“Well, get him back, I need to talk to him!!”

Eridan froze as he felt Karkat begin to nibble on his fins, a quiet keen escaping him.

“… Eridan?”

Karkat gave a deep chuckle. “Tell him I’m busy.” He whispered, cupping Eridan’s cheek.

“He’s- busy~” Eridan choked, his mind seeming to slip into static.
Sollux stiffened, brows furrowing.

Eridan blinked at the sound of a second dial tone. He brought the phone up to his face, answering it mindlessly.

And there he was.

Sollux, a concerned scowl painted on his face, staring at Eridan through videochat.

Eridan’s eyes went wide, as he realized that Karkat’s lips grazing his fin was ever so visible from his camera.

Sollux choked, nearly doubling over at the sight.

Eridan’s cheeks went bright purple, dread and humiliation beginning to set in.

Karkat only laughed, dragging his tongue up Eridan’s cheek. He took the phone, brushing his hair behind his ear and sitting back upright on Eridan’s lap.

Sollux stared at his monitor in total disbelief, adjusting his glasses. “Kk, What the fuck are you DOIING??

Karkat nibbled on his lip, giving a wanton moan.

Sollux stared in horror as Karkat adjusted the camera to show his nook gripped tightly around Eridan’s pulsing bulge. “Holy-shiit.” Sollux managed, feeling blood beginning to rise to his cheeks.

“What?” Karkat mused. “You jealous?”

Sollux shook his head, gripping his desk. “That ii2 fucking dii2gu2tiing!”

Karkat chuckled, giving a sly smile. “Then why haven’t you hung up?”

Sollux glanced back at his door, cursing himself under his breath. “Becau2e ii’m fuckiing worriied about you! Get off hiim 2o we can talk, okay? Plea2e, KK, ii’m fuckiing beggiing you!”

He moaned, laying down on Eridan’s chest, hips bucking. “Why would I do that? When it feels so… good~” His eyes rolled up, a gasp curling from his lips.

Sollux just stared, hissing as he felt his forked bulge begin to unwind from his sheathe.

Karkat brought the camera to focus back on Eridan, who was clearly phased out, breath short and rapid.

“Hey, Sollux…” Karkat hissed. “I showed you mine- Don’t you think we need a little… reciprocation?”

Sollux hesitated, eyes shifting to his lap. “What the fuck happened two you?”

Karkat smiled, chuckling. “I made a… discovery. I guess you could say… I’m a little fucking cumslut~” He moaned. “And I fucking love it.”

Sollux quivered. “Plea2e… ju2t… plea2e, fuck, ju2t talk wiith me, tell me what’2 goiing on!”

Karkat smiled. “Sure.” He lay back, fixing the camera to show his hand snaking over his bulge.
“Under one… condition.”

Solux’s breath hitched.

Karkat’s eyes lidded. “Play along.”

The mustardblood whimpered, crossing his arms over his chest. “ii…”

“Or you could hang up now… and that will be the end of it. You’ll never hear from me again,” Karkat purred.

Sollux hissed, eyebrows knit. He stood, crossing over to his door and locking it. “Okay, what the fuck do you want me two do?” he asked, seating himself back in his desk chair.

Karkat moaned, hips rolling down onto Eridan’s bulge. “First, show me what you’ve got…”

Sollux hesitated, before gritting his teeth and showing his pants down unceremoniously.

Karkat’s shoulders went slack, mouth watering at the sight. “So, the rumors are true…”

“What? What rumor2?”

Karkat twisted his hips. “You have two…”

Sollux rolled his eyes. “It’2 ju2t 2pliit, and who the fuck wa2 talkiing about my bulge?”

Karkat shuddered. “Let’s focus on something better…” He turned the phone to focus back on Eridan. “Like how… fucking… pretty he is…”

Eridan’s eyes widened, hands covering his face.

Sollux swallowed.

“Aww, come on Sollux…”

Sollux rolled his eyes. “Yeah, he’2 a real fuckiing babe.”

Karkat purred, pushing away Eridan’s hands to show his flushed cheeks and glassy eyes. “Don’t you want to see him cum? Hear those pretty noises he makes as he absolutely covers himself in his own slurry?”

Eridan whined, mouth gaping open, his eyes fixed on Sollux’s bulge through the screen.

Sollux hesitated, the fantasy slipping into his mind. He closed his eyes for a second, going tense. “Fuck…”

“Come on, Sollux, aren’t you going to touch yourself for us?”

Sollux turned his attention away from the screen, arms crossing over his chest.

“Sollux.” Karkat warned, eyes lidding.

The mustard blood shuddered, meeting his friend’s gaze. He shivered, allowing his hand to snake around his bulge. “Kk…” He moaned, thighs tensing.

Karkat keened, nice and loud, grinding his hips down on Eridan.
“F-fuck, Kar- I think I’m close!” Eridan gasped, sweat beading his forehead.

Karkat trilled, speeding up his pace. “Please, fill me, please master, I want every last fucking drop~”

Sollux bit back a moan, eyes rolling back.

“KAR!” Eridan shouted, thrown into sweet release.

Karkat moaned as he felt cool fluid stuff him, throwing his head back at the sensation.

“Fuck!” Sollux hissed, eyes screwing shut as he forced himself through orgasm. He shuddered, a hushed moan escaping him.

Karkat grit his teeth and began to pump his bulge with reckless abandon. He went tense, breath held, before gasping as he felt himself spill onto the seadweller below him. He moaned, going limp on the body beneath him. Time seemed to crawl to a halt, his cheeks suddenly burning hot. He shivered, forcing his attention back to Sollux. “So… you still want to talk?”

-click-

He frowned.

Sollux… hung up.

Cronus traced his fingers over the line of collars pinned to the wall. His hand settled on dark leather with red studs. Perfect. He placed it in his basket, picking it’s matching leash off the wall alongside it. His eyes danced around the store as he made his way to the checkout aisle. Was that… ohhhhhh, no fucking way. “Disciple?”

The woman glanced up at him, expression twisting to one of immense displeasure. “Do I know you?”

Cronus chuckled. “Didn’t expect to find you working at a pet shop.”

She rolled her eyes. “It pays the bills.”

Cronus paused. “Oh… right. Forgot about Meulin. Sorry.”

Disciple’s shoulders tensed, eyes rolling up to stare at the ceiling. “It’s none of your business.”

“I… I knew her. Not… well, but we went to school together.” Cronus bit his lip, placing the collar and leash on the counter.

She raised an eyebrow. “… What’s your name?”

“Cronus.”

The woman paused, her olive eyes seeming to pierce him as she studied his face “Are… you the one taking care of the Alternia brothers?”

“Yeah, that’s me.” He chewed on his cigarette.

The woman bowed her head slightly, as if in apology. “I should get Nepurrrta. There’s something
she made for A-Karkat.”

“… A....Karkat?”

"Alternian Karkat. Hehe, he's a little tougher than B-Karkat, which I think is why Nepurrta likes him.” She smiled.

Cronus paused, biting the inside of his cheek. “She red for him?”

The woman gave a wry chuckle, nodding. “Yeah… but shh! Don’t pet her know I told mew!”

“I don’t plan on it.” Cronus turned his gaze to the floor, biting down on the filter of his unlit cigarette as he realized that she would probably never see him again…

Unless she found the porn.

Oh god.

Oh god.

His head reeled in a desperate attempt to change the subject. "So, these B-Vwantas kids. I'd like to meet them some day. It would be... interesting."

The Disciple bit the inside of her cheek, shaking her head. "Though I do appurreciate mew taking good care of the boys... that does not mean I trust mew. The thr33 are in hiding fur a reason, you know!"

Cronus snickered, raising an eyebrow. "Hey, wvhatevwer you say, doll."

The woman's expression returned to one of irritation. She glanced down at Cronus's purchase. "You have a lusus?"

"Uh... Yeah. I do."

"What's it’s name?"

Cronus glanced to the side, heart twisting. "Uhm, Carcino. Karkat named him."

The woman smiled. "It's always good to have a pet growing up."

Cronus nodded, averting eye contact. "So, wvhat did Nepeta wvant?"

"Ahh. Right. Just a moment!" The woman retreated to the back room.

Cronus picked the collar out of the bag, turning it in his fingers. A shudder passed over him as he imagined it clinging tightly around Karkat's neck. He pictured the leash restraining him to a wall. He'd be fucking begging for cock, a whole four fingers inside him to compensate.

He shivered, eyes drifting to the door the disciple had escaped into.

He had… always been a cat lover.

How much would the olives be affected, anyway? One, two… five? Yeah, they had five spots between 'em. That… seemed like plenty. Hmm.

Nepeta came bounding from the back, cupping something in her hands. “Hi, uh, Cronus? Could
you… purrlease give this to Karkitty fur me…?”

Cronus peered into her palms… it was… a cupcake. With what looked like Karkat drawn in frosting.

Oh.

Oh no.

His bulge retreated back into his sheathe out of pure guilt. “Uhh… thanks, kid. I’m sure he’ll like it! You’re real talented, you knowv?”

“You think so?” Nepeta mused, turning the cupcake in her hand. “I purr hope he likes it… I worked purretty hard on it, if I’m honest.”

Oh no.

Ohhh nooo…

“It’s adorable.”

“Yeah… I was gonna give it to him on Monday… but the frosting is so much better when it’s fresh! Umm… also… he hasn’t b33n responding to my messages… is he sick?”

Cronus gave a dry chuckle, his brow furrowing. “Yeah, he is. Real… sick. I’m sure he’ll respond to you soon though, don’t you fret.”

Nepeta smiled. “Well, thank you for visiting our store!” Her eyes drifted to the leash on the counter. “I hope I can m33t your new pet soon!”

Cronus scooped the items into the bag, before throwing a 20 on the counter, and departing to his car.

You already have.

Dualscar trudged up the stairs to his room, smiling as he realized that Kankri was trailing after him like a lost puppy. How sweet. He paid him little acknowledgment, only continuing into the master bedroom. His eyes focused on a cleaning troll, who was only now fixing a new sheet to the bed.

She glanced up at him, jumping sheepishly, before smoothing out the bedding and bowing to him. The girl awkwardly piled up the old sheets and began to retreat from the room. She paused, shimmying by Kankri as they both passed through the entryway.

His eyes fixed on the red and purple blotches, ever so evident against the pearly white of the cloth. A stone seemed to form in his stomach as he realized the red wasn’t his.

Dualscar swallowed, noting how ashen Kankri’s expression turned as he sat next to him on the mattress.

“Guess we’re even n9w, huh,” Kankri murmured, staring at the floor.

Dualscar paused. “I suppose we are.”

Kankri’s eyes narrowed as he felt Dualscar slip a hand around his waist, pulling him against his
“No hard feelings, alright?”

“… Yeah.” Kankri snuggled into Dualscar’s chest, breathing in his scent. He reminded him of the ocean, the musky smell of sea salt filling his lungs.

Dualscar lay back on the bed, taking Kankri with him. "I heard you purring earlier." He murmured, brushing a lock of Kankri's hair out of his face.

Kankri's ears pricked up in embarrassment. "I... s9rry, I h9ped I hadn't w9ken y9u."

"Don't apologize, now... I liked it. Can you do it one more time? Just for me?"

Kankri bit his lip. "I... can try." He tried flexing every muscle in his neck as he exhaled, but... ugh, it wasn't doing the trick. *Come on, body, work with me here,* he thought to himself, snuggling into the cool embrace of Dualscar. "Can y9u... t9uch my h9rns?"

In a moment, his hands were on them, stroking the smooth nubs with the pads of his fingers.

Kankri went limp, the promised purr rising of it's own accord.

Dualscar chuckled, placing a chaste kiss on Kankri's neck. "That's it..." he hummed, feeling his muscles relax. "Kankri... are you happy here?"

Kankri paused, his purr fading out as he looked for words. "It's hard f9r me t9 say just yet."

Dualscar held him closer. "Do you... love me?" He slurred, continuing to rub Kankri's horns affectionately.

Kankri wanted to tell him the answer was no. They had spent so little time together, and half of that time was scarring at best. But... something was making his bloodpusher twist, and beg for him to just kiss him already. To hug him and never let go. So he just kept purring, nodding his head to the vague affirmative.

Dualscar smiled, burying his face in Kankri's hair. "Would you do anything for me?"

Kankri swallowed, blood running cold at what that could mean. "N9."

"Well... that's hardly a romantic answer. But at least it's an honest one." Dualscar sighed, laying little kisses on Kankri's horns. "Would you let me film you?" He murmured.

Kankri shivered, the tip of Dualscar's nose rubbing against his scalp. "Y9u mean... naked, I presume..."

Dualscar hummed, relishing in the warmth Kankri seemed to radiate.

Kankri rubbed his thighs together, biting the inside of his cheek. "I... I d9n't... think s9."

Dualscar paused, his grip lessening. "...Right."

Kankri shifted, pursing his lips. "Well... may6e... if y9u didn't sh9w it t9 any9ne, that is."

*That's a start.*

"Heh, that's what I like to hear..." He smiled. "Do what you feel okay with... I do what you to be
happy, you know,” Dualscar murmured, brushing his knuckles along Kankri's neck.

Kankri shuddered, his nook swelling at the touch. "I... Thank you... sir."

"You're blushing."

Kankri nodded, letting his head rest against Dualscar's chest. "Pr6a6ly... yes."

Dualscar smirked as he realized his bulge remained firmly in his sheathe.

This was all Kankri.

“...You're beautiful, you know.” He whispered, sending a spark up Kankri’s spine.

“Y9u’ve menti9ned.”

Dualscar smiled, giving a deep chuckle in Kankri’s ear. “What can I say? You’re the kind of pretty that would haunt my dreams.”

Kankri sighed. “I w9uld think y9u’d be satisfied with what we d9 in y9ur waking h9ur, but I supp9se s9me just can’t help themselves.”

“Oh, I’m only getting started with you, baby...” Dualscar rested his chin on Kankri’s shoulder. “The things I want to do to you...” He trailed his fingers along the seams of Kankri’s sweater.

Kankri stiffened. “I’m tempted t9 thr9w y9u 9ff me f9r that c9mment.”

Dualscar hummed. “Don’t you enjoy it though? The way I make you scream for me~”

Kankri looked at the floor, breath hitching. “I... a little?”

The violet smiled, planting a kiss on Kankri’s cheek. “Aw, come on. You’ve got it pretty good right now, don’t you think? You’re living in a top notch estate, eating the best food on the market... and you don’t have to do a thing for it.”

“Except 6e y9ur t9y, right?” Kankri asked, lip curling.

Dualscar hummed. “At least you won’t be lonely.”

Kankri narrowed his eyes. “S9 It’s true.”

Dualscar chuckled. “Now, I didn’t say that. I think we can come to a nice middle ground here. You’re more than sex to me. I like having you around, Kankri. You’re... warm. It’s nice.”

Kankri allowed his expression to soften, holding Dualscar’s hands to his chest. “I... I’m still with Cr9nus, y9u realize.”

Dualscar smirked, removing his glasses and placing them on the bedside table. “He gave me permission the moment he pulled over that car.”

Kankri swallowed, his mouth going dry. “I... Guess that’s a reas9na6le en9ugh assessment.”

Dualscar allowed his cool breath to dance over Kankri’s neck. “Remember how much you wanted me... how you fucking begged for me, grinding on yourself and shit?”

Kankri sighed. “D9n’t remind me...”
Dualscar chuckled, allowing his tongue to slide over Kankri’s horn.

“MhhhMHHh~”

“But why would you want to forget? Why would you want to forget how good I made you feel…”

Kankri gasped, eyes lidding. “I mean… t9 6e fair y9u als9 tied me up and a6and9ned me 9n a p99l table…”

Dualscar smiled. “Abandoned you? Would you rather I have fucked you senseless? Left you dripping my cum?”

Kankri shuddered. He managed a weak nod, the sheer desperation he felt in that moment flooding back to him.

Dualscar smirked, chuckling. “What a good boy…” His grip tightened. “And you’re all mine… right?”

Kankri closed his eyes, saying nothing.

He felt himself go limp as Dualscar lay a series of kisses over his horns. "What was that?" He murmured, voice deep and hushed.

“I’m all… y9urs.”

Of course, it wasn’t just the collar he had to fetch. Cronus jogged up the steps to his apartment, mentally going over the grocery list of items he was going to bring back. He and his thoughts stopped dead in their tracks as he reached the top.

The door lay dented on the ground, the hinges having been torn from the wall. His blood went cold, eyes wide. He peered past the frame, finding the room empty. He snuck inside, snagging his guitar off the ground and holding it behind his head as a makeshift club. His skin crawled as he took in the details of the trashed apartment, the turned over table and glass from shattered cups and plates. He grabbed a knife from the drawer, keeping it alongside the instrument. He pushed open the bathroom door with his foot.

Empty.

He made his way into the hall, peeking inside Kankri’s room.

No one.

He continued to Karkat’s.

Empty.

He swallowed, hands beginning to shake as he pushed open the door to the master bedroom. He sighed in relief, dropping the guitar to his side, panting.

It was empty.

Unless the fucker had decided to hide for however the fuck long he had been here. But… that was unlikely, all things considered.
He brushed his hair out of his face, fumbling with his phone to call the police. He paced around the hall and into Kankri’s room, picking up his boyfriend’s laptop and tucking it under his arm.

“Hello, this is Beforus police central, how can I help you?”

Cronus paused, pursing his lips. “Nevermind.”

The most he could ask them to do was start an investigation, but there was no way in hell that they would arrest a Makara. Too fuckin’ corrupt. He hung up.

He searched around the apartment once again, a little more carefully, looking in every hiding spot he could think of.

It was… definitely empty.

He shuffled into Karkat’s room, kicking the bed frame in attempt to rise a sound from anything that might be under there. His eyes drifted to the pillow, frowning. There was… a note?

He glanced under the bed, before realizing that no-one could even fit down there. He sat down on the mattress, picking up the paper.

_I’m coming to get you, brother. :o)_

_If you all up and motherfucking read_

_this, then call me._

_It’d make my job a hells of a lot easier,_

_knowing where you are, and stuff._

_Just hang motherfucking tight._

Cronus put a hand over his mouth, swallowing. He took out his phone, snapping a picture and sending it to his dad.

CA:<< … Holy shit, that was at the apartment?”

CA: yes.

He strode back to the entryway, taking pictures of the kitchen and door as he went.

CA:<< Fuck. Fuck my fuckin’ life. Get home, we’re goin’ on lockdown as soon as you’re back.

CA: on my wway.
WHOOO, AND ANOTHER CHAPTER!!! Please don't forget to comment, I absolutely adore reading what you people have to say!
Chapter 14

Cronus pulled up the slender road that led to the house, eyes glancing over the lilac bushes that framed the way. He tapped his fingers on the steering wheel, a sense of nostalgia beginning to set in as he remembered the hot summer days, when his dad was just taking him and his brother home from the beach house they had down on the bay. It was too far away from their father’s teaching job to live there casually, but was a pleasant treat all the same. Cronus dreamed of moving into it some day. When his dad was retired, and Eridan had become an orphaner, following in their father’s early footsteps as he planned.

Despite how much he loved the house on the beach, the days when he was just coming home always seemed the sweetest. The house would be fresh, the servants having more time to properly clean it, and the aftertaste of sea salt would still cling to his tongue and gills.

Cronus’s eyes widened, his foot slamming on the break. Oh fuck. Oh god.

He stared ahead, the once proud gate to the mansion now in smashed and dented halves, lying pathetically by the sides of the driveway.

He pulled out his phone, hands shaking, and called his dad.

Dualscar’s eyes drifted to his phone as it began to shake violently through his ringtone. He sighed, stretching over Kankri’s shoulders and just barely snagging it. It was… Cro?

“Cronus?”

“Dad- I- someone beat down the front gate-”

“What?”

“I- I-it looks like someone drove a car into it- but I don’t see anyone- and- fuck -”

Dualscar stiffened, sitting up. The air in the room suddenly seemed far too thick. “Get into the house. As fast as you can, into the house, right now.”

“I’m on my wvay…”

With that, his son hung up.

Dualscar swallowed the lump in his throat, skin crawling. He tried to keep himself from panicking as he ripped off the covers, throwing himself to his feet, and stumbling into the hall.

“Sir?” Kankri asked, sitting up from the bed.

“Go back to sleep, Kanny,” Dualscar barked, texting Elfrid.

CA:<< Elfrid, did you see the gate?
CA:<< … Elfrid?
SB: Yeah< Sorry< I saw it.
CA:<< Why didn’t you call me?
SB: I was just about to>
CA:<< Okay, well, start closing blinds and shit, we’re going into lockdown.
SB: will do.
CA:<< Get to it.

Gamzee tossed the phone to the floor, gaze drifting to the man bleeding olive beside him.
The butler gasped, head reeling in pain as Gamzee kicked his shoulder, his shattered collarbone
seeming to scream in agony.
“So… why doesn’t a motherfucker tell me where I can find one of your… guests?”

Dualscar stumbled down the stairs, before clambering into the trophy room. He ripped his harpoon
off the wall, the tens of mounted lusi heads reverberating from the force. He stalked into the lobby,
slamming windows shut and locked, following the procedure up the stairs. On his way, he sent an
order to the maid.

CA:<< Lock everything.
EM: Sir?
CA:<< I’m not going to explain this right now, just lock everything everywhere.
EM: Wait, is everyt#ing okay?
CA:<< No. Now lock everything.
EM: Okay…?

He shoved his phone back into his pocket, blood running cold as he heard the front door open. He
ran back to the steps, staring down.
It was Cronus. He shut the door, locking it.
Dualscar nodded, fumbling with his phone to call the police.
“Beforus police central, how may I help you?”
“I have a potentially dangerous invader on my property. I’m a seadweller on 1943 Orchid lane,
send some people.”
"Oh! Um, right away, sir!"

Dualscar hung up, eyes dark. They… probably wouldn’t be able to put Gamzee in jail, for long at least, what with his father’s influence over the cops. But they could at least… defend him. Scare the fucker off.

At least… he hoped so.

Eridan nuzzled into Karkat’s neck, strands of dyed hair clinging to his forehead.

Karkat blinked, doe eyed, and stared back at him. He smiled, lashes fluttering, as he felt Eridan lay a series of soft kisses along his neck. A shallow purr began to rise in his throat.

Eridan chuckled, his smile softening. “I love you…” He murmured.

“I love you too.” The words fell from Karkat’s lips mechanically. It was the only thing he could say to that, so he said it.

Eridan shuddered, holding Karkat closer. He felt his throat clench, a sob escaping him.

Karkat stiffened, eyebrows fixing together as he felt tears rolling onto his shoulder. He rubbed Eridan’s back awkwardly, unsure of how to respond.

“Thank you…” Eridan finally gasped, expression twisted into a grimace. “Fuck, sorry… god, look at me…” He muttered, sitting back on his heels to wipe his cheeks.

Karkat stared, silent. He… had no clue how to react to that.

Eridan swallowed, staring down at his palms. “Kar… You have… no idea what this means to me… really…”

Karkat swallowed. “Don’t mention it.”

Eridan met his gaze, before turning his eyes to rest on the bed. A flush rose to his face as he registered the red and purple stains. He shuddered, shifting to a clean patch of bedding.

Karkat looked up at him and grinned. “What, afraid of a little cum?”

Eridan’s fins pricked up, eyes going wide as Karkat grabbed onto him, pulling him back onto the stained cloth.

He laughed at Eridan’s expression, before brushing his hair out of his face and kissing him.

The two paused at the sound of… a siren?

“Back garden is clear, Ma’am.”

“Check the trees. We can’t be too thorough.” The police chief’s eyes drifted around the estate. She felt… uneasy. Like a deafening silence was swallowing any sense of security she would otherwise hold. A chill ran up her spine, forcing her to turn and re-evaluate her surroundings. Her gaze fixed on a figure approaching, walking with an irregular beat up the gravel road. “Oh my god…”
Kurloz grinned up at her, his teeth barely showing through his stitches.

She stumbled back against the car door, gripping her intercom like a lifeline.

His boots crunching on the gravel seemed enough to set a ringing in her ears as she bit back any series of terrified wails and screams. She knew this boy. Who didn’t. “M- Mr. Makara-” she choked, her fingernails digging into her palm as she clenched her fists.
‘HAHA, NO NEED FOR MOTHERFUCKING PLEASANTRIES, SISTER.’

She shuddered, swallowing. “W-what… do you want?” She managed.

His smile broadened. ‘A RIDE. WHY DON’T YOU AND YOUR LITTLE SQUADRON TAKE A MOTHERFUCKER BACK TO MY DAD’S PLACE? SURELY, YOU KNOW THE WAY.’

She stared down at her intercom. God, she was so fucked. Kurloz was rumored to have the ability to trigger a brain aneurysm without lifting a finger… not to mention his squadrons of hit men, should his psychic abilities fail. She stared up at the estate, before bowing her head in shame. She gave a silent prayer to the family she was supposed to protect, and pressed the button on her intercom. “Men, fall back.”

Kurloz lit a cigarette full of god knows what as he paced around the car and swung into the passenger seat.

Dualscar stared at the front door, clutching his gun so hard it drove his knuckles white. He flinched as he got a notification.

SB: They got him>
CA:<< Really? Oh, jesus, thank fuck.
SB: Yeah> He’s in the back of one of their squad cars> Looks like they’re driving off with him>
CA:<< Thank… fuck. Do you think he’ll come back?
CA:<< Elfrid? Are you there?
SB: No. He won’t.
CA: … Glad you’re being optimistic.
SB: ttyl
CA: ttyl?
Dualscar paused, before allowing his shoulders to relax. He leaned back in his chair, tossing his phone onto the table and sighing in pure relief. “They have him in custody,” He told Cronus, his grip on the gun loosening. It slipped from his fingers, clattering to the floor.

Cronus slumped. “Thank… god.”

Dualscar stood, rubbing his cheek. “I’m going to go work on getting dinner on the table. You go find the others, will you?”

Cronus nodded. “Will do… Can we have something big?”

Dualscar gave a thumbs up. “Whatever you want.”

Cronus smiled, standing, as his father departed down the hall.

Karkat poked at the lobster he had been served with his fork. It felt uncanny to see the creature buttered and ready to eat, for some reason he couldn’t quite put his finger on…

“So… wwhat’s up?” Eridan asked.

“Preeeeetty good. I’m drunk again, so that’s always nice…” Dualscar slurred, giving a thumbs up.

“… Cool?”

Cronus clicked his tongue in his mouth. “I saw the Leijons at the pet store.”

“How’d that go over?” Dualscar asked, breaking a lobster claw in half.

The two mutants flinched simultaneously.

“Well, the Disciple took Meulin’s job… so she was there.”

Dualscar laughed. “Yeah, well, I guess someone had to support Nepeta after big sissy went missing… believe it or not, being a menace to the government doesn’t pay well.”

Karkat paused. “How… how’s Nepeta?”

Cronus hesitated, eyes drifting to the bag next to his chair. Should he…? Yeah… yeah, he should. “Um… actually, she made you something.” He reached in, retrieving the cupcake. He slid it across the table.

Karkat caught it, sighing. “She’s nice.”

Cronus chuckled. “I think she’s sweet on you.”

Karkat’s mouth drew to a line. “I… know. I… she’s sweet… let’s leave it at that.” He put the cupcake next to his dinner, and continued eating.

“We started talking about the Beforian Vwantas family.”

“What did she say?”
“Not much… thanked us for taking care of these two, though,” Cronus mentioned, pointing between Karkat and Kankri.

“... Oh.” Dualscar swallowed.

“But she said she still didn’t… trust me. To see the B-Vwantases, that is.”

“Good call,” Dualscar murmured.

Cronus rolled his eyes. “She said ‘they’re in hiding for a reason.’”

Kankri pursed his lips, nodding. “It was the same f9r Karkat and I 9n Afterus. We always had t9 sleep in the w99ds…”

“You mean I always had to sleep in the woods,” Karkat mumbled. “You were always out. Always.”

Kankri stiffened. “Well, I’m s9rry, but I did what I had t9 d9 keep you fed. I was still in hiding from the dr9nes th9ugh.”

Cronus frowned. “Kankri, I met you in a club. I hardly call that hiding.”

Karkat’s brow furrowed. “What were you doing at a club?”

“N9THING, 9KAY!” Kankri shouted, going red in the face.

Dualscar snickered, putting his hands up in defense. “This isn’t an interrogation, we can change the subject if you want.”

Kankri nodded his head in thanks. “Umm… what d9 y9u guys think ab9ut… my dad?”

Dualscar shrugged. “I respect him. I mean... I think he’s on the wrong side of history, but that’s probably just because I’ve convinced myself I’m on the right side.”

Kankri hesitated. “I understand y9ur p9int 9f view. I think he may be resp9nsible f9r even m9re divisi9n am9ngst the spectrum, and c9uld be guilty 9f dem9nising the upper class.”

“Agreed.” Dualscar muttered into his mug. “What do you think, Karkat?”

Karkat shivered. “He should accept those around him as his rightful superiors.”

Kankri raised an eyebrow, nearly choking. “Y9u wanna try that again?”

“I know what I said,” Karkat murmured, biting his lip.

Kankri swallowed. “Karkat, maybe y9u sh9uld… rephrase that?”

“Okay... I think he would be happier if he just let the highbloods do to him as they please.”

Kankri’s eyes lidded. “N9t helping, try again.”

Karkat sneered. “I think he should have been a pretty little fucktoy like me. Satisfied?”

“Alright, heeeere wwe go…” Eridan chirped, eyes wide.

Dualscar’s brows furrowed, gaze focusing on his son. He turned to stare at the tablecloth as he began to register how... *unsurprised* Eridan was.
Kankri scowled. “D9 n9t talk a69ut him that way! He was a great man. He w9uld have never... demeaned himself like that.”

Karkat scoffed. “Well, maybe he wouldn’t have gotten himself killed if he did as told.”

Kankri lowered his gaze, blood on the verge of boil. “Y9u’re disgusting.”

Dualscar scowled, shaking his head. “None of that, okay?”

Kankri huffed. “He did what was right. He f9ught f9r what was right.”

Karkat rolled his eyes. “‘Right?’ What does that even… mean, really?” He hesitated. “I think that what’s ‘right’ is the natural order.”

“Karkat-”

“And guess who’s the strongest? Who lives the longest?” His eyes drifted across the Amporas. “They do.”

Kankri snarled, hands clenching into fists. “Y9u-”

*“Why are you making things so complicated, Kankri? They’re better than us…” He purred. “They earned us…” He paused. “You’d probably be happier if you stopped trying to fight everything.”

Kankri swallowed, shaking his head. “Karkat… d9 y9u hear y9urself?”

Karkat took a shaky breath, eyelashes fluttering. “Yes. And I believe every word.” He slipped out of his chair, crawling onto Kankri’s lap. “Haven’t you noticed? How good it feels to serve them?”

“St9p-”

“I think my body knows who owns it… and it’s rewarding me every fucking time I obey them.”

“Karkat, y9u’re scaring me…” Kankri murmured, trying to push his brother off, but to no avail.

The seadwellers stared, awestruck as Karkat’s tongue traced the shell of his brother’s ear, earning a pleading whine.

Cronus bit his lip, exchanging glances with his father.

Dualscar cleared his throat. “Eridan, go to your room.”

“No.”

Dualscar turned. “Eridan. Now is not the time.”

“I knoww wwhat’s gonna happen. You’re gonna fuck Kar and Kan, and I’m not leavving.”

Dualscar scowled. “Go. Now.”

“No!” He shook his head, crossing his arms over his chest. “I… I wwant to join.”

Cronus clapped his hands together, grinning. “Alright, alright!! See, told ya he wasn’t innocent!”

Dualscar only stared, blinking.
Karkat removed himself from Kankri, whimpering. “Please sir, let him stay…”

Dualscar’s fins lay back on his head, staring Karkat up and down.

Karkat bit his lip. “He would have fun… I know he would! I’d make sure of it~”

“I told you not to bring him into this.”

Eridan clicked his tongue, brow furrowing. “What, you think I can’t handle it?”

“Per- cisely.”

Eridan shook his head, his muscles tensing in frustration. “I can! And I’m not fuckin’ leavving.”

Dualscar stood, expression somber. No… god no, no, he had already gone too fucking far with this. There was no way in hell he was going to ruin the one member of his family he had any semblance of pride for. “You want to stay? Eridan, you’re way over your fucking head, you have no idea what you’re askin’ for.”

Eridan let his eyes shift to his hands. There’s… no way it could be any worse than what he had already seen, right? He bit his tongue, staring back at his father with a determined glare. “Yeah… I fucking do. I… I saww wwhat you did to Kankri.”

Dualscar felt his stomach drop. “What did you see, exactly?”

“Tied up on the pool table… wwith the billiard ball in his nook. I saww.”

Dualscar’s jaw went slack, eyes screwing shut. Self hatred was apparently this week’s theme.

Eridan glanced at the floor. “I knoww wwhat I’m in for.”

Karkat turned his gaze back to Kankri, a slight chuckle escaping him at his brother’s horrified expression. “What were you saying about degrading myself, again?” He whispered.

Kankri closed his eyes, squirming helplessly.

Dualscar stared back at Eridan, drawing a blank. “And you… want to be part of it?”

Cronus stood, wrapping his arm around his father’s shoulders. “Come on, you can’t say no to that face…”

Dualscar’s gaze shifted to Cronus. He snarled, throwing his son back.

“Wwhoa, wwhoa, pops…” Cronus murmured, taking a step back, hands held up in defence.

“Please, dad?” Eridan chimed, giving the best puppy dog expression he could muster.

Dualscar turned his head to glare down at Eridan, his torso remaining rigid.

Eridan swallowed. “Ww… wwhat’s the wworst that could happen?”

The man’s anger melted, hissing through his teeth. “You-could-get- hurt…”

“Howw?” Eridan glanced back at Karkat. “I’ll… leavve if I don’t like it… but…” He paused. “It’s a wwin-wwin situation.”

Dualscar’s eyes widened, gaze fixing on Karkat.
The mutant shied away against his brother’s chest. “I… I think I’ll havve fun!” Eridan added, mind reeling for any argument he could scrape together.

Dualscar stared back at his hands, a pit forming in his stomach. “What’s the problem, if you don’t mind me asking, sir?” Karkat asked.

Dualscar clutched his head, defeated. “My sweet… baby… boy…”

“Is all grown up.”

Dualscar felt every muscle in his body tense, every joint go rigid, as he threw his head up to stare at his son.

Eridan stood across from him, breath held, eyes solid. The young seadweller took off his glasses, folding them, to stare his father dead in the eye.

Somehow… he looked less like himself… and more like Cronus. This sent a hot wave of anger, shame and dread up Dualscar’s spine as he remembered back to the car ride.

Eridan took a deep breath. “Kar and I are matesprites noww. Anything that happens wwith him, I want to be a part of.”

Dualcar’s eyes went wild, gaze fixing on the mutant. “You BITCH!” He yelled, a wave of hot fury hitting him.

Karkat’s eyes widened, jumping.

Eridan took a step back, his breath catching in his throat. “DAD!” Cronus barked.

Dualscar shook his head, gaze returning to Eridan. “So, what? He fucked you, and now you think he lowes you?” He scoffed, hands fixing in his hair.

Cronus swallowed. It was always a bad sign when his father’s accent came back. He grabbed him by the shoulder. “Are you trying to break his fucking heart?” He hissed, gesturing back at Eridan.

Dualscar looked back at his son, his gaze softening. Cronus was right.

He looked like he was biting back tears.

Dualscar’s shoulders slacked.

Eridan shook his head, swallowing the lump in his throat. “Dad… p-please?”

Dualscar looked him up and down, his resolve melting.

“Please?”

He took a deep huff, eyes moving to stare at the ceiling. “You know what…? Fuck… okay.” He grit his teeth. “But the second you start feeling uncomfortable, that’s it. We’re stopping. Understand?”

Eridan nodded, glancing back at Karkat and Kankri, his heart fluttering. “Thank you, dad.” He
paused. “I lovve you.”

Dualscar felt his heart soften. “I love you too.”

Karkat chuckled, licking a trail up Kankri’s cheek.

Kankri shuddered, eyes going wide. “ST9P!” He shouted, making another desperate attempt to throw his brother off.

It seemed Karkat had tangled his legs with the chair, however, making the task near impossible.

Dualscar stared down at Kankri, slowly pacing over to him. “I’m going to give you a chance to leave. Right now, just say the word, and you will be excluded to your room. You will not be able to rejoin, and you won’t be able to choose what we do. But… if you want to leave… I won’t stop you.”

Karkat visibly pouted.

Kankri whimpered, struggling. He went stiff as he felt Dualscar run his ringed fingers down his cheek. He met his eye, taking shallow gasps as his brother lay little kisses along his neck.

God damn it.

God damn it.

He swallowed, eyelashes fluttering. “That… I’ll be fine?”

Karkat hummed in approval, nibbling on Kankri’s ear.

Dualscar smiled. “That’s what I like to hear.” He ruffled Kankri’s hair, before clapping to get the servants attention.

Dualscar ran his hands under Kankri’s sweater, earning little huffs and whimpers as the table was cleared. He smiled dryly, and brought his hand to palm his brother through his jeans.

**At this, Kankri’s hips bucked upwards, eyes screwed shut.

Dualscar’s gaze turned to Cronus, who was pushing Eridan onto the table. Alarms started going off in his head, but he managed to resist beating his oldest son to the ground. Instead, he looked Eridan up and down for any indication of resist.

To his dismay… there wasn’t one.

Cronus felt his breath fall heavy as he helped Eridan out of his pants, running his tongue along his fins.

At this, Eridan keened, shuddering. “C-Cro…”

Cronus let his breath dance over Eridan’s gills, making the younger’s hair stand on end.

Eridan felt his eyes glaze over. He could almost feel Cronus’s hunger. It was… surreal, in a way.

Cronus felt his chest tighten as he stared down at Eridan, and suddenly everything was right in the world. He felt a possessive growl rise in his throat, before latching onto Eridan’s collar bone.

Dualscar scowled, before grabbing Cronus by the horn and pulling him back. “Hurt him, and I will
Cronus grinned, glancing at his father out of the corner of his eye. “What do you say, Danny, want me to play nice?” He mimicked, forcing the boy’s jeans to the floor.

Eridan swallowed, managing a shrug, eyes unfocused.

Cronus snickered, digging his fingers into Eridan’s nook unceremoniously.

Eridan choked, eyes wide, trilling at the sensation.

Dualscar chuckled darkly, reaching his hand into Cronus’s pants. He grasped his bulge, before grazing it with his claws. “Watch yourself.”

Cronus cringed, tensing up. “Yeah, okay, yeah, fine, whatever!” He managed.

“Good…” Dualscar hummed. His touch went gentle, stroking Cronus up and down. His gaze shifted to Karkat, before turning to the plastic bag on the floor. He removed his hand from Cronus’s jeans approached it, before snagging the leash and collar. His gaze turned to Karkat, a wicked grin forming on his lips.

Karkat moaned, rolling his hips into Kankri’s lap.

“Why don’t you strip, and we’ll get you nice and fixed up, hmm?” Dualscar purred, snapping the leash between his hands.

Karkat crawled out of Kankri’s lap, tearing his sweater over his head in an instant.

Dualscar grinned as the boy wiggled out of his pants, before sitting on the carpet, kneeling in front of him.

“What a good boy you are,” Dualscar mused, fastening the collar and leash snugly around Karkat’s neck.

Karkat dragged his fingers over the leather, moaning in delight. “Thank you sir, god, thank you so much~”

Dualscar undid his fly, tugging gently on Karkat’s leash, beckoning him forward. “Now’s your chance to earn it. C’mere.”

As requested, Karkat crawled to the man’s feet, bracing himself by gripping Dualscar’s thighs.

Dualscar chuckled, cupping Karkat’s cheek with one hand, while bringing his bulge into the open with the other.

“May I please suck it, master?” Karkat trilled, bouncing his hips against his heels.

“That you can, my pretty little thing…” Dualscar hummed, running his fingers into Karkat’s hair.

Karkat moaned, dragging his tongue along the underside, before sucking on the tip.

Eridan gasped as Cronus curled his fingers, scissoring them to find what worked best.

“You like it?” Cronus murmured.
Eridan nodded, a whine curling from his lips.

Cronus stared, shuddering. “You’re so… *fucking* sexy like this…” He managed, focusing on the sensation of his fingers against the soft walls of his brother’s nook.

Eridan shifted his gaze away from Cronus to stare at the ceiling. It’s okay. If Karkat could do it… so could he. His eyes briefly searched around the room for his matesprit. He froze at what he saw.

“C’mon, doll, look at me,” Cronus purred, turning his chin.

Eridan stared up at Cronus, a lump forming in his throat as he saw his brother stroking his bulge.

Cronus gave a deep chuckle, leaning over to lap at Eridan’s fins. “You ready?”

Eridan stiffened, head reeling. He had hardly even… put anything up there. It was always just easier to mess around with his bulge.

Cronus gave a steady exhale against Eridan’s cheek. “I’m gonna need an answer, chief.”

Eridan nodded weakly. If he said no now… his dad would make him leave.

Cronus sighed, rolling his hips down onto his brother.

“OH GOD!” Eridan shouted, eyes going impossibly wide.

Dualscar’s gaze shot to his son, a snarl forming on his lips.

Eridan focused on his father’s expression. He moaned, nodding his head. “I like it… god, I like it…” He managed, sighing as his father returned his attention to Karkat.

Dualscar’s eyes drifted to Kankri, curled up on his chair as he watched the scenes in front of him unfold. “Get over here,” Dualscar ordered, pushing Karkat to the side so that Kankri would have plenty of room.

“Yes, daddy…” He murmured, slipping off the chair and onto his knees. He scooted next to his brother, and the two attached their mouths simultaneously.

Dualscar hissed through his teeth, throwing his head back. “That’s it…” He groaned, lacing his fingers in Kankri’s hair.

Kankri brought the tip to his lips, and in one fluid motion, took the whole thing down his throat. Dualscar gasped, fingers curling around the table. “Jesus…” He murmured, hips bucking against Kankri. “Where the fuck did you learn to do that?”

Kankri paused, his face going red. He let the tendril slip out, and wiped his mouth off on the back of his hand.

Dualscar clicked his tongue in frustration. It was probably for the best. Wouldn’t want to be the first to finish. He hoisted himself up onto the table and gestured for the two boys to follow him.

“Will it… *hold* us?” Kankri managed, slightly concerned.

“Unless either of you weigh more than a couple tons, we’ll be fine.” He assured them, leaning back.
Karkat crawled between his legs, but Dualscar stopped him,
He instead pulled Kankri to his bulge, petting his hair affectionately.

Karkat whined, clearly frustrated.
“Now, now. I haven’t forgotten about you,” He cooed, sliding down Kankri’s pants. “Why don’t you get to work on your brother, hmm?”

Kankri’s face flushed, his eyes screwing shut.
“In… what way, sir?”

Dualscar chuckled. “Well, it would be a shame if we wasted that pretty little bulge of yours, wouldn’t it?”

Karkat’s eyes lit up, nodding enthusiastically.

Kankri remained silent. Why was this his life. Why did he have to debate whether or not it was worth taking his brothers bulge, in exchange for giving this man a blow job? But god damn it, he really wanted that fucking thing in his mouth again…

Dualscar brushed a strand of Kankri’s hair out of his face, his touch soft… gentle.

And just like that, Kankri raised his hips for Karkat, dipping his face between Dualscar’s legs.

Dualscar groaned in approval, eyes set on Karkat as he slid into his brother. God, that was a pretty image…

Kankri moaned against Dualscar’s bulge, his hands curling into fists.

Cronus looked between the three, snickering. “Hey, Eri,” he murmured, pointing. “You wanna get in on that?”

Eridan turned his head, visibly squirming. Well… the whole reason he was doing this was for Kar, right? “Uhmm… yeah, yeah…” He responded.

“Great.” Cronus wrapped his arms around Eridan’s torso, hoisting him up and easily carrying him.

Karkat looked over his shoulder as Eridan was sat behind him. A slight purr rose from his throat.

“Okay, yeah, put your lips on your Kar there, will ya?” Cronus directed, dragging his thumb up Karkat’s nook.

Eridan swallowed. Slowly, his hands crept around Karkat’s hips, bringing them down to his mouth.

Karkat moaned, pulling Kankri back with him until everyone seemed comfortably situated.

Cronus crouched down onto the table, and rose Eridan’s hips to his own, sliding inside him once again.

Dualscar stared Eridan down, his eyes screwing shut. He wanted this. It wasn’t his fault, Eridan wanted this. His grip on Kankri’s hair tightened. “Do that thing with your throat again.”

Kankri nodded. He lost focus for a second as Karkat’s bulge squirmed inside him. He allowed a
moan to roll from his lips as he brought Dualscar between his lips, and down his throat once more.

Dualscar caught Karkat staring at Kankri take his bulge, and could swear he sensed a bit of envy. Dualscar ran his tongue along his teeth, before bending over Kankri and grabbing Karkat’s chin.

Karkat’s eyes went wide, pleading.

Dualscar grinned and kissed him, grinding his hips onto Kankri.

“Master~” Karkat moaned against him. He could feel himself go weak in the legs.

“How sweet…” Dualscar hissed, dragging his thumb over Karkat’s bottom lip.

Karkat squirmed, hips rolling down on Eridan and Kankri.

He grabbed onto Karkat’s leash yet again, tugging on it to leave him full access to Karkat’s neck.

Karkat whined as Dualscar kissed a trail down his neck, his grip on the leash tightening. “Master, I want you~”

“Oh? Not satisfied, hmm?”

Karkat shivered, reminded of the lips at his entrance and the nook on his bulge. “I… I want… you~” He repeated.

Dualscar smirked, pulling Kankri’s head back with a slick -pop-. “You hear that, Kanny?” He purred.

“Unf9rtunately,” Kankri muttered, short of breath.

Dualscar tisked. “I wish you more like your brother.”

Kankri felt self esteem fall a peg or two.

“Just look at him!” Dualscar rubbed Karkat’s cheek affectionately. “My… perfect, fucking whore…..”

Karkat moaned, nodding.

A pit began to form in Kankri’s stomach. He remained silent.

Dualscar rolled Kankri over by the shoulders, so that he could cradle his torso. He slipped a hand between Kankri’s legs and began to play with his bulge.

He whined, his shoulders rolling back.

“Like your brother said… you’d be happier if you stopped trying to fight everything…” Dualscar purred, gently kneading Kankri with his thumb.

Kankri bit his lip, hands clutching Dualscar’s thighs. “I…”

“We’ll take good care of you, Kanny. I just want to make you feel good… you don’t need to fight me.”

Kankri shuddered. “It… it’s demeaning .”

Dualscar rested his nose in Kankri’s hair. “That’s not so bad, is it?” He slid his fingers up and
down Kankri’s bulge. “Remember what else your brother was saying?”

Kankri swallowed. “I… I sh9uld accept th9se ar9und me… as my rightful superi9rs?”

Dualscar glanced up as Cronus pulled out his phone. He began recording. “Say that again, babe? Nice and loud for the camera?”

Kankri scowled. “Cr9nus, I am on the brink-” Kankri choked as Dualscar pried two fingers in his mouth.

He rubbed the soft ridges under Kankri’s bulge, hushing him softly.

Kankri couldn’t help but moan around the fingers, his resolve melting.

“You ready to tell us what we want to hear?” Dualscar murmured, stroking Kankri’s tongue softly.

Kankri hesitated, before nodding, a slight whine rising from his throat.

Dualscar removed the digits with a quiet pop, kissing Kankri’s neck gently.

Kankri stared into the camera, eyes hazy. “I… I should accept those around me as my rightful superiors-” He gasped as he felt Karkat start licking at his nook, seeming to have become bored with his mouth.

“Good…” Dualscar nipped at his ear.

“I should let the high6l99ds… d9 t9 me… as they please…”

Dualscar hummed, rolling his hips against Kankri’s back.

“I… I sh9uld 6e a little fuckt9y like my 6r9ther, daddy~” He moaned, eyes glassy.

“That’s a good boy…” Dualscar hummed. “You’re perfect like this.”

Kankri felt his heart swell at the complement, a purr rising in his chest.

“You want the whole world to see how perfect you are, right?” Dualscar asked, gesturing back to the camera.

Kankri nodded. “Yes, daddy, please!” He whined, his breath going shallow.

Dualscar hesitated. Yeah… Kankri was totally out of it. He would have to bring it up later. “Does my perfect little boy want to cum for the camera?” He murmured.

“9h, please, please daddy, make me cum~” Kankri moaned, his back arching.

“Good boy.” Dualscar began pumping his bulge roughly, rising a series of keens and whimpers.

Eridan finally removed himself from Karkat, sitting up to see what was going on. He swallowed, feeling his nook clench around Cronus at the sight.

Cronus groaned at the sensation, his hand fixing in Eridan’s hair. “Yeah, do that again, for daddy?”

Eridan stiffened, turning around to stare at Cronus over his shoulder. He flushed as he realised he was recording.

Cronus rubbed Eridan’s temple with his thumb reassuringly, cracking his signature grin.
Eridan looked down at his fists, before rolling his hips against Cronus, willing his nook to convulse.

“Fuck yeah… that’s it, baby…”

Eridan swallowed, a keen escaping him.

“Howv are you liking your big brother’s cock, huh?” He hissed through grit teeth.

Eridan felt his face flush. He avoided eye contact, covering his face with his hands. “Oh god-”

“Fuckin’ answer me, slut!”

Eridan froze, a bead of sweat forming on his forehead.

Dualscar snarled, his eyes fixed on Cronus, teeth born.

Cronus looked him up and down, huffing. “C’mon, Dad, I’m not serious.”

Dualscar shook his head, his claws digging into the table. “Say that shit again, I’ll serve your head on a FUCKIN’ platter!”

Cronus elbowed Eridan, signaling him to intervene.

“Uh, dad, it’s fine! I… Don’t, w worry about me?” He shuddered as Cronus twisted in his nook, as if out of reward.

Dualscar took heavy breaths, in attempt to calm himself. “You still want this?” He growled, eyes locking on Eridan.

Eridan swallowed, blinking a couple times. He nodded, a pit forming in his stomach as Cronus grabbed him roughly by the horn.

Dualscar swallowed, returning his attention to the boy squirming in his lap. He started running his fingers up and down his bulge, in quick, sporadic movements.

