Fire and Ice

by DJVennalyn

Summary

The day of the apocalypse was perfect, the exact opposite of everything that you'd expect from the day the world as we know it ended. to quote Robert Frost "some say the world will end in fire/some say in ice". It didn't end in either, but rather in the coming of those that would herald the end. Full of heartbreak, death, love, and many other twists and turns, how will our dear characters cope?

This will be written from the perspectives and stories of many, many different characters. There is no true main character or main ship, although some will be more important than others.

Notes

This is not just a zombie apocalypse story! This is a full-on apocalypse, so there will be more creatures later. For an idea of what this will be like, feel free to check out any of the apocalypticbent or apocalypticstuck type blogs on Tumblr, which is roughly where I got this idea. (specifically from ATHATH and Apocalypticbent initially and I'm pulling just a
bit of character stuff from home-of-the-damned)

I'm just writing this to get out plot ideas and vent creatively and whatnot, it's very much just a writing practice type of thing that I'll be having some fun with. I have no consistent update schedule, but usually it'll be around 1-2 in the morning central time.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Karkat Vantas and the Day No One Came Home

It was a beautiful day when the apocalypse started for Karkat. The sky was a clear, cloudless blue, the weather was warm but there was a cool breeze, and even though school was still in session even the teachers didn’t feel like working. It almost seemed tragically beautiful, all in all. Everyone always assumed the apocalypse will come on a dark, overcast day when everyone important to them is safe at home and the only people dying are people who don’t matter to them.

School was letting out when the first zim was spotted.

Karkat in’t sure about the others, but he remembers it with perfect clarity. At first it just seemed like another drunk wandering past; that was something that happened all too often with a bar just a few streets down. No one paid him much mind, usually they just wander past. A few heads turned when he headed straight for the itty-bitties, but no one was all too concerned. “Excuse me, Sir? I’m gonna have to ask you to leave…Sir?” the tinny voice of one of the teaching assistants for the little ones could be heard trying to get him to leave. The scene escalated as she called for backup from the other teachers, her blond hair whipping back and forth as she looked frantically around. The man was stopped, looking at her and slowly blinking in confusion, when suddenly he lunged forwards and grabbed the teaching aid. His teeth sunk into her neck, and her high-pitched scream was cut off in a wet gurgle.

After that things are kinda hazy in Karkat’s memory. There was lots of screaming, and a mad rush to get away. Karkat just stood there in shock, looking at the man hunched over the body of the woman, pulling chunks of her flesh off and eating them. He paused in his feast and seemed to look directly at Karkat. Karkat trembled in fear. A shout of his name broke him out of his reverie and he turned and ran towards the shout, looking desperately for the voices’ owner. He spotted Terezi through the crowd, and ran towards her. Her unnaturally pale face was even more pale, and she was clutching her cane tightly. “Karkles, what’s going on? I smell blood, and everyone is running.” an uncharacteristic frown was present on her usually smiling face.

Karkat grimaced. “I’m not really fucking sure, but I do know we need to get the hell out of here. Come on, as much as I hate to say it, Kankri will probably know what to do.” Karkat grabbed Terezi’s hand and started running towards his house, not worrying about Terezi keeping up, only about the two of them making it safely home in one piece.

The main streets they crossed were in chaos, people were running and screaming everywhere. No one seemed to know what was going on. They kept to the side streets.

Karkat’s house was at the end of a cul de sac, a secluded place that Terezi had been to visit many times throughout their friendship. Karkat struggled with the lock on the front door, his fingers turning to butter and the key slipping repeatedly. Finally he got it in the lock, and he and Terezi rushed through, slamming it behind them. “Kankri? Are you home yet?” Karkat shouted, jogging through the house to look for his older brother. It was empty.

“I’m sure he’s just caught in traffic, there are a lot of people in the streets Karkles.” Terezi laid a reassuring hand on his shoulder, sensing his distress and trying to soothe him at least somewhat. Even though she lived for antagonizing Karkat, even she could tell when it was time to draw the line and be serious.

“Yeah, of course that’s it. Or maybe that fuckass is just off with his boyfriend, totally ignoring my existence. I’m sure he’s fine. He can handle himself. If anyone attacks him he’ll probably just talk their ear off about how ‘impolite’ and ‘triggering’ they’re being to him. Or he’ll bore them to death. I don’t know how that blithering shitstain’s boyfriend puts up with him to be honest, he
doesn’t know when to stop talking. So see there’s really nothing to worry about Terezi.” he 
rambled on, reassuring himself more than he was Terezi.

“Of course, Kankri could talk the ear off of anything. While we wait for him, let’s see what you 
have in your fridge!” Terezi grinned wickedly and walked off towards the kitchen, successfully 
diverting Karkat’s attention to the fridge.

“Hey wait you dick-nosed dragon did I fucking say that you could raid my food?” Karkat 
shouted, running after Terezi, spewing more insults as her tinny laugh echoed throughout the 
house.