Kankri held his breath, lip quivering as he felt himself being rocketed towards the edge. “9h g9d… 9h g9d-”

“Cum-” Dualscar growled.

And just like that, he felt himself tumble over the edge. He gasped, keening, as he felt his own color spill down his legs. “Daddy ~” he whimpered, going limp in Dualscar’s lap.

“Good boy…” Dualscar trailed off, eyes drifting up to meet Karkat’s. “Yes?”

Karkat licked red off his cheeks, breath hitched. “Can I fuck him, sir?”

Kankri’s eyebrows fixed together, his head snapping up to stare at his brother.

Dualscar looked between the two, a grin forming on his lips. “You hear that, Kanny?”

Kankri shuddered, his legs squirming shut.

Dualscar’s eyes flicked back up to Karkat’s. “Drive him fuckin’ crazy, kid.”

“Wait- daddy-” Kankri choked as Karkat forced his legs apart.
Dualscar hummed in approval at the sight, his thumbs hooking around Kankri’s horns.

Kankri gasped, his chest jerking upwards in a series of quick spasms. “F-Fuck!”

Cronus fumbled with his phone, managing to zoom in on the brothers. He grit his teeth, hissing, and continued pounding into Eridan. “How’s that feelin’, babe?”

Eridan swallowed, lips parting. “I-it’s good!” He managed, continuing to rock his hips against Cronus.

He grinned. “I knew you’d like it…” he paused. “This isn’t the first time I wanted this, you know…”

Eridan stared up at his brother, eyes going wide.

“Isn’t the first time I wanted to spread you out all pretty like this…”

“Cro-”

“Shh…” Cronus silenced him. “You don’t gotta say anyfin. I get that it probably wasn’t mutual…” He grinned. “Until now. Right?”

Eridan shuddered, his hands going to cover his face.

Cronus narrowed his eyes, his grip on Eridan’s horn tightening. “You said you wanted this. So tell me again, will ya? This… is mutual, right?”

Eridan glanced to the side, a pained frown twisting onto his lips. He brought himself to nod, a whine escaping him.

Cronus sighed, resting his head against Eridan’s neck. “I wanna see you cum, Danny…”

Eridan moaned, his toes curling at the words. “Cronus~” He gasped, his arms latching around his brother.

“You close, chief?” He grunted, his pace speeding up remarkably.

Eridan whimpered, nodding.

Cronus grit his teeth, hissing as he slammed his hips against Eridan’s like he had nothing left to lose.

“Oh god, CRO!” Eridan cried, his hands balling into fists.

“FuuuuuuUuuuuuuuuuckkk…” Cronus groaned, slumping over his brother as he filled him.

Eridan gasped, eyes rolling up, and felt himself cum.

The two lay there, panting and sweaty, reveling in the afterglow of orgasm.

Dualscar stared between the two, smiling wryly. “What… finished so soon?”

Cronus glanced up at his father, slowing his breath. “Wwouldn’t dream of it, pops.”

Eridan huffed, but managed to find it in him to get his bulge squirming again.

Dualscar gestured for Karkat to slip out of Kankri, and had him lay next to his brother.
Eridan moved for Karkat, but… Cronus beat him to it. He crawled over and tapped Cronus on the shoulder, thinking it must’ve been a mistake. He was with Kankri, right? So… why didn’t he want… Kankri?

Eridan looked down at Kankri, and a wave of compassion hit him like a cinder block.

He looked so… tired.

Eridan swore he could see tears prickling his glazed eyes.

Dualscar pushed Kankri’s torso onto the table, so that he could leave the two brothers access to his bulge.

Eridan leaned over Kankri as the mutant attached his mouth to Dualscar’s bulge, a lackadaisical energy to his actions. “Howw are you… holding up?” Eridan murmured, his hands grazing Kankri’s torso.

Kankri glanced at him out of the corner of his eye, saying nothing.

Eridan swallowed. Slowly, he lead his bulge to Kankri’s nook.

Kankri stiffened, a steady exhale escaping him.

“Is this… okay?” Eridan murmured.

Kankri again remained silent, lapping at Dualscar’s bulge.

Dualscar pushed Kankri back by the forehead. “I thought you had better manners than that, Kanny… why don’t you tell him how good it feels?”

Kankri avoided eye contact, whimpering. “I… I love it…”

“And you want more, right?”

He nodded, grinding his hips against Eridan. “I do… please, give me more, master~”

Eridan stiffened, his brow furrowing. He glanced up at his father, before rolling his hips down into Kankri.

Kankri whined, before returning his mouth to the bulge in front of him.

Dualscar leaned back, reveling in the way those pretty little mouths felt against him.

Cronus continued grinding into Karkat, chuckling. “Hey, Kid, there’s been something I’ve been meaning to ask you…”

“What is it, daddy?” Karkat asked, his response muffled.

“I was your first time… wasn’t I?” He hissed, kneading Karkat’s horns with his thumb.

Karkat nodded, humming. “Yes, daddy!”

Kankri glanced at his brother, and felt a deep… sadness take over him. He wanted to be angry. God, he knew he should be angry right now… but… he just didn’t have it in him. He felt his eyes close, and he slumped, his cheek hitting the table with a thud. He felt fingers in his hair, on his horns. He didn’t care. Then a fist yanked his head back up by the hair.
Dualscar glared down at him, clearly frustrated. “Beg for me.”

Kankri whimpered, his lip quivering. He opened his mouth, but the words stuck in his throat.

“Beg!” Dualscar hissed through grit teeth, tugging on his hair harder.

Eridan stared, shying away slightly at his father’s actions.

“P-please-” Kankri gasped, a string of saliva rolling down his lips.

“Please… what.”

Kankri swallowed, screwing his eyes shut. “Please... fuck my throat ~”

Dualscar smirked, clearly pleased with the response. “Mmm… Tell me, how badly do you want it?”

Kankri shuddered. “I’ll go fucking crazy if you don’t, master…” he stated, his response almost scripted in nature.

Dualscar chuckled. “Well… we can’t have that, now can we? Open wide, dollface…”

Kankri did as asked, his jaw swinging open.

Dualscar slid inside slowly, throwing his head back in bliss. God, it was so fucking warm.

Karkat pursed his lips, unsure of what exactly to do with his mouth. He went limp as he felt Cronus press his thumbs into his grubscars, a wanton moan escaping him.

Dualscar began pounding into Kankri’s mouth, once he became familiar with the fact that the kid had no gag reflex. Interesting.

Kankri felt his hips begin to roll against Eridan, a thick desire still clinging to his mind. Despite all the grief, and frustration and anger he felt… god, he still wanted this.

Dualscar grit his teeth, throwing his head back in bliss. “You want daddy’s cum?” He hissed, his grip tightening.

“Wait-” Karkat started to interject, suddenly at full attention.

Kankri swallowed, nodding. He clutched his hands into fists.

Dualscar groaned, his muscles going loose as he finished.

“NO!” Karkat shouted, pulling Kankri back by the hair.

Kankri gasped, choking, as Karkat attached their mouths.

Slowly, he began to suck the fluid out of his brother’s mouth.

“Jesus…” Dualscar murmured, wiping his mouth off on the back of his hand.

Karkat finally broke from the kiss, panting.

Kankri gasped yet again, before breaking into a series of coughs.

“Fuckin’ addict…” Cronus murmured, continuing at his previous pace.
Karkat nodded, humming. “I am…” He paused for a moment. _Was_ he an addict? He licked his lips, brow furrowing. _Was_ this normal?

Kankri slumped on the table, eyes hazy. He softened as he felt Dualscar stroking his hair. He let a purr rise from his throat, snuggling into the man’s thighs. “Thank _you_,” He murmured. God… _he_ should be angry. But… _he_ was… happy.

Eridan moaned, feeling a heat starting to pool in his stomach. “K-Kan-” He gasped, gripping Kankri’s torso.

Kankri turned his head to look up at Eridan. He ground his hips against him, lips parting.

Eridan’s eyes rolled up, a moan falling from his lips as he finished.

Kankri’s eyes lit up as he was filled, endorphins seeming to race through his system. He gave a satisfied exhale, and slumped back to the table.

Cronus’s eyes drifted across the three, before focusing back on Karkat. “Guess it’s just you and me, huh, Chief?”

Dualscar dragged his thumb over his bottom lip. “I’m not sure I would go that far…”

Cronus glanced up at him, shuddering. “What… did you have in mind?”

Dualscar crawled over the table, seating himself behind Cronus.

Cronus flushed as he felt a pair of fingers spreading his nook. “D-dad-” he gasped, flinching.

Dualscar clicked his tongue. “Is that a no?”

Cronus looked to the side, shuddering. “No… I mean… keep goin’.”

Dualscar hesitated, a sickening sense of deja vu taking over him. He sat back on his heels, eyes screwed shut, and head bowed.

“Dad?”

“You want this?”

Cronus nodded. “Yeah, hell yeah…” He managed, sensing his father’s turmoil.

Dualscar met his eye, nodding. “Yeah… yeah, okay.” He fiddled with his rings, letting each hit the table with a metallic _-ting-_ that seemed to fill the air. He huffed, before leaning forward and sinking two fingers into Cronus’s nook.

Cronus felt his vision go foggy. He slumped onto Karkat, biting back a moan.

Karkat whimpered, hips bucking up into Cronus. “M-more, please, Daddy…” he managed, hands curling into fists.

Eridan and Kankri watched, seeming to grimace in unison at Karkat’s plea.

Kankri glanced at Eridan, before looking at the table. God this was fucked up.

“Yes, yeah… I’m on it…” Cronus trailed off, but did manage to bring his pace back to a reasonable speed. “Listen, I want you to cum for me, alright?” He told Karkat, his grip tightening.
Karkat’s eyelids flickered as he nodded his head, moaning to the affirmative.

Cronus grit his teeth, groaning as he felt himself slip over the edge.

Karkat’s lips parted, keening as cool fluid filled him. The sensation was enough to drive him to orgasm.

The two collapsed, sweaty and panting.

Cronus rolled off the mutant, staring at the ceiling. “Wvowv.”

“Well said,” Karkat murmured, catching his breath.

Dualscar wiped his forehead off on his palm, glancing down at his watch. Damn. 9 already. The sun would be rising in no time. “Alright, people… let’s… get back to our rooms.”

Eridan glanced over at Karkat. “Um… Kar… do you w wanna maybe sleep in my room?”

“No,” Dualscar interjected.

Eridan pouted, brow furrowing.

Cronus snickered. “Haha, it’s alright, chief. And besides… maybe I can keep you company…”

Dualscar stared at Cronus, shaking his head. “You’re fucking joking, right?”

Cronus gave a slight scoff. “Umm… no?” he leaned in to whisper in his dad’s ear. “If I’m with him, he won’t be able to sneak off with Kar…”

Dualscar nodded slowly. “Yeah… yeah, okay.”

Cronus grinned, eyes fixing on his brother intently.

Dualscar stared down at Kankri, before approaching him and running his fingers down his cheek. “How would you like to sleep with daddy tonight?” He murmured softly, gently running his fingers over Kankri’s neck.

“I… would like that very much, daddy…” Kankri managed, gaze locked on a point in space.

Dualscar smiled warmly. “Let’s all get to sleep then… shall we?”

Karkat felt the soft carpet curl around his toes as he stepped into his room. He was ready to fucking sleep. He knew he’d be fucking sore in the morning, he could just feel it. He began to drag himself towards the bed, scratching at his naked legs and stomach. That’s when a flicker of light caught his gaze. He frowned, peering over the bed to get a better look.

The faint glow of early sunlight illuminated shards of glass that littered the floor, and purple blood which speckled the otherwise stainless carpet.

A shout began to rise in his throat at the sight, stumbling away from the scene. “Oh god-”

“I can smell them on you from here.”

Karkat’s eyes shot to the corner, where a certain subjuggulator sat, blood splattered clubs in his lap,
“Scream, and you’re fucking dead to me.” Gamzee warned, pulling himself from his seated position.

Karkat searched for words, for actions, but found none.

Gamzee approached him, his steps slow, but tense, as if he were trying to contain himself from lunging at the boy across from him.

“Please…”

Gamzee paused, tilting his head to the side. “I’m here to save you, brother. Save you from this house of heresy and downright MOTHERFUCKING DEBAUCHERY.”

Karkat reached for the doorknob, and suddenly the clown’s eyes went very wide. Very angry. His lip curled, stare unwavering. “Yeah. I thought you might do something like that.” The clown broke into a run, throwing Karkat against the door, only to knock him to the ground.

Karkat choked in pain, his naked body curling up on the floor. He began to crawl and squirm away from the figure above him.

Gamzee’s chest fell heavy, breath going ragged with adrenaline. He reached into his pocket, pulling out and tearing open a ziplock bag. He held the damp cloth as he crouched down, straddling the terrified mutant.

“Gamzee, please, I’m sorry, I’m sorry…” Karkat croaked, tears beginning to well up in his eyes.

The clown stifled his pleas by roughly fixing the rag over Karkat’s mouth.

Karkat whimpered, his hand pressing over Gamzee’s. Not in attempt to push the clown away, but as a last resort to pacify him.

He didn’t even blink.

Karkat’s head rolled back, beginning to hyperventilate against the cloth as the bitter taste of chemicals filled his throat.

Gamzee twisted, pulling Karkat into his lap. “I love you… I love you, I love you…” He mumbled, brushing his lips against Karkat’s neck. The soft bristles of Karkat’s hair rubbed against his temples, and suddenly, he felt very warm… cozy, even.

Karkat, on the other hand, was finding it hard to keep his eyes in focus. He weakly began to pull at Gamzee’s hand, a gurgle rising in the back of his throat.

Gamzee snarled, his grip tightening. “Shut up.”
Karkat’s limbs dropped to his sides, breath being reduced to gasps and sobs.

The clown traced little kisses along Karkat’s neck, his cheeks. “Yeah… yeah, relax, brother.”

Karkat shook his head weakly, giving a quiet moan as he felt the purpleblood’s fingertips trace the collar that hugged his neck.

Gamzee chuckled, snuggling into Karkat’s hair. Softly, he began to hum.

It sounded like circus tunes, far too… eerie to bring any comfort to the situation.

“I love you, I love you, I love you…” The clown chanted, voice wavering.
The phrase rang in Karkat’s ears. A sickly sweet feeling seemed to stick to his chest. Slowly, he began to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Whooooo! Thank you for reading!
Karkat’s eyes curled open, his vision blurred. The first thing he felt was… feverish. His skin seemed uncomfortable on his body. He felt like… he needed something. But… he didn’t know what. The sound of his own breathing and heartbeat was enough to set an ache in his head. He groaned, clutching his hair as he managed to sit up. He was in a dark room, lying in a bed with purple sheets. He was wearing a black sweater with matching jeans, both of which had the capricorn symbol on them. But… in grey. He didn’t think much of it. He stumbled out of the covers, mind foggy. Staggering over to the door, he turned the knob, but to no avail. Locked. Of course. He slid down to the floor, choking out a sob. The thick chemical sting sticking to his throat sent a whole new wave of misery through him. "LET ME OUT!!" he begged, voice rough and sore, fists banging halfheartedly on the door. His plea was followed with a near suffocating silence. "PLEASE!!"

This time, he heard something. A thump, followed by quick and heavy footsteps.

Karkat stumbled back as Gamzee threw open the door, before practically lunging at him.

Karkat whimpered as he was pulled into a crushing hug. His fingers trembled as he clutched Gamzee’s shirt, choking out a sob.

“It’s alright, brother… you’re safe now, I’ve got you,” Gamzee murmured, trying to comfort him.

“I can’t believe you would…” Karkat choked, eyes scrunching shut.

“That I would what, brother?” Gamzee asked, his voice dry. “Save you? Because I would save you a million times over, if I had to.”

Karkat felt his chest convulse, and before he knew it, tears were leeching down his cheeks.

Gamzee shooshed him gently, pulling him into his lap as he sat on the bed.

Karkat went tense, lurching forward at the recollection of Gamzee forcing the rag over his mouth. “LET GO OF ME!” He wailed, breaking free and tumbling to the floor.

Gamzee stared at him, eyebrows knit in confusion.

Karkat shuddered, curling up. “Please… let me leave…” Karkat begged, his fingers curling into fists.

Gamzee’s eyes lidded. “And go where? Back to them?” He shook his head, running his tongue over his teeth. “I won’t let that happen to you. Not again. You’re safe now.”

“Are you fucking insane?” Karkat spat, curling up into a sitting position. “You fucking… you kidnapped me! And you expect me to feel safe with you?” Karkat began trembling again, crawling away. “You are a fucking lunatic…”

Gamzee’s tisked. “You’re not in your right motherfucking head yet, brother. This was all for you.” His gaze turned to the floor. “You’ll see. Now, c’mon, my dad’s been wanting to meet you.”
Karkat swallowed, eyes screwing shut as Gamzee cupped his cheek.

He followed Gamzee through the maze like mansion. As they walked, Gamzee ushered him through rooms filled to the brim of trolls bearing tattoos, weapons, and cigarettes. They paid little attention to him, but those that caught his eye managed to send shivers up his spine. They finally arrived in some kind of lounge, where none other than the Grand motherfucking Highblood himself sat.

Ghb’s eyes drifted to the two, a lazy smirk forming on his lips. “Well, well, well. Look who it is.”

Karkat picked at the sleeve of his sweater, slowly approaching him.

Ghb chuckled, taking a hit from his cigar. “Glad a motherfucker finally decided to wake up. It’s been… yeah, three days?”

Karkat slumped, staring at him in disbelief. “What the fuck did you guys give me?”

“Vaporised sopor, mixed with Terekin. So, one hell of an anesthetic. Not that that means anything to you… but shit will knock you out for a while,” Ghb said, waving his cigar in the air as he spoke.

Karkat scoffed, staring down at his hands. “You… you fucking…”

“Now, now…” Ghb chided. “Don’t go up and acting like motherfucking that,” he tapped his cigar off into his ash tray. “If I have the story straight, you weren’t exactly being your most co-operative self. Couldn’t risk you screaming your head off or none, you get me?” His eyes darkened. “And let’s be real here. You weren’t in a good state of mind as it were. What with the aphrodisiacs.”

Karkat’s eyebrows furrowed. “What?”

Ghb gave a short sigh. “I guess this is the first time you’re hearing of it, huh. Listen, kid, the shit you were doing… that wasn’t you all up and acting that out.” He rubbed his temples. “This… must not be easy to hear. But it’ll all be okay, now. We’re going to get you on the road to recovery.”

Karkat took a step back, eyes darting back and forth. “What… what are you talking about?”

The two highbloods remained silent, only staring at him.

Drugs. Karkat stared at his hands, and the world seemed to slow down. Realization seemed to hit him like a fucking train. He felt himself choke, his head shaking in disbelief.

Gamzee bit his lip, rubbing Karkat’s shoulder. “Karbro… It’s okay… I got you…”

A series of coarse and ragged gasps twisted from Karkat’s throat, as he fell to his knees, blood boiling.

Ghb stared at him, chewing on the butt of his cigar.

Gamzee glanced at his father, who shrugged.

Karkat felt himself begin to hyperventilate in quick and infuriated gasps. Angry tears boiled over his eyes as he glared at the man above him.

Ghb stood, slowly pacing over to Karkat, before crouching in front of him. He wiped some of the tears off with his thumb, flashing a grin. “Now… I should probably tell you, we’ve all up and got a
drug test with your name on it. It’ll help us help you kick the wicked withdrawal from whatever they had you on… so I can look forward to seeing a motherfucking smile on those wicked lips…” He smirked. “Tears don’t suit a pretty face like yours.” He leaned in to Karkat, focusing on the bits of red that speckled his irises. He was apparently getting a little too close for Gamzee’s liking.

Gamzee scooped Karkat up to his feet, glaring down at his father. “How about that drug test, motherfucker?” he muttered, eyes glazed.

Ghb paused, seeming to nod at his son in understanding. He glanced at the floor, before clicking his tongue and standing. He reached into his blazer, having to shuffle around a bit before retrieving a syringe. “So, Karkat, tell me about yourself, motherfucker.”

Karkat stared at him, a hiccup escaping him as tears continued to boil over his eyes.

Ghb glanced up at him, before shrugging. He ran the needle over his lighter a few times. “I hear you have quite the wicked hue running through those veins of yours.”

Karkat stiffened, turning to stare at the ground. “I’m sorry…”

Ghb paused, his lighter flicking off. “It ain’t nothing you had your own motherfucking control over, brother.” He held the syringe in his teeth and pulled up Karkat’s sleeve.

Karkat shied away, suddenly growing very paranoid.

Ghb chuckled at the response. “Don’t worry, now. I know what I’m doing.” He reached behind the couch to reveal some kind of vodka. He opened the cap, plugged the bottle against his thumb, and swabbed it over the inside of Karkats elbow.

Karkat shuddered, staring at the needle.

“Don’t move.” Ghb pressed the needle against his skin, before piercing it.

Karkat hissed, staring up at the man.

Ghb pulled blood into the syringe, his grip tightening as he did so. His eyes went wide at the color, a deep fascination seeming to set in his expression. “Look at that…” he murmured, pupils blown in awe. He brought the needle back and stared at the color, his lips parting. He cleared his throat, and twisted the needle off the syringe before stuffing it back in his jacket. “I’ll get the test started in an hour or so. We should have results back in a couple of days. Until then, understand when I ask you to stay at the house… wouldn’t want you making a poor impression on your friends before you’ve recovered. So… we might send you back to the wicked academy in a week or two. If you want, that is.” Ghb glanced down at his watch, before slumping. “Speaking of, Gamzee, motherfucker, get to school.”

Gamzee scowled. “Can I stay home? Look after Karbro?”

Ghb shook his head, glancing Karkat up and down. “Motherfucker’s been through a lot. Let him rest.” His gaze returned to Gamzee. “Now, remember, don’t go spreading this shit around. This is the one secret I’m asking you to keep, motherfucker. Don’t screw it up.”

Gamzee raised an eyebrow.

Ghb rolled his eyes. “One of two,” he corrected himself. “And don’t forget your sopor. Can’t have you getting angry when I’m not around.”
Gamzee scoffed. “When you’re not around? So you’re staying with him instead?”

“I’m not leaving him alone with Kurloz. You should thank me.”

Gamzee opened his mouth to retort, but then shut it again. “Yeah… yeah, okay.” He sighed, reaching into his front pocket to pull out a joint, before departing from the lounge.

Ghb stared down at the little bead of blood that had formed on Karkat’s arm, his muscles relaxing somewhat.

Karkat returned his gaze uncomfortably, before tugging his sweater back down his arm.

The man narrowed his eyes, grunting. He turned, taking another hit from his smoke. “So, what do you need? Food?”

Karkat nodded, his breath hitching.

Ghb gestured towards a fridge in the corner. “There’s some leftovers in there. Help yourself.”

Karkat nodded, pacing around the kitchen island, and yanking open the fridge door. He was met with the overpowering stench of alcohol. His eyes darted around the fridge, grazing across some rather suspicious looking zip-lock bags full of powder. He returned his focus to the shelves, shuffling through bottles, until he found the promised food. He looked Ghb up and down over his shoulder, before beginning to leave to his room.

The highblood stopped him, holding him by the arm. “Motherfucker, check the drawer next to your bed when you get back. Let me know if you be needing anything.”

Karkat nodded, his grip on the plate tightening.

Ghb let him go, waving him off.

He carefully retraced his steps through room after room, trying his best not to make eye contact with anyone he ran into. He paused as he heard someone call his name. He stiffened, turning around. Did he imagine that? He studied the room he was passing through. Safes, lockers, and array of bongs and syringes decorated the walls and tables. His eyes met with Gamzee’s older brother. Kurloz. He frowned, noting the facial skull tattoo that he had apparently gotten after graduation.

He also noted that the trolls around him seemed to be pointing and snickering at the capricorn insignia on his chest.

Kurloz grinned at him, eyes flashing purple as he telepathized something to the trolls surrounding him.

They chuckled, seeming to undress Karkat with their eyes in response.

Karkat shuddered, stepping back. “I-I’m sorry… I… need to go.”

Kurloz gave a mock pout. ‘LITTLE MOTHERFUCKER DOESN’T WANT TO STAY AND PLAY WITH ME?’

Karkat shook his head, eyes widening.

The trolls muttered things to Kurloz under their breath.
He silenced them with a raise of his hand. ‘IT’S OKAY, MOTHERFUCKERS. LITTLE FUCKER WON’T BE AVOIDING US FOR LONG, I PROMISE YOU.’ Kurloz grinned back at him, dismissing him with a curt wave.

Karkat sprinted back to his room.

He placed the food on the bedside table, before sitting on the bed. He felt… gross. He silently wondered how long the Makaras had left him in those sheets without changing his clothes. Too long, he decided. He stood, pulling his shirt over his head, and approached the closet. He threw the sweater to the ground and stepped out of his pants as he pushed open the closet. His eyebrows furrowed. It was all the same… the capricorn insignia, but in grey. He tugged on a sleeve, examining it. His mind raced back to how those trolls stared at the symbol…

Possession.

He felt a pit form in his stomach.

It meant he was theirs… didn’t it? Like they branded him.

He felt his blood run cold as he took a step back.

It was happening again, wasn’t it? Kurloz… he was going to do what the Amporas did, wasn’t he? His mind raced back to the days prior, his face going red with humiliation and rage as he remembered the call with Sollux and Eridan. Oh god… oh god, Sollux must have despised him after that… He bit back a sob, skin crawling as tears began to well up in his eyes. “I’m sorry…” he choked, falling to his knees.

It wasn’t his fault, he tried to tell himself. It was theirs. Dualscar… it was… Dualscar...

His eyes widened as he felt his hips buck into nothing, a slight heat pooling in his crotch.

Oh god no.

A pathetic whine bubbled up in his throat, as his whole body began to ache with craving. He trembled, sheer desperation making his skin crawl.

He wasn’t going to do it.

After what must have been the slowest minute of his life, he broke. His hand shot from it’s place to between his legs. He hissed, shuddering. It didn’t feel good. It wasn’t… relieving. His eyes rolled up, head swimming for what he could do to make this better.

His eyes drifted to the bedside table, remembering what Ghb had said. Anything he needed. He lunged for the drawer, tearing it open to find… a flip phone. And a number scribbled in pen alongside it.

He pulled it out, and with shaky fingers, punched in the number.

It rang for what must have been the most agonizing ten seconds of his life.

Ghb picked up. “Speaking?” He mumbled.

“Oh- it’s... Karkat-”
The man gave a raspy laugh from the other end. “You sound desperate, motherfucker. What can I help a brother out with?”

Karkat shivered. “I…” What was he going to ask for. What could Ghb even do…?

He swallowed, his thumb hovering over the hang up button.

“What are you feeling?” Ghb demanded. “Symptoms motherfucker, don’t worry, I’ll understand.”

Karkat swallowed. “I… craving? I feel… angry, and humiliated, and-”

“I’ll get the drugs.”

And with that, the Highblood hung up.

Karkat stared at the phone, breath hitching. Drugs…? He slumped in defeat, hinging on the fact that this feeling would be over soon.

Ghb laid out a series of pill bottles on the bed.

Karkat stared at each, anxiety seeming to set in him as he remembered everything Kankri had taught him about drugs. After he met Gamzee, he realised it was mostly just fear mongering… but those lessons were still pounded into him.

Ghb met his eye, before lacing his fingers. “Do you understand what you’re going through right now, motherfucker?”

Karkat shook his head, looking away. “Uh.. a-addiction?”

“Withdrawal. I don’t know what the Amporas had you on, but based on what I saw of you… looked like some strong shit. I want to get you out of this, motherfucker, but I’m not going to make you suffer to do it. Going cold turkey is an awful motherfucking idea, especially for a kid your age. I’ll regulate you, so don’t worry about never quitting. It’ll happen. But, until then… “ He gestured down to the bottles. “Let’s figure out what might be the cause of your suffering.” His finger pointed to the first bottle in the row. “First off, we have Dimaniene. Shit’s gonna get you active down there… but not exactly how you were. Makes users more aggressive. Dominant.”

Karkat shook his head. “Can’t be it…”


“How addictive is it?” Karkat asked, eyes widening.

“The sexual side of the drug has almost no withdrawal symptoms. If you were to be feeling any craving, it would be from the high. Are you feeling… lackadaisical?”

Karkat shook his head again, fists clenching. “I feel like I could punch through a fucking mountain to get rid of this… feeling…”

The highblood nodded. His fingers drifted across the line, settling on the final drug. “Let’s skip the bullshit then. This… this is the stuff that will make a motherfucker act like how you were. Fyloprone.”
Karkat’s ears pricked up.

“Needy. Obedient. Out of your head, and horny as fuck. And… it’s addiction is something else. One of my motherfuckers got killed by a junky for this shit.”

Karkat nodded, staring at the bottle.

“If this is what you were on… It’ll seem like you’re in your own personal motherfucking hellscape before you’re over it. The withdrawal will get worse every motherfucking day, and it lasts for weeks.” He turned the bottle. “This is actually one I haven’t tried myself. Vulnerability doesn’t suit a motherfucker like me.” His eyes flicked up. “But don’t worry. I’ll keep you safe while you’re on it… make sure all the needs you’ll be getting are met.”

Karkat stared up at him, before fixing his gaze back onto the drug. It would only get worse from here… He swallowed the lump in his throat, nodding. “I’ll take it. Please, god… just…” He shuddered.

The Highblood nodded, smiling slightly, before popping the cap open. He shook some of the contents into his palm, and placed a pill gently in Karkat’s hand.

Karkat bit his lip, before bringing his palm to his lips, and throwing his head back as he swallowed.

The highblood stared at him, his grin seeming to grow wider and wider as Karkat’s eyelids began to droop.

He started to feel… uneasy. He lay back on the bed, as slowly, all the pain and craving washed away. He felt light. He felt... good. His lips parted, forming a soft smile, as his head bobbed back and forth. A purr began to rise in his throat, as he curled into his own heat. He felt his nook swell, bulge winding out of it’s sheath in quick pursuit. He gave a soft whimper, his hips bucking against the bed.

Ghb clicked his tongue, crawling over Karkat and pulling him into his lap.

Karkat’s neck went slack, movements losing coordination.

“Tell me… what does a motherfucker need right now?” Ghb murmured in his ear.

Karkat only managed a whine, his hips rolling down onto the man’s thighs.

Ghb chuckled, resting his head in the crook of Karkat’s neck. “Touch yourself for me.”

Karkat was happy to oblige. His hand slipped under the waistband of his jeans, eyes going hazy.

Ghb chuckled, his nostrils met with the thick scent of pheromones. He kissed a trail up Karkat’s neck, his grip on the boy tightening.

“P-please…” Karkat murmured, his mouth gaping open.

“Please what?” Ghb whispered, his fingers trailing down Karkat’s chest.

“Fuck… me…” He whimpered, his words slurred.

Ghb paused his movements, turning to rest his lips against Karkat’s ear. “Gladly.” And just like that, he pushed Karkat’s pants to his ankles, before sinking two massive fingers into him.

Karkat absolutely melted at the touch. He moaned, his fingers reaching back to tangle in the
highblood’s massive hair.

The man stared at his red tinted digits, that sick fascination taking him over once more. He felt a temptation to drag his claws along Karkat’s thighs, absolutely fucking paint him with that color. But he refrained.

Karkat bucked his hips into the touch, staring up at G hb with glassy eyes.

G hb again noted the little specks of red in them, feeling his mouth water at the sight. He traced his claws along Karkat’s cherry cheeks, his joints going rigid. He blinked, before taking his hand to his pants, and retrieving his bulge. He ripped off his shirt and blazer, before pushing his pants down to his ankles. If only Gamzee didn’t like this kid so fucking much...

Karkat moaned, grinding against the bulge he felt wriggling on his back.

G hb stretched his fingers apart a few times, before deciding Karkat was ready enough. It would still be a stretch, but at least it wouldn’t hurt the kid. He tipped Karkat forward slightly, before leading his bulge to his open nook. Oh. Now that was something. He growled at the near searing heat that seemed to engulf him, reveling in the fact of how... unique it was. He silently hoped his alternate self had gotten a taste of it before killing The Signless motherfucker. Would be a motherfucking waste if he hadn’t.

Karkat continued moaning, his sopping nook clamping down at the bulge that graced it.

G hb grazed his teeth along Karkat’s neck, exhaling against his skin. God, he wanted to bite him. Cut that pretty little artery…

Instead, he sank him further down onto his bulge.

Karkat ground his hips down, greedily trying to take more and more inside of him.

G hb wrapped his hand around Karkat’s bulge, pumping it up and down rhythmically. He could get used to this… having another drugged up little pet. Slowly, he activated his voodoos.

Karkat stiffened as his vision became tinted with a soft purple, and suddenly he felt… very, very vulnerable.

G hb studied, copied everything that was going on in Karkat’s mind. The endorphins, the dopamine, his racing sex drive. All of it. He let his voodoos fade, tucking the information to the back of his mind for later use.

Karkat went limp as he returned to reality, giving a soft glance at G hb, who met him with a reassuring smile.

“Enjoying your wicked self, I take it?” The man hummed, giving the slightest nip to Karkat’s ear. He stared at it for a second, disappointed at the lack of blood.

Karkat squirmed, nodding.

G hb chuckled, twining the bulge between his fingers. “I want to see you cum… I want to see that gorgeous motherfucking red you’ve got…”

Karkat moaned, sliding up and down G hb intently, his mouth parted. Little keens and gasps were the only thing to escape him, seemingly past the point of annunciation.
Ghb grinned, laying back and watching as Karkat rode him like he had nothing else to lose. He silently wondered where Gamzee had put that collar…

He was cut from the thought as Karkat practically screamed in pleasure, throwing his head back. “AaAAAAAAAAaaaaaahh~”

The man snickered, holding Karkat’s hips in place, before slamming into him unceremoniously.

Karkat gave a quick series of keens, seeming to grow louder with each progressing thrust, until finally, he spilt.

The promised red cascaded down Karkat’s thighs, pooling on Ghb’s groin and the sheets beneath them.

Ghb stared at the color, but was slightly disappointed at how… diluted it was, compared to his blood.

If he cut him now, he’d barely feel it, right? The high would distract him… Ghb brought his thumb to Karkat’s back, before dragging a small slice down it.

Karkat flinched, glancing at Ghb over his shoulder.

The man stared at the color, his eyes softening. He leaned down, licking a long trail up the cut. God, that tasted nice… “Why don’t you go and… finish what you motherfucking started,” He murmured, eyes drifting to his ever squirming bulge.

Karkat nodded, his jaw going slack, lips parting.

Ghb directed his head towards his bulge.

Karkat glanced up at him, before scooting down. He began to suckle on the side, his hips rolling.

Ghb wiped some of Karkat’s blood from his back, before rubbing it between his fingers, a certain fixation in his eye.

Karkat bobbed his head up and down, struggling to bring the bulge past his gag reflex. Eventually, he settled with swirling his tongue around the tip, and pumping the rest with his hands.

Ghb groaned, throwing his head back. He had always loved oral. A hand fixed in Karkat’s hair, urging him on. The kid would probably let him fuck his throat… he glanced down at Karkat, before loosening his grip. Had to be nice to the motherfucker though… if for nothing but Gamzee’s sake. He laid back, and allowed Karkat to slowly build him up. No sense in rushing it.

Eventually, Karkat felt the organ go stiff in his fingers. He glanced up at Ghb, as if for affirmation.

Ghb pet his hair, smiling softly. “Does the little motherfucker want my cum?”

Karkat nodded, closing his lips around the tip.

Ghb gave a chuckle through grit teeth, before gripping Karkat’s hair hard, and bucking up into him.

Karkat’s eyes widened as he went slack, purple fluid gushing down his throat. He did his best to swallow, but was forced to cough and sputter as soon as Ghb left his mouth.

The man pulled him into his lap as he recovered, petting his cheeks with his knuckles.
Karkat stared up at him, gasping and glassy eyed.

Ghb lay a series of soft pecks on his forehead, before laying him down on the sheets.

Kid was from Alternia, he’d probably slept in things worse than cum.

The man cracked his back as he stood, before gathering up the pill bottles, slipping into his clothes, and departing.

That was probably the right drug… right?

He shut the door behind him, biting his lip. He fumbled for a cigar, and lit it accordingly.

He supposed he would find out soon enough.

Chapter End Notes

Whoo!! Sorry for the short chapter, but at least it got out soon, right?? Also, if you have the time, please don't forget to drop a comment! It lets me know how many of you have gotten this far, and how many are still actually reading. Helpful stuff. :)
Okay, so, sorry for the time convolution, but this is taking place right after Karkat got kidnapped, so p much what we missed going on at the Ampora's.

Eridan’s chest rose and fell to a steady beat as he slept.

Cronus stared at him, his head propped up on his arm. The soft whirr of the air conditioner was practically the only sound to be heard in the room. Cronus shifted towards Eridan, brushing his knuckles down his cheek. He wanted to kiss him. God… he wanted to kiss him. Cronus hesitated, before leaning into his face. His eyes danced across Eridan’s freckled cheeks, and he felt his shoulders tense. Slowly, he brought their mouths together. After a good five seconds, he retracted, laying back on the sheets. He fumbled for his phone, turning away from his brother as his heartbeat pounded in his ears. Why was he even nervous? They had just fucked, hadn’t they? He shook his head, continuing to distract himself. He clicked on Meenah’s contact, before sending her the video.

CA: (video file)

CC: do you have any idea what fucking time it is.

CA: alright, put your fucking phone on silent then.

CC: nah. not like i was sleeping.

CA: then wvhat the fuck are you complaining about.

CC: i was busy, okay.

CA: doing wvwhat?

CC: gee, i dunno cronus, what would a girl possibly be doing alone in her room during the middle of the day?

CA: oh. oH.

CC: jesus you’re fucking dense. anybay, you recorded it?

CA: sure did.

CC: okay, gimme a sec to watch it.

CA: i can wwait.

CC: . . .

CA: so?
CC: oh cod.

CA: ??

CC: you… fucking... fucked your brother.

CA: yeah?? wwait, you’re not gonna kinkshame me too, are you?

CC: holy shit. your dad did a total 180, didn’t he? how the fuck did that even happen?

CA: Eridan begged him.

CC: god your family is fucked up. i… am actually disgusted right now.

CA: aww, come on, doll. i wvas just doin’ wwhat you wwanted.

CC: that video ain’t gonna swim.

CA: wvhat? wwhy not?

CC: your cinematography is fucking terrible. That is not how you start a profishional debut.

CA: oh, come on, it’s not that bad.

CC: have you even watched it?

CA: … i mean…

CC: watch it, and tell me i’m wrong.

CA: okay, okay, fine.

CC: you done yet?

CA: … it was a lot better in person, okay?

CC: no shit. am I gonna have to send camera guys to your house myshellf, or are you going to think this through next time?

CA: omg, wwould you?

CC: well, i am your producer. so i guess i’ll have to.

CA: wwhen can they get here?

CC: umm… i dunno, probably by 4?

CA: hell yes. I’ll start getting shit set up. thanks, babe.

CC: don’t. just. don’t.

CA: ?

CC: don’t call me babe, alright? and don’t get the wrong idea about this. i am not interested in you, like, at all.

CA: wvwhat? wvwhy not?
CC: cause you’re a total basshole. Why else?

CA: oh come on, I am not.

CC: in what world aren’t you.

CA: um, this one? I sawed Kankri and Karkat from Afterus, that’s not assholish.

CC: yeah, and now you’re using pheromones to turn them into your personal sex dolls. Reel noble of ya.

CA: you knowv about that?

CC: yeah, i do. and its fucking sad.

CA: wvell, you don’t seem to mind it that much. You’re actively encouraging us, as a matter o fact.

CC: i am on the verge of war, amshora. If it takes a couple of unwilling prawn stars to end it, that is a price i will bay.

CA: oh come on. You probably get off to this as much as i do.

CC: i don’t need drugs to get laid.

CA: but could you find a partner vvilling to do anything for you?

CC: that is fucked up, amshora.

CA: you vvanna knowv something else? Kanny is the happiest i’ve ever seen him when he’s on this shit. I think it’s a wvin-wvin situation, to quote my brother.

CC: how would you feel if you were in his shoes, huh? If you were someone’s fucktoy through no choice of your own?

CA: that sounds fucking hot.

CC: well I hope you try it, and see if your tune changes.

CA: … was that a proposal?

CC: what?

CA: you want me as a fucktoy, Meenah?

CC: you can’t be serious.

CA: oh, i am dead serious.

CC: what the fuck is wrong with you.

CA: that’s not an answver, babe.

caucistic_Crbdicator has logged off.
Meenah stared down at her screen, her face flushed in fury.

What the fuck was his problem?

She stared down at her lap, a scowl forming on her lips.

Fuck him. Fuck Cronus Ampora.

She lay back, his offer slipping into her head. Her bulge squirmed in response. She rolled over, giving a frustrated groan.

What an asshole.

Kankri whimpered as Dualscar suckled softly on his neck.

It had been approximately 24 hours since he had last taken a pill. It didn’t feel so fucking hot, to be honest. He felt strangely… numb. Like his emotions were dulled. That, and the incessant feeling he got whenever he needed a cigarette kept clinging to him.

He would have to get a pill from Cronus soon.

He pulled Kankri closer, his grip shakey.

Kankri stared into space, his breath falling heavy. He squirmed despite himself.

Dualscar slowly traced his fingers to Kankri’s crotch, cautiously running over the hot skin of his sheathe. He had convinced Kankri to leave his clothes in the dining room, silently hoping they got lost. “C’mon… look at me…” He murmured.

Kankri met his eyes, face impossibly flushed. “More…” He whined.

Dualscar gave a soft sigh. He traced his fingers along the folds of Kankri’s nook, gently stimulating him until his bulge wriggled free.

“You’re so needy, aren’t you?” he cooed, feeling his length finally slither into the open.

Kankri swallowed thickly, giving a pathetic nod. “P-please… please let me have it…”

Dualscar felt a soft smile tickle the corners of his lips. “How cute…”

Kankri shivered, biting his lip. He felt his nook begin to throb.

“Are you mine?” Dualscar tried, pulling Kankri closer.

Kankri gave a half laugh, half choke. “Yes, daddy…”

Dualscar chuckled, resting his head in the crook of Kankri’s neck. “God, it’s nice to hear you say that…”

Kankri stared into space, his body convulsing as soon as Dualscar’s fingers came in contact with his bulge.

Dualscar hesitated, his eyebrows furrowing.
Kankri laid back on the bed. His breath seemed quickened to the point of hyperventilation.

Dualscar sat back on his heels, his lip twisting in uncertainty. “Kankri?”

Kankri gave a raspy laugh, covering his face with his hands. “I’m really nothing but a fucking whore, aren’t I?”

Dualscar bit his lip, shrugging. “I mean… you say it like it’s a bad thing.”

Kankri parted his fingers to glare at him. He scoffed, trembling as he shook his head. “Finish that thought. I dare you.”

Dualscar sighed, bobbing his head as he thought over his next words. “See, it’s like I was telling your brother, it can be positive! Being a whore can mean a lot of different things—”

Kankri cut him off with a disturbingly abrupt laugh. He threw his head back, clutching it, and coughed up a quick series of chuckles. “A whore is a whore, Dualscar. It’s not some cute fucking pet name, and it is most certainly not a compliment.”

Dualscar put his hands up in defence. “Okay, okay, I’m sorry. If that’s how you feel, then no, you’re not a whore.”

Kankri gave a hollow smile, choking out another laugh. His eyes remained void of light. “Aren’t I though?” He waved his hand in gesture, before looking down at his naked body.

“You’re not doing it for money or drugs, so no, you’re not a whore,” Dualscar insisted.

Kankri stared back at him. “Not for money, huh. If I had any, I would already be gone.”

Dualscar felt a pit form in his stomach. He looked down at his lap. “But… you enjoy it.”

Kankri raised an eyebrow. “In the moment. But it’s not exactly a lifestyle I aspire to, forgive me for saying.”

Dualscar’s eyes dropped, a strange… sadness setting in him. “Oh.”

Kankri shrugged, running his tongue along his teeth. “Having said that…” He stared down at Dualscar’s bulge, as it retreated ever so slightly. “We’re not done yet.”

Dualscar leaned back, his brows furrowing as Kankri crawled over him. He’d get him to like it. He’d get him to like it just as much as he did, if not more. That’s why he started taking the damn pills in the first place, wasn’t it?

Kankri slowly lowered himself onto Dualscar’s bulge, giving a warm sigh at the sensation.

Ugh, he was so pretty when he did that shit too. Why couldn’t he just keep on saying all those sweet things, instead of getting so dramatic.

Kankri began to rock his hips up and down like he had been doing it his whole life.

Shame. That was this kid’s problem. If only he would just let go and enjoy himself… but that’s what the drugs were doing, right? Getting rid of that god awful shame.

Kankri curled up, resting his head on Dualscar’s chest. He took shallow pants, a thin string of saliva rolling down his chin.
Dualscar pet his hair, swallowing. “Are you ashamed, Kankri?”

Kankri paused, rolling his head up to stare at Dualscar. “C’me again?”

“Are you ashamed of yourself.” Dualscar realized the way he said it made it sound like he should be.

“M9re than I care t9 descr9be,” Kankri admitted bitterly. He looked away, continuing with those short, quick, flicks of the hips.

Dualscar grabbed onto his thighs, forcing a more determined pace. “Well stop thinking like that. Because I plan to make sure you’re spreading those pretty legs for quite some time.”

Aaaand, that went straight to Kankri’s bulge. He gave a steady exhale through his nose in attempt to stifle a moan.

Dualscar smiled, reaching up to drag his claw along Kankri’s cheek. “Take that as an order, if it makes it easier for you.”

Kankri twisted his hips in arousal, nodding his head.

Dualscar hit another spot inside him that sent a hot course of pleasure through his veins.

“AaaaAAAAAAAaaaahhhHH~” Kankri moaned, his eyes rolling up. A thin sheen of sweat coated his body, making the skin of his thighs stick to Dualscar’s. It was strangely intimate.

“Yeah, fuck, just like that…”

Kankri continued issuing a long series of whines and gasps, hoping to satisfy Dualscar’s whims. As demeaning, and as frustrating sex could be with him… it was still so... exciting. It was almost worth it.

Dualscar held him close, going eerily quiet, before gasping as he released.

Kankri’s eyes widened at the sensation, lips parting.

Dualscar continued bucking his hips into Kankri, rolling them rhythmically.

Kankri moaned, going limp in his arms.

Eventually, Dualscar pulled out. He threw himself on the bed next to Kankri, out of breath. His eyes drifted back to Kankri. “C’mere.”

Kankri hesitated, sitting up. “In what way?”

“Oh my face, you’ve done this before.”

Kankri crawled up until he was straddling Dualscar’s mouth. He gently sank onto it. He gave a quiet moan as Dualscar began licking into him enthusiastically.

Dualscar had always liked this position. As a seadweller, his body was well versed in oxygen conservation. He could do this for ten minutes without breaking. He reached his fingers up and parted the lips of Kankri’s nook, before sucking gently at the flesh.

Kankri moaned, his hand cautiously going to his bulge. He waited for Dualscar’s reaction before going any further.
Dualscar gave a slight nod at him. He continued flicking his tongue over the folds at a quite generous pace.

“Thank y9u, daddy,” Kankri murmured, before beginning to pump his bulge. He wasn’t going to last long at this rate. He pressed roughly into his tender and sensitive flesh as he bucked his hips against Dualscar. “Fuck… I’m cl9se…”

Dualscar hummed, speeding up slightly.

Kankri curled up, his fist clutching the sheets beneath him. “Dualscar… fuck ~” He gasped, his legs beginning to shake.

Dualscar pulled him flush against his lips, and plunged his tongue as deep as it would go.

With that last bit of stimulation he needed, Kankri came. He choked, curling up, as pathetic little mewls and whines poured from his lips.

Dualscar smirked, not even minding the red that had undoubtedly covered his cheeks.

After basking in orgasm for a minute or so, Kankri rolled over and collapsed on the mattress, thoroughly out of breath.

Dualscar wiped his mouth off on the back of his hand, turning onto his side to stare at Kankri. He gave a soft smile, tracing his fingers down Kankri’s hair. “Perfect.”

Cronus watched the clock blearily, waiting for the signal that the sun had set. It should only be a few seconds now. Before it was safe to go outside, that is. It had always been his signal of when it was socially acceptable to wake other trolls.

Finally, the symbol turned from sun to moon.

He jumped out of the covers like a child, nearly stirring Eridan from his sleep. He ran down the hallway towards Karkat’s room. He needed a porno script, and he needed it fast.

Whatever came out of that kid’s mouth was practically porn on it’s own, so if anyone could write this thing, it was him.

He pushed open the door, panting. His eyes widened as he registered his surroundings.

Oh god…

He took a step back, the color draining from his face. He ran back down the hall towards his father’s room, heartbeat pounding in his ears. “DAD!” He threw open the door.

Dualscar looked up at him, sighing. “What is it?” he murmured, petting Kankri’s hair gently.

Cronus shook his head, swallowing. “Dad, fuck, Karkat’s gone! There’s glass everywhere… god, fuck!” He tried his best to hide the sob in his voice.

Dualscar’s eyebrows furrowed. He jumped to his feet, before slipping into his boxers and running
down the hall to investigate.

Kankri stared at Cronus, blinking. “Karkat’s… gone?” He managed to stand, before stumbling after Dualscar, not bothering to cover himself. He continued down the hall into his brother’s room, pausing.

Dualscar stared down at the shattered glass, clearly shaken.

Kankri’s lips parted. “Where is he?” He murmured, voice hollow.

Dualscar turned to look at him, wide eyed, but remained silent.

Kankri’s eyes widened in rage. “ANSWER ME!” He snarled, slamming his hands against Dualscar’s chest.

Dualscar stumbled back slightly, staring at him. “I’m sorry…”

Cronus emerged, hesitantly approaching Kankri.

Kankri felt his chest tighten, his hands clenching into fists as Cronus put his arms around him. “Where the fuck is my brother.”

“The Makaras…” Dualscar said softly.

Kankri stared up at him, his lip curling. “They took him?” He stared down at the floor, his blood beginning to boil. “Where’s my computer.”

Cronus hesitated. “In the plastic bag by the table.”

Kankri threw Cronus off, before storming downstairs.