They spent the night as if they were having a normal slumber party, having food and watching 
movies. Despite their best attempts, a heavy cloud still hung over them.
The next morning was more subdued, and the worry was almost palpable in the air. Breakfast was 
simple, and Karkat didn’t do much more than pick at his food. Halfway through a meal full of 
Terezi trying to make light jokes, Karkat stood up suddenly. “We need to check the news, why 
the hell didn’t we think of that sooner?” he exclaimed. Karkat rushed over to the TV and turned it 
on, flipping quickly to one of the news stations and turning it up so that Terezi could hear.

A young announcer came on screen. “What we’re seeing now is being called by many as the ‘Apocalypse’, and it certainly seems like that. Individuals who are infected with a newly 
developed disease that has appeared out of nowhere grow aggressive quickly, and will attack 
others on sight. The infected look the same as uninfected, but their mannerisms are very different. The infection seems to be transmitted through cuts and other wounds, so it would be best to avoid 
contact with any of these infected. Early symptoms start with headaches, drowsiness, and fever, 
and progress into blacking out, vomiting, and coughing up blood. There is currently no cure, but 
scientists are looking for one as we speak. For any survivors there is a quarantine area being set up 
in the CDC building on the corner of 5th and Main Avenue. Survivors are cautioned to bring 
weapons with them but not to provoke the infected. The estimated death toll is around one.”
Karkat turned off the television and the screen went black with a click. The silence rang, in the 
way only silence after a loud rock concert, or a particularly rowdy school assembly. Karkat 
slumped against the coffee table and neither of them spoke.

Terezi silently stood up from her chair and walked through the open space into the living room, 
her socked feet tsk-tsk-ing gently across the wood floors until she was at Karkat’s side. “Karkat.” 
she laid a hand gently on his shoulder. “I’m sure your brother will be fine, but he wouldn’t want 
us to mope like this. He’d want us to do something. C’mon Karkles, you’re always going on 
about what a good leader you are, so now’s the time to prove it and do something.”

Karkat didn’t move for a moment, and then he sat up slowly and crossed his arms, the ghost of a 
smile on his face. “That’s because I am a fucking amazing leader Pyrope.” he said quietly before 
returning to his normal state. “Alright Pyrope, now that I’ve been appointed the command of illustrious leader by dragon dick one and fuckass two, you have to do what I say. Let’s gather 
some shit, and go to the CDC. Come on, snap snap motherfucker!” he almost sang gleefully 
before jumping to action and running throughout the house, calling out things that they would 
need to grab over his shoulder at Terezi.

Terezi laughed. “Sure, make the blind girl do all the work!” she shouted jokingly as she walked 
forwards to help him, glad that he was somewhat back to his normal self after all.

That was a long time ago. Before Karkat had to watch many of his friends die, before he found 
out that zims weren’t the only creatures this apocalypse had created, and before he had a fateful 
run in with one of them. Karkat barely remembers what it was like to be happy, even though he
felt like it was the worst day of his life back then.

Man, was he wrong.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Chapter centered around Meulin and Kurloz at the beginning of the apocalypse. Warning for attempted rape, not enough to put in the tags as an over-arching theme but it is there nonetheless.

Chapter Notes

WARNING! There is a scene that is almost rape, and very strongly implied that that's what it would have been. I'm not explicitly comfortable with writing a full on rape scene but it was necessary for there to be a confrontation scene for a reason that will be evident later on, and really what other reason would a group of greasy slimeballs have for trapping a teenager in an alleyway? This is the closest that it will get in the entire story to rape most likely, so this won't be a regular thing. I was wincing writing that. Aside from that please enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Meulin was skipping school with Kurloz when the chaos started. It was their senior year, so that was something that they did more often than they would’ve any other year. Not that what year it was had ever stopped them from hanging out before. They were taking a walk down the main street in the middle of the road when the first people came screaming by. Meulin didn’t notice, and Kurloz didn’t think much of it. The people in this town were always strange, and there was always some messed-up event or another going on. Meulin was enjoying the warm feel of the sunlight on her face. It had been raining for several days before, and this was the first time it had let up with beautiful results. “Look, a rainbow!” Meulin had pointed out when the rain had finally let up early that morning. “Come on Purrloz, let’s skip today! I want to enjoy the sun. Purrplease?” she begged, tugging on her taller boyfriend’s arm. He grinned silently at her and nodded his head. In his opinion it was frankly impossible to say no to her when she made that face. He would never tell her that, but she knew very well without him having to say a word.

They were having an animated conversation in sign language about shipping, although it was rather one-sided on Meulin’s side, their hands flying too quickly for anyone who wasn’t explicitly comfortable with the language to understand. More people ran screaming past, and this time Meulin saw them running. “What’s up with all of the people?” she signed, looking concerned. A father rushed three kids out of a nearby ice cream parlor into a white car, looking around concernedly. The kids were all protesting loudly, but the man was having none of that. He made sure they were all safely inside the care before driving away quickly. People were looking worriedly out of windows of all the shops, and the sidewalks were oddly empty for such a nice day.

Kurloz shrugged, and raised his hands to respond. He never got to complete even the first word before the pandemonium from the school had finally reached their location just a few streets over. People rushed by like a tidal wave, trampling anyone who didn’t get out of the way fast enough and causing general mayhem and madness. Meulin and Kurloz were pushed apart by the crowd,
holding onto each other’s hands for as long as they could until they were finally knocked apart, Meulin screaming his name and Kurloz wordlessly reaching out towards her before she was swept away by the force of the crowd, her red hair quickly disappearing partially because of her short stature and partially because of the speed with which the crowd was moving. Meulin remembers with more clarity than anything the pain on her boyfriend’s face as they were separated, him trying his hardest to force a scream out of his ruined throat to no avail. Kurloz remembers most the terrifying knowledge that Meulin might get hurt, but above all he remembers that that was before he had realized that they might not ever get to see each other again.

Meulin was pushed along with the crowd for what seemed like an eternity to her, disoriented and alone despite all of the people rushing around her. Eventually she was mercifully shoved into an unfamiliar alleyway far from where she started. Meulin backed up into the alleyway, glad to be free from the crowd. Her gladness was short-lived though when she felt a hand on her shoulder. She whipped around, her bouncy hair flying over her other shoulder as she was greeted with a chilling sight. Five men, all well built and much larger than her were standing in the alley forming a loose semi-circle around her and moving to completely surround her. Meulin could have easily taken one of them, but five was more than even she could take alone. One of them, probably the leader, gave her a greasy smile and moved in closer to her. Meulin chose not to read his lips, already able to tell from his body language what was most likely coming.

One of the guys on her right side reached out to roughly grab her, and Meulin’s first instinct was to hit out at him. Hard. She couldn’t see and missed slightly, and she felt his teeth sink roughly into her wrist for a moment, just barely piercing the skin before he stumbled backwards and released her. Meulin flew into a frenzy of kicking and punching, using any means she could to get them to leave her alone. One of them managed to get up behind her, and trapped her in a bear hug. Meulin screamed as loud as she could, not actually sure of how loud she was screaming except for the fact that she could feel it vibrating in her bones and in her head. They dropped her and clapped their hands to their ears in pain, and Meulin took that opportunity to plant a swift kick to the groins of one of the guys on the way to the edge of the alleyway. The crowd was mostly dispersed now, moving on to other areas. Meulin ran as far away as she could, as fast as she could. She didn’t know if they were still pursuing her, and she wasn’t going to check.

She ran throughout the streets until she ran out of breath and finally allowed herself a glance behind her, clutching at a stitch in her side. She was pretty in shape from swimming but even with that running as far as she had was enough to tire her out. Seeing that no one was following her for the moment, she darted into a nearby shop. It was completely empty. Meulin pulled a table in front of the door, and blocked that with a chair. Glancing around the small bakery, Meulin hopped the counter and grabbed a knife before tucking herself into the corner hidden behind the counter. Her wrist was pulsing and her head was pounding, but that could be dealt with when she woke up. Fatigue overcame her as the adrenaline wore off, and she found her eyelids growing heavy. She tried in vain for a few minutes to fight it, but in the end she failed and fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

She didn’t wake an hour later when the back door of the bakery was forced open, nor did she wake up when she was carried out into a truck waiting outside.

Kurloz was frantic. The light of his life had just been swept away on the tide, and there was nothing he could do about it. He tried following her through the crowd, but he lost track of her flame colored hair. Anger was coursing through his veins, but he knew there was only one place he knew for sure she would eventually end up. Or at least the place where she was most likely to end up. ‘I’m going home, and if anyone motherfucking touched my miracle I’m going to end them.’
He made his way back to the apartment and waited there, staring at the door, waiting for his kitten to come home. He sat there, and he waited. He didn’t move or eat the first 12 hours. Then the pacing began. He paced for another four hours before he finally decided that enough, is motherfucking enough. He grabbed a few things and stuffed them into a backpack: some food, a spare change of clothes, Meulin’s favorite kitty sweater, one of the few pictures he had of the two of them together, and his clubs hanging off of his belt.

Kurloz started combing everywhere from the place where they had first been separated, avoiding contact for the most part. If someone had tried to start something with him though, he was all too ready and willing to help them finish it. Just so that he could release a little of his pent-up rage and worry. ‘The worst part about this,’ he thought ‘is that I don’t even have anyone blame for this except myself. It’s all my fault that she’s gone, I should’ve made her go to school today. Or we could have stayed home and enjoyed the weather from our apartment balcony, or taken a different street. I should’ve tried harder to hold onto her hand. This is all my fault, I can’t believe myself.’ he clenched his fists tightly on the handles of his clubs and smashed them through the window in anger, then he turned and walked away as the first peals of the alarm were ringing out and the shattered glass was still falling to the ground. His rage boiled up inside of him and he saw red. ‘I will find her, no matter what.’

Chapter End Notes

Don’t you worry your pretty little heads over Meulin, she’ll be fine. Meu can handle herself just fine. It’s more likely Kurloz you all have to worry about...
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

John and Jade go out for ice cream. Dadbert is mysterious and a movie marathon ensues.