Cronus stood back, before looking at his father. The two stared at the floor, both incredibly quiet.

CG: Prrim, you slept with Kurlz, right? At his house?

GA: Um… yes? Kanny, where have you been?

CG: What’s his address?

GA: What? Kankri, what’s going on?

CG: I am not in the mood for a feelings jam right now, Prrim, I have shit that needs to get done.

GA: What shit.

CG: Stealing back my brother from the mafia, but please, while we’re wasting time, why don’t we tell how is your week been going?

GA: I don’t appreciate the sass, mister. And you need to tell me what you mean by that.

CG: Exactly what I said. The Makaras kidnapped Karkat, and I’m going to get him back.

GA: Kankri, you are not going alone, and most certainly without an invitation.
Kurlo+z could kill yo+u without moving a muscle. I’m so+rry to+ hear abo+ut Karkat, but yo+u wo+n’t be any help to+ him if yo+u get yo+urself killed! And are yo+u sure this isn’t a misunderstanding? I tho+ught him and Gamzee were friends, maybe he’s just staying with them?

CG: Just tell me where they live, P9rrim!

GA: No+t until I’m sure yo+u’re no+t go+ing to+ go+ do+ so+mething stupid!

complaciant_Gascon has left conversation.

GA: Kankri Vantas!

CG: Mituna, can y9u tell me where Kurl9z lives?

TA: OH, H1 KR4NKR1!!!

CG: Please, tell me where Kurl9z lives.

TA: KUR70Z? P222H, WHY W0U7D Y0U N33D TW0 KN0W 7HA7?

CG: Mituna, I d9n’t have time f9r y9u t9 fuck with me right n9w. S9 can y9u d9 the 9pp9site 9f that? F9r 9nce, in y9ur g9d f9rsaken life, can y9u, Mituna Capt9r, n9t fuck with me?

TA: ... 1M 20RRY.

CG: Thank y9u f9r y9u ap9l9gy. N9w please tell me where y9ur m9irail lives. I assure y9u, it is 9f the utm9st imp9rtance.

TA: 1 7H1NK H3 L1V3S 0N 271NG3R 27R337.

CG: Thank y9u Mituna, that was surprisingly painless.

TA: W41T… N0… 1 L1V3 0N 271NG3R 27R337…

CG: … Jesus Christ, 9kay, s9 then where d9es Kurl9z live?

TA: 3KJ3KJ6LK2J2K3KJL324KL246LK45K 1 D0N77 R3M3M383R!!!! H3 4LW4Y2 P1CK2 M3 UP, 1 D0N7 KN0W 1F 1V3 3V3R DR1V3N T00 H12 H0U2E!!

CG: 9h g9d, y9u’re cleared t9 drive?

TA: N0. >>:(

CG: 9kay, 9kay, thanks f9r trying Mituna, it’s clear y9u made an eff9rt, even if y9u weren’t all that helpful.

TA: 1M 20RRY.

CG: G99d.
Kankri’s hands trembled in frustration. He felt a sob tumble over his lips, as his hand shot to his mouth to stifle it.

CG: What d9 y9u want fr9m me?

TC: :o)

CG: Please… please, just answer me! I’ll d9 what y9u want, I pr9mise. Just tell me h9w t9 get him 6ack.

TC: :o)

CG: Please…

TC: :o)

CG: Why won’t you just fucking answer me?

TC: :o)

CG: I’ll d9 whatever y9u want, 9kay? I pr9mise, I just need t9 kn9w he’s safe!

TC: OH YOU POOR, NAIVE MOTHERFUCKER. YOUR BROTHER ISN’T SAFE ANYWHERE, NOT WITH THAT COLOR IN HIS BODY.

CG: I am many things, 6ut I am n9t naive, Kurl9z. S9 tell me what I have t9 d9.

TC: SOMETHING YOU COULDN’T.

CG: Try me.

Taciturn_Cardinal has temporarily blocked Complacient_Gascon. Complacient_Gascon will be able to send messages again in 6:23:59:56.

Kankri stared dully at his screen. He slowly stood. He felt… hollow. His eyes drifted up the stairs, where Cronus and Dualscar stared down at him.

“Wve’re going to get him back,” Cronus managed.

Kankri scoffed, running his tongue over his teeth. “And h9w exactly d9 y9u plan t9 d9 that?”

The two went silent.

Kankri threw his hand up, tisking. “Useless.”

Dualscar slumped his head, looking to the side. “We’ll figure something out, okay?”

Kankri scoffed. “Get him back t9 me. I will n9t l9se my 6rother that FUCKING 6l99dline- I will n9t l9se him t9 an alternate versi9n 9f the man wh9 killed my father!”

The two paused. “We promise.”
Chapter 17

Karkat’s eyelashes fluttered open, his face fixed in a deep scowl. He looked down at himself, lip curling at the filth he was laying in. He threw his head back, teeth grit. He felt… shitty. His bones seemed to ache, and he could feel that… craving beginning to return. His senses seemed to be heightened, every subtle creak of the house forcing him to flinch. He stumbled out of the sheets and towards the closet. He pulled on a new shirt and jeans, eyes scanning the room for the phone. He picked it up, before selecting Ghb’s contact.

After a few rings, the man hung up.

Karkat hung his head bitterly, flipping the phone shut. He glanced around the room, scoffing in distaste at the slurry covered sheets. Without a second thought, he departed to find The Grand Highblood. He tried to stay close to the walls, as if it would make him less noticeable. It seemed that this part of the house was mostly empty, however. Slowly, he began to relax.

That is, until he heard the unmistakable sound of metal against metal. He paused, listening again. A… bell? He cautiously followed the sound of the jingle, and was taken to a door, just the slightest bit ajar, with a skeleton harshly carved into the wood. He heard someone whisper from inside, followed with that slight jingle again. He heard the faint sound of quick footsteps, before taking a step back as Kurloz emerged from the door.

He glared down at Karkat with a dangerous spark in his eye, before slamming the door shut. ‘STOP MOTHERFUCKING WANDERING. YOU MIGHT FIND SOMETHING YOU WISH YOU HADN’T.’

Karkat paused. “Um, sorry… I… didn’t mean to intrude.”

‘WELL, KEEP YOUR ACTIONS TO YOUR MEANINGS, BROTHER. KEEP YOUR ACTIONS TO YOUR MEANINGS.’

“Um… O-okay.” Karkat paused. “Where can I find your dad?”

Kurloz hesitated. ‘DOWN THIS HALL, RIGHT AT THE END, LEFT AT THE SECOND ENTRANCE, KEEP GOING UNTIL YOU GET TO THE DOOR WITH THE PURPLE SHIT ENGRAVED INTO IT.’

Karkat nodded his head in thanks as if Kurloz could see him, and continued on his search.

“Fifty units,” Ghb murmured, pushing the money to the center of the table.

Mindfang gave a sly chuckle. “Getting cocky now, are we?”
Ghb smirked. “With good reason, I assure you.”

He was surrounded by a good twenty trolls, all in their best attire, and all some kind of criminal. They seemed a little nervous.

She rolled her eyes, a wide smile painted on her lips. “8ullshit.”

He shrugged, his grin unwavering. “You say that every time, motherfucker. Every time.”

“And am I ever wrong?” She smiled, before giving an additional hundred units to the pot, eyebrows raised.

Why did he still invite that woman to these things. Fucking slave traffickers.
Ghb was about to retort, when the creak of the door opening caught his attention. His eyes focused on Karkat, ears drawing back.

Karkat met his gaze, before scurrying past the table.

One of the trolls whistled at him, everyone’s interest peaking as they noted the Capricorn symbols on his clothing.

Karkat flushed, running to Ghb and hiding against his chair.

“What is it?” Ghb cooed, pulling Karkat’s face into his own.

“Ey, Grand, leave some pets for the rest of us!” one of the trolls called.

The others seemed to chuckle in response.

“IT’S YOUR TURN, MOTHERFUCKER!! Keep playing!” Ghb shouted, rolling his eyes.

Another looked Karkat up and down. “At least put a round with the kid on the betting table…”

Karkat whimpered, hiding his face in Ghb’s chest.

Ghb sneered up at them. “Real funny, motherfucker,” he growled, easing Karkat onto his lap.

“What did you need, motherfucker?” he whispered.

Karkat stared up at him, eyebrows knit. “D… drugs…?”

The trolls laughed again. “Classic…”

Ghb felt his breath go sharp, hiding his face once again.

“Now, now, you’re embarrassing him…” Ghb chuckled, petting Karkat’s hair back with his thumb.

“Grand, put your cards down!”

Ghb rolled his eyes, tossing his cards to the table with little regard. He had been bluffing. His attention returned to Karkat. “You really need them, huh?” He whispered.

Karkat nodded, swallowing harshly.

Ghb nuzzled against his neck and slowly activated his voodooos.

The trolls grinned as Karkat’s eyes went purple, head bobbing to the side.

He felt that high taking over him again as his lips slowly parted. He was getting horny again... god, fuck-

Ghb tried to minimize the effects to the best of his ability. He was serious about helping the kid quit… and yet… He continued staring at the trolls around him, all very, very interested.

“What’s his color?” Mindfang murmured, taking a sip from her glass.

“Mutant red,” Ghb responded, unable to hide the pride in his voice.

Mindfang raised an eyebrow. “You’re kidding me.” She gave him the once over, recognition finally hitting her. “Holy shit, is that The Signless’s kid?”
Ghb grinned, giving a deep chuckle. “It is indeed… say hello, Karkat.”

Karkat slowly turned his head, eyes glassy. “H-hello, miss…” he slurred, his hips starting to roll against Ghb.

Her eyes widened in fascination. “How much for twenty minutes?”

Ghb ran his tongue over his teeth, giving a shallow laugh. “He’s not a prostitute, sister.”

She rolled her eyes. “Okay, fine. Put him on the setting table, like Fische said. Finally, this game will be getting a little interesting.”

Ghb glanced down at his cards, before turning to Karkat. “What do you say, motherfucker?” he purred, rubbing under Karkat’s chin.

Karkat moaned, shuddering. “Please fuck me…”

Mindfang smirked, staring at Ghb expectantly. “Can’t argue with that, now can you?”

He smiled in return, looking her up and down. “200 for twenty minutes.”

Her chest tightened slightly at the price. “You’re on.” She stared into Karkat’s glassy eyes. “So? Make your bet, Grand.”

The pot was now a good 150 units. He glanced down at Karkat. “I’ll double the pot for thirty minutes.”

Mindfang grinned, though there was a slight… tenseness to her posture. She threw 600 into the pot.

The betting continued for some time, until the moment of truth. In a rush, everyone betting threw their cards on the table.

Mindfang’s eyes danced wildly around the table, a maniacal grin forming on her lips at what she saw. Her fingers shook, holding down her full house. “Looks like I win, boys…” she leant into the table, sweeping up her earnings, face flushed. She stared down at her money, before throwing her head back in a cackle. Her expression faded as she focused back on Ghb. “Pass the kid.”

Ghb raised his eyebrows, giving a slight chuckle. He eased Karkat on the table, who crawled over to her, breath hitched.

She began slowly unbuttoning her blouse, her twisted smile sending unease around the table. “Keep on playing without me, if you want. I think I brought home all I’ll need.”

Ghb stared, gaze shadowed, as Karkat began to slide off his jeans. “The cards can wait, sister.”

She flashed a smirk at him. “We seem to be in agreement.” She pushed the open dress to the sides, displaying her breasts proudly. She managed to remove her bulge, giving a soft sigh. She raised a hand to her head, her symbol appearing on Karkat’s forehead in quick succession.

“Aww, come on, Spin, let him do his thing.”

“His ‘thing’ is going to be o8edience, as long as he’s serving me.”

The troll grumbled something, before knocking back his glass.

Karkat felt himself slip to the floor, through no will of his own. The sensation sent his blood cold
in terror.

Ghb returned to his seat, pouring himself a new glass of vodka. Part of him wanted to intervene. The better part of him knew a deal was a deal.

Karkat opened his mouth, sliding it around Mindfang’s bulge.

Ghb cautiously used his voodooos to gauge Karkat’s emotions. He didn’t like what he saw.

“Mindfang, the kid’s terrified. Let him go.”

Mindfang looked up at him, raising an eyebrow. “It’s my thirty minutes, Grand. I earned this.”

He sneered. “You forget your company. My rules, motherfucker.”

She clicked her tongue, scoffing. “Rules? What, don’t tell me you have a soft spot.”

“If he were mine, it would be a different story. The kid belongs to Gamzee, and I’m not gonna have him traumatized.”

She gave a short sigh. “And yet you put him on the gambling table. Your standards seem inconsistent.”

Ghb rolled his tongue around his teeth. “He’s been in worse situations than that, motherfucker. But I don’t want him fearing over this, understand?”

She laced a hand in Karkat’s hair, gripping tightly. “Understood.” She pulled back his head, her psychics dropping.

Karkat gasped for air, shaking.

She pet him softly, smiling. “That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

He shuddered, covering his mouth with his hand.

“Well? Keep at it, kid.”

Karkat nodded, a soft whimper escaping him. His fingers shook as he gripped her thighs, returning his mouth to work.

Mindfang clicked her tongue, glancing to the side. “It’s never as good like this, he has no idea what he’s doing.”

“Stop bitching,” Ghb muttered, taking a sip from his glass. “Give him a minute to get back into it, and he’ll do fine.”

She rolled her eyes, allowing herself to relax. “So, how’d you get him?”

“Gamzee brought him home. He was staying with the Amporas, before. They had him hooked on something- not sure what yet. I’m thinking Fyloprone, though.”

She cackled yet again, a hand going to her hair. “Holy fuck. How is he not 8raindead yet?”

“It was only a week or so, sister. And we’re working on withdrawal right now.”

She raised an eyebrow. “W8… you don’t know what it was, and you just give him Fyloprone? What if you’re wrong?”
He gave an empty laugh. “Well, consider it drug therapy, then. He went through some shit over there. His pan was real shaken up.”

She shook her head, giving a slight chuckle. “Is that really it? Or could you just not wait to have him acting like a drugged up little 8itch for you?”

Karkat took a sharp breath through his nose, eyes screwing shut.

“He’s not the only asset I have for that kind of thing, sister. And again… He’s something special to Gamzee. I couldn’t hurt him with a clean conscience.”

“Special to Gamzee? He’s special to you too, isn’t he?” She pulled back Karkat’s head with a slight pop, to stare into his cherry red mouth. “He’s a mutant. We all know you have a fucking fetish for that kind of thing.”

He stared at her dully. “He can hear you, motherfucker.”

She rolled her eyes. “Uhuh.” She pushed her chair back to lean down in Karkat’s face, bearing a sick smile as she did so. “You hear that? Yeah, he wants to keep you as a fuck slave, 8ecause of your freak 8lood-” She was cut off as her eyes went purple. She sat bolt upright in her chair, her arms falling to her sides.

Ghb slowly released her, his eyes lightless.

She turned to him, snarling.

A series of low mutters rang around the table.

Ghb smiled dryly, taking another sip of his vodka. “No disrespect, sister. I just need to make sure your wicked tongue stays behind those teeth of yours, if you hear me.”

She tisked, flashing her fangs at him. “Try that again, and I’ll cut you.”

He grinned, laughing. “You do that, motherfucker. You do that.”

She frowned slightly, pulling Karkat’s head back between her thighs. After a few seconds, she groaned. “Ugh, he’s not getting much better at this.”

Ghb rolled his eyes. “Maybe oral isn’t his forte. Try something else.”

She clicked her tongue, sighing. “Alright.” She clapped her hands. “You, on the table.”

Karkat trembled as he stood, bending face down on the table as directed. “Like this?” He glanced up at the trolls across from him, before hiding his face just as quickly.

“Mhmm.” She stood, before sliding into his waiting nook with little discourse. She gasped when fully inside, bending over as she clutched his shoulders. “Oh, fuck…”

Ghb smiled, feeling his chest swell with pride. “Nice, isn’t it?”

“How is he this fucking warm? Holy shit…” She managed to collect herself, standing up straight. She rolled her hips in and out, breath hitched. “Seriously, have you tried him before?”

Ghb nodded. “I have, sister. Believe me, I know what you mean.”

Karkat moaned, hiding his face in the table as he rose his hips for her. He could feel his nook
clench around her bulge, milking out all the pleasure it could get.

Mindfang arched her back some, bearing her teeth. “Fuck yeah, you like that?”

Karkat whined in affirmation, a string of saliva rolling down his lips. He could feel his bulge writhing against the cold surface of the table, desperately searching for any touch it could find.

Mindfang hummed in approval, her lip curling in a possessive snarl. She began to thrust her hips more adamantly.

Karkat twitched, his lips opening wide to accommodate the string of desperate noises that fell from them.

Mindfang swirled her bulge inside him expertly, grinning as he cried out, absolutely bucking against her. Her nails dug into Karkat’s hips, leaving half-moons embedded in his skin. As her motions got more and more erratic, Mindfang getting closer and closer to finishing, his own mutant slurry threatened to spill from his nook.

With a final push, Mindfang buried herself in him completely, crying out as she came.

Karkat gasped, and after a quick series of keens and whines, he came around her, red slurry splattering the table.

Mindfang gasped, falling back into her chair.

Ghb smiled at her, peering over the table to better view the slurry leaking from Karkat’s nook.

She wiped her mouth off on the back of her hand, eyes meeting Ghb’s. “Will he be here again?”

Ghb shrugged, eyebrows raising. “I have no way of knowing, sister. Depends how he feels about it when he’s off the wicked high.”

She rolled her eyes. “So what, you’re letting a slave make the decisions around here?” She huffed, spreading Karkat’s nook with her thumb, admiring the slight shade of blue she had turned it.

“Not a slave, sister. A guest.”

She laughed, her false grin slowly shifting to a scowl. “I’m disappointed in you.”

Ghb tilted his head to the side, eyes narrowing. “Your words mean nothing, sister. Besides, you’ve got plenty of your own wicked concubines. Don’t go getting attached to mine.”

She stared back down at Karkat, licking her lips slightly. “I suppose I shouldn’t.” She chuckled, shaking her head, before draining the rest of her glass in one go.

Ghb nursed his own in response, eyes still hazy.

Her gaze shifted to the bottle next to his cards. “May I?” Mindfang asked, holding out her hand.

Ghb paused. “Help yourself.” He passed the bottle.

She took it, unscrewing the cap, before standing on her chair as she filled her glass. “I would like to pronounce a toast-” she stared down at Karkat, smirking. “To guilty pleasures, and 8ad decisions!”
The trolls cheered, raising their glasses.

“Here, here,” Ghb slurred, tipping back his own. Guilty pleasures indeed.

Chapter End Notes

Please don't forget to leave a comment! Thank you for reading! :)
Karkat panted, laying limp on the table as the trolls around him said their goodbyes.

Ghb showed them to the door, stealing glances at Karkat over his shoulder.

He had been ‘won’ by at least five other trolls, saving Ghb thousands.

Ghb might not have had the best cards, but it was clear who came out ahead.

Ghb huffed as he sat in his chair. He stared at Karkat, reaching his hands forward to stroke his hair. “You need a bucket, motherfucker?”

Karkat nodded, eyes glassy.

Ghb stood, stalking across the room, before kicking open a cabinet. He retrieved the promised pail, and returned to the table, before placing it on the floor, making it clatter rhythmically. Ghb slowly eased Karkat onto his lap, rubbing on his stomach tentatively.

Karkat gasped through grit teeth, throwing his head back as slurry burst from his nook.

Ghb shooshed him, laying little chaste kisses along his head and neck.

Karkat whimpered as felt his eyes start to water, an unpleasant throb pulsing through his nook.

Ghb grabbed some napkins from the table and started to wipe him down. He tossed the paper into the bucket when he was done and helped Karkat stand. “You made me a lot of money tonight, motherfucker,” he cooed, smiling down at Karkat.

“Thank you, sir,” Karkat hiccuped, wiping his cheeks off on his palms.

Ghb ruffled his hair, smiling softly. “Haha, the pleasure’s all mine. Now, I wouldn’t want to keep you. Get back to your room and rest.”

Karkat nodded, stumbling as he found his pants and boxers discarded under the table. His fingers trembled as he pulled them on, lip quivering. He turned around to glance at Ghb, before departing from the room. Nothing had changed. The only thing he could be grateful for is that they weren’t making him fuck his brother-

Karkat froze, his head shooting up in realization. Kankri. Oh god, he was still with the Amporas. They were still drugging him, weren’t they? He tensed up, taking a couple steps backwards, eyes impossibly wide. His mind forced him to remember the events of the past week, him begging for Dualscar and Cronus, directing Eridan… and pinning Kankri to that chair. He grit his teeth, his claws digging into his arm at the recollection. Kankri… oh god, Kankri…

He turned his gaze to glare down the hall, his blood boiling… but… he wasn’t as angry as he wanted to be. It was wrong. God it was wrong… but, his emotions seemed almost hollow.

As if he were just… something he saw on the news. Happening to someone he had never even met.

As if it weren’t happening to his own flesh and blood.
To his brother.

He stared at the ground, eyes shadowed.

The image of Kankri tied up and begging for sex found its way into his mind.

And to his dismay... he liked it. He felt his hips roll forward, a sick ache setting in his chest.

He covered his face with his hands, cheeks flushed in rage and humiliation. “I’m so sorry,” he sobbed. He felt himself begin to stumble blindly through the halls, yearning for the privacy of his room.

He bumped into corners and cabinets, rushing past anyone he encountered, covering his face as he did so. He broke into a ran. He sprinted down halls after halls, just trying to get away, just to be home again. In that moment, he would have paid anything to be back on Alternia. To be laying on that tent bottom, counting the hours as he waited for his brother to come home. Why had this happened? Why was this happening to him? What had he done wrong?

He crumbled to his knees in the middle of a random hallway, choking out a sob. He clutched his face, hyperventilating. If he had been stronger when Cronus first approached him... he had encouraged him, it was all his fault-

He choked, a pathetic, crying sob.

He shouldn’t be here. Why was he here, why did this keep happening to him? He wasn’t... desirable. He was just... easy. He wailed, throwing his head back. “I’M SORRY!”

He chanted the phrase in little barks and whispers until it turned to white noise in his ears. He hiccuped, shuddering.

He tore at the carpet with his claws, reduced to nothing but a heap of shame and anger. He clawed, and tore, and bit. He felt blood trickle down his lip. It felt right.

Time trickled by, his emotions slowly dulling into stillness. He managed to stand. He felt... empty. He looked around him, realising how unfamiliar his surroundings were. He had gotten himself lost in all the running. He considered calling out for help, but the last thing he wanted to see in this place was a stranger. He stared around him, breath heavy. Slowly, he retraced his steps. Eventually, he found himself in a room that was at least somewhat recognizable. The room he had first met Kurloz in.

It was only a door or so away from the lounge...

He managed to drag himself to the entrance.

He took in his surroundings as he stepped inside, eyes catching on Kurloz and Gamzee sitting at the coffee table. His eyebrows furrowed as he realized Gamzee was seemingly passed out, cradling a bong in his lap. He cautiously made his way over to the couches.

Kurloz glanced up at him, a distinct... dullness to his gaze. He pointing at the seat across from him with his cigarette. ‘SIT.’

Karkat did as asked, struggling to gauge Gamzee’s level of consciousness.

Kurloz glanced at his brother, before looking back to Karkat. ‘YEAH, HE’S OUT OF IT. PROBABLY GONNA HAVE TO CARRY THE MOTHERFUCKER BACK TO HIS BED...’
Kurloz gave a barely audible sigh, propping his cigarette between his stitches, where it stuck.

“What was he smoking?” Karkat murmured, unable to hide the concern in his voice.

‘JUST THE USUAL. DRIED SOPOR. NOTHING YOU SHOULD BE GETTING YOUR WORRY ON OVER.’ He glanced down at a syringe on the table. ‘HE’S BEEN… SLIPPING INTO SOME HARDER SHIT LATELY THOUGH. BEEN NEEDING TO CALM HIS NERVES FROM WHAT’S BEEN UP AND HAPPENING WITH YOU…”

Karkat stared up at Kurloz in disbelief, eyes wide. “Wait, the fuck did he start taking?”

‘EMONOID. HEARD OF IT?’

Karkat shook his head, inspecting the syringe. “Is it dangerous?”

Kurloz frowned, waving his hand in a ‘so-so’ gesture. ‘HARD TO GAUGE WHAT’S TOO MUCH… CAN MAKE USERS A LITTLE AGGRESSIVE, BUT HE’S BEEN FARING OKAY SO FAR. HE’S PROBABLY NOT GONNA OVERDOSE, THOUGH. I CAN TELL WHAT’S GOING ON IN THAT WICKED BRAIN OF HIS WITH MY PSYCHICS, AND IT’S NOT SHUTTING DOWN OR SHIT. HE… MIGHT GET ADDICTED THOUGH…” Kurloz sucked on his cigarette some, brows furrowed, as if this possibility only just came to his mind.

Karkat scowled. “And you’re just letting him take it? What kind of brother are you?”

Kurloz narrowed his eyes. The scowl he bore strained the strings between his lips. ‘IF HE WANTS DRUGS, THAT’S HIS MOTHERFUCKING BUSINESS. AS LONG AS HE PAYS ME, IT’S NOT MY PLACE TO INTERFERE.’

Karkat scoffed. “He pays you for them? Wait… is that why you give them to him? For money? Do you care about him at all?”

Kurloz’s ears drew back, his lip curling slightly. ‘NO, NO, IT’S NOT ABOUT THE MONEY. NOT WITH HIM. LISTEN, MOTHERFUCKER, ECONOMY IS A NATURAL WAY OF SELF MONITORING. IF HE CAN’T PAY FOR HIS HIGH, THEN HE ISN’T IN A POSITION TO BE GETTING ONE. AND, CARE ABOUT HIM? OF COURSE I DO. LET ME EXPLAIN SOMETHING TO YOU, MOTHERFUCKER, OUR FAMILY NEEDS THIS SHIT, ESPECIALLY HIM. HE’S NOT EXACTLY RIGHT IN THE PAN, IF YOU HAVEN’T NOTICED. AS LONG AS I MONITOR HIM, MAKE SURE HE’S MOTHERFUCKING SAFE, HE’S FREE TO TREAT WHATEVER’S GOING ON UP THERE, WITH WHATEVER HE NEEDS. IF HE DIDN’T, BEFORUS WOULD HAVE ONE MORE SERIAL KILLER, AND ONE LESS GOOD MOTHERFUCKING CITIZEN.’

Karkat crossed his arms, scowling. “I… no. He’s not like that.”

Kurloz tilted his head to the side. ‘WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU TO SAY WHAT HE IS AND WHAT HE IS NOT? YOU’VE ONLY EVER KNOWN HIM HIGH, YOU’VE ONLY EVER KNOWN HIM GOOD. HE IS NOT GOOD ALONE, MOTHERFUCKER.’

Karkat glared down at his feet, clutching his arms.

‘IT’S JUST MEDICINE.’

Karkat’s nose crinkled some. He stared down at Gamzee, an immense wave of pity hitting him. “I just want what’s best for him.”
'ME TOO, MOTHERFUCKER. THE DIFFERENCE IS THAT I ACTUALLY KNOW WHAT’S BEST FOR HIM. JUST… TRUST ME. I KNOW WHAT I’M TALKING ABOUT. I WAS RAISED ON THIS SHIT.’

Karkat hung his head, scratching the back of his neck. Well… Kurloz certainly knew more about drugs than he did… He wasn’t exactly in a position to argue. “I… uhm… okay.”

‘I’M GLAD WE’VE REACHED AN UNDERSTANDING.’ Kurloz smudged out what was left of his smoke in an ashtray. His eyebrows furrowed as his senses cleared. He stood, towering over Karkat. He seemed to start sniffing him, eyes wide with concern. ‘IS THAT SLURRY ON YOU?’

Karkat felt his face go red.

Apparently, that was enough of an answer. Kurloz managed a slight growl through his stitches, covering his eyes with his hands. ‘HOW MANY MOTHERFUCKERS DID HE LET ON YOU?’

Karkat’s lips opened, but he didn’t know what to say. He had lost track.

‘JESUS…’ Kurloz shot his attention back to Gamzee, eyes widening in realization. ‘WE NEED TO GET THAT SCENT OFF YOU BEFORE HE WAKES UP.”

Karkat frowned as Kurloz pulled him to his feet. “What do you mean by that?”

‘BATH, MOTHERFUCKER. EVER HEARD OF IT?’ Kurloz gestured for Karkat to follow, before stalking down an unfamiliar hall.

Karkat trailed after him with slight reluctance.

Soon enough, they arrived in some kind of wash room, with an absolutely enormous shower and bathtub. Kurloz turned on the three separate taps to the tub, before discarding his huge jacket to the side. He peeled off what remained on his torso, slowly collecting a small pile of accessories and clothing.

Karkat’s face slowly grew redder as he recognized Kurloz’s full body skeleton tattoo.

‘GET UNDRESSED, AND STEP IN THE TUB.’

Karkat nodded, glancing to the side. He removed his sweater, and wiggled out of his jeans, before stepping in the tub as requested.

Kurloz stared at Karkat’s bright red grubscars intently, freezing as if to fully admire them.

Karkat shifted, slowly sinking into the tub to hide his body.

Kurloz’s eyes narrowed some. He glanced away, before fixing his thumbs in his belt loops, pulling down his jeans and boxers.

Karkat turned to the side, swallowing.

Kurloz stepped into the water next to him, his strong grip suddenly around Karkat’s torso, bringing him closer.

Kurloz pulled him into his lap, reaching for the soap as he did so. He lathered his hands quickly, pushing his body against Karkat’s. Once his hands were coated to his satisfaction, he began to brush them oh so softly between Karkat’s inner thighs.
Karkat held his breath as Kurloz stroked his skin, slowly working off the filth that had collected on his legs.

‘YOU WANNA DO THE NEXT BIT YOURSELF, OR CAN I?’

Karkat wasn’t quite sure what he meant by that, but he had a guess or two. He nodded, hiding his face.

‘IF YOU WANT TO GIVE ME PERMISSION, YOU’VE GOT TO SAY IT, MOTHERFUCKER.”

“Uhm, okay?? You can… do… you know.”

‘DO WHAT. IF YOU CAN’T EVEN SAY IT, THEN YOU HAVE NO BUSINESS GETTING YOUR NOOK TOUCHED.’

“You can… touch my nook??” Karkat tried. He felt Kurloz shrug against him, apparently satisfied.

Suddenly, those fingers were back between his legs. They slid gently into his nook, caressing the walls softly.

Karkat swallowed, biting back a moan.

He spread the lips of Karkat’s nook with his fingers in an almost teasing manner, rubbing them sensually.

He had to be doing that on purpose.

Karkat choked in attempt to stifle a whimper, clutching his fists as he tried to keep his bulge from unsheathing.

Kurloz seemed to take notice, his stitched lips twisting into a leering grin.

Karkat shuddered, tilting his head back in attempt to catch Kurloz’s eye.

Kurloz sunk deeper into the water, dipping his fingers further into Karkat’s nook.

This time, Karkat couldn’t help but moan freely, his eyes rolling up some.

Kurloz purred in response, his eyes flickering purple. ‘I CAN UNDERSTAND HIS OBSESSION WITH YOU…’ He drove his digits inside further yet, a sharp precision to his actions.

Karkat whined, his back arching. “F-fuck!” He cursed, grinding down on Kurloz.

Kurloz laid little stitched kisses along Karkat’s neck, grinning as he did so. He searched Karkat’s mind with his voodooos as cautiously as he could, finding that little part of his brain sparking up with pleasure. He managed to grasp it, and slowly turned up the intensity.

Karkat gasped, eyes going impossibly wide. His body twisted, giving little bucks and twitches as his mind was absolutely overrun with pleasure. He felt his nerves racing, not just in his nook, but his whole body.

It was too much… oh god, oh christ, oh fuck…

Karkat thrashed, whining as his senses were completely overflooded. He couldn’t even speak, he couldn’t think long enough to speak.
‘THAT’S IT…’ Kurloz cooed, still stroking the walls of Karkat’s nook.  
Karkat whimpered, his movements becoming near spasmic in nature.  

‘DOES A MOTHERFUCKER WANT MY BULGE?’  
Karkat shivered, freezing. Suddenly, Kurloz’s grip on his hips felt like Mindfang’s. His voice in his head felt like hers. Karkat inhaled sharply, biting down a sob.  
Kurloz hesitated. ‘DO YOU?’  
Karkat nodded, eyes screwed shut. What would happen if he said no? Kurloz would probably just… continue anyways. And he might not take too kindly to the rejection… “Yes… please…” he choked.  
Kurloz hesitated yet again. He drummed his fingers on Karkat’s hips, as if in thought. Cautiously, turned Karkat around to face him, and allowed his indigo bulge to unsheathe.  
Karkat trembled, doing his best to roll is hips in invitation.  
Kurloz pulled him up by the shoulders, positioning his nook.  
Karkat stared down at Kurloz, his eyes rolling back as felt the tentacle slip inside him.  
Kurloz hummed, rising his hips at a rather unforgiving pace. ‘LET ME KNOW IF YOU BE FEELING ANY PAIN, AND I’LL UP AND FIX IT, ALRIGHT BROTHER?’  
Karkat nodded, his eyes lidding somewhat.  
Kurloz’s jaw tightened as he grit his teeth, hissing through his nose. ‘YEAH… YEAH, FUCK, WHEN I’M THROUGH WITH YOU, ALL HE’LL BE ABLE TO SMELL IS MAKARA-’  
Karkat stiffened as a somewhat animalistic growl rose in Kurloz’s throat.  
‘IT’LL EVEN OVERPOWER THAT CUTE LITTLE MUTANT WAFT YOU’VE GOT…’  
Karkat whimpered, sliding his hips down. That idea seemed to grow more appealing the more he thought about it.  
Kurloz clasped his arms around Karkat once more, snarling against his stitches.  
Karkat felt his head bob back, mouth gaping.  
Kurloz continued pounding into him, whispering little comments in his mind. ‘SO WARM AROUND ME…’ ‘IT’S LIKE A MOTHERFUCKER WAS BUILT FOR THIS…’  
Karkat slowly began to get more and more into it. He felt his chest swell as Kurloz began to feed little compliments into his ear.  
Telling him how perfect he was, how beautiful he was, how good he was. How much he had helped Gamzee.  
He felt… respected.  
He curled against Kurloz, breathing in his scent. He smelt like smoke, herbs, and expensive cologne.
Kurloz hummed into his ear, the sound reverberating through his stitches.

For a moment, he froze in place, leaning back to stare deep into Karkat’s eyes. ‘CUM.’

And cum he did. In a burst of red, Karkat finished, gasping and shaking.

Kurloz grinned, taking this as an invitation for his own orgasm. He pushed himself to the edge, his well trimmed nails digging into Karkat’s hips as he pulled him down onto his bulge. He gave a barely audible moan in the back of his throat, and suddenly, Karkat felt himself being filled with fluid.

He whimpered, going slack on Kurloz’s chest. He timed his breathing with the rise and fall of Kurloz’s chest, eyelids falling heavy. “Thank you,” he managed.

Kurloz grinned, nuzzling his nose into Karkat’s hair. ‘THE PLEASURE’S ALL MINE, BROTHER.’

Karkat winced some.

Kurloz reached for his jacket, retrieving some kind of cigarette and lighter. He stared down at Karkat as he lit it, sucking on the tip around his stitches. ‘TRY SOME.’

Karkat’s eyes widened. He shook his head, sinking backwards.

Kurloz rolled his eyes. ‘LISTEN, I DON’T WANT TO FORCE A MOTHERFUCKER… BUT YOU NEED TO STOP BEING SO SCARED ABOUT DRUGS. THEY ARE WHAT THEY ARE, BUT… THEY’RE NOT AS BAD AS MOST MOTHERFUCKERS MAKE THEM OUT TO BE.’

Karkat shook his head again. “I… I’m sorry. I can’t.”

Kurloz tilted his head to the side. ‘I THOUGHT MY DAD ALREADY HAD YOU ON FYLOPRONE. TRUST ME, THIS SHIT FALLS SHY COMPARED TO THAT.’

Karkat clicked his tongue, tilting his head to the side. “What is it? Sopor?”

Kurloz shook his head. ‘RHETOMINE. IF YOU’VE HEARD OF IT THOUGH, IT’S BY IT’S STREET NAME. CATNIP.’

Karkat’s ears drew back some. He remembered Kankri coming home with a black eye one night. He had spent the next hour or so hammering into Karkat that drugs were just… pure evil. Catnip, was one name he had mentioned. However, he had focused mostly on one called ‘coal,’ or something. He… never said where the black eye came from. “I… no, no, I don’t want any.”

Kurloz huffed, blowing out smoke through his nostrils. ‘SOMEONE BE FILLING YOUR HEAD WITH PROPAGANDA, BROTHER?’

Karkat crossed his arms over his chest. “I don’t want any, okay?”

Kurloz stared at him dully. ‘IT ISN’T DANGEROUS, BROTHER.’

“And why should I believe you, huh?” Karkat scowled, sinking into the water.

Kurloz glared at the ceiling, taking a rather generous hit. He reached over to his jacket, retrieving a knife.

Karkat’s breath went sharp, suddenly terrified.
Kurloz slowly snapped the stitches on his lips, keeping eye contact with Karkat all the while he did it. He took another hit of his smoke, before crawling over to Karkat.

Karkat shied away some, eyes going wide as Kurloz grabbed his chin, and kissed him. He whimpered as Kurloz forced smoke down his throat, trying his best to pull away. He tasted that herbal scent again, and slowly, his body relaxed. He felt the anxiety, and the pain, and the regret that had been building up inside him wash away.

Kurloz retracted, letting smoke pour over his now open lips.

Karkat coughed, tears prickling his eyes.

Kurloz tilted his head to the side, biting his lip. ‘DON’T BE LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT…’

Karkat shook his head, a hand going to cover his mouth.

‘IT’S JUST MEDICINE.’

Chapter End Notes

WHoooo!! I've been on a writing marathon, man! Thank you people for reading, once more!
Karkat followed Kurloz back to the lounge, in generally a much better mood.

Kurloz slumped back into his seat, sighing some. He reached under the table, sliding out a duffel bag. He opened the zipper, to reveal what must have been thousands of bills.

Karkat’s eyes widened. “... Holy shit, you just have that lying around?”

Kurloz glanced up at him, rolling his eyes slightly. ‘NOT USUALLY. JUST CAME IN FROM A GROUP OF MY DEALERS. GONNA COUNT IT UP, PUT IT IN THE SAFE, AND CALL IT A NIGHT.’

Karkat stared down at it. “Why does your dad even work at the school, if you can rake that in so easily?”

‘IT’S A HOBBY OF HIS. MOTHERFUCKER LIKES BEING IN CONTROL OF SHIT. PLUS, IT GIVES SOME GOOD LEVERAGE TO ENEMIES AND ALLIES IF HE’S AROUND THEIR KIDS ALL THE TIME. ALSO, HE SPENDS HIS ENTIRE SALARY GAMBLING. DOESN’T REALLY ADD THAT MUCH TO THE ECONOMICAL POOL, IF YOU GET ME. HE SUPPORTS US WELL ENOUGH THOUGH. RAKES IN THE REAL SHIT THROUGH ASSASSINATIONS, SLAVE TRAFFICKING, RANSOME, AND HOOKERS. I TOOK OVER THE DRUGS… WHEN I WAS AROUND YOUR AGE, ACTUALLY.’

Karkat felt his face pale some. “Oh.”

Kurloz shrugged. ‘WASN’T THE MOST… EAGER, AT FIRST, BUT I GOT INTO IT.”

Karkat nodded, eyebrows knitting. “Does he plan to make Gamzee take over something?”

Kurloz glanced down at his brother, sighing. ‘YEAH. HE… WANTS HIM IN CHARGE OF SEX TRAFFICKING. HASN’T TOLD HIM YET. WANTS HIM TO WARM UP TO THE IDEA OF PROSTITUTES AND SEX SLAVES FIRST...’ Kurloz paused, returning his attention to Karkat. ‘WHICH… IS WHY HE MADE ME HELP GAMZEE SAVE YOU.’

Karkat’s gaze shot up to Kurloz. “What?”

Kurloz remained silent.

Karkat took a step back, eyes fixing on the floor. "To be... his sex slave." His words fell quiet. His expression remained blank, a numbness filling him.

Kurloz approached Karkat, softly bringing him into a hug.

Karkat accepted it, eyebrows furrowing.

‘GAMZEE LOVES YOU, KARKAT. HE’LL TREAT YOU RIGHT.’

Karkat’s fists curled around the leather of Kurloz’s jacket. He swallowed a sob, hiding his face in Kurloz’s chest. “I know.”

Kurloz released him, pulling back to flash a smile. ‘THEN CHEER UP, MOTHERFUCKER.’

Karkat nodded. “Thanks.”
‘YOU READY TO SLEEP, THEN?’

Karkat hesitated. He was tired as all hell, but was starting to have a little bit of… craving again. The idea of going for another twelve hours without another hit was enough to make him seriously consider going to find Ghb. He glanced up at Kurloz. “Hey, um… I don’t suppose you have any… Fyloprone?”

Kurloz stared at Karkat, eyes hazy. ‘I DON’T SUPPOSE YOU HAVE ANY MONEY?’

Karkat gave an uncomfortable laugh. “You’re… fucking joking, right?”

Kurloz glanced Karkat up and down. He… was clearly serious.

Karkat drew his ears back, glancing to the side. “No, I don’t have any money on me. I’ll owe you?”

Kurloz shook his head, tisking. ‘I DON’T DO LOANS.’

Karkat threw his arms out, exasperated. “Okay, the fuck else can I do?”

Kurloz hesitated. ‘YOU COULD EARN YOUR MONEY.’

Karkat groaned. “Okay, well I’m sorry I don’t have a job, asshole, but-”

‘NO, I MEAN LIKE… RIGHT NOW. LIKE, RIGHT RIGHT NOW.’

Karkat tilted his head to the side. “How?”

Kurloz chuckled some. ‘EVER CONSIDERED PROSTITUTION?’

Karkat tensed, his head shaking. “No, no, FUCK that, I’m not going to let you sell me off to some stranger for twenty minutes-”

‘WITH ME. NO STRANGERS, JUST WITH ME,’ Kurloz assured him.

Karkat relaxed some. “... Oh.”

‘THE ONLY CATCH IS I GET TO DO WHATEVER I MOTHERFUCKING WANT WITH YOU.’

Karkat hesitated. Well… that’s what everyone else had been doing with him for the past week. And Kurloz… seemed like a nice enough guy. Relatively, at least. “I… alright…”

Kurloz glanced down at Gamzee, frowning some. He seemed to activate his voodoo for a second, as if to make sure he was fully asleep. Content, he removed his jacket, and placed it over Gamzee. He then turned him to face the back of the couch. Kurloz turned back to Karkat and grinned, before sitting back in one of the couches. ‘SO? STRIP.’

Karkat hesitated. He hooked his thumbs in his belt loops, and dragged down his jeans.

Kurloz stared, his smile broadening.

Karkat felt his bulge starting to get excited, pushing gently out of his sheath. He discarded his boxers, before crossing his legs in attempt to hide himself.

Kurloz beckoned him forward, easing Karkat to sit face forward on his lap.
Karkat met Kurloz’s eye, shuddering as he felt those cold hands running under his sweater.

Kurloz pulled it over Karkat’s head, eyes immediately jumping to his grubscars. He discarded the sweater to the floor, before digging his thumbs into Karkat’s sides.

Karkat winced, bracing himself on Kurloz’s shoulders.

Kurloz purred in his ear, rubbing those tender little spots harshly.

Karkat could feel his nook starting to drip. He whimpered in Kurloz’s ear, his hips starting to roll upwards.

Kurloz chuckled in response. He removed one of his gloves and tossed it to the side. He curled his fingers some, and then began to gently rub at Karkat’s nook. ‘FEELING GOOD, BROTHER?’

Karkat nodded, eyebrows knit.

Kurloz looked him up and down, his smile widening yet. He worked his way into Karkat’s mind, gripping that cherry sweet pleasure pulsing through him. Again, he turned up the intensity.

Karkat moaned, rolling down onto Kurloz’s fingers. He felt his mind start to numb, but any panic threatening to go off was quickly washed away. His neck went slack on his shoulders as that dull pleasure filling him grew... sharper.

Kurloz breathed softly against Karkat’s neck, if only to see his hair prickle at the rush of cold air.

Soon enough, Karkat was completely out of it. He grew high on sexual euphoria, and utterly incoherent. His eyes began to lid, as he began choking out little gasps and moans.

Kurloz hummed, slowly beginning to copy Karkat’s pleasure using his voodooos.

Karkat felt a bead of sweat roll down his chest. His lips grew sticky with saliva as his tongue protruded ever so slightly from his mouth.

Kurloz’s eyes grew glassy as he stared down at Karkat, his ethics growing clouded with desire. He pressed his lips to Karkat’s neck. He hadn’t gotten a chance to restitch them. His jaw opened wide as he pressed his teeth against the boy’s throat, a deep growl rising in his throat.

Karkat stiffened, eyebrows knitting in fear and concern.

Kurloz gave a barely audible chuckle, his grip on Karkat’s side tightening. He slowly retracted his fingers from Karkat’s nook, making sure to keep that pleasure racing with his psychics.

Karkat felt his head roll back, a whimper rising in his throat.

Kurloz gently slipped Karkat off his lap and into the seat next to him, eyes focused on the red of his grubscars. He stood, slipping his bulge out of his pants.

Karkat took sharp breaths, his arms stretching behind his head. A soft laugh escaped him as Kurloz inspired another jolt of pleasure.
Kurloz took a second to admire him, all slick skin and sparks of red. He put his hands on Karkat’s shoulders, bracing himself as he slid his hips between those cherry tinted thighs.

Karkat gasped at the sensation, trilling as his body released a whole new surge of endorphins.

Kurloz bit his lip, catching his teeth on a knot of scar tissue. He had made this one of his many restless habits… it was one of the few that didn’t involve chemicals. His eyes danced across Karkat’s face, inspecting every freckle, every pore. He paused. ‘HOW DOES A MOTHERFUCKER FEEL ABOUT… SADISM?’

Karkat hesitated, meeting Kurloz’s eye. “You… wanna… hurt me?” he slurred.
The stare Kurloz met him with sent his blood cold.

‘SOMETHING LIKE THAT.’

Karkat winced as Kurloz’s nails dug into his shoulder. “W-why?” he gasped, gritting his teeth.

Kurloz leaned into the crook of Karkat’s neck. ‘I LIKE TO MAKE MY MOTHERFUCKERS FEEL… AND I LIKE THEM TO FEEL INTENSE. PAIN… IT’S SO STRONG, BROTHER… CAN CHANGE A MOTHERFUCKER FOREVER.’

Karkat squirmed, shying away. “I… no, please, fuck, don’t…”

Kurloz just kept that ice cold stare locked on him. ‘SCARED?’

Karkat nodded, his heartbeat starting to pound in his head.

Kurloz felt himself growing aggressive. He bit it down, directing his glare to the side. ‘GIVE ME A SECOND,’ he requested, reaching into his back pocket to retrieve another joint, as well as his lighter.

Karkat slumped some as Kurloz pulled out.

Kurloz sank into the seat next to him. He fumbled with his cigarette, unused to holding it in his mouth without stitches. He managed to light it, sucking down a good quarter inch of the joint in one puff. He let the smoke pour over his lips, staring at the ground. ‘SORRY.’

Karkat swallowed. “It’s okay.”

Kurloz started chewing on his lip again, covering his mouth with his fist. After a good minute or so, he discarded his smoke in the ashtray. He stood with a huff, returning his attention to Karkat. He twined his fingers around his own bulge some, returning it to full excitement.

Karkat rolled his shoulders back, legs spreading in anticipation.

Kurloz reached his fingers forward, entangling them in Karkat’s hair. He slowly returned his bulge to Karkat’s nook, sighing softly as he did so.

Karkat moaned, his head rolling back.

Kurloz leaned forward to nibble on Karkat’s ear some, the gesture more than welcome.

Karkat shivered, wrapping his arms around Kurloz’s torso.

Kurloz felt his teeth grit, a slight snarl forming on his lips. His fingers dug into Karkat’s skin, hard enough to bruise.

Karkat arched his back away from the touch, whimpering.

Kurloz hesitated. He relaxed his grip, gently pushing Karkat back. He was used to being a little… rougher.

Karkat softened, eyes hazy. Somewhat frustrated with himself for slowing Kurloz’s advances, he curled his fists around the purpleblood’s shirt. “Fuck me…” He purred in slurred and broken speech.

Kurloz grinned in response. He began to thrust his hips forward and back, finding a rather generous
Karkat’s head tilted back, exposing his throat fully.

Kurloz’s eyes fixed on it. He continued moving, a short series of bloody fantasies slipping into his mind. His fingers slowly crept upwards, dragging gently along the skin of Karkat’s neck. He wanted to bite him. God, he wanted to see that color…

Karkat hummed at the softness of the touch, his hips bucking up into Kurloz.

Kurloz bit his lip again, eyes going hazy. Just… one cut couldn’t motherfucking hurt him that bad. He leaned into Karkat’s shoulder, grazing it with his teeth, as if in warning.

Karkat shuddered some, but didn’t pull back like before.

Kurloz opened his jaw, and in a quick movement, slit Karkat’s skin.

FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK

A chorus of spits and curses rang in Kurloz’s mind as he tried to bite down the panic.

Karkat sobbed, clutching his shoulder as blood spurted from the wound.

Kurloz held Karkat upright, shooshing him, eyes wide in apology. He could fix this, it’ll be fine, this will be fine. He used his voodoos and gripped onto the pain flaring up in Karkat’s mind. He began to cut it out to the best of his ability, and it seemed to work well enough.

Karkat’s pained curses and hisses slowly dulled down.

Kurloz’s eyes went hazy. He… wasn’t going to do this until he and Karkat got closer… but the kid has been good. He had earned it. He turned that pain back up, but before Karkat could scream in agony, he replaced it with pleasure.

Karkat’s eyes went impossibly wide. He choked out a moan, eyelids flickering as he collapsed. He whimpered, shoulder gripping around the wound, now pulsing with pleasure.

He trembled as he removed his hand from his shoulder. He dragged his claws down his skin, and, surprise surprise, it felt wonderful. His gaze drifted back up to Kurloz, trembling in terror. “What the fuck have you done?”

Kurloz returned Karkat to his room, carrying Gamzee as they went. He didn’t telepathize a thing to him.

Karkat clutched his blood soaked sweater, eyes foggy with tears. “Undo it.” He murmured for the third time.

Kurloz again met him with silence.

Karkat turned to face him, biting down a sob. “Are you even fucking capable?”

Kurloz paused. He stared at the ground, shaking his head some, eyebrows knit. ‘I… DON’T KNOW HOW TO REPLICATE YOUR PAIN, AND, WELL, I KINDA JUST GOT THE
MOTHERFUCK RID OF IT. WOULD NEED TO COPY IT FROM SOMEONE WITH A PAN LIKE YOURS. LISTEN, I DIDN’T… MOTHERFUCKERS DON’T USUALLY GET ANGRY,’ he managed at last.

Karkat’s arms shook. “You didn’t think… I would be angry?” Karkat took a step back. “You… you completely fucked up one of the main things keeping me from fucking KILLING MYSELF, and you didn’t think I would be angry?” He retracted his bloodied hands from his arms to stare at them.

Kurloz pulled back some. ‘I… IT’S USUALLY SEEN AS A GIFT.’

Karkat scoffed, throwing his arms out in exasperation. “By who ?”

‘LISTEN… THERE’S A LOT OF MOTHERFUCKERS OUT THERE WHO LIKE BEING ON THE MORE… RECEIVING END OF THE SHIT I’M INTO. TURNING MENTAL MASOCHISM TO PHYSICAL MASOCHISM IS GENERALLY A HUGE MOTHERFUCKIN BONUS.’

Karkat shuddered, his hand going back to his now scabbed over shoulder. “Well, I’m not one of them.”

Kurloz swallowed. ‘I’LL FIX IT.’

Karkat nodded. “You better.”

Kurloz continued escorting Karkat to his room. As soon as they had arrived, Karkat began to disappear through the door.

Before he could, Kurloz grabbed him by the chin, stopping him. He gently dropped Gamzee to the ground, before slowly leaning in for a kiss.

Karkat didn’t pull away, but wasn’t all that eager in his reciprocation.

As their lips met, Kurloz pushed a plastic bag into Karkat’s pocket.

Karkat pulled back after a second, moving his hand to the bag. Two little pills and a slip of paper. “Thank you,” he murmured. He was actually a little surprised. Neither of them had even… finished. As far as he was concerned, he didn’t keep up his end of the deal.

Kurloz smiled. ‘DON’T MENTION IT, MOTHERFUCKER.’

And with that, Karkat pushed the door closed behind him.
Gamzee’s eyelids dragged open as he groggily returned from sleep. He turned to stare out the side of the bed. Everything felt heavy. He sat up with a groan, managing to collect himself. After getting himself ready, he resolved to find Karkat. If only to say good morning.

Half asleep, he wandered to Karkat’s room. He knocked on the door, but was met with silence. Was the motherfucker asleep? Gamzee peeked into the room, confirming his speculations. He slipped inside, slowly making his way over to Karkat’s bed. His eyebrows knit slightly. He smelt like… sex. He figured it was probably just because the shit his dad was feeding him to fight withdrawal. He sat on the bed and nuzzled into Karkat’s chest, before being met with another near nauseating scent. Blood. Gamzee felt his skin prickle, mind racing for an explanation. He investigated him further, finding the wound. He peeled up Karkat’s shirt, and much to his surprise, Karkat released a quiet moan in response. Gamzee hesitated, before continuing, hiking up the sweater to reveal the wound. Gamzee snarled at what he saw. Bite marks. He continued sniffing him, skin prickling in frustration as he was unable to identify anything else. He felt his blood start to boil. “Karkat…” He murmured as gently as he could, trying to disguise the bite to his voice.

Karkat’s head bobbed some, but he didn’t wake up.

Gamzee shook him by the shoulders softly, rising another moan. Gamzee narrowed his eyes. “WAKE UP!”

Karkat’s eyes shot open. He lurched upwards, an intense panic to his movements.

Gamzee met his eye, clutching hard onto his arms. “Shh… it’s alright brother.”

Karkat took shallow breaths, calming himself. “What is it?” He asked, eyebrows knitting in concern.

Gamzee brushed his thumb along Karkat’s wound. “Care to explain that?”

Karkat bit down a moan. “I… uh…”

Gamzee clicked his tongue. “What happened while I was gone,” He demanded.

Karkat stared down at his lap, a wave of shame hitting him. He looked away from Gamzee, feeling himself choke up.

Gamzee kept his grip tight, placing little kisses on Karkat’s cheeks. “Shh… just… tell me.”

Karkat’s mouth opened, but he found himself struggling to put any of it to words. How could he just… say it. “Your… dad…” He started.

Gamzee nodded, eyes wide in concern. “What did he do?” Gamzee asked, investigating the bite mark. It was…. Far too small for his father’s jaw.

Karkat shivered, curling up as if to hide himself. “I’m sorry…” He murmured.

“For what?” Gamzee asked, tilting up Karkat’s chin.

Karkat remained silent.

“Karkat, what did he do?” Gamzee asked again.
Karkat hid his face, shaking his head.

“Did he… pail you?”

Karkat nodded.

Gamzee felt his hair prickle in rage. “Who bit you?”

Karkat shook his head again.

Gamzee hissed some, his head reeling. “Who?” He asked again, sterner this time.

“Your brother…” He whispered.

Gamzee was on the verge of flipping the fuck out. He swallowed his rage, pulling Karkat into a hug.

“I’m so sorry…” Karkat choked again, gripping Gamzee’s shirt.

“It’s not you I’m angry at…” Gamzee murmured, teeth grit. He placed another soft kiss on Karkat’s temple.

Karkat nodded, another soft whimper escaping him.

Gamzee tilted Karkat’s head up, gently kissing his lips. He felt himself start to calm. “I’ll talk to the motherfuckers… make sure we come to an understanding,” he muttered, his words cold.

Karkat nodded. His hand moved to his shoulder, gripping the wound.

Gamzee stood without another word, giving Karkat one more kiss goodbye, before departing. He stalked to his brothers room, throwing the door open.

Kurloz lazily fixed his attention to Gamzee. ‘I TOLD YOU TO KNOCK.’

Gamzee snarled. “You piece of shit, how DARE you!”

Kurloz gave a soft sigh, blowing smoke out his nostrils. ‘SPECIFY.’

Gamzee scowled. “You… you motherfucking USED my matesprit, you son of a cunt!”

Kurloz shrugged. ‘LIKE YOU HAVEN’T HAD YOUR WAY WITH MINE.’

Gamzee rolled his eyes. “Motherfucker, I had your permission. And last I checked, she wasn’t fighting trauma!”

Kurloz raised his eyebrows, bobbing his head back and forth. ‘DEBATABLE.’

Gamzee scoffed. “You’ll keep your hands off him.”

Kurloz met his eye. ‘OR YOU’LL WHAT.’

Gamzee’s lip curled. “I’ll think of something, I can promise you that.”

Kurloz flicked his lighter absent mindedly. ‘WHAT DID HE TELL YOU.’

“He showed me the bite mark, motherfucker. He motherfucking reeked of blood, and started crying in my arms. I thought you had more respect for me than TO FUCK WITH THE TROLL I
Kurloz met his eye. ‘WASN’T ABOUT YOU, GAMZEE. HE NEEDED DRUGS FROM ME, AND PAID FOR THEM THE ONLY WAY HE COULD.’

Gamzee seemed to go silent at that. “What drug is he on?”

‘FYLOPRONE.’

Gamzee frowned some.

Kurloz rolled his eyes, remembering his brother only really knew stuff by the street names.

‘BAIT.’

Gamzee’s ears drew back.

‘DAD FIGURED OUT WHAT THE FISH FUCKERS HAD HIM ON. FIGHTING WITHDRAWAL.’

“Yeah, yeah, I know that,” Gamzee murmured, breath hushed. “Motherfucker, did you have to bite him?”

Kurloz sighed. ‘FORCE OF HABIT.’

Gamzee breathed out a laugh. “No kidding.” He sat next to his brother on the bed. “Just… motherfucker, promise you won’t do it again?”

Kurloz shrugged once more. ‘AGAIN, BROTHER, HE’S ON BAIT. IT’D BE CRUEL TO DENY HIM ON THAT KIND OF HIGH.’

Gamzee bit the inside of his cheek, looking away. “I want to stay home, then. Take care of him myself.”

‘TALK TO DAD ABOUT IT.’

Gamzee nodded. “We’ll be talking, alright. Trust me.”

Kurloz nodded back at him, taking a puff of his cigarette. ‘YOU NEED A HIT BEFORE YOU GO?’

Gamzee nodded. “I’d appreciate that.”

‘DO YOU HAVE YOUR WALLET WITH YOU?’

Gamzee paused. “I… gave you the last of my cash last night.”

The two remained silent.

Kurloz tossed his smoke into the ashtray beside his bed, rubbing his mouth off on the back of his hand. ‘YOU KNOW I DON’T MAKE EXCEPTIONS.’

“I know,” Gamzee muttered.

Kurloz huffed, running his fingers through his hair. ‘I’M NOT GOING TO… WE’RE NOT DOING THAT AGAIN.’
Gamzee flushed some. “Yeah, motherfucker, I know that too!”

Kurloz bit his lip. ‘GREAT, MOTHERFUCK, OKAY. HOW CAN YOU PAY ME THEN?’

Gamzee crossed his arms, shrugging. “I don’t motherfucking know, what do you want from me?”

The two went quiet.

‘... PERMISSION.’

Gamzee turned to stare up at his brother. “For… Karkat?”

Kurloz nodded.

Gamzee hissed some. “Well, you were gonna do it anyway, weren’t you?”

Kurloz hesitated, before nodding again, wearing an uncomfortable frown. ‘...SOMETHING LIKE THAT.’

“Alright, then why do want permission?”

‘BECAUSE I DON’T WANT TO FEEL LIKE I’M HURTING YOU.’

Gamzee felt himself soften slightly.

Kurloz sunk over to him, outstretching a gloved hand. ‘DO WE HAVE A DEAL?’

Gamzee scowled some, gripping Kurloz’s fingers in his own. “Something like that.”

Ghb scribbled on his paper. His tired eyes glanced from his screen to his notepad as he crossed off names. His eyes shifted to the door as it was thrown open.

Gamzee stalked inside, his lip fixed in a scowl.

Ghb sighed, leaning back in his chair. “You have something you want to say, motherfucker?”

Gamzee scoffed, nodding. “Yeah, A FEW THINGS.”

Ghb chuckled, raising his hands. “So. What are you waiting for?”

Gamzee narrowed his eyes. “Keep your motherfucking hands OFF MY MATESPRIT.”

Ghb gave a short sigh. “Gamzee… he’s on fyloprone. I’m not going to drive him MAD because of your MOTHERFUCKING FEELINGS.”

Gamzee scoffed. “Well then, let me stay home. He’s mine, and I have a right to take care of him.”

Ghb nodded, raising his hands in surrender. “As you do, motherfucker, as you do. But no. Whenever I leave you home, you just spend the day high off your ass. You know you need busy work just as much as I do.”

Gamzee hissed through grit teeth. “Karkat’s more important.”

“Listen, motherfucker, nothing comes before your health. Kurloz told me you started doing Coal. I’m not one to stop you, but I won’t have my own son turn into a junkie. You’re going to school.”
Ghb leaned over the desk. “But I won’t fuck him if you don’t want me to. And I’ll pass the message to Kurloz.”

Gamzee shook his head. “Kurloz and I have a deal. He has permission.”

Ghb raised an eyebrow. “So it’s just me you have the problem with, then?”

Gamzee huffed. “I’m not okay with either of you doing it! But… I owed him one.”

Ghb stared at his son dully. “Motherfucker, you owe ME a hundred fold anything you owe HIM. If that’s how you’re making the jurisdiction, then I have just as much right as he does.”

Gamzee hissed. “Dad, he started crying this morning. I really think you motherfuckers are taking a toll on him.”

Ghb clicked his tongue. “I don’t think it was us, motherfucker. The Amporas fucked him up something wretched.”

Gamzee hesitated, staring to the side. “I doubt you’re helping.”

“That’s where you’re wrong, motherfucker,” Ghb murmured, sucking on his cigar. “If the only sexuality the motherfucker gets his know on about is through rapists like them, he might just demonize sex all together.”

Gamzee gave a dry laugh. “Funny of you to call someone a rapist.”

Ghb huffed. “I’ve broken motherfuckers before, but this one’s yours. I want him in his right motherfucking head when he’s serving you- and I want him to like doing it. What I said still motherfucking stands, those motherfuckers are rapists.”

Gamzee shrugged some, pausing. “Well… can’t argue with you there.”

Ghb nodded. “Listen, Gamzee. He might be out of his head when he’s on the drugs, but at least he was sober when he agreed to take them. He still agreed to this.”

Gamzee nodded, picking at his fingernails. “I… I know.” He sighed. “Just… promise you’ll be nice to him?”

Ghb smiled. “Of course, motherfucker. Of course.” He glanced at the door. “Why don’t you say goodbye to him before you head off to school?”

Gamzee nodded, standing. “Okay. I love you, dad.”

Ghb gave a soft chuckle, smiling. “Love you too.”

Gamzee returned to Karkat’s room, swallowing. He pushed the door shut behind him.

Karkat didn’t look up at him as he came in. Instead, he stared intently at a small plastic bag in his hands.

Gamzee peered down at it, seeing the two small pills inside. “Karkat?”

Karkat blinked, seeming to return to reality for a second. “Hi.”
Gamzee sat down next to him on the bed. “Craving getting to you, brother?”

Karkat nodded, eyebrows furrowing.

Gamzee thought he might start crying again. “Hey… shhh, shhh,” Gamzee pulled him into a hug, placing soft kisses along Karkat’s cheeks. “It’s okay… it’s okay.”

Karkat nodded, his hands curling into fists.

“Just… take some. It’ll make you feel better.”

Karkat seemed to curl up. He didn’t want to be a whore again. He didn’t want to act like that again.

Gamzee shooshed him some more. “Brother… there’s no shame.”

Karkat choked out a laugh. “Bullshit.”

Gamzee frowned, softly rubbing Karkat’s cheeks. “Karkat, I know what it’s like, okay? Don’t… hurt yourself. It’s not worth it. Listen, I’ll be here for you… I promise. I’ll be gentle. I’ll be careful.”

Karkat’s fingers shook as he ripped open the bag. He fumbled as he broke a pill in half, before placing it on his tongue and swallowing.

Gamzee just kept hugging him, laying little kisses across his face.

Slowly, Karkat’s expression dulled to a lazy smile.

Gamzee felt himself sigh as Karkat began to roll his hips against his thigh. He traced his knuckles down Karkat’s face, before bringing their lips together.

Karkat moaned against him, his fingers slowly lacing in Gamzee’s hair.

“I love you…” Gamzee murmured, his heart swelling at the affection.

Karkat slurred something like “You too,” before continuing. He traced his hands down Gamzee’s sides, before pushing them under his shirt.

Gamzee felt his head roll back at the touch. He wrapped his arms around Karkat, sighing softly. He could feel his bulge getting a little excited. He pushed their lips together, gently sucking at the softness of Karkat’s mouth.

Karkat’s fingers shook as he clutched Gamzee’s pants, struggling to push them down.

Gamzee chuckled against Karkat’s lips, smiling. He wiggled out of his sweatpants with little struggle, kicking them to the side.

Karkat bit his lip, shivering.

Gamzee chuckled at him. His smile slowly faded as Karkat’s teeth began to draw blood.

His teeth dug into his own flesh, a stream of cherry red blood beginning to pour down his lip.

“Karkat!” Gamzee shouted, pushing him.

Karkat moaned, continuing to tear at his lip.
Gamzee tackled Karkat to the bed, digging his fingers into either side of Karkat’s cheeks, forcing his jaw to open. He stared, wide eyed, as Karkat sputtered.

“M-more…” Karkat whined.

Gamzee’s skin pricked, adrenaline beginning to pump through his veins. What the fuck was that? His ears drew back yet as he realized Karkat had began rutting his shoulder against Gamzee’s chest, no doubt inflaming the wound. “Stop that!” He pulled away from Karkat, thoroughly terrified.

Karkat shivered, bloodied lips parting.

Gamzee put his hands to his hair, trying to calm himself. Was it the drugs? His heartbeat pounded in his head, preventing him from thinking. “Don’t… touch it.”

Karkat whined some. “But… I…”

“Don’t!” Gamzee shouted, pulling Karkat’s hands away from the wound.

Jesus… oh god, what the fuck?

Gamzee shivered, looking to the side. He wasn’t exactly in the mood anymore, but there was no way in hell he was leaving Karkat alone in this state. He pulled Karkat to his chest, gripping him like the world depended on it.

Karkat pursed his lips against the wound, moaning at the sensation.

Gamzee held his breath. “Karkat, please, stop…” he pleaded.

Karkat hesitated. “I… It feels… good…” he managed.

Gamzee’s shoulders tensed. Right, right, fuck, the drugs. Karkat would be chasing pleasure with every bit of willpower he had. Maybe if he distracted him…? “You want me to touch you, motherfucker?” Gamzee asked, trying to hide the edge to his voice.

Karkat nodded, whimpering.

Gamzee bowed his head, sighing. “Take off your pants.”

Karkat sighed, bobbing his head. He wiggled out of his jeans and boxers, before sitting up. He began rolling his hips against Gamzee’s sheathe.

Gamzee took a moment to appreciate the slick heat of Karkat’s bulge against his stomach. He snapped out of it, and pushed Karkat back down onto the bed. He dipped his head between Karkat’s thighs, and began licking. Sucking. Lapping.

Karkat moaned, his hips rising up into Gamzee’s mouth.

Gamzee strained his eyes to keep them fixed on Karkat’s face, making sure he was leaving his lip and wound alone. To his relief, the distraction seemed to be working.

Karkat took heavy breaths, his chest rising and falling to a quick rhythm. “Fuck me, fuck me…” he began to chant, hands curling into fists around the sheets.

Gamzee’s grip on his thighs tightened. He began to lap mercilessly at Karkat’s nook, breathing in his scent as he did.
Karkat shivered, his legs parting as if in invitation. His fingers twined around Gamzee’s horns, rubbing them softly.

Gamzee was just relieved Karkat’s hands seemed occupied. He turned his mouth to softly suckle on the lips of Karkat’s nook.

“Gamzee-!” Karkat gasped, his hips rising once more. “Oh god, oh god-” And just like that, he came.

Gamzee winced slightly as red spurted across his face. He pulled back, sighing. He stared down at Karkat, who lay there, breathless.

After a minute or so, Karkat seemed to gather himself. He crawled over to Gamzee, pressing his face towards Gamzee’s sheath.

“Karkat, no.” Gamzee pushed Karkat’s head back.

Karkat whimpered, rolling his hips down onto the bed.

Gamzee stared at him, stone faced.

Karkat looked to the side, beginning to chew on his lip again.

“MOTHERFUCKER, I TOLD YOU TO STOP THAT!”

Karkat winced, shying away from Gamzee.

He calmed himself slowly. How long was this pill gonna motherfucking last? He growled harshly, staring to the side. He reached for his pants, before finding one of the joints Kurloz had given him in the back pocket. He retrieved his lighter, before placing the cigarette in between Karkat’s lips.

Karkat held it there obediently, eyes glazed as Gamzee lit it.

“Suck on it,” Gamzee ordered.

Karkat nodded, holding the joint and doing as instructed. He had to pull away, sputtering around the smoke. After taking a second to breathe, he returned to it. It wasn’t long before he started feeling… tired.

Gamzee led him to lay down on the mattress, draping blankets over him. He planted little kisses along Karkat’s forehead, taking the joint from him as he began to drift off. He placed it between his own lips, eyebrows furrowing as he tasted blood. He ran his knuckles down Karkat’s face once more. “I love you.” He closed the door behind him.

Gamzee zoned out, the dull thud of wheels against asphalt fading into white noise. The motherfuckers around him were starting to piss him off- laughing, gossiping, yelling… like they didn’t have a motherfucking care in the world. His eyes slowly narrowed, the noise building up in his mind until they morphed to an angry clammer. “JUST SHUT UP!” He snarled, whipping his head around.

The bus slowly quieted.

His eyes softened at the looks of fear and concern being thrown his way. He shook his head some, sinking back into his seat.
“And 2tay quiet.”

Gamzee glanced to the seat across from him.

There sat Sollux, the bags under his eyes darker than usual. He had his arms crossed over his chest, everything about him seeming… hollow.

“Hey, motherfucker,” Gamzee murmured. “You okay?”

Sollux glanced up at Gamzee. “Ii could a2k you the 2ame 2hiing.”

Gamzee took a short sigh. “Not exactly,” he responded, a bitter twinge to his words.

Sollux frowned, seeming to size Gamzee up.

And… dad says gam wwants to kill me??

Sollux turned his full attention on Gamzee. “Yeah, iit ha2n’t been a great week,” he muttered. He leaned in closer. “Do you know what’2 been going on wiith kk?”

Gamzee’s eyes shot up to Sollux’s.

“Yeah, I know a thing or two.” Gamzee tilted his head to the side. “And yourself?”

Sollux shrugged. “Not enough. But ii know he’2 been fuckiing out of control lately.”

Gamzee threw his head back, giving a low chuckle. “Wasn’t his fault, brother. The Amporas had him hooked on some wicked strong lust-drug.”

Sollux turned his attention to stare at the ground. “Lust-drug?”

Gamzee sneered. “It making sense to you yet?”

Sollux shifted back into his seat, brows furrowed. He felt a deep… anger boiling in his gut. Yes it made sense. And he felt like a fucking idiot for not putting it together sooner. “That… 2on of a biitch…” Sollux hissed through grit teeth, feeling his skin prickle.
“Agreed, brother.” Gamzee responded, cupping his hands. “Don’t worry, though. Karkat’s safe with me now.”

Sollux felt himself tense.

Did Gamzee hurt Eridan?

Sollux turned to stare at Gamzee, who met him with a dangerous glare. He quickly returned his attention back to the wall. “I want to meet with him.”

Gamzee hesitated. “He’s not… totally recovered, brother,” Gamzee murmured, meeting Sollux’s eye.

Sollux swallowed. “And what does that mean?”

Gamzee sighed, staring at his feet. “They reduced him to a motherfucking addict. We’re helping him, we’re trying… but if we take him off the drugs now, it’ll be torture for him.”

Sollux narrowed his eyes. “Ii 2ee.” His nose crinkled in anger. “How long do you give it? Until he’s off?”

Gamzee shrugged. “I don’t motherfucking know. My dad and brother are the ones treating him.” He rolled his shoulders. “Though… he’s not constantly high, brother. I could arrange a sober time for you to talk to him.”

Sollux nodded. “I would appreciate that.”

The two went silent, left only with the sound of the bus bumping along the road.

Ghb sighed at the sound of another knock on the door.

“Package.”

“Come in,” Ghb mumbled. “You go through it?” he asked as one of his subjuggulators carried a small box into the room.
They nodded, placing the package onto the desk. “Of course, sir.”

Ghb reached inside, finding that little vial of Karkat’s blood, the color dulled with age. His eyebrows raised as he read the paper attached to it.

_Ey, Grand, so. Yeah, the blood was negative. Okay, well, there were traces of Terekin and Sopor, but I figure that wasn’t what you were looking for. His hormones were going nuts, but aside from that, nada. Hope this was helpful._

_Fische._

The paper crinkled in Ghb’s fingers as he clutched it. He sighed, casually tossing the paper into a waste basket. Blessing in disguise. His actions were a blessing in disguise.
Karkat hissed through grit teeth as he woke. His brows furrowed in confusion as he felt… pleasure, pulsing through his lip. He touched what felt like a scab, and the feeling seemed to grow more intense. He tensed, hand shooting away from the wound as realization hit him. He stood, stumbling towards his bathroom. He stared at himself in the mirror, cursing. He looked fucking terrible. Oh fuck… He grimaced, flexing his lip some.

Another wave of pleasure shot through his nerves.

He shuddered, retreating back into the bedroom. He collected his clothes off the floor and dressed himself, eyes wide. His gaze drifted to the bed, where that little bag of pills lay. He hesitated, before feeling compelled to pick it up.

The sight of it almost made his blood ache in craving.

He clutched the bag, swallowing. He glanced behind him, rocking on his heels some. He didn’t… fuck, fuck, fuck, he was going to fucking regret this.

Oh, fuck it.

He pinched the half pill into his palm, and in a rush, swallowed it.

After a minute or so, he felt himself relax.

He sat on the bed, eyelids fluttering. He rolled onto his back, humming some, as a soft high took over him. A hand went to his crotch as he let out the breath he was holding.

He wanted sex.

He managed to stand, wandering into the hall, lips parted. He began to drift down it, trying to remember his way to Kurloz’s room. Eventually, his eyes caught on that skeleton-carved door. He pushed it open, eyes hazy.

Kurloz turned to stare up at him, eyebrows furrowing. ‘WHAT DID YOU DO TO YOUR LIP?’

Karkat continued inside, whimpering slightly.

Kurloz stood to meet him, catching him as he stumbled towards the bed.

“Fuck… me…” Karkat whimpered, clutching his arms.

Kurloz said nothing, only seating Karkat on the bed. He then left for his closet, before coming back with a small tube of disinfectant. He held Karkat’s head still with one hand, carefully squeezing some of the paste onto the wound with the other. He dabbed at it with his index finger, eyebrows knit in concern.

Karkat began bouncing his hips against the bed, eyes watering.

Kurloz huffed, rolling up Karkat’s shirt to inspect the bite mark. It seemed to have scabbed over well enough, but he decided to apply some more disinfectant for good measure.
Karkat moaned as Kurloz’s touch traced the wound, his back arching.

Kurloz planted a finger to his stitched lips, gently stroking Karkat’s cheek.

“Please, please…” Karkat whimpered, tugging weakly at Kurloz’s sleeves.

Kurloz brushed a couple strands of hair out of Karkat’s face, staring into his eyes. He pushed Karkat to the bed and crawled on top of him. He curled his arms around Karkat’s chest, merely holding him. Taking in his heat, his scent.

Karkat swallowed, eyes rolling up.

Kurloz stared him down, thumb softly tracing Karkat’s torn lip. ‘BROTHER… ARE YOU GOING TO CONTINUE?’

Karkat paused, eyes struggling to focus. He shook his head, still clinging to Kurloz’s clothes like a lifeline.

Kurloz just continued grazing Karkat’s skin with his fingers, as if undecided. ‘I’LL HOLD YOU TO THAT.’ And with that, he dug his fingertips into Karkat’s shoulder, earning a howl of pleasure.

Karkat gasped, beginning to tremble at the sensation.

Kurloz forced Karkat’s head up by the hair, sending more delightful sparks through his scalp. He leaned down, pressing his stitched lips against Karkat’s.

Karkat moaned louder yet, eyes going glassy.

Kurloz chuckled against Karkat’s mouth, smirking. He felt his grip grow tighter, hard enough to bruise.

Karkat leaned into it, short of breath. He began chewing on his lip again.

Kurloz glanced up at him, eyes narrowing. He took a moment to go into Karkat’s head, and easily cut off his mobility. ‘NONE OF THAT.’

Karkat went limp under him, unable to so much as twitch. He felt himself start to panic.

Kurloz stared down at him, feeding his terror.

Karkat felt his eyes start to water, and after what must have been the most painstaking minute of his life, Kurloz released him.

Karkat gasped, eyes going wide.

‘HURT YOURSELF AGAIN. I MOTHERFUCKING DARE YOU.’

Karkat trembled, nodding weakly. ‘I’m… sorry…” he managed.

‘GOOD.’ Kurloz began to fiddle with Karkat’s fly, pushing his pants and boxers down to the floor.

Karkat threw his head back, legs spreading.

Kurloz hummed, pushing Karkat’s sweater over his head.

Karkat chirred some, allowing his eyes to close.
Kurloz leaned back, peeling off his gloves. He placed them on his bedside table, before returning his attention to Karkat. He breathed a chuckle, raking his nails down Karkat’s sides. Not hard enough to draw blood, but enough to leave scrapes down his skin.

Karkat moaned, his bulge flicking across his stomach.

Kurloz stared down at him, eyes wide. With feather light touches, he eased Karkat’s legs apart.

Karkat took a deep breath, his nook pulsing in anticipation.

Kurloz lead his fingers to Karkat’s entrance, before pushing them in with maddeningly soft touch.

Karkat felt his blood start to heat in frustration as Kurloz continued just barely grazing the walls of his nook, as if out of experimentation.

Kurloz chuckled slightly, brushing his free hand along Karkat’s stomach. He rested his fingers on one of Karkat’s grubscars, and pinched.

Karkat’s eyes light up in pleasure, another moan tumbling from his mouth.

Kurloz leaned forward to rest his head on Karkat’s chest, breathing out a laugh. He used his psychics to enter Karkat’s mind once more. He played around with his nervous system some, seeing what he could flick to make Karkat’s limps twitch and wrythe.

Karkat’s eyes went wide as his body convulsed. He choked, his blood running cold at the sensation.

Kurloz stared back at him, huffing some. He let Karkat’s body fall limp on the bed. ‘JUST GETTING A FEEL FOR IT, MOTHERFUCKER.’

Karkat remained silent, giving Kurloz the once over. He nodded slowly, squirming some.

Kurloz glanced to the side before reaching his hand down to unzip his fly.

Karkat’s vision blurred as Kurloz pulled his indigo bulge out of his pants, an incoherent whine falling from his lips at the sight.

Kurloz smiled softly, finally bringing his hips to Karkat’s.

Karkat moaned as Kurloz slipped inside him. He felt his fists begin to shake as he clutched the sheets.

Kurloz rocked back and forth, giving heavy breaths through his stitches.

Within seconds, Karkat felt his bulge going stiff. He moaned, raising his hips into Kurloz as he came. “AAaaaaAAaaaaahhhhhhh~”

Kurloz paused, giving a soft sigh as he realized Karkat had soiled his jeans. He brushed it off, meeting a quicker pace. He would never get tired of that fucking heat around him… gripping him. Kurloz dug his nails into Karkat’s shoulders, making his bulge release another short spurt of material.

Karkat whined, eyes wide.

‘CAN I?’
Karkat hesitated. “W-what?”

‘CAN I CUM, MOTHERFUCKER.’

Karkat nodded, rolling his hips against Kurloz. “Yes, yes, fuck, please~”

Kurloz smiled, resting his cheek against Karkat’s chest. ‘MUCH APPRECIATED.’ He took a second to listen to his heartbeat, before sitting up, and absolutely slamming in and out of Karkat’s nook.

Karkat gave a loud keen, his toes curling.

Kurloz rested his torso on Karkat’s chest, staring up at him. He gave a short peck to his jawline, unable to help the goofy smile that crept onto his lips as he finished.

Kurloz took a drag from his cigarette, staring down at Karkat as he slowly recovered from his high.

Karkat ran his tongue over his torn lip, eyebrows knit.

Kurloz sighed some, biting the inside of his cheek. ‘THERE’S SOMEONE I WANT YOU TO MEET.’

Karkat weakly managed to sit, frowning. “W-who?” He managed, a slight stutter to his voice.

Kurloz wrapped his arms around Karkat’s torso, hoisting him up. ‘I’LL SHOW YOU.’ He began to carry him, leading him down stairwell after stairwell, until Karkat was certain they were well underground.

It smelt like death.

Karkat stared around him into the blood spattered cells, skin crawling at the sheer array of colors left on the walls to dry. His hands clutched around Kurloz’s shirt, unable to look away from the gore.

Kurloz continued carrying him, before dropping Karkat on the floor. He slid a cell door open.

Karkat stared, eyes going impossibly wide at what he saw.

A woman lay on a bed, naked and chained, her hair hanging down and obscuring her face. He noticed a little bell hanging from her neck.

Kurloz strolled over to her, far too casually.

Her head shot up as Kurloz ran his knuckles down her cheek.

She started purring, rubbing against him.

Karkat stared, his blood running cold in realization. Oh fuck… oh fuck…

Chapter End Notes
Yep, short ass chapter, but don't worry, Amporas are coming next. And you know. Suspense and stuff. Welp. Haha. I'm tired.
Chapter 22

Kankri felt his gaze start to go foggy as he stared at the TV screen. He peered at Cronus out of the corner of his eye, taking in the coolness of his chest as they cuddled.

He glanced down at Kankri, kissing his forehead softly.

He huffed, the noise of the movie fading to static in his ears. “Where’s the remote.”

Cronus reached across the couch, snagging it. He handed it to Kankri, who promptly paused the TV.

Kankri rested his hands in his lap, taking a minute to savor the silence.

Cronus laced his fingers together, staring to the side. “You wanna talk?”

Kankri shook his head. “It’s not going to be the same, Cronus. I don’t know why you wanted to do this.”

Cronus hesitated, running his fingers through his hair. “I… I know you needed a distraction.”

Kankri tossed the remote onto the coffee table, huffing. “Do you have a plan yet?”

Cronus put his fist to his mouth, head shaking.

Kankri scoffed, turning away.

Cronus glanced up at him, any words seeming to catch in his throat. “I want him back too, you knowv.”

Kankri felt his shoulders tense. “Don’t even try to pretend you know what I’m going through.”

He glared down at Cronus, who turned his gaze to stare at the floor.

“I’m… I’m sorry.”

Kankri rolled his eyes.

Cronus swallowed. “I’m sorry,” he murmured again. He stood, hands buried in his pockets. “I’ll leave you alone.”

Kankri stared at him as he began to retreat. “Get back here.”

Cronus hesitated, staring down at Kankri over his shoulder.

Kankri gestured to the movie. “I know the ending is your favorite.”

Cronus gave a soft smile, glancing to the floor. He slowly rejoined Kankri on the couch. “I… I love you.”

Kankri remained silent.

Eridan stared at his lap, fists shaking.
Dualscar placed some hot chocolate on the table in-front of him, taking his seat with a huff.

Eridan didn’t look up.

Dualscar tapped his rings on his mug. “Danny… I know it doesn’t… seem like it right now, but we’re going to get through this. I promise you.”

Eridan shook his head, trying to choke down the lump in his throat.

Dualscar sat back in his chair, tracing his fingers down the scars on his face. “I promise.”

“How can you say that?” Eridan managed, eyebrows furrowed.

Dualscar pursed his lips some, eyes drifting to the table. “Because you’re strong.”

Eridan breathed out a laugh, shaking his head. “No. I’m… not.”

Dualscar rolled his shoulders as he stood. “Well, this might change that.” He ruffled his son’s hair some, before planting a kiss between his horns. He dug his hands into his pockets as he strolled up the stairs.

Cronus kissed Kankri’s neck softly, ignoring the credits that rolled by them.

Kankri tilted his head back, leaving Cronus plenty of access.

Cronus smiled, taking a moment to simply rest his head against Kankri’s chest.

The two were shook from their embrace as a harsh knock rang on the door.

“I got it.” Cronus twisted off the couch, stumbling over to the door.

Dualscar met Cronus’s eye as he opened it. “A word?”

Cronus glanced down at Kankri, who seemed to be drifting asleep. “Yeah, yeah, what is it?” He slid the door shut behind him.

Dualscar began strolling down the hall, gesturing for Cronus to follow him. “I need a pill.”

Cronus’s eyebrows furrowed. “Dad, I thought we’ve agreed—”

“No more drugged sex, I know. I just… fuck, I just need one, okay?” Dualscar tried to hide the edge of desperation in his tone.

Cronus looked his father up and down, lip curling in confusion. “Wait, for what?”

Dualscar took a deep breath through his teeth, pulling his hair back. “Have you noticed anything off lately? Emotionally?”

Cronus shrugged, rolling his eyes. “Yeah, my matesprite’s kid brother just got taken, not gonna be in the best spirits—”

“No, like…” Dualscar took a step back, huffing. “Something’s wrong.”

Cronus frowned some, looking his father up and down, noting a sharp… desperation to his posture. His hand went to his back pocket, where that pill bottle stuck firmly.
Dualscar’s eyes shot to the bottle, his shoulders tensing. He met his son’s eye. “Cronus. Give me the bottle.”

Cronus shook his head, taking a couple steps away and down the hall.

“Cronus,” Dualscar tried, sterner this time. “Give… me… the bottle.”

Cronus made a run for it.

Dualscar cursed, sprinting after him.

Cronus took a sharp turn into a guest room, leaping into the bathroom and slamming the door shut behind him. His fingers fumbled as he locked it. He felt the weight of his father’s body slam against it, but the door held tight.

“CRONUS!”

Cronus remained silent, his hand trembling as he took out the pill bottle. His eyes drifted to the toilet. He screwed open the lid, hesitating. He silently slid a couple pills into his palm, before pushing open the sink cabinet with his foot. He placed them in the far back, eyebrows furrowed. He closed it, standing, and dumped the rest in the toilet. Then he flushed.

Dualscar went silent on the other side of the door.

The bedroom was quiet for a minute or so.

“Cronus. Open the door.”

Cronus hesitated, hearing the twinge of rage to his father’s voice. He cautiously dropped his fingers to the knob, unlocking it softly.

Dualscar opened the door slowly, his actions incredibly stiff. His eyes drifted to the empty pill bottle in his son’s fist. He held his breath as he stared up at Cronus. “What... have... you... done.”

Cronus’s eyebrows furrowed some.

Dualscar carefully took the empty bottle from his son’s hand. He held it, before stuffing it into his back pocket. He shot one last glare at his son, before turning his back on him and leaving to his room.

Cronus stared after him, breath held. He willed the pounding in his head to slow to a quiet pulse. He retraced his steps back to the tv room, pushing inside.

Kankri slept, curled up on the couch.

Cronus’s heart softened when he saw him. He sat down next to him, gently resting his head on Kankri’s side.

Kankri’s eyelashes fluttered open some, but his body remained relaxed. His hand drifted to Cronus’s hair, gently twining in it. “I heard yelling…” he murmured.

Cronus’s lip flinched some. “Don’t worry about it.”

Kankri ran his knuckles down Cronus’s neck. “You know I’m g9ing t9 anyway.”

Cronus nodded some, wrapping his arms around Kankri’s waist. “I know. Just... wish you
woulnd’t. It’s not wvorth your energy.”

Kankri gave a soft laugh. “And what is w9rth it, then?”

Cronus smiled back at him, eyes darting from freckle to freckle. “I could think of a fewv things…”

Kankri ran his fingers along the hem of Cronus’s shirt. “D9 y9u wanna… pail?”

Cronus hesitated, drifting his fingers down Kankri’s sweater. “Do you?”

Kankri shrugged some. “May6e if I reward y9u f9r trying t9 have a semi-functi9nal relati9nship with me, it will 6ec9me a m9re c9mm9n 9ccurance.”

Cronus breathed a chuckle into Kankri’s chest. “If that’s the case, I vvill try my damndest.”

Cronus crawled over Kankri, bracing his arms on either side of his head.

Kankri let his lips part, curling his fists around Cronus’s t-shirt. “Y9r m9ve.”

Cronus smirked, taking a second just to stare down at Kankri’s face. He leant down, pressing their lips together.

Kankri rose into it, his arms reaching to wrap around Cronus’s neck.

Cronus traced one hand down to his fly. He pulled it down slowly, allowing his bulge to squirm into the open.

Kankri threw his head back, raising his hips to grind against Cronus.

Cronus traced a line of kisses down Kankri’s neck, humming against his skin.

Kankri sighed softly, eyelashes fluttering. He couldn’t help but flinch at the wave of cold air that hit his bulge as Cronus pulled down his leggings.

Kankri ran his fingers along Cronus’s sides, savoring every subtle bump and scar that decorated his skin.

“You ready, chief?”

Kankri shifted his shoulders some, unable to help the coy smile that slipped onto his lips. “Do it.”

Cronus held Kankri’s face in his hands, taking him in a deep kiss. With Kankri’s help, he pushed his lover’s leggings to the floor. He broke from the kiss, gasping, and lead his bulge to Kankri’s nook.

Kankri gave a hushed moan, his eyelids fluttering closed.

Cronus gasped when fully sheathed, his hands balling into fists. “Fuck, Kan-”

Kankri began to roll his hips against Cronus, back curling at the sensation. “Yes… fuck, yes…” He murmured, voice hushed.

Cronus grit his teeth, taking heavy breaths as he did so. He began thrusting in and out of Kankri, running his fingers into Kankri’s hair. “I lovwe you!” he gasped, holding onto Kankri’s sides.

Kankri hummed, his legs wrapping around Cronus’s back. He allowed his eyes to roll back, seceding to pleasure. He went limp under Cronus, enjoying the relaxation of this position.
Cronus twisted his bulge inside Kankri, high off the sound of those little mewls and chirps his lover made. He continued working him up, attacking every sweet spot he managed to find.

“9h, fuck…” Kankri whined, his muscles going stiff.

“Close, babe?” Cronus murmured, his lip curling over his teeth.

Kankri nodded quickly, his fists clenching.

Cronus’s grip on Kankri tightened. He sped up his pace, sending Kankri’s nook into rapid spasms.

Kankri groaned in pleasure, his thighs clenching as he finished.

Cronus released the breath he was holding, slumping slightly.

Kankri stared up at Cronus, face flushed.

Cronus took a second to meet his eye. He brought their mouths together, just barely grazing Kankri’s bottom lip with his teeth.

Kankri sighed softly, allowing himself to relax. Slowly, he began to roll his hips again.

Cronus smiled, resting his forehead against Kankri’s.

Kankri raised his eyebrows, a soft smirk forming on his lips. “S9? Are y9u g9nna finish f9r me?”

Cronus gave a soft laugh. “Wvhat kind of guy wvould I be if I didn’t?”

Dualscar squinted through his glasses some, scrolling down the product information. He glanced at the pill bottle in his hand, comparing the labels. Definitely the same shit. His mouse hovered over the shipping time. Approximately one week.

God damn it, Cronus.

He leaned back in his chair, rubbing his eyes. He supposed he would just have to power through until then.

Sollux gripped his lunch tray, his lip curling into a snarl. He hung his head, glancing to the side. He pulled out his phone, scowling.

TA: ju2t fuckiing an2wer me.

caligulasAquarium is logged out. He is unable to respond to your messages.

Sollux grit his teeth, covering his eyes with his hands. He huffed, shuffling in his seat some, before selecting Gamzee’s contact.
TA: where the fuck are you riight now.

TC: Roof. What about your fine motherfucking self.

TA: you’re not u2iing your quiirk.

TC: Not in the motherfucking mood.

TA: yeah. ii guess iiit probably blow2 to be you riight now, huh.

TC: something like that.

TA: ii’m comiing up two meet you. 2tay put.

TC: sure.

Sollux left his lunch on the cafeteria table, stuffing his phone in his pocket. He wandered up the stairs, mind swimming in static. He finally reached the top, kicking open the door to the roof.

Gamzee glanced up at him from the other side, expression dull.

Sollux made his way over. He leaned against the rail next to Gamzee, nose crinkling some as he got a whiff of whatever Gamzee was smoking.

Gamzee let smoke fall from his lips, eyes hazy. “What’s been tugging at your pan, brother?”

Sollux’s lip twitched some. ”Hard two put iintwo words. Ii feel… angry. That much ii know.”

Gamzee twirled his cigarette between his fingers. “Likewise.”

Sollux glanced over at Gamzee, a sudden… tenseness hanging in the air. He did his best to brush it off. “Can ii come over toniight?”

Gamzee shrugged, staring down at the courtyard. “How do you feel about him,” he asked, a deep… coldness to his tone.

Gamzee paused. “I… love him.” He gave a wry laugh, tapping off ash from his cigarette. “He is my… everything.”

Sollux hesitated. That sounded… red enough. He sighed. “Iif you really want two know, ii’m waxiing pale.”

Gamzee seemed to go tense in the shoulders. “Is that so.”

Sollux hesitated, gripping the bar. “Unle22… hii2 diiamond’2 taken, of cour2e…” He tried to correct himself.

Gamzee glared at Sollux out of the corner of his eye. “He’s mine, all motherfucking quadrants, the motherfucker’s mine.” He spoke with a growl to his voice that sent a shiver up Sollux’s spine.

Sollux tensed, nodding. “Fuck, je2u2, ii’m 2orry. Iin that ca2e, he’2 ju2t a friiend. Promii2e.”
Gamzee ran his tongue over his teeth, clenching his fists. “He’ll be happy to see you.” He dug his hands into his pockets, before stalking back to class.
Kurloz’s eyes flashed purple as he telepathized to Meulin, slowly drawing closer to her.

Her eyebrows knit some, facade seeming to fall. “Game over?”

He nodded slightly, planting soft kisses along her forehead.

She sighed, reaching over the bed to press a small button. Her shackles released. She shook them off, before sitting, legs crossed. She frowned as she craned her head to stare down at Karkat. “Kankri?”

Kurloz shook his head. ‘KARKAT. THE MOTHERFUCKER’S BROTHER.’

Meulin nodded, draping a sheet over her body. She sat down in front of him, head tilting to the side as she read his confusion.

“All this time…” He choked, shaking his head in disbelief. He remembered back to Nepeta’s grief… the image of her sobbing in his arms so vivid now.

For months, she had been unable to control herself in class, yelling at no-one. Crying. Running away from home.

His lip curled into a snarl.

Meulin frowned, having read his lips. “What is it?”

“How… how could you?” He asked, gritting his teeth. “How could you just disappear on her?”

Meulin glanced behind her at Kurloz, before returning her attention to Karkat. “Who?” her eyes seemed empty.

“YOUR FUCKING SISTER!” He snarled, throwing out his arms.

She hesitated, seeming to slump. She crossed her arms over her chest, shrugging some. “I…” She bit her lip, staring at the ground.

Kurloz strolled over to the two, sitting between them. ‘LITTLE SISTER WOULD’VE TOLD HER MOTHER. AND HER MOTHER WOULD’VE GOTTEN HERSELF KILLED TRYING TO GET KITTY BITCH BACK. IT’S BETTER THIS WAY.’

Karkat seemed to shrink into himself, shaking his head. “She thinks you’re dead!” He covered his mouth with his hand, shuddering. “Everyone… thinks you’re dead!”

Meulin seemed to stiffen at that, her eyes going wide.

Kurloz glared at Karkat some. ‘SHE CAME TO ME OF HER OWN CHOICE. THEY’RE THE ONES WHO PUSHED HER AWAY- THEY PUSHED HER TO ME.’

Karkat’s eyes drifted back to the shackles, lip curling.
Kurloz smiled, pulling Meulin to his chest and planting a kiss on her head. He opened his eyes to stare at Karkat’s once more. ‘AND WHAT A MOTHERFUCKING BLESSING IT IS THAT THEY DID.’

Karkat shuddered, his muscles going stiff. “You need to tell them, Meulin, they have to know you’re okay-“

‘WHY.’

Karkat met Kurloz’s eye, mouth gaping open. ‘Because- they have to know!!”

Kurloz’s head tilted to the side. ‘NO THEY DON’T. LET THEM THINK HER DEAD, IF IT MEANS THEY’LL LEAVE US IN PEACE.’

Karkat stared back at Meulin. “Is that what you want? To be forgotten? And for what?”

Meulin just stared at him, saying nothing.

Karkat felt his hair prickle, only able to glare in response. “Nepeta deserved better.”

Meulin took a shaky breath, head twitching some.

Kurloz pet her hair gently, huffing some at Karkat. ‘THERE’S A REASON I WANTED YOU TWO MOTHERFUCKERS TO MEET, YOU KNOW.’

He grit his teeth, fists clenching. “Oh?”

Kurloz tipped Meulin’s head up, smiling. ‘MEULIN HERE HAS THE SAME WICKED PLEASURE RESPONSES YOU DO. NERVOUS MASOCHISM, THAT IS.’

She giggled some as he pressed his fingertip into a pressure point behind her ear.

‘AND I THINK THAT WICKED TEAR YOUR LIP HAS GOING SHOWS WELL ENOUGH THAT YOU NEED SOME…. ASSISTANCE.’

Meulin glanced at Karkat, registering the wound.

Kurloz smiled. ‘I’M SURE THE MOTHERFUCKER WOULD BE HONORED IF YOU COULD HELP HIM.’

Karkat brought a finger to his lip, nodding slightly. “Yeah. That would be great,” he muttered bitterly, shooting a glare at Kurloz.

Kurloz’s smile faltered some.

“.... Could you... Get me some clothes?” Meulin asked, standing.

Kurloz nodded, rising alongside her. He held her close, planted a kiss on her neck, and then departing back into the hall.

Karkat stared after him, scowling some. He followed Meulin to the bed, sitting next to her.

She adjusted the sheet, not meeting his eye.

“So... how do you not... hurt yourself.”
Meulin gave a short chuckle, shrugging some. “He told me not to.”

Karkat frowned. Her tone seemed almost… mechanical in nature. “And…”

Meulin looked Karkat up and down. “And I don’t disobey him.” She said it like it was obvious.

Karkat glanced between her and the floor. “I… that doesn’t really apply to me. So… any… tips?”

Meulin huffed some, rolling her eyes. “Well, if mew don’t obey him, why are mew even here?”

Karkat flicked his hands up, laughing. “You make it sound like I have a choice.”

Meulin knit her eyebrows, head tilting to the side. “Don’t you?”

“I have no where else to go.” He turned to face her, his eyes narrowing. “I’m here because my only alternative is living with scumbag seadwellers who get a kick out of fucking RAPING me! I’m here, because those same fuckers apparently got me addicted to the most intense sex drug on the market- I don’t have the luxury of being here for shits and giggles!”

Meulin narrowed her eyes, shifting to glare at him. “I’m sorry for your hardship,” she growled, her shoulders rising in an almost predatory manner. “But don’t you dare try and invalidate my reasons. You don’t want me as an enemy, I can purromise you that. So if you want us to get along- and you do- I suggest learning a little… respect.”

Karkat breathed a laugh. “Was that a threat?”

“Did I stutter?”

Karkat scowled, saying nothing.

“Am I understood?” She demanded, eyes wide.

“Yeah. Understood.”

She nodded, allowing her posture to relax. “Well… I guess if you f33l the need for a hit of pleasure…” She bobbed her head back and forth some. “Just slap yourself. Really. Really hard.”