Chapter Notes

Sorry all of the character introduction chapters are more or less going to take forever the way I'm writing this. I may not give certain characters introduction chapters just to make them more mysterious, but I kinda want you guys to see it from all angles as it comes together.
As usual, if there's a ship you want to see let me know. :3

It was supposed to be a fun day.

Jade and Jake were visiting, and Dad had offered to take them all to go sight-seeing. Jane hadn’t been feeling well, but Jade had been more than happy to go out with her cousin and best friend, John. She and Jane had been excitedly talking about Girly Things™ for most of the visit so far, and John remembered being most excited to get some time of his own to catch up with Jade and talk to her in person, something that they didn’t get to do very often. The clear blue sky seemed to mirror his mood, the perfect kind of sky for a perfect kind of day. The warm sun was shining down on the pavement, and the warm asphalt seemed to glitter in it’s rays.

After a few hours of seeing what little entertainment the small town could offer, they stopped by a quaint little ice cream parlor to rest for a while. “Come on Jade, pick a flavor already! You’re taking forever!” John whined playfully at her, already licking his blueberry ice cream.

“Shut up John, I’m deciding now!” Jade screwed up her face in concentration, her nose wrinkling and a hand to her chin. After a moment her face lit up, and she pointed decisively at a flavor. “I want to try Blue Moon!” she bounced lightly on the balls of her feet. The woman standing behind her counter scooped it into a cone, giving her an amused smile. Johns dad waited by the counter, paying and making polite small talk with the cashier, holding his vanilla cone carefully away from his white dress shirt while John and Jade ran over to claim a table.

“John it’s so nice to finally getting to spend some time with you! It’s been so long since we’ve seen each other!” she said happily.

John grinned and nodded. “I know, and so far this whole trip you’ve been busy with Jane it seems so we really haven’t gotten to talk much.” he and Jane made small talk for a few minutes until Mr. Egbert came over and joined them, a worried look on his face.

“Children, I’m afraid something has come up and we need to leave immediately I apologize.” his face was drawn and he was glancing at his mobile device every few moments to check his messages. John could see a single messages from a number that wasn’t listed in his contacts.
“What’s going on?” Jade asked, standing up quickly from the table.

He shook his head. “I’ll tell you all later we don’t have time now. We need to get to the car immediately. Come on, up.” he ushered them quickly out of their seats and out to the car, the children protesting the entire way. He just shook his head with a tight-lipped frown and unlocked the car, getting in himself once he was sure the children were safely in it and speeding away towards the house, for one doing the un-dadly thing and driving well above the speed limit.

“Come on dad, tell us what’s going on?” John whined, having finished his ice cream already. Jade was still eating her cone, but made a noise of agreement to his question.

“I’m sorry I can’t tell you yet. When we get home I’m going to give you the keys to the house and I want you to go straight inside and lock all of the doors and windows, then go stay in your room away from the windows until I get home.” John began to protest but he shot him a sharp, fatherly silencing look in the mirror. “John do you understand me?”

“Yes dad…” he grumbled his agreement, crossing his arms and looking out the window at the quickly passing scenery, growing more familiar by the moment.

They pulled in front of John’s house, and his father twisted around in his seat to face them. “John, remember what I said. You have to stay away from the windows, and don’t let anyone in no matter what. Is that clear?” he reiterated, waiting for John to nod his head before handing him the keys to the house. “Go inside now, both of you. I’ll be back soon I have some things to take care of.” he waited until he saw that they were both safely in the house before pulling away from the curb. John watched his car leave through the window, gripping the house keys tightly.

“Jeez John, that was weird, even for your dad!” Jade exclaimed behind him. “But remember he said to stay away from the windows, let’s go get Jane and we can have a movie marathon in your room!”

John perked up at the offer of a movie marathon. Jane came thumping down the stairs, still in her pajamas. “You guys are home earlier than I thought you’d be. Where’s Dad?” she asked, rubbing her eyes.

John crossed his arms. “He was being really weird. He said we had to leave right away, and then took us home and told us to stay away from the windows. Then he just left! He didn’t even tell us where he was going, just that he had to ‘take care of some things’.” he pouted.

Jane gave him a quizzical look. “That’s unlike your dad. He’s usually so thorough and planned—about everything!”

Jade shrugged. “Who knows about that. But you know what I do know about?” she asked with a grin, slinging her arm around each of the others shoulders and pulling them in close. “Movie marathons!” she exclaimed, throwing her arms high in the air. Her excitement was infectious, and soon the three kids were locking the windows and gathering all the necessary snacks for a successful movie night.

“No John we are not watching Con Air again.”

“Aw but why not, it’s a great movie!”

“Quit hogging all the blankets!”

“Who’s got the popcorn?”

“Shhh the movie is starting!
They settled in to watch the movie in a cocoon of blankets with an array of snacks laid out in front of them. A thick curtain was pulled over the window to block the light from the outside, and the volume was turned up loud.