Karkat laughed some, nodding. “Yeah, yeah, okay.”

She chuckled. “I mean it! Worst that will happen is you leave a bruise… certainly better than tearing through your lip… here, let me s33 that…” She crawled over him, brushing her thumb over the scab.

He felt his eyes widen at the sparks going through him in response.

She recoiled some at his reaction. “Sorry. Didn’t mean to…”

“It’s fine,” he assured her. His eyebrows knit as he glanced back at the shackles hanging from the wall. “So… you’re… into that kind of stuff, huh.”

She nodded, smiling. “Hahah, yeah… it really was a miracle that Kurloz and I found each other! He helped me discover that side of myself!” She gave a soft giggle, leaning against the wall.

Karkat frowned some, head tipping to the side. “You… weren’t like this before you met him?”

Meulin went quiet. “I mean… I was… furrrmilliar with BDSM, but I had never tried it myself.” She
shifted some, her smile fading. “What are you implying?”

Karkat shrugged, avoiding eye contact. “Nothing. I’m… glad you’re happy.”

Meulin nodded, gritting her teeth. “Good.”

Karkat swallowed, crossing his arms over his chest. “How did you two meet?”

Meulin gave an uncomfortable laugh. “Ummm… he was my drug-dealer at first. He sold me catnip, and we would get high togetpurrr a lot. It wasn’t a huge step to intimacy from there, haha.” She smiled, resting her head on her hand. “What about you? You sound like you’ve, well… b33n through some shit.”

Karkat nodded, twisting his legs around themselves. “Yeah. You could say that…” He lay back, eyebrows furrowing. “Things in my life seem to have a habit of escalating.”

She hummed in sympathy. “Yeah. I can... relate.” She stared at her toes, flexing them some. “How… how’s Nepeta?”

Karkat felt his blood chill some. “She’s getting better. You… you really fucking hurt her, though.”

Meulin shifted, hiding her face against her thighs. “I’m sorry…” she whispered.

Karkat released a deep sigh. “Yeah. I know.”

She glanced at him, eyes glassy. “She… she wouldn’t understand, would she?”

“... Probably not.”

Meulin’s eyebrows knit. “I… this is gonna sound purrposturous, but…”

“Yeah?”

She sighed. “How… how long since I ran away?”

Karkat sat back, trying to remember the order of events. It was on Equius’s wriggling day when Nepeta started getting really worried… so… “About… half a sweep, now.”

She went quiet. “Oh.”

Karkat frowned, staring out the cell. “You could still go home, you know. You have a choice.”

Meulin shook her head, ears drawing back. “Even… even if I really wanted to, and I don’t, what would I say to them? I couldn’t.”

Karkat growled. “Tell them the truth. Or lie, fuck it, you do have a choice, though!” He huffed, turning away from her.

She swallowed. “I can’t. I’m sorry.”

He said nothing.

The two raised their heads at the sound of a knock.

Kurloz stood in the doorway, his fist resting against the open door.

Meulin seemed to grin at the sight of him. She pounced from the bed, taking the clothes from his
hands.

Kurloz glanced behind her at Karkat, seeming to grow solemn. ‘WAS SHE HELPFUL?’ he asked, sitting on the bed next to Karkat.

Karkat nodded, swallowing. “Thanks.”

“Don’t mention it,” she responded. She draped herself in Kurloz’s lap, wrapping her arms around his neck.

Karkat noted that she had abandoned the clothes into a corner.

She looked Kurloz up and down, lips twisting into a coy smile. “Game on?”

Kurloz held her affectionately, smiling softly. ‘KARKAT, MOTHERFUCKER… DO YOU WANT TO STAY, OR MAKE YOUR FINE SELF SCARCE?’ He traced his fingers down Meulin’s stomach, grip growing tighter.

Karkat’s eyes widened as he realized the nature of Kurloz’s question. “Oh, uhm, hahahaha…” He trailed off into nervous laughter, staring at the ground. A flush began to rise to his cheeks. Suddenly, he felt Kurloz’s hand on the small of his back. He looked back at the two, both staring at him intently. He allowed himself to float into Kurloz’s embrace, snuggling aside the them both.

‘GAME ON.’

Meulin chuckled, wrapping her arms around Karkat. She nipped at his ear, humming.

Karkat felt his body beginning to heat. He let his lips part as Meulin ran her fingers along his sides, making his hair prickle in excitement.

Kurloz smiled, leaning back against the wall. ‘I’M GLAD MY MOTHERFUCKERS SEEM TO BE GETTING ALONG,’ he commented, eyes wide and hungry.

Karkat whined as Meulin licked a long trail up his neck, his back arching some.

Meulin hummed, wiggling her rear to make her purple tail flick back and forth. She dragged her claws down Karkat’s arms, raising a howl of pleasure. Blood began to leak from the cuts.

‘MEULIN!’ Kurloz shouted, pushing her aside. He scowled, pulling Karkat to his feet. He wiped his hand along one of the wounds, hissing as blood smeared onto his fingers. He glared at Meulin some, doing his best to pacify Karkat’s whimpers and moans.

Karkat began to grind against Kurloz as his bulge unsheathed, pathetic noises spewing from his lips.


Kurloz pulled Karkat to his chest, rubbing the back of his head. ‘I DON’T WANT HIM GETTING SCARS, MOTHERFUCKER.’ He dabbed at the cuts with his sleeve, trying to still the bleeding.

Meulin gave a confused smile, blinking. “Alright? I’m sorry, master.” She glanced down at her hip, where the capricorn insignia was carved. Her eyebrows knit slowly.

‘MEULIN. DON’T BE MOTHERFUCKING POUTING LIKE THAT, I’M NOT GIVING HIM SPECIAL TREATMENT. I JUST DON’T WANT TO UPSET GAMZEE.’
The concern seemed to vanish from Meulin’s face. “Oh! Okay, that makes sense. Thank you, master!”

Kurloz spread one of the cuts, bobbing his head back and forth. Wasn’t… too deep. Kurloz placed Karkat back on the bed, sitting on top of him.

Karkat moaned thickly as Kurloz began to grind onto him.

Meulin hovered over Karkat’s face, licking at his cheeks.

Karkat groaned as he heard Kurloz slip down his fly. It was only a matter of seconds before he felt that cool bulge teasing his entrance. He gasped, rolling against it pitifully.

Meulin chuckled at Karkat’s expression. She dragged two fingers down his face, before finally hooking them in his mouth.

He stared up at her, wide eyed, and accepted them past his teeth. He began to suck on them obediently, rolling his tongue around them.

Meulin purred in approval, lacing her spare fingers around one of his horns in reward.

Karkat moaned, his back arching some.

Kurloz gave a deep chuckle, allowing the first inch or so of his bulge to slip inside Karkat’s waiting nook.

Karkat’s eyes went wide, before rolling up some. He rocked against Kurloz enthusiastically, lip beginning to tremble out of desperation.

Meulin smirked. She began to slowly remove her fingers, savoring the slick pop that came when they finally escaped.

Karkat gasped for air, small beads of saliva dripping down his cheeks. “Fuck me…” He whined, all too turned on by this situation.

Meulin purred at the request, glancing up at Kurloz.

Kurloz traced his fingers up Karkat’s torso, smile unwavering. ‘TELL ME, MOTHERFUCKER… HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT IT?’ he asked, continuing to tease Karkat’s nook with his bulge.

Karkat held his breath, cheeks lighting up. “I… fuck, please, I need it, master, fuck me, please~” He moaned, his hips bucking upwards.

Kurloz hummed a chuckle, resting his head against Karkat’s chest. ‘DESPERATE, AREN’T YOU?’

Karkat nodded enthusiastically, trying to think of anything he could say to make Kurloz continue. “Yes… yes, fuck, fuck, please…”

Kurloz smiled, sitting upright. ‘AS MUCH FUN AS IT IS TO WATCH YOU SQUIRM…’ he laced his fingers in Karkat’s hair, tugging gently, but enough to stimulate him. ‘I’M A KIND MASTER.’

Karkat nearly screamed as Kurloz pushed into him. He felt himself go limp, incoherent whines and moans being the only thing to escape him.
“Ooooh, he’s a fun one,” Meulin purred, grinding her nook down onto her heel.

Kurloz nodded, smirking. ‘A MOTHERFUCKING MEN, SISTER. A MOTHERFUCKING MEN.’

Meulin smirked down at Karkat, raising an eyebrow. “Does a motherfucker want to taste my slurry?” she murmured, managing to lock eye contact with him.

“Yes…. yes, oh fuck yes, please, mistress!”

Meulin raised her eyebrows, meeting Kurloz’s gaze. The two chuckled. “Mistress… I could get used to that…”

Kurloz nodded, stroking Meulin’s hair. ‘AS COULD I.’ He did his best to keep smiling as Meulin shifted her hips over Karkat’s face. If she wanted to dom other motherfuckers, fine by him. But he wasn’t losing his sub.

Meulin gave a low moan as she finally settled her nook on Karkat’s lips.

Karkat seemed to sputter some, but eventually began licking up into her.

Meulin hummed, rocking her hips up and down. She met eyes with Kurloz, and leaned towards him. He wrapped his hands around her head, bringing their lips together.

Meulin smiled, pulling into the embrace. When Kurloz had first stitched his mouth shut, his kisses seemed to become… underwhelming. But she learned to appreciate them. “I love mew,” Meulin managed, her words muffled against Kurloz’s lips.

Kurloz smirked in response, rubbing his forehead against Meulin. He continued rolling his hips, in and out of Karkat, unwilling to slow despite Karkat’s twitches and whimpers.

It wasn’t long until he felt hot, red material spilling beneath him. He chuckled, leaning back to see that yes, Karkat had in fact coated his own stomach in slurry.

Meulin smirked, grinding her hips down onto Karkat’s face harder than ever.

Karkat’s hands drifted up to her thighs, gripping them while he worked.

Meulin gave a short laugh at the movement. “Good boy.” She purred, wiggling her hips some. Her hand went between her legs, where she held her bulge in place. “May I prrlease cum, master?” She asked, her voice dripping in desperation.

Kurloz nodded, biting the inside of his lip. ‘YEAH, MOTHERFUCKING PAINT HIS CHEEKS, SISTER.’

Meulin whined, her fists curling as she felt release hit her, and hit her hard.

Karkat gasped, choking as fluid gushed into his mouth and down his face.

Meulin slumped against Kurloz’s chest, a shallow purr beginning to rise in her throat.

Kurloz smiled, brushing back a strand of her hair. He dragged his hands down Meulin’s arms, pausing at her wrists. Then he began to dig his nails into them.

Meulin whined as she felt that sharp pressure burying into her skin, sending off sparks of pleasure as it went.
Kurloz snarled, aggressively grinding his hips down into Karkat.

Meulin gasped, her shoulders rolling back. “Yours, yours~” she began to chant, thoroughly out of breath.

Kurloz gave a deep, harsh growl as he buried himself in Karkat once more, finally finishing. He met Meulin’s gaze, lip curling. ‘DAMN MOTHERFUCKING STRAIGHT.’

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaand another chapter. Haha. Sorry that these are short, but hey, at least we get plenty of updates?
“Thank you.”

“Don’t mention it.”

The two stared ahead dully as the bus curved and bounced down intersection after intersection.

“You know… your brother really helped Miituna a lot.”

“You’re mistaken, motherfucker.” Gamzee didn’t meet Sollux’s eye, not bothering to gauge his reaction.

“… What do you mean?”

Gamzee remained silent, only a barely audible scoff rising in the back of his throat.

Sollux shifted some, unable to shake the feeling of uneasiness that began to cling to him. “Wait, what do you think of Kurloz?”

Gamzee shrugged, flicking his hands out in gesture. “A simple question with a complicated answer, motherfucker.” Gamzee’s eyebrows furrowed. “He’s… twisted. It’s in his motherfucking bones. Really fucking likes to hurt shit. Kill shit. It’s like…” Gamzee leaned back, huffing some. “Since we were little kids, he would always go back and forth with my dad. They constantly had this power play going. He was real competitive like that, even when the big man was clearly in charge.”

Sollux nodded some, clicking his tongue. “How’d that work out?”

Gamzee gave a dry laugh. “… not… great. Seems like Kurloz figured out the only way he could hurt dad was by hurting himself.”

Sollux’s shoulders rose, his blood chilling. “Wait, ii2 that why he… you know. 2tiitched hi2 liip2?”

Gamzee bobbed his head from side to side, chuckling. “More than that, motherfucker.” He turned his gaze to glare at Sollux. “He bit out his fucking tongue.”

Sollux felt himself go tense.

Gamzee’s eyes seemed to spark at Sollux’s discomfort, a grin spreading across his lips. “As to it being for powerplay… that’s my theory. I haven’t worked up the courage to ask him.”

Sollux exhaled, lip twitching in sympathy. “That’2 fucked up.”

Gamzee hummed in agreement. “He’s ruthless, I’ll tell you that.” Gamzee laughed, throwing his head back. “Between the two of us, he strikes more fear than the old man. Sure… dad’s got blood on his hands.” Gamzee leaned closer to Sollux. “But Kurloz has entire minds in his palm…”

Sollux began to squirm. “2o… Miituna…?”
Gamzee gave a short laugh, nodding enthusiastically. “Yeah, yeah, if Kurloz cares about someone, they’re fucking his more than they are their own.”

Sollux tilted his head back, covering his eyes with his hands. “Don’t... tell me that, please.”

Gamzee cackled, running a hand along his hair. “Motherfucker, don’t worry. Mituna’s safe... safer than you are.” Gamzee laughed some, slapping his hand against Sollux’s shoulder. “Motherfucker’s on the right side.”

Sollux looked from Gamzee’s hand to his face. “... And who’s the wrong side?”

Gamzee shrugged, that cocky smile unwavering. “The rebellious underlings. That includes fish bitch, if you were wondering.” He gave a breathy laugh, doubling over. “You know... no matter what she tells you...” His eyes drifted back to Sollux. “Makaras rule the world. She might as well be a motherfucking trophy.”

“You mean... The Condesce?”

Gamzee nodded, leaning back against the wall of the bus. “Again...” His smile faltered. “She heels to us.”

Sollux took a thick swallow. “You should really be careful 2ayiing 2hiit liiike that.”

Gamzee narrowed his eyes. “You weren’t listening, were you?”

Sollux shrugged, looking away.

Gamzee sighed, glancing out the window. He stood, reaching up to the wire. “We’re here.”

Sollux’s breath went short. He tried to brush away his second thoughts as Gamzee climbed over the seats in front of them.

Gamzee reached out his hand, smile crinkling the corners of his eyes.

Sollux accepted hesitantly.

Gamzee held Sollux’s fingers a little too tightly, glaring into his eyes as he dragged him to his feet. “You know I love him... right, motherfucker?”

Sollux nodded, his lip twitching. “Yeah. You’ve mentiioned.”

Gamzee released him, taking slow steps towards the open doors of the bus. “Then follow close.” And with that, he bounded off the bus.

Sollux cursed under his breath, having to stumble to keep pace. He jumped onto the concrete sidewalk, eyes narrowed as he chased after Gamzee.

“Here.” Gamzee turned into an alleyway, forcing Sollux to keep close in tow.

Gamzee followed a series of twists and turns as if he knew them like the back of his hand.

“Where- are we going?” Sollux demanded, struggling to keep in pace with Gamzee.

“Through the back. Don’t want you getting harassed or none.”

Sollux frowned, his lip curling. “What?”
Gamzee paused, bobbing his head back and forth. “How do I say this…” He looked Sollux up and down. “You’re a warmblood.”

Sollux’s hand wrapped around his wrist. “2o?”

Gamzee sighed, rolling his shoulders back some. “So, according to the church doctrines… you’re not exactly a real person. You’ll make it out fine, because you’re with me, but…”

“Okay, what?” Sollux scowled, his blood beginning to heat.

Gamzee rolled his eyes, brows furrowing in frustration. “You might not be treated all that kindly. So we’re gonna avoid confrontation.”

Sollux looked Gamzee up and down. “And these are the same people my brother’2 alway2 around?”

Gamzee grumbled some. “Yeah, but he’s Kurloz’s, he’s in a better position than half the church-”

“And you’re tru2tiing the2e people around Karkat?”

Gamzee downright groaned. “And he’s MINE. No one. Is going. To hurt him. Now shut the motherfuck up, and follow me.”

Sollux huffed through grit teeth. “He’2 not your pet…” He grumbled.

Gamzee twisted his head on his neck some, biting down a snarl. He said nothing, only continuing through allies to a back door. He entered a code and walked inside.

Sollux had no choice but to go after him.

Kurloz pet Karkat’s hair gently, admiring the glaze set over his eyes.

Karkat had seemed to grow dreary with pleasure.

He and Meulin had bruised him up something wicked. Nothing that wouldn’t heal, but enough to keep the motherfucker buzzed. Kurloz gently slipped out from under him, feeling his pocket buzz.

TC: Where’s Karkat.
RT: :o) WITH ME. :o)
TC: WHERE with you?
RT: BASEMENT. :o)
TC: you motherfucker
RT: WHAT. HE ENJOYED IT WELL ENOUGH, BROTHER.
TC: i am not going to let you turn him into another one of your PRETTY LITTLE PAIN DOLLS!
RT: :o\ BROTHER, ABOUT THAT. YEAH, THERE’S SOMETHING I NEED TO TELL YOU.
TC: …. It was you. You son of BITCH, YOU FUCKED WITH HIS HEAD, DIDN’T YOU?

RT: :o(

TC: you are a motherfucking DEADMAN

RT: :o(. LISTEN, MOTHERFUCKER, I’LL FIX THIS. I’M SORRY.

TC: … sorry? You’re motherfucking sorry, are you?

RT: WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY?

terminally_Capricious has blocked Tacticurn/Cardinal

RT: >:o(

Gamzee downright screamed in rage, slamming his phone into the ground.

Sollux jumped back, raising his hands in defense. “Whoa, whoa, dude-”

Gamzee released a sob, unmistakably seething as he doubled over. His hands shook, clutching at his hair.

Sollux took a deep swallow, his heartbeat racing. “Gamzee, what the fuck?”

Without another word, Gamzee stood, stalking into the hall.

“Oh, 2on of a biitch,” Sollux muttered, running after him.

Gamzee stomped his way downstairs, straining every muscle in his body in attempt to contain himself. He turned into Meulin’s room, breath catching in his throat at what he saw; Karkat, dazed out on the bed, and dressed in Meulin’s clothing.

Sollux panted, finally catching up. His stared down at Karkat, a pit forming in his stomach. “What the fuck ii2 thii2 place…” He muttered, staring at the shackles hanging from the wall.

Gamzee hoisted Karkat up, breath ragged. “One of my brother’s… pleasure rooms,” he growled through grit teeth.

Sollux’s shoulders tensed, fists beginning to shake. “Gamzee…”

“What! What is it?” Gamzee snarled, holding Karkat close to his chest.

“He can’t... 2tay here.”

Gamzee tilted his head, fingers clenching around Karkat. “What?” He held Karkat closer, rising a hollow moan.

Sollux shuddered, taking a step back. “Gamzee. Thiink about thii2. ii- ii know you love hiim. And iiif you love hiim… then you gotta realii2e that thii2 place ii2 gonna fuckiing kiill hiim.”
Gamzee scowled, shaking his head.

Sollux took a deep breath. “Gamzee. Plea2e… plea2e, plea2e… just…” Sollux tried desperately to not flip the fuck out as he stared down at Karkat’s abused figure. “Help me help hiim.”

Gamzee’s shoulders stiffened, a low growl rising in his throat. “MINE.”

Sollux slowly approached him, trying to keep his posture calm. “ii’m 2orry.”

“You’re w-“

Gamzee was cut off as Sollux twisted, managing to kick him square in the neck with the flat of his foot.

Gamzee howled in pain, falling back. Sollux smashed him into the ground with his psionics, and hastily picked up Karkat. With that, he made a run for it. He flew up the stairs and through the halls, blue and red light strobing around him. It took him about five seconds to realize he didn’t know where the fuck he was going. He rocketed past purplebloods, not knowing which way was out.

It didn’t take long for people to start yelling and chasing after him.

Glancing behind him, he was able to tell he had a pretty decent head start on those after him. Maybe if he could hide in a closet-

He froze.

Involuntarily, and without warning, his body went numb. He collapsed to the ground, choking out a gasp as his powers failed. Karkat tumbled from his arms, only releasing a dull groan.

Calm footsteps approached him. He couldn’t turn his head enough to see more than black combat boots pausing in front of him.

The yells from behind caught up with him, hollering in victory.

Those boots turned to face them, and they seemed to go quiet.

“Wanna kill the warmblood fucks,” a voice muttered.

Sollux grit his teeth.

Though there was no audible response, he could hear disappointed grumbles coming from the direction of the subjuggulators.

Their footsteps seemed to turn, retreating back down the hall.

Cold arms wrapped around his back, pulling him up. They draped his arm around their neck, as if carrying a drunken friend. He was able to strain his eyes enough to make out a face. Kurloz. Fuck, of fucking course.

Kurloz snapped his fingers at Karkat, and both their eyes flashed purple.

Karkat slowly stood, his movements dreary.

Without further discourse, Kurloz began to drag Sollux down the hall.
Sollux slumped as he was sat in a chair. Karkat rested next to him on the floor. Kurloz sighed, settling on a desk. He stared at Sollux with a dangerous glare. ‘EXPLAIN… EXACTLY WHAT THE MOTHERFUCK YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE DOING.’

Sollux felt himself regain control of his jaw and tongue. The first thing he did was snarl. “2aviing my friiend from you twii2ted fucker.”

Kurloz set his jaw, tilting his head to the side. This motherfucker clearly wasn’t very strategic with his words. ‘AND WHAT THE MOTHERFUCK MADE YOU THINK HE NEEDS SAVING.’ Kurloz turned his attention to Karkat, patting on his thigh in invitation.

Karkat stood, before slipping into Kurloz’s lap.

Kurloz smiled, tracing Karkat’s form with his fingers.

Sollux stared in disgust. “Ju2t look at hiim,” He scowled, eyes following the cuts and scratches that marred his friend’s skin. He narrowed his eyes at Kurloz. To think… that this was the man he was entrusting with one of his brother’s quadrants. “Ii want you the fuck out of my brother’2 liife,” he growled, tone laced with venom.

‘I AM YOUR BROTHER’S LIFE.’ Kurloz flashed Sollux a glare, petting Karkat’s hair gently. He leaned back on the desk. ‘AND HE’S THE ONLY MOTHERFUCKING REASON YOUR BONES ARE INTACT. WATCH YOUR TONGUE, AND THEY MIGHT STAY THAT WAY.’

Sollux felt his stiff muscles start to ache in rage. “You’re a mon2ter,” he hissed.

Kurloz’s lips twisted into a grin. A low laugh rose in his throat. ‘WHAT, YOU THINK YOU’RE THE FIRST TO SAY IT?’ Kurloz shrugged. ‘I JUST DON’T TAKE SHIT FROM ANY MOTHERFUCKER TRYING TO THROW IT.’ He looked Sollux up and down. ‘AND MY PATIENCE WITH YOU IS RUNNING THIN, BROTHER. SO I SUGGEST THINKING YOUR WORDS OVER BEFORE SHOOTING THEM.’

Sollux ran his tongue along his teeth, giving a cold nod. “Alriight. Yeah, yeah, ii’m thiinkiing them over, all riight.”

Kurloz gave a soft sigh. He hooked his foot around Sollux’s chair and pulled it closer. ‘IF YOU’RE TRYING TO START A DICK FIGHT, I WOULD LIKE TO REMIND YOU THAT YOU ARE… COMPLETELY AT MY MERCY. YOU’RE NOT SAFE ENOUGH TO BE TAKING MOTHERFUCKING RISKS LIKE THAT.’

Sollux took a deep breath as Kurloz ran his fingers along his jaw. God damn it, the fucker was right… he was never one for sweet talking, but if there was ever a time to learn, now was it. Especially if this guy was as dangerous as Gamzee had claimed… “Okay. ii’m 2orry.”

Kurloz gave a warm smile. ‘THERE WE GO…’ his thumb settled on Sollux’s lip.

Sollux shuddered, reclining some at the touch. His gaze drifted to Karkat, feeling a pit form in his stomach at the prospect of being reduced to something similar.

‘SO LET’S REVIEW. HOW DID YOU GET HERE.’

“Gamzee brought me.”
Kurloz nodded, eyes narrowing. ‘AND WHERE IS HE NOW?’

Sollux took a shaky breath. “The basement. Ii hiit hiim wiith psiioniics.”

Kurloz’s eyes seemed to spark in rage. He gave a low chuckle, lip curling against his stitches. ‘AND YOU FOUND KARKAT, THEN DECIDED TO BOLT.’ He leaned back, staring Sollux up and down. ‘I WANT TO LET YOU GO. I REALLY DO.’

Sollux took a deep swallow. “But…”

‘BUT NOW I’M FEELING ANGRIER THAN I AM MERCIFUL. WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE. OUT OF THE KINDNESS OF GAMZEE’S HEART, HE INVITES YOU INTO OUR HOME, AND YOUR RESPONSE IS TO ASSAULT HIM, AND TRY TO STEAL THIS SWEET MOTHERFUCKER RIGHT HERE.’ Kurloz took a second to stroke his fingers along Karkat’s scratches, earning a quiet moan.

Sollux shuddered, hanging his head. “Do you think ii wanted to? Do you think ii wanted it to come to that?” He shook his head, shuddering. He returned his attention to Karkat, almost choking up at the sight. “You’re fuckiing kiilliing hiim,” He whispered. “He wa2 better off wiith the Amporas.”

Kurloz narrowed his eyes, raising his palm. ‘ENOUGH.’ He ran a hand over his mouth, giving a low sigh. ‘DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE NUMBER ONE RULE OF THIS FAMILY IS?’

Sollux hesitated, before shaking his head.

‘A MOTHERFUCKER WHO’S ON OUR SIDE, IS ON OUR SIDE FOR LIFE. A MOTHERFUCKER WHO’S NOT, GETS FUCKING SLAUGHTERED.’ Kurloz glanced at a clock on the wall. ‘YOU HAVE EXACTLY THIRTY MINUTES TO FIGURE OUT HOW YOU’RE GOING TO REDEEM YOURSELF.’ He glanced down at himself, before removing one of his chain necklaces.

Sollux stared at him, eyes narrowed.

Kurloz picked up Sollux’s wrists, binding them together tightly. His eyes flashed purple, and suddenly Sollux felt the feeling return to his body. He briefly tried to activate his psionics, but found the strain fruitless. Of course the douchebag would block his psychics.

‘THAT’S SOME RELIGIOUS JEWELRY THERE, MOTHERFUCKER. BREAK IT, AND I’LL HAVE YOUR SKULL ON A FUCKING STAKE. IN THE MEANTIME, I’M GOING TO GO MAKE SURE MY BROTHER IS STILL MOTHERFUCKING BREATHING,’ Kurloz said with a huff, picking Karkat up from the desk.

Well, fuck.

Gamzee released a low groan as Kurloz hoisted him up, sitting him on the bed.

Gamzee winced, gritting his teeth. His entire body fucking burned.

Kurloz covered his mouth with a hand, eyes wide with concern. ‘I’M GOING TO TAKE YOUR SHIRT OFF… OKAY?’
Gamzee shook his head, trying to bite back a snarl.

Kurloz’s fingers moved to Gamzee’s arms, trying get him to lift them.

“DON’T TOUCH ME!” Gamzee shouted, curling up.

‘GAMZEE, LET ME HELP YOU!’ Kurloz snarled, throwing his arms out in exasperation. ‘IT’S NOT GONNA MOTHERFUCKING GO AWAY ON IT’S OWN, NOW IS IT?’ Kurloz was used to treating this kind of injury. Mituna had a habit of… zapping himself by mistake.

Gamzee gave something between a growl and a scream as Kurloz forced his arms up in a rush.

He ripped the shirt over Gamzee’s head as quickly as he could, wincing at what he saw. Blue and red streaks spiderwebbed out from a burn in the middle of Gamzee’s torso. Kurloz traced his fingers along them gently, rising another muffled scream from his brother. He stood back, fingers shaky. ‘I’LL BE RIGHT BACK, OKAY?’ He turned, rushing out the door into the hall.

Karkat stared up at him, eyes wide.

Kurloz squatted down in front of him. ‘LISTEN, MOTHERFUCKER. IF GAMZEE EVER NEEDED PITY, NOW’S THAT TIME. HELP HIM.’ With that, he stood, running up the stairs as quickly as he could.

Karkat turned his attention to the cell, slowly crawling inside.

Gamzee writhed on the bed, biting down on his shirt in attempt to quiet the sound of his screaming.

Karkat shifted next to him. “Hey.”

Gamzee began hyperventilating, eyes screwed shut.

Karkat slowly sat on the bed. He gently cupped Gamzee’s cheek, brushing back his hair.

Gamzee’s breathing began to slow. He managed to open his eyes, squinting at Karkat.

Karkat smiled down at him warmly, gently stroking his skin.

Gamzee’s eyes darted around the room, searching for something to settle on.

“You’re gonna be okay,” Karkat whispered.

Gamzee narrowed his eyes. “I know that,” He responded, words muffled. “It just hurts like a fucking BITCH!”

Karkat hummed, nodding. “I know, I know…”

Gamzee relaxed, letting Karkat stroke his face. “Ow.”

Karkat gave a soft chuckle. He continued talking to Gamzee, distracting him best he could. Though… it was hard to focus, what with that incessant pleasure coursing through all the cuts Meulin left on him. He pressed his forehead against Gamzee’s, smiling softly. “I love you.”

“Love you too-“

Karkat’s attention turned to the door as Kurloz threw it open, already rubbing some kind of salve between his hands.
Gamzee stared at him as he knelt on the floor.

‘THIS IS GONNA HURT.’

Gamzee huffed. “Do it.”

Kurloz lay his hands gently on Gamzee’s torso.

Gamzee’s head shot back as he released a hiss of pain.

Kurloz slowly began to massage the paste into Gamzee’s skin.

The blue and red lines under his skin didn’t disappear, but began to fade some.

‘WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO WITH THAT SOLLUX MOTHERFUCKER,’ Kurloz growled once Gamzee seemed to stop squirming.


Karkat hesitated, swallowing. “… Just… don’t fucking kill him…” He managed.

Kurloz gave a short sigh. ‘IT’S ABOUT TIME I GO CHECK ON HIM… WANNA COME?’

Gamzee nodded, managing to stand with a hiss. “Yeah, yeah, fuck, I’m coming.”

“Can I…?” Karkat asked.

‘SURE.’

Sollux trembled, feeling himself start to sweat. Redeem himself. Seemed like a simple fucking request, right?

Hah. Yeah, really seemed like it.

Sollux was currently on knees, his shirt bunched up at the wrists where Kurloz had chained them. He had managed to discard his pants, and hide them in one of the desk drawers.

Normally, he would have done anything but this. Literally anything. But at the moment, he only knew two things about Kurloz.

That he liked sex and gore.

And, well, if he had to appeal to those options, he’d rather swallow some pride than cough up some blood. He tried his best not to look up as the door opened.

Kurloz stared down at him, stitches stretching his lips as he downright grinned.

Gamzee pushed next to him, snorting at the sight.

Sollux shuddered, hiding his face in shame.

Kurloz moved from his place in the doorframe, squatting in front of Sollux.

Karkat peered over him, taking a shallow gasp.
Sollux grit his teeth, forcing himself to meet Kurloz’s eye.

‘SO. THIS YOUR BIG PLAN, THEN?’ Kurloz gave a soft laugh, pushing Sollux playfully.

Sollux narrowed his eyes, heart twisting in fury. “You didn’t exactly give me much choiice, now did you?”

‘MOTHERFUCKER, I DIDN’T EVEN SUGGEST THIS.’

Sollux scowled. “What else could ii fuckiing do? becau2e, beleiive me, iiif there’2 an alternatiive, ii’m all ear2.”

Kurloz hesitated, glancing back at Gamzee. He returned his attention to Sollux and assessed him.
He shrugged, seemingly unable to think of anything.

Sollux shuddered as Kurloz hoisted him up, before dropping him on the desk.

‘YOU’RE THE ONE HE MOTHERFUCKING BURNED. WANNA TAKE A SHOT AT HIM, BROTHER?’ Kurloz asked, easing Sollux’s legs apart.

Gamzee shook his head, instead wrapping his arm around Karkat. “I think I’m good.”

Kurloz shrugged. ‘WANNA WATCH, THEN?’

Gamzee hesitated, glancing down at Karkat.

Karkat nodded, slowly. “Yeah… I wanna see…”

Gamze set his jaw, huffing. “Alright.”

Sollux shuddered as Kurloz ran his fingers along his thighs.

Kurloz rested them at his sheathe. He met Sollux’s gaze, searching for any signal to stop. Any panic.

Sollux glanced away, his face flushing. “Get iit over wiith.”

Kurloz tilted his head to the side, beginning to rub at Sollux’s sheath gently.

Gamzee pulled up a chair, sitting. He then dragged Karkat into his lap.

Karkat’s eyes seemed utterly fixed on Sollux, his lips parting. His hand slowly moved to his crotch.

Gamzee huffed, grabbing Karkat by the jaw and forcing him to look away. “C’mon,” he chided, a soft growl to his voice.

Karkat nodded slowly, turning his back on Kurloz and Sollux.

Gamzee kissed him softly, sucking gently on his lips.

Karkat pushed into it, giving a light sigh through his nose.

Sollux bit down a whine as Kurloz’s fingers slipped into his nook. His bulge was fully unsheathed at this point, squirming against his stomach. He silently thanked Kurloz for not saying anything.
about it being… split.

In fact, Kurloz seemed utterly unsurprised.

Sollux narrowed his eyes at the implication.

Had Kurloz and… Mituna…?

He chose to discard that train of thought.

Kurloz gently stroked the walls of Sollux’s nook, humming as his fingers soon felt engulfed in warmth.

“Oh, fuck,” Sollux whispered, hips raising into Kurloz’s touch.

Kurloz only smirked in response.

Karkat whimpered as Gamzee started playing with him.

His fingers stroked gently along Karkat’s nook, rising little mewls and keens.

Karkat’s fists balled around Gamzee’s shirt. He began rolling his hips into the touch.

Gamzee breathed a laugh, pressing his lips to Karkat’s neck.

“Fuck me,” Karkat whispered, eyes trained on Gamzee.

Gamzee relaxed slowly, nodding. “Yeah… yeah, motherfucker, I can do that.” He reached down a hand to fiddle with his fly.

Sollux stared at the two, eyebrows furrowed.

Kurloz regained his attention with a particularly quick thrust of his fingers.

Sollux gave a hushed gasp, toes curling.

‘WANT MY BULGE, MOTHERFUCKER?’ Kurloz asked, eyebrow arched.

Sollux hesitated. “2ure.”

Kurloz gave a soft laugh at the response. He pushed down his pants, allowing his bulge to squirm into the air.

Sollux pulled back at the sight, legs crossing slightly.

Kurloz paused, glancing Sollux up and down at his reaction. He retracted some, eyebrows furrowing.

Sollux pursed his lips. He shook his head, propping himself up. “2orry,” he muttered, worried he had insulted him.

Kurloz shook his head, waving off the apology. However, he was yet to continue.
“I want it,” Sollux murmured, eyelids falling heavy.

Kurloz sighed, taking another second to think. He moved forward once more, seeming to have shrugged off whatever was weighing on him.

Sollux’s breath went sharp as Kurloz pressed into him. He threw his head back, chest rising.

Kurloz gave a soft groan when fully sheathed. After taking a second to allow Sollux to adjust, he rolled his hips forward and back.

Sollux moaned at the sensation, sweat starting to build on his forehead.

Kurloz set his jaw, downright slamming into Sollux.

Sollux allowed himself to go limp on the desk, his body pulsing with heat and pleasure.

Kurloz let a low growl rise in his throat. He pulled out briefly, earning a frustrated curse from Sollux. He then grabbed onto Sollux’s shoulders, and flipped him over with little struggle.

Sollux gasped in surprise, eyes narrowing under his glasses. All expressions of scorn faded, however, when Kurloz returned his bulge. Sollux groaned, allowing his forehead to hit the table.

Kurloz reached forward, grabbing Sollux’s chained hands and wrenching them back.

Sollux whined as he was forced to raise his torso. Before long, his muscles started aching.

Kurloz gave a low growl, nose crinkling as he snarled.

This motherfucker… disrespecting the Makara family name. This motherfucking whore...

He blinked, catching himself. He took a deep breath, trying to calm down.

Sollux’s heart pounded in his chest, admittedly more excited than he had been in a long time.

Kurloz forced himself to take slow, long movements. This was still Mituna’s brother he was dealing with. Had to control himself.

Karkat moaned as Gamzee slipped inside him. He gladly bounced up and down on his bulge, nook absolutely dripping.

Gamzee buried his face in Karkat’s shoulder, a low grumble rising in his throat.

Karkat’s jaw went slack, a short series of keens falling from his lips. He was so close. The pleasure that had been pulsing through his arms all day had been building him up.

Gamzee took notice, ears pricking up. He took hold of Karkat’s hips, managing to meet an even quicker pace.

Karkat squeaked in response, his legs tensing as Gamzee pleasured him. “F-fuck!” he moaned. Every muscle in his body went stiff as he came, spilling red onto the chair beneath them.

Kurloz glanced over, eyes narrowing. Great, who the fuck was gonna clean that up.
Sollux gave a low hiss of disapproval at Kurloz’s distraction. He bucked his hips back to serve as a reminder.

Kurloz returned his attention to Sollux, only stealing one more peek at Karkat.

Sollux moaned as Kurloz continued thrusting into him. It felt like clockwork, how consistent his pace was. “Fuuuck,” he managed, shoulders rising.

Kurloz cracked a grin, playfully yanking Sollux’s wrists back once more. ‘CLOSE, MOTHERFUCKER?’

Sollux managed a nod, eyebrows furrowed.

Kurloz clicked his tongue, smile unwavering. ‘THEN CUM.’

Sollux gasped as Kurloz hit him with a particularly hard thrust, and he had no choice but to obey. He sputtered, yellow splashing from his nook and bulge.

Kurloz’s eyes flicked up at the sensation, carefully riding the edge himself. He decided to give the kid a break, and pulled out. He gave himself a couple quick strokes, before cumming on his back.

Karkat’s eyes went wide at the sight. He quickly became compelled to lick Sollux’s back clean.

Gamzee, still buried in Karkat’s nook, was having none of that. “Look at me,” he murmured, an annoyed growl to his tone.

Karkat did as asked, forcing himself to keep eye contact.

Gamzee twisted his bulge inside Karkat’s nook, earning another mewl. He smiled, fingers harshly gripping onto Karkat’s sides. He started slamming into him with quick thrusts, stimulating himself as much as he pleased.

Karkat gasped, muscles trembling as his nerves were overrun.

Finally, Gamzee gasped, grip tightening as he released.

Karkat’s seedflap greedily soaked up the material. Karkat gave a hushed sigh, going limp.

Kurloz sat back against the desk, wiping at the material splotching his pants with his glove. He sighed in defeat, figuring what was there was set. ‘YOU DONE?’ He asked his brother, rolling his shoulders.

Gamzee nodded, wiping his nose off on the back of his hand. “Yeah… yeah, I think I’m good.”

Kurloz rubbed his hands together, glancing back at Sollux. ‘WE’RE GONNA GO CHANGE. I’LL TAKE YOU TO THE BUS STOP WHEN WE’RE BACK. STAY PUT.’ He started to leave, but paused in the doorway, glancing at the floor. ‘AND… CLEAN UP A LITTLE, WILL YOU?’ With that, he and Gamzee departed, shutting the door behind them.

Sollux felt his breath catch in his throat, staring at Karkat.

Karkat blinked at him, shifting in the chair.
Sollux stood, retrieving his pants from the desk and slipping them on. He pulled his shirt back over his head, cracking his back. He turned his wrists in the necklace. “Hey, could you help me out with thee2e?” he asked quietly, turning towards Karkat.

Karkat hesitated, before slipping off the seat. He held Sollux’s wrists, managing to find the clasp. He undid it, allowing the necklace to slip to the floor.

Sollux rubbed at his wrists gently, looking Karkat up and down. “Karkat…” he trailed off, an undoubtable sadness in his voice.

Karkat stared back at him, expressionless.

He covered his eyes with his hands, taking a deep breath. “Follow me.”

Karkat frowned, eyebrows furrowing. “What?”

Sollux took Karkat’s wrist, trying to lead him to the door.

Karkat twisted out of it, stepping away from him.

Sollux’s movement stilled, lips parting in a silent plead.

Karkat shook his head, arms crossing. “They said… to stay put…”

Sollux took a thick swallow, slumping. “Plea2e…”

“No.” Karkat stiffened, eyes narrowed. “I’m not… I’m not gonna leave.”

Sollux stared at his feet, a pit forming in his stomach.

The two sat there in silence for what must have been minutes. “2o that’2 iit, then.”

“Yeah. I think so.”

Chapter End Notes

Ohkay another chapter! Whoo! I actually really enjoyed writing this one, and hopefully it shows! Please don't forget to leave a comment if you got this far! :) Thanks for all your support!
Ghb strolled down the hall, eyes tired from work. He realized somewhere between negotiations and his gambling time that he hadn’t seen Karkat in a couple of days. His heavy footsteps rang down the corridor as he finally approached Karkat’s room. He opened the door, eyes narrowing.

Karkat was passed out in the bed, clutching that little flip phone he had given him.

Ghb stomped over and took it from him, investigating the screen. Looked like the motherfucker had figured out how to text with it.

CG: HEY.

TA: hii. ii wa2 2tartiing two thiink you’d blow me off.

CG: SORRY. IT’S BEEN A LONG DAY.

TA: yeah.

CG: YOU OKAY?

TA: ii’m fiine.

CG: GOOD. WELL, NOW YOU HAVE THE NUMBER.

TA: yeah.

Ghb scrolled through the rest of the conversation quickly, and found it pleasantly free of conspiracies. He closed the phone, placing it on the bedside table. He held Karkat’s shoulder, gently shaking him.

Karkat’s eyelids slid open groggily. He glanced at Ghb, eyebrows knitting. He sat up, rubbing at his eye. “What… is it?” He muttered.

“Wanted to make sure a motherfucker’s fairing okay,” Ghb responded. He tilted his head to the side, investigating the cuts and bruises on Karkat’s face and shoulders. “What are those?”

Karkat gave a low sigh, glancing down at himself. “It’s… nothing.”

Ghb narrowed his eyes. “I asked you a question, motherfucker. Tell me, how’d you get your fine self all cut up like that?”

Karkat swallowed, tapping his fingers on his blanket as he thought over how to phrase this. “It was… Kurloz. Kurloz and Meulin.”
Ghb stiffened, expression tightening. “He introduced you to her?”

Karkat nodded. “Yeah… I’m… not going to tell anyone though. Don’t worry.”

Ghb shook his head, waving his hand in dismissal. “Not what I’m worried about.” He took a huff, running his hand over his jaw. “Did he fuck with your head?”

Karkat hesitated. He took a thick swallow, nodding. “Yeah. Yeah, he did.”

Ghb scowled, gritting his teeth. “Finding yourself a masochist, I take it.”

Karkat nodded once more.

Ghb gave a heavy scoff, eyes narrowed. He stood, fingers running through his thick mane of hair. “Get some motherfucking sleep, kid. You look like you need it.” With that, he departed to go confront his son.

--

Kurloz squinted at his phone, scrolling through notifications. His attention was drawn from the device as his door creaked open.

The towering shadow of his father stood in it, gaze dull and angry. He moved inside, having to duck down as to not hit his head or horns.

Kurloz sat up, placing his phone face down on the bed. ‘WHAT DO YOU WANT.’

Ghb sat at the foot of his son’s bed, not meeting his eye. “I hear you made Karkat a pain whore, motherfucker.”

Kurloz scowled. ‘LIKE YOU’VE TREATED HIM BETTER. I COULD SMELL THE SLURRY ON HIM AFTER YOUR LITTLE GAMBLING SESSION.’

Ghb clicked his tongue, huffing. “I didn’t leave him covered in scars.”

Kurloz narrowed his eyes. ‘WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU HERE FOR, MOTHERFUCKER.’

Ghb snapped around to face his son. “WATCH YOURSELF!” He barked, lip curling to advertise his teeth. “I’m here because we have ourselves a dangerous situation, motherfucker. Drugged up and pain happy is not a good combination. Either you figure out how to fix him, or he has to go into withdrawal.”

Kurloz scowled. ‘BAD IDEA. REMEMBER WHEN I WAS TRYING TO GET HAYZEL OFF FYLOPRONE? EVEN WHEN I BARELY LOWERED THE DOSE, SHE STARTED VOMITING LIKE A MOTHERFUCKER.’

Ghb nodded. “Oh, I know. But she wasn’t exactly a painslut either, was she?”

Kurloz’s eyes lidded, staring at his lap. ‘I CAN’T CHANGE HIM BACK. I DIDN’T COPY HIS PAIN.’

Ghb scoffed, rolling his eyes. “Brilliant.” He covered his eyes with his hand, huffing. “You realize what’s gonna happen if this kid dies?”

Kurloz chewed on his lip. ‘GAMZEE’S GONNA BE DEVASTATED.’
“Exactly. And he’s going to be motherfucking furious. You know he’s unstable, brother, and if Karkat dies, he’ll be blaming either you or me. And he’s gonna try to fucking kill us.”

Kurloz shrugged. ‘NOT LIKE HE COULD.’

“Not the point, motherfucker. If this boy dies, it is going to take Gamzee a very motherfucking long time to forgive us.”

‘ALRIGHT, SO WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST? TAKE HIM OFF THE DRUGS AND WAIT OUT THE SICK?”

“That, and one other thing. There’s two of him, right? This one’s from Alternia.”

‘... RIGHT.’

“We have to find that Beforus fuck of him, copy his pain, and put it back into Karkat.”

Kurloz narrowed his eyes. ‘EASIER SAID THAN DONE, MOTHERFUCKER.’

“We’ll find a way,” Ghb grunted, standing. “But as of now, you are not going to fuck him. You are not going to cut him, and you are not going use your vodoos on him. Hear me?”

Kurloz chewed on the inside of his cheek, eyes lidded. ‘SURE.’

Ghb scowled. “I’ll be watching you, motherfucker. Tread carefully.”

‘ALWAYS, MOTHERFUCKER. ALWAYS.’

Ghb gave a short nod, before closing the door. He scowled, kicking at the carpet as he walked. Why did his plans always… backfire.

Get Gamzee a fuck toy.

Seemed real motherfucking simple.

Gamzee liked Karkat.

Karkat was already a drugged up bitch.

Seemed fucking perfect. And yet, it seemed like fate was set on spitting in the face of his good intentions.

He leaned against the wall, pulling a cigar from his back pocket. He started chewing on it, deep in thought.

If only Gamzee didn’t… care about him so much. At least that would leave room for error, and an opportunity to try again.

No, what Gamzee needed wasn’t a troll he liked… it was a troll he hated.

Ghb started tapping his foot, smile slowly broadening.

Maybe he just needed to get his son a good old fashioned kismesis. But… that thought could wait until tomorrow.
AHhhhhhhahahahahahhhhhnnnnnnnggg.
Also, wow, dawg, thanks for almost 400 kudos, holy shit.
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

CC: Hey, Amshora. You kinda dropped off the face of the fucking earth. What’s the deal.

CA: … hi.

CC: Ok, fuck, so you’re not dead. Alright.

CA: Hi- fuck, sorry. I’m sorry.

CC: Did somefin happen?

CA: Ahah, yeah. Um yeah, yeah yeah haha yeah something happened

CC: ???

CA: Makaras broke in and took Karkat and were fucking terrified

CC: They- like, they just fucking kidnapped him?

CA: yeah yeah pretty much yeah

CC: Shit- I’m sorry! Why didn’t you tell me earlier?

CA: meenah i’m sorry i’m not going to film porn for you right now

CC: Oh, fuck off, Cronus. Fuck, maybe I can help?

CA: Really? How?

CC: not sure yet, but if anyone can do it, it’s probably me. Are they putting a ransom on him, or what was their motive?

CA: gamzee’s in love with him.

CC: Well shit, this is gonna be a pain in the ass.

CA: yeah, wve don’t knowv wvhat to fucking do.

CC: i’ll… try to negotiate with his dad. If anyone has a price, it’s him.

CA: okay.

CC: great. So…

CA: so wvhat.

CC: i dunno.

CA: fantastic.

cronus_Ampora has logged off.
CC: oh screw you.

caucistic_Crabdicator started trolling tenacious_Cripticurn

CC: I’m here to talk business.
TC: What do you want.
CC: Pretty simple, really. I want the mutant kid back.
TC: no.
CC: Hah. name your price, Makara, we don't have to make this difficult.
TC: there isn’t one.
CC: A million.
TC: no.
CC: five million.
TC: are you deaf, sister? I DON’T WANT YOUR MOTHERFUCKING MONEY.
CC: okay, so what do you want?
TC: fuck off.
CC: immunity from law enforcement?
TC: I’ve already got that.
CC: … assistance from law enforcement?
TC: Got that too.
CC: What? Since when?
TC: Since your mother lowered their salaries.
CC: Oh.
TC: Are we done here?
CC: Ten million.
TC: you are persistent, aren’t you, motherfucker?
CC: Does ten million sound reasonable?
TC has blocked CC

CC started pestering TC

CC: Fuck you too, but we need to talk about this.
TC: Oh god damn it, did you motherfucking hack me?
CC: I’ve got resources, beach. Now, I’m not leaving here until you and I come to a resolution.
TC: Why the mother fuck do you even have your care on about him.
CC: Political reasons.
TC: Well, if we’re gonna make any progress at all, you’re going to have to get on to telling me what those motherfucking are.
CC: … alright. I wanna make him a prawn star. Hoping it will end the revolution, the Signless and his kids will give up out of humiliation, and we avoid civil war.
TC: … what about the motherfucker’s brother. Why not use him instead.
CC: yeah, right, like he’s going to do shit for us until Karkat’s safe.
TC: He is safe.
CC: you’re a fucking liar, I know your fucking family.
TC: You don’t know shit.
CC: Mhm. You son of a bitch, me and my mother have covered for you countless times, and this is the thanks we get? If he’s in such great condition, then let him visit his brother and I’m sure everything will work out.
TC: We’re… fixing him, alright.
CC: fixing him?
TC: WE’RE WORKING ON IT, MOTHER Fucker. HE’S GOING TO BE FINE.
CC: What happened. You know me, Makara, I can probably help you.
CC: Makara?
CC: Answer me, god fucking clam it.
TC: fine. he’s fucking dying, is that what you wanted to hear? Kurloz fucked up his head, made him a PAINSLUT, and on top of it he’s addicted to bait. We don’t know what to fucking do.
CC: … Jesus.
TC: we’re gonna try to get the beforus version of the motherfucker, and use him to fix the kids pan. Just dont exactly know how yet.

CC: … I think this might work out. It’s not a perfect plan- but if we can fuck the revolution with our porn plan…. It will at least fucking help find b-karkat.

TC: … yeah. Yeah, I guess it would.

CC: So, are you going to let him die? Or are you going to work with me.

TC: Once this is all over… I want him back.

CC: If all goes well… fine.

TC: Great. Fuck…. Fuck, Gamzee’s not gonna like this.

CC: He’s not gonna like a dead matesprit either. How should we pick him up.

TC: he’s going back to the amporas, i assume.

CC: correct.

TC: Have all three show up with all the cash they have.

CC: cash? So you want money all of a sudden? And… why all three?

TC: listen, motherfucker. I don’t trust them for one motherfucking second. I’ll return it once and if the kid comes back alive. An extra… incentive, for the motherfuckers. And i want every single motherfucking one of them to know i’m serious.

CC: If it helps you sleep at night. But hurt a single one of them and the deal’s off. How long do I have, and could I get an address?

TC: a week, and 3184 Mauve.

CC: I’m on it.

caucistic_Crabdicator has left the conversation.

CC: Cronus.

CA: wwhat.

CC: I worked it out with him. He’ll give Karkat back for all the cash you have. His address is 3184 Mauve st.

CA: really? It was that easy?

CC: He does have… one condition. He wants all three of you Amshoras to give it to him personally.

CA: oh fuck that.
CC: Don’t worry, we have a deal, he can't hurt you.

CA: Meenah, that man is a fucking lunatic. That family is nothing but fucking lunatics. And, not that I’m not terrified to go there myself, but I don’t want to risk them hurting Eridan.

CC: Fine. Cronus- he said Karkat’s dying. Kurloz fucked with his pan, and he’s turning into a baithead. If you don’t do it fucking soon, the kid might die before you get the chance.

CA: oh fuck

CC: think about it.

CA: uh… yeah. Yeah ok.

CC: Good. Keep me updated.

Cronus took a hard hit of his cigarette, coughing.

His father glanced up at him, his fingers tightly gripping his whiskey bottle. "Slow down, Cro. Have some fuckin' class," he grumbled, tipping back his drink.

"I learn by example," he spat back, nursing his smoke further.

Dualscar grunted, rolling his eyes. "Come'n, Cro. We all know you don't learn period."

Cronus laughed through grit teeth, slapping the table. He let the bitter silence linger for a bit, thinking better than to retort. "... Pops?"

"Yeah," Dualscar asked, squinting down at a book that he was clearly too drunk to read. "What is it?"

"Meenah has a plan to get Karkat back."

Eridan turned to stare at Cronus, puffy eyed.

“She was able to work out an offer wvith The Grand Highblood. Wve have to bring him all the cash we got, and all three of us havwe to go in person.”

Eridan’s eyes widened. “I’ll do it.”

Dualscar’s eyebrows knit. He skittishly returned his gaze to his glass, shifting away from his family. “I… no…”

Eridan’s lip curled. “Yes.”

“I’m not… letting you… over there…” Dualscar hiccuped some, rubbing at his eyes blearily.

“I’m not a fucking cowward, dad.”

Cronus sighed. “Listen… let’s go ovver wvhat wve knowv. They’re fuckin’ nuts. Check. We gotta do it fast before…” he glanced at Eridan, taking a thick swallow. “Meenah said he’s kinda fuckin dying… they got him on bait, and Kurloz fucked with his head… and...”

Eridan’s eyes widened in fury. “Wwhat?” He stood from the table, gritting his teeth. “Dad, w-we
fucking havve to-

Dualscar shook his head again. “I’m not… no…”

Eridan slammed his fists on the table, clearly seething. “Fuck you! No, no, I’m going! I don’t care!”

Dualscar’s fins drew back. His glass hit the table with a clang as he stood. “Talk to me like that again. I dare you.”

Eridan gave a frustrated whimper, his lip curling up to display his fangs. “I’m going!”

“No without a ride, you’re not…” Dualscar slumped back into his seat.

“I hate you!” Eridan shouted. “Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you! I- Sollux could drive me- I!” Angry tears started boiling up in Eridan’s eyes.

Dualscar sneered. “You’d be wasting your time. Makara wants all of us, and I doubt you alone would cut it. So sit down.”

Eridan gave a pathetic whine. “I’m going!”

Dualscar glared up at his son. “Sit down.”

Eridan turned around, sprinting across the room and up the stairs.

“Eridan!!” Dualscar barked, shuffling to stand.

“I’ll get him,” Cronus offered. He jogged up the stairs after his brother. He heard him yelling inside Kankri’s room. Cronus cautiously pushed at the door, only to have the knob ripped from his hand as Kankri threw it open.

“You selfish son of a bitch,” he snarled up at him, eyes narrowed almost to slits, “You are going to the Makara’s residence, all fucking three of you, and you are getting my brother back, or I will rip those fucking gills off of your stupid fucking face!”

Cronus’s head drew back, shocked.

Kankri snarled, shoving him backwards. He flashed him a middle finger, before stalking down the stairs to find Dualscar.

Dualscar glanced up as Kankri approached him, but before he could react, the back of Kankri’s hand struck his face. “You are going to bring my brother home, and you are going to do it right THE FUCK NOW!”

Dualscar blinked, a hand going to his bruising cheek. He stared up at Kankri, clearly taken aback.

Kankri grabbed him by the tie, pulling him in close. “Say it.”

Dualscar wasn’t sure whether to laugh or to cry. He settled on a little of both.

This was apparently the wrong answer, earning another angry slap. “SAY IT!”

Dualscar had a couple of options at this point. He could beat Kankri to the ground in a second, and probably ruin their relationship forever, he could tell Kankri no, also… probably ruin their relationship… or he could just agree. In his drunken state, he went with the easiest answer. “I… okay… I’ll… fuck…”
Kankri’s lips drew back, his nose crinkled in a snarl. “Damn fucking straight you will. Now get in that fucking car.”

Dualscar hissed through his teeth, eyes rolling up. “Kid, Meenah hasn’t given me… the money… yet…”

Kankri laughed, his fists curling around his tie. “In that case, you are going to pay him out of your own fucking pocket. Hell, you’re going to get on your fucking knees and take his goddamn bulge if you have to. I don’t fucking care, Ampora, but you are getting my brother back. You owe me that.”

Dualscar raised his hands in defense, gritting his teeth. He supposed Meenah would… probably pay him back. “Okay, okay, fuck…”

“Car. Now.” Kankri straightened. “I’m driving, because it seems I’m the only one with a licence in this house who isn’t drunk out of their mind.”

Dualscar could agree with that. He choked as Kankri pulled him to his feet by his tie, using it as a leash to drag him towards the front door. He continued down the steps, before practically throwing him against Cronus’s sports car. “Where’s the money.”

Dualscar winced, hissing. “Just… just relax a little, okay? Fuck… I’ve… got a safe under a tile in my closet. It’s got a hole in it, should be… easy enough to spot. The code is 218-210-215.”

Kankri stared back at him. “2-15. Cronus’s wriggling day. All of yours, I assume?”

Dualscar nodded weakly.

Kankri rolled his eyes. “Basic.” He stalked back into the estate, climbing up to the second floor. His eyes fixed on Cronus, bickering with Eridan. “You two, car, now. Dualscar’s already there, we’re leaving in five.”

Eridan gave one more glance at Cronus, before racing down the steps.

“Hey, wvhoa, wvait!” Cronus chased after him.

Kankri kicked open the door to the master bedroom, promptly treading over to the closet. He got down on his knees, removing the aforementioned tile. He punched in the combination. It sprung open as promised. Kankri’s eyebrows furrowed at what he saw. Taped to the back, there was a photo of… Dualscar? With another seadweller next to him. Then beneath it, a bulging envelope. Kankri frowned, picking it up. He popped the envelope open, the sticker holding it shut practically useless from age. He fished out a letter.

_Dear Meenah, Cronus here! I really liked meeting you at the beach! And I can’t believe you’re a real princess! That’s so cool! Thank you for giving me your mailing address by the way! I can’t wait to be penpals! Yours-

_Cronus!

Kankri flipped it in his hand. The date would have been well before Cronus was hatched…
So… Dualscar was Cronus senior. Real fucking creative. He stuffed the letter back into the envelope, and forced it in the pocket of his sweater. He stared around the room, his eye catching on a large and expensive looking briefcase. He crawled over to it and popped it open. He started shuffling money inside, and threw a few pieces of jewelry in for good measure. Once he had gotten every last item of monetary value, he kicked the safe shut and stood. He threw the briefcase over his shoulder, and departed to the car.

Dualscar sat in the back seat with Cronus begrudgingly, Eridan claiming shotgun.

He seemed much more eager about this whole thing than either of them.

Dualscar’s eyes flicked outside as Kankri emerged.

Kankri opened the car door, eyes fixing on the ignition, where Cronus oh so lovingly had left the keys. He tossed the briefcase in back, and started the car. “Address?” He demanded.

“Uhm…” Cronus fumbled with his phone, scrolling through his texts with Meenah. “3184, Mauve st.”

Kankri plugged the coordinates into the car’s built in GPS, revving the engine. With a jolt, he lurched down the driveway.

Kankri slammed on the brakes once they arrived at the manor. He forcefully put the car in park and ripped the keys out of the ignition. He threw open the car door, stalking up to the entrance of the estate.

The Amporas filed after him.

“OPEN THE FUCK UP!!” Kankri shouted, banging on the door with his fist.

It slowly opened, to reveal an enormous subjugglator with a cigarette between his teeth, and half of his head shaved. “What do you need?”

Kankri snarled. “To talk to your fucking boss. Let me through.”

The troll stared at him dully. “Under what orders.”

Kankri took a deep breath in attempt to calm himself. “We’re here to negotiate a ransom.” He pulled the briefcase from Cronus, popping it open to show off the contents.

The troll raised an eyebrow. He shuffled through it some, as if to check for weapons. Once content, he waved them inside.

The four followed him through the house, before being taken to some kind of… chapel/office.

Ghb sat in a throne at the front. Fucking god complex motherfucker.

Kankri pushed past their escort, throwing the case to the middle of the floor. “Where is he.”

Ghb took a hit from his cigar, eyes lidded. A grin spread across his lips as he focused on the three Amporas. “No need to be so…testy, my cherry blooded brother.” As he spoke, smoke was exhaled, curling up and joining the already heady atmosphere.
Truthfully, Kankri was positive that if he wasn’t on a high of rage and adrenaline, he’d be muggy headed. “Oh, go FUCK YOURSELF, where is my brother?!”

Ghb sighed, standing. He easily towered over all four of them, expression dulled into a controlling calm. Then his eyes started to glow.

Kankri gasped, feeling his entire body go completely numb. He cried out in rage as he struck the floor.

The Amporas stared in horror, taking a couple steps back.

Ghb looked to each of them, before shrugging. He pulled a phone from his back pocket, taking a minute or so to message someone.

Eridan swallowed, moving to help Kankri to his feet-

“-Leave him,” Ghb muttered, not so much as bothering to look up.

Eridan hesitated, before sinking away.

Kankri gave a pathetic whine, angry tears welling up in his eyes.

Ghb put his phone into his back pocket, gaze returning to the seadwellers. “It’s going to be a minute or so, motherfuckers.” He took long, heavy steps down the stairs of his podium. “I’d ask you to entertain me…” his eyes shifted to Dualscar. “But I hear you’re not the funniest motherfuckers.”

A pit formed in Dualscar’s stomach, skin crawling like he’d never felt it. All those years, working under this son of a bitch… he’d never been as scared of him as he was now.

Ghb turned his attention away from Dualscar for the time being. “… Eridan, right?” Ghb muttered, lips twisting into a sick smile.

Eridan took a step back, looking at the floor. “Mhm…” he managed, arms crossing over his chest.

“Good to have the… motherfucking pleasantries out of the way, then.” He started to move closer, but Dualscar stepped in his way. Ghb stared down at him dangerously.

Dualscar hissed, looking at the ground. “Not… stay away from my fucking kid, Grand,” Dualscar pleaded. His voice came across as far too desperate to be taken as commanding.

Ghb cracked a grin, releasing a low chuckle through grit teeth. “Step aside, Dual.”

Dualscar shook his head, not looking up to meet his eye.

Ghb nodded, running his tongue over his teeth.

And just like that, Dualscar went numb. He grit his teeth, striking the floor alongside Kankri.

Eridan gasped, terrified, and stumbled away from the man.

Ghb gave a mock pout at the boy’s terror. His facade shifted to a predatory sneer once more.

Cronus felt himself start to panic. He knew that fucking look… god, damn it. “Ey!”

Ghb turned to glance at Cronus, eyes narrowed.
“Listen… watever you wvant, I’ll co-operate… just… fuck, leave him alone, okay? Okay?”

Ghb rolled his eyes, continuing to stare down Eridan.

Cronus glanced down at Kankri and Dualscar on the floor, taking a shaky breath. He moved between Eridan and Ghb, eyes wide.

Ghb gave a shallow sigh.

His interest seemed to peak, however, as Cronus dropped to his knees. “Let me entertain you.”

Ghb looked Cronus up and down, releasing a deep chuckle.

On the floor, Kankri couldn’t see exactly what was going on. However, it didn’t take a genius to figure it out. He knew how this was going to turn out, and he really wished he could be a spectator for this.

Dualscar, on the other hand, only grit his teeth, eyes fixed on the tile floor. God… damn it. He managed a low gurgle in the back of his throat, but was unable to enunciate his protest.

Ghb glanced at him out of the corner of his eye, smirking as he wrapped a hand around Cronus’s head.

Eridan felt a pit form in his stomach. He took the opportunity to scramble to the far end of the room, his heart pounding in his chest.

Ghb eased his bulge out of his sheathe, reveling in the way Cronus’s eyes widened at the sight.

Dualscar gave another distressed mutter, scrunching his eyes shut.

Cronus hesitantly took Ghb’s bulge in his hands, eyebrows furrowing as he thought about how the fuck he was supposed to go about this. He settled with running his tongue along the underside. His eyes strained to keep locked on Ghb’s expression, trying to gauge any potential… mood swings.

For now though, Grand’s eyes were half lidded in pleasure as Cronus’s cool tongue moved on the underside of his bulge. There were a few tense minutes of him repeating the action before the hand in his hair tugged him back and pressed the tip between Cronus’s lips. Cronus’s breath hitched in his throat as he could taste pre material leaking down his throat. He swallowed hard as he slowly moved down Ghb’s bulge, taking inch by inch of it. Every so often, he choked and had to pull back a few inches to regain his breath. Another glance at Ghb’s face told Cronus that he needed to hurry up and get to it. The gills on his neck fluttered in vain attempts to breathe as Cronus moved further down the bulge, swallowing every so often.

Ghb smirked, glancing at Dualscar behind his shoulder. Oh, that motherfucker must hate him right now… his grip on Cronus’s hair tightened.

Cronus took a thick swallow, jaw straining as he tried to make sure he wouldn’t scrape the thing with his teeth. Oh. Oh that would be a fucking death sentence, wouldn’t it?

Ghb gently bobbed Cronus’s head up and down, trying to work past the kid’s gag reflex.

He sighed, bulge squirming in impatience. Ugh, if only Cronus would relax, he bet his mouth would open like it was nothing. He wondered if he could sorta just…

Cronus took a sharp breath as his face lost feeling. As predicted, his muscles loosened.
“There we go…” Ghb purred, brushing a strand of Cronus’s hair out of his face.

Cronus could only stare as Ghb continued taking short little thrusts into his mouth. He gave a low whine around it, sending shallow vibrations through the man’s bulge.

Ghb released a soft sigh, hips rolling rhythmically. “Yeah… scream for me motherfucker, Scream YOUR MOTHERFUCKING HEAD OFF!” he growled, claws threatening to pierce Cronus’s scalp.

Cronus whimpered once more, doing what he could to keep Ghb pleasured.

Ghb hummed. He glanced at Eridan, who could only stare, a grimace plastered on his face. Ghb sneered, making eye contact with him. He looked Eridan up and down, pausing as an idea came to him. He closed his eyes, in hopes Eridan wouldn’t see the way they flashed.

Eridan felt his head go foggy for a second. He stumbled back, bracing himself against the wall. He felt unable to look away from Cronus and The Grand Highblood, choking as his bulge unwound from his sheathe. He covered his mouth with his hand in attempt to suppress a soft moan.

Ghb couldn’t help but grin, tongue rolling over his teeth. “Wanna see me fuck his throat, Eridan?” He growled, sneering.

Eridan flushed, eyes going wide. “W-what?”

Ghb rolled his eyes, holding Cronus’s head still. He continued staring Erian down, waiting for a response.

Eridan took a heavy swallow, feeling his skin crawl. “Um…” His bulge squirmed in his pants. He whined, managing a quick nod.

Ghb smirked, his grip on Cronus’s hair tightening. Without further hesitation, he began to slam Cronus’s head down his length.

Cronus coughed and sputtered around it, bracing his hands on Ghb’s thighs.

Kankri narrowed his eyes some, a strange feeling of schadenfreude settling in his gut. He allowed himself to take satisfaction in this.

Eridan covered his eyes with his hands as the sound of his brother’s throat getting fucked filled the room. He took heavy breaths, feeling himself start to tremble.

Ghb grit his teeth, an animalistic growl rising in his throat. He held Cronus’s head down on his bulge for a few seconds, relaxing as he released.

Cronus choked, fins prickling as fluid was flooded down his throat.

Ghb just stared at him, waiting for him to swallow.

Cronus struggled to do so, finally managing to take large gulps.

“There we go…” Ghb grumbled, pulling Cronus’s head back.

Cronus gasped when released, collapsing to the floor.

Ghb waited for him to recover, before helping him up. He released a low chuckle, Cronus refusing to meet his eye. “Just like your motherfucking father,” he growled, giving Cronus a rough smack
on the back. He sneered, tucking his bulge back into his pants and walking back up to his throne. He gave a grin, staring down at his guests. His smile slowly faded. “He’ll be here soon. Just gotta wait it the motherfuck out.”

Chapter End Notes

Huehuehueheuheue, guess who figured out HTML! Is it better like this, or nah?
Chapter 27

Chapter Summary

Short chapter is short. Buuut... it was also a nice place to end it, I feel.

Kurloz hummed, lips pressed against Karkat’s neck as he held him. He rocked back and forth softly, a low hum radiating from his throat.

Gamzee stared at the two solemnly, letting smoke pour down his chest. There was an undeniable tension- lingering in the air. But, none of them made a point of addressing it, so... they simply sat in silence.

Karkat rested his head against Kurloz’s shoulder, choosing not to act on the deep sense of panic he felt coursing through him. He glared into empty space, passively inhaling Kurloz’s second hand smoke. Despite it all... the drugs seemed to lull him into relaxation. He slowly let his eyes close, slumping into him.

At this, Kurloz cracked a warm smile. He ruffled Karkat's hair, planting a soft kiss between his horns. Karkat let his eyes flutter and he pushed against Kurloz's embrace.

Gamzee rolled his eyes, stone faced. low grumbles spilt over his lips, but he made no further protest.

-bzz-

Kurloz looked away from his brother, fishing his phone from his back pocket.

CR: Kurloz, do you got the kid.

RT: :o? YEAH, MOTHERFUCKER, HE’S WITH ME AND GAMZEE.

CR: Good, good. Bring him to the church.

RT: WHAT FOR.

CR: Do not QUESTION ME, MOTHERFUCKER. Just bring him down.

RT: ... HAH.

CR: Kurloz.

RT: FINE, FINE, MOTHERFUCKER, UNDERSTOOD. HE’S ON HIS WAY.

Kurloz sighed, hoisting Karkat up as he stood.

“What is it,” Gamzee muttered, placing his bong on the floor.
‘DAD WANTS KARKAT IN THE CHAPEL.’

Gamzee scowled. “And why’s that?”

‘WOULDN’T SAY.’ He held Karkat close to his chest, a sense of... unease filling him. ‘COME WITH ME.’

Gamzee tapped his foot restlessly on the floor. ”Yeah, yeah.” he gave a slow laugh, stumbling to his feet. “You read my motherfucking mind.”

Kurloz hummed in approval. He gave a steady huff, before departing.

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"...Don’t look at me like that."

Cronus turned away from Grand, scowling. A deep ache filled his throat, and that… fucking taste clung to his senses like a leech.

Ghb took a hit from his cigar, glancing at the door. He tapped off the ash from his cigar, groaning. After a few more minutes of waiting, the door finally opened.

Kurloz paced slowly into the chapel, eyes shooting between the amporas. ‘WHAT- WHAT THE MOTHERFUCK IS THIS?’

Ghb let smoke pour out his nostrils, bobbing his head from side to side. “A... negotiation.”

Kurloz’s grip tightened around Karkat. ‘OVER WHAT?’

Ghb’s gaze settled on Karkat.

Kurloz scowled, taking a step back. ‘NO- NO, YOU’RE NOT GOING TO SELL HIM BACK TO THESE SONS OF BITCHES, ARE YOU?’

Gamzee pushed into the room behind Kurloz. He stiffened as he registered the Amporas.

Ghb put a finger over his lips, moving towards Kurloz. “Put him down, brother.”

Kurloz shook his head, eyes going wild.

“Kurloz. Put him DOWN!” Ghb grabbed Kurloz by the sleeve, lip curling to advertise his teeth.

Kurloz snarled, eyes flashing purple as he made a desperate attempt to incapacitate his father.

Ghb only stared down at him, going completely stone faced.

In a second, Kurloz went numb. He managed to keep his balance, eyes locked on his father as he tried desperately to fight it. However, after a few seconds, he was forced to collapse.

Ghb tisked, towering over Kurloz’s defeated figure.
Karkat stared up at him,

“... no...”

Ghb glanced up at Gamzee, giving a low sigh.

Gamzee’s fists shook as he clenched them, rage making his eyes go wild. He turned to stare at the Ampora family, finger twitching. He met Dualscar’s eye, squinting.

Dualscar wailed, hands shooting to his head as an intolerable ringing began to shriek in his mind. He thrashed about on the ground, screaming in bursts as his breath became laborious.

Ghb scowled, eyes flashing purple. Somehow, he managed to block Gamzee’s voodooos.

Slowly, Dualscar stopped his screaming and his thrashing. He took steady breaths, glaring up at Gamzee as the noise faded to quiet.

Gamzee bit back a snarl, eyes squinting shut.

“Now… Motherfucker, is that any way to treat our… Guest?”

Gamzee looked away, a dangerous spark in his eye.

Ghb glanced at Gamzee, sighing. He squatted down on one knee, managing to catch his son's eye. “Do you know why I’m doing this?”

Gamzee choked, shaking his head.

“Because I care about you, motherfucker.” He glanced at Kurloz, huffing. ‘BECAUSE KURLOZ WAS HURTING HIM. AND I KNOW IT WAS KILLING YOU,’ he telepathized to Gamzee, not wanting Kurloz to hear in.

Gamzee squinted his eyes shut, taking short, infuriated breaths.

“He’s still gonna be in your life motherfucker. He’s just going to be somewhere… safer.”

Gamzee managed a quick nod, unable to help the angry tears that boiled over his eyes. He covered his face with his hands, sinking away into a corner. Ghb straightened, turning back to face the Amporas. “What are you willing to trade.”

Dualscar shuddered, his gaze drifting back to the briefcase.

Ghb chuckled at that, shaking his head. “You didn’t really think I ever wanted your money, did you?”

Dualscar went pale, his breath catching in his throat.

“I MOTHERFUCKING TRIED- to tell that to fish bitch, BUT SHE JUST WOULDN’T LET UP.” He chuckled, shaking his head. “No… I want something to take his place.” His smile faltered. “I want one of you.”

Dualscar froze on the ground, breath hitching in his throat. He… He Had to be joking. “What do you mean?”

“I meant what I said, motherfucker. I want one of yours. You, one of your sons, it doesn't really matter. But someone is staying.” His large fingers caressed Karkat’s cheek. “So, make the choice.”
Something in Grand’s eyes twinkled at him.

Dualscar just stood there, as if unable to grasp the full nature of what was being asked of him.

Ghb gave a low chuckle, shrugging. “Perhaps I should share some… Predictions.”

Dualscar opened his mouth to reply but was frozen still. His eyes went wide as he slipped into unconsciousness. And yet…. That wasn’t quite it. Hallucinations began to swim through his vision, forming shapes, and colors. Until finally… They came together to form… a scene. There he was, dressed in… What could only be described as… A Gimp suit. He sat there, bowed down in between Grand and…was that… Mindfang? Either way, he was getting moved in between their bulges, eyes glowing purple and her symbol on his forehead. He could almost feel it as they poured slurry down his throat, chuckling at him. The scene changed, and he was standing next to Grand, eyes empty and bulge out with a ring on it. He seemed to be serving at some grand party, a platter of snacks on his hands as he waited on the highbloods. Every so often, one of them would pull him down onto their laps and fuck him for a few minutes, sending the food tray clattering to the ground. When the snacks would spill, his mind would get invaded by at least four different presences, all focused on making him repent. Dualscar saw whines and prayers leave his lips, dripped out as some purpleblood fucked his nook. He saw himself sleeping on the floor next to the Grand Highblood’s bed, sitting in a plush cot almost like an animal. No, exactly like an animal. Occasionally, a hand would come down and yank his head up, only to fill his mouth with a bulge. Once it was in, Dualscar saw himself stay up, complacently pleasuring his master. He saw himself wither away, he saw himself forgotten by the world around him.

He twitched as he came out of the vision, but just as quickly went back under. This time it wasn’t him in the Makara’s service, but Cronus.

Cronus was thrown into a dark room, far too tiny to be comfortable. His jaw was forced open, and a ring gag was jammed between his teeth. Cronus whined, teary eyed. But then his eyes went blank. That purple glow illuminated his irises, and he slowly aligned his mouth to a small hole in the door.

Oh god. Oh, god, no…

He saw a sick compilation of his son’s mouth being used, then of him being taken out and drugged to hell and back. Sometimes it was Kurloz.. Sometimes it was strangers. But whatever the case… Cronus seemed to find sick pleasure in it. “I-is master happy wvith my servwices?”

“I’m a good little vvhores,” He laughed, high as a kite on a stranger’s lap. He saw him trading his body for drugs, namely with Kurloz. He saw Kurloz hurt him. Carving him, until it was utterly apparent whose property he was. He was the Makara whore. Within a matter of minutes, he saw Cronus’s youth decay and wither, he saw the drugs reducing him to a shell. And then he was thrown out. Well into adulthood at that point, and completely…ruined.

He gasped, snapped from the vision again. He managed to glance at Eridan, a pit forming in his stomach. Oh, god, no, he didn’t want to see this.

And yet… there he was. His perfect… little… boy. He was given a nice looking bed and a nice looking dinner. He saw him and Gamzee… apparently in some kind of kismesitude. They went back and forth, kissed, fought… but nothing terrible. He saw himself returning to the Makara mansion, meeting with Ghb. Grand asked Eridan if he would like to go home. And then it was over.

Dualscar returned to the world, vision bleary.
“One week.” Ghb said, holding out a single finger. “No drugs. No scars. And then he can decide to
go home with you.”

Dualscar shakily rose to his feet, limbs trembling from all that he had been forced to see. He took
a shaky breath, eyes fixing on Grand. “You gotta promise me, that no harm’s gonna come to him.”

Grand waved him off, grinning with the utmost confidence. “Don't worry about it, motherfucker. I
know how to treat my guests.”

Dualscar stared over his family… over Kankri. They all seemed to glare down at him… the weight
of the decision seeming to take hold. He took a deep breath. “Deal.” He nearly crumbled at his own
words, a hand shooting out.

Grand shook it, grinning. He dropped Karkat to the floor, where he managed to stand.

Dualscar sighed as he turned around, eyes dark as he made his way to Eridan. Pressing his lips to
his son’s forehead, Dualscar suppressed a whimper. “You know I love you right?”

“Yes… I knoww, dad. I know.” Eridan swallowed, his fists curling around Dualscar’s sleeves.
“If… if it means Kar’s gonna be okay, I… I’ll do it.”

Dualscar nodded, pulling his son to his chest. He rocked back and forth, taking deep breaths. “It’s
all gonna be okay, Danny- It’s gonna be fine.”

Karkat took slow steps towards Kankri, shuddering as he stared down at him.

Kankri felt the most wonderful sense of relief lift off his shoulders as the feeling returned to his
body. He bit back a sob, lunging at Karkat.

Karkat went stiff as Kankri gripped him close, planting chaste kisses all over his face.

He stared back at him, expressionless.

“Let’s g9 h9me.”
Kankri’s fists trembled as he stared down at his brother, fast asleep. He dabbed at his cuts with disinfectant, his heart twisting in pity and compassion. He rubbed at his brother's hand, eyebrows furrowed. “Karkat…” He whispered, resting his head against his brother’s chest. He let the sound of Karkat's heartbeat flood his ears. Somehow, he found it comforting. Karkat was here. He was with him- he was alive. He had been scarred, drugged, and brainwashed. But he was still alive, and that’s meant there was hope for recovery. He... they, could get through this.

Karkat’s eyes fluttered open. He glanced down at Kankri, smiling softly.

Kankri held him, taking a thick swallow. “You’re going to be okay… you’re gonna be fine, okay?” He offered a strained smile.

Karkat managed a soft laugh. “I know.”

Kankri took a deep breath, shuddering. “I mean, you’re out of that house now. You’re here…”

“I’m here, with rapists and druggers. How safe.” His tone was as dry as sand, making Karkat snicker.

Kankri stared at him, false smile melting. “What?”

Karkat looked up at the ceiling, choking out another laugh. “The Amporases were fucking drugging us, Kankri. This whole fucking time-” He shook his head, managing another dark chuckle.

Kankri felt his skin prickle. He turned to stare at the floor, the pieces falling into place.

He wanted to question him- question how he knew... but he didn't need any further explanation. It all made too much... fucking sense.

The roll of bandages dropped, rolling silently into the corner. He felt himself choke up, fingers shaking as he clenched his fists. He shot to his feet, his rage finally spilling over. Angry tears welled up in his eyes as he marched towards Cronus’s room. Banging on his door, Kankri blinked his eyes and stifled a whimper. “Cronus- I- let me in!”

Cronus took a few seconds to shuffle over, before finally opening the door “Hey, Kan. What’s-” he winced as a fist struck his chest. “Owv, shit- babe, wwhat the fuck?!”

“Don’t you dare fucking call me that!” Kankri snarled, face heating with rage, “When were you planning on telling me, huh? When I was addicted? When I couldn’t remember my name? When I couldn’t remember anything?” He punched Cronus’s chest again, “I’ll kill you- you bastard, I’ll kill you!”
“What are you...oh.” He paused, “Who told you?”


“Look, babe, just, just calm down.” The seadweller put his hands out, almost in surrender, as he stepped back into his room.

“Calm down. That’s all you have to say to me- You’ve been drugging me for sex- you and your sick fucking family kept using me, again, and again, and you never told me why I wanted it!” Tears splattered against his sweater, “And- Karkat, how could you, you said he was like a son to you- How could you, you MONSTER!” Kankri wailed, pushing Cronus back with all his strength. He grabbed a lamp from the bedside table, rearing it over his head as a weapon.

“Kankri, STOP!” Cronus shouted, moving his arms up to shield himself.

“I’ll kill you, I will KILL you for this!” Kankri hissed, eyes still overflowing with tears.

“I THREW THEM AWAY!” Cronus yelled, moving to the far side of the room.

Kankri choked out a laugh. “Does that make it better! Do you think that makes it better?” He shook his head, still managing hoarse laughs. “Ha, ha, ha.” His head twitched some as he guarded the door.

Cronus put his hands to his head, eyes wide with panic. “Kankri, I’m sorry. Put the lamp down so we can talk about this.”

Kankri shook his head slowly, eyes narrowing. “You still think you can talk your way out of this, don’t you? You still think-”

The door opened.

Dualscar stood in the doorway, expression downcast. He looked between Kankri and his son, seeming to gauge the situation.

Kankri looked him up and down, frozen. As soon as Dualscar moved, he swung at him.

The lamp shade bounced off of Dualscar’s arm, and the man managed to grab hold of it. He ripped it from Kankri’s grip, stone faced. “Sit down.”

Kankri trembled, staring at the floor angrily.

“I’m going to count to three. And you are going to sit on that bed.”

Kankri glanced up at him, eyebrows furrowing at the request.

“One.”

Cronus sat immediately.

“Two.”

Cronus glanced at Kankri, looking from him to the bed.

Kankri clenched his fists.
“Three.”

Kankri sat like clockwork, his blood chilling at Dualscar's tone. What was he going to do? Try to fight the fucker? He was twice his fucking size...

“Good... boy.”

Dualscar threw the lamp to the side, staring Kankri up and down.

Tears still streamed down his face, splattering his sweater.

“Let’s talk about this like reasonable people.”

“Reasonable people wouldn’t drug their so-called matesprits into fucking them.” Kankri glared at Cronus, but stayed sitting. “Reasonable people would let others leave when they wanted out. There aren’t enough reasonable people in this room to have a conversation.” His words were bitter as he directed his gaze onto his hands.

“Kankri, you’re acting fuckin crazy.” Dualscar glanced up at Cronus. “Ve never hurt you, Kankri. And you’re threatening to fucking kill him?” He managed a low scoff.

“You never hurt me, huh? You never-”

“Ve gave you everything you have, Kankri. We saved your life. One veek a poor choices doesn’t overshadow that.”

Kankri hung his head, sniffing. “Poor choices.” He shook his head, twitching.

“And our choices will get better. I promise. I just saved your little brother’s life, Kankri.” Dualscar stared at his fists. “I traded your brother’s life with the safety of my son-” He choked, hands covering his face. “Do you think that was easy?” He looked to the ceiling, giving a dry laugh. “Never... say I didn’t do anything for you.”

Kankri took a deep breath, hanging his head. “Sorry,” he whispered.

Dualscar looked him up and down for a second. “You’re... forgiven. Just don’t act like an ungrateful bitch.” Dualscar sneered and patted Kankri’s head, mussing with his hair.

“Y-yeah, okay...” Kankri looked at the ground as he rose to his feet, “I’m going to go back to Karkat, I still need to bandage his wounds.”

A cold hand latched around his wrist and tugged him back. “Don’t bother, babe, I’m sure Dad will do that for you. You should stay here, and apologize for trying to kill me.” Cronus gave a soft laugh, wrapping his muscled arms around Kankri’s chest to hold him tight.

“Oh...right.” Kankri tensed in Cronus’s arms.

“Relax, I’ve never hurt you before, and I’m not about to start.”

Slowly, Kankri felt the tension in his shoulders relax as he leaned against his matesprit’s chest, “Right...”

Dualscar smiled and clapped his hands together, “You see? We came to a peaceful resolution- and you didn’t have to assault anyone.” He narrowed his eyes. “I’m going to go have a little... chat with your brother.”
A pinch of the cheek and Kankri felt a pang of fear that soon faded.

He turned around and exited Cronus’s room, leaving the two alone.

Karkat was messily trying to bandage himself when the door banged open. He failed to look up, simply assuming it was his brother. “I’m sorry you had to find out that way, Kankri, but at least you… know. Now we can recover.”

“So it was you.”

Karkat’s hands froze. He tilted his head up, staring at Dualscar. A lump formed in his throat at the sight.

Dualscar loomed in the doorway, eyes shadowed. “I save your life… and your response is to try and turn your brother against me.”

Karkat turned to stare at his lap, face going red in fear.

Dualscar pulled out Karkat’s arm, fingers tracing along the long scratches running up it.

Karkat swallowed a moan, wincing.

Dualscar huffed, seating himself. He grabbed gauze from the table behind him, unraveling it. He started wrapping up Karkat’s cuts, eyebrows furrowed. “Why is it- that whenever I try to do something nice, the world bites me in the ass for it.”

“He needed to know.” Karkat muttered.

Dualscar continued bandaging him, huffing through his nostrils. “I knew… I knew it was going to drop eventually. I just wish things had blown over by then.” He sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. “You really have terrible timing, kid.”

“Don’t blame me. You brought this on yourself.” Karkat narrowed his eyes as Dualscar kept working.

“… I guess I did.” He gave a soft laugh, shaking his head. “Does it ever just seem like the world is… pushing you along.”

Karkat glanced at him out of the corner of his eye. “What do you mean.”

Dualscar sighed, leaning back in his chair. He gave a dry laugh, slicking back his hair. “I… didn’t want this. I just-” He laughed again, covering his face with his hands. “I don’t know how to stop myself- in circumstances like that.”

Karkat stared at his lap. “Yeah.”

“I mean- fuck, kid… that first day…” Dualscar pinched the bridge of his nose, giving a long sigh. “I didn’t know you were drugged- and you were just a kid- but-”

“I wanted it.”

“… yeah.”

Karkat’s eyebrows furrowed. He assessed Dualscar, running his tongue over his teeth. “You’re desperate, aren’t you?”
Dualscar gave another dry laugh, saying nothing.

Karkat looked to the sheets. “Do you have any more?”

“All more what?”

“Fyloprone.”

Dualscar tilted his head to the side, glancing Karkat up and down. “Fyloprone…?”

“The drug you were feeding me.” Karkat stared at him, shuddering. “I… I think I need a hit.”

Dualscar straightened, eyebrows furrowing. “We didn’t… feed you drugs. We took them.”

Karkat shook his head in confusion for a second. “What do you mean?”

“The drug- it just, made our pheromones potent as hell. We didn’t give you any chemical.”

Karkat’s fists curled around the sheets. “So you don’t have any.” He could hear the edge of panic to his voice.

Dualscar shook his head slowly. “No… we don’t.”

Karkat sunk back into the mattress, going tense. “Oh… god…”

Dualscar looked him up and down, standing. “What? What is it?”

Karkat trembled, eyes wide. “Give me pheromones then- it was similar- it was close.”

Dualscar sighed, and shook his head, “We’re out. Cronus flushed all the pills in a short act of stupidity.”

His eyes widened, body trembling, “W-what?”

“We don’t have any pheromones for you.”

“But, what am I going to do!” His voice jumped up an octave, “What am I going to do? T-the Makara’s were my only source of the shit, and- and now… oh god…” He clawed his hands through his hair, raising his legs up to his chest.

Dualscar’s eyes widened and he reached out to gently touch Karkat’s shoulder, making him flinch, “Hey, it’s going to be okay. I… I think this means you can kick the addiction sooner.”

Karkat whined, “But now. I care about now. I need it- Jesus Christ, please, I need it!” He crawled into Dualscar’s lap, nibbling on his bottom lip as he talked almost to himself, “Don’t worry, it’s fine. You highbloods give off pheromones naturally- right? S-so… you can be my fix.” Messily, he pressed his lips to Dualscar’s, “That’s how you can help me out, right?”

“I… Kid- I-”

“Fuck me! Fuck me- christ, I need it, I need a hit.” Karkat fumbled with the buttons of Dualscar’s shirt.

Dualscar stared forward, holding the back of Karkat’s head. “Fuck… um, yeah, I can do that.” He leaned back on the bed, chest rising.
Karkat trembled, clearly desperate. He shuffled out of his jeans, bulge already squirming in anticipation.

Dualscar stared at the ceiling as Karkat pulled his pants to the floor. The first thing he felt was that hot little mouth against the entrance to his sheathe. He released a dull groan, a hand moving to cover up his face.

Karkat lapped at it, releasing a soft whimper.

Dualscar’s bulge slithered out of his sheathe and into Karkat’s waiting mouth.

Karkat sucked on it passionately, lapping up the slick material that coated it. “C-can I ride it, sir?”

Just like old times. “Yeah- fuck- kid, knock yourself out.”

Karkat gave a giddy grin, slipping onto Dualscar’s lap. He gave a soft moan as the bulge settled in his nook.

Dualscar rested his hands behind his head, lacing his fingers together.

Karkat rolled his hips quickly, resting his chest against Dualscar’s. He gave quick gasps and whines, clearly building himself up. His eyes rolled up in the back of his head and his hips twitched on top of him, “M-more, fuck me harder.” His voice was breathy and excited.

The violetblood gripped his hips, nails digging into his skin, “O-okay.” He inhaled deeply through his nose, hips bucking up into Karkat’s. Slowly, the scent of salt and skin filled the room.

Karkat felt his senses growing hazy from the little pheromones he was giving off. It wasn’t enough. It wasn’t nearly enough.

His nose twitched and he let out a pleasured moan, eyes slipping mostly shut, “F-fuck- more .” His voice was now throaty, rough from the pleasure.

Dualscar grinned, slowly getting more and more into it. Reaching up, he tangled his hand into Karkat’s hair, yanking it back to bare his neck to him, “You like the smell of pheromones? Well you’re going to love our plan for you and your slut of a brother.” He leaned forward and sucked on Karkat’s neck, “We’re gunna get you in the temp service of a fuchsia.” A pause as he started to gently bite his neck before he continued, “You get to film pretty videos while getting your brains fucked out by a fuchsia.”

Karkat gasped, back arching when he felt Dualscar’s breath against him, “F-fuck.” A soft gasp and his hips twitched again, starting to buck up and down on his bulge, “P-please, I love servicing highbloods. It’s such a good place for a mutant like me.” His eyes were half lidded and his face was bright red.

Dualscar groaned, his bulge starting to wrythe in Karkat’s nook. “Fuck- that’s what I like to hear…” He began rolling his hips into Karkat more quickly, earning more of those delicious yelps and chirps.

Karkat keened, doubling over on Dualscar’s stomach. “F-fuck, sir, I’m close…”

Dualscar threw his head back, taking a quick breath. “Fuck, cum. Cum everywhere, I wanna see it.”

Karkat nodded quickly, his muscles going tight. “Fuck, fuck, fuck f-fuck~” Karkat whined.
Dualscar narrowed his eyes as he realized Karkat had started chewing on his lip.

Karkat moaned as he broke the skin, a short spurt of blood escaping the wound.

Dualscar sat up, expression set in a disturbed grimace.

With that, Karkat came. Red burst from his nook, coating the sheets below them.

Dualscar’s heart pounded in his chest, a small stream of blood leaking down Karkat’s lip. He tried to think back to what Ghb had told him to do, but he was drawing a blank.

Karkat wiped blood off on his palm, sniffing. “Sorry.”

Dualscar gave a slow nod, swallowing thickly.

Karkat shifted his hips on Dualscar’s. “So…? Are you gonna fill me, master?”

Dualscar gave a low groan at that. He allowed himself to relax as Karkat started sucking on his collar bone. His hands snaked around Karkat’s hips, beginning to roll them onto his bulge once more.

Karkat gave a low sigh as Dualscar moved, his nook pulsing. His hot breath panted out on Dualscar’s skin.

Dualscar squinted his eyes shut, holding his breath. His muscles went tight, and within seconds, he finished.

Karkat groaned at the sensation, the dull throb filling his head starting to slow.

Dualscar planted a soft kiss on Karkat’s forehead, rising a goofy smile. He took a shaky breath as he pulled out, placing Karkat back on the sheets. He snagged the gauze from where he had left it, swallowing.

Karkat allowed his eyes to shut. He let a shallow purr rise in his throat as Dualscar continued to bandage him.

Dualscar glanced down at the stained sheets, huffing. “You okay?”

Karkat nodded, lips parting. “Thank you.”

Dualscar said nothing. He gently picked Karkat up and placed him in the chair, ripping off the soiled bed covers.

Karkat just stared, shoulders going loose.

Dualscar held the sheets, sighing. He kneeled between Karkat’s legs, gently wiping off his thighs. A twinge of pity hit him as he went. Once satisfied, he grabbed some clean covers from under the bed and remade it.

Karkat felt his chest warm as Dualscar moved him to the mattress, tucking him in.

“I’ll… go get your brother to watch you. Sleep well, kid.”

Karkat nodded, snuggling into his blanket. “You too, sir. You too.”
Eridan followed Gamzee cautiously down the halls. He tried not to choke at the rancid smell of smoke and chemicals. “Wwhere are wwe goin, exactly?”

Gamze paused in his tracks, fists clenching. He set his jaw, glaring at Eridan over his shoulder. “Shut. Up.”

Eridan stiffened. He started to fidget with his sleeve, gaze downcast. “Um- o- okay.”

Gamzee gave a raspy laugh, turning. He lunged forward, snatching Eridan by the scarf. “What did I just… say.” His bloodshot eyes looked between Eridan’s terrified features. “I… don’t want to hear that stupid motherfucking accent. I don’t want to know what wicked *retardation* spews from those lips of yours. Do you understand?”

Eridan just blinked, fins flaring. He glanced aside, giving a short nod.

With that, Gamzee let his hands fall to his sides. He took a few short steps back, eyes narrowed.

Eridan’s skin prickled at the sight. He set his gaze downcast, finally allowing himself to exhale.

Gamzee continued to lead Eridan down the hall, refusing to make eye contact.

Eridan had never felt an interaction so… cold.

Gamzee threw open a door, ushering Eridan inside.

It appeared to be some kind of dorm, and was poorly kept to say the least. He glanced up and down the bunk bed nervously, swallowing. “Am I… gonna have a roommate?”

Gamzee sneered. “This wing is all but abandoned, motherfucker. No one up and living here but rats and scum.” He gave a mock bow, eyes trained upwards. “It suits you… *wonderfully.*”

Eridan’s face flushed. “W- what did I even do?”

Gamzee straightened, expression deadpan. “Are you that motherfucking dense.”

Eridan sniffled, a lump forming in his throat. “No! I- wwhy are you so mad at me?”

Gamzee exhaled a slow breath, head shaking. He slowly approached him, steps tense. Without warning, he snatched Eridan by the hair with both hands.

Eridan whimpered, knees buckling.

Gamzee kept his grip tight, glaring into Eridan’s eyes. “You- *broke him.* You fucked him, and then you *BROKE HIM.* That. Is what you motherfucking did.”

Eridan’s mouth opened in confusion. “Y- you mean… Kar?”
Gamzee raised his eyebrows, nodding with the most irritated smile on his face. “Yeah. YEAH, I MEAN MOTHERFUCKING KARKAT!” He threw Eridan to the floor, scowling.


Gamzee took a sharp breath. “IT WAS YOUR MOTHERFUCKING FAMILY WHO STARTED ALL THIS!”

“I DON’T KNOWW WWHAT YOU’RE TALKING ABOUT!” Eridan spat, standing. “I DON’T KNOWW WWHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON!” His fins flared furiously. “ALL I KNOWW IS THAT YOUR BROTHER WWAAS KILLING HIM, AND I HAD TO DO SOMETHING!”

“YOUR DAD WAS KILLING HIM FIRST!” Gamzee shouted. “IT WAS YOUR MOTHERFUCKING BLOOD WHO TOOK HIM- AND RAPED HIM!” Gamzee could feel his voice going rough.

Eridan blinked, bewildered. “I STILL DON’T KNOWW WWHAT THE FUCK YOU’RE TALKING ABOUT! HE WWANTED IT!”

Gamzee groaned, planting his hands on either side of his face. “And why… do you think he wanted it so MOTHERFUCKING BAD?” He let his palms slide down his face, eyes lidding. “They motherfucking drugged him.”

Eridan shook his head slowly. “…No… no, my dad wwouldn’t do that…”

Gamzee displayed his middle finger, scoffing.

The color drained from his face. “He… wwouldn’t…”

“Well he did.” Gamzee gave a wry chuckle. “He did… he did.” He covered his eyes with his hand.

They stood in silence as Eridan tried to mull over his response.

“Are you sure?”

Gamzee glanced him up and down, some of the anger seeping away from his posture. “Yeah. We’re motherfucking positive.”

Eridan covered his eyes with his hands, head shaking. It was starting to make all too much sense. “Oh god…”

Gamzee stared at the ground, huffing through his nose. “Just…” He grit his teeth.

Eridan sank onto the bed, posture crumpled.

Gamzee glared at him dully, sighing. He sat next to him, giving a begrudging pat on the back.

Eridan just stared ahead. He could feel the decaying mattress starting to collapse under his weight.

Gamzee clicked his tongue, eyes lidded. He rubbed Eridan’s shoulder, not meeting his eye.

“I didn’t knoww…” Eridan managed.

Gamzee gave a low sigh.

He stared into space, a soft hiccup escaping him.
Gamzee glanced around him at the decaying floorboards, the cracked ceiling. He groaned as he stood, reaching out his hand.

Eridan hesitated, slowly taking it.

Gamzee hoisted him up, staring at the floor. Without a word, he lead him back to the rest of the mansion.

He seated Eridan on the guest bed, sighing.

“... thank you,” Eridan muttered.

Gamzee huffed through his nose. “Don’t make me regret it.”

Eridan nodded, fidgeting with his sleeve. He swallowed, seeming to curl up. “Wwhy… wwhy did your dad wwant me to stay here?”

Gamzee clicked his tongue, hand resting on the back of his neck. “... to make it up to me.”

Eridan took a thick swallow. “Are you gonna do to me wwhat you did to Kar?” His voice was nearly dripping with panic.

Gamzee narrowed his eyes slightly. “I” he set his jaw, glaring to the side. “I did what was best for him.”

Eridan’s fingers curled, clutching his thighs. “You didn’t answer my question.”

“I don’t know.”

“So you’re considerin’ it?”

Gamzee’s eyes widened in irritation. “I. Don’t. Know.”

Eridan hugged himself, as if trying to shrink away. “Gam- do you… hate me?”

Gamzee raked his fingers through his hair, scowling. “… Undecided.” He sighed. “As for now, I think I blame that family of yours more than I blame you.”

“Well... noww that I knoww wwhat they did… I guess I can agree wwith you on a levvel.”