—

It was early in the morning when John woke up. The TV was still on from the last movie they had watched, displaying the title screen with the music playing quietly. He extracted himself from the mass of blankets and people, stepping carefully over the food scattered around on the floor. He flicked the TV off and stood there for a minute, his ears ringing with the silence. He heard a stirring from the blanket cocoon and saw Jade sitting upright looking at him. “Breakfast?” she asked sleepily, rubbing her eyes. John nodded and they quietly snuck out of the room so as to not wake Jane.

Jade hopped onto the counter and sat swinging her legs as John fussed about in the kitchen making pancakes. “I didn’t know you could cook John.” she said.

John grinned. “Yeah my dad taught me how to cook. I guess it comes in handy sometimes. Jane is better at it, I can’t do much.” he pulled out a spatula and flipped one of the pancakes. As if on cue, John’s room door creaked ope and Jade’s heavy footfalls could be heard on the stairs.

“Making pancakes?” she asked, the end of her question obliterated by a yawn. John nodded. “Is Dad home yet?” John and Jade’s silence was enough of an answer. There was a pregnant pause in the kitchen before Jane ended it first. “John you are totally burning the pancakes!” she chastised, shoving him away from the pan and flipping it’s contents onto a plate. “Jade, grab the whip cream and strawberries out of the fridge over there.” she pointed with one hand, putting pancakes on plates with the other.

They ate sitting on the floor. Without a parental figure, they weren’t concerned about how dirty it was. They talked loudly while they ate. They pretended that nothing was wrong, and that John and Jane’s dad was just out washing his car or buying things from the Dadly Depot. They didn’t talk about where he was. They didn’t talk about how worried they were, or how one of Jane’s fists was clenched in her skirt fabric to stop it from shaking. They didn’t talk about why Jade had come to stay with them in the first place, because her grandfather had killed himself with grief over her brother’s death. They did talk about the perfect weather the day before, and how horrible it had been before that. They did talk about how awful John’s taste in movies was, and how Jane was an amazing cook.

But when they finished eating, and the dishes were put away and the kitchen cleaned, there wasn’t much left to do but talk about the thoughts and feelings that everyone had been repressing throughout breakfast.

“I’m just worried, Dad’s never acted like this before. It’s so unlike him.” John wrapped his arms tightly around his torso, looking down at his sock-clad feet.

“Did he give any hint at all as to where he might be going or why he was so anxious to get you two home?” Jane pressed. The three kids were standing in the kitchen in a loose circle by the fridge.

John started to shake his head, and then stopped. “Well I did see that he had gotten a message from a strange number just before he ushered us out of the ice cream place.”

“Do you remember what it said?” Jane asked, a tinge of desperation showing in her voice and the way she leaned eagerly forwards.
“I-well-no. I think it said something about seals?” he sounded unsure of himself. “I didn’t really have time to read it.”

“Seals? Like the adorable aquatic mammal?” Jade asked quizzically, tilting her head like a dog.

John threw his hands up in the air defensively. “I’m sorry I don’t know! He was holding it at a weird angle and I couldn’t see much!”

“It’s fine John, it might be helpful eventually, you never know.” Jane said consolingly, one hand on her younger brother’s shoulder. She sounded disappointed though.

There was another awkward moment of silence in the kitchen, this one broken by Jade. “Well there’s not much we can do about it now, let’s go see what’s on TV!” Both of the siblings agreed with her, and they headed into the den.

John handled the remote, flipping through the channels in a search for something he deemed good. “Sorry we don’t have cable so there won’t be much—what the heck, why is every station news!” he exclaimed, switching quickly through them to try and find one that wasn’t.

“Wait John stop.” Jane leaned forwards and held out an arm, grabbing the remote from her younger brother. The television stopped on a news channel.

“There are reports coming in from all over the country of strange beings that have been described as ‘demons and zombies’. Whether or not these reports are true, they are causing mass pandemonium currently. Viewers are advised to stay in their houses with the doors locked and curtains drawn until we know more.” Jane flipped to the next channel, and the next, and the one after that. She kept flipping through the channels and with the exception of the Spanish Broadcasting Channel—which was showing a cartoon about a blue boy and a pink elephant—every channel had the news on it or had been interrupted with a news banner declaring the same thing. The US and Canada were in pandemonium. The rest of the world seemed to be faring about the same. The dead were walking and what seemed to be demons and werewolves were roaming the earth and causing bedlam. Finally, Jade grabbed the remote and turned the tv off, shaking and visibly upset. No one stopped her.

Jane tried to call her dad five times, and John tried nine. Jade was just sitting on the couch, unmoving, staring in disbelief at the dark television. “What do we do?” John could’ve been asking the others in the room, or he could’ve been asking himself. Either way the answer was the same.

“I don’t know.”
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Some Dirk and Roxy interactions with those lovely siblings! Also we get to see more about what's going on on the non-human side of things, along with some mentions of other characters and whatnot.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is short, oh so short. It's not even a thousand words short. I may go back and add more detail later, but this whole thing is the very rough draft anyway. The next chapter though is long and full to the brim of mystery, heartbreak, and intrigue! Or at least it will be, I'm only a few paragraphs in after all.