Eridan sat up, looking Gamzee in the eyes for a second before turning away, almost out of fear. He still didn’t feel safe here. It was unsettling knowing that he was going to be in this- place for a while- around such… dangerous people.

Gamzee nodded. “Yeah. Yeah, I’m glad you see me, brother.” He chewed on his lip briefly, expression fading to deadpan. “You need anything, motherfucker?”

“Not at the moment…” he drifted off as he noticed Gamzee’s blank expression, and then carried on sort of mumbling, “and… I mean… you don’t really havve to do… anythin’…” Eridan examined the room subtly- noticing most of the small details he had missed before. The circus esc symbols carved into the bedframe, the religious posters on the walls… It was truly unnerving to say the least. On top of the fact that he was already uncomfortable with his situation. Very. Uncomfortable. He wondered how his family was doing as it ran over his mind that they were probably still fucking Karkat and Kankri. He kind of stared off into space letting all of these thoughts run through his mind and kind of forgetting that Gamzee was next to him.

Gamzee looked him up and down, catching the inside of his cheek on his teeth. “Should I leave
you alone, then, or would you get bored?” He gave a low chuckle, finally catching Eridan’s eye.

*Oh cod, don’t leave me alone here-* “Um. Yeah, uh, stay please.”

Gamzee smirked, raising an eyebrow. “Alright.” He sank onto the bed aside Eridan, staring up at the ceiling.

Eridan felt himself start to sweat. He shifted over, wanting to give Gamzee his personal space.

Gamzee looked him up and down yet again, sighing softly. “What do you wanna… motherfucking talk about?”

Eridan stiffened as Gamzee pulled out a joint. “I… uh…”

Gamzee lit it, sitting up. “What.”

“N-nothing.” Eridan sputtered.

Gamzee sighed softly. He took a deep breath through the cigarette. “I won’t smoke around you if you ask me not to.”

Eridan swallowed. “It’s… not that, I just…”

“You just?”

Eridan assessed Gamzee’s hazed out expression, swallowing. “What’s it like- to be… high?”

“… if you really want to know, you could try it for yourself.” Gamzee offered Eridan his joint.

“What’s in it?”

“Sopor,” Gamzee responded. “Nothing special.”

Eridan cautiously took it from him, eyebrows knit. “I… shouldn’t…”

“You don’t have to.”

Eridan bit his lips, placing the joint between them. He took a slow breath through it, immediately recoiling. *Oh my god-* he sputtered, hacking out what little smoke he had inhaled.

Gamzee cackled, falling back on the bed.

Eridan’s gills flared, moisture welling up in his eyes. “Howw- the fuck?”

Gamzee continued laughing, wiping tears from his eyes as he sat up. “Practice brother, practice.” He took the joint back from Eridan, and began sucking on it once more. Enough so, that his lungs must have been completely filled with smoke. He breathed it out in little chuckles, making Eridan’s jaw drop.

“You are fucking insane.”

“Mmmm, you’re not wrong brother, not… wrong.” Gamzee seemed to snuggle close to Eridan, resting his head against the other’s chest.

“… are you like… really affectionate when you’re high, or what?”

“Haha, that’s one excuse…” He wrapped his arms around Eridan, giving the most goofy smile. “It
also seems like you need a motherfucking hug.”

Eridan hugged him back, eyebrows furrowing. “Yeah-” He managed. “I- I really did…”

Gamzee smirked, pulling Eridan down to the bed with him. “Haha, well, now that we’re talkin all about your needs… are you sure there’s nothing you want?”

Eridan stiffened, blood rushing to his face.

Gamzee blinked, realizing the suggestive undertones of his statement. “Oh- no, I mean like… tea, or some shit, I don’t know.”

“... oh.”

“Unless you…?” Gamzee trailed off, trying his best to assess Eridan’s expression.

“I mean…” Eridan hid his face in Gamzee’s chest, murmuring something incoherent.

Gamzee laughed. “We can if you want, brother. Just say the word.”

Eridan gave a few squeaks, shoulders rising.

Gamzee cupped Eridan’s chin, pulling him back to look at his expression. He smiled, giving Eridan a quick kiss on the nose.

“... howw high… do you have to be to fuckin-”

Gamzee burst out in laughter once more, having to slap his thigh to calm himself.

Eridan started laughing alongside him, unable to help himself.

Gamzee continued smiling, bright eyed, and wiped his nose off on the back of his hand. “No, but for real, motherfucker, I’m down to fuck if you are.”

Eridan flushed, taking a deep breath. “O- okay?”

“Okay?”

“Yep.”

Gamzee glanced Eridan up and down, taking in his body language. His thighs were squirming together, hips rolling ever so slightly. “You wanna?”

“I- uh, yeah… yeah, I do.”

Gamzee gave a soft chuckle. “Shy?”

Eridan looked away, lips pursed. He nodded quietly.

Gamzee breathed a laugh. “No need for that, brother. No need at all.” He started placing soft kisses along Eridan’s cheeks, finally leading down to his neck. He kissed at Eridan’s gills, making them flare. “That okay, motherfucker?”

Eridan nodded, a soft whine rising in the back of his throat.

Gamzee dragged his tongue up Eridan’s gills, making him curl his fists around Gamzee’s shirt.
“Oh my god oh my god oh my god oh my god…”

Gamzee smirked, sucking on Eridan’s neck slowly.

Eridan went silent, pulling Gamzee closer to him.

Gamzee started grinding his hips against Eridan’s thigh as subtly as he could, humming softly.

“Mmm, fuck, gam~” Eridan whispered.

“Haha, yeah, motherfucker?”

Eridan pushed his hands down, resting them on his belt.

Gamzee took a hint and undid it for him. He pulled Eridan’s pants to the floor, pleased to see that Eridan’s bulge was squirming out of the waistband of his underwear.

Gamzee glanced up at Eridan, biting his lower lip.

Eridan sighed and pushed down his boxers, allowing his bulge to twist into the air freely.

Gamzee smiled, gently taking it in his hands. He started pumping it gently, exhaling.

“Oh, cod…” Eridan murmured, sinking back into the bed.

“That nice, motherfucker?”

“Fuck yeah…” Eridan stated softly.

Gamzee purred, pushing his own pants to the floor. “Tell me, motherfucker, how should this go down?”

Eridan’s eyebrows furrowed. He sat up. “What do you mean?”

Gamzee sighed. “Dom or sub?” he asked instead.

Eridan sank back into the mattress, staring at the ceiling. “Never… really thought about it??” He admitted.

“You flexible, then?” Gamzee asked, twining his bulge around his fingers.

“Uh, yeah, I’m good wwith wwhatevver?”

Gamzee nodded, smiling. “Then I won’t keep a motherfucker waiting.” With that, he eased Eridan’s legs apart, and lead his bulge to the seadweller’s nook.

Eridan gasped, eyes popping open. “Oh- oh, fuck!” he cried, back arching.

Gamzee released a harsh breath, pressing his forehead to Eridan’s chest. He wasn’t used to feeling a nook cooler than his. He groaned, collecting himself, and started to roll his hips.

“Mmm, Gamzee~” Eridan hummed through grit teeth.

“This good, brother?” Gamzee rasped, swallowing.

“Uhuh!” Eridan stated, eyebrows arching up.
Gamzee kissed Eridan’s cheeks once more. “Good.” He kept his pace steady, listening to the sound of their breaths syncing.

Eridan felt his skin grow slick with sweat as Gamzee slammed into him, the world seeming to slow and speed with every thrust. It was fucking surreal.

Gamzee took in Eridan’s expression, a warm feeling of pride settling in his gut. He nuzzled his face into Eridan’s chest, that same goofy smile spreading on his face.

Eridan took quick breaths, eyes losing focus. His mind raced as he tried to think of something to say. “I- I lovvve you!”

Gamzee went tense, that smile faltering.

Eridan quieted. “I… I mean…”

Gamzee swallowed thickly.

“Forget I said that?”

“… alright.”

Eridan leaned back, slapping himself on the forehead.

Gamzee looked to the side, continuing to move his hips. “I… me and Karkat… I wouldn’t want to be unfaithful to him, you know, motherfucker?”


“… Yeah, me and Karkat. We’re red as the day is long. It’s why I all up and took him away from that family of yours.”

Eridan took a steady breath, a pout seeping onto his expression. “Oh.” He stared up at the ceiling, eyes glassy. He pulled himself away from Gamzee, wiping his cheeks off on the back of his hand as his bulge resheathed.

Gamzee frowned, swallowing. “I’m… sorry to disappoint you, motherfucker…”

“It’s not that,” Eridan croaked, his palms resting in his lap. “I just thought… he told me he…”

Gamzee’s expression went solemn. “Oh.”

Eridan nodded softly. “Yeah.”

Gamzee twitched some, trying to push away the knot of jealousy that formed. He sat next to Eridan on the bed, looking for words. “I’m sorry to hear that.”

Eridan took a deep breath. “Yeah. Yeah, me too.” He turned away from Gamzee, shifting under the covers.

Gamzee went silent. He took a hint and stood, collecting his clothes. “I’ll… see you in the morning, motherfucker.”

“Yeah. See ya then.”
I haven’t posted in like a month! Whooohhhghhh.
In all fairness, I never really meant to set up expectations of a sunday/monday update.
It just kinda became a pattern because I have the most time to update on the weekends.
But yeah, It's not dead, and if I do eventually get sick of this fic (Probably won't, tbh)
I'll be sure to let you know. :)

Aaaaand HELLA short chapter. I just want to keep alternating between Amporas and Makaras at a good pace, without having too much filler... soo... this might be a side effect.

Meenah groaned, reading through her text with Cronus. She was relieved that they had managed to get Karkat back- but he had fucking flushed the pheromone pills. Fintastic. What a basshole. Lucky for them, they had a fallback.

NC: Hey, Makara.

CR: fan motherfucking tastic, what does fish bitch want from me this time?

NC: Y’know those drugs you were giving Karkat?

NC: Fyloprone?

NC: I need some

CR: Oh DO you now?

CR: Interesting.

NC: Mhm, well, he’s addicted and I need to get him hot n horny. That, and it sounds like the withdrawal is fucking him in every sense of the word.

CR: I’m not just sending it to those motherfuckers, no way. They’re clueless, reckless, and will probably accelerate the kid’s death. I could send Kurloz over, he would know how to treat him.

NC: Mmmmmm no. Fuck that.

CR: what.

NC: Um, Kurloz is fucking nuts? Hell, even Gamzee’s better than he is.

CR: … Alright, I could send him over instead

NC: I mean. It’s…. Better.

CR: He’ll be happy to see Karkat. And trust me, motherfucker, he’s all up and hating Kurloz for what he did, so I doubt he’d try and take him back home.
NC: Good to know. When can he get there?

CR: soon.

NC: soon. Alright, well, we’ll see him soon. Hahhh, maybe you could get Gamzee to slip some of that shit to Kankri! Hah. That would make my life easier.

CR: Bad idea, bitch, bad idea.

NC: I was joking.

CR: Does he not want to be in the porn anymore, or what?

NC: Kinda, yeah.

CR: Tell him what the motherfuck is at stake.

NC: Even if I told him about my plan, he probably wouldn’t be all that quick to side with us.

CR: No. Tell him that his MOTHERFUCKING BROTHER is at stake. The REASON I wanted you to give the Beforus Vantases to me is because Beforus Karkat is the only source of Alternian Karkat’s pain. We can prolong his life for now, but without that motherfucker, Karkat is as good as DEAD.

NC: … good thought. Imma.. Forward this to Cronus.

Cronus gave a low sigh as his phone continued buzzing.

Kankri met his eye, stonefaced.

He read over the text, eyebrows furrowing. “Kankri…?”


Cronus winced at Kankri’s tone. “You… wvant to fix Karkat, right?”

“What kind of question is that? Of course I do.”

Cronus managed a soft laugh, grimacing. “Okay. Well, Meenah has a plan.”

Kankri stared at him, wide eyed. “Tell me.”

Cronus only passed his phone.

Kankri read over the texts a couple times, grip growing tighter.

Cronus tried to read his expression, forcing a smile.

Kankri let his hands fall to his lap. He went to the camera app on Cronus’s phone, before tossing it to him.

“Um… babe?”

Kankri seated himself on the floor in front of Cronus. He fixed his fingers in Cronus’s belt loops, dragging his pants down his thighs.

Cronus went quiet, eyebrows rising.
“The only thing you have to do is look at me and keep the phone steady. Sound easy enough?” Kankri asked bitterly.

Cronus swallowed. “Um, yeah… yeah, ok.”

“Start recording.”

Cronus fumbled with the buttons slightly, but managed to set up the shot. “Alright, it’s rollin’.”

Kankri squirmed in place, putting on the most innocent expression he could muster. “M… may I suck it, master?”

Cronus’s breath went sharp. “Uh… yeah. Sure, go for it.”

Kankri gave a blissful whine, his fingers grazing up Cronus’s thighs. They settled on Cronus’s boxers. Kankri removed the violet’s bulge delicately, his eyes sparking up in joy at the sight.

Cronus bit his thumb, blood rushing to his face as Kankri opened his mouth.

A couple strings of saliva stretching between his lips.

Cronus suppressed a moan, Kankri running his tongue along the underside. He noted that Kankri seemed to stare at the camera, rather than him. Huh. Real… pro.

Kankri tried to make his body language appear as enthusiastic as possible. He kept his legs parted and hips squirming. “I’m so glad I get to serve you, master~ I’m so… glad that my filthy little lowblood mouth gets to be filled by you~”

Cronus released a soft gasp, eyebrows furrowing. He wasn’t sure if he should add something or let Kankri do his thing… hmm.

Kankri keened, tears welling up in his eyes. “May I please have you in my mouth, master? Please, oh god, please~”

Cronus gave a soft gasp. “Yeah… Yeah, fuck, take me down your throat like the mutant slut you are-”

Kankri keened, as if being called that was the most pleasurable thing he had experienced in sweeps. Without further adieu, Kankri took Cronus in his mouth. He licked along the underside, cheeks puffing around the pressure.
Cronus moaned, nearly falling back onto the bed.

Kankri worked him roughly with his tongue, tears prickling in his eyes. He took a deep breath through his nose before inching the thing down his throat. He managed to get all the way down to the base, where he started bobbing his head up and down.

“Oh fuck yes…” Cronus rasped, setting his jaw. “You like being my personal little mutant whore?”

Kankri nodded, humming around the bulge in his mouth.

“Oh, fuck….” Cronus trailed off. “Do you want my cum, slut?”

Kankri’s eyes lit up in excitement. He pulled back, still pumping Cronus generously with his hands. “Yes! Yes master, I do! So much, I want it so bad, Master…”

“Mmmm… good- fucking whore~” Cronus chimed. He started bucking his hips against Kankri’s face with little mercy, making Kankri’s eyes widen yet. He wound his free hand in Kankri’s hair, controlling his pace.

Kankri squirmed, sucking thickly on Cronus’s bulge.

“Ugh… fuck…” Cronus murmured.

Kankri’s expression lit up once more at the premise of Cronus finally cumming. He hummed sweetly, eyes lidding.

Cronus’s fingers started to tremble as he tried to keep the camera steady. “God… Kankri…”

Kankri braced himself on Cronus’s legs, letting his eyes close. He chose to focus on the taste in his mouth… He went stiff, a shudder running through him. He stilled, jaw going tense.

“Kankri… god, Kankri…” Cronus chided, words muffled.

Kankri drew a quick breath in realization. He drew back, Cronus’s bulge spasming in his mouth.

Within seconds, Cronus came.

Kankri let his mouth hang open as slurry covered his face.

Cronus’ whole body shivered as the camera shook above Kankri.

He licked some of the purple off of himself, watching as Cronus stared into space, dazed. He stopped recording, collapsing back onto the bed.

Kankri licked his lips delicately, settling on Cronus’s lap. “Send it.” He ordered, a sharp bite to his tone.

Cronus averted his gaze, nodding.
CC: … today is a good day.

CA: you like it?

CC: i can’t believe it. You managed to not be a jittery basshole. Tell Kankri good job.

CA: not a basshole.

CC: Mhmhmhmhmhm… right.

Meenah shuffled in her chair, forwarding the video to the small team she had managed to assemble.

CC: Get to work buoys. [video file]

Karkat stared at the ceiling, vision dulled. Dualscar had set up a movie for him, but it currently only served as background noise.

A nock rang gently on the door.

“Come in,” Karkat muttered.

Dualscar pushed the door open with his knuckles, gaze downcast. He had with him a glass of water and a sandwich.

Karkat glanced up at him, sniffing.

“How are ya feelin’?” Dualscar asked quietly, placing the food on the bedside table.

Karkat’s lips parted, as if he wanted to say something. “... off,” he settled.

Dualscar glanced him up and down quietly. “Wanted to say m’ sorry.”

Karkat looked ahead, expression falling to a frown.

He pinched the bridge of his nose. “You’re gonna make it through- okay?”

Karkat sank into the covers, his jaw setting. “Ok.” leave me alone.

“I… I want to make things better, ok? Danny really cares about you… and, well… I’m thinkin that it could work out if we all just tried a little harder… When he comes home, I want you to be in
good shape, alright?"

*Oh my god, go away.*

He gave a deep sigh. “I’m gonna be better, kid, I promise.”

“Shut up,” Karkat whispered.

Dualscar met him with glazed eyes. “- don’t talk to me like that.”

Karkat twitched, eyes rolling up to glare at the wall. He said nothing.

Dualscar hissed, standing. He picked up the sandwich, tossing it onto Karkat’s torso, making him flinch. “Made it myself, ungrateful bitch.”

Karkat’s eyes trailed after him as he left the room, fuming. His fingers went stiff as he reassembled the sandwich, expressionless. He ate quietly, the sound of the tv fading to a dull buzz.

Dualscar shuffled through his liquor cabinet, searching to drown the lump in his throat. He pulled out a bottle of scotch and screwed off the lid with little ceremony. He tipped it back, collapsing into his seat at the dining table. He lit a cigarette, fingers shaking as he did so. He sniffled, trying desperately to distract himself from the pit in his stomach. He fumbled for his phone, a glaze setting in his eyes.

CA: hows he.

TC: Hahaha, how long has it been since you’ve texted me, motherfucker?

CA: how is eRidan?

CA: *Eridan

TC: He’s with Gamzee.

CA: Can i see im?

TC: When the week is done.
CA: I need ta see im.

TC: Christ, Dual, save some booze for the rest of us, will you?

CA: where is e?

TC: Go to bed, motherfucker. You’re embarrassing yourself.

CA: no... no, n, no, lemme see m

TC: Goodnight, motherfucker.

CA: .

CA: godnight.
Aight, so, I'm back! I think my writing has gotten a lot better from the rushed chapters, but... this one is also kinda violent. And short. I dunno. If you made it this far, you'll probably like it.

Gamzee turned his necklace in his fingers. His gaze lingered on Eridan’s sleeping figure, a silent debate running through his head. His mind had succumb to violent fantasies- make the motherfuckers pay. Make Dualscar pay, even if through his son and his son alone. And yet, whenever he was around the motherfucker, his emotions were dulled by pity. He picked at the ridges in his pendant. His eyes drifted down to the necklace. He turned it to stare at the symbols covering it. His own personal motherfucking token of the Messiahs. He looked between the charm and the seadweller, eyes seeming to light up, the gears in his mind turning. He approached Eridan, pushing his shoulder.

Eridan finally stirred. His hand wandered absently, searching for his glasses as he sat up. “H-hey…”

“You wanna see the chapel?”

Eridan followed Gamzee down the hall like before. He felt moderately more secure this time, however. Gamzee had only told him that he wanted to… try something. The only order he was offered had been ‘keep your mouth shut and your mind open.’

Gamzee pushed open a pair of enormous doors, walking slowly into what appeared to be some kind of chapel. A good dozen subjugulators knelt on the floor before a pair of quite ominous looking statues.

As Eridan got closer, he realised they were painting on the floor with their eyes closed. He went still at the further realisation that said paint was blood. He gave an unsettled glance at Gamzee, who only waved him onwards.

The two stood on what appeared to be a preaching block, next to a pair of enormous statues. Everyone was staring at them.

Gamzee took Eridan’s hands in his own, glaring intently into his eyes. He pulled Eridan with him to his knees, stare unbroken.

“What is this?” Eridan whispered.

Gamzee said nothing, only silencing Eridan with a finger over his lips. He started swaying, his eyes fluttering closed.

Eridan frowned, reluctantly following suit. His eyes popped back open, however, as he felt Gamzee’s mouth on his neck. “What the fuck…” He breathed.
Gamzee silenced him once more, just giving a rough “Shut up.”

Eridan tensed, his fingers curling around Gamzee’s. He squinted his eyes shut as Gamzee brought him into a kiss. He felt something tingling in the back of his mind, lulling him to relax.

His muscles went limp, allowing Gamzee to sync their lips.

Gamzee started pushing on Eridan’s hands, forcing him to the ground.

Eridan couldn’t find it in himself to protest. He caught Gamzee muttering soft nothings under his breath as he proceeded, grinding against him.

Gamzee finally pulled his hands from Eridan’s, planting them on either side of his head as he brought him into a deep kiss.

After a good minute or so, they both pulled back, panting.

Eridan allowed his eyes to open. They widened at the sight of Gamzee’s.

The clown’s eyes strobed with purple light. His expression was fixed in an animalistic calm.

Eridan started to scramble back, but Gamzee latched onto his wrists in an instant.

Gamzee mashed their mouths together.

Eridan squeaked in response, his body jolting in shock.

Gamzee forced open Eridan’s lips with his own, his tongue plunging inside as if searching for something.

Eridan twisted in fruitless attempts at escape. He found himself unable to annunciate his protest, Gamzee’s lips muffling his pleas. He felt that calming warmth ease into his mind once more. His eyes lidded, the back of his head hitting the floor.

Gamzee finally retracted. He wiped his lips off on the back of his hand, smearing his paint.

Eridan whined softly, eyelashes flickering in a couple last attempts of protest. He met Gamzee’s eyes weakly. He seemed to snap to attention, that purple light catching him. As if he were an instrument, he could feel Gamzee plucking at his mind, his nerves. Eridan doubled over weakly, his sheathe heating.

Gamzee bit his lip seductively. He eased Eridan onto his knees as he rose to his feet. He undid his pull string, making Eridan’s eyes open.

As if possessed, Eridan latched his hands around Gamzee’s thighs.

Gamzee ran a hand through Eridan’s hair. It had grown waxy from neglect.

Eridan let his mouth fall open, eyes mirroring Gamzee’s purple flashes. He gave a little chuckle full of desire. His bulge squirmed in his pants, slicking his inner thighs and releasing the sweet waft of sex into the air around him.

Gamzee dipped his hand into his pants, retrieving his bulge. He stared at Eridan with glassy eyes and parted lips.

Eridan gave a heavy sigh, eyes rolling upwards. His fingers drifted to Gamzee’s bulge. He took it
in his hands with confidence, giving it a few short pumps. After a minute or so of experimentation, he took it in his lips.

Gamzee gave a low groan. His hips pushed forward gently, encouraging Eridan to continue.

Eridan let his jaw hang open, slacking it completely. He bobbed his head up and down Gamzee’s cock, twisting his tongue around it as he went.

Gamzee’s head rolled back, heavy breaths falling from his lips. His grip on Eridan’s hair grew tighter. It wasn’t long before he was fucking his face unabashedly. His eyes wandered from their fixed point in space to the subjuggulators, namely the twins, cleavage fucker and axe bitch.

The three seemed to have lost interest in their painting, now entirely focused on the scene in front of them.

Gamzee sneered at them, returning his attention to Eridan. He grit his teeth, releasing a deep hum. He pulled from Eridan’s lips, leaving them dripping saliva and pre-cum.

Eridan took shallow breaths, his entire face flushed violet. His fins drooped down in submission, and sweat beaded his skin.

Gamzee took a minute to merly soak up the image. He then pushed Eridan to the floor and undid his fly.

Eridan stared up at him with a docile gaze.

Gamzee met his eye briefly, before turning his attention to Eridan’s pants. He pulled them down, discarding them with little care. He plunged his fingers in Eridan’s dripping nook without so much as a moment of warning.

Eridan keened, jolting at the sensation. “Ahhhhhh… fuckk…”

Gamzee scowled, his fingers curling inside aggressively.

Eridan sighed, restricting his speech to soft moans and keens.

Gamzee’s expression softened. He slid his fingers in and out of Eridan’s nook, a dangerous haze in his eyes.

Eridan nearly shrieked in pleasure. His nook spurted little bits of fluid as Gamzee continued to build him up. “Ah, fuck, fuck, please let me cum…”

Gamzee groaned, rolling his eyes. He plunged his fingers into Eridan’s open mouth.

Eridan whined. He wrapped his tongue around the digits, eyelashes fluttering in request for forgiveness.

Gamzee ran his tongue over his lips, a half laugh escaping him. He pinched Eridan’s tongue in his fingers, only allowing more keens and moans to escape him. He continued plowing his bulge into Eridan’s oh so needy nook, rising wordless hymns and prayers from the sea dweller.

Tears prickled Eridan’s eyes, and a thin trail of saliva ran down the corner of his mouth. He sucked on Gamzee’s fingers submissively, his hips rolling against Gamzee with a mind of their own. His tired and blissed out eyes trailed back to Gamzee’s intense stare.

Gamzee glared down at him, his eyes alight with those chucklevoodooos he so lovingly employed.
They gave an especially bright spark, and Eridan’s mind flashed with one clear message.

*CUM.*

Eridan seized up, a strangled gasp escaping him. With that one command, slurry spurted from his nook and unattended bulge, collecting on the floor beneath them. “Oh… *Fuuuckkkkk~*” He moaned around Gamzee’s fingers.

Gamzee stared at him with a dull irritation. He yanked harder on his tongue, forcing Eridan to fall closer to him. He pulled his bulge from Eridan’s spent nook with a slick *pop~*

He continued to pull Eridan to his crotch.

Eridan gave breathy sighs. He stared up at Gamzee, a tear finally falling down his cheek. He blinked it away, moving closer to the indigo bulge in his face of his own accord.

Gamzee finally released his tongue. He flicked strings of saliva off his fingers before promptly lacing them in Eridan’s hair.

Eridan gave a slow lick, far more enthusiastic than before. His hands wandered up to Gamzee’s waist. They settled there, trembling.

Gamzee breathed a curse under his breath, muscles going tense. His hands balled into fists around Eridan’s hair, slamming his head down Gamzee’s bulge.

Eridan sputtered around it, gills flaring in shock. His eyes watered as he slowly calmed down, staring up at his abuser.

Gamzee bit his lip as he attempted to keep his breath under control. He allowed his head rolled back, back arching. His grip around Eridan’s hair went even tighter, a sputtered moan escaping him.

Eridan’s eyes widened as the bulge in his mouth went especially stiff. Slurry burst from it, sliding easily down his throat. He tried not to choke, eyes bulging.

Gamzee held him there, as if suspended in time. He allowed a few seconds to pass before finally releasing Eridan.

Eridan fell to the ground with a thump. Purple dribbled from the corners of his lips, and his gaze grew distant.

Gamzee took a deep breath. He seated himself behind Eridan, kissing softly at his neck once more. He carried the spent Ampora back to his room.

Eridan released soft hiccups, limp in Gamzee’s arms.

“What do you need?” Gamzee hummed.

Eridan clung to Gamzee’s shirt, eyes wide and staring off into space. “Don’t go.”
NOT DEAD!! Ok, so, if Ao3 isn't loading and you can't see the chapter, make sure it's directed to the https address. The http one is down for maintenance, I believe. Thank you for reading!
Also, I predict that this chapter could be potentially confusing. Especially if you're just skimming the chapters for porn. It's ok, I've been there. So, in short summary, Beforus and Afterus both have full sets of every character. The two dimensions also collided in here. Which means there's potentially 2 of everyone. This focuses on the living Vantases, native to Beforus. Yee!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Cronus scrolled down the comments section of their new… video. His eyes lit up at the responses, a sly smirk fixing into the corners of his mouth. The vast majority of people were either giving the redundant ‘uehg what a lowblood whore,’ or… freaking the fuck out. Because that was their fucking social justice icon taking a bulge down the throat.

He leaned back in his chair, a smug cockiness to his posture. What a time to be alive.

“Sign- what the fuck are we gonna do?”

The Signless’s eyes lingered on the video title, as if frozen there.

“The Signless’s mutant whore son takes a violet bulge down the throat.”

Psii twitched, his fists clenched.

6.5 million views.

The Signless’s lips parted, his head shaking in disbelief. His thumb hovered over the play button for a good ten seconds, before he finally pressed it, expression empty.

“May I suck it, master?”

He grimaced, jolting at the words.

“I’m so glad I get to serve you, master~ I’m so glad that my little filthy lowblood mouth gets to be filled by you~”

The Signless took a sharp breath through his nose. He closed the video, covering his eyes with his hands. Sign lay the tablet to the side, movements slow, as if all of his energy had been utterly drained.

Psii bit his lip nervously, twitching. “S- sign?”

“That… was the Alternian boy, correct?”
“Sign- yeah, yeah, probably, but we’re still in just as much shit either way!”

The Signless rose his hand, silencing him. “I need to talk to Kankri about this.”

“… S- Sign… He’s not gonna understand- I- it wasn’t him…”

“If I don’t bring it up with him, someone else will. It needs to be me.”

Psii lowered his gaze. “I hope you know what you’re doing.”

“… yeah. Me too.” With that, Sign left to go find his son.

Kankri’s fingers flew over keyboard, eyes sparking with rage. How dare they. How dare they speculate on that poor troll’s blood color- wait, fuck, they might have species dysphoria- that poor… being’s blood color. Wait, shit, what if they identify as a lamp or some shit? Lamps don’t have blood. Fuck. Kankri leaned back in his chair, sighing. He cracked his knuckles, prepared to rewrite his entire essay if it meant-

His door creaked open.

Kankri gave a hollow sigh, spinning around in his chair. “Father, if I may request once again, that you knock- before entering my room? I might have been in a very compromisable situation, and-”

“Kankri,” Sign said, with a tone of voice that sent a chill up Kankri’s spine.

Kankri went silent, eyes turning to the floor.

Sign placed the tablet on Kankri’s desk, his face flushing. “I… There’s something I need to show you.”

Kankri’s eyes drifted from the tablet to his father, notably tensing. He took the tablet, waking it up. His eyes flickered over the title of the video, widening. His knuckles went white, cheeks flushing that bright cherry red. “I… never…” He uttered, clearly seething. Then he noticed the thumbnail. His expression faded in confusion and recognition.

“Kankri. Your… Alternian doppelganger… stars in this.”

Kankri shook his head, eyes going wide. “No- no, no, no, no version of me would ever…”

His father silenced him with a raise of his hand. “Shhh… Kankri. I know this must be hard to see. But there’s a few things we have to consider-”

Kankri shrieked, throwing the tablet to the ground. “IT’S NOT ME!! I WOULD NEVER- EVER-”

“KANKRI!” Sign shouted through grit teeth. He grabbed his son by the ear, dragging him into the living room.

“HEY, HEY!!” Kankri shouted in protest.

Karkat sneered at the two, rolling his eyes from his place on the couch.

“We need- to consider. Is he safe, Kankri?” Sign asked, gripping Kankri by the shoulders.

Kankri fought back angry tears, taking harsh breaths.
Karkat looked between the two, neither of whom seemed to have noticed him.

“I cannot have you throw a temper tantrum over this!” Sign hissed. He took a deep breath. “In… the video… description, they credit the name ‘Cronus Ampora.’” He gave a steady breath. “We know who he is. He... He was housing the Kankri and Karkat from Alternia. We were foolish enough to believe he had good intentions- and now we're going to have to make it up. We're going to get them out of there.”

Karkat grumbled something along the lines of “dramatic fucking cush lickers,” slipping off the couch and towards his respiteblock.

The two continued bickering behind him.

Karkat poked his head into Kankri’s room, curious of what he heard him throw.

He looked at the tablet on the ground, the corner notably dented. He frowned, picking it up. It flickered awake in his hand, displaying the video once more. After taking a second to register the thumbnail, he lurched back in disgust, the tablet dropping to the ground.

He stared at it, his heart pounding in his chest.

Was that… Kankri? In the thumbnail? He grimaced hesitantly, tipping it face up. He read the title, a pit forming in his stomach.

His sheathe tightened in response.

He took a sharp breath, eyes squinting shut.

His father had installed extremely tight parental controls on all his and Kankri’s devices… so, he lacked exposure to anything of this nature.

He picked up the tablet, eyes fixed on that one image.

He stood there, frozen for a second, before turning on his heel and running. He sprinted to his room, hiding in his bathroom.

After taking a couple minutes to calm his breathing, he looked back at his screen. There it was. The picture of his brother with a violet bulge in his mouth. He slid down the door, his heart pounding in his chest. He glanced at the thumbnail once more, a low whine curling from his throat as his bulge unfurled.

“Fuck…” He muttered. He fumbled to turn the faucet on, in hopes of masking the sound of the video.

He stared at the thumbnail further, toes curling. Ugh… what the… what the fuck was going on? No way in hell would Kankri… do that shit. He swallowed. Only… one way to find out.

He played the video.

“May I please suck it, master?”

Karkat groaned, sliding further onto the floor. “Fuck…” His eyes rolled up to stare at the ceiling, face flushed. He hissed, staring to the side.

This was… fucking disgusting.
He shifted his legs, eventually just holding onto his sheathe in attempt to keep his bulge in place. It… he didn’t find it hot, it was just… people fucking. He was a teenage boy, he had gotten excited over less. He didn’t find it hot.

He continued watching the video, eyebrows furrowing as it went.

Ngg god… fuck.

He shook his head, eyes still fixed on the screen… that bulge…

His eyelids drooped, a quiet keen escaping him. He released the pressure on his pulsing sheathe for just a second, and his bulge twisted out.

“Oh- god damn it-” He hissed. He could feel the fucking thing slicking up his boxers… ugh, he didn’t want to have to go change…

He slid off his pants, cheeks burning with shame and excitement. Tossing the clothes into a far corner, Karkat stared at his bulge, scowling,

“I’m not fucking aroused by my brother .” His nook was starting to drip and he moved towards the shower. Better to drip in a place where it can be washed away. Turning the water on, Karkat allowed the cold spray to hit his bulge, trying to quell his arousal. But, like an unwanted guest, it stubbornly stayed unsheathed. As it shied away from the water, his bulge moved towards his nook and he grabbed it before he could penetrate himself. His eyes went wide with shock. Jesus fucking christ, that was a first.

He rubbed his thighs together, bulge making a mess on his thighs. He fumbled with the showerhead, eyes fixed on the ceiling as he listened to the quiet sounds of Kankri moaning. He gave a dull groan, his bulge curling between his fingers.

He grunted in discomfort at the coldness of the water, and bitterly, he turned it warmer.

If the thing was being so fucking stubborn… maybe it was just best to get it over with. His posture softened as he listened more closely to the sounds playing on the tablet.

The seadweller gave a low groan that made his hair stand on end.

You know what. Fuck it.

The violet fucker was a little hot. Fuck it. Fuck it, fuck it, fuck it.

He started playing with his bulge with more intent, having to brace himself on the wall of the shower. Shit…

“You like being my personal little mutant vwhore?”

“Yes…” Karkat rasped, hips bucking. He covered his eyes with his hands, envisioning it was that seadweller touching him.

“Do you wvant my cum, slut?”

Karkat trembled, nodding weakly to himself.

“Mm… good, fucking vwhore~”

“Ahh~” Karkat whimpered, his entire body tensing up. He held his breath, biting his lip.
“Karkat?” His father called from the hall.

“I’M IN THE SHOWER!” He shouted, jumping up and rushing to turn off the video. He picked up the tablet, hiding it under the bath mat where he hoped, no fucking prayed, no one would look.

“Ok! Did you see my tablet anywhere?” Sign responded, leaving back down the hall.

“NOPE!!” Karkat shouted, eyes wide. He took deep breaths, fists clenched. He stepped back into the shower and turned the water up. Karkat’s eyes wandered back to the rug as the warm water hit his back. He clenched his fists, turning away to stare firmly at the shower head. Yet… fuck, that image just came back to him all at once. His brother…on his knees and getting put in his place. Raising his hand up to muffle his moan, his other hand moved down to stroke his bulge.

The words of the violet blood floated back to him, “You like being my personal little mutant **vwhore**?”

Biting down on the inside of his lip, Karkat nodded and kept moving his hand on his bulge. He rested his back against the cool tile of the shower, eyes squinted shut. His toes curled at the thought. He twisted his bulge around his fingers, moaning softly.

He wondered what it would feel like… to suck someone off. fuck, fuck…

His face flushed deeply, knees on the verge of buckling. He had only really thought of shit like this in a more… abstract sense? It had only ever crossed his mind in regards to insults and twisted humor.

But now, he was thinking of it in a whole new way. He imagined himself on his knees in front of someone… a highblood. Pleasing them… servicing them. In his rightful place, swallowing cum like a good like whore. And then getting to cum in a reward....

Karkat’s breath turned ragged as his hand moved back slightly to shove two fingers into his nook, scissoring them inside of him.

God, what the fuck.

He slid down the shower wall, curling up at the bottom. The hot water poured over him, distracting him from the fact that he had been holding his breath. He pumped his bulge even harder. A whine curled it’s way from his throat, as he was still sensitive from his previous orgasm. He squinted his eyes, trying to remember what his father had said.

The name he had given… Cronus. He said they credited the video to the name Cronus Ampora.

“Cronus…” He murmured.

The word slid off his tongue... oh so very smoothly.

He smiled softly, his chest seeming to warm in response. “May I please suck it, master?” He mimicked quietly.

He imagined… Cronus… grabbing him by the hair. Forcing him to crane his neck, twist and strain, to reach the bulge he wanted oh so dearly.

Karkat’s toes curled, a soft keen escaping him in response.

He felt his jaw relax as he reached up to suck on his red stained fingers. Karkat’s breath came out
hot and heavy as he licked them clean. The hand on his bulge kept stroking faster and faster until...he stopped.

Slowly letting his fingers fall from his mouth, Karkat swallowed. “I’m not fucking cumming to this...” In a tremendous show of strength, Karkat reached up to turn the water all the way to freezing cold.

Chapter End Notes

Eyy, again, sorry for the hiatus. I just got caught up in other shit, honestly. But, we're back, and ready to rumble! Please leave a comment if you've gotten this far, it really helps to know how much of our audience is still reading. Thank you so much!

A note Fidget Sinner: Ok, also, ps, if any of you recognize me on one of my sfw art accounts, don't be afraid to say hi! In. Private messages. not ahha. comments?? I just don't want my safe shit tied to my... ahha rapey incest porn?? I do appreciate you for reading/viewing my shit though! It means a ton. <3
Kankri dabbed at Karkat’s forehead with a washcloth, expression pained and tired.

Karkat didn't meet his gaze, instead staring at the ceiling. Vomit lined the corners of his mouth, and the taste of acid stuck to the back of his throat. His eyes widened at the feeling of his stomach turning. He tapped quickly on Kankri’s wrist, breath held.

Kankri fumbled for a plastic bowl, holding it to Karkat’s face.

Lurching forward, Karkat emptied the contents of his stomach into the bowl.

Kankri grimaced, rubbing his brother's back.

After a bit of heaving, Karkat recovered, gasping.

Kankri put the bowl aside and retrieved a bottle of water.

Karkat stared at it pitifully, fists curling. “I’m... Just gonna puke it up…” he muttered.

Kankri glared at him sternly, pressing it to his chest.

“Please don't make me fucking-” Karkat whimpered.

“Oh, don't give me that.” He rolled his eyes and unscrewed the cap. He tipped it into Karkat’s mouth, who had no choice but to drink.

“You're going to get over this.” Kankri said quietly. “Remember when you had Blister Flue? Back on Alternia?”

Karkat groaned dully. “It's been thoroughly repressed. But... yeah.”

Kankri smiled compassionately. “If you made it through that.... You're gonna be ok.”

[CC] started pestering [CA] at 4:13

NC: hey, amshora

UA: wvhat do you vwant?

NC: no need to get snappy, i’m just tailing ya that since yoar vid went up, the signless has lost a lot of fuckin credit. So nice job.

UA: Oh, thanks!

NC: Yeah, of course. Now ahah. So, my mom wants me staying over at your house for a while...
to oversee the filming and such. Have a little more say, I guess.

UA: Ok! When will you be over?

NC: Oh yeah um about that. I’m in the car. Should be there in an hour or so.

UA: WHAT

NC: Listen- she’s not a very agreeable woman. I woulda given you moar notice if I could’ve.

UA: Nonono, Meenah, this place is a fuckin wreck-

NC: Whale, then you better start cleaning, huh? Sorry for the inconvenience.

[NC] ceased pestering [UA] at 4:20

Cronus fumbled to stand, looking frantically around his mess of a bedroom. He cracked open the windows and started piling clothes into his closet. “DAD!” He shouted. He continued cleaning hastily, but was met with no response. “DAAAAAAAADD!!” He screamed.

“WHAAAAAT!!”

“MEENAH’S COMING OVER, START CLEANING!!!”

Dualscar took a long second to mull over that sentence. He looked over the table, strewn with whiskey, vodka, and scotch bottles. He grumbled to himself, and started screwing lids back on them.

Once Cronus was satisfied with his room, he briefly scanned over the hallways. Most of it was in… agreeable shape. He pushed into Eridan’s room, about to ask him to pitch in… when. He paused, gaze lingering on the empty bed. He stepped in quietly, a lump forming in his throat. He stood there for a minute or so, his head swimming with unwelcome thoughts. He took a slow breath, slicking back his hair. If… he didn’t get to see Eridan again after the fucking… disaster he made of their relationship…

He clapped his hands together, forcing a laugh to help bite back the tears he felt forming in his eyes. “It’s fine, it’s fine,” he murmured to himself, forcing a chuckle. He closed the door behind him, smile dissolving into a grimace. He shook it off once more, scanning the hallway for anything that needed doing. His gaze landed on Karkat’s room.

He rubbed his sweaty palms on his jeans, resolving to pay the kid a visit. He pushed open the door, almost gagging at the smell.

Kankri looked up at him bitterly as he barged in. “What- is it,” he asked, clearly irritated.

Karkat stared at him through glassy eyes, but said nothing.

Cronus’s eyes drifted to the puke bowl on the floor. “Jesus christ- wait, howv much has he thrown up?” He asked, rushing over to Kankri’s side.

“I have things… under control.” Kankri said in a steely tone that made Cronus’s back stiffen.
“I- fuck, Kan, he should be in the hospital!”

Kankri shook his head slowly, eyes hollow. “Yeah, haha, right. Like they give a fuck if he lives.”

Cronus’s eyes widened, bewildered. “Kankri- you aren’t- seriously going to try to take care of him yourself, are you?”

Kankri said nothing, tipping more water into his brother’s mouth. “Swish it around, or the vomit will rot your teeth.”

Cronus took a sharp breath. “You’re fucking crazy,” he muttered under his breath, retreating to the door. He walked briskly to his father’s room, eyes wide.

Dualscar emerged from his room, having put on a suit. “Cro- can you tie this for me?” He asked, holding out his tie.

“Dad- Karkat needs to get to a fucking hospital-”

Dualscar blinked, looking Cronus up and down. “What… did something happen?”

Cronus lead him back to the room, pushing open the door.

Dualscar gagged as he entered, eyes narrowed.

Kankri stared at him dully, cradling Karkat’s head.

Dualscar looked back at him, eyes narrowing. “Kankri…”

“I’m not leaving him in the hands some know-nothing-stuck-up-highblood!” Kankri spat, scowling. “I’ve gotten him through worse, ok?”

Dualscar looked Karkat up and down. He wasn’t… healthy looking, not by a long shot. His cheeks were pale and sweaty, and dark circles had grown under his eyes. But… hospitalization still seemed like a strong measure to take. He met Kankri’s gaze and nodded softly. “Let’s just… start with a prescription…” he grumbled. “I can get someone to pick something up from the pharmacy,” He mumbled, shutting the door behind him.

Cronus bit his lip, clearly antsy. He followed his father back to the master bedroom, clearly restless. “I- Dad, Kankri’s been acting fucking… weird, hasn’t he?”

Dualscar gave a deep shrug. “His situation is fucked, Cronus. Not his fault for growin’ an attitude.”

“That’s not what I meant exactly…” He kicked at the carpet. “Wwhy- wwhy the fuck wwon’t he take Karkat to a hospital?”

“I probably wouldn’t trust ‘em either if I grew up a mutant in alternia…” Dualscar groveled. “Much less a mutant whore.”

Cronus went stiff, eyes narrowing. “Dad- don’t… call him that.”

Dualscar leaned his back against the door. “Wasn’t name callin’ him, Cro.” He stared out the shut window, shaking his head. “Poor fuckin’ kid.”

Cronus went still, trying to put together where his father was going. “… you think he was a prostitute.”
“It’s pretty damn clear, don’t you think?” Dualscar pulled a cigarette from his pocket, lighting it. Cronus swallowed. “I—” He trailed off, shrugging.

Dualscar gave a half laugh, shaking his head. “Not surprised he’s actin’ irrational, is the point.”

“What should we do?” Cronus asked softly.

“Dunno. Frankly, it’s in the hands of Peixies and Makara at this point. They’re the ones callin’ the shots.” He cleared his throat, adjusting the loose tie hanging around his neck. “Speaking of…” He walked over to Cronus, holding it out for him.

“Dad, I don’t know how to do that shit,” Cronus muttered, fumbling with the tie. Dualscar gave a long sigh. “I’d teach you if I wasn’t hungover,” he muttered.

“Can you stop drinking for four goddamn hours.” Cronus asked, frustrated.

“... My son’s gone, Cro.” Dualscar muttered, rubbing his eyes. “It’s a lot... harder than it fuckin’ sounds.”

“Your son’s right here, dad. And he fucking needs you right now.” Cronus grumbled. He threw the tie to the ground, storming downstairs.

Dualscar stared after him, bleary eyed. Bending down, he picked the tie up and sighed, jamming it into his pocket.

The garishly pink limo pulled up in front of the Ampora’s residence, it looked rather stupid and out of place in it’s scenic surroundings. The chauffeur hopped out of the drivers side door and moved to open the door to let Meenah Peixes exit. Her bag was slung over her shoulder, full of enough clothes and all of her jewelry and electronics to keep her here for a while. Waving the chauffeur off, Meenah walked alone up to the front door and pressed the doorbell. Cronus opened it casually, unable to mask the frustration on his face. Meenah looked him up and down, cocking an eyebrow. “Rough day?”

He huffed, opening the door for her.

She swayed in, almost gagging at the smell. “Jesus Christ, Ampora, your house smells like a Molotov cocktail gone wrong!”

“My... apologies, Ms. Peixes,” Dualscar mumbled, swaying down the stairs.

“Oh god, what happened to you?” She asked, giving him the once over.

“My son went missing, Ma’am. Have some... fucking sympathy.” He groveled.

She rolled her eyes. “Where’s the Vantases.”

“KANKRI!!” Dualscar hollered upstairs. “GET DOWN HERE.”
After a minute or so, he shuffled downstairs.

He looked Meenah up and down, clearly unimpressed by her presence.

“Vantas,” She greeted him, reaching out a hand.

He took it unenthusiastically. “Pixies.”

She laughed awkwardly. “Anybay, let’s get this dump up and working, sound good?”

“Working, as in, are we shooting a scene today?” Kankri grumbled, eyes lidded.

“Whale yeah no ship, we gotta cash in on the high that everyone’s on.” Meenah grinned and socked him playfully again, “You’re a star, baybe.” Laughing raucously, she moved further inside the house, “Hey, Amshora senior, got a room with space in front of a large bed?”

He gave hesitant nod, “Yes... any of the bedrooms would be serviceable.”

"Perfect." She motioned for them to follow her upstairs. “Keep up buoys.” She turned into the nearest open bedroom, dumping her second duffel bag onto the ground.

She pulled out three poles and set them on the ground and telescoped them out. She turned them on, revealing strong LED lights which gave the room a soft glow focused on the bed. She hoisted a few cameras out of her bag and set them up on tripods. She then seated herself on her directors chair, admiring her work. “Yup. All ready to shoot. Get naked, we’re winging it in 5,” Meenah announced, checking her phone notifications.

“Winging it?” Kankri asked, raising a tired eyebrow.


He flushed, staring at the floor. “... okay.” After a bit of hesitation, he stripped.

He, Cronus, and Dualscar made their way onto the bed, all notably flushing.

Kankri made eye contact with each, his gaze tired and uncaring. He gave a soft chuckle, moving towards Cronus.

“Now, bouys, I imagine you all have some sexual tension. Now’s the time to let it out, alright? Remember- this is for Karkat. The more intense the porn, the better chance he has. Got it?”

Cronus and Dualscar nodded, their hungry gazes fixing on Kankri.

Kankri leaned back against the headboard, snickering to himself.

“Alright. Take one, and rolling.”

Kankri’s expression shifted from dry to pitifully desperate within a fraction of a second. He moaned, deep and sweet, his hands drifting up his torso. “Please- god, please~”

Dualscar bit his lip lightly, staring Kankri down dangerously. “Please... what.”

“Ahhh~ Please fuck me, master! Please please please, I need it! God... I need it...” He keened, tears prickling his eyes.

Cronus gently fixed his fingers into Kankri’s hair, kissing a trail up the side of his face. “Such a
sweet little toy for us... huh, babe?"

Kankri trembled, nodding pathetically.

Dualscar snickered, lifting Kankri’s hips and pulling them to his own. Kankri slipped away from Cronus, his chest flat against the mattress.

Dualscar gave a coy chuckle, grinding against Kankri’s nook.

Kankri gasped, his fists curling in response. “God, please, please, please, just fuck me, master! I want it... I want to be your mutant, lowblood slut forever~”

Cronus smiled, cupping Kankri’s chin in his hand. He pulled him into a kiss, his bulge twining in his fingers.

Kankri keened against the kiss as he felt Dualscar grind against him harder yet.

“What a beautiful-” He rutted his hips against Kankri’s again- “Obedient-” and again- “little-” and again… “Whore.”

Kankri downright groaned, trembling.

“Couldn’t agree vwith you more.” Cronus pulled Kankri’s head up to stare into his eyes. He smirked, leading his bulge to Kankri’s open mouth.

Kankri accepted it greedily, rutting his nook against Dualscar’s bulge.

Dualscar gave a low groan, deciding he had had enough teasing. He lead his cock to Kankri’s waiting slit, eyes lidding at the sensation.

Kankri whined, loud and sweet around Cronus’s bulge.

“Fuck- Kan-” Cronus sputtered, nearly doubling over in response.

Kankri bobbed his head up and down Cronus’s bulge, resting his hands on his matesprit’s hips.

Cronus met his father’s gaze, his grip around Kankri’s head tightening.

Dualscar looked away, giving Kankri a sharp smack on the ass.

Kankri jumped some, another moan falling from his lips. Out of the camera’s sight, however, he kicked at Dualscar’s kneecap, shooting a glare over his shoulder.

Dualscar’s eyes widened at this. He had to stop himself from apologizing, instead stroking gingerly at the spot.

Kankri seemed to soften at that, sighing softly.

“So good for me...” Dualscar growled quietly. “Such a good... fucking pet.”

Kankri whimpered, slumping at Dualscar’s tone.

Cronus stroked his fingers through Kankri’s hair gently, brushing it back.

The sudden show of affection sent a chill up Kankri’s arms.

Dualscar followed suit, briefly drawing back to kiss up Kankri’s spine.
Cronus followed suit, retracting from Kankri’s mouth to simply kiss at his forehead.

Meenah pursed her lips, staring at the three with a wry confusion. They go from foreplay… to fucking… then back to foreplay?

Dualscar rested his lips at Kankri’s ear. “Mine,” he whispered, quiet enough that it couldn’t have been for the camera.

Kankri stared back at him dully. He went weak in the knees however, as Dualscar slammed back into him. “Y- yours!” He chirped.

Cronus glared at his father, rolling his eyes.

Dualscar continued fucking Kankri with reckless abandon, his fingers gripping his pudgy little torso nice and tight.

Cronus straightened, returning Kankri’s attention to his bulge. He stretched his back as he thrusted, advertising his admittedly well defined abs.

Meenah stared from aside, admiring him silently, while pretending to scroll down her notifications absenty.

Cronus took heavy breaths, bobbing Kankri’s head up and down his length. He covered his mouth with his hand, swallowing. He slowed down some, not wanting to be the first to finish.

Kankri, however, seemed to have a very strong desire for Cronus to be the first to cum. He swirled his tongue back and forth against Cronus’s bulge, drawing a deep groan from the seadweller.

Dualscar released a low snicker at his son’s expression. He rammed himself even harder into Kankri’s nook, making him sputter around the bulge in his mouth.

“Fuuck…” Cronus groaned. His gaze lingered on Meenah, as if silently asking her for permission.

She gestured for him to pull out.

He did so reluctantly.

Then she gave him the thumbs up.

He held his breath, tensing every muscle in his body as he finished, all over Kankri’s face.

Kankri stuck out his tongue, wincing only slightly at the cold hitting his cheeks.

Cronus lay back against the headboard, catching his breath.

Dualscar smirked, grabbing Kankri by the hair and pulling him into his lap. “Got you all to myself then, huh…” He licked a trail up Kankri’s neck, smirking.

Kankri keened, his toes curling. “Yes, master!!”

Dualscar hummed softly. “That’s what I like to hear.” He continued his rough thrusting, making Kankri moan nice and loud. “So nice to see little mutant whores like you put in their place, huh…”

A chill went up Kankri’s spine. “Y- yes…”

Dualscar’s eyes widened slightly. “I mean sluts,” he tried to correct himself.
Kankri just looked away, rolling his eyes.

Meenah made some confused gestures from behind the camera, urging them to move on.

Dualscar swallowed, pulling Kankri close to his chest. “So… pretty for me…” He whispered.

Kankri moaned, his legs shaking. “Please, master… fuck me harder-!”

Dualscar gave a steady groan, quickening his pace. He stared at Kankri from the corner of his eye, expression hazy. “You want my cum?” He purred in a tone that was all too appealing.

Kankri nodded quickly, trying to stifle a keen by holding his breath.

Dualscar smirked, breathing slowly over Kankri’s neck. “Then take it.”

Kankri nearly shrieked, back arching as cool fluid flooded his nook. His hands gripped the sheets on either side of him and he panted. Eyes dropping to his own bulge, writhing and streaking his stomach with red, and he whined out, “P-please master, l-let me cum! I-I’m so close please just touch me please~!”

Dualscar’s eyes darted to Meenah’s quickly, who slowly she shook her head. Tutting his tongue, his hands moved to touch Kankri’s thighs, almost on his nook, but not quite. “Don’t you know by now, Kankri?” He growled out in his ear, “Mutant sluts like you don’t get to cum.”

Kankri’s eyes widened. “Ahhh god….” He whimpered, squirming in Dualscar’s grip. He looked up at Dualscar pitifully, tears prickling his eyes. “Y…” He slumped in his arms. “Yes… master.”

“Aaaaand, cut!” Meenah announced.

The three took deep, heavy breaths all staring at one another.

After a moment of simply sitting there, Dualscar peeled himself off Kankri.

Kankri groaned, his bulge still twisting uncontrollably.

“Can I… take care of ‘im?” Dualscar asked Meenah, pointing at Kankri.

“Why doncha ask him that,” Meenah responded, shutting off the stage lights.

Kankri met Dualscar’s eye, gaze hazy.

“You want me to make ya cum, kid?” He purred softly.

Cronus tisked from the other side of the bed, pulling on his shirt. “He can take care of himself.”

Dualscar glared at his son coldly, huffing. “But I bet I could make it feel so much better than that…” He murmured. “Ye were so good just now, after all… ye deserve it.”

Kankri took short breaths, desperate tears prickling his eyes. “P-please-” he whimpered.

Dualscar bowed his head, chuckling softly. His fingers wandered to Kankri’s nook, plunging inside.

“Fuck…” Kankri groaned. He held his breath, squinting his eyes shut. After a couple minutes, Kankri went tense. Red splattered the bed as he slumped against Dualscar’s chest, moaning.
Dualscar smiled, petting Kankri’s hair to the side.

Kankri took a second to catch his breath, before slipping from Dualscar’s grip.

Dualscar felt tempted to hold him to his chest… if only for a minute more. But he let it go.

Kankri pulled his clothes on, wiping his face. He glanced at Dualscar over his shoulder. “Take the shower after me,” He said, voice dry. “You smell like shit.” With that, he stumbled to the bathroom.

Karkat stared out the window. He tried to tune out the echoing voice of his brother’s moans, gritting his teeth. In this moment, he found the idea nothing but revolting. He groaned, covering his eyes with his hand, trying to ignore the scent of vomit that flooded his nostrils.

Chapter End Notes

WHooWIE! Thanks for reading again! Lemme know if you enjoyed, reading your comments is 90% of what drives me tbh
Kurloz spun his club around in his hand, eyes sharp with focus.

Gamzee sat on a bench across from him, resting his chin on his hand. He rolled his tongue around in his mouth, casually tossing an orange at his brother’s head.

Kurloz’s gaze shot to it, and with a split second reaction, he slammed it out of the air.

It splattered on the ground, reduced to pulp and juice.

Kurloz made a T symbol with his hands, glancing behind him at the countless other maimed fruits.

Eridan watched silently as Kurloz handed Gamzee the clubs. He went tense as Kurloz sat next to him.

Kurloz repeated the procedure, tossing an apple at Gamzee.

Gamzee missed, cursed, and then smashed it where it lay on the ground.

‘DON’T WORRY BROTHER, YOU’VE GOT IT.’

A chill ran up Eridan’s spine as Kurloz’s voice echoed in his mind.

“I know, I know. Keep going.”

After a couple more tosses, Gamzee started to get the hang of it, swatting the odd banana and grapefruit to the ground.

Kurloz’s eyes drifted to Eridan as he tossed fruit at his brother absentmindedly. ‘SOMETHING THE MATTER, MOTHERFUCKER?’

Eridan jolted, eyes widening. “N- no-”

‘YOU’RE STIFF AS A FUCKING PLANK, BROTHER.’

Eridan looked away, fidgeting with the hem of his sleeve. “I- I’m- I’m fine!” He stuttered, trying desperately to not reveal how… fucking terrified he was. He swallowed, looking away. His eyes widened, as suddenly his vision flashed purple. He could feel Kurloz’s searching through his mind, his emotions.

Kurloz looked him up and down, eyes lidding in understanding.

“Ey, Kurloz!” Gamzee shouted, waving his club in the air.

Kurloz tossed him a peach, eyes still lingering on Eridan.

‘WE’LL… TALK LATER.’ With that, Kurloz waved briefly at Gamzee, and departed.

“Hey- Kurloz…” Gamzee could only watch him go. “… Great.” He stared at Eridan, sighing. “Hungry?”
Gamzee dug his teeth into his steak, stretching the meat between his hands.

Eridan stared at him uncomfortably, glancing down at his own plate. Ghb smirked at Eridan, pushing him playfully from across the table. “Eat something. You won’t last here motherfucking long if you’re just skin and bones.”

Eridan winced, nodding. He still felt almost nauseous from Kurloz flipping through his mind, but the guy was right. He slowly began to chew down his meal.

Grand looked between the two as they ate.

To his frustration… there didn’t seem to be that much chemistry in the air. He knew they had pailed in the chapel, and he couldn’t have been more thrilled. But Gamzee hadn’t been hate horny since, and Eridan seemed to feel no desire to provoke him.

He had never really played matchmaker before, but he was getting impatient. He wasn’t sure if he should use his voodos to stir black feelings between the two of them, but if nothing happened soon, he would certainly be tempted. He supposed he would have time to think about it while his son was at school.

Speaking of…

“Gamzee…” He tapped on his watch.

Gamzee looked him up and down, sighing. “This is… motherfucking horseshit…” He muttered, collecting his things from the ground.

“Wwait, wwhere are you goin’?” Eridan asked, starting to follow him.

“School, motherfucker,” Gamzee responded.

Eridan’s eyes widened. “C… can I go too?”

Ghb laughed from behind them. “Not a motherfucking chance, brother.”

Feeling his stomach drop, Eridan went stiff. He held onto Gamzee’s arm, trailing after him to the door. He met his eye, shaking his head pleadingly.

Gamzee frowned, swallowing. He gently shook himself from Eridan’s grip. “I’m sorry,” he murmured. He gave Eridan one more soft glance, and disappeared down the hall.

Eridan took a quiet breath. He could feel Grand’s eyes boring down on him from behind. He glanced over his shoulder, meeting the man’s gaze. “I- I gotta-” He stumbled back, starting for his room. Before he could get far, however, his muscles tensed and froze. As he felt himself march back to the table, his mind seemed to flicker and pulse, a deep ache spreading through his head. He seated himself, a quiet gasp slipping from his lips.

Reaching over the table, Ghb gave a deep, raspy chuckle. He ruffled Eridan’s hair affectionately, movements heavy. “Finish your food, motherfucker. There will be plenty of time for exploring later, I assure you.”

Eridan winced, squinting his eyes shut.

Ghb stared at him, resting his chin on his palm. “… So? EAT, MOTHERFUCKER.”
Eridan jolted in his seat at the command. He took a second to calm himself, before hastily cutting into his steak. He scarfed down bite after bite, desperately longing to escape to his room.

Ghb watched him with unblinking eyes, seemingly amused at Eridan’s terror. Slowly but surely, his eyes began to flash purple once more.

Eridan continued to eat, his mind slowly growing… foggy. Slowly, his eyes began to droop. His grip on his fork and knife loosened, his body being lulled into relaxation.

Ghb slid out of his seat, making his way around the table. He ran his fingers through Eridan’s hair, leaning in to whisper in his ear. “Oh… come on, brother.” He dragged his fingers down Eridan’s neck. “Why so…” His grip latched around Eridan’s torso, jerking him close. “Tense?”

Eridan trembled in Ghb’s grip, his head rolling back on his shoulders.

Ghb nipped at Eridan’s ear, a broad smirk spreading over his lips. “Maybe… I can help a motherfucker… relax some.”

A whine pulled itself from Eridan’s throat as Ghb cradled him. His bulge began to loosen itself from it’s sheath.

Ghb’s smile faded some as he ran his next actions through his mind. “You horny, motherfucker?” he hissed, thumbs massaging Eridan’s skin.

Eridan gave a reluctant nod, eyes rolling back.

Ghb hummed. “Good.” He grabbed Eridan by the chin, smirking. “You… are not going to cum. You may touch yourself… fuck, you can touch yourself all motherfucking day. But- you will only reach satisfaction, when Gamzee… says you can.”

Eridan nodded pitifully, his thighs rubbing together.

“And you will think about him for every second of pleasure you feel. Understand?”

Eridan gave another pathetic nod. “Y… yes, sir…” He drawled, drunk off the voodoos pulsing through his mind.

Ghb smirked, biting at his ear once more. “Wonderful…” He gave a dark laugh, before finally departing.

Eridan stared after him, fists curling around the table cloth. He choked down another moan, slumping against the bench.

Kurloz took a deep sigh, resting his fingers on his temples as he stared at graphs and statistics. As predicted, catnip was proving itself as their most profitable product by far. His gaze lingered over the numbers. Fuck… fuck. He had lost a solid two hundred customers in both coal and catronal sales. Fuck… they must have made that last strain too strong…

He stared at those figures, eyes glazing over. Fuck… fuck. He needed a break. He pushed his chair in, shuffling his way to the lounge. He glanced inside, gaze lingering on Eridan. He nodded his head to the boy in acknowledgment, before continuing to the fridge.

Eridan stat frozen, staring at the floor. His fists trembled around the table cloth, a chill running up
his spine.

Kurloz glanced him up and down, eyebrows knitting.

Eridan squinted his eyes shut, seeming to curl into himself.

‘... WHAT’S WRONG?’

Eridan said nothing, only releasing a trembling exhale.

Kurloz stared down at him, slowly activating his voooods. He searched through Eridan’s mind… finding… what was quite clearly his father’s handiwork. He gave a frustrated sigh, managing to lul Eridan’s sex drive do rest.

After a few seconds, Eridan managed to sit up. He stared at Kurloz out of the corner of his eye, eyebrows knit together in fear and concern.

Kurloz tisked softly, shaking his head. ‘... MOTHERFUCKER… IT’S OK. RELAX.’ He glanced him up and down, sighing softly. ‘NOT GONNA HURT A MOTHERFUCKER.’

Eridan gave him another cautious glance, shying away.

‘... YOU BE FEARIN ME LIKE THE PLAGUE ITSELF.’

Eridan stilled, his fingers going tense. “W-w… wwhat?”

Kurloz huffed, leaning back on the counter. He stared at him, head shaking. ‘... IF YOU’RE GONNA BE TERRIFIED OF ME, AT LEAST HAVE THE DECENCY TO DO IT FOR THE RIGHT REASON…’

“... um- I-” Eridan’s fingers went numb as he gripped the hem of his sleeve, thoroughly unsure of how to respond.

Kurloz gave a shallow sigh. He kicked open the fridge and retrieved a bottle of vodka. He poured himself a glass, fetching a straw from the cabinet. ‘... NEVERMIND. HAHA, MOTHERFUCK, I’M SORRY. I’M NOT MAKING MUCH SENSE AT THE MOMENT.’ He leaned back against the counter, swirling his drink in his hand. ‘... I. SO, YOU THINK I’M TO BLAME FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO KARKAT, HUH.’

Eridan held his breath, expression fixed on the table. Though he didn’t speak… his thoughts seemed to say it all.

Kurloz scoffed, shaking his head. ‘WASN’T MY FAULT…’ he murmured. His voice seemed to swim with a confused static.

Eridan was gonna fucking puke if that sound kept up in his head.

‘I’M THE ONLY ONE WHO GAVE A FUCK ABOUT WHAT WAS BEST FOR HIM- I… HAHA, I FUCKED UP. YEAH, YEAH, I FUCKED UP, I KNOW THAT, BUT THAT DOESN’T MAKE ME MOTHERFUCKING EVIL! OK. I FUCKED UP, I FUCKED UP, I FUCKED UP, AND I’M SORRY!’ He covered his face with his hands, giving an infuriated exhale into his palms. ‘SO WHAT THE FUCK DO I HAVE TO DO TO PROVE THAT I DIDN’T WANT THIS.’ The angry buzz in Kurloz’s words seemed to grow louder as he spoke.

Eridan doubled forward, a hand moving to cover his mouth. His thoughts seemed to distort and
melt through the static. The next thing he knew he felt Kurloz pulling him out of the kitchen and into a bathroom. Eridan barely had time to crawl to the toilet before he vomited.

He sat there, kneeled in front of the toilet, until the static in his head seemed to fade. “...Ww-... wwhat the fuck... wwas that?” He murmured, clutching at his pants.

Kurloz leaned casually against the sink cabinet, a steady sigh escaping him. ‘... FUCK. I’M SORRY. THAT… JUST… HAHA, I’M SORRY BROTHER- I’M USUALLY… BETTER WITH TUNING THAT SHIT OUT.’

“W-what- shit ?” Eridan crawled away from Kurloz, his back hitting the bathtub.

‘... HARD TO EXPLAIN. JUST… LEFTOVER THOUGHTS AND EMOTIONS. ACCIDENTALLY CHANNELED THAT SHIT TO YOU, AND... WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU’RE NOT THE MOST COMPATIBLE RECEPTOR. FUCK- AGAIN. SORRY. IT- IT’S BEEN A ROUGH WEEK.’

Eridan slowly nodded, trying to grasp at an understanding.

‘... SO. CARE TO EXPLAIN- WHY THE MOTHERFUCK YOU THINK I’M TO BLAME FOR THIS MESS.’

He stared at Kurloz from the corner of his eye, eyebrows furrowing. A clear distrust seemed to seep from his posture and expression.

Kurloz rolled his eyes, ‘HHA- MOTHERFUCKER. WHY- WHY, WHY… WHY . JUST TELL ME-’ A forced smile tugged at his stitches, ‘-WHY. WHAT… WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING THROUGH YOUR HEAD. YOU- HAHA. I DESERVE SO MUCH AS A SHOT, DON’T YOU THINK?’ He chuckled cynically, picking at his lip with his teeth.

Eridan gave a breathy laugh, covering his forehead with his hands, “You… you think I should give you a shot? You... after all the fucking SHIT you’ve put me, and those i love through... you wwant to knoww wwhy I don’t trust you enough for that.” He clutched at his knees, a lump forming in his throat. “Y- you turned my best friend- no, my boyfriend into a… into a drug addicted- self harming- little pain slut.” He leaned back against the bathtub, rocking back and forth. “Hahah- um-” He shook his head, squinting his eyes shut and desperately trying to swallow the tears he felt building in his throat. “A- and I have no reason- no reason at all to believe you wwould hesitate to do the same to me.” He gave a slow exhale, eyebrows furrowed. “So- I’m sorry… that I don’t trust you. And I’m sorry that you make… fucking terrified.”

Kurloz kept his gaze locked on Eridan, eyes drifting up and down his defeated figure.

“Ok?” Eridan whimpered. “Is that... wwhat you wwanted me to tell you? Is that… the explanation you needed?”

Kurloz stared into empty space for a long minute, chewing at his lip. ‘... IT’S NOT LIKE THAT.’ He stood, hands lacing in his hair. ‘IT WAS FOR HIS OWN MOTHERFUCKING GOOD- OR- FUCK... FUCK, OR AT THE VERY LEAST, I THOUGHT IT WOULD HELP HIM IN THE MOMENT. IT’S NOT MY FAULT. IT WAS YOUR FAMILY WHO GOT HIM ON THE DRUGS, NOT MINE, AND NOT ME. WE WERE HERE TO HELP. WE WANTED TO HELP HIM RECOVER. HE NEEDED DRUGS, I GAVE HIM DRUGS. HE NEEDED SEX, I GAVE HIM SEX. DID I TAKE IT TOO FAR? YES. DID I… DID I WANT TO HURT HIM?’ He shook his head, covering his mouth with his hand. ‘... NO… NO, OF MOTHERFUCKING COURSE NOT.’
Eridan stared up at him, lip curled.

Kurloz let his hands fall to his sides, staring down at Eridan. ‘AND I DON’T WANT TO HURT YOU.’

Eridan stared at the floor. “Then help me.” He clung to the shower curtains as he stood, a trembling vulnerability to his movements. “Tell me… wwhy… wwhy the fuck does your dad wwant me here. W-” He held his breath, biting down another sob. “Wwhat the fuck… is he trying to do to me?”

Kurloz stared at him, his posture tensing.

“Please…” Eridan croaked, his hands trembling where he held them. “I don’t knoww wwhat the fuck is going on.”

Kurloz looked to the ground, eyes wide. He took a step back, covering his mouth with his hands. Slowly, he began to nod. ‘... OK.’ He met Eridan’s eye, a conviction seeming to fill him. ‘... FINE. HAHAA… FINE.’ he slowly drew nearer and nearer. ‘HE WANTS YOU HERE… SO HE CAN TURN YOU INTO GAMZEE’S PERSONAL... LITTLE... WHORE.’

Eridan stumbled back, tripping over the rim of the bathtub. He grabbed at the shower curtains to try and regain his balance as Kurloz continued.

‘HE WANTS YOU AS A STATUS SYMBOL- HE WANTS YOU AS AN EXPERIMENT. HE WANTS YOU TO PUSH MY BROTHER, SO THAT HE CAN PUSH YOU BACK. HE WANTS GAMZEE TO MOTHERFUCKING BREAK YOU.’

Eridan finally tumbled back into the bathtub, his ass hitting the cool porcelain. He whimpered, staring back up at Kurloz.

Kurloz keeled over him, eyes harsh and solid. ‘IF YOU WANT TO MAKE IT THROUGH THIS-DO NOT. PROVOKE GAMZEE. DO NOT ENGAGE WITH GAMZEE. AND DO NOT ACT ON ANY SEXUAL FEELINGS YOU MAY BE HAVING. FUCK, DON’T EVEN LET THEM BE KNOWN. BECAUSE THE SECOND GAMZEE SEES YOU AS A FUCK TOY- THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT YOU WILL BECOME.’ Kurloz leaned in close to him, eyes dark and intimidating. ‘SO BE… MOTHER- FUCKING... WARY.’ Kurloz offered Eridan a hand. ‘AND MAYBE YOU STAND A FUCKING CHANCE.’

Chapter End Notes

Yeet! Not dead! Sorry for the hiatus, but, honestly, working on this story so much was getting a lillll bit tiring. And... I think it showed in the writing. :( I'm going to try and aim for a chapter a month, which, I know isn't great, but at least it's something? But, yeah! Thanks for reading n stuff! :D!
Chapter 35

Chapter by orphan_account

Chapter Notes

Heya! Sorry for the long ass hiatus. I've been busy, and the perfectionism got to me. I've been going back and revising earlier chapters tho? So it's not like I really abandoned this. Anywho, hope this chapter shows!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Karkat stared at his tablet, eyes glazing over.

The video streamed for what must have been the fourth time that afternoon. He had honestly stopped keeping track. He had slowly branched out into other porn, but he always found himself coming back to this one. How could he not.

His lips muttered over Kankri’s begs and moans, mimicking the words. He had the thing well past memorized at this point.

The minutes seemed to melt away as the video drew to a close once more. He refreshed the page, restarting it from the beginning. As it played, his gaze wandered to the sidebar.

‘Mutant blooded whore takes two seadwellers at once!!’

Karkat’s eyes went wide. A giddy grin spread across his face as he kicked at his sheets in excitement. He bit his lip, and fumbled to find a place to hide.

He locked the bathroom door behind him, sliding down to the ground. He crawled over to the bathtub and turned on the shower to muffle whatever... sounds- might escape him.

Huddling in the corner, he pulled down his jeans. Coaxing his bulge out of his sheathe, he made himself comfortable. A shiver ran up his spine as he hit play.

“Please- god, please!”

Karkat whined, biting his thumb. He closed his eyes, putting himself in Kankri’s place.

He threw his head back, a steady moan curling from his lips. “Ah... fuck...” He pumped his bulge harder, breath hitching. “Master... fuck... master...” His legs went tense as he pleasured himself, numbing as he continued. “Oh... god...” He started thrusting his hips forward, rutting against his palm. “Fuck... please let me cum, please let me cum~” he whined to no one, chiming in alongside the voices playing in his ears.

He was so close, he was so fucking close. And then-

“Good mutants don’t get to cum.”

Karkat went still as the video cut off. He released a curse of pure frustration, throwing his head back against the wall. He felt fucking strangled. A whimper escaping him, he slumped back against
the bathroom wall. He wanted to be a good mutant… yeah, he wanted to be master’s good little slut. He didn’t care if they could see him… he didn’t care if they even knew he existed. But some strange, depraved part of himself thought it would make them proud. How obedient he was. How worthy he was.

Across from him, he saw his reflection in the mirror on the door. His bulge continued thrashing against his stomach, painting it red. His pants were definitely ruined, spotted red. Fuck… he would probably have to burn those. He stared around himself, his pre-cum having dribbled onto the floor.

“Karkat?”

He went stiff, jolting from his spot on the ground. “WHAT IS IT?”

“Karkat, will you please get out here?” Kankri called, an annoyed edge to his tone.

Karkat froze, his cheeks flushing red at the sound of his brother’s voice. “UM- YEAH, ONE SECOND!!” He fumbled for toilet paper, hastily cleaning up the mess that was his thighs. Once satisfied, he dumped it into the toilet and flushed.

He slipped out of his clothes and stuffed them in the sink cabinet, and then fumbled for a towel to wrap around his waist. As if he had just stepped out of the shower, he went to meet Kankri.

Kankri stared at him from the doorway, arms crossed over his chest.

“What?” Karkat asked, face flushing even further.

“You used up all the hot water again,” Kankri grumbled, stepping into the room. “This is why we have a schedule- you shower in the mornings, and dad and I shower in the evenings! If you’re not going to respect this, then frankly, I’m not sure why I even wasted my good time putting it into place!”

Karkat rolled his eyes, flopping onto the bed. He tried to push aside the pounding in his chest- fuck. Fuck this was weird. His gaze drifted into the bathroom.

Fuck, he forgot to clean off the tile.

Kankri huffed, placing his hands on his hips. “How would you feel if I stole your morning shower, hmm?”

“I- ok, fuck, I’m sorry. I won’t do it again in the future, I promise,” Karkat sputtered, trying to spit out whatever he thought Kankri wanted to hear.

Kankri raised an eyebrow at the response, tipping his head in concern. He paused, sitting next to Karkat on the bed. “... Something the matter?”

For the love of fuck, just go away- “No- No, I’m fine. Everything’s good.”

Kankri frowned, shifting closer to him. “Karkat… I wish you would be more open with me… you know I’m here for you, don’t you?”

Karkat grit his teeth, shrinking away. “Yeah, yeah, I know.”

Kankri gave a soft sigh, eyebrows knitting. He held Karkat’s hand, rubbing at his palm with his thumb. “Then… talk to me. I can tell something’s off…you’re very bad at hiding your feelings, you know.”

He yanked his hand back, taking a sharp breath through grit teeth. “Yeah, ok, whatever. I’m fine. Just leave me alone, I’m tired.”
Sighing, Kankri rubbed the bridge of his nose, “Has something been keeping you up? I- please, Karkat, just talk to me-”

“I don’t think talking can solve this.”

Kankri raised his eyebrows. “So there is something bothering you.”

Karkat scowled. “I said it’s nothing. Now get out.” He shoved Kankri off the bed, pushing him towards the door.

“Karkat- I- let me help you!”

“I don’t want your fucking help! Now fuck- off-!” With that, Karkat slammed the door in his brother’s face.

Kankri stared at the door for a second, his shoulders incredibly stiff. He took a few steps back, giving a quiet huff. Fine. If Karkat wanted to be an immature, closed off, little child, Kankri couldn’t stop him. He stomped down the hall, returning to his room. He collapsed into his desk chair, staring at his laptop. He had a few new pesterchum notifications.

Mituna… mmm.

UT: H4H4KH4H4HH4KLH4LLK4L4LL4L4L4KDJFHJFDKLJH
CP: 9h b9y. Hell9, Mituna. H9w can I help y9u.
UT: THHHH8888PPPFFTTT Y0UR3 1N P0RN
CP: n9. I’m n9t.
UT: Y34H Y0U 4R3, 1’M W47CH1NG 17 R1GH7 N0W
CP: turn that 9ff! Right n9w!!
UT: LM40 N0
CP: Mituna, I swear t9 all that is g99d, TURN THAT 9FF- or I will make sure y9ur father hears ab9ut this!!
UT: Y34H R1GH7, L1K3 Y0UR3 1N 4 051710N 70 83 8L4CKM41L1NG M3 R1GH7 N0W.
CP: It’s n9t even me!!! It’s- it’s my alternian d9ppleganger!
UT: 7H0.... 175 Y0U
CP: N9!!!! He- I w9uld never… ever, even c9nsider
UT: Y34H, 0K, WH473V3R. Y0U H4V3 4 N1C3 455 LM40
CP: Mituna. Please, please, please. Just turn it 9ff. I am genuinely begging y9u.
UT: ... I’M 50RRY.
CP: … Thank y9u.
UT: 50, YOU 54W 7H3 UPD473?
CP: … There’s a new 9ne.
UT: Y34H. I H4V3 17 23T 0N PU24 N071F1C4710N2, 17 C4M3 0U7 7H17H M0RN1NG
CP: h9w 6ad is it, 9r sh9uld I 6e afraid t9 ask.
UT: 177H PR377Y FUCK1NG 0U7 7H3R3. 4ND R34LLY D4MN W13RD 70 W47CH?
C0N7H1D3R1NG 1 KN0W 7H3 WH0L3 FUCK1NG C457. 4ND CR0NU5 L0W K3Y FUCK7H
H15 D4D, WH0 U53D 70 83 MY H0M3R00M 734CH3R.
CP: … 9h.
CP: wait, wait, h9ld 9n, y9u kn9w Cr9nus?
UT: Y34H, H3’5 JU57 7H0M3 D1CKH34D WH0 U53D 70 G0 70 MY 7HCH00L.
CP: Mituna. Tell me everything you kn9w.
UT: UHM, H3 DR0PP3D 0U7 0F 553N10R Y33R 70 PL4Y G1174R 0R 50M3 R374R7D3D
5H17 L1K3 7H47? 7H477H 7H3 L457 1 54W 0F H1M.
CP: His tr9llian handle. Mituna, please, please tell me y9u have it.
UT: UHHH, Y34H, 7H0M3WH3R3?
CP: I need it. Right. N9w.
UT: 0K4Y, 0K4Y, G1V3 M3 4 7H3C0ND
CP: Fine.
UT: 17’5, UH, UP574ND1UM4R7157
CP: …
UT: upstandiumArtist.
CP: Thank y9u.

Celiqueal_Preacher began pestering upstandium_Artist

CP: hell9.
CP: Can I have a w9rd with y9u.

upstandium_Artist has joined the conversation.
UA: Kankri..?
CP: C9rrect.
UA: Ok… should I come upstairs? Is evwerything alright?
CP: mm. N9t exactly.
UA: is karkat ok?
CP: Yes…?
UA: Kan, listen, i’m sorry. But if he’s gotten any wvorse, i’m taking him to a hospital
CP: what are y9u talking about.
UA: Kankri?
CP: What. What are y9u talking a69ut.
UA: Haha, uh, Kanny, you’re scaring me
CP: what’s wr9ng with him. What did y9u d9 t9 him.
UA: jesus fucking christ, kankri, are you ok
CP: answer my fucking questi9n
UA: kankri, vwhere are you, youre scaring the shit out of me
CP: … Right. My ap919gies. This is a misunderstanding. I’m Kankri. But I’m n9t y9ur Kankri- I’m native t9 Bef9rus. What’s wr9ng with Karkat
UA: oh my god
CP: What is wr9ng with my br9ther
UA: Fuck- no, i’m sorry, this is a bad idea.
CP: What the fuck is wr9ng with my br9ther
UA: I cant fucking say it
CP: y9u- tell me right n9w.

upstandium_Artist is now an idle chum!

Cronus tossed his phone to the side, his lip curling in confusion. How was- what? He slowly kicked his way from out from under the covers and stumbled into the hall. He made his way to Karkat’s room, pushing open the door.
Kankri still hovered over him. There was a makeshift sleeping area set up next to Karkat’s bed. It looked like he had been watching him all night.

The kid looked worse. Deep hollows had formed under his cheeks, and his lips had grown cracked and bloodied.

Cronus started to take a step inside, but thought better of it. He was the last person Kankri wanted to see right now. He shut the door behind him, staring at the floor. … He was so fucking awful. God… haha, dear god, this was all his fucking fault. He shuffled downstairs, where Meenah and his father sat. Meenah on her phone, Dualscar nursing another glass of whiskey.

Cronus turned away, a flash of anger bubbling up in his chest. He stormed back to his room, picking up his phone.

upstandium_Artist is now an active chum!

UA: He’s sick.
CP: h9w sick.
UA: he’s half fucking dead. Hes half fucking dead, and goddamn it i haha oh god
CP: what happened
UA: a lot. He got kidnapped by Makaras vwho pumped him full of drugs and made him a pain slut, and nowv he’s off the drugs, and hes been puking, and starving, and kankris been looking after him, but he’s gone fucking insane, he wvont even let the kid see a fucking doctor, and my dads too drunk to do anything about it, meenah either doesn't care or doesn't knowv wvhat to do, i don't knoww wwhat to do, and god this is all my fucking fault
CP: what can I d9 t9 help.
UA: you really wvant to knoww
CP: I asked, didn’t I.
UA: you have the other karkat. The healthy one.
CP: yes...
UA: you need to bring him here. The Makaras fucked up his brain, and the only vway they can fix it is by replacing the damaged part. And there’s only one brain on beforus that’ll be compatible or vwhatever the fuck they said.
UA: frankly, if you don’t, he’s as good as fucking dead.

Kankri pulled away from his computer, eyes wide. He took a deep breath, and fumbled to go find his father. “Dad?” He called, an edge of panic to his tone. “Dad!!” He barged into the kitchen. Sign was cooking something on the stove, and Karkat was seated at the table, playing on his gamegrub.
Sign glanced over at Kankri, turning off the burner. “Yes? What is it?”

“I- I got in contact with Cronus Ampora.”

Karkat’s ears perked up at the name. He stared blankly at his console screen, tuning into the conversation.

Sign hushed his son, giving Karkat a concerned glance. “You got in… contact with him?”

“Mituna used to go to school with him- he gave me his chumhandle. He… he said other Karkat was sick?” Kankri shook his head, running his hands down his face.

“Show me,” Sign whispered. He followed Kankri to his bedroom.

Karkat stared at the table. He gave a thick swallow, fingers trembling around his console.

He shuddered, resting his head on the table. His eyebrows furrowed. Wait, what the fuck did ‘other Karkat’ mean? W- this didn’t make any fucking sense. He glanced up, looking from one side to the other as he ran over what information he had.

Kankri was in porn. Check.

Cronus Ampora was his brother’s partner. Check.

His… dad apparently knew about all this. Hmm.

Kankri… had apparently just contacted Cronus for the first time.

.

What.

What the fuck was this shit. He felt like he was missing some serious fucking pieces here. More so than usual. His family didn’t tend to fill him in on shit- he was sheltered, and he fucking knew it. His dad didn’t even let him install pesterchum, which meant his only friends were movie-stars and comic book characters. But… he rarely felt this fucking confused? He stood from the table, sinking towards Kankri’s room. He slid inside silently, moving to the corner of the room.

His father and brother hovered over the computer screen, reading the conversation.

“… Doesn’t sound like he’s making it up,” Sign muttered.

Kankri gave a nod in agreement, his eyes lingering on the messages. “What should we do?” He whispered.

“… Negotiate. But no way in hell are we letting Karkat be in the same room as a Makara.” He took a steady breath. “Ask for proof. Pictures… anything. We can make further decisions once that happens.” He rubbed his son’s shoulder, shaking his head. “I’m sorry, Kankri.” He hugged him, rubbing his back. “I’m sorry that all this is happening.”

“Me too,” Kankri muttered.

Sign pulled away, a deep sadness in his eyes. “I- send me screenshots of this conversation. I need to talk to Psii about this.”

Karkat held his breath, sinking further into the corner as his father left into the hall.
Kankri grumbled under his breath, forwarding everything to their father’s email. After doing so, he paced back into the hall.

Karkat swallowed, tip toeing over to Kankri’s computer. He felt his sheathe tighten at the sight of the purple text.

Cronus’s… text.

He shuddered, hovering over the screen. He took a note of the chumhandle, ‘upstandium_Artist.’ Alright. Fuck, what should he say. He had to say something. Fuck… he skimmed through the most recent messages, and, ok, he wasn’t even going to try to understand what the fuck that was supposed to mean. Other Karkat again. Huh. A clone, maybe? Ok, whatever, he had to focus. God, what the fuck are you supposed to say to the troll who’s been serving as your godly, worship worthy sex symbol?

CP: Um, alright, so, you’re Cronus I guess. Fuckin hey? Hha, sorry, I’m probably fucking handicapped.

UA: Uh- wvhat? Kankri?

CP: Oh, uh, no, this is… my name’s Karkat.

UA: oh. Oh boy.

CP: Fuck, fuck fuck, sorry, nevermind, I’ll just go shove my head in a fucking toaster, nevermind.

UA: Wvait, wvait, no. Stay.

CP: okay

UA: Ok, if wve’re gonna chat, it shouldn’t be on your brother’s account. Do you have my chumhandle?

CP: yes.

UA: Great. Ok, leavve the convwersation so Kankri doesn’t knowv you contacted me, and wve can chat privwately.

CP: okay!

Karkat inspected the buttons for a bit, managing to find ‘leave conversation.’ He clicked it, closed the tab, and hurried back to his room.

Ok, great, fuck, he didn’t want to keep Cronus waiting. His dad’s tablet probably had pesterchum on it already, all he had to do was make a new account.

He dug through the sink cabinet, uncovering the tablet. He sat on the toilet, and flicked through the apps. Sure enough… pesterchum. He tapped on it, logged out, and quickly set up a new account. What should his name be…

He bit his lip, swallowing.
Yeah, alright, um, fuck it. He skipped through the tutorial, and looked up ‘upstandium_artist’ under the ‘FIND CHUMS!’ search bar.

Well. Here goes fuck all.

good_Mutant began pestering upstandium_Artist.

GM: Hey… Cronus.

UA: Hi. So, Karkat. Listen… um. Wve kinda fuckin’ need you to help us wvith something. On a scale of one to ten, howv much are you wvilling to wwork with us?

GM: Ten. Fuck, anything, I’ll do anything.

UA: Oh. Wvell, that’s encouraging?

GM: Mhm! Just say the word!

UA: Alright… wvowv, you are a lot different from our Karkat, you knowv that?

GM: Your Karkat?

UA: Oh. Yeah, guess they didn’t exactly brief you on the situation, huh. The you from Alternia is staying wvith us.

GM: Oh. Oooh.

UA: Yeah. Uhm, I guess, wve just need you to get ovwer here somehowv. Bottom line.

GM: Where’s ‘here?’

UA: 1943, Orchid lane.

GM: what are you going to do to me when I’m there?

UA: Uhh. The plan is to copy your brain or some shit to patch up our Karkat, who had a little run in wvith chucklevwoodoos.

GM: ...oh.

UA: yeah. So, does that all sound good to you?

GM: Yeah… Perfect.

UA: Great. So, howvabout this. You send me the address, and I’ll come pick you up during the day. Might wvant to wwear sunscreen or somefin.

GM: I… I don’t know about this.

UA: Hmm? Wwhat’s the problem?
GM: It's pretty fucking important that our hive be kept a secret. I... I want to help, but I can’t make a risk like that.

UA: Oh. Right, forgot about that situation. We could meet somewhere else.

GM: Uh... there’s a gas station I could probably walk to. It’s on the corner of Forrest road and Sap street.

UA: Great. What time should I pick you up.

GM: Uh... eight?

UA: Awesome. I'll see you in the morning.

GM: Oh... oh, fuck.

Chapter End Notes

Yo, my dawgs, my buds, so! As always, I love reading your comments. But some news!
Aha, looks like I'm in the market for a new beta reader. Just someone to go over chapters before I post em, make sure everything reads well and makes sense, that kinda stuff.
Leave a note in the comments if you would be at all interested! I'm looking for someone with those, aha, gud critical thinkin skills, who isn't afraid to say it how it is.
Lemme know! :>
As always, thanks for sticking around!
Gamzee tossed his backpack to the floor as he slunk into the living room. School had been mediocre, and his mind was clouded as ever. He gave a nod to his father as he collapsed onto the couch.

Ghb sat at the bar, a volume of the Mirthful Gospels clutched tightly in his fingers. His stare lurked on his son, expression tired and thoughtful. He snapped the book shut and stood. His footsteps groaned on the floorboards as he lumbered towards his son.

Gamzee glanced up at Ghb, his huge figure looming over him. He said nothing, despite the questioning spark in his eye.

Ghb slid onto the couch, it creaking and groaning under his enormous weight. He folded his fingers, lips muttering over words as he considered how to phrase himself. “Would you say you’re... taking a fancy to the fish boy?”

Gamzee rubbed at his eyes, an exaggerated sigh wheezing out of his chest. “Motherfucker makes me sad.”

Ghb hummed in response. “Because he reminds you of what wicked sins stumbled upon that sweet, sweet lover of yours?”

“No, no, that shit… that shit wasn’t up and all to his happening. He makes me sad, because the motherfucker is righteously and unapologetically pathetic.”

“Haha… pathetic as he is despicable, wouldn’t you say?”

Gamzee’s eyelids drooped, sulking into slits. “Awfully strong word. Despicable.”

“I’m aware, motherfucker. And I use it with intention. Some good old fashioned justice would suit the motherfucker, don’t you think?”

A frown slipped over Gamzee’s lips. He would admit that his anger and spite towards the seadweller had at one point been nothing but rampant. But recently, he really wished no harm upon him. Not to be mistaken for affection, quite the opposite. Gamzee was simply losing interest, as it had become deeply apparent that Eridan wasn’t responsible for the actions of his family.

“What are you getting at.” Ghb tapped a sharpened claw to his temple, a snake like smile stretching his lips.

“We reduce the motherfucker to the state that they had brought about your lover.” Gamzee played the sentence over in his mind a handful of times.

“... Motherfucker, no one is up and deserving of that.”

“No one?”

Gamzee’s shoulders sunk. “No... Motherfucker, not even him. I... It wasn’t even his
motherfucking fault.”

“But it would hurt the man responsible.”

Gamzee swayed back and forth in his seat, fingers picking at the hem of his shirt.

“Dualscar deserves to feel the pain that you felt. He deserves to know the weight of what he has done. He NEEDS TO FEEL THAT MOTHERFUCKING PAIN, brother.” Ghb gave a cocky shrug. “But… If you would rather he get away with it… your decision is fine by me, motherfucker.”

Gamzee pushed himself to his feet, taking a few stumbling steps away from the couch. “But what… what did the fishy kid do to deserve this? Nothing, motherfucker. He’s pretty much motherfucking innocent.”

Ghb raised an eyebrow. “Oh, I doubt he would see it as much punishment. Have you taken the time to rifle through that mind of his, motherfucker?” Ghb smirked. “Every corner… riddled with loneliness, insecurity, and threat of inadequacy. We could give him purpose, motherfucker. We could take those lonely worries and wash them away with that love he so dearly motherfucking craves.” Ghb rose to his full height, his joints cracking all the way up.

“Make the motherfucker… yours.”

---

Eridan sat at the bottom of the bathtub, cradling his knees to his chest. Cold water trickled over his body, sending his skin numb. A sharp knock rang on the door. He said nothing, his gaze still set on his reflection in the bath faucet.

“Eridan,” Gamzee said from outside.

Eridan blinked, his lips parting. “G… gimme a sec…” His skinny hand clamped around the faucet, shutting it off. He crawled out of the tub, his fingers still stiff from the cold. He wrapped a towel around his hips, and cracked open the door.

Gamzee stared at him from the other side. His yellow eyes locked with Eridan’s, sending a chill through his bones. “W-w… wwhat is it?”

“Get out here, motherfucker, I need to talk with you.”

Eridan slid out of the bathroom as told, his arms crossing over his chest. “Did somefin happen?”

“Haha… No, brother, nothing like that. I just wanted to see a motherfucker again, that’s all.” His fingers clamped around Eridan’s shoulders, that devilish smirk returning.

Eridan bowed his head, a nervous itch creeping over his skin.

Gamzee tugged Eridan towards the bed, flopping down on the violet sheets.

Eridan went stiff, stumbling onto the bed next to him. “Gam, w-wh-” His thoughts were halted dead in their tracks. He stared blankly at Gamzee, unable to articulate further. His eyes flashed purple, lidding with a lackadaisical pull.
Gamzee sifted through his mind, emotion by emotion, memory by memory. His claws dug into Eridan’s arms, the power rush making his chest puff.

He felt frozen. As if time itself had fallen dead in it’s tracks.

Gamzee flipped his way through some of the rougher memories- tagged by shame and remorse. He saw Eridan pushing Fef against a wall, and forcing her into a kiss as she attempted to squirm away. He saw him lying to his father, his friends. He saw him yelling at Sollux, burning bridges with Nepeta.

Somehow, he wanted to look away.

Eridan choked, going stiff as all the memories seemed to bubble over at once. His cheeks flushed violet in anger, and shame.

Gamzee shooshed Eridan, stroking a few stray hairs out of his face. “Shshs.. None of that. It’s okay.” He dragged his palm down Eridan’s cheek. “You don’t have to worry anymore. No one.. Knows you better than I do, after all.” He smiled. He brought his lips to Eridan’s ear, and nipped it with his teeth. “Mine.”

Gamzee jumped as Eridan’s mind shrieked at the word.

‘NO NO NO NO NO’

He frowned, drawing back at the reaction. A singular memory looped in Eridan’s mind.

It was Kurloz… giving Eridan advice?

“DO NOT. PROVOKE GAMZEE. DO NOT ENGAGE WITH GAMZEE. AND DO NOT ACT ON ANY SEXUAL FEELINGS YOU MAY BE HAVING. FUCK, DON’T EVEN LET THEM BE KNOWN. BECAUSE THE SECOND GAMZEE SEES YOU AS A FUCK TOY- THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT YOU WILL BECOME.’

Gamzee slid out from under Eridan, stepping away from the bed.

‘SO BE… MOTHER-FUCKING… WARY.’

With that, Gamzee cut off the voodoos.

Eridan went limp, blood rushing to his head as reality returned to him. He gasped for air, scrambling away from Gamzee.

Gamzee just stared back, shaking his head. He slammed the bedroom door, and stalked down the hall.

Kurloz glanced up as Gamzee barged into his room. ‘KNOCK.’

Gamzee grumbled, realizing too late that he hadn’t prepared anything to say.

‘SOMETHING ON YOUR PAN, BROTHER?’

“Fucking…” He pointed in the direction of Eridan’s room. “Why.. why the fuck are you telling him stay away from me? Why… why do you think he should… what the fuck, Kur!”
Kurloz rolled his eyes, groaning in the back of his throat. ‘HE-’ He dragged his palm down his face. ‘GAMZEE… HE’S… PATHETIC.’

Gamzee huffed. “…Fuckin… I guess so. But..” Gamzee furrowed his brow, stepping back. He tried to recall what his father had preached to him earlier that evening, but he couldn't articulate it.

Kurloz rose from his bed, slinking over to gamzee. ‘DO YOU REALLY THINK HE DESERVES ALL THIS?’

Gamzee stared at the floor.

‘HIS FATHER- YES. BUT HE.. HE’S JUST ANOTHER MOTHERFUCKING KID WHO GOT WRAPPED UP IN ALL THIS SHIT.’

“What do you mother fucking expect me to up and do? Dad.. He wants me to…” Gamzee hesitated. “He wants me to make him my motherfucking whore.”

Kurloz gave a deep breath through his nostrils. ‘AND WHY-- WHY DO YOU FIGURE THAT MOTHERFUCKING IS? HMM? HAVE YOU EVEN GIVEN IT SO MUCH AS A SECOND GOD FORSAKEN THOUGHT?’

Gamzee shook his head, eyebrows creeping together. “.. No.. But I take it you mother fucking have?”

Kurloz sighed. ‘HE WANTS.. TO EXPAND THE FAMILY BUSINESS.’

Gamzee raised his eyebrows, gesturing for him to continue.

‘HE WANTS TO MAKE YOU A PIMP, MOTHERFUCKER.’

Gamzee seemed taken aback at that. “What? No… why? Why the fuck would he want that?”

Kurloz pulled Gamzee close, sneering into his ear. ‘HE WANTS TO GROW THE FAMILY BUSINESS, BROTHER.’ He stared at him. ‘I HARDLY THINK IT’LL BE GOOD FOR YOUR MOTHERFUCKING PSYCHE.’

Gamzee frowned. “Shit, bro, I-- I… I don’t think I’d be cut out for that kind of business!”

‘DAD WOULD AGREE. SO HE’S TRYING TO CHANGE THE SHAPE OF YOUR MOTHERFUCKING CUT, IF YOU… UNDERSTAND WHAT I’M SAYING.’

Gamzee crossed his arms over his chest. He glanced out the door, his father’s manipulation beginning to sink in. A lump formed in his throat.

‘IT’S FUCKING WRONG, BROTHER. WHAT HE WANTS TO BUILD OUT OF YOU. HE DOESN’T WANT A SON, HE WANTS A MONSTER TO RAKE IN THRILLS AND CASH.’

Gamzee didn’t respond. “... I won’t let him.”

Kurloz gave a harsh chuckle from the back of his throat. ‘DO YOU HAVE A PLAN? OR ARE YOU JUST SPOUTING RAW WORDS, BROTHER?’

Gamzee glared at him over his shoulder. “I’ll figure it out.”

Chapter End Notes
rubs hands together*
Alrighty.
So.
I'm probably not gonna be able to keep this up :( I've moved onto other projects, and, sadly, I might have to put this series behind me. However! I did plan it all out to the ending. If you would like me to publish a rough rendition of where I was going to go with the story, let me know! ;D
thank you for reading

End Notes

Thank you for reading, and I hope you enjoyed! Kudos and comments are always appreciated! :D!

Works inspired by this one: "His dog with a bright red collar" by RoseWing2002
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!