Roxy leaned languidly over a rock jutting haphazardly out of the landscape as she watched the steady flow of demons and other assorted creatures of the night passing through the seal. “Dirk.” she said, her eyes not moving from the open seal, even when a lanky blonde appeared next to her as if from thin air. “The seal is broken, I guess the rumors were true lmfao.” she grinned, still not looking at dirk. Despite having become more serious-and sober, she had sworn off alcohol once she was dead-she still retained some of her valley-girl airheadedness.

Dirk nodded stoically. “I always thought the Makara kid couldn’t play nice with others, but it looks like I was wrong.” he crossed his arms across his toned chest as he observed the steady flow of the undesirable passing through, none of them taking the chance of waiting and having it seal up on them again. His face was impassive “We should be making our way through now.” he said to Roxy. she nodded, and bounced completely to her feet. Without another word, Dirk was flash stepping and Roxy was doing what dirk described as her “weird void shit” where she temporarily voided the area between herself and her destination, allowing her to get places much quicker. Within moments they were at the seal. They ignored the rumbling protests of the other demons and linked hands before stepping through together.

The best way Roxy could describe the sensation was cold and thick. It felt like they were pushing through layers of jello or oil to reach the surface-in this case the other side. There was a wet, sliding sensation and one last thick push before they shot out on the other side where the bridge between hell and earth decided to spit them out. They both landed ungracefully on the ground with a quiet ‘oof’ and a sharp “Fuck!” in Roxy’s case. They both lay there for a minute, trying to get their bearings. They were in the forest. Cliché, but convenient. It would’ve been incredibly bad if they had come out in a suburban area.

Dirk took a moment to consider that scenario. ‘Popping out of nowhere onto some poor white suburban family’s dinner table, sitting right in the middle of their turkey or their pizza or whatever the hell a normal family eats. The tiny, frail mother would be so shocked she would faint dead away. The father would be in a state of shock and the kids—yes, there would be two kids, a girl and a boy, which only seems right. The girl would scream, a high-pitched monstrosity that would pop
Dirk’s eardrums, and the boy would—`

“-irk. Dirk!” he snapped out of his reverie to his sister’s adamantly shaking.

“What sorry Rox I’m listening.” he sat up and adjusted his shades, which had slipped from the impact revealing vivid orange eyes. “What were you saying?”

She sighed, deeply and dramatically. “Diiiiirk. You never listen! I was saaaaaying that we need to figure out where we are and find a place to stay! We can’t just chill in the forest five-ever, as cool as that would probably not be.” she flopped dramatically to the ground. “Like I totes don’t want to die alone out here.”

“I can see the headlines now.” Dirk said monotonously “Local demon girl dies of loneliness in the forest. Body found years later, half decayed and looking pitiful as fuck.” he stared straight at her, face not changing even when she hit him in the shoulder.

“Diiiiirk that’s not funny!” she wailed, flailing about. He let out a snort at that, his icy facade slipping the slightest bit.

“Come on Roxy, let’s get going.” he stood up himself and then offered her a hand up.

—

Roxy flipped aimlessly through the channels on the hotel tv, not looking for anything in particular. Dirk was curled up in the armchair, somehow fitting more of his long frame into the tiny chair than seemed physically possible. His fingers were clacking quickly away at the ‘borrowed’ laptop as he looked for any and all news from during the time they had been in hell. “Damn Rox, we’ve only been gone for about two years” he said out of the blue.

Roxy started. Time moves differently in Hell so they honestly weren’t sure how long it had been. “Only two?” Dirk nodded “Huh, who woulda thunk. I figured it’d been at least like four. I guess time really does move differently in hell.” she said, stretching.

“Which makes it all the more amazing that Makara and Captor managed to cooperate as quickly as they did to get the seal open, especially with Makara being as fucked up as he is.” he muttered around the pen clamped between his two front teeth. “There are reports from all over at the havoc that’s been caused by the seal being released. Not that they know what caused it but nonetheless. There’s been so many deaths…” he trailed off, brow furrowed in concentration.

Roxy huffed, and flicked through the channels even faster. Neither of them said anything, but they were both thinking the same thing. ‘Is anyone I knew from before still alive?’

“We need to go to—” Dirk started at the same time as Roxy said “We should go to—“ They stopped and stared at each other for a moment, a silent agreement made between the two of them. “Home.” they said in unison.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Kankri runs into a bit of trouble.

Chapter Notes

Satanic rituals yay! I got a person from the SPN fandom to help me write that bit a lil lmfao. Anyway I hope yall like it! There'll be more up later.

And yes, I know Sollux is slightly (actually very) ooc but I'm really not good at writing Sollux tbh?? so if someone wants to help me write Sollux feel free to let me know. :33

Kankri was looking for a gift for his boyfriend. As triggering as Cronus could be at times, he still tried his best which was more than Kankri could say for many people in his life. Cronus had been there for him throughout the entire ordeal of Karkat and Kankri’s pregnant mother (with someone else’s child) walking out, and only a short year later his father’s apparent suicide, leaving him and his brother to fend for themselves. Cronus had helped support them and take care of Karkat, even though the young child strongly disliked him. Kankri felt that is was only fair that he try and find an appropriate gift to show his gratitude. The mysterious antique shop on the corner had drawn his attention some time ago, but he had had no reason to go in before now.

He stood at the entrance, peering up at the simple sign hanging off of the wrought iron post. “The Sun Shop. Not a very creative name if I do say so myself…” Kankri muttered to himself before pushing open the heavy wooden door, a small bell tinkling as he did. He glanced around the small, cluttered shop, looking for anything that might suit Cronus. Strange objects were on display in dusty cases. Ancient knives, outdated models of the solar system, dusty leather tomes bound by thick chains and padlocks, nothing of the sort that Cronus might find interest in. Kankri, on the other hand, was truly intrigued. “So many strange and wonderful objects…” he reached out to run his finger along the blade of a detailed celtic knife when his heart nearly stopped in surprise.

“Welcome to the Sun Shop, may I help you?” a smooth voice suddenly appeared at his shoulder, causing him to jump almost out of his skin and knock the knife off of he display. A pale hand shot out and delicately grabbed the handle before it could reach the ground. “Please do be careful sir, some of the objects in here are highly irreplaceable and as a result rather…pricey.” he carefully arranged the knife back on it’s pedestal, pointedly laying it’s price tag out towards him so that Kankri could clearly see it. He shuddered at the number of zeros tacked onto the end of the number.

Kankri turned to face the man standing behind him. He was tall, taller than Cronus, and skinny as could be. He was wearing a crisply tailored suit, his hair standing up on all ends but somehow managing to look immaculate at the same time. Kankri scowled at him and launched into a lecture. “Sneaking up on people like that is incredibly rude and could very well be triggering to someone. There is always the possibility that someone has taken advantage of them in the past by sneaking
up on them, and you doing so could—" he was cut abruptly off by a raised hand.

“My apologies, but do you actually need something or are you just here to lecture me on insignificant things?” he had a slight lisp to his voice, well masked but still definitely there nonetheless.

“I—no I came in here to look for something. Not anything in particular, but a gift for a very close friend whom I owe much. He seems to like older things, so I thought that perhaps an antiques shop would be a good place to start. That and in addition I myself have been curious about this shop for some time.” he babbled on as the salesman looked at him with an expression that Kankri pinned as well-hidden exasperation with a hint of curiosity that Kankri supposed must be a prerequisite for someone dealing with all manner of ancient and antiquated objects.

The man raised his brow thoughtfully. “We do have many items that could be suitable gifts, although the majority of things in this shop are rather…pricey. Take your time looking around, but I would request that you refrain from touching anything. I would hate for you to go into debt because something precious broke.” he let the threat hang there in the air for a moment. “My name is Sollux. Please, feel free to let me know if you need anything.” he turned and seemingly melted into the rows of the shop, disappearing within only a moment.

Kankri watched him leave, open-mouthed. After he had completely disappeared, Kankri snapped out of it, grumbling about his wholly triggering mannerisms as he perused the stacks of objects. Most things were locked away in glass cases, but a fair amount of objects were sitting out on tables and open shelves to display. Even though he had been warned not to, Kankri couldn’t help but gently run his fingers over a few of the objects that caught his eye; a pearl ceremonial dagger, a complicated celtic knot necklace, and a stained clay bowl to name a few. He had been browsing the store for almost ten minutes when something caught his eye. A smooth golden band with a purple stone inlaid onto it. It was a fairly simple ring, not displayed in any way. Quite the contrary it was just tossed on the table, surrounded by a clutter of other jewelry, easy to miss. By the thin layer of dust that was covering it, Kankri could tell it had been missed many times. He gently picked it up, thinking of Cronus as he inspected the purple gemstone. The more he rubbed it to try and get the dust off, the more multi-faceted the gem seemed to become. He tilted it to the dim light admiringly, watching the way it seemed to be almost moving of it’s own accord. “I—“ he turned and almost jumped out of his skin when Sollux was already leaning there, arms crossed and watching him intently.

“That one caught your eye, did it?” he asked, his face blank and tone flat. His eyes though, they were sharp and hungry, watching his every move and waiting to see how he reacted.

Kankri shifted uncomfortably under his scrutinization and resisted the urge to lecture him on sneaking up on people again. “Yes, but it doesn’t seem to have a price tag. How much is this ring?” he rubbed it thoughtlessly with his thumb.

Sollux thought for a moment. “And what did you say your name was?” Kankri began to answer before he was once again cut off with a wave of his hand. “No, not your first name, your last.”

“Vantas?” Kankri said hesitantly.

“Then it is as I thought. Follow me.” he turned and started walking briskly to the back of the store, not waiting to see if Kankri was following. “And if it wasn’t obvious, bring the ring.” Kankri followed silently, clutching the ring and glancing about the shop nervously.

Kankri was glad when the counter finally came into view, but that relief only lasted a moment when Sollux veered off to the right and entered a door marked ‘STAFF’. Kankri took a deep, calming breath before following him through the door.
The hallway behind the door was unassuming; the same beige-painted led-lit hallway you would expect to see in the back of almost every store. It stood out in stark contrast to the dimly light wood paneled main shop that they had just left though, and Kankri’s eyes took a moment to adjust to the light. He noticed that Sollux had slipped on a pair of pointed 3D glasses and was continuing on. Kankri followed. The hallway took a sharp right turn and ended with a thick oak wood door, chained shut with heavy metal chains. Pollux brought out a rusted key and began opening the three padlocks adorning the door one by one. Kankri thought he heard him saying something to each one as he did, but he couldn’t be sure.

Once the padlocks were unlocked and the chains had fallen away, Sollux pulled open the door and motioned Kankri inside. “After you.” he said with a small, mocking bow. Kankri hesitantly stepped through the door into a room that was not at all what he expected. He hadn’t known quite what to expect, but it definitely wasn’t this. The entire room was richly adorned in dark wood, and a wooden chandelier with real candles on it was hanging tethered by a thick rope to the ceiling. The walls were partially lined with bookshelves, and on the farthest wall there was a floor to ceiling window that inexplicably showed a Garden in full bloom, although it was well past the time when any garden rightfully should have been blooming quite like that and there was no space behind the shop for a garden like this one. The most dominating feature of the room though was the pentagram drawn in the dead center of the room, a circle surrounding it, and many strange runes sketched out around it in neat, concise lines.

The door shut firmly behind him and the lock clicked into place. Kankri turned quickly “What is going on here!” he exclaimed. Sollux walked forwards, hands out in front of him placatingly. “You picked up the ring, thus setting the prophecy in motion. I’m simply here to fulfill it.” he reached to an unassuming side table that Kankri hadn’t noticed when he first came in and picked up a knife, never breaking eye contact. Kankri stumbled back, inadvertently landing himself in the pentagram. Sollux advanced steadily towards him, chanting in Latin. “insert latin chant thing here” Kankri scrabbled frantically backwards on his hands and knees, getting to his feet finally and stumbling backwards. His back hit something hard, and he risked a glance behind him. He had run into a giant oak door that wasn’t there before, now covering a large portion of the scenic window. The window no longer showed the picturesque garden, but a barren landscape that could literally be described as a “fire and brimstone” version of hell. The chanting grew stronger.

Kankri looked back to Sollux. He was standing in the middle of the pentagram chanting still, and a strange red light was coming up from the pentagram, almost a tangible thing. His eyes were glowing red, his ears had grown pointier and fangs were easily visible in his mouth. Kankri heard his last name said at one point, and then another familiar name was dropped. Kankri couldn’t quite place it, but decided that now was most definitely not the time to be thinking about it. He had just come to this decision however, when the knife suddenly shot out of Sollux’s hand towards him, slicing deeply across his cheek before landing with a thud in the door behind him. Kankri shuddered, and an unmanly squeak issued from his mouth.

Sollux chanted harder now than Kankri would’ve thought possible, and it sounded as if many other voices were chanting along with him. Kankri felt a shudder run through him—no, through the door—and then a falling sensation as the doors behind him gave way and he really did fall. Down down down he fell, down into the abyss. He had the brief impression of darkness and grotesque looking creatures before the ground met him, and he lost consciousness.

———

Sollux stood up fully, straightened his suit jacked, and began cleaning up the mess. The doors were now fully opened, they could be left be, but the pentagram needed washing up and all of the candles and books and whatnot needed to be cleaned away. Sollux first went to the front of the
store and turned the sign to ‘CLOSED’, locking the door and pocketing the key. He should have
done that before he performed the ritual, but there was nothing to be done about it now. He didn’t
have time powers, his skills rested in other places.

He stood behind the counter and picked up the receiver of an old spin-style phone that was
seemingly connected to nowhere and dialed a number that was obviously known by heart. The
phone rang. Once, twice, three times, before someone picked up. There was a honk, right in the
receiver. “What’s up my motherfuckin bro?” the gravely voice on the other end asked.

Sollux wrinkled his nose in obvious distaste, but kept his voice placid. “It’s done.” he said. The
other line was silent for a moment before the laughter started. It was maniacal, and the laughter of
a madmen. It sent chills down Sollux’s spine. He slammed the receiver down and stood there for a
moment, gripping the counter. ‘Have I done the right thing?’

End Notes

Wow, my first story posted on here. Like I said, I'll be doing this from the perspectives of
and following many different characters, and the storylines will all be jumbled up and
separate for a while until they converge at the end. I'm just about finished with the next
chapter right now and I'll be posting that at some point tomorrow. I already pretty much
know which ships will be in it but aside from a main few I am definitely open for ship
suggestions!
Thanks so much for reading, and I hope yall enjoy reading this as much as I enjoyed
writing it!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!